ETCHINGS OF THE EAST

JOHN M. MOORE

ia

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2007 with funding from
Microsoft Corporation

http://www.archive.org/details/etchingsofeast00mooriala

THE GREAT BUDDHA, KAMAKURA, JAPAN.

ETCHINGS OF THE EAST

BY

JOHN M. MOORE, D.D., Ph.D. (Yale)

NASHVILLE, TENN.; DALLAS, TEX.
PUBLISHING HOUSE OF THE M. E. CHURCH, SOUTH
SMITH & LAMAR, AGENTS
1909

Copyright, 1909,
by
Smith & Lamar.

DS
508
M784e

A WORD IN STARTING.

As a member of the editorial staff of the *Christian Advocate* (Nashville) the author of this volume, accompanied by his wife, made a journey around the world in 1908. The chief object of the journey was to visit the mission fields in Japan, Korea, China, and India for the purpose of making some study of the people, the methods of missionary work, and the results of missionary labor. Official permission was granted for this long absence from the editorial office with the understanding that each week a letter relating to what was seen should appear in the *Christian Advocate.* The letters were written in hotels, missionaries' homes, and, for the most part, on ocean steamers. Seldom was a letter finished within many miles of the place where it was begun. Careful, painstaking work was impossible. The letters appeared in the *Christian Advocate* just as they came first from the pen. When the last letter of the series was published, the statement was made that the articles would not be issued in book form. The requests for the publication became so numerous that finally the writer consented to send forth to the reading public the letters just as they appeared in the *Christian Advocate.* They are published with the earnest hope that some new interest in the non-Christian peoples may be awakened and that some new missionary effort will be put forth as a result of the reading of these letters.

This great journey would not have been possible

1927496

except for the kindness of the Book Committee of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, in granting the leave of absence and of the Rev. G. B. Winton, D.D., and the Rev. S. M. Godbey, who performed extra editorial service in the absence of their colleague. Without the help and unfailing kindness of the missionaries in all the countries the information found in the letters could not have been secured and the comfort of the travelers would have been almost impossible. To all these the thanks of the author are hereby expressed. J. M. M.

Nashville, Tenn., March 25, 1909.

CONTENTS.

Chapter.		Page.
I.	Over Land and Sea	1
II.	The First Touch of Japan	13
III.	Nikko the Magnificent	25
IV.	Tokyo the Imperial and Other Cities	32
V.	The Educational System of Japan	44
VI.	Mission Work in Japan	51
VII.	Taking Leave of Japan	65
VIII.	Shanghai, a Modern City	72
IX.	A Visit to the Missions	87
X.	The Chinese in Life and Customs	112
XI.	Commerce and Christianity in China	133
XII.	Touching Britain in the Orient	152
XIII.	The First Touch of India	171
XIV.	Benares and Lucknow	187
XV.	The Capitals of the Moguls	205
XVI.	Jeypore, Ahmedabad, and Bombay	225
XVII.	Coming Up into Egypt	248
XVIII.	Going Up to Jerusalem	259
XIX.	The World's Holy City	273
XX.	Bethlehem, Hebron, Jericho, and Jordan	293
XXI.	From Jerusalem to the Sea of Galilee	308
XXII.	Damascus, Baalbek, Beirut, Alexandria	331

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

The Great Buddha, Kamakura, Japan........Frontispiece

Opposite.

Japanese Girl in Street Costume..................... 17

Playing the Koto................................ 22

Young Women in a Social Game..................... 22

In the Temple Grounds, Nikko...................... 30

East Honganji Temple, Kioto........................ 40

Japanese Schoolgirl in Tennis Costume.............. 49

Japanese Cooking School............................ 57

Stroll by the Lake................................ 68

The Bund, Nagasaki................................ 71

The Jinrikishas and Sikh Policeman, Shanghai..... 75

A Chinaman Setting Type.......................... 84

Type Foundry, Publishing House..................... 84

The Tea Restaurant................................ 93

Bound Feet.. 93

Sampans in a Canal................................ 106

Monument to a Widow............................... 130

Small Temple with Typical Roof.................... 130

Malay House in Singapore.......................... 158

Street Scene in Singapore.......................... 158

Before the Shwe Dagon Pagoda, Rangoon............ 164

Elephants Piling Timber at Rangoon................ 168

Hindu Temples—Bathing in Ganges at Benares...... 190

Taj Mahal, Agra.................................... 211

Opposite.

Mohammedans at Worship (Women Behind Curtain), Delhi 219
The Personal Servant 231
Morning Tooth-Washing 231
The Sweeper 231
Climbing the Great Pyramid 253
Plowing in Palestine 262
Mount of Olives 278
The Holy Sepulcher 284
Three Jews in Jerusalem 290
Going to Market in Palestine 301
Herod's Temple Colonnade, Samaria 316
Tabor, the Mount of Transfiguration 316
Mary's Well, Nazareth 320
The Shepherd and His Flock 325
The Bedouins in Their Tent 333

ETCHINGS OF THE EAST

CHAPTER I.

Over Land and Sea.

FROM Nashville to San Francisco, a distance by the railroad of two thousand seven hundred and fifteen miles, in four days and four nights, lacking two hours and losing five hours in making two train connections, is the record for this Editor in January, 1908. They did not do it so when the "forty-niners" rushed to the western coast when the gold fever burned in many veins. A half century has brought wonders to the world through these United States, and what another fifty years will produce in this country no man is now able to prophesy. Such marvelous inventions have been given to the world that now the question is, not "Will we ever fly?" but, "When will we fly?" We have done almost everything else imaginable; and flying is not half so wonderful as seeing through wooden walls by means of the Röntgen Ray, or sending messages to the wide world without even a wire to carry them. This is the day of scientific and mechanical wonders, and this great country of ours is the place where many of them are brought to perfection.

The States of Tennessee, Kentucky, Missouri, and Kansas are more or less known to me; but Colorado, New Mexico, Arizona, and California were entirely

new and furnished sights which entertained me very much. I read of the deserts of Africa when I was a lad, and I have seen something of a desolate land in some parts of Mexico; but the desert of Arizona was even more desolate than I had thought was possible in any part of this country. A full day's travel in that dreary waste made me ask myself: "Will man ever make this place blossom like the rose?" In many places once considered desolate man has given soil and moisture and received fruits in return, but will he ever redeem the American desert? The swamps have been taken from many sections; the overflowing and destructive streams have been confined to their channels; the hills, with their steep inclines, have been covered with vineyards, gardens, and luxuriant fields; the arid lands have been irrigated; and we may well expect that the day will come when this earth of man's shall become in every spot a feeder of its masterful inhabitant. This planet, with man as its master, will, when man comes fully to himself, have no waste spots or waste forces. The true man is a producer; and when he puts himself into the world, the harvests are certain.

The gold mines of California are not all in the mountains, although only there the yellow metal may be found. Gold-mining is the work of adventurers and speculators. Neither the men who go into the mines nor those who handle the certificates for the ore can make a State that has the right to be called a commonwealth. California's highest treasures are in her plains, her golden sunshine, and her health-giving atmosphere. All the southern half of this wonderful land is one vast garden, hemmed in by

the mountains and the sea. Fruits and flowers, filling the vast plains of this richly endowed State, have made the world almost forget that California ever produced gold. I shall never forget the day's travel in the Joaquin Valley. The fields, with their first signs of the coming spring, the industrious landmen, with their great plows and harrows drawn by four, six, and eight horses, the distant Sierra Nevadas, with their snow-covered peaks, filled the day with continual delight. The approach to the great city of the Coast increased the interest of this great moving picture.

San Francisco will some day be a great city. Its population with that of its three neighbors, Oakland, Berkeley, and Alameda, now reaches 500,000 to 700,000 people. But this is really a heterogeneous mass. The spirit of the community is not healthful to the highest interests of society. The enterprise is very largely financial, and the thought of getting rich quick occupies the mind of a majority of those who come here. The growth is too much after the manner of the eucalyptus. But the importance of the port, the beauty of the surrounding country, the richness of the fruits will make San Francisco a center for increasing multitudes. The Church is the most neglected institution in California of all those that make a great people. Greed and godliness are not companionable, and greed came first and has never retired. Many of the leading citizens left their religion east of the Rockies, or else they have grown up here from the stock of the early days, when religion was virtually unknown. But the people have no ear for barren creeds or doctrines of any sect or sects. They

are open to the appeals of Christ's Christianity, but they will not try to pronounce the shibboleths of any denominationalism. Sectarianism or sectionalism has no attraction for a people of cosmopolitan sentiment. Only the pure gospel, presented in an intelligent way and in harmony with the day of information and enlightenment, can reach such a people as this. The Church of the great West will be free of all sentiments that make and maintain sects.

Dr. C. F. Reid has been doing something worth while in the five years that he has been out here. He has inaugurated and now maintains two missions for the Japanese and two for the Koreans. I visited the Japanese missions—one in Oakland and one in Alameda. The one in Oakland is cared for in a hired house. It has a reading room, where many young Japanese men come. It has a Students' Club, composed of the young men in the high school and college. Chapel exercises are held during the week. The one in Alameda has a pastor, a kindergarten with thirty children, and a night school with twenty-four pupils. The Church has about twenty members. An elegant home was recently bought for $8,500. The house needs about $1,000 expended in improvements to give it full equipment for the needs of the mission. There are about eight hundred Japanese in the vicinity of this mission; and with the kindergarten and the night school, there will be furnished an easy access to this needy people. Dr. Reid has a Korean mission in San Francisco, and one in Sacramento with about fifty members. His work as our first missionary to Korea gave him a great love for these immigrants from the little kingdom.

California offers the Church a fine opportunity for finding an open door into China and Japan. There are now 10,000 Japanese in California, and the number is increasing. The number of the Chinese is now decreasing. The work now done for these people at our doors is being supported by the Woman's Home Mission Society. The Church will be wise in any efforts that it may make for the Christianization of the Japanese, Chinese, and Koreans who now abide in our country.

Balboa made a great discovery when he brought to the world's notice the Pacific Ocean. However, he gave the great sea its name from a mountain peak before he had tried its waters, else the pleasing name might never have been employed. The Pacific has its ups and downs, with which those who sail even in its largest ships are compelled to sympathize, and which they occasionally imitate. Of such experiences one is apt to grow sick. Those who passed through the Golden Gate on Thursday, January 30, 1908, for destinations beyond the sea were soon wondering if the passageway was only a golden gate to those who entered from the sea, and not for those who sought the highway of the deep. Anyway, many passengers were in their cabins without a desire for food when the gong sounded for the evening meal. The uncertainty in certain localities continued for two days before the fair weather brought quiet to the sea and the sufferers. The Psalmist seemed to have known of the life on the ocean when he wrote: "They that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters: these see the works of the Lord, and his wonders in the deep. For he commandeth, and raiseth the stormy

wind, which lifteth up the waves thereof. They mount up to the heaven, they go down again to the depths: their soul is melted because of trouble. They reel to and fro, and stagger like a drunken man, and are at their wit's end. Then they cry unto the Lord in their trouble, and he bringeth them out of their distresses. He maketh the storm a calm, so that the waves thereof are still."

The steamships take different courses across the Pacific Ocean from the United States to Japan. The distance from San Francisco to Yokohama by one route is 4,525 miles. Our steamer (the Mongolia, of the Pacific Mail Line) took a southern route, sailing by the Sandwich Islands. The distance from San Francisco to Honolulu is 2,089 miles, and from Honolulu to Yokohama, 3,950 miles; the total distance per this route is 6,039 miles. The latitude of San Francisco is practically thirty-eight degrees; that of Yokohama is about thirty-five; while that of Honolulu is about twenty-one, which gives it a place below the Tropic of Cancer. The two days previous to our reaching the Hawaiian Islands we were able to sit on the deck of the steamer without wraps and often in light clothing. This was much more pleasant than the severe gales in the more northern latitudes. The real delight of a sea voyage is in the sea breeze; but when it is cold and the passengers are closed in their cabins, the ship becomes a prison and the voyagers are afflicted rather than benefited. The motion of the ship on a quiet sea is not unpleasant, but the rolling and the plunging have no fascination except for the daring and undisturbed sailor.

The steamer Mongolia is a large, smooth-sailing

but slow ship. The speed from San Francisco to Honolulu was fifteen knots an hour, or eight or nine knots less than that of the fast vessels on the Atlantic Ocean. The ship has a tonnage of 13,600, although the company advertises it at 27,000 tons. It has a displacement of 27,000 tons. It is to be hoped that our American steamship companies can maintain a fine service on the Pacific Ocean, as travel to the Orient will be greatly increased in the next ten years. The Mongolia might increase its attractiveness by sustaining a small orchestra for the entertainment of its passengers, as do the Atlantic steamers, or by offering such diversions as would break the monotony of a long day.

Many of the passengers felt very keenly the disgrace of the gambling which was conducted by members of the ship's crew. There is always card-playing in the smoking room of an ocean steamer, and betting on everything on which men can bet; but when it comes to running a roulette wheel every day and "chuck-a-luck" stands by the dozen continually, many passengers feel that such things should not be allowed. It is true that those who own these wheels and dice games are Chinese, but they are in the employ of an American ship company. Many well-dressed men and women patronized these games, and mostly to their sorrow. The sailors spent every odd moment and odd coin at these tables of chance. The company defends its course by saying that the Chinese laborers must have their gambling diversions, or else they will not serve, and it wants the Chinese laborers because of their capabilities and their satisfaction with moderate wages. Be that as it may, a steamship

company that not only tolerates but even encourages such procedure will some day suffer.

Twenty-two hours in Honolulu were not sufficient to see all the interesting sights of that beautiful little city. Our steamer arrived at noon on Wednesday, and left at ten o'clock Thursday morning. The rest from the sea voyage was very acceptable. It was good to have a dinner on land at the elegant Young Hotel. After a few minutes' walk from the hotel, we found ourselves at the gate of the old Iolani Palace, now the executive and legislative building of the Territory. I was glad that I could visit the throne room, now the hall for the territorial Legislature. Its regal splendor has departed, but the new order of government has in no way decreased the importance of the large chamber. On the walls are hung the portraits of the kings and queens of the islands for the last hundred years, with the portraits of Napoleon III. and King Philip, the friends of the reigning family in their times. The Senate chamber is a small room of the old palace, as is the Governor's office. On the opposite side of the street is the large modern building for the territorial courts. The former Queen Liliuokalani lives in an elegant home near the palace at the expense of the government.

Politics on the islands cannot be different from politics on the mainland. The small spoils of office are earnestly sought in all countries. The natives usually vote with the party that has given them the most booty. Here in Hawaii they want work, and the politicians try to hold themselves in power by supplying their desires. At present the natives are mostly Republicans. They hold the balance of power, for there

are less than ten thousand white people on the islands. The natives have about thirty thousand. The number of natives is decreasing at a good rate. The Japanese, with their 70,000 people, furnish half the population. The Chinese number about twenty to twenty-five thousand, and the Koreans about five thousand. But the white man is in control, as he always is wherever he consents to live. He usually settles all race problems according to his own whims. The large valleys, with their 700,000 tillable acres, are owned for the most part by the white men, as are the large industries, whether agricultural, manufactural, or commercial.

Captain Cook was the first Anglo-Saxon to see this chain of islands. He saw them first January 10, 1778, and called them Sandwich Islands in honor of his patron, the Earl of Sandwich. He met his death on a second visit at the hands of the natives whom it was claimed that he betrayed. About 1790 a chief of the island of Hawaii, named Kamehameha, conceived the idea of making an island empire. He beat in battle the kings of Maui, Molokai, and Oahu. In routing the forces of Oahu he drove them over the great cliff of Nunano Pali. This great precipice is visited by all tourists, and is considered the view-point for as fine scenery as can be found in the world. Kamehameha the Great established the ruling line, which held power until 1874, when Lunalilo was elected to the throne. At his death, in 1891, he was succeeded by his sister, Liliuokalani, who was dethroned by the revolution of 1893. A republic was established July 4, 1894; and the islands were annexed July 7, 1898, as a Territory to the United States. A fine bronze statue of Kamehameha I. stands in front of the judiciary building.

There are eight inhabited islands in the group, the largest being Hawaii, from which the group takes its name, with an area of 4,015 square miles. The second is Maui, with 728 square miles; and then comes Oahu, on which Honolulu is situated, with 598; Kauai, with 547; Molokai, on which is the leper colony, with about 1,600 lepers, with 261 square miles; Lanai, with 138; Niihau, with 97; Kahoolawe, with 69 square miles. The total area is 6,449 square miles. The islands are mountainous, and on several are large volcanoes which are for the most part now extinct. The valleys are very fertile, and produce the various tropical fruits and harvests. The banana and cocoanut are seen in profusion in Honolulu. The pineapple grows to a very large size. The orange grows, but not so well as in California. Raw sugar is the principal product, its export value for the last year having been $26,860,000. About $100,000,000 is invested in the sugar interests, which employed last year 45,000 men. The exports for fruits last year amounted to $400,000; for rice, $147,000; and for coffee, $145,000.

A good school system is in operation, which prepares pupils for our American colleges. There is a good Territorial Normal School, which trains teachers. Oahu College was founded sixty years ago by missionaries. There are about two hundred Churches in the islands. The Congregationalists are the leading denomination. Rev. Hiram Bingham, a missionary of the Congregational Church, who died in New Haven, Conn., November 11, 1869, at eighty years, preached the first sermon in Honolulu April 25, 1820. The first church was brought from New England by

ship around Cape Horn and set up. The little wooden building still stands near the Kawaiahao Church, which was built for the natives and dedicated July 12, 1842. This church was built of coral, which was brought by hand out of the sea; and in it the royal family, as well as the great body of the natives, have worshiped for these sixty years. The worship is conducted in the Hawaiian language, although the pastor is an American. Churches for the natives, the Portuguese, the Japanese, the Chinese, and the Koreans are supported by the Congregational Church. On Wednesday night while in Honolulu I had the pleasure of attending services in the fine Central Union Church, which was built a few years ago at a cost of $130,000. It and the Methodist Episcopal Church, the small Episcopal Church, the small Christian Church make the list of the churches for the white people in the islands. The speaker of the evening was Bishop David H. Moore, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, who had just closed the annual session of the Hawaiian Mission. His Church has forty-five stations in the islands among the natives, the Japanese, the Koreans, and the Filipinos. The missions among the Chinese are conducted by the Congregationalists. The Bishop gave an excellent address on the Orient. I was greatly interested in the mission of his Church for the Koreans, and visited the large mission here in Honolulu.

A car ride or a stroll through the city will reveal a world of floral beauty. Every yard is a flower garden, and every home a conservatory. The richest colors and the choicest clusters are found on every side. The banyan tree, the cocoanut tree, the banana plant

full of bananas, the immense palms, the mangoes—all interested me very much. A visit to the aquarium gave me an opportunity to see the finest collection of variously colored and formed fish in the world. A big shark twelve feet long, a turtle three feet across, a case filled with octopi—all attracted the attention of the visitors. I felt glad that they and I did not move in the same social circle.

Honolulu is a delightful place in which to spend a few weeks or months. The cloud-topped mountains are always in view. The temperature is never uncertain or unpleasant. The waters offer perennial bathing. The hotels and even market places are always in holiday attire. The flower sellers are always sitting in the streets. The Chinese quarters always have a bad odor. The coachmen and the automobilists are always ready to make the tourist suffer. Great is Honolulu. It was pleasant to see and delightful to remember. The circumstances under which we spent the twenty-two hours made us thankful for the kind providence that brought us into its waters.

CHAPTER II.

THE FIRST TOUCH OF JAPAN.

THE long voyage of eighteen days from San Francisco to Yokohama did not grow monotonous, although there was nothing to look out upon except the boundless wateres. To be sure, the stop of twenty-two hours at Honolulu and the sight of the Hawaiian Islands for other ten hours brought some relief to those who were weary of the watery wastes. Only one vessel of any description was sighted during the entire voyage, and that was near San Francisco. How different is travel on the Atlantic Ocean, where vessels are passed every day and often several times a day! The Pacific Ocean has not yet become a highway of traffic, and will not soon become so important in the world's commerce as her sister sea. While the absence of vessels may lessen the interest of a voyage, yet it insures greater safety, as the majority of disasters at sea are due to collisions in times of fog or storm. We had no fogs and few clouds. The journey for the most part was made under clear skies, with full sunshine by day and bright starlight or mellow moonlight by night. The fullness of the day was hardly more gorgeous than the glory of the night. But that does not mean that the sea was always quiet. A disturbance in the sea does not pass with the local storm. The great swells that try the very ribs of the iron vessels may have had their origin thousands of miles away. The currents of the ocean may have dis-

turbances that they do not transmit to each other. The navigator has his difficulties and must be ever upon the alert. If the men who run the railroad trains in the United States were half as careful as the officers of a ship, the accidents in which so many thousand lives are lost would be greatly decreased. Eternal vigilance is required of those who sail the seas, and as a result the percentage of lives lost is almost nothing as compared with that of the railroads. We had storms as well as quietness, but journeying mercies were ever manifest.

We went to sleep one Sunday night, and when we awoke it was Tuesday morning. A passenger had expected to celebrate his birthday anniversary on that Monday; but there was no February 10, and his experience was unique. So February, after all, will have only twenty-eight days for us this leap year. But we felt that we had gained something, as previous to that Sunday we were doing everything after the rest of the world, whereas by dropping out that day we got in front and now eat, sleep, and employ our time before those at home. The passengers who cross the Pacific Ocean from Japan to the United States have two days with the same name. Our watches had to be turned back about thirty minutes each day, and in crossing in the opposite way they would be turned up that much.

Religious services were conducted every Sunday morning at 10:30 o'clock by some minister among the passengers. A goodly number of the passengers attended the services, while others continued their card-playing and games just as they did on other days. The captain did not attend a single service, and neither

did any officer or member of the entire crew. Services on this line of steamers must be provided by the passengers. Yet the officers and other members of the crew were able to attend the entertainments which the passengers furnished on different afternoons and evenings. It is true that the captain, according to report, read the burial service while the passengers were asleep one midnight when a Japanese who had died that day in the steerage of consumption was buried at sea.

"To-morrow morning we shall see land," and every heart beat with joy. The sea had been boisterous, and before the morrow came we had the heaviest storm of the entire voyage. But the morning dawned in a calm, and all eyes were gladdened with the sight of Japan. We had seen a few sea gulls, some flying fish, and two sharks, but the land on the eastern side of the world was what we had made the long voyage to see. At noon we dropped anchor at the quarantine boat in the Yokohama harbor. We had passed the navy yard on our left, and had passed between the two forts which had been built at the mouth of the harbor. These forts mean strong defense against any foreign foe. Soon the physicians were on board. The officers and crew were lined up and faithfully inspected. The cabin passengers were called to lunch; and as the harbor was quiet, and everybody for one time was able to be at the table, there was no trouble about inspection. People that could eat heartily the meats and vegetables that had been out eighteen days from San Francisco surely were in good condition. Before I had finished my lunch letters from Dr. H. M. Hamill, our Superintendent of Sunday School Teacher-Train-

ing, who has been, with his wife, holding institutes for four months in Japan, from Rev. S. E. Hager, the presiding elder of the Kobé District, Rev. Thomas H. Haden and Rev. W. K. Matthews, of the Kwansei Gakuin, and Rev. C. B. Moseley, of Yamaguchi, were handed me; and the gracious, cheery words of welcome to Japan put a new warmth into my heart. With such letters on arrival, it did not seem so dreadful to put foot on a foreign soil. Before I had finished my letters our good ship had passed inside the breakwater, and was fast coming to its place of permanent anchorage. The harbor was literally covered with "sampans," the little boats which the coolies bring out to land baggage. Before the passengers could go down to the little steam launches to be taken ashore, a body of fifty or more merchants came on board the ship. Many of them were tailors for men and women. They would take measurements and make a suit of clothes at very reasonable rates, and deliver the suit in twenty-four hours, or before the vessel left the harbor for other ports. The Yokohama merchant tailors are largely patronized by travelers in the East. The fact is, the Yokohama stores are widely known as carrying the best goods in all lines that can be found in the East. The ladies are always glad of an opportunity to go shopping in Yokohama.

We had no such trouble in the customhouse as travelers usually have in entering the United States. No self-respecting person is proud of our tariff laws and the manner in which duties are collected at our ports of entry. As we had decided to go at once to Tokyo, which is only eighteen miles away, our first experience came in transferring baggage and our own precious

JAPANESE GIRL IN STREET COSTUME.

bodies. There is no transfer company in Yokohama, but a vast company of men who will transfer anything on a cart or on their backs. So the trunks and bags were piled on a cart, and a coolie paced off. The coolie's reputation for reliability is so great that we had no concern. We took our first ride in a jinrikisha. That was a novel experience, riding in a two-wheeled baby buggy drawn by a pacing Japanese. My feelings of self-importance were somewhat tempered by the reflection that if the coolie could lift his shafts over his head or drop them at his feet I would be in the dust. But the coolie is reliable, and he can make good speed. There were no horses and drays in the streets—only people. Other jinrikishas passed and carts of various kinds, all drawn by men. The telephone company's cart passed with instruments, ladders, and wires. One man passed with a telephone pole as large as any used in American cities on a two-wheeled cart. He was drawing it by a rope which was thrown over his shoulder. Another man, who had drawn a telephone pole, was being assisted by three other men over the incline at a bridge. The strength of these little men is truly remarkable. The jinrikisha men will take a man a distance of fifty miles across the country in a day. They never walk and seldom run, but they trot at a gait which they can keep up for ten hours in the day. Although Tokyo is crossed in every direction by the electric street cars, there are in the city thirty thousand jinrikisha men, which is ten thousand less than before the street cars came. The Japanese have not learned to use the horse. In Tokyo there are a few carriage horses, but almost no draught horses. The draught horses that I saw

were not valuable. Only one horse is hitched to a dray, and instead of being driven he is led. It is very doubtful if the horse will ever be used extensively in this country, as the introduction of steam motors will obviate the necessity for using horses.

Railroad travel is somewhat cheaper here than in the United States. There are three classes in the tickets and coaches. The majority of the people travel in the second class at a rate of a cent and a half a mile. The accommodations are practically as good as those of the first class. The third class is used largely by the poorer people. The coaches are entered on the side, as in England, but the apartments are larger. The baggage is checked as in the United States, but the amount that is carried free is less. The trains are comfortable, but the luxury of the American sleeper is unknown. Greater precaution is taken in running trains than in the United States. The tickets are punched by the gateman on entering the train and taken up by the gateman at the station where the passenger leaves the train. On the street cars a receipt is given when the fare is paid and taken up when the passenger leaves the car. This system in handling traffic is European rather than American.

On landing at Yokohama we went at once to Tokyo, not because Yokohama, the chief seaport city of the empire, with its population of 326,000 people, was unworthy of consideration; but because Yokohama is cosmopolitan, while Tokyo is distinctly Japanese. The Yokohama hotels, banks, business houses showed clearly the marks of the foreigner who had settled there to make money. Many of the large buildings were modern and Western in their architecture. On

the principal streets the signs on stores and offices were printed in English. Some quarters of the city are built up with residences of foreign style. But Tokyo is thoroughly Japanese, and whatever changes it may show are due, not to the incoming of foreigners, but to the new ideas of the native people. It is a most interesting city. Its two million people will furnish entertainment and instruction for a company of tourists for a much greater time than was at my disposal.

Nothing makes a traveler feel more helpless in a strange land than his utter inability to make himself understood or to understand anything that is said to him. However, it was a matter of surprise to me to find at every railroad station some official who could speak and understand sufficient English to answer any question regarding trains and baggage to assist any nervous traveler. I did not ride on a street car in Tokyo on which I did not find some passenger who understood some English. The universal kindness of the people in assisting the bridle-tongued, white-faced American was a matter of common comment in our party. The officials on the street cars and on the trains were always ready to aid the passengers in making changes and in finding their destinations. The American car men and trainmen might become much more serviceable did they manifest the same spirit as the little men in this land. But the American is satisfied with his own method of doing things, and even with his own restricted, sloven speech; while every Japanese lad wants to learn the English language to please those who seek assistance. The boards of education have put English into the course of study of

all their schools, and it is surprising how many Japanese speak English and speak it quite well.

I spent only one night in a hotel in Tokyo, and that in a hostelry for foreign customers. The Japanese hotel, with its peculiar food peculiarly prepared and the floor for a bedstead, a roll of blankets for a bed, with no fire by which to be warmed and only a thin wall to separate him from the outside world, would not delight an American on a cold night with its penetrating atmosphere. A condition of temperature is imaginable when such an inn might be sought for the experience, but February is not a good time to experiment with native beds and else in Japan. While the night in the Tokyo hotel was not unpleasant, yet the invitation which came the next morning from that fine-souled, big-hearted manager of the Methodist Publishing House, the Rev. David S. Spencer, to become guests in his home was not to be declined at such a time and in such a place. Twenty-five years ago he came to Japan as a missionary of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and his fund of information was adequate to any demands. What a joy to the two weary pilgrims the stay in his home was! In many places tourists are compelled to seek the homes of missionaries to find the accommodations for food and sleep which their lifelong training demands. The accommodations of any Oriental country will not satisfy Occidental people.

The visit of our party (consisting of Rev. Cortland Myers, D.D., the pastor of the Baptist Temple in Brooklyn, his wife and son, and my wife, Mr. Stewart, and myself) to some of the thickly settled quarters of the city under the direction of Rev. Charles Bishop,

the Cashier of the Methodist Publishing House, gave us the first introduction to Japanese life. At first it seemed strange that none of the houses had been painted. The Japanese wants to see the natural wood in his house. When the weather destroys the house, a new one is substituted; and that is not a difficult matter, as the residences and most of the stores are built of wood. The walls have the thickness of one plank, and the doors are often no more than screens covered with tissue paper. The doors are not hung on hinges, but slide in grooves. In front of the front door is usually a double gate which moves in a groove. I did not enter any homes, as I had no invitations, but I saw into several where the doors and even the front wall were pushed back so as to let in fresh air and sunshine. There are no chairs, as the people always sit on the floor. There are no beds, as they sleep on the floor. There is no dining table, as the Japanese do not gather about a common board, but each has his individual platter, which stands on legs about five or six inches high. But each floor is covered with beautiful, clean matting. The partition walls are screens, and they can be moved so as to make one large room or several small ones. The whole system of Japanese homes renders house-cleaning and housekeeping a matter of little drudgery. The Japanese home might at first seem severely barren, but after a time it becomes beautiful in its simplicity.

The stores interested me fully as much as the residences. I went to the largest department store in Japan, on the leading street in Tokyo. At the door I was shown a large doormat. I used it vigorously. Then a porter picked up my feet and drew on over

my shoes cloth slippers. I stepped up on a floor raised about twelve inches, and proceeded to the counters to do business. The same kind of beautiful, simple, clean matting covered the floor of the store as that which was in the residence. The salesmen and salesladies were uniformly polite. I bought nothing, but I took a lesson in keeping clean the public buildings of a city. The little store had no cloth slippers, as the keeper expected the customer to remove his shoes if he entered. There is no door to the little store. The floor is raised about eighteen inches, and is covered with clean matting. The merchant sits on the floor, or, more properly, on his feet, and keeps his hands warm by the little charcoal fire in the brazier, a little vessel about eight to ten inches high and ten to twelve inches in diameter. He has no fireplace or stove in his residence or store. The customer comes into the store, slips off his sandals or wooden shoes, kneels, and sits down on his feet. The merchant rises to get the goods wanted, and the two sit on the floor until the sale is made or the customer leaves. When night comes, the merchant slides in the screen which makes the front wall of his house, and then lies down to pleasant dreams. In this may be seen something of the simple life. Who will change it or substitute for it the inconveniences which come with the manner of living which the American has adopted?

The parks which we visited would do credit to any city in the world. In one we found a zoölogical garden which contained more wild animals than can be found in most cities in our country. In this same park was a large museum in which were very fine collections of all kinds of ores, minerals, stuffed birds and ani-

PLAYING THE KOTO.

YOUNG WOMEN IN A SOCIAL GAME.

mals. The curios and relics were as interesting and instructive as any which can be found in most museums. The interesting thing to this sight-seer was the fact that such a museum with such rich collections could be found in the capital of this empire, which is known as a heathen nation. But it is true that many people would have to revise their understanding of the word "heathen" should they visit Japan. Japan is a non-Christian nation, but it is not lacking in cultured and educated people.

In this same park are two trees which were planted in 1869, one by Gen. U. S. Grant and the other by Mrs. Grant, when they made the tour of the world. The Japanese are fond of trees and flowers; and however small their yards, they always find a place to plant a shrub or a flower. It is strange that they should be enemies of grass. They sweep their yards with bamboo brooms, and no grass is given a chance to grow anywhere. Their devotion to the tree is carried to such an extent that on a principal street there is a small shrine which had been built in honor of a very old tree. A cherry tree will be allowed to stand for years without bringing any fruit if it presents its rich wealth of blossoms when the springtime approaches. A people who love the beautiful so passionately must be the possessors of the capacity for beautiful lives.

I cannot make mention of the signs of enterprise and progress which are so evident in Tokyo. The excellent electric street car system, which reaches all parts of the city, is only three years old. At present an elevated railroad track is being built through the heart of the city to connect the various railroad sta-

tions in the city and to give the railroad a connection from the northern to the southern ports of the empire. The city has employed a large company of men who are filling one of the great moats which ran through the important parts of the town. By this work many streets will be straightened, new car lines opened, and some new enterprises inaugurated. Tokyo has all the evidences of progress. It is one of the most interesting cities in the world to-day, and its interest will increase as the Japanese come more and more in possession of their native powers.

CHAPTER III.

Nikko the Magnificent.

ON our first morning in Tokyo we had the good fortune to look from the west window of our room upon the glorious summit of snow-crowned Fujiyama, the sacred mountain of the Sunrise Kingdom. Many pilgrims in the summer, between July 15 and September 10, climb its peak as an act of devout worship. It is the highest, the most beautiful, and the most famous mountain in Japan. It is 12,500 feet high. The traveler is never out of the sight of beautiful and entertaining mountains in this fascinating country. The scenery in many sections is as charming as in any country in the Old World. The valleys are never broad, and the surrounding mountains give them a peculiar charm.

With a glimpse of Fuji and a view of the robust hills and the praise of Nikko the Magnificent constantly ringing in the ear, is it any wonder that we set the earliest day possible to visit the far-famed place of gorgeous temples? Rev. Dr. Cortland Myers, Mrs. Myers, and the son, Cortland, of the Baptist Temple, in Brooklyn, were as anxious to make the trip as were the three tourists from Nashville. A jollier company could hardly have been found than that which took the six-o'clock train that February morning. The change of trains at Akabane, a station in Tokyo, gave us an opportunity to see how the Japanese women regarded the American women. When

a tall woman with auburn hair and one of average height and healthy build (the one clad in black, with a white wing on her hat, and the other in blue, with a hat of elegant plumes) stepped out on the platform among a hundred Japanese men and women, the two critically observed parties in the crowd were from America. The nâtive women, with low stature, black hair, no head covering, evidently had never seen women of such height, figure, and dress; and they were interested, if not pleased, with the exhibit of that fresh, bright morning. The customs, habits, and dress of an American woman are as strange and entertaining to a Japanese as those of a Japanese are to an American.

The day was fine; and instead of the expected chill which we anticipated on approaching Nikko (two thousand feet high), there was the genial warmth of a generous sun. From the car window the mountains were glorious in their suit of brown; while the fields, with their springing crops, were as entertaining as a new babe. The joyous spirit of the company never abated. Although we had abundant lunches prepared by our friends in Tokyo, yet Cortland and this writer thought they would try a Japanese lunch which could be bought at almost any station. The boys at the station sell these lunches, fruit, and newspapers at reasonable rates, and they cry their goods in most musical tones. The courtesy of the boys and the reasonable price of the articles struck the American traveler as unusual. But the lunch did not please the American palate, and it had the power of continuance. There is no censure of the Japanese because he likes the things which his people prepare. He learned his

tastes when he learned his language, as does every other man.

The train stopped suddenly. We asked no questions, as no one would have known what we said. The sense of dumbness when traveling alone, where no one can understand you or you him, is rather depressing. The country people began to come from the fields to see the train. On examination we found that something was wrong with the engine. The engineer, the fireman, and the three guards all gathered about the engine, but none knew what to do. The engineer seemed to be about thirty years old; the guards, less than twenty. There is no conductor, as trains are run by the station masters, they issuing orders, starting trains, and taking tickets when the passengers leave the train. The flagman was sent to the nearest station, and after nearly two hours an extra engine came and we went on our way rejoicing. But the utter helplessness of the trainmen at such a time impressed the travelers, as did the smallness of the engines in comparison with those used in our own country. While we waited we gave some natives a good chance to see some real live Americans, and they improved the opportunity.

The ninety miles were out, and we were in Nikko. Into jinrikishas we climbed, with two men to each, and in a few minutes we were at the Kanaya Hotel. We will not soon forget the kindness of Mr. I. Kanaya for his many courtesies. He spoke an elegant English. He was busily engaged in putting in a private electric light plant. About forty men were drawing up the steep hill the 7,000-pound dynamo on a two-wheeled cart. Man is the draught horse of Japan.

Baggage-transferring, merchandise-draying, and all kinds of hauling in town and country are done by human muscles. Mr. Kanaya said he employed about one hundred men at forty to fifty cents a day. That young Japanese has the manner, the enterprise, and the outlook of a young American. From his yard he showed us as fine a scene as one would desire. Cascades, rippling, laughing waters, were four hundred feet below us, while the wooded hills stood out sublime on every side. After a glimpse at the little wooden hut which Shado Shonin built twelve hundred years ago, we hastened to the scenes beyond the stream. It was not necessary for the guide to say, "There is the Sacred Bridge," for its picture was too familiar. But it is a new bridge, built only five years ago. The one which had stood since 1638 was swept away in 1902 by a great flood. No one was allowed to cross the bridge except shoguns and the pilgrims twice a year. The privilege of crossing the bridge was extended to General Grant in 1869, but he declined. Was this declination out of respect to Japan or America?

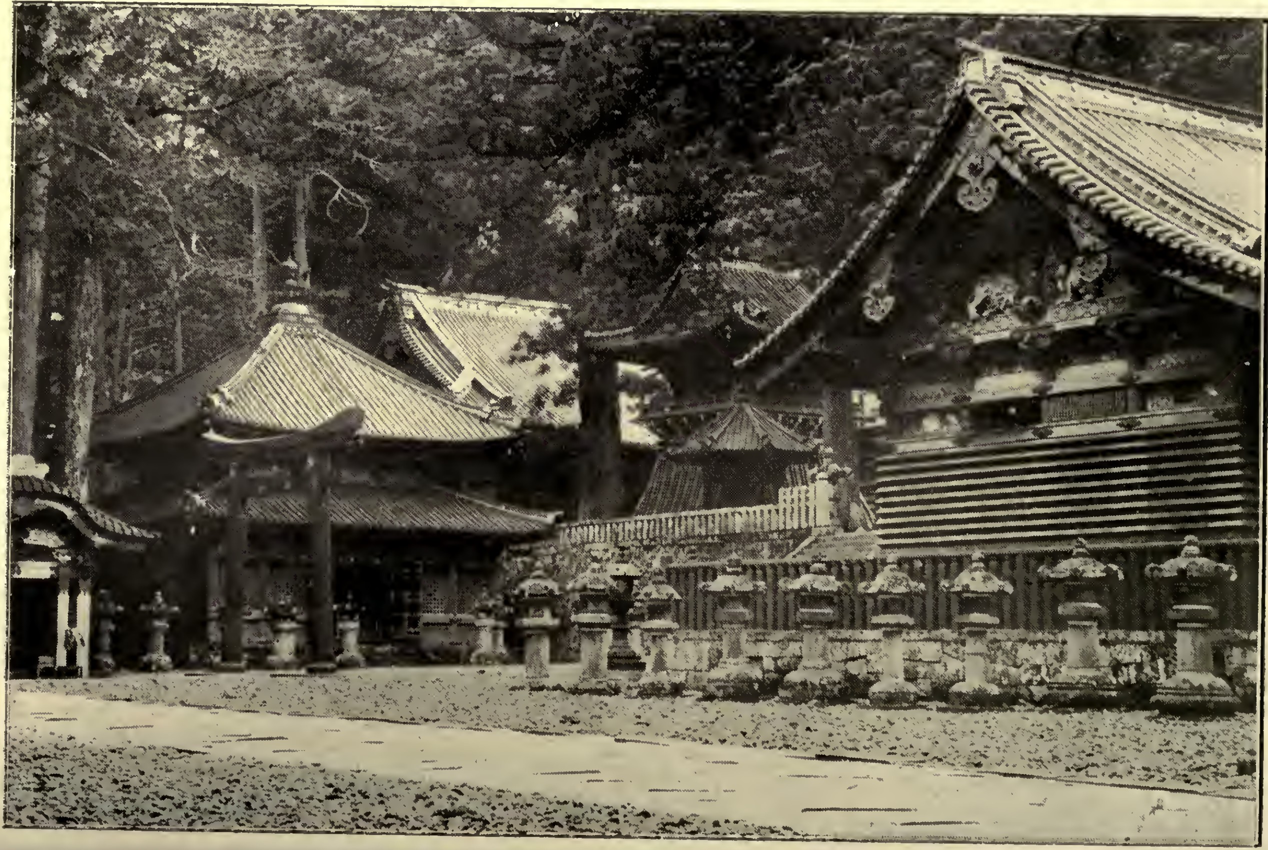
Before we reached Nikko we saw the noted Cryptomeria Avenue, which is ten to twelve miles long and lined on each side by these princes of the forest. The temples of Nikko in all their gorgeousness could hardly surpass in interest these magnificent members of the pine family. Many of them towered more than three hundred feet; and their straight, clean bodies gave them a military bearing which made them the proper imperial guard for the tomb of the mighty Shogun. Looking from the highest hill through this magnificent forest down to the splashing stream dash-

ing over the stubborn bowlders gave a thrilling sensation which one visitor to Nikko will never let fade. It is no wonder that this region seemed to the old Buddhist priest, Shado Shonin, such as gods and other supernatural beings would naturally choose for their place of abode. Nature worshipers will surely have their hearts warmed in such scenery as this. A more fitting resting place for a king could not be found; and the son of Ieyasu did a great filial service when he carried out the dying injunctions of his father, the great First Shogun, to build for him a mausoleum on this magnificent hill.

After a climb of several hundred feet up the winding thoroughfare we were soon ascending broad stone steps between two rows of cryptomerias. The granite torii, twenty-seven feet high, which are made of two columns, with two crossbeams, indicated that we were entering a Shinto temple. These torii are sacred to the birds. As we passed under these bars we were before the great Temple of Yakushi, which is named in honor of the patron saint of Ieyasu. Such magnificence in decoration is to be found only in the greatest temples and palaces of the world. The architecture is of the gorgeous Oriental type, and must be seen to be appreciated. The gate to the temple, the half dozen small temples, the great Buddhist pagoda (one hundred and five feet high), the rich bronze lanterns, and the sublime cryptomerias all made a scene so brilliant and so thrilling that it is no wonder that the Japanese have been saying: "Do not say magnificent until you have seen Nikko."

But finally we came to the last gate to be entered before we went into the temple. "Shoes off!" "No."

"Yes, shoes off!" "No." "Visitors must remove their shoes if they want to enter the temple." We yielded. The guide without our knowledge had brought from the hotel six pairs of cloth shoes to save us from too great exposure. After the pedal difficulties had been removed and the tickets (which cost forty cents each) had been presented, we left our overcoats and hats, according to orders, and started into the temple. The half dozen priests that we had seen in the temple yard when our trouble with our foot coverings began were now in the temple and incanting prayers with good, healthy voices. Some Japanese visitors with us fell to their knees, but the Americans reverently looked and listened. The ever-present blocks of matting, or *tatami,* as they are called, covered the floor, and rich screens were everywhere in evidence. The magnificence in paintings, carvings, and wrought bronze and gold objects was evident everywhere. The temple was worthy of the great Shogun, but the performance of its priests seemed solemn mockery. Gilded superstition must pass before golden truth. We passed out of the great temple to the little temple, where a girl with a red dress and a white hood gave a sacred dance after a coin had been thrown upon the mat in front of her. She was very graceful in her movements, but she produced no convictions except that of her own folly. We passed on through the gate over which is the carving of the sleeping cat by Hidari Jingora, which is considered one of the finest works of art in Japan. We ascended two hundred stone steps, passed through a walled avenue lined by cryptomerias, and reached the beautiful bronze tomb of the great Shogun, Ieyasu.



IN THE TEMPLE GROUNDS, NIKKO.

The mausoleum of Iemitsu is not much less magnificent, but the Buddhists have appropriated it in part. The visit to other objects of Nikko would have had greater interest had we not been satiated by what we had already seen. The memory of this day in the most beautiful place in Japan will always linger in the minds of the six Americans, who so thoroughly enjoyed magnificent Nikko. But Nikko is not in her true glory except on the first and second days of June, when the great annual festivals are held. The pilgrims gather then in great numbers; and the sacred palanquins, containing the divine symbols, are borne in the procession. Ancient costumes, masks, and armor are donned by the villagers, old and young alike. But of that display this pen will probably never write. Nikko the Magnificent has charms for all who appreciate the sublime and the beautiful.

CHAPTER IV.

Tokyo the Imperial and Other Cities.

THE capital city of a nation always has an attraction for a traveler which no other city can possess. Tokyo to-day is not only the imperial city of the Sunrise Kingdom, but it is also in many respects the capital of the Orient, whatever the enemies of Japan may say. The political, industrial, and social movements in Japan create more interest and are watched with greater concern and closer scrutiny than those of any other nation of the Eastern Continent. The world has asked to be kept informed as to what is going on in Tokyo. It is the center of an empire of 48,000,000 people. It is a great city, although its little wooden one- and two-story houses would not indicate it. A few cement structures are now being built, since the earthquake in San Francisco has shown that such buildings are not so greatly affected by the earth movements as those of brick and stone. The small, light houses were less dangerous where earthquakes were frequent. But the busy hive always excites interest and admiration, and things are moving in Tokyo.

It is true I did not see the Emperor nor even his palace. I did see the moat one hundred to two hundred feet wide, filled with water, which surrounds the palace. But the trouble it would be to get into the palace was not such as I felt inclined to take. Even the wild ducks and wild geese settled on the Emperor's

side of the moat with a seeming sense of safety, as though they knew that imperial instruction had been given that they should never be molested. I felt a little skeptical as to the Emperor's divinity, as I would of any other man's who kept a harem with a dozen wives. However, I rejoice with the Christian world that the Crown Prince has only one wife. Better days for social consistency are coming in Japan with the heir to the throne a monogamist.

I was not able to get any war news in Tokyo, although I saw some soldiers. The fact is, there are a great many soldiers in Japan, but not as many as there are in Russia, Germany, Italy, France, and England. I found no one in Japan who was able to think of any reason or excuse for a war between Japan and the United States. One gentleman, who has a reputation for his good judgment and his general knowledge of the Japanese, said that Japan to-day would be one of the first nations of the world to take international difficulties to The Hague. This country is now deeply involved and absorbed in working some great industrial plans. The only people who seem to want war are the yellow journalists and a few military gentlemen in both countries who seek fame on the field of blood. It is true that the leading Japanese are of high spirit, and they resent any indignities which may be shown their nation or any of its citizens; but the desire of the people is for peace. It is to be devoutly hoped that this nation will not be disturbed in its plans for peace and prosperity. The people are now struggling under a great war tax on almost everything. Even the railroad and street car tickets are taxed. This is a time for peace in Japan, and only the grossest

indignities or the most glaring injustice will provoke this enterprising nation to a declaration of war.

Through the kindness of Dr. Spencer a visit to the Houses of Parliament was made. Parliament was not in session that day, but a view of the legislative halls and the committee rooms was worth while. The present buildings are of wood, but plans have been already adopted for the erection of more pretentious edifices on a more commanding site. However, the present halls are not discreditable. They have democratic simplicity, and are by no means without artistic taste. The legislative halls are not greatly different from those at Washington except that behind the desk of the President of the House of Peers is the alcove in which is the throne from which the Emperor speaks at the opening and the closing of a session of Parliament.

The various embassies are located near the Houses of Parliament. Some of the legation buildings are quite palatial and are pointed out as places of special interest. The building for the United States government is of wood and not wholly creditable to our nation. It is democratic, to be sure, as it should be; but it might well be more representative of our country and more respectful of the country in which it is located. Many of our foreign offices have been put where only men of wealth can hold them. This condition is to be deplored. But there is a middle ground upon which a great republic like ours can stand. The legation in Japan has claims for better accommodations.

The business interests of Tokyo seem to be increasing rapidly. The number of large new business

houses is growing, and some of the firms are opening large department stores after the pattern of those in America. The Japanese loves the dollar almost as much as the American, and he has found that it can be obtained only by adopting the ways of the commercial world. The foreign merchant complains that the Japanese are wanting in commercial integrity. Their contracts do not bind them as contracts bind the merchants of the Christian nations. It is claimed that a Japanese business man will break a contract if he can make money by so doing. This characteristic of the Japanese is affecting very materially his prospects in the commercial world. This national failing may be due to the fact that all business with outside nations was formerly carried on by pirates. It was for centuries considered unworthy of any high-class gentleman to deal in commerce with outside people. So those sterling traits of commercial character were not developed, and the nation has yet to learn the true meaning of business integrity. But new Japan will learn the business code of morals. The schools of commerce which have been established will help to bring faithfulness into all business dealings. Merchants from Christian countries do not always realize that Christianity has built for them a code of morals which could not be expected in non-Christian countries. Christian principles and high business ideals will help to correct some defects in the Japanese commercial world.

One of the highest privileges which our party enjoyed was a visit to the celebrated private museum of Mr. Kihachiro Okura. Dr. D. S. Spencer has known Mr. Okura for many years, and through him this

unusual privilege was secured. This collection of Oriental art is perhaps the finest to be found in the world. Mr. Okura accumulated great wealth during the war with China, and he wisely spent a part of it in securing the most valuable and representative works of art which could be found in the Orient. He bought the old Shiba Temple, with its superior collections of figures, altar pieces, rich ceilings, and magnificent doors. He secured in Tibet many images, in China many rare articles, and in Korea the best specimens of its former treasures. Bronze, gold, silver, and lacquer, carvings and artistic handiwork on swords, coins, chests, are all to be found in this rare collection. Mr. Okura erected by the side of his residence a large three-story building especially for these art treasures. When we entered the museum, we were met by a bright Japanese lady, who spoke excellent English, and who acted as our guide. It developed that twenty years ago she was a pupil in the school conducted by Dr. and Mrs. Spencer. She is a Christian woman. She showed our party every courtesy. After visiting the museum we were given a view of the beautiful garden and then invited into the residence of Mr. Okura and shown his large drawing-room and entertainment hall. In the conservatory we were served with tea and made to realize more fully the extreme kindness of the wise millionaire who has done his city an abiding service by establishing this valuable museum.

Tokyo has many points of interest. Inability to speak the native language kept me from securing answers to many questions which arose in my mind as I caught glimpses here and there of Japanese life. I was everywhere impressed with the fact that the Jap-

anese are awake and are at work building a strong nation after the pattern of the great world powers. Armies and navies are receiving great attention, as in the countries of Europe; but no less interest is shown in the things of education, commerce, and noble citizenship.

The ten largest cities in Japan are Tokyo, with 2,000,000 people; Osaka, with 1,000,000; Kioto, with 385,000; Yokohama, with 330,000; Nagoya, with 300,000; Kobe, with 290,000; Nagasaki, with 160,000; Hiroshima, with 125,000; Sendai, with 102,000; and Kanazawa, with 100,000. There are fifteen other cities having a population of more than 50,000. Of the first ten, I visited all but two. The people of Japan do not live in the country, but in the cities, towns, and villages. When we realize that the whole area of the islands is only 150,000 square miles, or less than three-fifths of Texas, and that the total population is almost 50,000,000, it can easily be seen that the towns and villages are very close together. Yokohama is only fifteen miles from Tokyo, Osaka is only twenty miles from Kobe, and Kioto is only twenty-seven miles from Osaka.

After five days in Tokyo and the surrounding country, we took the express train—the best train in Japan—one morning for Kobe, and traveled the three hundred and seventy-five miles in thirteen hours and ten minutes. We traveled in the second-class coach, as its accommodations and comforts were practically as good as those in the first-class coach except that in the first-class coach we would probably have been alone. If one wants to see a country, it is well to go where the people are, if he can do so with comfort.

The tickets cost $1.80 each. However, to ride on the express train, it is necessary to secure an express train ticket, which for this distance amounted to fifty cents. Then there is a war tax of ten cents on each ticket. So the tickets cost $2.40 each for the three hundred and seventy-five miles. The coaches on this train were made like an American street car, except that the upholstery was as good as that found in the American railway trains. In the dining car we were able to get beefsteaks, ham and eggs, and other articles at small cost. Apples and oranges could be bought at any time for one cent each and sometimes cheaper. The sleeping cars are used only at night. They are not so comfortable as those in America, but they meet the demands of a country no larger than Japan.

The scenery between Tokyo and Kobe is exceedingly beautiful. For many hours the train runs at the base of Mount Fuji. A cloud that day kept us from seeing the summit of the sacred mountain, but its rugged sides were for some time in full view. The little fields tucked away in a mountain side, the thatched-roofed cottages in the cozy corners, the carefully kept little orchards of orange and pear, the patches of wheat and barley, and the bedded rows for the various crops all held the attention of the traveler as long as the day had light. The hills and the mountains, the rushing streams and cascades, the kaleidoscopic combinations of nature and human handiwork made the reading of books impossible and filled the mind with pictures which the years will not remove. A trip to Hiroshima a few days later furnished a similar experience. Japan is reputed to be most beautiful in April, when the cherry blossoms are

out, or in October, when the chrysanthemums are in their full glory; but the truth is, this little country is always beautiful, and the traveler is doubly paid for every journey that he makes in this fascinating land.

We alighted from the train in Kobe on Saturday night, and were met by Rev. Thomas H. Haden and Rev. M. Hori. Fortunate is any man who is given the privilege of entertainment in the delightful home of this missionary professor. Mrs. Haden, so well known to the former students in Wesley Hall and known now as the sister of Miss Florence Conwell, received us in her gracious way, and we were once more at home; and our conversation was of Nashville and the good friends we had left behind. As I stepped from the train, Rev. Mr. Hori invited me to preach the next morning in his church. I did not know how to decline the invitation, nor did I know how I was to preach to a Japanese congregation. But at the proper hour on Sunday morning I was in the pulpit with an excellent audience before me. The pastor introduced me, although I never knew what he said, and I began my discourse. I spoke a few sentences, and then let Mr. Hori translate them for the congregation. Then we repeated the performance. By the time he had finished his Japanese I had almost forgotten what I had said. I was anxious to say something that was worthy of my congregation and at no time repeat my thought. It is told that once an interpreter said in Japanese, after the speaker had finished a paragraph, simply: "The same that he said before." With such interpreters some addresses would be greatly shortened in the Japanese form. But I counted it a pleasure and a privilege to speak to that

intelligent Japanese audience. At the close I was willing to say of my discourse as I never said of any other that I have made—that it was a "great effort."

Rev. S. E. Hager, the presiding elder of the Kobe District, was in Kioto on that Sunday; but he had sent a message that he would remain there Monday if we would come. Rev. W. A. Davis, the missionary in Kioto, is on his way to America, and so this was an opportunity to see the old capital and in many ways the most interesting city in Japan with the aid of one who knew the interesting places. When we arrived, not only was Mr. Hager at the station, but Rev. Y. Tanaka, the pastor, was ready to accompany us. He, like Mr. Hori, has never been in America, but he speaks English well. At once we went to the West Hongwanji, one of the greatest and most famous Buddhist temples in Japan. We removed our shoes and made a thorough inspection of this great place of worship. After seeing the West Hongwanji, we went to the East Hongwanji, which is perhaps the richest temple in the empire. The great beams and columns indicate the great outlay of money and labor that was required to erect such a magnificent edifice. The great Buddhist faith is not dead, if we may judge from these temples and others which we have seen. In one of these temples Count Otani, of the House of Peers, preaches a Buddhist sermon once a month to large audiences. Buddhist priests are conducting schools for boys and for girls in many cities. In Kobe a new temple is now in process of erection, and one in Hiroshima is being repaired and greatly enlarged. Buddhism will not evacuate Japan without a death struggle. Christianity has already aroused it to

EAST HONGANJI TEMPLE, KIOTO.

a new activity. The future Buddhism will appropriate Christian truths, but it will not lightly surrender its dominion over the people.

I cannot speak of all that I saw in Kioto, but I must mention Doshisha University—that institution which was founded in 1875 by Joseph Hardy Neesima. Rev. Tasuku Harada is now the President. He is a graduate of the institution and also of the Yale Divinity School. Until his election to the presidency one year ago he was a pastor. He is a man of strong evangelical faith, and is a wise leader for his people. Rev. Sidney L. Gulick, D.D., is a member of the faculty. No Christian institution in Japan has had a finer record than Doshisha University. Of its 868 graduates, 319 are in business, 174 are doing educational work, 91 are in the ministry, 28 are government officials, 15 are editors, and 5 are physicians. In addition to these, 5,000 students have been connected with the schools and are now scattered throughout the land, doing their work, for the most part, in a way to prove the power of the Christian influence here received. Very few students remain through the course without becoming Christians. This institution is rendering a great service for Christian education.

I visited the Imperial University and found an institution well equipped and doing the work similar to that done by State universities in America. The departments of Literature, Science, Engineering, Law, and Medicine have large faculties of well-trained university men. The institution is only ten years old; but it has 1,500 students, a library of 150,000 volumes, and a score of buildings. The Imperial University in Tokyo has four thousand students and very fine build-

ings. I met there the Professor of Anatomy, who graduated in medicine in Germany. While he could not speak the English language very well, yet by the use of German he gave me a fine insight into the work of the institution. Japan has looked well after the higher education of her people.

The visit to the cloisonné and damascene factories was instructive as well as interesting. That delicate, artistic work shows the sensitive talent of the Japanese for the production of the beautiful. A piece of cloisonné begins with the metal base. After a cover of enamel and a laying on of the net of copper wire, it is burned. Then more enamel, extra wire figures are put on, and the article is burned again. This process continues through six burnings, when the object is turned out the thing of beauty that it always is. A cloisonné factory does not mean great buildings and fine machinery, but a group of Japanese artists, mostly women, seated on the floor and each doing his or her own work with a care and an interest which only artists can show. The Japanese sense of the beautiful is seen not only in the pottery but in the silk fabric embroideries which are manufactured in Kioto. The stores which have these charming articles are a continual temptation to the traveling American. Kioto has many attractions. It was the capital of the empire until 1868, when the throne was restored to the present dynasty. Because of its silk and pottery manufactories, its prominence as a Buddhist stronghold, and its former position in political affairs, Kioto will always be one of the most interesting cities in the empire.

Rev. W. R. Weakley met us at the railroad station

when we arrived in Osaka, the second city of the nation. In his home we had delightful entertainment. Dr. and Mrs. H. M. Hamill were holding a Sunday School Institute in Osaka, and were being entertained by Mr. and Mrs. Weakley. We had soul-warming association. The whole party visited the old castle, the churches, the old temples, and the great bell which has just been completed. This Shotoku bell, made as a memorial to Prince Shotoku, is 26 feet high, 54 feet in circumference, 16 feet in diameter, one foot seven inches thick, and weighs 114 tons. Ninety thousand people contributed 150,000 pieces of copper mirrors and 120,000 yen in money. Thirty tons of copper bullion was consumed in making it. This is the largest bell in the world. But the bell, the temples, and the castle were not as interesting as the busy, narrow streets of this great city. Osaka is the great manufacturing and commercial center of Japan.

CHAPTER V.

The Educational System of Japan.

THE emphasis which Japan is putting on the education of her youth is worthy of great praise. Every traveler is impressed by the insatiable thirst for knowledge which the Japanese manifest on every account. The business and professional men read the daily newspapers just as men in America. At the railroad stations, along with the vendor of fruits and lunches, is the news agent with his books and periodicals. It is no uncommon thing to see the jinrikisha man reading the morning or evening paper while he waits at his stand for the call of a customer. The Japanese are fast becoming a well-informed people. They are mentally alert, and are never better pleased than when they are told something new.

It is very true that Japan is spending many times as much money for her army and navy as she pays for the education of her youth, but what nation is not doing the same thing? That the teachers in her schools are compelled to live on small salaries while the leaders of her fighting forces have munificent incomes is an indictment that might be sustained against many countries. But that the country has an excellent school system no one can doubt. The foundations of the system were laid by Dr. G. F. Verbeck, a missionary of the Reformed Church in America; and Dr. David Murray, who for several years was Superintendent of Educational Affairs, completed the or-

ganization of the system practically as it stands today. There were teachers and schools before Dr. Verbeck, but there was no system. However, this early education, especially among the feudal military class, helped to create a profound respect for learning, and the introduction of modern education by foreign advisers was easily accomplished.

By an imperial decree regulations relating to universities, middle schools, and elementary schools were promulgated in 1869. In July, 1871, the Department of Education was established, and all affairs relating to education were brought under its control. It issues instructions, approves and compiles text-books, lays down courses of study, and prescribes rules of organization down to the minutest details, both for the schools that are in operation and for those that are considered necessary to complete the system. This Department of Education consists of the Minister of Education (who has a seat in the Cabinet), the Vice Minister, and fifty or sixty officials. "The business of the Department is distributed among the Ministers' Cabinet and the Bureaus of Special School Affairs, General School Affairs, and Technical School Affairs. The Ministers' Cabinet is divided into six sections, each having its appropriate work—namely, official staff business, public documents, treasury, compilation, architecture, and school hygiene." The empire is divided into five districts, and to each district is assigned an inspector who is supposed to make one complete round each year, observe, and report to the Department. The Department also has the assistance of a Superior Council of Education, which was organized in 1896, and which meets once a year to dis-

cuss questions submitted by the Department. It has sixty or seventy members, including high officials, inspectors, the presidents of the imperial universities, the directors of the most important public and private schools, and other men of learning and experience in education. In this way the Department knows not only what is being done but also what the leading educators of the nation think should be done.

Besides the national support which is given to education, there is a local support and administration. The empire is divided into forty districts, or states, and each district into smaller districts, or counties, and each county into what might be called townships. With the governor of a *ken,* or state, rests the ultimate right to fix the number and the location of schools, to make provision for their maintenance, to appoint the teachers and directors, subject to the rules of the Department of Education and limited by the willingness of the local assemblies to grant funds by taxation. He acts directly with the schools of the middle grade; but in case of elementary schools he merely approves the decision of the executive officers of cities, towns, counties, and townships. The state and counties have their inspectors, as does the Department. The affairs of the school are administered by a director, who has complete control and responsibility and does little or no teaching.

There are five grades of schools: the ordinary elementary schools, higher elementary schools, middle schools, high schools, and imperial universities. The ordinary elementary school covers four years, and is compulsory. Two years of the four of the higher elementary schools are also compulsory. The middle

school corresponds to the last year of the American grammar school and three years of the American high school. The subjects taught are morals, Japanese, Chinese, English, history, geography, geometry, trigonometry, botany, zoölogy, physiology, physics. The high school corresponds more nearly to the last three years of the German gymnasium or to the last year of the American high school and the first two years of the American college. The high school has three courses of study: one preparatory to the college of law and literature in the imperial universities, one to the college of science, engineering, pharmacy, and agriculture, and one preparatory to the college of medicine. It was originally intended that the courses in medicine, pharmacy, law, and engineering should be the prominent feature of these schools; but the general culture courses have increased in popularity, and the time for them has been extended. In other words, the demand for general knowledge has given the high school more the nature of the American college. The imperial universities have the departments of law, medicine, engineering, literature, science, and agriculture. In the Tokyo University, in the department of law, there are thirty professorial chairs and 1,500 pupils; in medicine, 28 chairs and 600 pupils; in engineering, 29 chairs and 550 pupils; in literature, 21 chairs and 500 pupils; in science, 22 chairs, with 200 students; in agriculture, 23 chairs and 425 students. The Imperial University at Kioto, which is only ten years old, has 1,500 students and a superior faculty. A third university will soon be built at Fukuoka, where a good school of medicine already exists.

The primary common school education is practically free. In the higher elementary school the fees on the average are thirteen cents a month; in the middle school, fifty cents to one dollar a month; in the high schools and universities, $12.50 to $18 a year.

A large proportion of the teachers are men. Of the 70,000 teachers in the ordinary elementary schools, only 13,000 are women. In the higher elementary schools twenty-two per cent are women. In the middle and high schools all are men. In the girls' high schools sixty-five per cent are women. In the normal schools ten per cent are women. When women are employed, it is largely for the classes in sewing and feminine lore for girls. One reason for this state of affairs is the backward condition of the education of women in Japan. Another is the early marriage, which takes place at about the age of twenty. A third may be found in the social conditions, which limit the social relations between men and women and make the employment of young women in the middle schools unadvisable. But the number of women employed in all the schools is constantly on the increase.

The salaries of licensed teachers in the primary grades fall between five and fifteen dollars a month, while in the grammar grade they fall between eight and eighteen dollars a month. In the middle schools the salaries range from $17.50 a month to $1,000 a year, and the average salary is $250 a year. In the college and university grade the salaries are some higher, but they do not exceed $1,250 a year. The President of Tokyo Imperial University receives 4,000 yen, or $2,000, a year; and the sixty-one highest

JAPANESE SCHOOLGIRL IN TENNIS COSTUME.

professors in that institution average less than 2,000 yen, or $1,000, a year. But it must be kept in mind that the cost of living in Japan is much less than in America, and so it may be that the teachers are not seriously underpaid. However, the teacher in every country is the poorest paid of all the public servants.

The school buildings are one-story, unpainted, unattractive wooden structures. In most places no provision has been made for heating the rooms in winter. The absence of fire is in accordance with what the children have been accustomed to at home, as there they have no more than the small brazier. But while the rooms have low ceilings and few decorations, they are well lighted and well ventilated. There is always a room for the teachers when they are off duty, a room for maps, specimens of various kinds of apparatus, and offices for the principal and his clerks. In the higher schools there is a visitors' reception room. Although the Japanese have no chairs in their homes, they have desks in their schools just as other people. The blackboards, maps, globes, and charts—all these school aids—are now made in Japan. Just as in America, libraries are not found in all their schools; but they are increasing. As yet there are only about one hundred public libraries in the empire. School physicians inspect the buildings and the pupils regularly.

It was my privilege to visit an elementary school in one city. The little buildings and the beautiful playgrounds covered the entire block, and all were inclosed by a high fence. I visited a girls' high school in Kobe, and was surprised to find that such excellent facilities had been provided. The sewing rooms in the girls'

school, with their tables one foot high and the girls sitting on the floor at work, were very interesting. Japan may not have put up buildings like those in America, but the schools of the country will excite the wonder and admiration of any person who knows what has been accomplished in the last two decades. Not only do the Japanese have these regular schools, but they have schools of commerce, industrial schools, normal schools, and technical schools. The normal school at Hiroshima that I visited is doing as good and thorough work as most of the State normal schools in America. The commercial school at Kobe, with its five hundred pupils, might well be copied by Americans. In it are taught not only the languages, mathematics, history, and geography, but the principles of business and the various kinds of fabrics and raw materials. The museum is filled with specimens of all kinds of cloth, ribbons, wire, coal, building material, and all articles that are bought and sold. Two Christian Americans are members of the faculty of the institution.

The educational system has an excellent foundation. That the schools of Japan are as efficient as those in America could hardly be expected, but only a few years will be required to bring them to a grade as good as those of any country. The future defect of the nation will not be in the schools. The whole country is fast going to the extreme of intellectualism; and while morals are taught in every grade, from the first to the last, in the high schools, yet the danger is in the lack of spiritual vitality. Japan is getting the world's knowledge, but her greatest need she has not yet realized.

CHAPTER VI.

Mission Work in Japan.

VISITS to Kobe, Kioto, Osaka, and Hiroshima gave me some insight into the work of our mission in Japan. Of the thirty-eight grown people connected with our mission, I saw twenty-one. It was a matter of sincere regret that I could not accept the invitation of Rev. C. B. Moseley to visit Yamaguchi and also to spend some time in the Matsuyama District. But journeying editors who have only a limited time for a visit to many lands cannot always do as they are inclined. However, I saw enough of the mission to appreciate what has been accomplished and what is now being done. Southern Methodism has not been idle during its twenty years in the Sunrise Kingdom, and its contribution to the Christianization of the country has been entirely creditable to the denomination.

The delightful entertainment in the homes of Rev. Thomas H. Haden and Rev. J. C. C. Newton, D.D., on the campus of the Kwansei Gakuin, gave me a fine opportunity to investigate thoroughly the work and discover the needs of that institution. A finer location for a school—on the slope of the mountain, commanding a fine view of the great Kobe harbor—could hardly be imagined. The imperial government showed its appreciation of the location by building its great Higher Commercial College on the adjoining lots. The very fact of this government school being

a neighbor has not only increased the value of our property, but it has given our institution a prominence in the eye of the public authorities; and at the same time it has provided our teachers with an excellent opportunity to touch with religious instruction some of the brightest young men in Japan. Prof. W. K. Matthews, of the Kwansei Gakuin, has a large Bible class composed of the students in the Commercial College. Our teachers are often invited to lecture to the five hundred students of that institution in their fine auditorium. But the very proximity of our school to this makes it imperative that the work done by our institution be of the highest order. Shoddy work in mission schools in Japan now means their retirement; for if there is anything of which a Japanese is judge, it is a school. As a result of that fact, many missions have been compelled to erect new and more commodious buildings and equip them with libraries and apparatus of the very latest and best kind. Where the Churches in America have failed to understand these conditions, a crisis in the work of their missions has been almost certain.

When I stood before the two hundred boys in the chapel of the Kwansei Gakuin and saw the earnest, honest look on their faces, I felt that I was in Bellbuckle or Spring Hill. Dr. Y. Yoshioka, the President, introduced me, and I tried to say some honest word to those fine young men. I spoke rather seriously, because speaking through an interpreter is serious business. But Prof. H. Yoshizaki was very faithful in translating into the vernacular the short talk of the visitor. It is a matter of regret that we have not a college to which our young men can go after they

complete the course in the Kwansei Gakuin; but colleges are expensive in America, and cannot be supported without an endowment. Yet with some teachers supported by the Board of Missions it would be entirely possible to maintain a very satisfactory college in Kobe. I believe that it should be done.

Dr. J. C. C. Newton, the Dean of the Theological Seminary, says that he needs a new building for his work, and he is right. At present the seminary is conducted in the Kwansei Gakuin. He needs not only a building, but an equipment of a library, maps, and charts. The preachers who are eventually to evangelize Japan must be made in Japan and out of Japanese young men. The missionary is always a foreigner, and can never appeal to a Japanese audience with the same force as a native. In the first place, the language is in the way; and in the second place, the whole temper of an Anglo-Saxon is different from that of an Oriental. Then the young men should be trained in Japan because when they are sent to America they find new conditions and they are compelled to learn too many things that a Japanese preacher does not need to know. Frequently a Japanese in America is taught away from his people instead of being trained for them. A theological school in America exists to train men for the American pulpit and for American audiences. The Japanese preacher is to be prepared for a wholly different work, and cannot get in an American theological seminary what he really needs as a preacher for his own people. The cases are not infrequent where young Japanese have returned to their country more interested in Greek roots, Hebrew consonants, Old Testament criticism,

or New Testament introduction than in the evangelization of their own lost nation. Japan needs evangelists and not critics, preachers of the gospel and not lecturers on archæology. The danger of the Christian ministry of Japan is just here. The foreign-trained professors of theology are too apt to emphasize the things that belong to scholarship instead of that which equips men for effective, practical service in the ministry. The preacher, the evangelist, the man who knows the richness of the Christian faith and experience is the need of the hour in Japan. Shall we not equip such men for this ripening field?

This does not mean that we are to lower the grade of scholarship in a Japanese theological school. That procedure on the part of the Church would be suicidal, for Japanese ministers have that insatiable thirst for knowledge which is characteristic of their people. The Oriental mind is philosophical in its bent, and its eternal "why" must be satisfied before there is a possibility of advance. But the minister in every nation must feel the burden of responsibility for the practical soul life of his people, and men who have accepted Christianity first intellectually must be constantly taught the importance and the method of practical evangelism. A Japanese ministry thoroughly equipped—practically as well as theologically—in Kobe would become a mighty force in the Christianization of that rich and most populous section of Japan. Only $10,000 would give the institution an equipment which would put it in position to do the work which is so urgently needed. Is there not some man or some woman or some family that will give that $10,000 and build a memorial to themselves or some loved

one? The institution might well take the name of such a donor. Dr. W. R. Lambuth will be glad to furnish any information regarding the school and to confer about any gift for its further establishment.

Palmore Institute has done a wonderful work in Kobe. That prince of travelers, the big-souled editor of the *St. Louis Christian Advocate,* who is always full of suggestions for the furtherance of the kingdom of God, saw an opportunity for a great missionary night school in Kobe. He gave some books for a library and the missionary authorities gave the name, and Palmore Institute began its career. No more effective missionary agency has operated in Kobe than this night school which has been conducted for many years in some convenient building near the center of the city. The Board of Missions has recently bought the home in which Dr. J. W. Lambuth first lived and taught when he opened the Japanese Mission, and on that same lot the first permanent home for the Palmore Institute is now in course of erection. The location is central and not far from our Central Church. Rev. S. A. Stewart, the principal, is superintending the work on the building in the daytime, and at night he conducts the classes for the Institute in the Memorial Bible School for the one hundred students from the business men of Kobe. The tuition fees pay the running expenses of the institution.

Lambuth Memorial Bible School is doing excellent work in training Bible women. Miss Maud Bonnell, with Miss Garner, Miss Spivey, and Miss Blount, will see that women who leave that institution are well equipped for their important work. The teachers and

the young women who are being trained have mothers' meetings, cooking classes for the women of the city, and conduct three Sunday schools. While missionaries are being prepared, missions are being conducted.

A gentleman in Tokyo said to me: "The greatest school for girls in Japan is in Hiroshima." When Miss Gaines introduced me to her five hundred girls that morning in the chapel after I had been shown something of the work which the school was doing, I was fully convinced that the gentleman in Tokyo was at least not far wrong. In the three kindergartens Miss Cook, the superintendent, reported an enrollment last year of more than two hundred children. About seven hundred girls touched by this school every year is a record of which Southern Methodism may well be proud. The new building, with its spacious class rooms and commodious chapel, did not come too soon; and it has been of inestimable value in holding the golden opinion of the community. But the building is now full to the limit. The institution needs the full block of ground, and the wise Secretaries will surely secure the extra quarter as soon as it is offered for sale. The school must have the government recognition of its Teachers' Training Department if it is to attract the class of women who wish to teach. The fine normal school in Hiroshima makes the recognition doubly important. The Boards at home should not withhold any support which the Principal finds is necessary to secure this recognition. A school that has made the record among the young women of Japan that the Hiroshima Girls' School has made should be kept at the very highest point of

JAPANESE COOKING SCHOOL.

efficiency. The Mission Boards may not be able to maintain many schools in Japan, but those that they do maintain must be of the highest rank. The Kobe College of the Congregational Church has seen this, and has recently put up one of the finest school buildings in Japan.

Rev. W. J. Callahan and his cultivated wife made my stay in their home exceedingly pleasant. I was given an opportunity to visit the beautiful garden of the old daimyo (which is one of the attractions of Japan), the new Buddhist temple which is being built, the Imperial Normal School, and the Fraser Institute (which has just been built by Mr. H. W. Fraser, of High Point, N. C., at a cost of $3,800). I spoke to a company of fifty men in the night school. I saw the old church and the lot on which the new church is to be built. I saw the cooking class, composed of the wives of some of the leading men in Hiroshima, which Mrs. Callahan has in her home once a week. In Kioto I visited the temporary church building and the fine lot on which a new church, to cost $6,000 to $7,000, is to be built. That church is greatly needed, and Rev. W. A. Davis, who is now in America, should be heard gladly for that cause. Buddhism has its great stronghold in Kioto, and the proposed building is absolutely necessary to the prosecution of the work which has been so auspiciously begun. Rev. Mr. Tanaka is doing a fine work for his people in Kioto. Some Church in the South might assume the whole responsibility for building that church just as the Church in Danville, Va., under the pastorate of Rev. E. H. Rawlings, assumed the entire responsibility for the new church in Osaka. By the way, those Dan-

ville Methodists should know that the lot on which their church is to be built is one of the finest in the most enterprising city in Japan. When I fully realized what those Danvillians were doing, I lifted my hat and said to Rev. W. R. Weakley: "No Church in America could have done a nobler thing than to build this West Osaka Church." Has Richmond, Norfolk, Lynchburg, Atlanta, Louisville, Memphis, St. Louis, or some other city a Church that will do for Kioto what Danville has done for Osaka? Write to Dr. Lambuth about it, and cheer him and the missionary in charge by telling them that the new church will be provided for.

I must mention the meeting with some Japanese laymen of Kobe. They are planning a new and more commodious church house. A good list of subscriptions has already been made. One man, Mr. Nakamura, the Sunday school superintendent, has subscribed 1,000 yen, or $500. I was greatly impressed by the interest and affection with which they spoke of their church. I must mention the fine evangelistic work which is being done by Rev. M. Akazawa in Osaka. The friends who assisted him in America will not have any cause for regret. Rev. M. Matsumoto is almost indispensable to the work in the Theological Seminary. Yet he is such an excellent evangelical preacher that I would almost covet him for the pastorate. He fits well anywhere. Rev. K. Mito is a superior leader in the Sunday school work. Let me say here that Dr. and Mrs. H. M. Hamill have been well received and highly appreciated throughout Japan. The Sunday school interests will be greatly advanced by their visit. I regretted that I did not

see Rev. J. T. Meyers, the presiding elder at Hiroshima, but he and Professor Nishimura were in the midst of a great revival among the Japanese in Wonsan, Korea. They were preaching to audiences of several hundred and having conversions at every service. Of the work of Messrs. Moseley, Waters, Demaree, and Wilson I had excellent reports. How gladly would I have spent a fortnight with them! The footprints of Dr. Wainright and of Rev. W. E. Towson are seen in many places. Their labors in Japan will not soon be forgotten.

Missionary work in Japan was never so essential to the salvation of that sprightly people as it is today. In many ways the missionary work there was never quite so difficult and so delicate as now. The Japanese in their coming to themselves politically and commercially may be inclined to be a bit heady ecclesiastically, but that will not give genuine Christian men and women, apostles of the gospel of the cross, any reason for decreasing their efforts. The boy as he verges into manhood is apt to show an inclination to throw off parental authority and decline parental advice, but the wise father and mother do not because of this withdraw their help and counsel from him. The Japanese are not children; but they have not reached their religious majority, whether they know it or not. The great body of their people have never been touched by Christianity, and never will be if the weak Japanese Christian Churches are compelled to carry on alone the work of evangelizing their nation. The Churches of America and Europe may be compelled to surrender their ecclesiasticism in Japan; but if they cannot learn to be

missionaries without being ecclesiastics, the future of Japanese Christianity will be distressingly uncertain. The call of the empire for missionaries of the type of St. Paul, who would be "all things to all men to win some," was never so great as to-day; and fortunate indeed is the Church that can send them.

Methodism in America has not lost a mission by the organization of a Methodist Church in Japan. Have not the missionary Conferences been discussing the question of self-support for a decade? Then why doubt the wisdom of organizing a native Church among a people whose ability for organization and leadership is recognized by all who know them? The organization of a native Church came earlier than it would otherwise have come had there not been a manifest need of a United Methodism in this country. Southern Methodists, Northern Methodists, and Canadian Methodists are divisions which do not properly exist in a foreign land. So union was inevitable among a body of Christians who had no reason for being separate and every reason for being united. The desire for a Japanese Church did not grow out of the ambition to control so much as out of the natural wish for union. If the Japanese had the unholy ambition to take matters into their own hands and exclude foreigners from the controlling body, then the need for further missionary work is very manifest.

The Methodist Church of Japan was organized last May by the authority of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, the Methodist Episcopal Church, and the Methodist Church of Canada. The commissioners from these Churches were present and had much

to do in forming the policy of the new Church. Dr. Y. Honda was elected general superintendent, and the Methodism of the Island Empire was given an autonomy. Who would suppose that such action could be taken without there being the necessity for many readjustments? The Mission Boards in America still hold their properties and control as well as support their missionaries. Complications under such conditions are almost inevitable, but surely the spirit of Christ will bring a satisfactory adjustment. Human nature, whether American or Japanese, whether clerical or lay, here as elsewhere may become quite rebellious and self-assertive if it is not divinely controlled. The saints are not all of one race, and not all of one race are saints. The Christian spirit will bring unity and articulation in all the Japanese work, but not in one year or two years. Adjustments require time when strong-willed men are to be handled; but they will come if all parties will let the spirit of the Master teach, guide, and control.

That man who thinks that Southern Methodism has lost her mission in Japan because a Japanese Church has been organized surely has not deeply considered the conditions that exist. The day of counting converts may have passed; but shall a nation of 48,000,000 people, of whom only 65,000 are Christians, be left in heathenism because a body of Christian men, acting according to their best wisdom, form a Church in which there is unity and self-government? The nation is going mad on intellectualism. The great school system will in a few years drive away the superstitions of the temples. Shintoism can have no power as a religion with an intelligent people. Bud-

dhism has no message for the spiritual life. Science and philosophy will undermine with the intelligent people the religions of the nation. The two horns of the dilemma in two decades or less time with the vast numbers of the Japanese will be Christianity or agnosticism. Shall Christian nations open the way for learning and commercial ascendency, and then decline to keep burning the light of eternal truth? The religious conditions of Japan cannot remain as they are if this people is to establish and maintain a genuine, noble character.

Who does not know that the social life of Japan is woefully immoral? The divorces are so numerous as to make one almost ask, "Why have marriages at all?" Such a condition exists among the nonreligious elements of American society. If social inconstancy is common among many Americans whose lives have been built on a Christian basis, what is to be expected among a non-Christian people? The Japanese trader does not know the binding force of a contract. His whole life and character have been built on a religious basis which does not regard social or commercial integrity as essential to proper conduct. Only Christianity can correct such grievous crookedness in the lives of any people, however brilliant and however powerful they may otherwise be. The obligations upon the Churches to send missionaries can never be discharged until the evil things that are correctly charged against Japanese character have been removed.

Japan is awake, and her people are alive. They have appreciated learning, and are seeking it. They have found the value of commerce, and they are using

it. They will adopt the things that will make them strong. They can see the worth and truth of Christianity; and when they do, they will accept it. But a man cannot change his religion as easily as he does the style of his shirt or the architecture of his house. Religion deals with the inner nature, and time is necessary to bring about the desired results. No nation can be made Christian in a day. The work done so far is magnificent, but the day has only dawned. The Japanese are intensely patriotic, for which they should be honored; but their patriotism centers in a religious system of which the Emperor is the head. Keeping alive their patriotism may keep alive their Shintoism. Then Buddhism is awakening and offering opposition to Christianity. New temples are being built and new schools established. Christianity must win its way by strenuous efforts, and the Churches at home must help as never before. Christianity can enter with enlightenment, while superstition must retire. With the opening of Japan to the light of civilization there comes to Christianity the greatest opportunity in its history. My plea to all Boards of Missions is to increase the evangelical forces which they are sending to Japan. The day of the medical missionary in Japan has passed, as the schools of medicine in that country are sending out well-equipped physicians, and the cities are building hospitals as fast as they will be used. The teacher is not needed so much, as the colleges and universities are graduating men continually who are thoroughly capable of teaching in any institution. But the preacher with the message of life has a high mission. The emphasis in some missions may be put on the school or the hos-

pital, but in Japan it must be put on the evangelical work. The Sunday school is soon to be the highest agency for missionary work in Japan. The children may be collected any Sunday in large numbers, and Bible schools may be promptly organized and conducted. The little ones may yet lead the nation into Christianity. The great work of missions has just begun in the little land beyond the sea.

CHAPTER VII.

Taking Leave of Japan.

JAPAN is a land of beauty. Its outside may be seen in a few weeks; but its spirit, its thought, its purpose, its possibilities can be known in part only after long months of observation and study. The little nation has already surprised the world by its sprightliness, its resourcefulness, and its powers of endurance. Its victory over China in 1895 was unexpected, and its complete rout of Russia in 1905 was a world marvel. Up to that time the best students had not known of the intense patriotism of the Japanese, while the great body of intelligent people did not realize that Japan harbored the thought that the big bear had taken from them what was rightfully their own in Manchuria. Just as the children of Germany had been taught that Alsace-Lorraine belonged to them, so the youth of Japan had been taught that Port Arthur was theirs and eventually they must take it or die in the attempt. The Japanese will not suffer an indignity, and they are as sensitive to an insult as a Kentuckian.

That the Japanese want to control the commerce of the Orient, no one who has given the matter any thought can question. There are other nations that would like to do the same thing. But Japan has gone to work in earnest, and other nations are alarmed. Korea is under her control. More than 200,000 Japanese are already in Korea. Every new enterprise in

Korea is owned by the Japanese. The railroads are owned and controlled by them. The towns which they control are being cleaned just as the towns and cities of Cuba were cleaned by the United States. The fact is, Japan is beginning to do for Korea what the United States did for Cuba, whatever may be her motive. If Japan continues her work in Korea for ten years, a wonderful change for good will take place. But who knows what is Japan's plan in Korea? The little man is silent here, as he was when the newspaper correspondents sought his plans in the war with Russia. Some correspondents are mad with Japan yet because they were not allowed to plan the battles and report them before they took place. What is Japan's plan in Manchuria? The little man is silent. But he believes that he won something in Manchuria in 1905 which has not been deeded to him. It may be that he is taking possession of what he thinks is already his own.

The war debt made in 1895 was hardly settled until the enormous burden of 1905 was laid on the little people. The knowing men were saying that Japan was staggering under her debt, and that she must rest. But the military and naval enlargements continued. The railroads were bought. Great public buildings were planned. A great merchant marine was built. The whole Eastern sea is covered with the flag of the rising sun. The Eastern steamship companies are saying: "The Japanese are taking our trade." The Inland Sea is theirs. The traffic in China Sea down to Hongkong and on to Singapore is fast going to Japan. The Yang-tse River is carrying Japanese boats up to Hankow, at the heart of China. Good lines of steam-

ers are on the Pacific and the Indian Oceans. The government saw that the hope of building up a merchant marine was in subsidizing her ship companies. The subsidies are such that no companies can compete with the Japanese ships. The wise men are saying a financial crisis in Japan is sure to come in the near future. But the silent man continues his enterprises and somehow keeps up his credit. It does seem that the ambition to control the commerce of the East, if that is his ambition, has some show of being satisfied. At any rate, the Japanese is the liveliest man in the Orient, and laziness has no place in his constitution. He has done so many unusual things that China has begun to take notice. He excites my wonder, but I do not understand him. I have no prophecy for his future.

After seeing the enterprise of the Japanese upon the land and upon the sea, after examining his superior educational system and learning something of his insatiable thirst for knowledge, I am more and more astounded at his religious observances. The visit to the Asakusa Temple, in Tokyo, where the worshipers swarmed, gave me some idea of their crudity of religious ideas. This is one of the most largely patronized temples in the empire. The worshipers went into the temple, bowed down at an altar place, threw their coins into a large place with a rough grating, then clapped their hands twice and muttered something. The priests are ignorant, not respected, and incapable of delivering a message. Shintoism has no preachers. Some worshipers bought sticks of incense and burned them. Others bought grains to feed the pigeons that they considered sacred. In this temple was an image

which was rubbed by the hand, and the worshiper rubbed that part of the body where she had a pain or infirmity. The head and stomach of the poor image showed signs of much wear. In Osaka I saw an old woman fishing out of a pool on a stone turtle's back a piece of paper on which a prayer was written. The water in the pool flowed from a fountain that had a stone turtle's mouth for a spout. In Kobe, on the mountain side, I saw a waterfall in front of a little temple in which the image was that of a fox, under which worshipers would stand undressed in the dead of winter. Who would expect such superstition in such an intelligent country as Japan? Even the Buddhist temples, with all their magnificence in some cities, have nothing that would satisfy, it would seem, a people that studied science, built merchant marines, and exhibited such force in battle and in commerce. Surely Japan is in the dawn of a new day. What will the Christian nations say to this new sister of such rare promise? Has Christianity taught her nations how to act toward the self-centered, vainglorious, yet precocious and promising young maiden who is born of non-Christian ancestry? These are days of questionings in the Orient, but the man who can furnish information that really informs has not been found. The only man who knows much about the trend of things is the newspaper reporter, who gives to the reader what he wants. The American will often find his newspaper very comforting.

I regret that I could not remain in Japan to see the cherry blossoms, the pride of the Japanese. But had I seen them, I would not have been satisfied, because I could not see the chrysanthemums. However, I

STROLL BY THE LAKE.

saw some plum blossoms. They were beautiful. But Japan to me was all beautiful. The women were beautiful, to be sure—*a la* Japanese. The jinrikisha boys excited my admiration. The farmers delighted me. The farms were no larger than the average American garden, but they were highly cultivated. The soil of Japan is, of course, poor. Even if it were originally rich, it would have been worn out a thousand years ago. So the fertilizer is a necessity. The offal from the barn and the home is the chief fertilizer. With the seed it is poured into every row. The farmer, with his two buckets on a bamboo pole, irrigates and fertilizes continually. He cultivates well all his crops. He even hoes his wheat. He plows one cow. His plow has one handle, and is used only in breaking the land. The little farms are separated by a lane of grass ten to twelve inches wide. Some of them are bedded so as to be a foot or more higher than those adjoining. The hillsides are terraced as far up as the soil can be used. So the whole country has the appearance of a large number of gardens. Why should not such a country be beautiful?

I saw no idlers in Japan and very few beggars. It is true the carpenter pulled his plane and his saw, but he did his work. The tailor held his cloth between his toes, but that made him only the more skillful. The sign painter hung up his sign in English as "The Sign Boarder," but he showed enterprise. The merchant said that he sold "Boots, Shoes & Co." The English may not have been elegant, but it was practical. The people who sold and the people who bought do not expect to abide by the list price. The story is told that when the railroad came an old man

asked the ticket agent the price of a ticket from Osaka to Kobe. When the price was given, he asked for a reduction; and when it was denied him, he declined to buy, but took his seat until the time for the next train. As the trains went every hour, he repeated his action every hour until the end of the day, and then bought his ticket. But of course the leading merchants have adopted the custom of the one price. But whatever may be the faults found with the people as a whole or with a certain few, there are in every community men of sterling integrity in business and in all the activities of life. The number of genuinely true men in Japan is constantly growing; and with the growth of a true Christianity there will come the growth of a strong, noble national character.

But good-bys must be said. Not only was Japan fair to look upon, but the friends that we met made the going like a home-leaving. First there was that home in Tokyo with Rev. and Mrs. D. S. Spencer and the kindly attention of Miss S. J. Vain. In Osaka Rev. and Mrs. W. R. Weakley did not spare themselves to give us every comfort and make our visit a delight. In Hiroshima Rev. and Mrs. W. J. Callahan and that boy, Will, made life worth living; while Miss Gaines and her assistants added good cheer. In Kobe we found in the homes of Rev. and Mrs. S. E. Hager, Rev. and Mrs. Thomas H. Haden, and Dr. and Mrs. J. C. C. Newton sweet rest and refreshing associations. So, when on that Sunday evening we pushed out in the launch for the steamer while our friends waved us good-by from the wharf, there was a feeling like unto sadness. But when we settled in our cabin there were sacred memories of all that had come to

THE BUND, NAGASAKI.

us in fair Japan. These many memories we shall ever hold as the treasures taken in the long journey.

When we awoke on Monday morning we were sailing the Inland Sea, and for one whole day we looked upon as fine scenery as can be found in all the world. The Rhine and Lake Lucerne were repeated with increased emphasis in this beautiful sea of the Sunrise Kingdom. At five o'clock in the afternoon we passed through the straits at Shimonoseki. It was here that the treaty of peace between China and Japan was signed a dozen years ago. It was only a few miles from here that Admiral Togo destroyed the last hope of the Russian fleet. The morning found us in the harbor of Nagasaki. We went ashore for the day, and visited the interesting points in this historic city of 161,000 people. It is here that Roman Catholicism first planted the banner of the cross; and had the missionaries been more anxious to establish the kingdom of our Lord than the imperialism of Rome, Japan to-day might be a Christian nation. The Romanists were driven out three hundred years ago, but to-day 45,000 of their communicants in Japan are to be found in this vicinity where they first proclaimed their faith.

CHAPTER VIII.

Shanghai, a Modern City.

THE Yellow Sea acted very ugly the two nights and the day that we were sailing its waters. Many of the passengers were so upset by the way that things were going that they kept to their cabins. When, however, the medical inspector aroused us at six o'clock in the morning of the second day, all were able to report perfect health. The sight of a quarantine station always has a health-giving influence. The physician at the Chinese port of Shanghai was not a Chinese but an American of the Irish type. We were reminded that we were entering a country where the foreigner is ever in evidence. Our good steamer did not go to the dock in Shanghai, but anchored at Woosung, ten miles from Shanghai, and we reached the city by a launch coming up the Huang-po River. The trip of one hour and a half was full of interest; and we had our first view of the Chinese junks and sailing vessels, and also of English, German, Austrian, and American war ships in Eastern waters. The Americans were quite enthusiastic, if not hilarious, when they came under the folds of Old Glory. This is the only time that the Americans had seen their flag on the waters of the Eastern sea; and while there was rejoicing at the sight, yet there was a sadness that the Stars and Stripes were known to the Orientals almost entirely as the colors of a battle ship and seldom as those of vessels of peace and commerce. A little

world travel would convince the American people that they are making a mistake in not establishing a creditable and competent merchant marine. Too much emphasis has been put on the navy as compared with that given to merchant vessels. A great number of battle ships will not compensate for a lack of vessels that can be used as transports in time of war. Americans cannot travel far in American vessels and have the comforts which travelers require. The government at Washington would do well to consider the question of a strong world-wide merchant marine and the steps that should be taken to secure it. England, Germany, and even Japan can teach America some lessons in this important matter.

As the launch steamed up to the wharf we received salutes and friendly greetings from Dr. and Mrs. J. B. Fearn and Rev. R. A. Parker. Mrs. Dr. Fearn had been a passenger with us on the Mongolia on the trip across the Pacific Ocean. So at once we were wheeled off in jinrikishas to the hospitable home of these good friends in the old Trinity mission house, which was built forty years ago by Dr. Young J. Allen. The historical associations of the place, the cheerful, glowing fire in the room set apart for the comfort of the travelers, the gracious ministrations of the hostess, the untiring kindness of the host took away the strangeness of the land and its people and gave us a home feeling which one seldom gets in world wanderings. But the English language does not furnish words sufficiently strong to express the heartiness and the richness of the welcome, the fullness of the entertainment which the missionaries have shown us everywhere in these Oriental lands. They

have been mouth, feet, and hands in this whole Eastern travel. Without them the tourists would be helpless and comfortless, and they would be compelled to retire without any adequate view of the country. What the missionary is doing for the tourist to-day he has done for the merchants, the traders, and the promoters in earlier days. He is sometimes spoken of in disrespectful terms by these same men to-day, but the shame is not the missionary's. What the missionary has done for China in opening up the way for Western learning and Western enterprise, as well as in the establishment of schools and other institutions of the present-day world civilization, cannot be estimated in any values which the traders possess. The day is coming when China will learn that the "foreign devil" is not the missionary, for he is in reality the foreign friend. It is true that the political missionary occasionally slips into China just as the political preacher occasionally exhibits himself in the home pulpit; but neither of them has a permanent position in the ministry, as the gospel of Jesus deals with a kingdom not of this world. The missionaries who have helped China most are those who have consented to preach the gospel and to give their time and talents to those enterprises which have for their object the Christianization of this great country.

Shanghai is a great city of little more than fifty years' history, but China has had very little to do with its making. The old Chinese city inclosed within its ancient walls has about 150,000 people. The Shanghai outside of the walls has about 800,000 people, of whom 14,000 are foreigners. The jetty where we landed from the launch is in the French conces-

THE JINRIKISHAS AND SIKH POLICEMAN, SHANGHAI.

sion. Within this French concession, which is controlled by the French government, there are about 150,000 people. The international concession, which has a municipal government under the control of the representatives of the foreign landowners, has about 500,000 people. The British predominate among the foreigners, and so the city government is largely British. English policemen and the well-known Sikhs of India patrol the streets and keep the peace. The Sikhs are very rough in the handling of the Chinese, and are greatly feared by the natives. They are tall, black, full-bearded, with vicious eyes, and dressed in heavy long coats. There are also some Chinese policemen who work with the Sikhs. The English policemen in their London garb take a general oversight of the city.

Shanghai, with its practically 1,000,000 people, is the great distributing point for the foreign commerce of China, Japan, and Korea. Many of the 14,000 foreigners, mostly English, are the representatives of large commercial establishments in Europe and America. It is true that there are 5,000 or 6,000 Japanese here, but they are here in their own behalf. They are building a fine Buddhist temple on one of the principal streets, and they have erected a school building for their children which would do credit to any city and which is a fine model for the Chinese. The streets of this foreign Shanghai have good width and are kept cleaner than the streets of any other city in China, although that is not saying much, as the streets of the Chinese cities are proverbially unclean. The business houses are mostly two-storied, but in some of the business sections there are a number of large

buildings four, five, and even eight stories high. The architecture of these buildings is largely English. The morning that we arrived the first street cars began to move. The streets along which the cars ran were crowded by the people, who wanted to see this dreadful engine of destruction made by the "foreign devil." For two days the cars ran regularly; but no passengers were taken, as the authorities thought the people should become somewhat accustomed to them before they were allowed to ride. When they were opened for traffic, they were crowded to the utmost on every trip. Some accidents happened, but not as many as the Chinese expected, as they had circulated the report that the cars were to kill at least one man a day. The cars run only in the territory of the foreign concessions. The fact is, the streets of the native cities are not as wide as a street car, and consequently cars can never run in them except that a roadway is bought and prepared. But the Chinese approve and enjoy these institutions of the foreigners after they learn that they are for good and not evil to the community. Many of the wealthy Chinese who have come to Shanghai have built large foreign houses for their families and furnished them after the manner of foreigners. Some of them have introduced foreign cooking into their homes, and some wear foreign clothing. But these are always exceptions to the general rule. The Chinese are glad to get the protection of the foreign city, for in their own cities they have policemen only to scare away the thieves rather than to arrest them. So Shanghai is becoming the center for wealthy Chinese who desire to escape the private thieves and the public grafters of the interior.

I called on the Hon. Charles Denby, the United States Consul-General and the son of the late Mr. Charles Denby, who was the Minister of the United States to China for several years and who is known to the Christian world as a great friend of the missionaries. The Consul-General was very kind, and took time to show me the building in which the consulate is located. On the first floor is the American post office, where letters and other mail matter could be sent to the United States under the same rates that exist in the United States and with the same kind of stamps. I was shown two prisoners in their cells whom the United States marshal was to accompany to the United States. The cells were two dark rooms of an old residence, with some iron rods across the one window. Any enterprising prisoner could break jail in a few hours' time. The fact is, breaking jail is the usual pastime of these American lawbreakers. When the authorities want to hold a desperate character secure, they borrow a cell in the jail of the British consulate. The cells in the American consulate are not only insecure, but they are also uncomfortable and unworthy of a great country like our own. Many of the consulates in Shanghai are in their own buildings, which have been built to meet their needs; but the representatives of the United States are compelled to rent what they can find and make themselves as comfortable as the conditions will allow. Shanghai, the doorway into China, should have a building that will be representative of our great country.

On my first day in Shanghai I called on Bishop J. W. Bashford, of the Methodist Episcopal Church,

who was making preparations to leave the next day by way of Siberia for the United States to attend the General Conference of his Church in Baltimore in May. He has done a great work during his quadrennium as presiding bishop in this district. His administration has given great satisfaction to the missionaries of his Church, and his brotherly spirit has won for him an enviable place among the missionaries of all Churches in China. There can be no question that the plan of assigning him to this field for a quadrennium has proven to be exceedingly wise. He has learned the field, the men, the people, the conditions in four years, and has been able to give his Church a competent administration. The inadequacy of administration through a flying visit of even the wisest men has been fully demonstrated. The missionaries of China have given Bishop Bashford a hearty welcome back for a second term. His residence now is in Peking, while Bishop Lewis, of his Church, resides in Foochow.

I was very glad to see the International Institute of China, the educational institution of which Dr. Gilbert Reid is the President. While the object of the Institute is to impart instruction and extend enlightenment by the maintenance of a first-class school for young men of the higher families, yet its larger aim is to promote harmony between Chinese and foreigners and between Christian and non-Christian Chinese. Efforts are constantly made to promote a friendly intercourse between the educated men of the higher classes and to break down the barriers which now separate the Chinese and foreigners. The membership of the Institute includes high officials and literary

men of all China and many of the leading foreigners in China and some citizens of the United States. Several receptions in honor of certain distinguished visitors have been held which contributed largely to the establishment of good feeling in the Chinese toward the foreigner. The school has about one hundred young men from the best families of China. There are no distinctively Christian exercises held for the pupils. Only two of the young men are Christians. In fact, the Institute is not a Christian institution, but an institute to promote harmony between the Chinese and the foreigners. Excellent buildings have been erected. The results of this work must be beneficial in the end to the cause of Christianity. An afternoon in the home of Dr. Reid and his Southern wife, who was formerly Miss Reynolds, of South Carolina, was one of the delights of our visit to Shanghai.

Shanghai is well supplied with excellent educational institutions. The municipal public school for the foreign children is equal to the demands upon it. The Southern Baptists have a fine educational plant; the Episcopalians have their St. John's College, which has done very fine work for the Chinese; the Presbyterians have their institutions. Our own Anglo-Chinese College has always been recognized as one of the best schools in the city. My first view of China was not what I would have had at any native city, but I was able to see in Shanghai what the foreign influence really is wherever it has full sway. Of that influence I shall not now speak.

Rev. John W. Cline and his cultured wife, of the Anglo-Chinese College, made us feel much at home

with them four days of our sojourn in Shanghai. They live in one of the houses of the compound, Rev. Joseph Whiteside (in the absence of Dr. A. P. Parker) in the second, Mrs. Young J. Allen in the third, and Dr. W. H. Lacy, the Manager of the Publishing House, in the fourth. On this same plot of ground stand the Publishing House and also some flats which have been built as an endowment of Soochow University. On the opposite side of the street is the campus with the buildings of the Anglo-Chinese College. All this land is now quite valuable, as it has come to be near the center of the city since the recent developments in Shanghai. Before many years it may be a wise business action to sell this fine property on which the school stands and buy elsewhere at a lower rate. The question of disposing of the Anglo-Chinese College altogether and putting its value in the Soochow University has been frequently discussed. The Anglo-Chinese College has had a fine record, and its constituency is now giving it splendid support; and its enrollment of two hundred young men should surely be some argument for its continuance. Its former pupils form a fine body of workers for Methodism in lower China. The institution would likely do just as well on less expensive ground, and the extra amount of money which the present property would bring could be used to assist Soochow University or to equip more fully the Anglo-Chinese College. President Cline and Professor Whiteside and their corps of Chinese teachers are kept very busy with this important school. I had the pleasure of preaching to a great audience in the chapel on my last Sunday through the interpretation of Prof. H. L.

Zia, the Sunday school superintendent. I never preached to a more inspiring audience.

I was fortunate in getting a glimpse at the excellent building of the McTyeire School for Girls and its fine body of more than one hundred girls. Miss Helen Lee Richardson is a worthy successor of the founder, Miss Laura Haygood. The institution is reaching young ladies from the best families, such as the grandnieces of the late Li Hung Chang and nieces of the Chinese Minister, Wu Ting Fang. The influence of such an institution, with its strong evangelical Christianity, can hardly be estimated. There is already need for enlargement. The beautiful Moore Memorial Church, the only satisfactory church that we have in China, with the possible exception of the one in West Soochow, stands on the same lot with the school. The pastor of the school is one of the strongest Chinese preachers that we have in the Conference.

The most imposing building used for Christian work that I saw in the East is the new Young Men's Christian Association, which was completed in October, 1907, at a cost of about $150,000. The valuable lot on which it stands cost about $100,000, and was donated by the Chinese. In all the conveniences and facilities for Christian work it stands the equal of the best in America. It conducts a regular day school also, in which there are one hundred and eighty young men. The Chinese General Secretary is Mr. S. K. Tsao, who will be known to the Methodists of the South as John Marshall, the son of the late C. K. Marshall, one of our first Chinese preachers. He is as fine a specimen of Christian manhood as one is apt to find anywhere in the world, and his use

of the English lnaguage would persuade any listener that English was his mother tongue. Methodism has furnished some of the best workers for this Young Men's Christian Association. There are seventy Student Young Men's Christian Associations in China, and about forty organizations in cities. The Association in Canton is erecting a $100,000 building. The work of the Y. M. C. A. in China is very encouraging.

Shanghai is becoming a center for publishing interests in China. The Presbyterian Press does $250,000 worth of business every year. The bookstore and the general offices are in the center of the city, but the manufacturing department is out where real estate is cheaper and where expenses will be less. Rev. George F. Fitch, D.D., is the Manager of the Publishing House. He has labored twenty-five years in China. Three of his sons are already preaching the gospel in Chinese, and the fourth is now in college preparing himself for the same work. Such missionary families must have very great influence on China. The two hundred employees of the Presbyterian Press assemble every morning at 7:30 o'clock for religious services before they begin the work of the day. Why should not a Church institution begin the day with the reading of the Bible and with prayer? It is not to be wondered at that the Presbyterian Press is a great missionary agency in China.

The Chinese Commercial Press is the largest publishing house in the empire. It has branch houses in twelve cities. The three men who compose the company were trained in the Presbyterian Publishing House. They are Christian men, and two of them

are sons of a Presbyterian Chinese minister. The capital of the concern is $500,000 gold. The salesroom is on one of the principal streets downtown, and employs seventy men. The printing establishment is out some distance, where the company owns six acres of land. The new publishing house is two stories high, 450 feet long, and 65 feet wide. It has recently been finished at a cost of $70,000. The large wareroom, or "go-down" as it is called in the East, cost $16,000. The publishing department employs six hundred men. There are thirty-five presses as large as those used in our own House in Nashville. Eighty men are employed by the company in translating books into Chinese and in compiling books for schools. They have facilities for stereotyping, electroplating, lithographing, and for doing anything that comes in any printing and publishing establishment. The only foreigners employed are Japanese, and they are engaged in the art department. With the establishment of such an institution must come a new era in the schools and in the general reading of China. A competitive concern is now being organized. It is to be hoped that the competition will administer to the life of both institutions.

I was, of course, very much interested in the Methodist Publishing House, the joint concern of the Methodist Episcopal Church and the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. The Manager, Rev. W. H. Lacy, D.D., received me most cordially and showed me in every detail the house and all the departments of the work. The house and lot are owned by the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. The house was built about five years ago on the old mission property which

faces on Woosung and Quinsan Roads. The Board of Missions of our Church sold the lot to the Book Committee. The Publishing House is controlled by a Publishing Committee. The concern is under contract to pay our Book Committee five per cent on its investment in the house and lot as rental. If the house is enlarged or a new building is required, our Book Committee must furnish the funds. Already the Manager is calling for an additional building, but a new warehouse just completed has enabled him to make room for the machinery by giving him a place to store a large stock of paper. The plant, consisting of the machinery of the press room, bindery, composing rooms, and foundry, is estimated at $62,000 Mexican, or about $30,000 gold. The stock on hand consists of paper and ink, $25,000 Mexican, $11,500 gold; merchandise, $4,800 gold; foundry material, $1,-800 gold; bindery material, $1,400 gold. The average business per month is about $4,800 gold. The number of persons employed is about one hundred. The capital of the concern is $120,000 Mexican, or about $56,000 gold.

One evening, in company with two gentlemen, I visited the opium-smoking resorts. We went into three or four very large establishments, and found them all filled even at so early an hour as eight o'clock in the evening. Two men were in each booth lying down with a lamp between them and with long-stemmed opium pipes in their hands. Many of them were business men who had come in to smoke socially and talk business. Many showed that they were already in the coils of destruction. The crusade against opium that is sweeping the empire has come none too

A CHINAMAN SETTING TYPE.

TYPE FOUNDRY, PUBLISHING HOUSE.

soon. In another part of the large establishments were restaurants where there was much smoking and tea-drinking. An orchestra of Chinese musicians made boisterous music for the entertainment of the throng of four or five hundred people in the building. Gayly dressed public girls, fourteen to sixteen years of age, were led around by their body servants. These girls were kidnaped when small, innocent children by emissaries of these houses whose mistresses sell themselves and these guileless babes into the captivity of hell for the small pittance of a few dollars. But this sight can be seen nowhere in any native city of China and only in that part of Shanghai which is under European and American rule. Doors of Hope are being opened for these unfortunate girls, and some are being rescued. It is a pity that Judge L. R. Wilfrey has not the power to wipe out this disgrace as he has that which once attached to that object of the street that called herself the "American girl." The foreign settlement in Shanghai has said in regard to the opium crusade that it will not stop the sale of opium until evidence has been produced that it has been stopped in the native cities. Foreign settlements too frequently lead in vice, but follow in virtue. That is why missions rarely succeed where the number of foreigners is large. The Christianity that is to save China must come from the center of the empire to the ports, and not from the ports to the center. That Church is wise that founds its missions far from the track of the foreigner.

There were many other events in those last days which were intensely interesting, but I cannot speak of them at this time. I must make mention of a most pleasant call on Dr. Timothy Richards and his asso-

ciates, Rev. W. A. Cornably, Rev. David McGillray, of the Christian Literature Society, and of Dr. Richards's call on me. He has great comprehensive ideas for the East. He wants three missionary colleges established—one in America, one in Europe, and one in the Orient—for the study of comparative religion. He says that "missionaries who do not know Chinese thought and who are not carefully trained in comparative religion and the science of missions are in China like an army armed with bows and arrows marching to meet one armed with Gatling guns." But his proposal cannot be discussed here. On Sunday I dined with Mrs. Young J. Allen and enjoyed the sweet fellowship of her home, made sacred by the great life of her noble husband. In the afternoon I stood at the graves of Dr. Allen, Mrs. J. W. Lambuth, Miss Laura Haygood, and others whose names are written on the broad page of the history of Christianity in this country.

CHAPTER IX.

A Visit to the Missions.

WHEN a man has the privilege of going up the Yang-tse River from Shanghai to Nanking with Rev. George A. Stuart, M.A., M.D., the President of Nanking University, he will act wisely if he takes it. Dr. Stuart has been in China for twenty-four years, a missionary of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and has done almost everything from running a hospital and riding a Chinese circuit to presiding over a great educational institution. He has recently resigned the presidency of the university to become the editor of the *Methodist Advocate* at Shanghai, succeeding Dr. A. P. Parker, and to translate some theological works into the Chinese language. Our steamer left Shanghai at midnight, and when we awoke the next morning, I found that we were on a very comfortable British steamer that plies between Shanghai and Hankow, a distance of four hundred miles. There are two lines of British steamers on the great river; also a French, a Japanese, a German, and a Chinese line. They carry first-class, second-class, and steerage Chinese passengers, and in a special apartment the foreign passengers. The captain and several of the officers were English, the food was familiar, and the company was of my own Anglo-Saxon or Anglo-Celtic blood. (There is Irish in the most of us and often in the best of us.) Traveling on the greatest river in China, and yet without the semblance

of strangeness—who could have expected it? The foreigner gets the best of everything in China—except a bargain. I was shown the utmost respect by the Chinese everywhere. It is true that I was called a "foreign devil" a few times; but the language in which the sentiment was expressed produced no jar on my sensibilities, and I would never have noticed the opprobrious title had a missionary not called my attention to it. The white man's face and bearing, his manner and dress count for something among the other races of the world. Shall he abuse this heaven-given privilege? Surely the white man owes his brethren in colors more than he may expect of them.

After thirty hours' travel the distance of two hundred and five miles had been covered, and we were at the dock in Nanking, the ancient capital, and for many times, of the empire. In official documents it is not proper to call the city Nanking, as the syllable "king" means capital, and the government acknowledges only one capital. So the Chinese call it Kiang Ning Fu, or Kiu Ling, and even other names. What a motley throng met us at the wharf—carriage drivers, rickshaw pullers, wheelbarrow pushers, Chinese hotel runners, beggars, and hardly a decent-looking man in the whole lot! I saw that I had at last reached China. A tourist will get a better idea of Europe than of China by seeing Shanghai. In fact, I slept in France or in England the nights that I was in Shanghai; but when I lay on the good missionary's bed in Nanking, I was within a great city wall with locked gates. Nanking has been a walled city since the fifth or sixth century before Christ. The walls of to-day have an elevation varying from forty to ninety feet, are

from twenty to forty feet in thickness, and are twenty-two miles in circumference. A large portion of the inclosed area is vacant, but the inhabited part has a population of 500,000 people. The Taiping rebels wrought havoc with the city during their occupation, from 1853 to 1864. They reduced it to a ruinous condition, destroyed its famous pagoda, the Porcelain Tower, and swept away the last vestige of the old palace of the Ming kings. I visited the place of the imperial palace, made a circuit of its walls, and went to the celebrated mausoleum of the Emperor Hung Wu, the founder of the Ming dynasty, who died in 1398. How vain is the glory of man, and how fragile his greatest works of stone and brass! Gray was right when he said: "The paths of glory lead but to the grave." The stone elephants, sheep, horses, unicorns, warriors, and priests which lined the sacred avenue to the tomb of the great in their mute solemnity give testimony to the ultimate desolateness of him whose immortality rests entirely upon the material things of this world. Man may live and continue to live—not by what he possesses or by what he pretends to be, but by what he is. When will he learn this lesson in which the whole world is an instructor?

On the way from the wharf to the city, a distance of four miles, we passed the American consulate. I gave the stars and stripes my best greetings. Everywhere on each side of the highway I saw mounds two to three feet high and more or less round. On inquiry, I found that they were graves. Wherever I went in China—at every roadside, on every hillside, at every riverside—there were graves. The boy who thinks that ghosts are in every graveyard would do much running in Chi-

na. Unburied coffins may be seen from almost any highway. The Chinese must have a lucky place for their dead and a lucky day for the burial; and unless these are found, the burial does not take place. It happens often that a coffin containing some member of the family is kept in the home for many months. The coffins are made of wood, four to five inches thick, and in them is placed unslacked lime, and then they are hermetically sealed. So there is no danger to the home or the community if the dead remain for months or even years unburied. In the case of small children, the bodies are often tied up in a bundle of straw and left unburied in some out-of-the-way place. I saw one on the walls of Huchow. The bodies are also placed in the baby towers. It is said that formerly undesired live children were destroyed by being put in the baby towers. I saw the baby towers in Nanking, but there was no indication that they are being used at present. However, in Shanghai while I was there some friends found that they are still in use.

The Methodist Episcopal Church may well be proud of their imposing and well-appointed school, the Nanking University. I was glad of the privilege of addressing without an interpreter the two hundred young men who were gathered there from the surrounding provinces. The school year in China closes the first of February at the Chinese New Year. The beautiful campus of some fifteen acres and the half dozen excellent buildings for administration, chapel, instruction, and students' home give the university a most excellent plant. The policy of the administration has been to employ laymen for teachers in the various departments and reserve the missionary

preachers for the direct work of preaching. The girls' school is in the adjoining yard. It has about seventy pupils. The ground and the money have already been secured for a more satisfactory new building. The Philander Smith Memorial Hospital is nearer the center of the city. It was very gratifying to know that Methodism has such a well-equipped humanitarian institution in the heart of that great community. Dr. Robert C. Beebe, after his twenty-five years as a medical missionary in Nanking, wields an influence for Christianity which seldom comes to any man. The Presbyterians and the Disciples also have strong missions in Nanking. Surely this great population will yet hear the gospel and come to know the Lord of life. Dr. Stuart not only took me into his own home and gave me the benefit of the gracious kindness of his wife and three children, but he even sacrificed his time to serve as my guide through the city. After visiting the missions we went to the Imperial Confucian Temple, one of the three in the entire empire. We found it closed and the gates locked. But this was no surprise to him, as he knew that the temple is opened for worship only once in three years, when the Emperor, in person or by proxy, comes to worship. When the keeper let us in, we found that dust, cobwebs, and the usual signs of neglect were everywhere in evidence. There was nothing in the great temple except some tablets to Confucius and to some members of his family. That is about all to be found in any Confucian temple. Confucius was a great sage and moralist, but he founded no religion—only a cult. The three fundamental tenets of Confucian thought are the fundamental unity which underlies the variety

of the phenomena of nature; the existence in the midst of all change of an eternal harmonious order; and man is endowed at his birth with a nature which is radically good. Confucianism can never generate or maintain any spiritual life. The personality of the Divine Being is a conception which is entirely foreign to Confucianists. The fact is, it is right here where the trouble with all Oriental religious thought is to be found. The Oriental cannot get out of pantheism. This may account in a great measure for the belief in demonology which dominates China. The pagoda, with its five, seven, or nine stories, is a monument to the belief in spirits. The pagoda protects the town; for the spirits, on leaving its top, must go in a straight horizontal line, and consequently they will pass over the city, as the pagoda is always higher than any buildings in the city. In front of a house which faces an open lot, opposite the doorway, is a brick wall ten feet wide and as high as the eaves of the house. The spirits coming from the vacant lot will strike the wall and be turned down the street and be prevented from entering the house. The cure for such superstitions is intellectual enlightenment and a proper conception of the Divine Being such as Christianity alone will furnish. Confucianism and Buddhism may support schools and thereby banish the superstition, but they have no adequate conceptions to offer. Enlightenment on their plan means agnosticism in the end.

The stroll through the narrow, ten-foot, greatly congested business streets was full of exciting interest. The stores all open out on the street. Some of these looked very beautiful, while others seemed barren. The fact is, the Chinese merchant must be entreated

THE TEA RESTAURANT.

BOUND FEET.

to show his goods. He will usually bring out what is asked for, but he is not there merely to show goods. Shopping here is a little difficult for the American women. Is there anything quite so fascinating to an American woman anywhere in the world as shopping? Back of all these shops are the homes of those who keep them. It is no trouble to see the Chinese at their meals, as their table is set in the place of business. They have no tablecloths, no napkins, no knives and forks, no spoons, no plates, no sauce bottles, no pitchers or pots. Bowls and chopsticks are their utensils in eating; while the common bowls, with cut meats, vegetables, delicacies, each person eats from with his own chopsticks as he may be inclined. The tea houses are prevalent on every street. The Chinaman does not drink water; but he must have his tea at every hour in the day, if not oftener. That means he wants boiling hot water for his tea leaves in a cup. The keeper of the tea house has an open place, with bare tables and bare benches or wooden stools, and kettles of boiling water on a furnace. The customer for a few cash (one-hundredth of a half cent) gets his cup filled, and he sits and drinks. The most of the business of a Chinese city is transacted in the tea houses. The restaurants are not greatly different from the tea houses except that on the furnace, besides the boiling water, are articles of food being cooked. The furnace is in the front of the room, and so the cooking is in full view of every passer-by. After seeing the cooking and the usual surroundings I was content to save my appetite for the missionary's table.

After a two days' sojourn in the ancient capital on the Yang-tse, I took the steamer for Chinkiang, a

beautifully located city of 300,000 people, fifty miles below Nanking. The railroad has since been opened from Chinkiang to Nanking. Much work has been done on the railroad between Nanking and Tien-tsin. When the road is completed, there will be a direct line from Peking to Shanghai by way of Nanking. A road is also being built between Shanghai and Hangchow. It will connect with a road that is to be built between Canton and Hankow. A road already exists between Hankow and Peking; so in three or four years Canton, Shanghai, and Peking will be connected by rail. When Canton is connected with Calcutta, and Bombay with the new road through Persia, travel in Asia will be more interesting and more pleasant than it is to-day.

When the steamer anchored at Chinkiang, I was met by Rev. W. C. Longden, the presiding elder of the Chinkiang District of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and taken ashore in a sampan and on to his hospitable home. After tea (everybody has tea in this country at four o'clock in the afternoon) we visited the Girls' School, the Woman's Hospital, and the street chapel and church of his denomination. The half hundred girls of varying ages greeted me in their assembly hall with a beautiful song of welcome sung in my own vernacular. That was followed by the "Hallelujah Chorus," marvelously well rendered. The smaller children did their feats in song and recitation, and the exercises closed with the "Kentucky Babe." When I told them that Kentucky furnished my birthplace and the "kinky-heads" and "banjo" some early associations, they smiled their surprise and delight. The voices were the best that I have ever

heard in a school of that size, whatever may have been its grade or nationality. Why should I not have congratulated the Principal, Miss Grace A. Crooks, and thanked the little friends who entertained so charmingly? Miss Lucy H. Hoag, M.D., showed me the Woman's Hospital and told me of the 5,400 cases that were treated there last year. This institution furnishes the Bible woman or hospital evangelist fine opportunities for preaching the gospel. The women will enlarge their plant and with it their work in a short time. Good fortune occasionally comes to the missionaries and their labors. The lot which the school and hospital owned had in it a very ugly ravine. Thirty thousand famine sufferers came across the river from the North, and the railroad came up from the South at the same time. The railroad wanted dirt removed from its right of way, the school wanted its lot filled, and the sufferers wanted bread. The distributing committee said to the sufferers: "Put the railroad's dirt on the missionary's lot, and we will furnish the bread." And it was done. All parties were helped, and injustice was done to no one. The philanthropist made no beggars in this case. The fine location of the school and hospital on the hill overlooking the city and the river, the proximity of the mission home, the pleasant surroundings give these institutions of Methodism a fine outlook. The church and the chapel in the center of the city are meeting with gratifying success. Every kindness was shown the Southern brother by the faithful missionary and his family, and the leaving the next morning had with it the sincere hope that the visitor and the visited might some day meet in their native land.

My first travel by railroad in China was between Chinkiang and Changchow, a distance of fifty miles. The coaches have apartments for first-class, second-class, third-class, and coolie-class passengers. No one can ride in the lowest class unless he wears the laborer's garb. The rate for first-class passengers is two cents a mile; for second-class, one cent a mile; and for third-class, one-half cent a mile. It is seldom that any one purchases a first-class ticket, as the coaches for the second-class passengers are more comfortable than any coaches in America excepting the Pullman. The railroad is able to declare a good dividend each year at these rates. The road was built by the English, and then taken over by the Chinese with the agreement that the English corporation should receive five per cent on their investment. The Chinese complained at its cost, but the English insisted that railroads were costly institutions. The young Englishmen who are employed as guards often kick and cuff the Chinese at the stations as though they were so many animals. They hide behind the exterritoriality clause, and know they are secure in their foreign protection. As a result of this kind of action on the part of employees, the Chinese management of the road is retiring the foreigners as rapidly as possible.

After a two hours' ride through a level country with farms and graveyards on every side, I alighted in Changchow, a city of 200,000 people, and was cordially received by Rev. J. C. Hawk, who took me at once to his home. Wherever I have gone since landing in Japan, six weeks ago, there has always been some one to deliver me to the train or boat and some

one to receive me at my destination. The experience is novel, but by no means unpleasant. This was my first contact with our own mission work outside of Shanghai. Rev. R. A. Parker, who is in charge of the work in Changchow, was in Shanghai seeing his brother, Dr. A. P. Parker, off to America; but he and his family and Miss Ella D. Leveritt came up in the afternoon. I saw the city, its narrow streets, its interesting shops, its ancient wall, and its great temple. The missionary was recognized by the Buddhist priests in the temple and shown every courtesy. We were admitted to the living rooms of the priests and made welcome to every place that we chose to enter. But Buddhist priests, as a rule, are ignorant men. Many of them do not know even the origin of their own faith. Were they converted to Christianity, they would necessarily be wards of the Church. They were taken as children into the temple, have always lived there and performed a perfunctory temple service, and would be helpless if turned out into the world. They could not be teachers of Christianity. They receive very little consideration or respect from the people, and are only used in the ceremonies which certain occasions demand. Buddhism may have some teachers in China, but the priests do not hold that position. The temple—one of the finest in the empire—is filled with numerous immense statues of the Buddha. Behind the altar is a gigantic piece of stucco work, fifty feet high and thirty feet wide, in which are figures representing the various stages of life in which a man may live, according to the teaching of Buddhism. It is an ingenious work, hardly artistic, but instructive to the devout, who blindly

grope after the truth of life and the hope of a blissful destiny.

Changchow is a prefectural city—that is, the capital of a large district. Our missionaries are the only foreigners in the city. At first they received the opprobrious title of "foreign devils;" but now more consideration is shown them, and the outlook of their work is quite encouraging. Changchow needs a plant consisting of a church building, a school building, and a home for the missionaries. They live in a Chinese house—the only missionaries of our Church in China who are not furnished with a comfortable foreign house. But these faithful men and women are willing to deny themselves the comforts of a foreign home in order to secure a suitable church for their work. At present they hold all religious services in a small chapel which is nothing more than the reception room of a Chinese house. The Holston Conference has subscribed enough money to purchase a lot. Who or what Church or what district or what Conference will build a memorial church in Changchow at an expense of only $5,000 to $7,000? The Central Church in Shanghai was built several years ago by the late Mr. L. R. Moore, of Kansas City. Has Changchow such a friend? The future will fully demonstrate the wisdom of such an investment of the Lord's money.

Again I was delivered to the train with ticket in hand; and I bade good-by to the dear friends in Changchow, the memory of whose kindness will linger as a benediction. The forty-five miles were soon traveled; and I stepped from the train at Soochow, to be received by that faithful missionary, the beloved

physician, Dr. W. H. Park. According to the reckoning of the Chinese, he became an "old gentleman" less than a year ago, when they celebrated with elaborate ceremonies the fiftieth anniversary of his birth. But he is not an old man in any sense of the word, and his twenty-six years as a missionary in China have prepared him for even more distinguished service in the next quarter of a century, which it is earnestly hoped may be granted him. The station is a mile from the gate of the city, just as most of the stations on this road, and the missionary compound is outside of the wall on the opposite side of the city. So, as the streets are too narrow and rough for jinrikishas, the only hope of comfortable travel was the sedan chair. That was my first experience in the chair borne on the shoulders of two or four men. It was rather disturbing to my democratic spirit. There is too much of the Old World spirit in being borne by other men. It was bad enough to be drawn by a man in a jinrikisha; but when it came to being carried on the shoulders of men whom Christianity has taught me to call brethren, the whole democratic nature, with its training of three free American centuries, absolutely rebelled. But I rode on the men and my conscience, and was soon welcomed to the home of Dr. Park by his wife, the daughter of that great sainted missionary, Dr. J. W. Lambuth, and sister of the efficient Secretary of the Board of Missions. A talk at the prayer meeting of our own missionaries on Saturday night and a sermon on Sunday afternoon to an audience composed of the missionaries of the Baptist, Presbyterian, Episcopal, and Methodist Churches gave me an opportunity to meet all

the servants of the Christian Church in Soochow. While the results of the missionary labors in this great city of 500,000 people are not extraordinary, yet they are gratifying.

I was greatly pleased with our plant in Soochow. Dr. W. H. Park and his colaborers have built up a hospital which is a great credit to our Church. He and his staff treated more than 20,000 cases last year and performed about three hundred surgical operations. He has associated with him some most excellent Chinese physicians whom he has trained. He has calls continually to the best families in Soochow. By this outside practice he makes fifteen to twenty-five dollars cash a day, which he turns over to the hospital fund. Friends of the hospital among the Chinese send in each year several hundred dollars in donations because of their interest in the work of healing which the hospital is doing. Some buildings have been erected with the funds which have come in through these channels. The reception room for the patients or visitors who are waiting to see patients is a chapel, and the chaplain preaches to the people while they wait to be served. The missionaries use the opportunity of preaching privately which the wards afford. Practically what is said of Dr. Park's hospital can be said of the Mary Black Memorial Hospital, which adjoins it. That Kentucky woman, Dr. Margaret H. Polk, is doing a great work, and her hospital is a heavenly blessing to the sick women of Soochow. The Bible women do for the patients in the woman's hospital what the chaplain and preachers do in the other institution. Only a vacant lot separates this hospital from the old First Church,

which should be supplanted by a new First Church in keeping with the surrounding buildings as well as with the needs of the large and growing congregation. Just beyond the church is the Laura Haygood School for Girls. The two new buildings are very beautiful; and the third, which is in course of erection, is just as beautiful. There are about sixty young women in attendance. The fine plant has equipment for doing a great work.

Soochow University has an elegant and commodious main building, with excellent class rooms well furnished, good laboratories, comfortable offices, and as good a dormitory as is possessed by any institution of our Church. There is a pressing need just now of more dormitory facilities, as the rooms will accommodate only two hundred pupils and the enrollment reached two hundred and thirty-three last year. Applicants for admission must be denied because of the lack of room in the dormitory. Boarding in the city is impossible, and so the attendance must be limited to the dormitory space. The homes for the President and two professors are entirely satisfactory, but there is need for homes for other members of the faculty. The campus is not large, but very beautiful. The friends of Dr. Park have recently built a water tower on the campus; and as soon as some funds are furnished to lay the pipes, the University, the Laura Haygood School, and the two hospitals will be supplied with good artesian water. The institution is in high favor with the Chinese, and it is recognized by foreigners and natives as one of the best institutions in the empire. At the recent commencement, when the first graduate was given his degree, the Viceroy

sent a personal representative from Nanking to speak words of appreciation. The government will undoubtedly give the institution public recognition as soon as the President lays its claims before the Viceroy. If the proper high standard is maintained, Soochow University will soon hold an enviable place in the esteem of the higher classes of China. With such a plant the Church has a right to expect great results in its work of Christianizing the Chinese. At present only twenty of the two hundred young men are Christians. This gives a large field for the missionaries whose primary object is the conversion of these young men to Christianity and a personal faith in Jesus Christ. No superiority of equipment or instruction can atone for any lack in the results of the true missionary labors. The Church may well rely on the men who now have this important matter in charge.

The Davidson Memorial Industrial and Bible School, in the western portion of the city, is doing a magnificent work. About eighty girls are in the school, and many of these support themselves entirely or in part by their work in the Industrial School. Forty women of mature age spend each day in the workroom in making fine embroidery and doing other high-grade needlework. These women are paid wages, and the school sells the articles made. Each morning these women have a Bible lesson, and as a result the most of them are now Christians. Day schools are conducted in the neighborhood in connection with this institution. The West Soochow Church adjoins the school, and its three hundred seats are taken at the services each Sunday. The institution and the Church

are meeting with most gratifying results in this community. Most of the people who are reached are poor, but with just such persons Methodism and Christianity had their beginning.

The Methodist Episcopal Church, South, has seventy-two missionaries in China, counting the twenty-two wives and the three women who are employed as special teachers in our schools. Of the seventy-two, thirty-one live in Soochow, fifteen in Shanghai, eleven in Huchow, ten in Sungkiang, and five in Changchow. The five cities are quite accessible to each other, as Soochow and Changchow are on the railroad that runs north from Shanghai, Soochow being fifty-three miles from Shanghai, and Changchow being only fifty miles from Soochow. Sungkiang is only twenty-five miles from Shanghai, and the two cities are connected by a railroad. Canals connect Huchow with Soochow and also with Sungkiang and Shanghai, and the distance of eighty and one hundred miles can be covered by the launches in eight or ten hours. So the work of our mission is in a compact territory and has very few physical difficulties in the way of travel. The Conference has, besides the eighteen missionary preachers, twenty-two native preachers. Some local Chinese preachers are also employed by the presiding elders. Every congregation in China has a Chinese pastor. The missionary puts the responsibility of every work on the native as soon as possible. This seems very sensible. The sooner the Chinese feel that the responsibility for the conversion of their people must depend upon them, the quicker will Christianity reach the great empire. The Chinese are naturally the best pastors and preachers for their people. It is

very gratifying to know that some of those who now fill the pulpits are regarded by the missionaries as strong preachers, and their sermons are heard with as much interest by the foreigner as by the native.

The presiding elders occupy an important position in China, as they are really the superintendents of all the points and preachers in their charges. They are the leaders in the missions, and have very much to do with the progress of all evangelistic work. From the moment I reached China till I set sail these men showed me every courtesy and were always glad to talk of the great work committed to their hands. They took charge of me at their points and showed me fully the work of the missions. Dr. J. B. Fearn was kind enough to offer to accompany me from Soochow to Huchow, thence to Sungkiang, and on to Shanghai. Of course I accepted his offer because I was glad to have the benefit of his fellowship and I wanted to see all our missionaries in China—and I saw them.

On Monday this Shanghai presiding elder appeared at the missionary compound in Soochow on a donkey—a six-foot-two-inches, two-hundred-pound man on a three-foot, inconsequential son of stupidity. I mounted the mate, and we rode off, much to the merriment of the good missionaries who were out to bid us farewell. A man will ride anything in China, from a "one-hoss shay" to a wheelbarrow. However, a trotting donkey three feet long will give satisfaction quickest. We dismounted at the Customhouse, an institution that is controlled and administered everywhere in China by the British government. England has her way of collecting debts in the East and at the same time furnishing employment for a vast army of her

sons. The Britisher is in evidence everywhere in the Orient, but he is seldom known to break down from overwork. He thinks the American's strenuosity is "very funny." While we stood talking to a young Englishman, a small Japanese launch steamed up from the Japanese concession, a half mile below. The Japanese have learned the tricks of the foreign nations, and so at the close of the China-Japan War they demanded concessions. Japan is losing the friendship of some nations by copying their tricks in the Orient. She has had examples in almost all that she is doing over here, and her aptness as a pupil has alarmed some of her competitors. Even her steamers are plying all the rivers and canals in China that are open to other nations. The launch was escorted by a Chinese gunboat to protect the passengers from the bands of pirates that have recently been committing outrages on the canals that we were to travel. Sometimes the canals are only twenty-five to thirty feet wide, and robbers would have no trouble in boarding the small boats. While the gunboat might have been considered an object of ridicule, yet its presence under the circumstances was by no means despised. The launch not only carried passengers, but it towed a barge with accommodations for passengers and a half dozen private house boats. We took the best accommodations on the barge, which were called first-class; while many Chinese were in or on the other part of the barge. As the banks of the canals were not more than five or six feet high, it was very easy to stand on the barge and see the whole surrounding country. The farms and the graveyards were on either side. Instead of having great fields in those level tracts of

land, the acres were divided into garden plots and farmed minutely for two crops a year. At many points we found the farmers dredging the canals for muck to put on their little farms. The canals furnish the fertilizer and the water for irrigation. The Grand Canal, running as it does from Tien-tsin to Southern China, has furnished, with its great network of smaller canals, the greatest facilities for travel, for marketing their products, and for meeting the requirements of their homes and their industries to the vast millions of this great country.

At five o'clock in the afternoon (the Chinese eating time) on the center table in the cabin were placed bowls of vegetables, cut meat cooked in a stew, and other dishes; and each passenger was supplied with a bowl of rice and two chopsticks. The two Chinamen and the presiding elder crossed chopsticks in the common bowl; but the stranger remembered that good Mrs. Park had prepared for him a lunch of agreeable American cooking, and he chose the cold supper rather than the uncertainty in the warm one. The Chinese do not use butter or lard in cooking, but an oil made from millet and beans. This gives all food a strange flavor. They put in other seasoning which is not always agreeable to the palate of the foreigner. When night came on, Dr. Fearn brought out two handbags and took from them two beds, which he threw on the bunks. We slept comfortably until one o'clock, when we reached Huchow, where we transferred to the house boat of Rev. J. L. Hendry, in which we concluded the night's repose.

The missionaries had learned of our coming, and had come from their evangelistic labors on their cir-

SAMPANS IN A CANAL.

cuits. Rev. T. A. Hearn, the presiding elder, is leading a most successful campaign in the Huchow District. He baptized and received into the Church a score the week before our arrival. Rev. J. L. Hendry and his wife had returned from a two weeks' service from which twenty-five were received into the Church. Rev. E. Pilley was meeting with similar success on his circuit. The fact is, the reports of these brethren thrilled me as nothing else which I had heard or seen in China. The Huchow District was organized six years ago with a few members at Huchow, and now the district reports more than 1,000 communicants, or more than one-fourth of the entire Chinese membership. Its progress has been made almost entirely through the evangelistic work. By the "foolishness of preaching" St. Paul expected the world to be converted to Christ. In China the greatest ingatherings have been in those provinces (especially Chekiang and Fu-kien) where the emphasis has been laid upon the evangelistic work. The majority of our missionaries in China are in educational work; and some of our men who have felt the call to preach and are regularly ordained ministers have never had the privilege of doing regular ministerial work any more than preachers who are teaching in any of our Church schools are given that privilege. This is due to the fact that the schools had to be cared for; and after they received the indispensable number of men, there were not many left for the evangelistic work. The work of the schools is as much missionary and is as necessary as the preaching, but no more so. The educational force should not be diminished by a single man; on the contrary, it should be increased. But

there can be little doubt that the evangelistic force should receive reënforcement until it is at least as strong as the educational force. Some of the Churches are solving this problem in part by employing young laymen for the schools and thereby releasing some of the preachers for the evangelistic work. In our Soochow University we have five young laymen as teachers. The question as to how these matters should be adjusted, no man, unless exceedingly wise, on a visit of three weeks would be able to decide; but that the Church at home should send out to China at once a half dozen men for the evangelistic work or for the schools, so that men might be released, there can be very little doubt. The reason that they have not been sent already is that the Church has not supplied the funds. The Board cannot supply men unless the Church contributes the money. The man who can preach the gospel in Chinese to-day has the highest privilege given to man in these opening years of the twentieth century. The man who has a genuine message and can deliver it with power will have as sympathetic and appreciative an audience in China as he will find in the United States, and the results of his preaching will be just as gratifying.

My visit to Huchow was full of interest. Besides the preachers mentioned, whose courtesies and the kindness of whose wives were greatly appreciated, I found Miss Clara E. Steger, Miss Emma Steger, of Missouri, Miss Mary Lou White, of Virginia, and Miss Lochie Rankin, of Tennessee, all enthusiastic over their work. I felt like making the full quota of Chinese bows to Miss Rankin, the first missionary of the Woman's Board. She is busily engaged in her

loved employ—that of conducting a girls' day school. Many a wayfarer has found the way by the torch which she has kept lighted. The young women are happy in their beautiful home, built by the ladies of the Tennessee Conference; while they have every convenience and comfort in the elegant school building, built by the women of Virginia. The Woman's Board has built wisely and well everywhere in the China Mission, and the work of their schools is prosperous. The boys' school, under the principalship of Rev. W. A. Estes, needs a building very much. Huchow should have a church building at the earliest possible moment. If the plans of those who have labored in this city of 100,000 people are carried out, we will soon have a great plant in one of the most fruitful sections in which we have work. The people are responsive to the gospel. When I arrived, I was told that a meeting had been arranged for the afternoon, when I would meet some of the people. I supposed that the missionaries would be present and a few Chinese helpers. To my surprise, when I arrived I found the chapel crowded with more than three hundred Chinese. Rev. T. A. Hearn acted as interpreter, and I spoke as long as regard for my patient audience would allow. The attention and order were as good as would be secured in a mixed audience of men, women, and children in America. I left Huchow feeling greatly encouraged with the outlook of our work in China and with the determination to do what I could to send more evangelists to this great field.

The Huchow presiding elder is building a new "elderage," and he had to go to Shanghai for material. So Dr. Fearn and I got into his house boat with him,

and we were towed down the canal to Sungkiang, where we stopped for a day. Rev. H. T. Reed aroused us from our comfortable slumbers, and we went at once to his home for breakfast and then to the boys' school which he is conducting. Out of the sixty boys, twelve have already signified their intention of becoming ministers. This is very encouraging, as the men who are in the end to reach China are the Chinese; and unless our schools supply the ministry, we cannot hope for any great advancement of Christianity. The old Buffington College produced most of the Chinese preachers now in the Conference, and its work can never be too highly appreciated. The lack of ministerial candidates in our two principal schools is the chief cause for discouragement regarding our future work. However, the missionaries are all awake to this condition, and they are making special efforts to secure men for the ministry. The boys' school at Sungkiang is doing fine work. Principal Reed is being assisted by Rev. George R. Loehr. Miss Waters, Miss King, and Miss Peacock are delighted with their beautiful new Susan B. Wilson Girls' School. Mrs. Gaither is busy with her work in the Bible Woman's School and with the superintendence of the new Hayes-Wilkins building, which is in course of erection. I greatly enjoyed my visit to Sungkiang, and was much pleased with the outlook of the work there. We had planned to leave in the afternoon on the house boat for Shanghai, to be rowed by the oarsmen; but Dr. Fearn reported that a work train would leave about two o'clock for Shanghai, and that he had secured permission for our traveling on it. We hurried to the station, but found that the train was

not going, but that a hand car would take a civil engineer to Shanghai, and that we could go along. We went—four hours, twenty-five miles, cold, damp, home. All was well.

CHAPTER X.

The Chinese in Life and Customs.

THE American's ignorance of China brings no blush to his cheek nor twinge to his conscience. He may know that the modern Chinaman can boast of a history that antedates Babylon, Nineveh, Egypt, and Israel; yet that history, as a rule, makes no appeal to him. The names of emperors and dynasties, generals, statesmen, and literary celebrities, cities, rivers, and provinces have no place in his mind, and he thinks of them as unpronounceable and as not meant to be remembered by him. So China and the Chinese do not take hold on the American mind, and consequently not greatly on the American sympathy. The laundryman and the coolie on the Pacific Coast furnish to most Americans their conception of the great people of the Orient. The United States has forty-six States and some Territories, differing in size, products, climate, and inhabitants. China has eighteen States or Provinces in China proper, three States in Manchuria, and also Mongolia and Tibet. The eighteen States vary in size from 36,670 square miles to 216,480 square miles, and in population from 5,142,000 to 69,000,000. The whole population of the United States could be put in Texas, and the population would be no more dense than that of Szechuen, the largest Province of China. China proper has an area of 1,532,420 square miles and a population of 407,331,000 people. A native of China proper only is

called a Chinese. When it is remembered that the railroad is still limited to a thousand miles, that travel on the great rivers by steamer will reach only a small territory, that travel by canals must necessarily be slow, and that there are no public roads in the empire, one can readily see that several months would be required to reach any very large part of this interesting country. Notwithstanding certain restrictions to communication between different parts of the empire, the Chinese may be said to be a homogeneous people. The habits of to-day were in large measure the habits of these people two thousand years ago. The fact is, Chinese history is uninteresting because it is not a record of progress or regress. The wars and conquests may give the people new rulers; but the conquerors have always been assimilated by the conquered, and China remains the same. Any radical changes made in the customs of life or government would be a gross impeachment of the revered ancestry. So when any section of China is thoroughly studied, a very good idea of the whole people and their habits of life may be obtained. However, that does not mean that one may get a full understanding of the Chinaman. The Chinaman is understood fully only by himself, and there is some doubt as to his ability in that direction.

Captain Brinkley, the distinguished editor of the *Japan Mail* at Yokohama, has said: "No other nation with which the world is acquainted has been so constantly true to itself; no other nation has preserved its type so unaltered; no other nation has developed a civilization so completely independent of any extraneous influences; no other nation has elaborated its

own idea in such absolute segregation from alien thoughts; no other nation has preserved the long stream of its literature so entirely free from foreign affluents; no other nation has ever reached a moral and national elevation comparatively so high above the heads of contemporary states." The Chinese have always divided the universe into two parts: the heaven above, and China, or all under heaven. The Emperor has always been the son of heaven. The contempt for foreigners which the Chinese have manifested and which they manifest yet in many quarters—for foreigners are only tolerated and never welcomed—is due to their conceit as to their own position in the universe. To admit foreigners to any consideration was indeed a grievous concession for these Celestials. When General Gordon defeated the Taiping rebels at Changchow and Soochow after they had been eminently successful against the Chinese, Li Hung Chang realized for the first time that foreigners had some elements of superiority. The hardest lesson which the Chinese have been compelled to learn is the quality of the foreigner in some things and even his superiority in certain other things.

The Chinese do not want to take lessons from the foreigner, and their cry to-day is: "China for the Chinese!" China may thirst for Western learning, but she desires to drink it from her own fountains. She is willing to build railroads and inaugurate modern enterprises; but she prefers to have them owned, controlled, and run entirely by Chinese. The concessions which have been made to British, American, or German companies have been or are being bought back, so that the foreigner may not have any interest in her

great commercial enterprises. The same spirit is exhibited in a degree toward the Christianity which foreigners are trying to propagate. There is no serious objection to Christianity in itself; but the Chinese regard it as a foreigner's religion, and they are inclined to cling to the religion of their own country. The Boxer movement was not aimed at Christianity except so far as it was the religion of the foreigner. There is no country in the world to-day that would be more open to Christianity than China if the foreign feature could be eliminated. But on account of this age-long sentiment against foreigners, the greatest obstacle to the progress of Christianity in the Celestial Empire is the fact that its propagators must be foreigners until a native ministry is produced. The benefit of such an institution as the International Institute, founded and directed by Dr. Gilbert Reid, whose primary object is the promotion of fellowship between foreigners and high-class Chinese, can be readily seen. This condition will explain the wonderful work which has been done by Dr. Young J. Allen, Dr. Timothy Richard, and their associates in their Society for the Diffusion of Knowledge. The Young Men's Christian Association is also accomplishing inestimable good by relating the young men of China with the young men of other nations. Anything that will break down the sentiment against foreigners will clear the way for Christianity and at the same time open the door for the learning of the present day.

China is suffering greatly from misrule. The government is defective in very much, and bad in its whole system and administration. From a financial standpoint it is the greatest system of graft which the

world has ever known. The head of the government is the Emperor, who is the appointee of his predecessor. Every Emperor is apt to appoint his son, but he may appoint some one else. All places in the empire are at his disposal. Viceroys are appointed over certain territories which may comprise one, two, or three provinces. There are seven or eight viceroyalties in the empire. Over each of the provinces is appointed a governor. Over a circuit in a province is placed a *taotai.* The circuit is composed of two, three, or four prefectures, and the prefectures are made up of magistracies. The magistrate, the prefect, the *taotai,* the governor, and the viceroy make up the five grades of appointments. There are thirteen hundred magisterial districts, one hundred and eighty prefectures, eighty circuits, eighteen provinces. The magistrate of a district is invested with both criminal and civil functions; he is the keeper of prisons, the overseer of public roads, the registrar of land, the famine commissioner, and the officer of education. No official could perform duties so numerous and so varied without assistants, and so he has a large staff; but he is held responsible for the performance of all duties. In criminal cases the magistrate is the court and the jury, as well as the prosecutor. If the accused can show sufficient financial reasons why he should not be severely dealt with, the magistrate dismisses the case; but if no finances are forthcoming, the magistrate hears the accusations and passes sentence. In case of criminal offense the prisoner is made to submit to excruciating tortures until he confesses his guilt, and then he is taken out and beheaded. In civil suits the magistrate hears one side and receives what

is given, and then hears the other and receives again. He then hears the first side and receives, and then hears the second side and receives. His decision is usually reserved until, in the language of the auctioneer, "they are all done," and he hands down his decision much as does the auctioneer. Cases may be appealed to the prefect and retried. He, however, seldom renders any decisions, but shifts such duties to the first assistant department magistrate.

The administration of the central government is intrusted to two councils, the Grand Secretariat and the Grand Council. The first has four members, two Manchus and two Chinese, with one Manchu and one Chinese secretary. As aids there are ten learned men from Hanlin College, with about two hundred secretaries. The members of the Grand Secretariat submit to the Emperor all papers relating to the affairs of the empire, keep the seals used by the departments, and are the officials whom the Emperor most frequently consults and in whom he chiefly confides. They deliberate on the affairs of State, declare the imperial will, and aid the Emperor in governing his subjects. The Grand Council has five members and about sixty secretaries. They are chosen from the members of the Grand Secretariat, the presidents of boards, and the principal officers of all the courts in the city. Before this body the heads of departments appear when the Emperor is to be consulted. It has really superseded the older body in business importance. Under the two councils there are six administrative boards —the Civil Board, Board of Revenue, Board of Rites, Board of War, Board of Punishment, Board of Public Works. The Civil Board has jurisdiction over the

official class—or mandarins, as they are called—appointing and discharging them, regulating their duties, pay, promotion, the assignment of work, and the granting of leave. The Board of Revenue collects the money from the provinces and selects the Manchu women who are eligible for the imperial harem. The Board of Rites has the supervision of the ceremonial and ritual observances which form the distinguishing feature of the national character. The ceremony for feast days, the cut of a court jacket, the etiquette relating to subjects of a military or civil character are all described in the fourteen volumes which form the statutory law of the board. No act or omission will bring a Chinese official under censure so quickly as carelessness in official ceremony. The Board of War should be among the first in importance, but the empire has done very little in preparing for defense against external foes. The board appears to be powerless to organize an effective army. This is due in large measure to the peculiar autonomy of the provinces, each having its own military organization, which it supports and controls according to the will of its own officials. There is no uniform system. There is an absence of coöperation. In the China-Japan War China expended large sums on the army and navy; but they were wholly ineffectual, not because military material was wanting in the Chinese character, but because there was no organization, no rallying point in the military system, no one directing mind, no confidence of the soldier in his superior officers. China must be unified before she can ever defend herself against any attacking force; and that means that a new form of central government must

take the place of the present incompetent, unsavory, despoiling system.

The Board of Punishment might be called a court of appeals. It works all changes in the written law and the supplementary enactments, prepares all new editions of the penal code, regulates prisons, and collects fines on jailers and others. The duties of the Board of Public Works are miscellaneous, but they are not well discharged. No city in the world is in a worse sanitary condition than Peking, where the board sits. It is easy to see in traveling that no attention is given to the repair of the highways by land and water. The Grand Canal, the greatest monument of Chinese skill and industry, has been neglected to the extent of greatly impairing its usefulness. The masonry has fallen away, and the granite blocks have been boated away and sold. The roads, bridges, and canals have been shamefully neglected during the two hundred and fifty years of the reign of the Manchurian dynasty. The whole empire suffers through the idea that each province is an independent unit. The central government refuses to interfere, except when in a critical mood, with the educational, fiscal, penal, judicial work, or any public improvements in a province. As the provincial officials are concerned only for themselves, the public works are all entirely neglected. Bridges, roads, and such works are private and depend entirely on the liberality of some public-spirited citizen.

When the viceroy wants money, he makes demands of the governors, the governors make demands of their *taotais,* the *taotais* of the prefects, the prefects of the magistrates, and the magistrates of the head

men of the villages and any citizens whom they may desire to fleece. The village is often composed of one family, but usually of a few families. The head man is responsible for what takes place in the village. If a criminal outrage is perpetrated in the village, the whole village is responsible and must suffer for the offense unless the malefactor is produced. The reason that American authorities have had trouble in finding criminals among the Chinese on the Pacific Coast is that they have not used the Chinese method of finding them. The magistrate usually asks for what money he wants or the equivalent in produce, and usually gets it; for in case the head man fails to produce the amount that is desired, he loses his position or is accused criminally and made to suffer. Sometimes the magistrate finds a rich man who he thinks should divide money with him, and levies on him for what he wants. In case the rich man objects seriously, he is accused of some criminal offense, tried, and brought to punishment. As the magistrate is court, jury, and prosecutor, he is fully able to handle any case. Many rich Chinese are moving into Shanghai to-day to get protection from these magistrates. The Chinese seldom make any show of their wealth for fear the magistrates will make exorbitant demands. When the prefect sees that the magistrate is making money too fast, he squeezes the magistrate and gets a good sum. The *taotai* keeps his eye on the prefect, and in due time asks for funds; and the governor is awake while the money is being passed, while the viceroy seldom suffers from a diminished treasury. A Chinese gentleman told me of a general who was supposed to have a certain number of soldiers when

he had less than one-twentieth of that number. The general was paid the money for the keep of the entire number, but he put nineteen-twentieths of it in his own purse. In Changchow a prefect built a fine school building at a cost of $130,000, with accommodations for one thousand pupils. He was removed, and his successor made no provision for carrying on the school. There are always opportunities for a "squeeze" in putting up a building, but very little in carrying on a school. Schools are almost impossible under such a system of government. These officials, whose whole thought is how to get money and who are moved after very short terms to other districts, will not do much to build up a school system. A school depends wholly on the whim of the man in office for its support, and it may be terminated abruptly at any time. A government that depends on such a system is almost helpless in its efforts to build up a great educational system.

The "squeeze" is one thing to be expected in all walks of life. The cook in the kitchen buys all the food for the family and then charges the family prices that will allow his commission. If the man or woman of the house does the buying, nothing is saved, as the cook can always buy at cheaper rates; and, besides, the merchant knows that the cook will in due time appear and demand his commission on all that comes to the kitchen in which he works. The laborer always wants something more than the regular tariff. The Chinese cannot believe that missionaries are doing all their work for them because they love them. They think the "squeeze" will come in somewhere. So they often report that the missionaries are kidnaping children or arranging for some raid of the foreigner.

In China everybody "squeezes" somebody, and the man who gets the most money is the greatest winner in life's game.

The great difference between the progress of Japan and that of China may be explained by the fact that Japan has a mighty central government and every citizen is a patriot, while the Chinese do not love their government, and they have no interest in the Emperor, whom they regard as a foreigner, or any of his appointed officials. They know them only as taxgatherers. No great reforms can be brought about except through the officials, and men who have to administer through a corrupt and corrupting system can hardly be expected to be great leaders in public reforms. A system of education that would eventually bring sufficient enlightenment to the people to make them see the present corruptions will not be strongly supported by officials that seek to prevent their own overthrow. To be sure, there are some officials who exhibit much virtue and public spirit; but they are greatly in the minority, and all they inaugurate for the public good may be completely destroyed by a corrupted successor. So China is in the clutches of a bad government, and nothing short of a revolution will bring relief. Is a revolution in sight? Some steps have been taken which indicate progress, but the onward march is not rapid. A leaven has been introduced, and it is to be hoped that a new China is in the forming.

I saw in Nanking the old examination halls with their 23,000 booths, now deserted. As many as 25,000 candidates for degrees or certificates that are necessary for official appointment were examined in Nan-

king at one time. The examinations dealt almost entirely with quotations from the Chinese classics, the beauty of the character writing, and with the elegance of a literary composition. It frequently happened that a young man's teacher would enter a booth and pass the examination for him, signing his name. Degrees were bought outright. But the old régime has been done away, and the examinations are held in Peking when they are held at all. The old system was seen to be worthless. I asked Dr. Timothy Richards, Dr. Reid, and others what had been substituted for the old examinations, and they answered promptly: "Nothing." The old system was judged inadequate, and the government has been incompetent to produce institutions that will give what is wanted. Young men must be sent by the government to Japan, America, and Europe. The mission schools have accomplished much, but they cannot meet the demand in an empire of 400,000,000 people. China once had 15,000 students in the schools in Japan; but she does not like Japan, and the boycott which she instituted on account of the Tatsu Maru incident led to her recalling many of her students from Japan. She does not like to send her young men to America on account of the treatment which the Chinese have received in the enforcement of our disgraceful exclusion laws, which were made in answer to the demands of the labor unions of California. We might to-day be molding the leaders of China had we been more far-sighted. American interests in the Orient can be best furthered by America showing a more friendly spirit toward the Chinese than she has shown before, and in that way win back the student body that would be glad to come

to our institutions. China needs help in educating her leaders, and America needs help in furthering her commercial interests in the East. It must not be understood that China has no schools. She has one university, eighteen high schools, 184 middle schools, and 3,000 to 5,000 primary schools; but what are these with a population of more than 400,000,000? The educational system is modeled after the Japanese, but it has no such efficiency as the system in Japan. There are not teachers enough for the schools that exist. There is a great opening in China for foreign teachers who are willing to give themselves to the great work of educating this great people.

At Soochow, through the kindness of Dr. and Mrs. W. H. Park, I had the privilege of visiting the home of a wealthy Chinese in company with other friends. We went in sedan chairs. The coolies bore us along a narrow street, some twelve or fourteen feet wide, with walls on either side about nine feet high. Suddenly they stopped and turned through a doorway in the wall, across the first court, and let down the chairs in a reception hall. Servants met us and bore in our cards. We passed through a doorway into a passageway, and after walking about thirty feet we were met by Mr. Yang, his wife, his son, and other members of his family. There are forty persons in his household and two hundred rooms in his house. There was no handshaking, as the Chinese do not shake hands; but there was very much bowing, and in the bow the hands were held together just as if they were cold and efforts were made to warm them, and they were brought up near the level of the upper chest or, in case of extreme politeness, to the level of the face.

This multimillionaire, the controller of the pearl fisheries in Ceylon, and his sweet-faced wife received us dressed in plain clothes. The Chinese never don fine clothes when receiving for fear they would be better dressed than their guests—a bit of modesty that might become some American hosts and hostesses. We were shown into a court in which there were a fountain, some flowers, and a cliff made with subterranean passages. We passed then into a reception room, which was decorated with Chinese drawings, some elegantly carved wood, a large number of beautiful marble slabs, and the usual number of reception chairs. From this room we went out into another court in which there were beautiful pots of flowers and an elaborate cement cliff with intricate passages. All the courts and the floors of the reception rooms were covered with the dark brick with which the houses are built. The houses of China for the most part have only brick floors. After the court we went into another reception room with large pewter lanterns, the most exquisitely carved pieces of wood, and many Chinese decorations. Here we were served with tea. The cups had no handles, and they had covers that resembled saucers, except that they were small enough to fit into the cup. These covers keep the tea warm. When drinking the tea, one presses down the side of the cover so as to let the tea come where it may be sipped. After the tea we were shown across a court into a small reception room which was decorated in white (the color for mourning) and in which there was a small altar. This was in honor of Mr. Yang's mother, who died a few months ago. We were shown into Mr. Yang's bedroom, also into Mrs.

Yang's bedroom, and into the private boudoir which adjoins each room. The beds are elaborate affairs. They are very much like the elaborate top beds of the colonial days except that they are closed in on three sides and beautifully draped curtains hang at the side where the entrance is made. The apartments of the various members of the large family are in the different parts of this great two-story house, and they are kept according to the wish of the occupants. A son, when he marries, does not set up a house of his own, but he lives in his father's house. The wife, the concubines, the children of all, the families of all live under one roof, and the father—or in case of his death his eldest son—is head of the entire household. Often, in the country, a whole village has in it only one family, and the head of the family is head of the village. It is the law and order of the family which has kept China in a compact state during all the changes which have come in the national government.

The day before I left Shanghai I had the privilege of attending a wedding in company with my wife and Rev. and Mrs. J. W. Cline. The wedding was to take place at five o'clock. We arrived a little past that time, but the wedding had not taken place. Rev. J. B. Fearn, the presiding elder, was present to officiate. The brother of the groom and his wife and his mother are Christians. We were cordially received and given the seats of honor in the reception room. The groom was dressed in the gaudy garments of an official which he had rented for the occasion, following the custom of all bridegrooms. The bride had been sent for, but she had not come. While we waited

we were shown the bridal chamber with its beautiful bed, its full quota of house and kitchen furnishings, and various fruits and candies, with some beautiful wedding gifts. We waited an hour, but the bride did not come. We were shown the large book with red pages, on which were written in Chinese the names of all the gifts which the groom's family had made to the couple and to the bride. A bookkeeper was kept busy in an adjoining room adjusting all accounts. "The bride is coming!" We waited. The announcement was made several times, but about seven o'clock she came—that is, she was brought in on an elaborately decorated sedan bridal chair, borne on the shoulders of four men. A half dozen large Chinese lanterns on poles were carried in front of the bridal chair, while a company of a dozen or more men were in attendance, piping, ringing bells, and making all the noise possible. The arrival of the bride was announced by the explosion of several packs of firecrackers. The heavy chair, with its precious contents, was borne into the reception room. The groom was brought and stationed before the minister. Five women servants accompanied the bride to see that she was properly cared for in the ceremonies. Two of them lifted the curtain of the chair sufficiently to adjust the bride's headgear, and then threw back the curtain and assisted the bride to step out. She stood before the minister and beside the man, whom she had never seen and by whom she had never been seen, to whom she was to be married. A heavy red veil covered her face, through which she could not see or be seen, and gaudy garments enveloped her body. The ceremony was read in Chinese. The servants as-

sisted the bride to the bridal chamber. Her veil would not allow her to see, and her bound feet would not allow her to walk up the steep stairs unaided. The groom followed the bride, and when they reached the chamber they sat on the side of the bed and looked toward each other for a few minutes. Then the groom came below. The servants changed the bride's hats, or rather helmets, which required much time, as they virtually made the hat by using pearl pins. We went in to the Chinese feast, consisting of shark fins, bird's-nest soup, pigeon eggs, and many meats. I was very, very polite, and ate nothing. We went below to see the tricks of a juggler who always performs at weddings. The room was crowded with people from the street. After we left, the bride was borne back to her parents' home, and at two o'clock in the morning she returned to her husband's home. She will live in her husband's home one month, and then she will go to her parental home for a month, when she will return to her husband's home to stay.

The marriage is more of a financial matter even than it is in certain families in New York where counts are bought and millionaires are sold. Every man's wife in China is bought for him. The man must get married and have sons, or else there will be no one to burn paper at his grave, and that will be an eternal disaster. The "go-between," or matchmaker, is employed to find a suitable wife for a man's son. Negotiations are entered into, and if the proposals are satisfactory the proper present in money is taken from the man with the son to the man with the daughter. In due time other presents of money are sent. When the young man's family is ready for the marriage, the

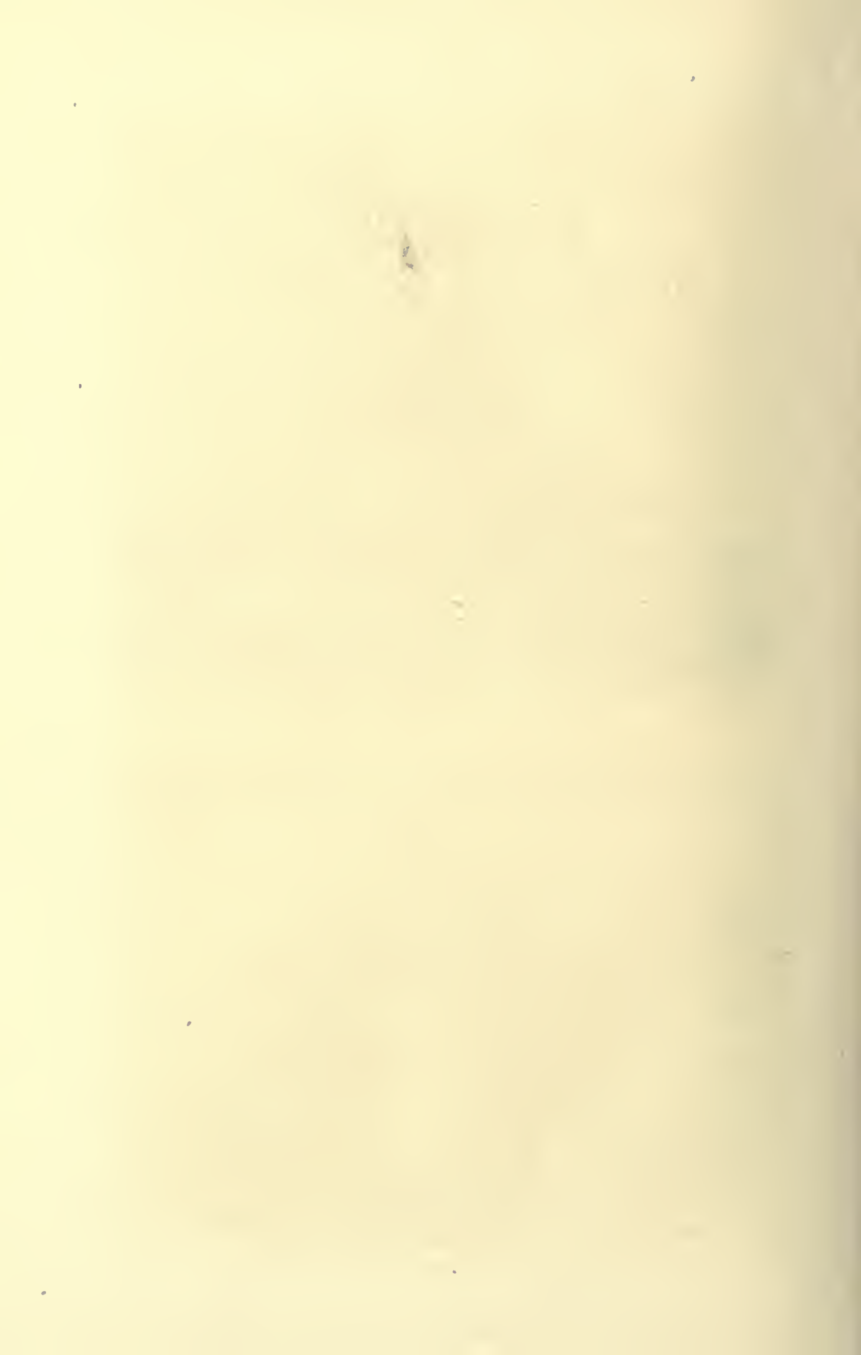
time for the marriage is set. The bridegroom's family sends the bride her trousseau. All the household furnishings are provided. On the day appointed the bride is sent for, and frequently while the guests are assembled in the groom's house the bride's family make other demands for money before they will let her go. So it frequently happens that the marriage of a son will involve himself and his family in debt which is not removed for many years. One of our missionaries tells of a man who cried out at the funeral of his wife: "It will just break me up to have to get another wife!" But when a man gets a wife, she is his, or rather his family's. She calls his mother "mother," and serves her as a slave. She is virtually dead to her own family. She loses her name, and is known only as the wife of her husband. Her highest joy is to be the mother of sons. In case she is childless, she adopts a son. She will always be her husband's legitimate wife, although he may choose for himself one or more concubines whose children are known as her children. When her husband goes from home on business—as often happens—she stays at home while he takes with him a concubine. The wife can never be dethroned. If both husband and wife desire to dissolve marriage on account of incompatibility of temper, a divorce may be secured. The divorce may take place if the wife beats the husband, if the marriage contract contains false statements, or if the wife has one of the seven faults (barrenness, sensuality, want of filial piety toward the husband's parents, loquacity, thievishness, jealousy, and distrust) or an incurable disease. But none of the seven faults will justify a divorce if the wife has mourned three years

for her husband's parents, if his family has become rich since their marriage, or if the wife has no parents living to receive her back again. The widow who never marries is highly honored, and many beautiful monuments are erected in China to the women who did not marry the second time.

The Chinese are bound down socially and religiously by their ancestor worship. The first thing that a bride is asked to do is to worship before the ancestral tablets. In the temples when the priests are conducting worship bowls of food of all kinds are put on the altar for the departed spirits, and paper covered with a sort of material that looks like tin foil is burned that the dead may have currency to pay their bills. The people believe that the dead remain in this world haunting their tombs and their former homes and sharing invisibly in the life of their living descendants. All the dead become gods in the sense of acquiring supernatural power, but they retain the characters which distinguished them during life. The happiness of the dead depends upon the respectful service rendered them by the living, and the happiness of the living depends upon the fulfillment of pious duty to the dead. Every season, good or evil, the harvests plentiful or scant, floods, tempests, earthquake, or tidal waves are the work of the dead. All human actions, good or bad, are controlled by the dead. The whole family life is involved by these beliefs. The Chinese fear beheading because they believe that they would be compelled to be headless in the next world. Funerals are often so expensive as to involve the family in a debt for years to come. A man may live a worthless life, but he must have

MONUMENT TO A WIDOW.

SMALL TEMPLE WITH TYPICAL ROOF.



full honors at his funeral or else he will bring trouble to the family. Ancestor worship, with its mass of superstitions, is the great obstacle to the progress of Christianity among the Chinese. Superstition can be banished only by the enlightenment that comes with education and the knowledge of the gospel of Jesus Christ. Confucianism can bring no relief, as it was out of its teachings that ancestor worship sprang. Taoism is a kind of nature worship which easily leads to a belief in demonology. Buddhism can help very little with its belief in the transmigration of souls. Mohammedanism has 30,000,000 adherents, but its life of sensuality and bloodshed can give very little comfort to peace-loving Chinese. China needs education and Christianity. Education may help to drive away her darkness, but only Christianity can bring the sun that causes life to appear. The school, the hospital, the Church are the three institutions that China needs to-day.

There are many characteristics of the Chinese which are of great interest to Anglo-Saxons. The Chinese are polite to the letter, economical in the extreme, and industrious beyond one's expectation. They do not work fast. They have an utter disregard of time, and seldom keep an appointment on time. They exhibit an absence of nerves, and seem to be indifferent to comfort or convenience. They possess strong physical vitality. They are patient and persevering, and are usually content and cheerful. They are gamblers by nature, or at least of long training. The lower classes are noted for their dishonesty. One man who has lived many years in the country said that articles that could be easily borne away had to be removed

from the guest chamber. There is no danger so long as the "face" is involved; but when there is no probability of detection, honesty is not considered essential. In transactions the Chinese possess a fine talent of misunderstanding, while indirection is a species of brilliancy. Sincerity is not always detected. Quarrels in the streets are quite common, and regardless of sex. Fights are not frequent, although the occasional pull of the queue adds interest to the broils. A blow in the face would be an insult which could scarcely be wiped out. In a mass of people reared in ignorance mutual suspicion would be expected. There seems to be a total absence of all public spirit. The filth of the street and the dilapidation of public buildings cause no one any concern. That the streets are filled with beggars is looked upon as natural. No effort is made to give a city pure water. The boiling of the water in the tea has been the salvation of the Chinese. The Chinaman asks only to be let alone. The ways of his ancestors suit him. He is respectful of law, and he honors letters. He is the descendant of a great people, and he has perpetuated an empire that was in full glory before the foundations of Rome were laid or the great history of Greece was produced. He possesses stability and has the capacity for great service in the world. His country has served the unnumbered millions for millenniums, and yet its vast mineral deposits have never been touched. He has believed that the great dragon possessed the interior of the earth, and he has been afraid to molest him; but he has begun to realize that the dragon will move if the wealth that is hidden in the earth is wanted. But a new day for the Chinaman has dawned.

CHAPTER XI.

Commerce and Christianity in China.

LESS than a dozen years ago there were no newspapers in China excepting the Peking *Gazette*, no telephones and no telegraphs except those between some treaty ports which foreigners had erected. There are now in the empire about two hundred newspapers, telephones in several cities and some long-distance lines, and a telegraph system which is operated under the Post Office Department. The postal system is of recent origin, and has been established under the direction of Sir Robert Hart, the British Supervisor of Customs and until recently the Inspector General of the mail system of China. The only way of communication which the Chinese had was by messengers, and they were not employed to any great extent. The people did not know that there was a world outside of China, and they were not concerned to know what was going on in their own country. When the war was on between China and Japan, some natives asked a missionary what and where the rebellion was. Rebellions are of constant occurrence in all the provinces, and so many people of the empire never knew that their country had ever been in deadly conflict with a foreign power. Missionaries who wear the native garb are sometimes asked from what province they have come. The great masses of the more than four hundred millions of Chinese are totally ignorant of everything outside of their own local communities.

China has no common language. Her written language, Wenli, is never spoken, and the spoken dialects are not written. The native of Soochow cannot come fifty miles to Shanghai and understand his fellow-countrymen. Almost every city has its dialect. This is a great barrier to all mission work, and really to all progress in China. The coming of railroads and the circulation of newspapers printed in the most widely used vernacular will help to give China a language. A modified Mandarin will likely, in the course of a few scores of years, become the language for a greater part of the empire. The scholars of China will perform a tremendous public service by bringing the people of the various provinces to the use of a common tongue in speech and in print.

The only piece of money which I found was taken at its face value was the Mexican dollar. Shanghai dollars could not be used in Nanking, nor Nanking dollars in Soochow. In having a Mexican dollar changed into small coin, I received eleven ten-cent pieces. At the post office I offered forty cents in coins and received only thirty-two cents in stamps. China has no currency, and each city has its own local money. The money market fluctuates daily. For each American dollar I received two dollars and twenty cents in Shanghai. A month before I reached Shanghai American dollars were worth only two dollars local currency, while three months before they were worth only one dollar and seventy-five cents. The traveler never knows what his money is worth, and he is forever in the clutches of a money changer. When a silver dollar falls below the price of the silver that is in it, the Chinese banks buy the dollars and melt them into sil-

ver bullion. In one bank I found large bars of silver bullion, or ingots, which are used as currency. In parts of Mongolia silver does not find acceptance, but payments are made in brick tea, the required quantity being broken off the brick. Small silk handkerchiefs are another popular form of currency, and a store of them will carry a traveler farther than any number of Mexican dollars. China is in great need of common currency, but it will be hardly possible so long as the central government remains weak and the provinces have a practically independent government.

The first national bank of China owes its origin to an imperial edict which was issued just ten years ago. There is now an imperial bank at Shanghai, one at Tien-tsin, and one at Hankow. But as the central government has not the confidence of the native merchants, the imperial bank cannot be a rival to the foreign banks that are doing business in China. These foreign banks, which may be found at all the treaty ports, declare large dividends. The native banks are local enterprises for the facility of merchants and traders, and they receive deposits for which they pay from five to eight per cent per annum. The shortest period of a deposit is six months. The depositor is given an interest book, and he may draw his interest by the month or by the quarter. These banks sometimes issue a limited amount of notes, but these would have no wide circulation unless the bank has a good standing. They do not issue more than they can readily redeem in silver coin or copper cash, as a rival house or an evil-minded person might spread a rumor as to their stability and thereby cause a rush. There is no limit to their financial responsibility for the bank,

as the Chinese think that to limit their capital or liabilities would destroy their financial standing. The status of a bank is ascertained by watchers, who are employed by banks and commercial houses, and whose sole business is to make daily visits to the banks and closely observe their dealings and financial conditions. The banks loan money at a high rate, and they make money in discounting bills and in their dealings in bills of exchange. They have no palatial banking houses and no iron vaults, as they keep on hand very little money. Loans are not made on real estate except in the foreign settlements, such as Hongkong, Shanghai, and Tien-tsin. In some provinces the bankers have large warehouses in which they stow grain, beeswax, medicinal herbs, and other stuff deposited as security by their customers. These banks make large profit also by handling silver. They buy from brokers whose business it is to purchase from shops and money changers silver dollars of a low standard or not passable at the full rate. These dollars are bought at a price far below the value of the silver in them, and they are melted, and "shoes" of silver are made. Mexican dollars that have been chopped or clipped or have no standard ring in them in this way furnish a good source of profit. When the foreign trade was concentrated in Canton, one bank made $100,000 in one year from this source alone.

The banks of the Shansi Province enjoy a semi-governmental character in that the money due from the provinces to the central government passes through them. The Shansi bankers for a thousand years have been the most numerous and most influential in the empire. They form a kind of guild, and have very

strict regulations regarding interest, speculating, and clearing house. They own for the most part the banks of exchange of the country. One can travel over China with a letter of credit from one of these banks. The exchange banks do not loan money on land or houses, and the most of their loans are made to local banks, who loan to merchants on personal security.

The Chinese have high regard for promptness in business. They are merchants by nature, and appreciate the fact that successful business demands order and respect for established custom. The foreigner likes to do business with a Chinaman because his word is thoroughly reliable. He will stand by his contracts. Herein he differs from the Japanese, whose disregard of all commercial agreement is proverbial in the East. With the Japanese war has always been honorable, and the Samurai, the most honored class, have been fighters; while merchandising has been considered a kind of piracy. With the Chinese war has been rebellion and commerce the avocation of the most respectful classes. If political and military China were as well organized as commercial China, there would be some hope of progress in the great empire. While the central government is invertebrate, the commerce of the country is well organized and is directed by expert and competent business men. China cannot contend in arms with a foreign foe, but through her guilds she can by means of the boycott drive the business interests of any foreign nation from her domain. America has felt her boycott, and Japan has realized that the gun and the sword are not the only weapons of national defense. The guilds, or merchant unions, as they would be called in America,

control very largely the business of the country. The guild houses are usually the most palatial buildings in a Chinese city. They contain not only a hall where the members meet, but also rooms set apart for the lodging of high officials when traveling and for scholars *en route* to the metropolitan examinations, and places also for theatrical performances. The officers of a guild are the general manager and a committee who are elected annually. The permanent secretary is a scholar of literary rank, and is paid a salary. It is necessary for the secretary to be a scholar of literary rank that he may have official standing and because the delegate of a guild has access to the official class. The membership of a guild is limited to thirty, and the junior members of a partnership are not allowed to attend the meetings. The revenue of the guild is derived from a self-imposed tax on commodities sold by the members. There is a monthly inspection of the books of every establishment connected with the guild. The inspection is made by clerks of various firms in rotation. In case of disagreement between members about money matters, they must submit the disputes to the guild for arbitration under penalty of expulsion. Regulations regarding the minutest details—weights, measures, storage, recovery of stolen property, payments of bills—have been duly adopted. The combination reaches with its influence every trade interest that is common to its members. Its decisions are implicitly obeyed under the pain of a heavy penalty. The inner workings of the guilds are not generally known, as they are not discussed in public. They exercise not only a domineering commercial authority, but they have a powerful influence by virtue

of their compact organization on political, religious, and social questions. To incur the displeasure of a guild means religious and social isolation and commercial ruin.

The Manchu dynasty is responsible for the policy of exclusion which is in practice throughout the empire, as well as for the continual antagonism to the introduction of foreign goods and foreign ideas. The Manchus gained their mastery of China through the name of trade expansion, and they fear that some foreign nation may overrun them in the same way. The European as a trader is distrusted, and not without some reason if the actions of the early Portuguese and Dutch traders may be taken as criteria. Exclusion affects not only the foreign trader, but also the Chinese who come from other provinces or even prefectures. A Chinese will not undertake to start a new industry in a strange province until he conciliates local prejudices by interesting some natives of the district sufficiently in the enterprise to have them take some stock. Foreigners who wish to succeed in China must learn to maintain the local interest. With no local interest considered, the trader will soon find the local markets barred to his products and the prices of raw material and labor increased so as to make business impossible. There are unions among all classes. There is a uniformity in the prices prevailing throughout a town or district. The cost of commodities is the same in all classes of stores, as the prices are fixed by the local union. The combine may be new to Western civilization, but not to China.

The Chinese merchant has three pay days, one of which is the Chinese New Year (about February 1),

and the other two four months apart. Up-country merchants pass over one pay day. So the seller may have to wait four months and one day or eight months less one day for payment. Cash transactions are practically unknown to Chinese merchants. Payments are often made in goods of native or local production plus a cash balance for the middlemen. Payment may be made in "shoes" of silver. The middleman, or the go-between, is very necessary where a people love bargaining as do the Chinese and will spend hours, days, weeks, and even months in the preliminaries of a contract. The go-between's occupation is that of seeking where the best bargains can be secured for him who wants to sell, as well as for him who wants to buy. He has numerous patrons, and he holds an important position in the trading world. Often he confines himself to a particular line of goods and acquires an expert opinion. He is paid a commission on all transactions which he brings about. He wields a great power in developing or in crippling the trade of the merchants of China.

The pawn shops of China are definite commercial undertakings, and are among the high classes of business with which a wealthy Chinese gentleman may be connected. They are recognized by the governments, central and provincial, and are taxed and registered. The owners cannot refuse to advance money to any amount on reliable security, generally sixty-five to seventy-five per cent of the value of such security being the pawning limit. The security cannot be sold under eighteen months, and by mutual consent the time of redemption may be extended to three years. The pawn shop may lend on standing crops of rice,

millet, tea, cotton, on land revenues, on house rentals, on shop accounts, fittings, merchandise, as well as on personal possessions, such as wearing apparel, personal ornaments, or household goods. Only very wealthy men can be proprietors of pawn shops. Usually they are at the same time bankers, large grain merchants, or large salt merchants. The government makes deposits with the pawn shops. A pawn office is one of the best places to get money changed, and one can safely travel on letters of credit issued by the pawn shops. These pawn shops usually have the finest and most imposing buildings in a Chinese city. They are largely patronized by all classes of people.

The Chinese are unquestionably the business men of the East. They know how to do business, although their methods may be practically those of one thousand years ago. The foreigner may teach them some lessons, but he will find that when he deals with one man he deals with a vast army of men and any unjust dealing will eventually meet severe penalty. "Face" would compel the Chinese merchant to fulfill his contract, even to his ruin, as to lose "face"—which would happen should an agreement be broken—would involve his entire future and that of his family in the community in which he lives. The Chinaman may not always be an honest man, as it is well known that many of the people are very dishonest; but any contract that involves "face" will unquestionably be kept. The matter of "face" is that which makes the great difference between the merchants of China and those of Japan. The Chinese may not show the nervous enterprise of some other wonder-working people, yet they exhibit that solidity and commercial

integrity which will make them the dependable people of the Orient for many years yet to come.

Some sympathetic appreciation of the peoples of the Orient is absolutely essential to any fruitful labor among them and for them. The Anglo-Saxon differs from the Oriental as much as the Oriental differs from the Anglo-Saxon, but the Anglo-Saxon has put all the mysteriousness with the Oriental. He does not seem to realize that he is as far from being a mathematically demonstrated proposition as is the brother in colors. The European and the American have made grievous blunders in their efforts to reach the Chinese, the Japanese, the Koreans, and the Hindoos because of their lack of appreciation of the Oriental spirit. Because the Chinese have no flocks, no herds, no carriages, no pretty farmhouses, no meadows, no farms except the garden plots, no parks, no pleasure grounds, no trees in the yards would be no reason for thinking they have no ideas of beauty or home comforts. They may have no science, yet they have a great literature, a noble history, and a profound philosophy. Their religious ideas are rooted in their deepest convictions, and they have come to them through long centuries of worship and worthy thinking. The orthodox Confucianist would consider it as arrogant an assumption to suppose that anything could be added to his religious wisdom as a Christian would for one to claim that an appendix could be added to the New Testament. Missionaries are accustomed to allude to the material well-being and political ascendency which have come to their countries through Christianity. When one speaks of the power and wealth of the Christian nations, the Oriental only

asks: "What has that to do with religion?" He looks on Christianity as an instrument of depredation; and since the people of the East have come to believe that commercial exploitation and conquest are the chief end of the Western governments, they cannot look upon the religion that gave them such a spirit and power with any degree of toleration. They prefer their rapturous and loving worship, their renunciation and self-surrender and comforting contemplation to any religion of self-assertion and national or racial aggrandizement.

The benefactor of the Orient must be one who has first been a student of the customs, conditions, and spirit of the peoples. Too many missionaries have gone blindly into their work and proceeded as though they were altogether right in their habits of life and way of thinking, and that those to whom they were sent were altogether wrong. Narrow, provincial Christian bigots can never find any point of contact with narrow, provincial heathen. Men must proceed in all thinking from the known to the unknown; and unless Christian teachers can find some truth in the Oriental's religion, the Oriental will likely never find any truth in their Christianity. The approach to truth is different with different people, and the habits of a lifetime—yea, even of the life of a race—will make channels through which alone the members of that race can receive truth. The missionaries who have been able to open the way for Christian truth have been philosophers who understood the underlying principles of Eastern mental life and conduct. Many Western people never see in Christianity anything more than a round of ceremonies and ordinances be-

cause Christianity is Oriental in its origin and its whole spirit of worship is Oriental and their habit of life and thought is anything but Oriental. The religious teacher who is sent to evangelize the Orient needs a knowledge of Oriental philosophy, Oriental religion, and the Oriental character more than an acquaintance with Greek roots and Hebrew consonants. The Church should furnish different equipment for her missionaries to that which she has usually given her pastors for the home land. The missionary may well study the political, social, and religious conditions of the country to which he goes, and the peculiar temperament of the people so far as their literature and philosophy exhibit their spirit. Buddhism, Confucianism, Taoism, Shintoism may be studied in the schools. In fact, a thorough course in comparative religion would be of the greatest value in any attempt to understand the religious life of the people, and pastors at home as well as the missionaries would be more competent to propagate Christianity if they knew the real teachings of other religions. Buddhism and Confucianism cannot be judged any more from what one may see in the worship of ignorant people than Christianity can be judged by the demonstration at a negro camp meeting. It is hardly fair to our missionaries to compel them to learn everything about the religion and habits of a people after they have reached the field.

Missionaries in China and Japan are sometimes accused of saying that the native preachers want to push them out. I do not believe that this sentiment is expressed by many missionaries. Surely a missionary that understands the Oriental mind and Oriental phi-

losophy and who is appreciative of what has been accomplished by the people that he serves will never fail to have a place of influence in the countries where he is giving his life. When a missionary becomes dry, uninteresting, unappreciative, and economical with his energy, the chances are that he will become undesirable on the mission fields just as such a preacher becomes unacceptable at home. Missionaries may lose or even lack the spiritual glow and the religious zeal that is necessary to great spiritual movement, and the Church may die on their hands. Religion that is simply scholastic may have a very intellectual integrity and yet at the same time be uninspiring and nonproductive. Missionaries who are deeply spiritual, thoroughly consecrated, energetically active, and widely conversant with the Eastern mind and its thought will always be in demand. The Church has been fortunate in having many such laborers in its foreign fields.

Christianity is making healthy progress in China and Japan. It is true that the number of communicants is not large, but the achievements of Christianity cannot be estimated by the membership of the Churches. In China missionaries are at work in five hundred and sixty cities. The precautions which are observed in admitting members into the Churches, if observed in the United States, would cut down the number of accessions to the Churches until the Churches of America would show a decrease every year. These precautions are necessary because of the political conditions. Men have sought membership in the Churches as a protection against unscrupulous officials. A missionary may make an appeal for a person who is accused of misdemeanor or crime to a higher official than the

magistrate, and his appeal may be heard because of the fear of the foreign government of which the missionary is a subject. The magistrate may lose "face" if the accused is released by a higher official. The Chinese have learned of the possibility of protection by virtue of being a member of the foreigner's Church, and many have united with the Church to secure this protection. So the missionaries have been compelled to act very slowly in the reception of members. The present membership of the Churches does not represent the real strength of Christianity in the empire.

The work of the medical missionary in China is not yet finished, as not many Chinese physicians have learned much medical science. It is very gratifying to know that a few men, some of whom had their training in mission hospitals, are very skillful. In Japan the native physicians are as good as the foreign physicians who would go out as missionaries, as in most cases only young, inexperienced men go as missionaries. The school in China still has a great field, while in Japan the very fine educational system has made it necessary for mission schools to be of the first class or cease to exist. The greatest problem in both countries is the call and equipment of native preachers. The greatest lack in both countries is that of evangelistic work, or what in America would be called the work of the ministry. The missionaries in Korea have always put the emphasis on preaching, and the wonderful fruits which are to-day being harvested have demonstrated the wisdom of such procedure. Missionaries of every denomination are quite ready to say that the need of all the fields is a larger evangelistic force. But as I said in a previous chapter, the

only way to increase the evangelistic force is to increase the missionary force, as the schools and hospitals cannot spare any workers from their present corps. The schools are indispensable and must be strongly manned, but the Church must rally to the call of the field for more laborers in the evangelistic work.

Christianity will not win China in a generation, and any extraordinary movement toward the acceptance of the Christian doctrine could scarcely be expected. The acceptance of Christianity must necessarily mean a great social and political regeneration in China. A religion that would affect conduct and establish high ethical standards must begin with national as well as personal regeneration. A government that maintains itself by graft and upholds the whole system of the "squeeze" and that in no way frowns upon gambling and that has no conception of the sovereignty of the individual must feel the force of a powerful public opinion before it recognizes the principles of a Christian nation. The great masses of the Chinese live in the darkness of frightful superstitions. Christianity could not be appreciated to any extent by such people until they become somewhat mentally enlightened. Christianity will never have a real chance in China until the government establishes and maintains a competent school system. Mission schools have accomplished wonderful results, but they can never be numerous enough nor sufficiently equipped to meet the demands for education in such an empire. A mission school is a missionary agency; and when it fails to make converts to Christianity, it may be closed so far as the Church is concerned. To be sure, the institu-

tions of the Church in the non-Christian lands are humanitarian, yet their primary object is the conversion of the people to Christianity. With an incompetent and corrupt government, with no educational system to reach even a small percentage of the people, with practically no humanitarian institutions, with no science of healing, with gross superstitions that are founded on a doctrine of demonology, with a fearful belief in ancestor worship permeating the whole national life, with few means for spreading enlightening information, and with a fanatical opposition to the foreigner, China offers many obstacles to the progress of Christianity within her borders. But the "promises of God are sure," and the Christian's duty to send the missionary was never plainer than it is to-day. Knowledge of the difficulties should stir the Church to send large reënforcements. Marvelous achievements have already crowned the labors of the missionary. China will some day be ready to hear the message of the Christ. The Christian Church has the light for the world, and she should keep it burning in every place until every man shall find the way of life.

Korea is an open field and invites the missionary with great promises of rich harvests. But Christianity in Korea must be of the Korean's type. The characteristics of the Korean and his nation will naturally modify more or less the Christianity which may be expected in the Hermit Empire. Japan is a challenge to-day to the Christian world and to the faith of the Christian Church. The people are inquirers after truth, and the government is equipping its subjects for world's citizenship. Christianity has

no opposition; but, on the other hand, it has been invited to present its case, supported by its argument; and the promise has been made that it will be duly considered. It is true that ordinary men, intellectually or spiritually, cannot accomplish very much in the missions of Japan; but men who know and can expound and defend Christianity and who understand Oriental and Christian philosophy and who have spirits like the Master's can perform a world's service in the mission stations of the Sunrise Kingdom. If the first work among the native Christians has been properly done, they will welcome all laborers from the home field who can really assist in planting the banner of Christianity in the high places of their enterprising nation. Japan wants preachers of the gospel of Jesus Christ who can give the bread of life to the people and who can lead them by the light of their own lives into the experience of genuine salvation.

The Methodist Episcopal Church, South, may have a just pride in her missions in the Orient and in the men who have undergone great personal sacrifices to bring success to Christianity in those lands. But no man can visit these various stations without feeling that Southern Methodism should enter twice as many doors as she has entered. The work is cramped at every point by the lack of funds. Churches should be built, some school buildings erected, some schools for ministers established, and new fields opened; but the money is not at hand. When will the Church awake to its opportunity in these Eastern lands? The missionaries are doing all that could be expected of them. They need help and the help of the men in authority. Why has the Church at home considered

that all its general superintendents should live within the bounds of the territory in the United States, and that a mission field upon which is spent a quarter of a million dollars annually should be administered almost entirely by authorities who are seven thousand miles away and who cannot communicate with the field in less than two months? No business firm would adopt such a policy. Our Church instructs its College of Bishops to send a general superintendent to China, Japan, and Korea once in two years, and that for a visit of only two to three weeks in each country. For the rest of the two years the missionaries must depend entirely upon the mails for instructions and for plans. If the College of Bishops had the authority to designate one of its number who would make his home in Shanghai four years and superintend the whole field of China, Japan, and Korea for a quadrennium, then it would appear that the Church meant to give the Orient as thorough a general superintendency as it gives the field at home. A bishop who would live on the field for a quadrennium could administer the work continually with zeal, intelligence, and force. By the present plan the bishop in charge of these missions is burdened with duties of the Church at home as soon as he returns, and he cannot give the foreign field the attention which it deserves and really requires. The work in China should have to-day vigorous support from one in authority who is intelligently alive to the needs of the field. The wonderful development in Korea puts great responsibility upon the missionaries there. They need a superintendent with episcopal power who can direct in conserving the great results of the work. The problems that constantly

arise in the missions in Japan because of the new conditions incident to the formation of the Methodist Church of Japan should have prompt attention from one who is the authorized representative of the Church. Many adjustments are naturally necessary, and the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, has too great interests in Japan to allow important matters at any time to drift until proper action can be taken by the authorities in America. The missionaries in these fields whom I have consulted are greatly in favor of a bishop being assigned to the Orient for four years at a time. They rightly feel that this work warrants such consideration from the Church. The assignment may be made by the College of Bishops or in any way which the Church through the General Conference may adopt. If I were asked what I considered the greatest need of our missions in China, Japan, and Korea, I would surely say a resident bishop, and the wisest and the most forceful administrator in the whole College. I would not discount in any sense the remarkable work which has been accomplished through the present plan; but if we are to progress at a worthy speed in the future, a resident bishop would be a powerful factor.

CHAPTER XII.

Touching Britain in the Orient.

WHO would think of reaching English soil in a two days' voyage from Shanghai, the foreign capital of the Orient? At midday of March 24 our good steamer, Prinz Ludwig, lifted anchor at the mouth of the Hwang Po, and on the morning of March 27 we awoke to find ourselves at the dock in the harbor of Hongkong, the finest in the Far East and one of the finest in the world. A pretentious youth was once passing various criticisms on China and the Chinese, and his less loquacious but better informed fellow-traveler asked him if he had traveled much in China, seen Peking, Hankow, Nanking, and the great interior. The youth confessed that he had seen only Hongkong. "Why," said the older man, "you have not been in China; Hongkong is not in China, but is owned and controlled by the English government." In 1841 the hilly island of Hongkong, eleven miles long, two to five miles wide, and twenty-seven miles in circumference, was ceded by China to Great Britain. The British have built upon it a great city with a population of 325,000 people, the real name of which is Victoria, although it is commonly known as Hongkong. The government of the island is similar to that of most English possessions. The Governor is appointed by the authorities in London, and is responsible for the government of the island. He is aided by an executive council composed of five offi-

cials and two unofficial members of the community. The legislative council is presided over by the Governor, and is composed of the officer commanding the troops, the Colonial Secretary, the Attorney-General, the Registrar General, the Director of Public Works, the Harbor Master, the Captain of Police, and six unofficial members, one of whom is elected by the Chamber of Commerce and another by the justices of the peace. The other four, two of whom are Chinese, are appointed by the Governor. The government of the colony is very largely in the hands of the Governor, as the various officials who compose the councils and governing bodies are his own appointees.

How beautiful is Hongkong, nestled in the narrow space between the mountains and the sea! The city is only two to four blocks deep and skirts the harbor for three or four miles. Two of the main streets, on which now stand some of the city's finest buildings and the finest in the East, have been taken from the sea. These buildings of four or five stories in height, with colonnades on the streets, give the tourist a most pleasing impression upon his introduction to this Eastern city. Immediately behind the few business streets are the public gardens filled with the most luxuriant flowers and shrubbery, while the entire hillside shows the hand of the skilled landscape gardener. Formerly the island was destitute of foliage, but now the young forests planted by the government furnish a beauty which is unexcelled even by rare and rich Honolulu. The houses, large and handsome, rising tier upon tier from the water's edge to a height of over five hundred feet, along with the ample gardens of rich tropical foliage, give the city of Victoria an ap-

pearance of magnificence which no traveler will soon forget. The mountains rise rapidly until they culminate in Victoria Peak at a height of 1,823 feet. A cable car carries passengers up a distance of more than one thousand feet, and then the chair coolies will be glad to do the rest for a reasonable sum. However, a fine road leads from the train station to the summit and offers as fine views of the hills and the harbor as human eyes ever feasted upon. From the summit the view of the harbor, which is as notable for its beauty as for its safety and capacity, is one of the mental treasures with which no traveler would willingly part.

On the Victoria Peak is a flagstaff from which the approach of mail steamers and other vessels is signaled. The Hongkong harbor cannot be entered without the knowledge of the military as well as civil authorities. The garrison is about five hundred feet below the summit. It consists of three companies of royal artillery, one company of royal engineers, one battalion of infantry army service corps, royal medical corps, four Indian infantry battalions, four companies of native artillery, one local company of native engineers, and a volunteer corps of one troop of mounted infantry, two companies of garrison artillery, and one company of engineers. The approaches to the harbor are strongly fortified. The city possesses a small squadron for harbor defense. An excellent navy yard is in the harbor. Hongkong is the English Gibraltar of the East, and will be the base for any operations which England may be called upon to institute in maintaining her position among the nations of the Orient.

The voyage from Shanghai was extremely pleasant

not only because of the smooth sea, but because of the perceptible change in the climate. The biting atmosphere of Japan and China during February and March made the voyage to the South all the more desirable. Overcoats, heavy underwear, and chilly sensations the thin-blooded Southerner was glad to be rid of, even if the other extreme was only a few days away. The maximum temperature for Hongkong is ninety-four degrees, the minimum thirty-six, and the mean is seventy-one. The mean rainfall is eighty-six inches. While the natural productions of the island are few and unimportant and nothing is grown except a little rice and a few vegetables, yet the rains furnish numerous streams which water the well-kept city. The equableness of the climate, the beauty of the homes, the hills and the harbor, the accessibility to China and the Eastern lands make Hongkong a desirable place for a residence. Of the 325,000 people, 310,000 are Chinese; but they appreciate the government under which they live. The city has four daily English newspapers, two weeklies, and eight native papers. It has large manufactories, among them being three large sugar refineries, a rope factory, a glass, a soap, and four match factories, a feather-cleaning and packing establishment, cotton mills with 55,000 spindles, a paper mill, and a brewery. The value of the property of the city is about $9,000,000. The annual trade of the port, imports and exports, reaches $250,000,000.

The day spent in this beautiful, enterprising city was a joy to the travelers on their way from China to India. It was a matter of sincere regret that we did not have time to go to Canton, ninety miles away, and get a view of the greatest city in Southern China and

the one from which America is supplied with her Chinese population. But the clock struck five, the coarse whistle sounded its farewell, and the ship throbbed with life and movement. Such a din of bursting firecrackers all over the harbor I had never heard. A dozen launches steamed by the ship, and the noise was deafening. Chinese colors were waving from boat and barge, from shore and sea. On inquiry it was found that a Chinese gentleman, with some of his wives and children, a retinue of servants and attendants, had come aboard our steamer and was leaving Hongkong for Penang, to which he had been appointed Consul General for his government. This Chinese custom of celebrating any special event in the life of a fellow-citizen is very beautiful. The Chinese will always touch off a few firecrackers when he desires to show honor to his friends.

From Hongkong to Singapore the water was as smooth as a lake and the breezes as balmy as the tropical sun and a beneficent sea could make them. The ship's company had worn off the strangeness, and the fellowship was genial. Among the passengers was a Russian general from Vladivostok, whose numerous death sentences passed upon soldiers in his court-martials made him choose the long journey by a German steamer in preference to the uncertain travel on the Trans-Siberian Railway. His kindly face and gentle demeanor in no way indicated the harshness of his decisions which his record had confirmed. At Hongkong we received the Registrar General of the island, who was going home for a rest. Quite a large number of clerks and minor officials who had done service in the East, several traveling representatives

of business firms, and some gentlemen of commerce were passengers. During the day these gentlemen went quite negligee and exhibited at different hours the various articles of their summer wardrobe. One young Englishman told me that he did not bring many clothes, and that he had only nine pairs of "breeches." I liked the term. These English youngsters and the rest of these Eastern travelers would come to the "dinner" table (they have lost supper entirely in places of pretension) in their dress suits. Wherever we traveled in the East the Englishman would don his dress suit for his evening dinner. It is told on the English that if a man is camping in the jungles he will lay aside his all-day suit and put on his dress suit to sit down to his evening meal, even if he eats absolutely alone. I admire his zeal, but question his judgment.

Singapore harbor was reached at noon, but the ship did not pass quarantine and get to dock until five o'clock. The day was not "middling" warm but "blazing" hot. Only six days previous we boarded the Prinz Ludwig wrapped in overcoats and incased in flannels. It was then a matter as to how much we could put on, while now it was how little could we leave on. The natives had evidently long ceased to debate the question, as they were enveloped only in sunshine and a loin cloth. A Turkish bath with its steaming process is always ready for those who disembark at Singapore. But this city is only one and one-fourth degrees, or less than ninety miles, from the equator, and its climate is always equably hot. More than 200,000 people live there, a large percentage of whom are Chinese. The natives are Malays, black and shiny; but they have been driven to a subordinate

place in society because of their physical weakness, their mental incapacity, and their temporal incompetency. There are two to three thousand Europeans. The government officials and the regiments of soldiers are English. The Governor's residence is an elegant building delightfully located on a promontory and surrounded by a luxuriant garden through which there are beautiful driveways. The garrison occupies a choice section of the city, and is well furnished for the comfort of soldiers and officers. The streets of the city are broad, and in certain sections they are overarched by the branches of great trees. The district that is filled with the native shops is wanting in almost everything except filth and persistent odors. The botanical gardens are the finest to be found in the East. The beds of orchids and ferns cannot be excelled. The richness of tropical vegetation can be seen in these rare gardens. In the tall trees untamed monkeys play with their native abandon while the songsters chant their chords never heard by those who live in the more northerly climates. In another part of the city were the great cocoanut plantations whose harvests bring wealth to the island. The grace of the cocoanut palm, the kindly expanse of the traveler's palm, the full wealth of the betel nut tree, the laden stalks of the banana, the occasional appearance of the nutmeg bush all made this visit to the tropics a perfect delight. We forgot the dirty, sloven, ramshackle huts of the natives and the squalor and unseemly looks of these black sons of the tropics in our sight-seeing and in our ecstasies over the joys which the white man has brought to Singapore; but we found a man and his associates who had not forgotten these needy

MALAY HOUSE IN SINGAPORE.

STREET SCENE IN SINGAPORE.

people. He is a missionary whose zeal never lessens, whose body seems never to tire, and whose labor is given without stint for the benefit of these whose minds and hearts are darker than their bodies.

Just before leaving Shanghai I met Bishop W. F. Oldham and Bishop J. E. Robinson, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, who gave me letters of introduction to their missionaries in Singapore, Rangoon, Calcutta, and various cities in India. So, arriving in Singapore, I telephoned Rev. W. T. Cherry, the Manager of the Publishing House, and inquired for information as to a proper place to spend our two days in Singapore. His prompt reply was: "Come up." We went "up" and on to his home, and there we spent two as delightful days as ever came to travelers in a foreign land. Canadian-born were the missionary and his wife, trained in the Northern schools, yet no Southerners could have given us larger hospitality and more joyful entertainment. They helped us to see Singapore. The new press building is almost completed. It is a fine structure, located on one of the most desirable streets in the city. It will be a center for all the work on the Malay Peninsula and on the surrounding islands. Mr. Cherry is not only the Agent of the Publishing House, but is presiding elder of the district and pastor of the Malay Church. The work among the Chinese in Singapore is exceedingly encouraging, while the Church for English and Eurasians is self-supporting. Bishop Oldham has his home in Singapore, and exercises episcopal jurisdiction over the Philippines. The Church in educational and evangelistic work is to be congratulated upon its results, but it is really now only at the threshold of its opportunity in that section.

We changed steamers at Singapore and took the Palatana. It was a poor craft, but the passengers kept up fine spirits. In thirty-six hours we anchored in the harbor of Penang, another island belonging to Great Britain in the colony known as the Straits Settlements, which comprises Singapore, Penang, the Keeling Islands, the Dinding Islands, the province of Malacca, and the province of Wellesley. They have formed a British colony since 1867, previous to which time they were administered as a presidency of the Indian Empire. They have a government similar to that of Hongkong, issue their own money, and attend to their own affairs. Penang has a population of about 100,000, most of whom are Chinese and many of whom are quite wealthy. The residences of some of these Chinese merchants are veritable palaces, while their fine horses and carriages and automobiles enable them to make the usual exhibit of those who make pretensions to financial aristocracy. A ride by the tram (everything is tram east of the Atlantic Ocean) to the Chinese temple gave an excellent view of the finest cocoanut plantations in the world. They furnish the source of wealth in the Straits Settlements. The drive to the botanical gardens gave a good view of the magnificent public and private buildings, as well as the slovenly hovels and the filthy shops which can be found in Penang. The Chinese Buddhist temple is a marvel in its beauty and adornment. On the way out we saw several carriages carrying barrels of silver paper (joss money) to be burned in the temple for the use of those departed. On the altar in the temple stood large bowls of choice viands of which the spirits partook while the priests chanted and of

which the priests partook after the worshipers departed. But a great Light has come into the world, and the darkened nations shall yet see Him who giveth life and showeth men the Father.

When our steamer, Palatana, left Singapore we expected to have only a few hours in Rangoon, the capital of the province of Burma and one of the most important cities in the East. But travel by ship is less certain than travel by rail, as the entrance into ports, the interviews with the customs officer, and the transshipping which is necessary give the traveler occasionally more time at some places than he would desire. However, time would not hang heavily on any tourist in Burma and its metropolis. The crowded condition of the jetty prevented our ship from coming to the dock for several hours; but the ever-present sampan was ready to take us ashore for one anna (two cents) a person, and so we were soon comfortably quartered in the hotel. It was eleven o'clock in the morning, and the heat was intense. Our safety demanded that there be no exposure at that time of the day or up to four o'clock in the afternoon to the vicious sunshine. The heat in the shade may be endured; but the direct beams of the blazing sun upon a white man's head, neck, and back would soon fell the strongest with a severe sunstroke. The white residents take no chances with Rangoon's sunshine. The Burmese and the other races who now live in Rangoon are more able to endure the sunshine than the Europeans or the Eurasians, as the mixed race in which there is European and Asiatic blood is called. A traveler from America will find these Asiatic people of the lower classes simply or sky clad. In the passing throng on

the streets or among the keepers of stalls in bazaars or laborers in the market places the bare black back is as common, if not more so, than the coat, the shirt, or the native toga. In the hotels and also on the steamers the table and chamber servants may have on their immaculate white garments, but their feet know not the restrictions of a calf's skin or a kid's pelt. The carriage drivers, as well as the laborers on the streets, have never been troubled with fashions in shoes or even the fastening of shoe laces. Occasionally a leader of the ultrasocial set will take to the ways of his white associates and, although he has no hat and his toga may leave his legs bare, he will put on his feet, with stockings, a pair of glistening patent leather "pumps" and spread over his lofty head a black umbrella, a thing which furnishes little protection in the burning rays of the tropical sun but great satisfaction to his exalted feelings. But the strange thing about the people of Rangoon, the capital of Burma, is that the large majority of them are not Burmese. The streets were filled with people one morning, and I asked a resident of Rangoon, whose kindness to us will not be forgotten, to point out the Burmese, and he could find only one in the large company. There were many Tamilese from Lower India, some Indians from Madras, some from Northern India provinces, and Mohammedans, but the Burmese were not numerous anywhere. The country is filling very fast with people from India. This is due in part to the fact that India is crowded and the overflow must seek other lands, but it is due more to the well-known disinclination of the Burmese to give themselves to any strenuous labor. The men of Burma

are lazy, and they depend in a large measure upon their women for their support. The women are the moneymakers. I was told of a Burmese who was a clerk in some business establishment at sixty rupees (twenty dollars) a month while his wife had a mercantile business of her own and drove in the afternoons in one of the best turnouts of the city. Her husband was permitted to accompany her on her drives. The men are inclined to consider themselves gentlemen of the kind who frown upon labor. This element in the character of the Burmese may lead to the peopling of his country with a more enterprising and strenuous race.

Burma has been an English province under the Viceroy of India since January 1, 1886, when King Thebaw was dethroned and sent to a small city south of Bombay, where he still lives under surveillance. Previous to this time England owned several districts of Burma. In fact, she had been gradually acquiring the territory of Burma for many years by the conquests which were made when small principalities would harass the English forces. Since 1897 the province has had its own Lieutenant Governor, whose residence is in Rangoon. The old capital of the country was Mandalay, which is a city of 200,000 people about four hundred miles from Rangoon. Occasionally the Lieutenant Governor makes his residence for a few months in Mandalay. So Burma has its own provincial government and its own army. Government buildings and buildings for the courts are superior to most of the State buildings in our own commonwealths. The army in Rangoon consists of three or four regiments, with a force of artillery. The can-

tonment, the army post, is one of the most beautiful and best-kept parts of the city.

Burma has an area of 236,738 square miles, and has a population of about 11,000,000 people. Eighty-eight per cent of the population are Buddhists in religion. Every Burman is supposed to spend a certain part of his life as a monk, whether he adopts the sacred calling ultimately or not. The monks are the schoolmasters of the country, although many of them are too ignorant to be teachers of any merit. The shaven head and the yellow robe are the marks of the sacred order, and they may be seen in any collection of people. Because of the number of Buddhists in Burma, the pagodas and monasteries form the chief objects of interest throughout Burma. The finest pagoda in the world and the most venerable and most universally visited of all places of worship in Indo-China is the Shwe Dagon Pagoda, in Rangoon. Its sanctity to Buddhists is due to the actual relics of Gautama and three Buddhas who preceded him which it contains. Countless pilgrims come to worship not only from Burma but from Siam, Korea, and Ceylon. I must say that I was wonderfully impressed by its magnitude, its magnificence, and the deep religious atmosphere with which it is invested. It stands on a hill or terrace 166 feet high, 900 feet long, and 685 feet wide. This terrace is ascended by several flights of granite stairs which are housed in and along which are the various stalls for the sale of gold-leaf flowers, pictures, and the elements which the pious offer. The stairs lead to a broad open space covered with flagstones, which runs all round the pagoda, and which is left free for worshipers. The pagoda is a solid stone

BEFORE THE SHWE DAGON PAGODA, RANGOON.

Worshipers before the shrines and a worshiping priest may be seen.

pile with a circumference of 1,355 feet at its octagonal base, and a height of 370 feet. It tapers to a circumference of about fifty feet at the top, which is surmounted by the usual gilt ironwork "umbrella." This "umbrella" cost $250,000, and was presented by a king. The rare jewels which stud this umbrella are estimated to be worth more than $1,000,000. The whole pagoda has been covered with gold leaf. What this immense structure has cost, no one could even roughly estimate, but several millions of dollars would be required to replace it if it were destroyed. It was constructed by voluntary labor, and the subscriptions in money and jewels flowed in from all parts of Burma.

The original pagoda was erected in 588 B.C., and was only twenty-seven feet high. It has been cased with outer coverings until it has reached its present size. It has not been changed in size and shape since 1564. On the outer edge of the platform there are many small pagodas, while about the great pagoda are high stone altars and single low stone chapels in which are figures of Buddha. Some of these figures are beautiful pieces of marble. In the four chapels are colossal figures of Buddha, and in one there is a reclining statue that is worthy of notice. The worshipers fall upon their knees in the open space, looking to the immense towers, or on their face before some image and pour out their souls in prayer. Mendicant priests strike triangular metal gongs, which give out sweet tones and call for the attention of those inclined to bestow alms. The enormous bell, which is said to weigh forty-two tons, hangs where it may be seen by the worshiper. When the English captured Ran-

goon, they made an attempt to take the bell to Calcutta as a trophy; but by some mishap they lost it in the Rangoon River. The English engineers failed in their efforts to raise it. The Burmans begged that the sacred bell be restored to them if they could recover it. They secured it after mighty efforts, and bore it in triumph to the pagoda.

The visit to the great Shwe Dagon Pagoda and to the Soolay Pagoda impressed me with Buddhism as has nothing else which I have seen in the Orient. The worship is indeed pitiable. These darkened millions are groping after the truth, and they are seeking for a merciful God for their burdened lives. Such devout people need and have a right to the pure, simple gospel of Jesus Christ. I wanted to preach to them and tell them the sweet story of the wonderful love of God. Surely a great Church in a rich land, with all the comforts, conveniences, and even luxuries of the religious life, will not shut up its sympathies until these poor people have seen the light which has come into the world. Thousands of dollars should be going to these lands where now only tens are sent. It is a matter of great comfort to know that Christianity is making excellent progress in Burma. There are more than ten thousand Christians in Rangoon, and more than 150,000 in the province. When I remembered that Adoniram Judson came to Rangoon in July, 1813, and labored in Burma for almost forty years, I felt that I was on ground consecrated by the most sacrificial of lives. At the time of his death, in 1850, while making his journey to the beloved America, the native Christians numbered 7,000, while at present the number of communicants in the Baptist

Churches in Burma is about 55,000. I visited the Baptist Press, a magnificent establishment with fine equipment. I found the prices charged for books, post cards, and such material as travelers would want above those charged by other firms. Too frequently publishing houses fail to draw custom by allowing the prices to be cut by other firms in the community. A Church ought to be able to do business as cheap as, if not cheaper than, the competitive firms. The wonderful success which has attended the missionary work of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Rangoon and vicinity should be exceedingly gratifying not only to the workers but to the Church at home. The new brick church for the English congregation has been completed at a cost of about $25,000. The buildings for the Burmese Boys' School have been completed. The Girls' School for Eurasians has just closed its session. The attendance reached about two hundred pupils. The students from the Girls' School recently took the first honors in the government public examinations for teachers. The institution has a high standing in the community. The evangelistic work for the various tribes and for the Chinese is showing excellent results. It is remarkable how large amount of fine property has been secured by the mission without the assistance of its General Board of Missions. Methodism in Burma is in its infancy, but it gives promise of healthy growth.

The principal commercial industries of Burma are those connected with the rice and timber trade. Gold and silver have been found in small quantities in some parts of the country, fine marble is worked near Mandalay, and coal is mined in Upper Burma. Petroleum

is obtained in large quantities in some sections. The Standard Oil Company is well known in Burma. In the lower part of the country agriculture is the main employment of the people. Cotton and tobacco are extensively grown, but rice covers four-fifths of the total area in cultivation. The soil is lavish in its yield and requires but little labor. The chief articles exported are rice, timber, hides, petroleum, and precious stones. The forests have made the timber dealers rich in recent years. Through the influence of a fellow-traveler and a well-known business man of Calcutta, our party had the privilege of visiting the large Bombay Lumber Mills in Rangoon and seeing the elephants at work. They were drawing heavy logs, piling heavy timbers with their trunks, and doing much heavy work. A timber man told me that he had forty-seven elephants in his logging parties. He gave me a photograph of five elephants drawing a log that weighed five tons, and also one of an elephant carrying a heavy log on his tusks held in place by his trunk. The rider indicates by the tap of his heel or of his stick or by the tone of his voice what he wants done. The elephant is very useful in the forests, but machinery is displacing him in the mills.

Rangoon has a population of 250,000 people, and its trade is surpassed by no Indian cities except Calcutta and Bombay. Its annual private sea-borne trade is about $90,000,000, of which three-fifths is export. More than 1,000 steamers clear its port every year. It has an electric light plant, a good water system, and an electric street railway. The street cars are patronized only by the natives, as the foreigners have some fear of disease germs. The business houses of

ELEPHANTS PILING TIMBER AT RANGOON.

The rider indicates by foot, stick, and tone of voice what he wants the elephant to do.

the firms controlled by Europeans are large and well built. The shops of the natives are small, although they are on the first floor of two-story houses. The bazaars which are owned and leased by the government are busy places, and they bring excellent revenues to the city. The streets are of good width, and are as well kept as could be expected where there is no rain for seven months in the year, and where the only sprinkling which they receive must be done by men from two buckets carried on their shoulders and which sprinkle through long bamboo spouts. The streets were necessarily dusty on the first of April, as the rains do not begin until about the middle of May. The streets, the grass, and the flowers showed the need of water. However, the public park inclosing the lakes is a place of great beauty. A drive through the grounds, as well as through some of the principal streets in the late afternoon, gave us an opportunity to hear the military band, see many of the most beautiful homes and clubs, and to get some idea of the high social life in the Burmese capital.

While only 80,000 of the 250,000 people in Rangoon are Burmans—90,000 are Hindoos and 50,000 Mohammedans—yet they are not without interest. Physically they are short and thick-set. The men wear long hair and little or no beard. They are flat in feature, and show some resemblance to the Chinese. The women are more or less attractive in looks, and are not secluded as in India. They go to market, keep shop, and take their full share in social and domestic affairs. Both sexes are well clad and delight in gay colors and silk attire. Caste has no place among the Burmans. The deadening effect of the climate and the

richness of soil and exuberance of vegetation may account for their indolence and love of ease. The future of the Burmese cannot now be anticipated, but schools and Christian Churches will bring to them high ideals and prospects of a stronger life.

CHAPTER XIII.

The First Touch of India.

THE voyage from Rangoon to Calcutta was made in an elegant turbine wheel steamer with a tonnage of only nine hundred tons. While it was by far the smallest steamer on which we sailed, yet it was the fastest. It had no trouble in making sixteen knots an hour against a strong gale, while the large liners on which we had traveled made only fourteen and fifteen knots. Steamships are usually run at their economical speed—that is, at that speed which enables them to make the voyage at the least expense. If a steamer is rushed, the consumption of coal will diminish the profits of the traffic; while if they go too slow the extra time consumed will increase the expense of the passengers and the crew, and the amount of coal will be increased by the length of the voyage. The beautiful little Lunka was built for the mail service between Rangoon and Calcutta, and her economical speed is sixteen to eighteen knots an hour. Her captain, the son of an English clergyman who lives in Stratford-on-Avon, was the most cultured and genteel officer that we have encountered on our entire journey. The rectory, the parsonage, and the manse have given to the world a very large percentage of the most effective and most genteel members of society. Preachers' sons will compare most favorably with the sons of the men of any other profession.

The Lunka danced like a cork when it came in con-

tact with the swells from the western coast, and the last evening the passengers were more inclined to their cabins than to the dinner table. The promise that the early morning would bring peace to the troubled waters was fulfilled about noon; and a genial, smiling company began to emerge from their various hiding places, and the usual question, "Where have you been?" was passed around. From the sea we entered Hugli River, which is one of the most treacherous streams in the world. It shifts its channel almost daily, and the special pilots make every voyage with the greatest precaution. This stream has engulfed many a vessel. The suction power of its quicksand will usually draw under any steamer before relief can be brought. Lightships, lighthouses, and buoys mark the channel the entire ninety miles from the sea to Calcutta. Numerous and well-built forts along the banks speak defiance to any intruding foe. The Saturday's sun went down in glory; and our good steamer came to anchor in sight of the capital city of India, and we were compelled to be content in midstream till morning. The officers who sit at the receipt of custom had closed their doors, and entrance into the city other than through them was not possible. At sunrise we were steaming to the wharf, only to find that the condition of the tide would not allow us to dock. The customs officers soon courteously examined our luggage without trying to prove that we were liars and thieves. (The customhouses and custom officials who have the most unsavory reputation in all the world have floating over them the Stars and Stripes.) We were taken to the shore on a steam launch, and soon our carriage stood at the door of the Thoburn Methodist Episcopal

Church. Here Bishop J. M. Thoburn labored for many years, and after him Bishop F. W. Warne. The membership is composed of Americans, Europeans, and Anglo-Indians whose sympathies are more English than Indian. No service for the natives is ever conducted in this church. Although we arrived at nine o'clock, yet the Sunday school and the preaching services had been concluded, and only a few people lingered in the vestibule for the usual prolonged social greetings. The Sunday school is held at seven o'clock in the morning, and is followed by the preaching service. The people return to their homes and have breakfast at half past nine or ten o'clock. The evening service is held at six o'clock, after which the people return home for their dinner. The heat in the midday compels the white people to stay within thick-walled houses. All habits of life must be accommodated to the climate. When people arise at six o'clock or earlier, they have their light breakfast in their rooms and before they dress. This breakfast consists for the most part of tea and toast. The duties of the day are entered upon at once. At nine thirty, ten, or ten thirty o'clock breakfast is served. Work in the home or in the office then begins. Business men of the white race do not open their offices until ten o'clock. At two or three o'clock another meal is served which is called "tiffin." Business houses and offices close at five o'clock, and dinner is served at half past seven or eight o'clock in the evening. The social duties are discharged in the late afternoon. Tourists must do their sight-seeing before ten o'clock in the morning and after five o'clock in the afternoon.

Calcutta is a great city of one million people, and as

the capital of India it holds a prominent place in the social and political life of the Orient. The Governor General, or Viceroy, as he is more frequently called, has his official residence here, and the offices of the government call here the most influential men that are connected with the life of the empire. The great palace for the Viceroy, the Municipal Hall, the High Court, the post office, the secretariat, the mint, and the home of the Lieutenant Governor impress the tourist with the imperial cast of the city. In these great buildings will be found the portraits or busts of such distinguished persons as Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort, Warren Hastings, the Duke of Wellington, Dr. Alexander Duff, Sir Henry Russell, Lord Cornwallis (who served as Governor General of India after some humiliating military experiences in America), Bishop Reginald Heber, and other notable men. In the center of the city is the famous Maidan, or esplanade, which is nearly two miles long and one mile broad. The residence of the Viceroy faces it on the north, while Belvidere, the residence of the Lieutenant Governor, is at the southern end. On the west side is Fort William, and on the east side is the Imperial Museum, whose Indian treasures are exceedingly interesting and valuable. The Eden Gardens form a part of the esplanade. They are very beautiful, and furnish the meeting place for the high social set for their evening greetings. In the season from November to February one can see here any afternoon and evening the exclusive social uppertendom of Calcutta. The fine equipages, the superb display of millinery, and the intoxicating music make a scene well worth one's attention. But the heat had scattered offi-

cialdom and uppertendom, and we saw the ordinary doings of those who imitate those who do well. The gardens did not deny us the joy of their beauty. I was not admitted to the Viceroy's mansion, although he was away in the mountains at Simla. Of course the house was palatial, with its elegant breakfast room, dining room, throne room, council room, and ball-room; but what interest could those places have for a wandering Methodist editor with strong democratic instincts and with more sympathy for the poor, ignorant subjects of every land than for the display of the world's highest aristocracy? One may see much of palaces in Europe; but only in India can one see the subject people from whom have come great philosophies and influential religions, and who may yet become the teachers in the deep things of human life.

St. Paul's Cathedral is a stately pile of Hindoo-Gothic architecture which was erected more than sixty years ago at a cost of $250,000. The Bengal Club now occupies the house in which Lord Macaulay lived when he was a resident of Calcutta. Fort William, which was completed in 1773 at a cost of $10,000,000, does not occupy its former site, as it was moved by Lord Clive after the battle of Plassey in 1757. The old site is now occupied by the great post office building. It was in this fort that the one hundred and forty-six persons were thrown into the one room 22x14 feet on June 20, 1756, and out of which only twenty-three persons were taken alive the next morning. The place is known as the Black Hole of Calcutta. The Black Hole has been filled and covered with cement and fenced with an iron railing, and is now in the alley between two buildings. In the street where the

dead bodies were piled in a ditch by the order of the Indian Governor now stands a beautiful marble obelisk which was erected by Lord Curzon to take the place of the one which was originally erected by Mr. J. Z. Holwell, the principal survivor of the tragedy. The unfortunate death of the victims of the Black Hole provoked Lord Clive to battle, to the great disaster of the Indian Governor.

Not far from the Black Hole, on what is called Dalhousie Square, is the old Mission Church, which was built by the celebrated Swedish missionary, Johann Zacharias Kiernander, who began his work in Calcutta in 1758. I visited the old church and read its many tablets to the memory of many faithful laborers in this field. I sought for Duff College, the culmination of the work of the great Scotch missionary. The institution is not meeting with the success which is due its honored founder. It is soon to be united with the School of the General Assembly, and the two will occupy a new building in the northern part of the city. But the most sacred pilgrimage which I made while in Calcutta was a visit to Serampore, the scene of the labors of William Carey. I arrived at eight o'clock, and found Dr. George Howells, the Principal of Serampore College, in his office, busily engaged with some plans for the improvement of the institution which was founded by Carey and his associates, Dr. Marshman and Dr. Ward, in 1818. I was in the building in which Carey lived, and saw the room in which he died. I went through the magnificent college building which he erected, and looked upon the instructors' chairs which were occupied by these great men in their work. The old pulpit is pre-

served in the library, as are the short crutches which Dr. Carey was forced to use in his last days. The first Bengali Bible published, which he translated, is on the shelves. Not far away is the little Danish church house in which these missionaries preached, and near by is the pagoda which Henry Martyn occupied while he was translating the Bible into Hindustani. On my way to the train I stopped at the little cemetery and uncovered my head at the graves of Dr. Carey and his three wives, Dr. Marshman, Dr. Ward, Rev. John Mack, and the child of Adoniram Judson. On Carey's tomb, according to his instructions, have been carved the words: "A wretched, poor, and helpless worm, on Thy kind arms I fall." India has no more notable tombs, however much she may have built of marble and precious stones, than these in Serampore. But Serampore is as pathetic as inspiring. In the little city there is a very small Christian community, while the college has only a hundred boys of grammar and high school grade, with a dozen candidates for the ministry. There is a charter for a college department, but no pupils of that grade. Dr. Howells is a brilliant man, and the English Baptists are anxious to make the institution worthy of its great founder; but success does not come. A plan has been proposed for making Serampore College a great interdenominational theological school. It is the only missionary institution in India that has the charter right to grant degrees. The theological schools may be as good as those in England or America, but they cannot confer degrees on their graduates. Serampore College has that right under its old Danish charter; and if it were made a great degree-conferring, inter-

denominational theological school, it might have a large place in the missionary work of India. The plan is being favorably considered by the missionary bodies of the empire. Surely something should be done to preserve Serampore with the sacred treasures which the Church universal feels have been deposited there.

Of all the interesting places in Calcutta it would be difficult to speak, while to give my first impressions of the people might not in the end be just to them or creditable to me. It is very easy to hand down dogmatic opinions on little observation, but the English writers have done so much of that after a few days' sojourn in America that an American may well reserve his verdict, as Rev. Abe Mulkey says, "until the evidence is all in." But one can pass opinion on the fine Bengal tigers that are in the zoölogical gardens, and on the leopards, elephants, lions, hyenas, monkeys, birds, and reptiles which were captured near Calcutta. It was a strange sensation that came over me when I learned that I was really in the home of these ferocious beasts. It came to me that I was far away from the home of my childhood, and then the mind wandered over the seas. After that I went to the Botanical Gardens not so much to see the flowers and the almond trees and the royal palms—although they were very beautiful—but to examine the famous banyan tree. When I saw it, I found that it was a small forest which had sprung from one sprout. It is one hundred and thirty-eight years old. The circumference of its trunk five feet from the ground is fifty-one feet, while the circumference at the crown is nearly 1,000 feet. Its height is eighty-five feet. It has four

hundred and sixty-four aërial roots actually rooted in the ground. A root will spring from any branch; and if it connects with the ground, it will go in and become as any root. So the one tree has become a beautiful grove, and the long branches are supported by roots which now resemble living posts. This is perhaps the greatest wonder in the whole tree family. The banyan is a sacred tree among the Hindoos.

The tourists who had "done" India said that by all means we should see Darjeeling, a city and suburbs of 160,000 people in the Himalaya Mountains, about four hundred miles north of Calcutta and very near the border of Tibet. So after a few days in Calcutta we made ready for the journey to the far-famed city. It is one thing to float gently into a foreign city and be landed by the kindness of fellow-travelers in the homes of friends; but when it comes to a stranger making his first railway journey in India, some new experiences may be expected. The train was scheduled to leave Calcutta at five o'clock in the afternoon, and if all went well it would arrive in Darjeeling at one o'clock the next day. Tickets were secured at the city office, and our names were registered. I did not know why the names were taken, but I found out later without being told. Our host asked us if we had bedding. I had to confess that all we had was in America. So pillows, rugs, blankets, towels, and linens were brought for us and rolled into a bundle. The "gharry" (the carriage, by grace) was at the door; but the driver did not move from his seat to aid us with our suit cases, the bags, and the bedding. His caste, or position in society, would not

allow him to perform so menial a service. But two coolies were at hand, and the luggage (no baggage in this country; all luggage) was piled on the gharry, and we were off for the train while good wishes were waved by the host and his wife. Station coolies by the half dozen rushed for the four pieces of luggage. We later felt a little embarrassed at our small amount of baggage, as men, women, and children, whites, blacks, and tinted, all take with them from six to fifteen pieces of luggage. They pile it all in the car with them, trunks and all, and sit on the space that is left. The coolies knew what to do, and we followed them. They went direct to the coach that was painted white and black and which was divided into compartments for first- and second-class passengers. The white color in India is very attractive to those who may not know what ingredients may be mixed up in or with the less certain colors. The filth of India would be very valuable if some ingenious Yankee would invent some method of using it as a fertilizer. But travelers cannot be too squeamish, or else the trip will be cut short. The coolies put us in our train, and shortly we were moving at a good speed.

The afternoon was very warm, the windows were open, the hot winds burned our faces, and the thick dust wrought havoc with eyes, ears, and mouth. But we were traveling for information and not for pleasure, and so why complain? The compartment was about eight feet long, and had seats along either side and one running parallel through the center of the car. A woman and her four children occupied one seat, a gentleman and his luggage occupied the one on the other side, while this traveler and his wife took

lessons from the center. If confession must be made, the situation was not pleasing, and the prospect of an early change was the chief encouragement to endurance. Promptly at eight o'clock we were informed that the Ganges River had been reached, and that we must take bed and baggage and board the waiting steamer. The information came not in spoken words, but with the clatter of coolies' tongues as they thrust their turbaned heads, black bodies, and bare shanks into our presence and clamored for a chance to carry the luggage to the steamer. Two men were chosen and loaded, and we rushed through the sand to the steamer Parisian. A few pice (one-half cent pieces) satisfied the coolies, and we turned to the table laden with the usual dinner in India. I say laden, although the dinner was served in courses, as are all meals in India. Of course *chota hazari* is brought to one's room about six to six-thirty in the morning, and consists of tea and toast and a bit of fruit. But breakfast at nine-thirty or ten o'clock, tiffin at two or three o'clock, and dinner at eight or eight-thirty o'clock are served in courses. How the people work and live with meals at such hours, I cannot see. They say, "This seems to be the best hours for out here;" but the truth is, the custom is not indigenous, but it was imported with the government. But the meal, or the dinner, was well received after the physical exercise which the train furnished. The fish was touched lightly, as its past associations were not known. The mutton was good. Much mutton is eaten in India if one may judge from the usual bill of fare. However, I must confess that I saw a great many goats and very few sheep in India. The chicken was far from the "yellow

leg" of which the poets or else so frequently write and speak. But the Mohammedans served us right well for two rupees; and we arose to look out on the waters of the holy Ganges, which we were crossing. No sooner was the landing made than the grand rush of the coolies put life into the listless passengers, and in a few minutes we were at the train searching for the cars in which we would spend the night. Placards bore our names, and the game was as interesting as finding one's place at a dining. There was much disturbance and loud noises, the coolies having the assistance of the women and some men. But trains in India are never in a hurry about leaving a station, as the station master must see that every passenger is provided with the accommodation to which his ticket entitles him before the train is dispatched. In case there is not room, he must put on extra coaches. Some cars are divided into small compartments with only one long seat across the car and a bunk which can be let down like a berth in an American sleeping car. These compartments are for two persons, and are convenient for a man and his wife. Usually the compartments have the three long seats and two bunks to be let down, and they will give sleeping accommodations for five persons. The Editor and his wife got into adjoining compartments, and had no trouble in discovering the use of the bedding which our host had provided for us, for the car was bare. The agent at Calcutta had reserved lower berths for us by wire, and our names were on the placards. The night was pleasantly spent, and the morning found us at Siliguri. What could travelers do in stuffy Pullman cars in India? By the present system each passenger can

have a comfortable bed at night, if he brings it, without extra cost; and the fresh air which he breathes will counteract all evil influence which may be occasioned by flying sand or other creatures.

Siliguri, fifty miles from Darjeeling, was reached at six o'clock. The coolies cared for the luggage while we had *chota hazari*. What a dwarf railroad is that which takes the passengers from Siliguri to Darjeeling, with its track only two feet wide and its cars large enough for only eight persons and high enough only for those who sit! The luggage could not be taken into the car, but had to be put into the parcel van. The height of the car from the ground would not prevent a child from stepping out at any time. The engineer is not allowed to run the train at a greater speed than seven miles an hour. There were times when it seemed that this order had been totally disregarded, for the turning of short curves when the passengers were looking over a precipice more than a thousand feet high made all movement seem rapid. The first seven miles were made over a practically level road, but through a great jungle in which hunters find the elephant, the tiger, the leopard, and other ferocious beasts. On the return trip great torches on the engine gave the forest a spectral lighting which produced "creepy" feelings with the Americans, especially as a fellow-passenger insisted that the lights were to scare away the beasts. He also told of a tiger who a few years ago got on the track, and the train was compelled to stop and await the pleasure of his Bengal highness. However, we saw nothing except a few harmless monkeys doing their feats in their native woods, and I felt no disappointments, as I had

no desire to see tigers or worse. A strong iron frame adds to the beauty of these enemies of human flesh.

The mountain scenery the entire fifty miles is unrivaled in its beauty and grandeur. The little train climbed continually and crossed its track many times in the ascent of a mountain. Some complete loops were made in a distance of a few hundred feet. In several places the reversing station was used. The train would stop in its climb, open a switch, back up the incline a few hundred feet, stop, open a switch, and move forward. By this operation the train would be lifted twenty to thirty feet above its first position. Not only did the superb mountain scenery entertain me, but I was greatly interested in the immense tea gardens that cover these great mountain sides. No finer tea is to be found in the world than that of Darjeeling and its district. Many Europeans have become very wealthy through the tea industry. The tea bush is a shrub not more than two feet high, with thick branches heavily leaved, and has a circumference of four or five feet. The leaves that are plucked for the market are only the two that have just budded and are only a few days or a week old. These leaves are taken by laborers, and in the course of ten days other new leaves will have taken their place and be ready for plucking. The leaves are dried and rolled and passed through four to six processes before they are ready for the market. The green tea that is so well known in America is rolled only once. The people in India do not understand why any one should use the green tea. As I have no taste for the concoction, I could furnish no explanation.

Darjeeling, at a height of more than 7,000 feet, is

as exhilarating in its ozone as it is intoxicating in its sublimity. We forgot the intense heat of Calcutta on these mountain heights. We had been told that from Darjeeling we would see the highest mountain peaks in the world. Mt. Everest, towering 29,000 feet, and graceful Kinchinjunga, with its 28,156 feet, are the attractions which Darjeeling offers to tourists. Unfortunately for us, a dense haze hid from us these lofty summits, and we were forced to join the great majority who visit the mountain city for the superb mountain view and who come away without a glimpse of the snow-capped peaks. If we may believe those who have been blessed with the views from Darjeeling and Tiger Hill, no grander or more thrilling sight is permitted to man than a clear view of Mt. Everest and Kinchinjunga. But fully as interesting as the mountains are the mountaineers, and in them we were not disappointed. Here India and China meet, and the Tibetans and the Bhoutans are the sturdy mountain tribes that are represented in the hill capital of the Lieutenant Governor of Bengal. The habits of these rugged folk may be surmised by the warlike relics which are sold in the curio shops, while the athletic bodies of the street laborers showed the influence of their mountain life. They have more characteristics of the Chinese than of the Indians. Religiously they are for the most part Buddhists. The Christian missionary finds them as accessible as any other people to whom he may speak. But mountaineers in Asia, as in America, need only the advantages which the school and the Christian Church can bring to make them leading citizens in their respective countries.

Darjeeling is the summer resort not only for the

Lieutenant Governor of Bengal and his attendant officials, but for the high social set that seek to escape the heat of Calcutta and neighboring cities. Wherever Englishmen congregate in the East will be found all the accommodations for their outdoor sports. Exercise in the open air, with walking, riding, driving, hunting, and games of all kinds, keep the sons of Edward in good physical condition even against the evil habits which their thirsts have too frequently created. The visit to Darjeeling was full of intense interest because of the unrivaled scenery which the haze could not hide, the novel experiences on the baby railway, and the fine lessons in traveling in the British Empire, and because of the glimpse into the life of the people of the Himalayas.

CHAPTER XIV.

Benares and Lucknow.

BENARES is a twelve hours' ride by the fast mail train from Calcutta, and most of the journey is made at night. It is situated on the left bank of the sacred Ganges River, in the most fertile section of India. The broad rice and indigo fields fill the great valley, and the population of the entire section is very dense. One-fifth of the 300,000,000 people of India live on one-twentieth of its area, two-thirds live on one-fourth of the land, while three-fourths of the country is sparsely settled. The people are very largely agricultural, and it is estimated that ninety per cent of them live in the villages. They are compelled to sustain themselves by the fruits of the soil; and when for lack of rain or other cause the harvests are cut short, a famine must result and thousands and even millions of them die. In the last twenty-five years about 20,000,000 people have died in the famines. One of the great problems before the English government in India is how to prevent famines. The rains are dependent upon the monsoons, which are the winds that come from the southwest, bringing the moisture of the sea. The moisture is precipitated when it comes into contact with the dry, cold atmosphere of the mountains of the north. These monsoons break in June and continue for six or eight weeks, after which the harvests are possible. The rains in the late fall or early winter insure the grain harvests in the early

spring. But scarcely a year passes that does not record the failure of crops in some sections and the consequent famine as a result. The tourist who sees India in November will think of it as a garden spot, but one who sees it in the last half of April can understand what the word "famine" means. Such a parched, desolate land I had never before looked upon. There was no sign of grass or other vegetation except an occasional cluster of trees. The farmers were not trying to break the soil, but were waiting in the great dust and the intense heat for the coming of the monsoons. How much does India need China's great canal, with its wonderful network of waters! The government has already done much in this direction, as it has built 7,000 miles of main-line canals and 27,000 miles of distributing canals, which furnish water to about 12,000,000 acres, most of which is in the United Provinces and in the Punjab. Besides the area irrigated by the government canals, it is calculated that about 18,000,000 acres are irrigated by means of tanks, wells, and lakes. It is claimed that the area irrigated by one means or other in India is greater than that in the entire rest of the world. Nevertheless, India has more sufferers from famine than all the rest of the world, and the only hope of making famine impossible is in irrigation, which can come only by canals. The government has set itself about the task of providing a great canal system, and it is to be hoped that the presence of England in India will be justified in all the ages by the system of irrigation which she gave the country, if by nothing else. By irrigation and the use of fertilizers after the manner of the Chinese and Japanese India may remove her poverty and

provide for herself the comforts and accommodations of a worthy national life. But no people can rise high in the scale of intelligence or morality until they can get rid of the dirt and filth which poverty imposes.

The holiest, dirtiest, most revolting city in India is Benares, the Mecca of Hinduism. The drought had, of course, discounted its usual appearance; but it hardly seemed possible that anything beautiful—vegetable, animal, or psychical—could grow in that place. The business streets are only alleyways, the shops are dirty, cramped booths, and the places we will call homes—although the word does not apply—are disreputable in appearance. It must be remembered, however, that Indians do not need large business houses or commodious dwellings, although the rich may have both. The shopkeeper will close his place of business and lie down on the sidewalk in front and sleep, without pillow or covering, until morning or until he is unduly disturbed. In many instances, as in China, he may have his family in another city, to which he will go at the end of the season; and even if his family is in the same city, his apartments may be in a different house from that of his family. One Hindu gentleman invited my wife to go with him to see his wife and family. He could not invite me, as the women are not allowed to see or be seen by other men than their husbands or brothers or fathers. After that visit he invited us both to visit his apartments, which were in a house on the opposite side of the street. The wife prepares the husband's meal, but she is not allowed to eat it with him. The men and boys of the family eat, and after them the women and girls. When the woman walks or drives in the street, her face is veiled;

and in driving or riding in the chair the doors of the carriage are closed and the curtains are drawn and she is hid from the world. The woman is a prisoner in her own home. The only hope of doing missionary work among the women is in women missionaries entering the home to teach fancywork or on some other pretense. This is called "zenana" work, and through it some intelligent women have achieved good results. Women of the laboring class are not bound by these social restrictions, but may be seen at any time.

Benares is a city of temples and ghats, and to it the devout make sacred pilgrimages, as do the Mohammedans to Mecca. The Hindu believes firmly that the Ganges has divine qualities, and that its waters will cleanse from sin and insure entrance into the heavenly world. So he bathes in this stream, drinks its water, hopes to die on its bank and have his ashes borne away on its bosom. The ghats (pronounced "gots") are steps which lead from the top of the bank down into the river. In the early morning in Benares the whole riverside for two miles is covered with people who come for their bathings. They enter the stream, dip themselves three times, pour water on their heads, lift the water with their hands, drink a small amount, and worship the stream and the rising sun. Some of them are very devout in their worship, while others are as some worshipers in the Christian Churches in the United States. They wash their garments before leaving the stream, and skillfully dress themselves without exposure. The women have a section reserved for them, but nothing separates them from the men, although they may come to the river in a closed carriage. As the worshipers leave the river they usually

HINDU TEMPLES—BATHING IN GANGES AT BENARES.

stop to have the priest, who sits under a large bamboo umbrella, put the marks on their faces and foreheads which will indicate the caste to which they belong. Hinduism is the teacher and supporter of caste. The Mohammedans, the Parsees, the Buddhists, and the Sikhs are all free from that disgraceful bondage. But as there are more than 200,000,000 Hindus in India, the caste system may be said to be national.

The Hindu wants to die on the left bank of the sacred Ganges. Should he die on the right bank, his soul would be lost in the next world. By the side of the bathing ghats are the burning ghats, where the funeral pyres are lighted. The sight of these was far from pleasant. The bodies of the dead are first taken to the river, the feet dipped in the stream, the bottom of the feet and the palms stained red with some sacred juice, spices thrown upon them, and then the little pile of wood into which the body is placed is lighted. Every Hindu considers it a calamity if he has not a son to light his funeral pyre. The attendants have some ceremony, but there is no sign of grief on any face. Hinduism does not develop keen sensibilities. However, the act of cremation on the banks of the sacred stream and the final resting place on the bosom of Mother Ganges give the bereaved an assurance which casts out all grief. It is said that often the sick who are wealthy are hastened in their departure as they await the summons on the banks of the river. But the whole custom and faith are grewsome and exhibit the darkness of heathenism. The government cannot interfere with their use of the water of the Ganges for bathing or drinking, however great the danger of disease, as any interference would be con-

sidered restrictions upon worship. A young officer told me of a case of a Hindu who was attacked with cholera the day previous. He gave him the usual stimulants, which brought relief; but at once the man walked to the Ganges and drank its waters. In an hour he was dead. Through ignorance and superstition thousands of people die in India every year in the use of what they call holy water.

Much of the same worship is carried on at Calcutta as in Benares, as the Hugli River is a branch of the Ganges after it enters its delta. The river Jumna, on which Agra is situated, is also considered sacred. Some sacred wells are to be found in various parts of the empire, and the water in them is as vile as one will ever see. Stagnant pools, green from long standing, are used for bathing. A public health department would find much to do in India, but ignorance and superstition must first be driven away before any measures could be successfully enforced. However, all the worship is not dangerous to public health; but much of it is revolting to fine sensibilities. I visited the Kali Ghat, in Calcutta, and so avoided the one in Benares. I saw a young kid offered to bloodthirsty Kali, the wife of Shiva. The pilgrims buy the goats at a small price, and the priests cut off the head and take the fresh blood and put it upon the forehead of the person making the offering. The pilgrim is allowed to take the body of his goat and eat it. Kali is the goddess of destruction, and she can be appeased only by frequent bloody offerings. Her idol is sufficiently revolting to draw from any devotee any sacrifice. The scene about the temple dedicated to her is most disgusting. The priests are so importunate as

to pass from the state of beggars to that of highway robbers. They held the pilgrims in their arms until they surrendered the last pice. The whole Hindu priesthood is a debased fraternity for extracting money. The priests are ignorant and even vicious, and are real social vultures. The Durga Temple, in Benares, which is dedicated to bloodthirsty Kali, was interesting because it is full of monkeys. The priests fed them in our presence, and then asked us to pay the bill. The high priest, who would pass for a garbage collector, came from the high altar of Kali to ask for backsheesh. According to the census takers, there are four million beggars in India. Judging from the specimens which we saw, we are inclined to think that some were overlooked. Those who do not beg are always on the receiving hand.

Our guide took us over the usual river route, and pointed out all the ghats, temples, and famous buildings. Many of the Maharajahs have palaces on the banks of the Ganges with fine bathing ghats reaching into the water. The Maharajah of Benares lives in a palace on the opposite bank of the river. He seems to be taking some risk in living on the right bank. All the Maharajahs of the empire have palaces in Benares, which they occupy during the great religious festivals. We visited the one owned by the Maharajah of Vijayanagrum, but found nothing distinctly Indian except the manifest desire to imitate European people. We visited the cow temple, and saw the beautiful fat animals that seem to be enjoying their heavenly state. In Calcutta I saw a number of holy cows on the street. They lay on the sidewalks, ate from the grocery stalls, and lazily wandered through the streets without mo-

lestation. The guide showed us the old Juggernaut which was once drawn through the streets of Benares by sacred elephants, and in which rode the Maharajah and the priests. Before its wheels persons would often throw themselves and be crushed to death. Such a death insured entrance into the world of bliss. I saw also the Golden Temple, with its gilded spires; the Nepalese Temple, with its indecent carvings, the expression of degrading Hinduism. In Calcutta I saw the faithful worshiping Shiva by pouring water from the holy river on his iron head, by putting choice flowers on his iron nose, and by fanning with a palm leaf his iron face, while a priest muttered prayers and received pice.

Such is practical Hinduism as it works itself out in the public worship of India's millions to-day. Its superstitions are gross, its conceptions debasing, and its practices revolting in the extreme. It not only stultifies the mind and heart of the people, but it imposes a system of caste which is degrading to the majority and extremely burdensome to all. Hinduism as a system of religion is a mixture of cult and philosophy. Its practical working, however brilliant may be some of its teachings, can never be regenerative, edifying, or sanctifying. If India is ever to rise to a just state of commendable living and thinking, she must have a revolution in her religious life. The Christian world should not be content for the present state to continue, but should increase the missionary forces until this dark heathen land shall feel the throb of a genuine Christian life. There is much to be said of Hindu philosophy and Hindu thought, but Hinduism as practiced is the rankest heathenism. The force

that will correct this vile condition must come from without and drive Hinduism to acknowledge its failure as a religion. India must have Christianity to save her from the destruction that her heathen darkness will inevitably bring.

Of course I was interested in seeing in Benares the fine, expansive buildings of the Central Hindu College, the institution over which Mrs. Annie Besant, the theosophist, presides. About two to three hundred Hindu young men are students in the school. But theosophists are as much in the haze as the Hindus are in the darkness. The unoccupied society women who are spending their hours in theosophical clubs and are indulging in their idle and ignorant prattle about Hindu philosophy ought to send a delegation to investigate the temples, the ghats, the priests, and the practices of Hinduism.

It was a great relief to turn aside from the holy things of Benares to the secular. The ornamental brasswork which is met with all over the world is a *spêcialité* of Benares. The skill with which these fine pieces of brass are produced is truly remarkable, while the carving which is done on ivory is worthy of high admiration. The shawls, the silks, and the choice embroidery which are produced in the dirty hovels of Benares compel the most disgusted tourist to utter some kind words about the people of the holy city. Much of the spinning is done in the streets, the warp is prepared in the alley, while the looms are in narrow rooms with dirt floors. Yet the fabrics that are produced receive the admiration of all lovers of the beautiful. Factories in India, as in China and Japan, do not mean great buildings, but usually small rooms

in which workmen sit on the floor and with delicate instruments produce that kind of article that their ancestors for generations produced before them. Heathenism does not mean artistic inefficiency.

The leave-taking at the hotel in Benares was very affecting, and citizens of that holy place showed unusual interest in our departure. We saw a number of people, friends indeed because friends in need, whom we did not know existed. We had no sooner paid our bill in the hotel office than they swooped down on us like vultures who scented a subject from afar. "I am the table boy," said the bushy-bearded man clad in white, with high-built turban. The modest tip was bestowed. "I am the room boy," said the next old gentleman in white raiment and with black feet; tip. "I am the water boy;" tip. "I am the sweeper;" tip. "I am the punka puller;" tip. "I am the bootblack;" tip. "I am the man who drove the carriage yesterday;" the bill had been paid, but—tip. "We are the coolies," said the three men who had put our six pieces of hand luggage on the gharry; tip. "I am the bearer" (he had brought the hotel bill to me); tip. All wanted more than I had given, and expressed their emotions in broken English. They always want more and say so. When I arrived at the station, three coolies took the luggage and put it on the train, for which they were paid by the railway company; but tips they must have. The gharry man, after I paid his regular tariff, asked for his tip and received it. Just here the guide said modestly: "And now my pay." He received it, and the car door closed, not to be opened any more to expose us to the affecting farewell of our newly found friends. But such is India,

a country of beggars and tiptakers, as well as of scholars, poets, and religionists. The white man has everything done for him that another person can do, and the native expects full compensation and backsheesh in return. Even the station master on the railroads has favors for travelers when the ring of rupees falls on his ears. The native may receive only half so much from a native for a piece of work as from the white man and with that be satisfied; but to the white man he turns with pleading tone and calls for more, if not in compensation, at least as backsheesh. But the poor fellows need all they get.

We took the mail train at Benares at eleven o'clock in the morning for Lucknow, the city so intimately connected with the events of the Sepoy rebellion. The journey was the most uncomfortable which we had in India because of the intense heat. The thermometer registered 108 degrees, and the hot winds almost blistered the face. On getting into the coach all the windows and screens were closed except a window on either side of the car in which there were straw mats, which are called tatties. By pressing a button water ran down on the straw tatties and saturated them. On the outside of the windows were screens which caught the air, which was driven through the tatties by the force of the running train. The moist atmosphere rendered the air in the coach somewhat comfortable. We took lunch in the dining car, which was similarly cooled, while the punkas, which are fans made of a pole from which hangs heavy cloth, and which are pulled by a man, kept the atmosphere moving. In the hotels punkas are provided, and a man sits on the outside of the room, and by a rope

through the wall he keeps the fans going all through the night. However, frequently heaviness possesses the eyes of the punka puller, and the sleeper arouses with the unpleasant dreams of suffocation or other disasters. The experience of the day's travel from Benares to Lucknow was sufficient to convince the tourists from the South that only in the night should people travel in India during the month of April. Frequently passengers of European blood are taken from the train overcome by the heat; but these, as a rule, are men who have indulged too immoderately in the use of whisky and soda water, the favorite drink of Englishmen in India. They claim that the water is bad, and consequently they drink liquids that will destroy germs. This traveler, who drinks nothing but water, carried with him an earthen water bottle, called a serai, filled with water which had been boiled by missionaries, and which these peculiar bottles kept cool. He had no trouble in getting missionaries to fill his serai, which would hold a gallon of water.

On arriving in Lucknow, we drove at once to the residence of Rev. C. L. Bare, the President of Reid Christian College of the Methodist Episcopal Church. What a joy to find ourselves in that comfortable home, kept cool by its very thick stone walls and the ever-moving punkas, and to have the sweet fellowship of this faithful missionary and his devoted wife! After an hour's rest, Dr. Bare announced that Founder's Day was being celebrated at the Isabella Thoburn Girls' College, and asked if I cared to attend the exercises. I was indeed glad of the opportunity to see something of this excellent institution, with its band of two hundred girls. We found the yard filled with

as happy a company of girls and visiting schoolboys as ever assembled on a campus. The faces of the rollicking throng were Indian, but the language and the dress were English. The exercises were entertaining, and the singing of Miss Thoburn's favorite song, "The Home of the Soul," was very affecting. From Benares to Lucknow, from heathen to Christian light—what a transition! One woman who was educated in the school had returned to these interesting exercises of her *Alma Mater.* She spoke exultingly of the new church which the native Christians were building in her town. When the day for laying the corner stone came, the government official of the district found that he could not attend to that duty, so the officiary of the Church invited this educated Christian woman to perform that service. The graduates of the school are in great demand as teachers in the schools of India, while the educated young Indians seek their hands in marriage. Miss Thoburn, the sister of Bishop Thoburn, performed a great service for her Church and for India when she founded this institution. The original building was occupied previous to 1857 by the Prime Minister of the kingdom of Ouhd, and his council room is preserved in the present commodious building. Miss Nichols, the Principal, has secured the house on the opposite side of the street and now occupied by the deaconess home to be used for the "purdah" girls—that is, girls of the higher classes, who must be veiled and not seen of men. She will put a tunnel under the street to secure a closed passageway for the girls. It is to be hoped that while they come in through closed subterranean channels they will linger to see that light

which will enable them to walk out at the front door into the open ways of God's great world. Only Christianity can remove purdahs from the faces and minds of the women of India.

Reid Christian College (named for the Rev. John M. Reid, D.D., deceased, once the Secretary of Missions for the Methodist Episcopal Church, who gave the money for the main building) had its beginning in 1866, but was not established as a college until 1888, when the Rev. B. H. Badley, D.D., was Principal. Its superb site on "Residency Hill," which was consecrated in 1857 by the blood of those who fell in the mutiny, was obtained as a gift from the government. The grounds include about thirty acres, and are exempt from all taxation. The location is high, and commands a wide view of the entire city and of the historic "Residency," which is only a few hundred feet away. The annual enrollment reaches 550 to 600 young men. The graduates of the college are able to pass the examinations of Allahabad University, with which the college is affiliated, and receive their academic degrees. The Commercial Department has the indorsement and support of the provincial government. In fact, the government has been very free in its contributions to the support of the institution. At present one of the professors of the school, a son of the founder, is making a system of shorthand for the Oudhi language, the dialect of the province, at the request of the government. Very few schools in India are meeting with larger success than Reid Christian College.

Lucknow is the center of Methodism in the northern and central provinces of India. Bishop F. W.

Warne has his official residence here. The Publishing House is one of the largest and most successful in the East. Last year the concern made a contribution of $8,000 in missionary literature to the missions in its territory and cleared $1,300 besides. Methodism is meeting with unprecedented success among the people of this section. For the most part they are of the lower castes, but it is found that Christianity elevates the people of India until sometimes an educated man from the lower caste is called on to teach the children of the higher castes. Nothing is affecting Hinduism more than to see that Christianity lifts its adherents into better stations in life. Sons of sweepers, who by the caste system would always be sweepers, have been known to rise to positions of clerks, with the usual increase in salary. Jesus Christ is no respecter of persons, and missionaries may well follow his example in their labors.

Lucknow is fifth in size among the cities of India, and has a population of about 275,000, of whom three-fifths are Hindus. Religion is the basis of division among Indians. Hindus, Mohammedans, Parsees, Jews, and Christians are religious designations, although in the case of the Jews and Parsees they may refer to racial extractions. The natives of India are Indians. Lucknow, by reason of its parks and gardens, excellent streets, and fine houses, is one of the most attractive cities in the empire. The shops are exceedingly interesting, and especially to those who admire the Indian silverware. The various articles are sold at reasonable figures if the amount of silver which they contain is taken into account and also the time consumed by a skilled workman in making the

highly ornamental article. In other cities of India, and especially in Agra, Delhi, Jeypore, and Madras, there are many factories which turn out this beautiful ornamental silverware.

To all who are acquainted with the history of India, and especially to all English people, Lucknow has the keenest attraction because of its position in the mutiny of 1857. The old "Residency" is as sacred to the historian as Thermopylæ or Waterloo or Vicksburg or Port Arthur. In the world-renowned "Residency" a force of nearly 3,000 English and natives, including 547 women and children, were confined for eighty-six days amid the terrible heat of July, August, and September; and they endured the most deadly sieges ever recorded in the annals of war. The fire upon them was almost constant, and the entire hill became bloody with the victims of the besiegers and the besieged. When relief reached the garrison, on September 25, 1857, more than 2,000, or two-thirds of the original force, had perished. The gallant Sir Henry Lawrence fell in the early days of the siege. On the slab that marks the resting place of the great Christian soldier, a devout member of the Baptist Church, are the words: "Here lies Henry Lawrence, who tried to do his duty." Who would not uncover his head in the presence of such hallowed dust? With great interest I visited the various points of attacks, the positions of intrenchment, the line of approach of the besiegers and the relief. The old Residency, which was the home of the English official, was examined from cellar to garret. Baillie Guard, Dr. Fayrer's house, in which Sir Henry Lawrence died, the old cemetery where the church stood, and where mon-

uments have been erected to the memory of those who fell in the terrific siege, were visited with a sense of reverence. Every foot of the ground seemed sacred, and the recital of the events of the siege made vivid the awful events of the memorable Sepoy rebellion. The entire territory from Lucknow to Cawnpore and from Cawnpore to Agra and Delhi furnished the great battlefields for the bloody struggle, and to-day supplies the historians with incident for the record of the great mutiny. England will take no chances again with her native troops, but will hold them where they will do service for the empire and no injury to the governments.

Lucknow was the brilliant capital of the kingdom of Oudh until 1856, when the kingdom was annexed by the British government, and the reputation of its splendor filled the whole of India. The Mohammedan rulers built palaces, mosques, and tombs that still add grace, beauty, and magnificence to the famous city; and the tourist of to-day will be richly entertained by visits to these superb pieces of architecture. The great mosque is very commanding in its proportions and its general aspect. The outer gate, which leads into the grounds, is as fine a piece of ornamental work as one will find in such structures in all India. The approach to the mosque is by a flight of expansive steps. The broad, open court, the tall minarets, the marble-covered worshiping places combine to impress even the casual observer with the dignity and reverence of the place. Just beyond the mosque are the beautiful Victoria Gardens. The superb statue of the late Queen and the Empress of India, built on the old palace grounds, has recently been unveiled. It hon-

ors the citizens of Lucknow, as well as the memory of the great woman. The tombs of some of the rulers are also in the grounds of the palace, and they exhibit much barbaric splendor. The Kaiser Bagh is the great palace which contained the immense harem of the king. In its extensive court are also the buildings in which the king held his councils and from which he ruled his country. But these are the relics of a day which has gone, never to return. The future may bring its changes for the present state of things, but the old régime can never be restored. India's new day may not have completely dawned, but the midnight of the old is fully passed. Such an institution as Channing College, with its magnificent buildings and liberal equipment, located on the choicest grounds in Lucknow, is the symbol of the new time. The new learning will liberate the people from the ideas that made the old kingdom of Oudh possible. A new light, even the Light from the star that the wise men of the East saw, will yet permeate the mind of India, and this dark people shall come into the consciousness of their own powers and possibilities.

CHAPTER XV.

The Capitals of the Moguls.

AGRA holds a strong place in the esteem of the world, not so much because it is one of the largest cities of India, having a population of 200,000, nor because it was once the capital of the nation and the abode of kings, but because of some extraordinary pieces of architecture which it possesses. The world cares very little about Shah Jehan or his famous grandfather, Akbar the Great; but it does bow itself in admiration before the great works of art which these men had produced for the adornment of their halls of government, places of residence and houses of worship, and the tombs in which their ashes rest. The things that live in this world and which humanity will always treasure are those which exhibit thought and feeling and manifest high psychic qualities. Art is not an imitation of nature, but the expression of the soul of man. A beautiful landscape is not a cluster of trees and an expanse of fields and sky, but a cluster of ideas and a far vision into the deeper meaning of God's world. Architecture is not a massive pile of sandstone and marble with towers and domes, but the expression of symmetry, unity, thought, and the feelings and will of a great soul. Agra has a message in stone for every spirit that is capable of receiving it, and it is because of this message that tourists will endure the hardships of severe travel to spend a few

days in the Fort, at the Taj Mahal, about the tomb of Akbar and the majestic ruins of a once proud city.

We lost no time in reaching the Fort on the morning of our arrival, although the night's travel had not been pleasant. Changing trains in the wee hours of the day is not an agreeable exercise even in America, and much less in India. But *chota hazari* gave us a brace, and the hope of a sleep in midday an inspiration. So before seven o'clock we entered the world-renowned Fort, which was built by Akbar the Great more than three and a half centuries ago. The walls and flanking defenses of red sandstone, with a height of about seventy feet, make an imposing appearance, while the entrance through the superb Delhi Gate gives the traveler the sensation of passing back to the feudal days of great castles and barbaric fortifications. While the walls of the Fort would not resist long the present powerful missiles of war, yet the ugly-mouthed cannons which to-day speak defiance to an approaching foe would be able to hold in check for some time an invading force. The Red Jackets were greatly in evidence, as are the British military forces everywhere in India. Our first stop was at the Pearl Mosque, which was built by Shah Jehan in 1648 to 1655 at a cost of $100,000; but it could not be produced to-day in America for five times that amount. We ascended the lofty double staircase and entered through the fine gateway of sandstone into the surpassingly beautiful courtyard, which measures 234 feet in length and 183 feet in width. The marble tank in the center, thirty-seven feet square, is for the worshiper's ablutions. The mosque proper is 149 feet broad, has a depth of fifty-six feet, and is lined with marble throughout. A

marble cloister runs around the sides of the court, over which are the most exquisitely carved archways. In the mosque are 570 marble slabs which furnish as many places for as many men worshipers; while on the sides are slabs for the women, who can look into the mosque only through a beautifully carved marble screen. There are no images, no decorations, no seats—nothing except a marble stairway and platform, three feet high, upon which the priest occasionally stands to read parts of the Koran. The whole worship lasts only a quarter of an hour, and consists of prayers muttered with the face of the worshiper turned toward Mecca. The same prayers are usually said at five stated times in the day wherever the worshiper may be at the hour for worship, but they have much more virtue if they are said on Friday in the mosque. While I saw many of the faithful bowing in the temple, I saw also the soldier at his sentinel post at the close of day get on his knees and put his forehead in the dust. The Mohammedan never neglects his duty to pray. In that he might be a worthy example to many followers of the Christ.

The beauty of the Pearl Mosque sharpened the desire to see the palace of the great Shah Jehan, which stands only a few feet away. The palace of red sandstone, with its numerous apartments, graceful arches, and majestic colonnades, in which the great Akbar lived, would be imposing were it not eclipsed by the adjoining marble palaces of his grandson. Words are inadequate to a proper description of these specimens of architectural splendor. Marble ceilings, marble floors, marble walls, marble doors, marble thrones, marble bath, all enriched with the most delicate and

elaborate carvings of flowers and figures, give a magnificence that surpasses the work of one's imagination. The frescoes and mosaics add a beauty and a richness that are fairly intoxicating. The splendid drawing-room, the superb galleries supported by great columns of purest marble, the open court, the Audience Hall, all adorned in regal splendor, make a scene so glorious that man passes with regret and returns in memory with delight. But before we left the great palace and all its splendid treasures the guide took us to the small marble room adjoining the Queen's apartments, in which the proud Emperor Shah Jehan spent the last seven years of his life as a prisoner while his ambitious son ruled the nation—a sad but natural sequel to his own selfish and autocratic life. He suffered that which he had inflicted on his own father and from a son who had been trained in the tactics of his own school. We stood in the little octagonal tower in which he was taken to die at his own request, from which he could look out on the great Taj Mahal, the superb monument which he had erected to the memory of his much-loved Mohammedan wife. No ruler has left in India so many enduring works possessing genuine architectural worth as Shah Jehan, who reigned from 1627 to 1658.

Quite satisfied with the morning's sight-seeing, we returned to the hotel for breakfast. We had scarcely finished our meal when Rev. G. W. Guthrie, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, called and gave us a very cordial invitation to go to his home. The invitation was gladly accepted, for hotel fare in India is poor at best; the cooking peculiar to the country is not appetizing to an American. The fact is, the food

at the hotel consists chiefly of fish, of which one may well be careful; mutton, which has its shortcomings; fowl, which is never fat; and potatoes, upon which one can always rely. The bread is probably home-baked; however, it had no internal or external evidence that it was not imported. As to beefsteaks, good butter, biscuits, corn bread, and such substantials, they are totally unknown in the Orient. In the missionary's home we found comfort, convenience, companionship, and complete satisfaction for the physical man. Not only did we have excellent help in finding the interesting features of Agra, but also an opportunity to look into the work of missions as it is done all over India.

As soon as the rays of the vertical sun would allow, we went in the afternoon to the exquisitely beautiful tomb of I'timad-ud-daulah, the Persian high treasurer of Emperor Jahangir and the grandfather of Shah Jehan's wife, the lady of the Taj. The tomb is in a beautiful garden, and stands on a platform six feet high and one hundred and fifty feet square, and is itself sixty-nine feet square. At each corner is an octagonal tower, and on the terrace of the roof is a pavilion twenty-five feet square. The center room, measuring twenty-two feet square, contains the tombs of the great man and his wife, made of yellow-colored marble. The marble latticework of the passages admitting light to the interior is very fine. The whole of the exterior and much of the interior is of white marble with beautiful inlay work. The inlay work is the earliest known in India. Agra is famous to-day for the very fine inlay work which is done there. The tomb is really a gem of rare architectural symmetry

and beauty. From it we went direct to the Taj Mahal to look upon its wonderful architecture and catch its beauty with every ray of the sinking sun. Those who have seen it oftenest say that the best time for a first visit is late in the afternoon.

Mumtaz-i-Mahal was married to Shah Jehan in 1615, and died in 1629, and was buried, till the mausoleum was built, in the garden where the Taj stands. She was the mother of seven children. She was the Emperor's favorite wife. He had also a Hindu wife and a Christian wife. This was his Mohammedan wife. Sentiment has it that the tomb was the expression of the Emperor's deep affection for his wife, but there can be no doubt that the thought of his own glory and honor had something to do with it. Such an affection would be truly wonderful where woman holds so subordinate a place. Even to-day the show of affection is by no means a characteristic of the people of India. They dispose of their dead with little show of emotion, while the great famines or scourges of disease are looked upon as a divine means for making a better chance for those that live. Plague, cholera, and starvation bring no terror except to those within their clutches. Marriage is a matter of contract, and a wife is but a creature through whom man may perpetuate himself and his honor. That there is affection among the people of India, one must admit; but that the Taj Mahal had no other inspiration than the love of Shah Jehan for one of his wives, one has the right to question. However that may be, the great mausoleum is one of the greatest and finest pieces of architecture which the mind of man ever conceived or the skill of workmen ever produced. Shah Jehan

TAJ MAHAL, AGRA.

has the credit for the majestic structure, but the honor is not his any more than St. Peter's is the work of the emperor or the pope under whom Michael Angelo labored. It is said that the Emperor had the eyes of the architect put out for fear that he would produce some other building that would surpass the Taj. While I am not able to substantiate the statement, yet I am prepared to believe it, for such is the spirit of the selfish kings who ruled their nation for their own glory and impoverished their own people for the gratification of their personal desires. The sovereignty of such willful rulers exhausted India and brought the people to poverty, to ignorance, and to helplessness. The world to-day has a new thought and a new plan for the heads of nations.

Whatever may be one's thought as to the Emperor's motive for building the Taj Mahal, there can be no question that it is the crown of Oriental architecture and a masterpiece among the works of man. One can readily believe that it required 20,000 men twenty-two years to construct such a work of art when one examines the delicate and beautiful traceries in marble which are to be found in every part of the great tomb. The noble structure, symmetrical in outline and commanding in proportions, presents an exquisitely beautiful and faultless picture as one gets his first view from the great sandstone gateway. There is an outer court 880 feet long and 440 feet wide, while the Taj garden makes impressive the approach to the tomb. From the gateway to the broad marble terrace is a long artificial lake, with a paved walk on each side and lined with flowers and foliage of every kind. In the quiet lake is a soft reflection of the great building.

The central marble platform, on which the tomb stands, is eighteen feet high and 313 feet square; while the first platform is 1,000 feet wide, 400 feet deep, and five feet high. The tomb itself measures 186 feet on each side, the corners being beveled off and recessed into a bay. In the center of each side is a splendid deep bay sixty-three feet high. The height of the walls and parapet over them is 108 feet. At each corner rise marble domes, while in the center soars the great central dome to a height of 187 feet, while the metal pinnacle adds another thirty feet. The dome rises eighty feet above the pavement, and is fifty-eight feet in diameter. Under the center of the dome, inclosed by a trellis screen of white marble —the acme of elegance in Indian art—are the tombs of the Emperor and his wife. These are not, however, the true tombs, as the bodies rest in a vault level with the surface of the ground, covered by plainer tombstones placed exactly below those in the hall above.

Facts such as these are not difficult to record, as they are set down in language that all can read. But the beauty, the sublimity, the majesty of the Taj Mahal can be expressed only in the emotions of the soul for which there is no language. There is not a discord in this whole symphony in marble. New graces come with the changes at early dawn, in the falling day, or even the mellow moonlight. The garden and the long walk, the minarets and the dome, the delicately sculptured ornamentation, and the inlaid precious stones all impress the visitor with the strange beauty and extraordinary fascination of this superior work of architectural art. Perhaps a more beautiful and precious style of ornament in architec-

ture is not to be found in all the world than in the wreaths, scrolls, and frets of the Taj Mahal. How strange that such a masterpiece of human art, such an achievement of human skill, such a conception of the human mind should be found in India, the home now of poverty, ignorance, and superstition! A people that can produce such works and that can give to the world the literature of the Vedas should yet feel the throb of true national life and rise to the achievement of greater things than are accredited even to their ancestors.

A drive of six miles brings the tourist to Secundra, the location of the tomb of Akbar the Great. The mausoleum has four stories, three of which are of red sandstone, and the fourth is of white marble. A massive cloister runs around the lower story. In a plain marble sarcophagus in the vault is the body of the great Emperor, the real founder of the Mogul Empire; while on the flat roof of the grand edifice is another tomb of Akbar with the most elaborate carvings of lilies, ferns, palm trees, and flitting butterflies. This tomb is exceedingly beautiful. The intense heat prevented us from making the trip to Fatehpur-Sikri, the site of the ruins of the once famous city. But we saw enough in Agra to be greatly impressed with the magnificence of the ancient capital of the Mogul Empire.

The most impressive scene which I had the privilege of looking upon in Agra was not connected with the magnificent Fort or the unrivaled Taj Mahal, but with a band of natives in a village on the outskirts of the city. The village had no illumination save that of the myriad stars. Our carriage was met by a com-

pany of boys, who with lanterns conducted us across the uneven lots to a place where a company of about seventy-five men, women, and children was engaged in Christian worship. Two dim lanterns gave the light for the audience, one of which was hung on the eaves of the house by which the preacher stood. As the mud hovel, with its thatched roof and no windows, was no higher than the black-skinned preacher, he had all the light which the lantern would give. The audience was seated on the ground; but the seats were comfortable, as they were made of sand warmed by the day's vertical rays. Such singing as came from that dusky, sky-clad throng I have seldom heard. Not only the words, but also the music was native and fascinating in the extreme. Those naked boys and sparsely clothed girls would put to shame by their full, hearty musical singing half the Sunday schools in America. The native preacher was heard attentively while he read and expounded the Scriptures. The earnest prayer met with hearty response from several faithful saints in the audience. The missionary was told that some adults and some children were present to be baptized. The adults arose, repeated the Ten Commandments and the Lord's Prayer, and answered the questions propounded in a baptismal service. Three grown men, one woman, and nine children received baptism. A more impressive scene I never looked upon, and one worth the entire journey to India to see. This is the way Christianity begins; the school, the college, the after years of noble service will show how it ends. The last in caste may yet under Christianity be first in the wisdom and power of this great Oriental people.

Delhi is a city of rare attractions, and will hold the traveler several days by the numerous objects of interest which it is able to present. In the first place, the railroad station is one of the largest and finest in India. Then its streets are broad and beautiful, lined in many sections with great trees of luxuriant foliage. The shops are for the most part well kept, and the wares usually are of excellent quality. The carving of ivory and the artistic fashioning of silver and brass give a distinctive feature to the native stores. But the tourist finds the highest interest in the points made famous by the rule of the mighty Moguls or by the bravery of the victims of the mutiny. The Sepoy rebellion had its beginning in 1857 in Meerut and Delhi, and on account of the size and importance of the latter city it saw some of the severest contests of the entire struggle. Ludlow Castle, the Mutiny Monument, the St. James Church (whose dome cross was pierced by many bullets), the Cashmere Gate (the place where Nicholson fell), the position of the old magazine which the brave Lieutenant Willoughby exploded were all visited with a sense of patriotism.

As at Agra, so at Delhi the first morning was given to the great fort and palace which was built by the Emperor Shah Jehan 1638-48. Entering the Lahore Gate, we passed under an imposing archway which makes a noble entrance to the grounds of the old palace. Where this vaulted arcade ends in the large open court were massacred fifty Christians in 1857, while in some of the adjoining rooms some government officials were murdered by the mutineers. From these scenes we were ushered by the old guide, who conducted President Grant, Bishop Phillips Brooks,

and other such Americans through the old palace, into the magnificent Public Audience Hall, a large building of red sandstone open on three sides, and with many massive pillars elaborately carved. We were attracted to the marble throne, eight or ten feet high, whose rich marble canopy is adorned with mosaics in precious stones of flowers, fruits, birds, and beasts. A Florentine artist, who has been engaged the last three years in renewing the inlay work of the recess of the throne, is just completing his work, and the throne is now as beautiful a piece of art as one will find in Delhi. From here we passed into the Hall of Private Audience, where kings, princes, and nobles were received. This pavilion, open on all sides, is built wholly of white marble inlaid with precious stones. The immense columns of marble, with graceful arches, are richly ornamented with inlaid flowers and birds of precious stone. The silver ceiling was removed by the Mahrattas when they captured Delhi. Nevertheless, the hall possesses a beauty which is unsurpassed. The veteran guide pointed out the famous Persian inscription on the cornice, which, translated, says:

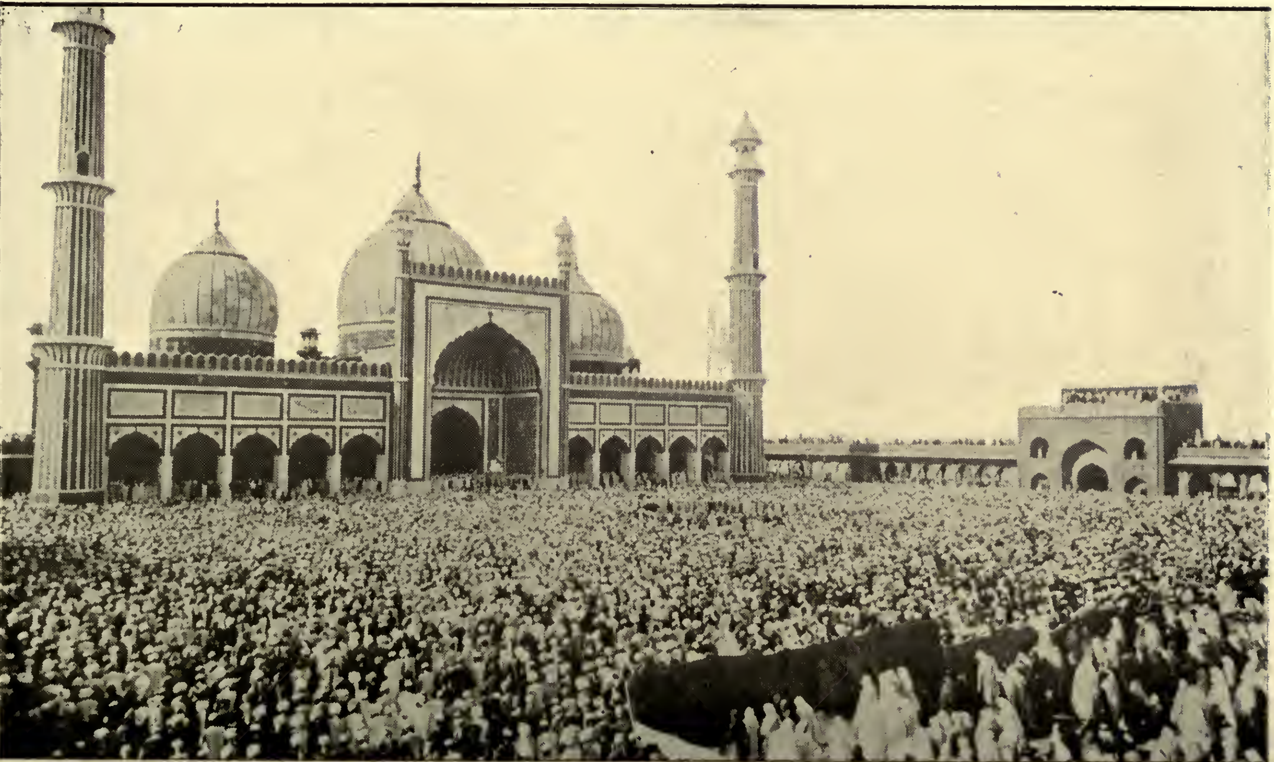
> If heaven can be on the face of the earth,
> It is this; O! it is this; O! it is this.

The hall has many historical connections, and has been the scene of many brilliant functions. In January, 1876, the Prince of Wales (now the King of England) was given a ball in this hall by the army of India on the occasion of his visit; and in honor of his coronation a second ball was given in January, 1903. But the hall is scarcely more magnificent than the royal marble baths, the exquisitely beautiful lattice-

work in the queen's apartments, and the rich carvings in the royal chambers. The little "Pearl Mosque" of white and gray marble, with its beautiful bronze door covered with rich designs, made a place of worship for the royal family which was as charming as it was sacred. Surely an emperor who planned so extensively for his own aggrandizement and who has left so few great works which he constructed for the good of his people needed a place of prayer near at hand. Not palaces but institutions mark the greatness of a mighty sovereign.

The present Delhi is the tenth city of that name, the first having been founded before the Christian era. The extensive ruins of the other nine cities lie south of the present one and cover an area of forty-five square miles. Each king who desired to build a capital according to his own design would have destroyed the city that he found. A visit to these ancient ruins will bring one to the splendid tomb of the Emperor Humayun, the father of Akbar the Great, and the great fort in which he died, and to a large number of mosques and mausoleums, all built of costly material and constructed with splendor. But one tires of the tombs, even though they contain the treasures of the dead centuries, and turns instinctively to the people that live and to the institutions that have to do with the present status of civilization. Delhi is one of the most interesting cities of the Orient, whether it be considered from the standpoint of the great Mogul capital or the storm center of the mutiny or the people who now infest its streets and carry on its business. But however ridiculous the change, I was glad to turn from the splendid marble palaces to the great caravan

of homely, lazy camels that awkwardly drew themselves through the streets, or to the barefoot woman with a half dozen anklets on each ankle, two silver rings on the great toe of each foot, a burden of bracelets on each arm, enormous rings in each ear, while a nose stud or a large gold ring ornamented her facial promontory. The men often attract attention by their inordinate affection for earrings, toe rings, silver belts and necklaces. Then the motley throng, with the turbaned, white-sacked Mohammedan, the Hindu with a red spot in his forehead or three stripes across his brow or yellow and white paint about his eyes or the little tuft of hair waving in his crown, or the high-classed Brahman with his cotton string which marks his highness whether he appears on the streets clothed or otherwise, and all the various costumes or lack of them, make a scene of which one seldom tires. As one passes a stream one finds the great laundries of the Indian city. They are called "dhobies." But one experience with a dhobi robs one of all regard for him or his spelling. He brings the clothes to the river bank, and takes his stand in the water, knee-deep. His washboard is a stone slab three to four feet long and two to three feet wide, and with grooves across which will occasion sufficient friction to remove dirt, buttons, or anything else. He takes a garment, dips it in the water, and, taking hold of one end, he thrashes it against the stone until it shows the desired change. Women usually find the changes in their well-beaten garments, while men find ruffles and fringes on their new collars and shirts. Starch is used sparingly, and the garment soon returns to the dhobi or the tailor.



MOHAMMEDANS AT WORSHIP (WOMEN BEHIND CURTAIN), DELHI.

The native makes life for the tourist in India very interesting.

Afer a drive through the streets of Delhi it is well to stop at the Jami Musjid, the most famous mosque in India and the largest in the world. On Friday of each week 4,000 people gather at one o'clock within its courts to pray. It is not unlike the great Pearl Mosque in the fort at Agra; but it is much larger, has two noble minarets, and is designed to produce a pleasing effect externally. It is raised on a lofty basement, and its three noble gateways are approached by grand flights of steps. The quadrangle is 325 feet square, in the center of which is a marble basin and fountain where the worshipers devoutly wash their hands, face, and mouth before they enter the place of prayer. Around the quadrangle runs a stone cloister fifteen feet wide. The mosque proper is 200 feet broad and 90 feet deep, into which the visitors could enter only after they had slipped cloth covers over their shoes. Each marble slab in the floor was marked by a black border and formed the kneeling place for a single worshiper, while the marble stairway in the center by the recess in the wall furnished the pulpit for the priest. In the corner of the court is a pavilion from which relics of Mohammed the prophet were shown us. We looked upon the impress of his foot in marble, a pair of his slippers, and upon his one red beard, and turned away, doubting.

Mohammedanism is strongest in Northern India, Bengal being the home of more than 25,000,000, the Punjab of 12,000,000, and the United Provinces of 7,000,000 of the 62,000,000 Moslems in the empire. The Mohammedan reign in India began about 1000

A.D., and continued through eight dynasties till 1761. The powerful line of conquerors were the Mongols, of which Tamerlane was the first, although Baber, his grandson, was the first to hold the title of emperor. Akbar the Great, the grandson of Baber, reigned from 1556 to 1605, and was the greatest sovereign that India ever had, although his grandson, Shah Jehan, is more noted for the splendor of his reign. Auranzeb undermined the dynasty by attempting to impose the Moslem faith upon the Hindus, and the Mahrattas arose as the new Hindu power. The domination of the Mohammedans in India was cruel, as it is and always has been everywhere. For many centuries India has had no unity or sense of nationality, and genuine patriotism is unknown among the people. The bulk of the population is indifferent as to what power rules India so long as opportunity is given to live peacefully and with little struggle. Great Britain could not hold India were it not for the ignorance and poverty of the masses and their utter lack of national spirit. It has always been true that leaders of native soldiery can be used to maintain the authority of the government in control. India was won for England by armies four-fifths of which were native troops, and two-thirds of the forces in the garrison to-day are natives. England has made a very small outlay in men or money to win and to hold the empire of India. A weak, lazy, indifferent people ask only for small taxes, few demands, and large benefits. It is very doubtful if such a people is capable of self-government. The rulers of the native provinces, when left alone, seem utterly incapable of governing for the betterment of the people. They seek only personal

aggrandizement and barbaric display. The Indian shows very few qualities that would make him capable of being a world citizen.

The form of administration of the British government in India is not radically different from that in the colonies. The supreme authority, subject to the control of the Secretary of State for India, is vested in the Viceroy and his council of six members, who are the Commander in Chief of the Army in India, the Secretary of the Department of Home and Revenue, the head of the Department of Public Works (which includes railways and irrigation), the Secretary of Finance, the Chief Justice, and the Secretary of the Military Department. Under the Home Department are the Departments of Justice, Police, Prisons, Education, Public Health, Asylums, Local Governments. Commerce, excise, and stamps of all kinds are subject to the Financial Department. The Postal and Telegraph Departments are administered by two Director Generals under the control of the supreme government. The army, which consists of about 80,000 British troops and 170,000 native soldiers, with 22,000 native reserves, 16,000 imperial service troops furnished by the native States, and 30,000 European and Anglo-Indian volunteers, is under the control of the Commander in Chief and under the direct orders of Lieutenant Generals commanding the Bombay, Madras, Bengal, Burma, and Punjab Army Corps. The resignation of the high-spirited, keen-visioned, superior Lord Curzon from the viceroyalty was due to the supreme command of the army of India being in the hands of the Commander in Chief rather than in the Viceroy's.

At the head of each province is a Governor, a Lieutenant Governor, or a Chief Commissioner. The Governors of Bombay and Madras are appointed by the government at London, as Bombay and Madras are still presidencies, as is Calcutta, according to the rights vested in the old companies that formerly controlled them. The Governors of Bombay and Madras are assisted by a council of two members; and in these governments and those of the Lieutenant Governors of Lower Bengal, the United Provinces of Agra and Oudh, the Punjab, and Burma is a provincial legislative council with powers to deal with certain limited classes of legislation. The legislative council of the Governor General includes the members of the executive council and a number of additional members official and nonofficial. The majority of the nonofficial members are selected by the Viceroy. Among the nonofficial members are several native gentlemen, but their votes are too few to control legislation. There is a native council, but its resolutions are no more than advisory. The Englishman claims the ownership of India, and the Indians are to be governed and not to govern. It is true that there are some districts governed by native rajahs or maharajahs, but always with the assistance of a British councilor, whose advice is never disregarded. Many of these maharajahs have considerable wealth and live in barbaric splendor, but their days of real power have already had their sunsets.

The provinces are divided into districts over which are commissioners. These districts are divided into smaller territories over which are magistrates. Each magistracy is composed of a certain number of villages for whom a headman is responsible. With this

system the whole empire is readily reached by the general government. The management of the local concerns of municipalities and district boards is largely in the hands of members of the native community selected or elected. A large number of the magistrates and subcollectors are natives. It seems to be the policy of the government to employ the native people in the administration affairs as far as possible. But of the 150,000 people in India who are British-born at least three-fourths are connected in some way with the government. While the whole system is utterly foreign to the thought and training of an American, yet no casual observer can fail to be impressed with the wonderful achievements which the British government has brought about for the good of the Indians and which would have been impossible under any native government. The cities have good systems of waterworks. The parks and public buildings and the good streets in certain sections have all come by British rule. Large military posts are maintained in the great cities, and facilities for travel have been provided and are managed by the government. It is true that India has paid the bill in every case and usually without the opportunity of sanctioning the outlay, yet there has been no waste of resources. However, the day has already arrived when the natives are demanding greater rights in the management of their national affairs. An outsider cannot fail to view this movement with great interest, as it may possibly be the first stages of the awakening of a nation whose history has not been wanting in literature which has won the admiration of all scholars, nor in philosophy which has affected the thought of the world.

It is claimed that "taxation in India is lighter than in any other civilized country in the world." Nevertheless, it is true that the government is very expensive. The Viceroy receives a salary of $100,000 a year, the Lieutenant Governors of $50,000 to $60,000 a year. British standards of life must be maintained, and salaries must be sufficiently large to tempt competent men to a life of exile. So salaries are high—the best paid to civil service officials in the world—and the pensions are ample. The great army of civil servants and the large bodies of troops must be supported by the native treasury. But the worst feature of it all is that the foreign occupation crushes the native spirit, for a native is always servile in the presence of the white Anglo-Saxon. The only force that will lead to the development of the people is a measure of self-government. Great Britain can well afford to have Indians in her House of Commons. If she cannot bring the Indians to the capacity for self-government, she may well ask what has been the benefit of her long years in the East. India is no place for forage; and if it is held by the British crown only for political and industrial gain, then one may ask, How much better is her ultimate outcome than that of the mighty Moguls? Her schools must make men and not merely official servants. Her institutions must build up a great national spirit, as well as afford temporal comforts. England has her problems in India, and the world awaits the solution.

CHAPTER XVI.

Jeypore, Ahmedabad, and Bombay.

ONE night's travel brought us from Delhi to Jeypore; and by half past six o'clock in the morning we were on the streets of the latter interesting city, being entertained by the ever-fascinating panorama of Indian life. The market places were alive with the vegetable venders sitting on the ground with their small bags or baskets of commodities at their sides. No sale, however small, was made without much bargaining. The asking price is a variable in the mind of the seller, while the selling price is the resultant of two Oriental forces meeting on the plane of a pice. Nothing is bought or sold in the market without the scales ("balances") being used. The word of an Oriental does not weigh much, and consequently he is compelled to use the standards in delivering his goods. But that great street, broad and clean (for India), thronged with people of all the castes known to a Hindu, clad in all the costumes known to the Indian mind, made a scene which any man may well cross the oceans to look upon. If life is to be seen in India at its fullest and keenest, the observer needs to visit the bazaars. Now, a bazaar is not a large department store, such as Wanamaker's or Marshall Field's, but a street lined and even filled with what might be called booths, at which things known and even dreamed of are sold. In Rangoon the municipal government has built a large markethouse, in which there are stalls at

which merchants of all kinds sell their wares; but in India the bazaar is simply the market place in the street, which is lined with shops and filled with the most interesting mass of humanity that ever man attempted to study. The booths (for such are almost all the Indian stores) are eight to ten feet wide, six feet deep, and six feet high. The floor is raised about two feet above ground. The customer stands on the outside in the street, for there are no sidewalks, and the merchant sits on the floor and shows his goods, makes his prices, and says: "How much you give me?" The number of witnesses to any bargain or even bargaining would be sufficient to establish the truth of any statement in any court; for if there is anything that Orientals enjoy, it is the bargaining in a bazaar; and they flock to the side of every purchaser as birds to a shock of grain. One can get no idea of the worth of an article from the price that is asked. Only yesterday I saw a lady purchase for one dollar and a half a fan for which ten dollars was asked, while a shawl for which thirty dollars was demanded sold for ten dollars. In India bargaining is necessary in all trading, and those who do not know the art pay for their ignorance.

Jeypore, a city of 160,000 people, is the capital of the province of Jaipur in the great section known as Rajputana; and the present chief is His Highness Maharajah Dhiraj Siwai Sir Maddho Singh, G. C. S. I., G. C. V. O. By the permission of the British Resident, whose influence at the court is greater than that of the Maharajah himself, we visited the Maharajah's palace, with its beautiful gardens and pleasure grounds adorned with playing fountain, artificial lakes, fine

trees, and flowing shrubs. The marble halls for public audience and the magnificent chamber for private audiences might have been more impressive had we not so recently looked upon the splendor of Delhi and Agra. The apartments for the Maharajah, his courtiers, and his wives are gaudily furnished after modern foreign patterns. The building is wanting in the elements of good architecture. The royal stables were extensive and were filled with two or three hundred fine horses, many of them being Arabian steeds, while others were from Australia and England. For State occasions the native monarch uses a half dozen fine elephants, or a half hundred if need be, to transport his dignity through the streets of his capital. The royal carriages were numerous and of all shapes and sizes, with decorations suited to all the numerous functions for which an Indian prince would need a carriage. The Maharajah keeps his soldiers, levies his taxes, builds such public works as he desires, and carries on a provincial government under the advice of the British Resident. The Rajahs in the Rajputana are the most powerful in India, and they have been strongly felt for many centuries in the government of India. While the Maharajah of Jeypore seems to be the royal head of an independent government, yet the suzerainty of the English government is readily and freely acknowledged.

Jeypore is spelled "Jaipur" in India, and received its name from its famous founder, Maharajah Siwai Jai Singh, the celebrated royal astronomer who built unique observatories at Benares, Muttra, Delhi, Ujjian, and Jeypore. The Observatory is not a building with a firmly set tower and large movable instruments such

as are used to-day; but it is a large, open courtyard full of curious and fantastic instruments designed by him. It was erected in 1718-34, and has been recently restored by the present Maharajah through the agency of Lieutenant A. Garrett and Pundit Chandradhar Galeri. There are instruments for reading altitudes and azimuths, for determining celestial latitudes and longitudes, and for finding times, movements, and distances in the heavenly worlds. Among the acts of this old ruler who loved the celestial science was an order to secure the translation in Sanskrit of Euclid's "Elements," the treatises on plain and spherical trigonometry, and Napier on the use of logarithms. Jai Singh has a high place in the world's list of great astronomers. These Hindu rulers may have been wanting in many qualities that present-day sovereigns ought to show, yet they have been patrons of learning. The Maharajah College in Jeypore has an attendance of 1,200 to 1,400 young men, and compares favorably with the other colleges of British India. It is affiliated with the Calcutta University. Public instruction is making considerable progress in this principal State of the Rajputana.

As we came into the street from a shop, we found a small cart with a red canopy to which were hitched two sleepy-looking bullocks. In the cart were two or three children, and others in gaudy dress were climbing in, while a company of women were engaged as though they were interested in some social function. In front of the bullocks were a dozen men and boys fantastically dressed, with strangely shaped musical instruments in their hands. "A wedding," said the guide, and then we peered the more earnestly. In

climbed the groom, a boy of ten or twelve years, attired, as much as the occasion demanded, in scarlet, with some Hindu spots between his eyes and three priestly stripes across his brow, the advertisement of a Brahman. The red juice of the betel nut was on his lips. He seemed listless, with no interest in the occasion in which he supposedly was to be the chief actor. He was as much interested in us as we were in him, and so there was no embarrassment for either party as we gazed at each other. After him shortly came a little girl, seven to ten years old, with garments of scarlet and gold and the red head cloth drawn down over her face. That was the bride. Her child's curiosity, however, made her lift her veil to look out at us, and as she did so we looked in at her. Anyway, her husband had his back turned to her, and so no family trouble was caused. When the cart was filled, the "band" struck up some native noise and the marriage procession, made up of a company of gayly dressed women and all the elements to be found in an Indian street, moved on to its domestic destination. The husband and wife, by the laws which the British government has enacted, will not be allowed to live together until the wife reaches the age of twelve years. Should the husband die, the wife would be a widow for life, her head would be shaved, and she would be treated as the most abject, despised person living, being deprived of many kinds of food and being compelled to fast weekly. She would be looked upon as having committed a grievous offense. There are 26,000,000 widows in India, of whom 400,000 are less than fifteen years old. There are 9,000,000 wives in India under fifteen years of age. The worst mis-

fortune that can befall a woman, according to the belief of a Hindu, is to remain unmarried, as her social status and religious destiny depend upon her husband. So marriage has become a mercenary transaction, and usually takes place when the bride is a helpless babe. Sometimes a child is married to an old man if he is a caste higher. He concedes the privilege for money. He may have other wives, as polygamy prevails to a large extent in India. In case of a wife's death, he can marry as often as he desires. Formerly the widow was burned on the funeral pyre with her husband, but the British government has abolished by law that barbarous custom. Womanhood is not appreciated in India. Among the Hindus the wife is under the mother-in-law. The Mohammedan is a hard, dictatorial lord. Among the Buddhists the highest hope of a woman is to be reborn a man. Only Christianity gives woman her true place as man's companion.

The homes of the wealthy natives are capacious and frequently have accommodations for two hundred persons; but the houses of the middle and lower classes are gloomy and unattractive. Usually they are dirty and are in every way poorly kept. There is little or no furniture, no floor but the earth, no chimney, only small windows, and they set high; white cows, buffaloes, bullocks, and their accompaniments are accorded a full share of the domicile. The crude bedstead is a small frame eighteen inches high, six feet long, and three feet broad, bound together by grass cords. A blanket makes up the whole quota of bedding. The cooking vessels are earthen, while a few brass cups and plates, an earthen water jar, and one knife make

THE SWEEPER.

MORNING TOOTH-WASHING.

THE PERSONAL SERVANT.

up the tableware. The rules of caste keep things clean. These rules are: Only persons of the same caste may eat together; meals must not be cooked except by a person of the same caste or by a Brahman; no man of inferior caste may touch the rations or enter the cook room; no water or liquor contaminated by the touch of a man of inferior caste can be used, except water from rivers or public tanks; articles of dry food are contaminated only if they pass through the hands of an inferior caste buttered or greased; cow's flesh, pork, fowl, and similar meats are forbidden. The caste rules also declare that intermarriage between castes is impossible, change of occupation is forbidden, and an ocean voyage and crossing the boundaries of India are not allowed.

Ahmedabad, once the greatest city in Western India and now considered by many critics as one of the most beautiful in the empire, is three hundred and ninety miles from Jeypore and three hundred and ten from Bombay. It has a population of 190,000, and is known as a great industrial center. One is struck with the blending here of the East and the West, for along with the tall chimneys of cotton mills and the flour mills will be found some of the most perfect specimens of Mohammedan architecture to be found in India. The city is surrounded by great plains of rich black soil, on which the cotton grows plentifully and luxuriantly. Many wealthy Hindus, owners of the great mills, have immense palatial homes on some well-kept, broad streets which may be called boulevards in comparison with the narrow lanes of the old part of the city. The carriage driver was able to show the good speed of his Indian pony on the broad thorough-

fare; but in the old quarters he gave loud warning of his coming, and the people lined up on either side to allow us to pass. In these streets we touched upon many homes of those who were confined by lowly circumstances to the little cells where fresh air is unknown, and where all they look upon is the great stream of passing humanity.

The mosques, temples, and odd ruins are bewildering in their number. The traveler scarcely leaves the railway station before he sees two lofty minarets among the trees, from which the mosque has practically disappeared. A few minutes brought us to the Jama Masjid, which is one of the most beautiful mosques in the East. The open court, the tank where the faithful bathe, and the cloisters all bring to mind the temples seen before. From here we went to the tomb of Ahmed Shah, the great ruler who gave the city its fame, and who died in 1441. The mausoleums of himself, his son, and grandson show the artist's hand and the splendor of the emperor's reign. Near by is another building which contains the tombs of Ahmed's favorite wives and also the tiny tombs of a dog, a cat, and a parrot. The Tin Darwazah, or Three Gateways, is of stone richly carved, and was built by Ahmed; while the Bhadr is a handsome entrance made by Ahmed Shah into an octagonal hall of great elegance. Adjoining this structure is the Sidi Said's Mosque, which is noted for two of its windows, which are filled with delicate stone tracery of tree stems and branches beautifully wrought. A critic has said: "There are some exquisite specimens of tracery in precious marbles at Agra and Delhi, but none quite equal this." But of the Queen's Mosque

and other tombs there is no need that I should write. However, mention must be made of the Hathi Singh Temple, which was built in 1848 for a million rupees by the sects called Jains. It is a beautiful structure, with a style of architecture peculiar to that religious sect. The entrance is from a courtyard surrounded by a corridor, where shoes were removed before the richly carved portico was mounted. Every part of the temple was paved with colored marble. Passing through the corridor, which extends entirely around the temple, one looks through iron gratings to the beautiful images which the faithful worship. The day happened to be a festal day, and the gold, silver, and precious stones were found in profusion on these marble images. The Jains are found only in India and number only about 1,400,000. Their founder was a contemporary of Gautama, and their faith is not greatly unlike Buddhism. They have twenty-four saints, and each is known by a symbol. They consider bodily penance to be necessary to salvation, and believe that even inorganic matter may have a soul. They carry their regard for animal life to the extreme. They will not kill anything, not even insects. They maintain hospitals for cats, dogs, decrepit horses, diseased cows, and such other animals and even insects as can be provided for. In Ahmedabad in many streets will be found little stone houses richly carved and built on stone pillars twelve feet high for the birds who may care to live in them. As a people they are wealthy, intelligent, and progressive. In the eradication of birds or animals that may carry any dangerous disease, they are great obstructionists; but in the industrial

enterprises which build up a community they are always in the lead.

A visit to the Wells of Dada Hari, just outside of the city, not only let us view a unique and strange structure that required some skill in engineering, but it gave us an opportunity of seeing a large number of gray monkeys on the fences and in the trees, running at will and feeding upon what they find. They are seldom hungry—a thing that cannot be said of all the people that we have seen in India, for it is estimated that 60,000,000 people in this country constantly suffer hunger. It is no wonder that disease commits such ravages. But when it is known that common laborers make only five to six cents a day, it is no surprise that there is hunger. The insane passion for jewels is responsible somewhat for many a hungry body. The Hindus must have rings in their ears, their noses, on their fingers and their toes, bracelets on their arms, anklets on their feet, and all sorts of gaudy attire, even if there are children without clothes and suffering from the lack of bread, or, more properly, millet or rice, for nine-tenths of the people live on rice and curry. Millet of many kinds is a common article of diet. The wheat for the lowly is not prepared in the great flouring mills, but by women sitting on the ground turning one stone upon another, as in Bible times. What the apple is to America the mango is to India; while bananas, pineapples, lemons, limes of many kinds, the jack fruit, and durian grow in profusion. Nevertheless, many millions suffer, and the cry of famine is ever heard in the land.

Bombay, with its million people, is a great city and in many ways the most beautiful in India. Its build-

ings rival those of many imposing English cities, while its streets in the European quarter cannot be discounted. The street car system is the best to be found in the East. The great Victoria Railway station is the finest station in India and one of the finest in the world. The style of its architecture is Italian Gothic, with some Oriental modifications in the domes. It cost $1,500,000. The municipal building, with its tower two hundred and fifty-five feet high, can be seen from all parts of Bombay, and is also a fine piece of Gothic architecture. The University Hall, with the university library and clock tower, are very imposing structures; while the magnificent Elphinstone College would attract attention in any community. The post office and the telegraph office, in modern Gothic style, are credits to the great city. The old Cathedral of St. Thomas, built in 1718, is a historic structure, and in it may be found many tablets erected to the memory of important personages who have lived and died in Bombay. The Royal Alfred Sailors' Home, with accommodations for one hundred men, is a beautiful edifice and one dedicated to a noble cause—the care of those who sail the sea. Of the Victoria and Albert Museum, the various fine hospitals, the Victoria Gardens (with their thirty-four acres), the numerous medical schools, the mint, the immense Court of Justice, the Secretariat, and other such excellent public buildings it is not necessary that I should speak. One cannot fail to be struck with the superior architecture which is to be found in the European quarter of Bombay. No city in India offers such driveways in the evening as Bombay. Queen's Road, along the beach, is the meeting place of the various people of the beau-

tiful city. The road is deservedly popular as a drive because of its beauty and the view which it affords. On the one side are high trees reaching far over the road; on the other are young palms which break the line of brown grass reaching to the sea. From half past five to eight o'clock every evening the sight here is a gay one. The imposing span and fine victoria and scarlet liveries, prancing horses and shabby carriages, rats of ponies with carts to match, the bullocks and their slow-moving vehicles, handsomely dressed Europeans, Parsee ladies in brilliant *saris,* and a vast throng of pleasure seekers make up a scene to be found nowhere else in the world. From Queen's Road the drive leads up Malabar Hill, from one side of which we had a magnificent view of the great city, and from the other side we looked out upon the rolling sea. We visited the "Hanging Gardens" on the ridge, the typically tropical spot of Bombay; and from there we looked across Back Bay to the roofs and domes of the city and the great black masses of tall palms, and then we turned our faces to the west and watched the flaming red sun drop like a ball into the glorious sea. We did not wonder that hundreds of Parsees, the followers of Zoroaster, sat in humble worship before this stirring scene.

On this same hill, where the wealthy have built their palatial residences, are the "Towers of Silence," where the Parsees dispose of their dead. There are less than one hundred thousand Parsees in India, but eighty-five per cet of them live in Bombay. They are the bankers, the merchants, the commercial magnates of Bombay, and for the most part they live in excellent homes and many of them in great palaces.

They are called the "Jews of India" because of their capacity for accumulating wealth and because of their racial exclusiveness. They came from Persia, where they were persecuted. During the American Civil War they made immense fortunes in Bombay in their dealings in cotton. They are loyal to the British government because, it is claimed, their commercial interests compel them to uphold the government that will insure the continuance of their prosperity. They dress well, and their women present the most beautiful costumes to be found in India. They worship the sun, and regard fire, the earth, and other natural elements as sacred. They consider the dead body as unclean, and so to burn it would be to pollute the fire, and to bury it would be to pollute the earth; so they expose it to be disposed of by vultures. I visited the "Towers of Silence" in company with Rev. C. B. Hill, my host, who had secured the permission. There are five towers, one being private, one for suicides, and the other three for the public. They are cylindrical in shape, and the largest is two hundred and seventy-six feet in circumference and twenty-five feet high. At eight feet above the ground is an aperture in the wall about five and one-half feet square through which the body is taken by the carriers, who are born to that profession. The towers are within an inclosure containing 100,000 square yards, which is entered by a gateway at the top of a flight of eighty steps. At the Parsee funeral the bier is carried by four "carriers of the dead," followed by two bearded men and a large number of Parsee mourners in white robes walking two and two. Prayer is said at a little stone building by the temple in which the fire is ever

burning. The two bearded men are the only persons who ever enter the tower. In the center of the tower is a well four feet in diameter. The space between the well and the outer wall of the tower is divided into three sections by two circular walls. Grooved iron grating covers the space within the tower. On the grating over the outer section of the tower the bodies of men are placed, over the middle section the bodies of women, and over the inner the bodies of children. The bearers leave the bodies unclothed on these sections, and in less than an hour the vultures leave nothing but the skeleton, which is left to bleach in the sun and the wind till it becomes perfectly dry. The fluids pass down the grooves into the well, which allows them to flow through charcoal into the earth. The bones under the tropical sun in a few months crumble, and the bodies pass into the elements from which they came. The gruesomeness of the burning ghats of the Hindus is hardly so repulsive as this disposal of the dead by the wealthy Parsees through the agency of common vultures that blacken the trees of Malabar Hill.

After this contact with the great flock of buzzards, I was glad to get back to our apartments and the noisy clatter of the most impudent crows that can be found in the world. Every city in India is literally alive with these black chattering creatures. They are as numerous as the English sparrows in our American cities. As the scavengers of India they perform a most beneficent service, and without them every city would be in grave danger of malignant diseases, for the Indians themselves are too lazy to clean away their filth. Even in the case of plague and cholera

they will not observe the rules of the municipal boards. While I was in Bombay the daily death rate from bubonic plague was eighty-six, which is the lowest that it has been for several years. More than 5,000,000 people have died of plague in India in the last decade. The medical men say that the disease is propagated by rats and fleas. The fleas from the dying rat find a new home on a human being, and with his bite he transmits the plague germ, from which in most cases death ensues. The natives will not always aid in exterminating the rats, as their religious regard for life, through their belief in the transmigration or reincarnation of the soul, will prevent them from destroying dangerous vermin. The Jains are the wealthy grain dealers in Bombay, and they would by their religion be more apt to erect hospitals for the sick rats than they would be to join in any effort to exterminate them. The Europeans are a little reconciled to these conditions, as the plague is almost entirely confined to the natives.

Bombay is on an island eleven miles long and three to four miles wide, in latitude 18 degrees, 53 minutes, and 45 seconds. Its climate is quite equable, the average temperature being seventy-nine degrees. Its harbor is one of the best in the East, and offers a beautiful scene as a ship approaches the dock. The port is crowded with the vessels of all nations, excepting possibly the United States, which has practically no merchant marine for any waters. The Stars and Stripes are unknown in the Orient. The world cruise of the fleet may give other people the opportunity of seeing the beauty of Old Glory. No true American can be proud of our lack of a merchant marine, which

would mean as much to us as the most formidable navy. The export trade of Bombay is the largest of any city in India. The empire exports annually in tea $28,000,000; in wheat and flour, $38,000,000; in rice, $63,000,000; in jute, raw and manufactured, $70,000,-000; in cotton, raw and manufactured, $115,000,000. From my window in Bombay I could count one hundred cotton mills, while the entire presidency reports about four hundred mills. India is a great agricultural country, but the people have not accumulated wealth by their farms. Of the 738,000,000 acres, fully one-third are poorly cultivated, while 140,000,000 tillable acres are unused. The natives are poor farmers. They do no deep plowing, and they are too afraid of being made unclean if they use fertilizers. Their plows are the old crooked beams that were used a thousand years ago, while the slow-moving bullock is the only animal used on the farm. The Indians never invent anything nor improve what they have come in possession of, and consequently not only their farming implements but all their workmen's tools are as old as their traditions. Lumber is sawed by two men, one standing on the log, which is elevated on a frame, and the other standing on the ground; and they pull the saw back and forth through the log. The sweeper, who is the son of an age-long line of sweepers, carries his bunch of bamboo canes as did his fathers before him. The water carrier has strung over his shoulder the leathern bag—the skin of a goat—filled with water, which he pours from the neck into a basin; or if he is sprinkling, he pours into his hand and with a swing sprinkles on the ground. He learned his trade a thousand years ago. The barber stops

with his customer; they both sit down on the ground, and the operation is begun and painfully pursued until the required amount of hair from face and head has been annihilated. When the Indian is asked why he does so and so, he simply replies: "It is the custom."

The people of India differ widely in their intellectual gifts. The people are not from a common ancestry, but from a mass of tribes, races, and tongues. There are one hundred and eighty-five different languages spoken in the empire, and sixteen of them by more than 3,000,000 people. The Hindi or Hindustani is spoken by 97,500,000 people, the Bengali by 44,000,000, the Telugu by 20,700,000, the Marathi by 18,200,000, the Punjabi by 17,000,000, the Tamil by 16,500,000, the Rajasthani by 11,000,000, the Kanarese by 10,300,000, the Guzerati by 10,000,000. The Tamilese boast of their literature, while the Bengali orators acquire a marvelous command of English style as speakers. But ignorance and low morality are inevitable among the lower castes and the hill tribes who have never had an opportunity for study. Of the 150,000,000 men and boys in India, only 15,000,000, or ten per cent, can read and write. Of the 144,000,000 women and girls, only 1,000,000, or one in 144, can read and write. At present twenty-two per cent of the boys of school-going age attend some school, while the percentage of girls is two and one-half. The demand for education is constantly increasing, and the government is being called on to provide primary schools for the people. Some fine colleges have been established in different cities, such as Elphinstone College, in Bombay, and Channing College,

in Lucknow. The government has established five universities at Calcutta, Madras, Bombay, Allahabad, and Punjab; but they give no instruction and confer degrees only on examination. The mission schools that maintain a creditable course of study have the indorsement and the support of the government. But as yet it could hardly be said that India has an educational system such as exists in America or even in Japan. How soon a demand for such a system is pressed upon the government, one could scarcely say, but the time is evidently approaching.

While the great majority of the people of India are poor and ignorant and have little concern for anything beyond a bare sustenance of life, yet there is a great body of men in almost every community who are beginning to show the awakening of a certain national spirit. Many of them have been educated in the schools and colleges which the government has established and maintained. They read the books and newspapers which bring them the Western learning and the thought of the outside world. They publish eight hundred papers in their own languages, and some of them have a daily circulation of four or five thousand. In Bengal there has arisen what is called the "Swadeshi" movement, which has for its object "the industrial regeneration and economic salvation" of India; and this movement has spread to most of the provinces of the empire. Its effort is to arouse the natives to inaugurate and maintain enterprises to encourage other natives to give support to these native enterprises. The members are called upon to patronize native shops and buy native goods. There can be no doubt that there is a political side to the move-

ment. The Indians feel that they should have a greater share in their government than they have previously had. Their education has been in the line of preparation for government position, and consequently the educated men have not been turned to professional lines. The new rôle which Japan is now playing has inspired the Indians to some efforts for themselves. The Europeans who live in India confess that a new era seems to be dawning and a new national life is budding. Certain officials view the movement with some alarm, while others are inclined to say that no good thing can come out of India. That the industrial, intellectual, political, and even religious conditions in this country will soon undergo some change, there seems much room for believing; but what will be the extent of this change, no one can now prophesy. Some of the definitions which newspapers have given of the Swadeshi movement are: "The Swadeshi movement is the awakening of a new spirit of nationalism;" "The Swadeshi movement is the child of discontent of modern Indians under their present state of dependence—a discontent perfectly healthy and legitimate, and due to causes which England herself set at work;" "The Swadeshi movement is the unfortunate excrescence of the marvelous growth of the people in the consciousness of their own importance and in their desire for higher and better things." These definitions from Hindu, Mohammedan, and Christian gentlemen show that a patriotic impulse is behind the movement, and that a new national consciousness is beginning to be developed. The world will watch with interest the development.

There are many encouraging features about mis-

sionary work in India, and at the same time there are drawbacks and great obstacles. The poverty and ignorance of the great masses, the caste system which is so tenaciously held to by the upper classes of the Hindus, the seclusion and illiteracy of the better class of women, the social and religious pride of the Mohammedans, the fearful intolerance of the wealthy Parsees and Jains make difficulties for the missionary which are practically insurmountable. An Anglican bishop, in writing of the work among the higher castes, says: "I very much doubt whether the average for all India would amount to twenty converts a year from this particular class among all denominations of the Christian Church." Yet there are 3,000,000 native Christians in India, of which 1,250,000 are Protestants. The converts have been made to a very great extent from the lowest Hindu classes. The statistics show a remarkable increase of native Christians during the last decade. The Methodist Episcopal Church has now 150,000 communicants in India, and their converts last year numbered 16,000. Their work is thoroughly organized into five Conferences, and has the constant supervision of three resident bishops whose superintendency is of incalculable benefit. The American Presbyterian Church is also meeting with very great success. The English societies are making very little progress. This is due in part to the fact that they have given their attention almost wholly to the higher castes. Christianity has always begun wtih the lowly. It was so in the days of Jesus and his apostles; it was so in Rome; it was so with Methodism when John Wesley preached to the miners. God chooses the weak things of this world to confound

the wise. The caste of India is to be broken from below as the lower classes are Christianized, educated, and become the teachers of the upper castes. That work is already in progress. Methodism in India is progressing on true apostolic lines; and if her work continues another half century as it has gone the last ten years, India will be a new land and Christianity will be the religion of the people. Of course the English officials and the English planters and merchants will speak slightingly of the work of the missionaries because only the lower classes are reached. It is well known that the Englishman in India is more often a hindrance than a help to the cause of Christianity. This is the statement of an Englishman: "The political movements of the last thirty years have injuriously affected the attitude of the educated classes toward Christianity by concentrating their thoughts and aspirations on political aims, and still more by widening the gulf between Indians and Europeans. It might have been thought that as English education spread a class would arise who would become more and more in sympathy with their English rulers. Unhappily, it has not been so. The educated in India have steadily become more critical of their English rulers and more distinctly opposed to English influence. And true though it may be that Christianity is essentially an Eastern religion, still to India it comes as the religion of the West and the religion of the English conqueror. A growing opposition, therefore, to the English government involves of necessity a growing opposition to the Christian Church."

The colleges are not making many converts to Christianity, and the thought of the missionaries is now to

make institutions to educate the children of Christian converts and to train native evangelists for the great work of preaching the gospel to the people. One man speaks of a certain institution in Madras as "the finest missionary college in India, with a splendid staff of able and devoted missionaries," and says the number of converts in the last forty years has been a mere handful. By the education of the children of persons converted by the evangelists, the work of the evangelist is conserved as Christianity becomes a great power among the very people who will eventually redeem India. Bishop Whitehead, of Madras, says: "I can see no evidence of any movement toward Christianity in the higher ranks of Hindu society at present, nor any hope of it in the immediate future. On the contrary, the educated classes seem to me farther off from the definite acceptance of the Christian faith than they were when I first came out to India, twenty-three years ago." Yet he believes that the hope of reaching the people is through the missionary schools for the children of Christians and Christian dormitories at the State schools as a means of reaching the upper classes. While the lower classes are coming to Christianity by the thousands, it would seem that there is something to be said for the plan now being discussed. But while it is becoming more and more certain that the mission schools in India must be primarily for the sons and daughters of men and women who have been converted to Christianity, yet the educational work for the high-class Hindus and Mohammedans cannot be abandoned. Through these institutions, usually of high grade, the light of Christian truth is being diffused through the higher ranks, and the up-

per society is being prepared for an acceptance of Christianity. The state institutions are by their nature unable to affect the moral and religious life of their students, and the government is feeling the need of the mission schools to assist in building up a new character in the young men who are to enter the public service. So, on the whole, the field of the missionary in India is gradually broadening, and his work is deepening. The leaven of the gospel cannot permeate this great lump in a day or even in a generation, but there are signs of promise in the national sky, and this kingdom will yet become a kingdom of our God and his Christ. This is no time for retreat, but for reënforcements, and they so numerous that India may feel the tread of the hosts of the Lord.

CHAPTER XVII.

Coming Up into Egypt.

THREE thousand sea miles is the distance from Bombay to Port Said. As the distance by land miles would be fifteen per cent more, the distance for a railway train would be three thousand four hundred and fifty miles. We wished often for a train, as the steamers on any other sea than the Atlantic Ocean seldom make more than fifteen miles or knots an hour, while the usual fast train makes twice that distance. On the Atlantic, where the competition is so great, and where the demand for rapid travel is so urgent, the ships have been built with special regard to speed; and consequently the large steamers make twenty-two to twenty-five knots an hour in their sail between European and American ports. In the Eastern waters time is not such an important element, as the pace of the Orient could hardy be called strenuous.

Our steamer, the Koerber, was quite comfortable, and was the most steady boat on which we have had passage during our entire trip. While the company owning the ship is Austrian, the crew was Italian. The language gave us no trouble, as we made no effort to understand it, but insisted on every one speaking and understanding English. The peculiarity of the American—and for the most part the Englishman—is that he seldom learns any language but his own unless it is that of some foreign country in which he lives. I did not find a German anywhere in the East that

could not speak some English and usually some other European language besides his own. The same was true of the Italian, the Frenchman, the Russian, while the Austrian and the Pole spoke three to four languages freely. The American and the Englishman require other nationalities to address them in the English language, whatever may be the country in which they travel. There may be an explanation for this condition, but the reader is left to his own.

We had on board a large number of English exiles who were returning to their native land. Of course I do not mean that any of our passengers had been serving sentences for some misdemeanors; but if living in India for money or for political honor is not suffering exile, I mistook the implications of these Britishers who were on their "way home" for a year's furlough. Some of them were tea planters, some civil officers, some wives of officials; but the large proportion of them were military gentlemen who are sacrificing their lives for what they evidently think is the salvation of India. In the company were a major general, several captains, and so many colonels that I would have thought that I was in dear old Kentucky had those Englishmen not spoken their own language with what people once called a "brogue," but which is now politely referred to as an "accent." It is indeed strange how the pronunciation of the language by the English has become corrupted since the Americans separated from them. The majority of the army officers see very little good in the Indians. One man expressed it as his opinion that England was very short-sighted in taking India when she might have taken China just as well, and consequently would now have a country

that is worth owning. There can be no doubt that many of these officers consider the day of England's full occupation of Tibet as close at hand, while her present operations on the borders of Afghanistan with the rebellious Mohammedan tribes may precipitate a campaign that will involve the territory in that district. England is approaching the heart of Asia from the south.

Our good steamer reached Aden after a five days' delightful voyage across the Arabian Sea. Those waters are seldom rough except during the monsoons in June and July, and then the fury of the waves is exhausting on the best sailors. Of course Aden belongs to the English. We landed in Shanghai on the English concession; we went ashore at Hongkong, a British colony; we stopped over at Singapore, a British possession; we visited Penang, a British settlement; we spent a few days in Burma, a British province; we traveled a month in India, the British Empire. Of course Aden belongs to the English, and its barren crags are covered by British fortifications, while the most prominent section of the town is occupied by the barracks, the home of the British soldiers. But what shall I say of Aden? What could any one say who wanted to be polite and at the same time truthful? It is said that Lord Curzon while Viceroy in India had a regiment of rebellious troops that he wanted to punish, so he stationed them at Aden for two years. The only point of interest in Aden is the Tanks which were built by King Darius, and which were discovered a few years ago by some laborers who were digging a trench. But the Tanks have no use, although they have been put in good repair; for they have been filled

only three times in ten years. The annual rainfall in Aden is only three-fourths of an inch. But Aden has an excellent harbor, and its position at the mouth of the Red Sea gives it a place as prominent, if not as important, as the Straits of Gibraltar. One caterer, realizing the importance of his city, named his hostelry the "Hotel of the Universe." If we may judge from the number of ostrich feathers which are sold by the native venders to the passengers on board the steamer, Aden must have the most productive ostrich farm in the world. On close inspection, however, some purchasers found that their articles bore the stamp: "Made in Germany." But the great reduction which the venders make in their prices gives the purchaser the impression that he or she has made a great bargain, and the illusion seldom disappears until after the steamer sails.

The Red Sea is not red, but as blue as the ocean and sometimes as rough. We were fortunate in getting enough breeze to keep us comfortable, and not enough to disturb the motion of the ship. We were frequently in sight of land—which by its color likely gave the name to the sea—while other travelers of the deep were often on our horizon. The sunsets were glorious. On the morning of the last day we passed Mt. Sinai, where Moses received the great commandments from God. Just as the day was dying in the west we crossed the pathway of the Israelitish hosts as they fled through the miraculously opened sea from their hostile Egyptian pursuers, and we came to anchor at Suez while the western sky was ablaze and the waters of the harbor smiled in their beauty. We entered the Suez Canal by moonlight, and lingered long enough

on deck to see something of the great work of the distinguished French engineer. The morning found us more than half through the eighty-two miles of the canal, and our eyes rested upon the great deserts which stretch out on each side. We anchored once for four large ships to pass us. The channel is not wide enough for ships to pass each other except at these stations. At ten o'clock we were in Port Said, and at five o'clock in the afternoon we were in Cairo, the gay capital on the Nile.

The change from the depressing conditions of the Far East to the dazzling scenes of Egypt's great city was so great as almost to produce a shock. At first there was the feeling that we had returned to civilization, but as the days wore on there was some question as to the genuine worth of what we beheld. The glittering is not always golden. As far as the social world is concerned, Cairo is a second Paris. A half dozen of its hotels are without superiors in the great resorts of the world. During the season, which extends from December 1 to May 1, Cairo is filled with the rich and aristocratic members of society of Europe and America. The prices for services of all kinds and for the articles in the shops are exceedingly exorbitant. The slightest service, even to the word of direction in the streets, calls for a fee; and every native who can speak fifty words of English will offer himself as a dragoman (a guide) at twelve to thirty shillings a day. The past season has been very poor, as the financial stringency in America and Europe greatly reduced the amount of travel. However, we found a guide at the pyramids

CLIMBING THE GREAT PYRAMID.

that made $1,750, notwithstanding the dullness of the season.

Speaking of the pyramids recalls our visit on Tuesday afternoon and the rich golden sunset which left a glow in our hearts like the gorgeous tints in the sky. Many things have been written of the Great Pyramid, which is 451 feet high, 755 feet long on each of the four sides, and which covers an area of thirteen acres, and most of them are true, at least for the writers. But the old pile of Cheops, upon which have fallen the favor and the fury of more than thirty centuries, must be seen to be appreciated. It is rough, and its great stones, instead of standing out sharp, have crumbled sufficiently to show the marks of their extreme age. I might have been pushed up by three Arabs over the jagged stones of the jutting corner to the summit, where I would have trembled with fatigue and dizziness from the extreme height; but for such an experience I had no desire. From the summit, a few feet square, those who are able to command their powers will have a fine view of Cairo and the surrounding country. The interior of the pyramid contains several dark chambers which formerly held the bodies of the king and members of his domestic or political household. The gigantic pyramid is a great tomb, undoubtedly, as is the smaller pyramid that stands by its side and the numerous pyramids which may be seen in the Valley of the Nile near the old capital of the Pharaohs.

Is the Sphinx a colossal image of the Egyptian deity Harmachis, the god of the morning? The archæological students seem to think so; but if so, beauty was not counted essential to a deity in those

days. The image was hewn out of the rock cliff which juts out here from the desert plateau, and the various strata are seen in the neck and the head. As the body, which is 140 feet long, and the paws which are at the base of the figure, which is 70 feet high, are hid in the sand, I could make no observation. As the sand of the desert is continually drifting, the work of excavation would be scarcely worth while. The pyramids and the Sphinx are on a barren hill in the midst of a great plain stretching in every direction. They have no beauty or comeliness; they express no architectural design; but they betoken the mystery of life and man's eternal peering into the distance to find its meaning, and at the same time his insatiable thirst for his own immortality, even if only by a monument of stone. In the one man has said, "What is the meaning of it all?" and in the other, "I will to live forever." Is it any wonder that the archæologist who declared that the pyramid was a tomb was equally confident that a temple would be found in the neighborhood? After a little excavating the temple was found as predicted; and its great granite columns, its superb chambers and alabaster floors are objects of admiration to every visitor to the pyramids of Gizeh. The man who seeks the meaning of life and follows the natural desire for immortality is sure to express his feelings in acts of worship.

Some one said that he would not go to the pyramids —which are six or eight miles from the city—on an electric car, as the ride on the car would take away the sentiment of the trip. Well, we went on the electric car, and were g.ad to do so, and were delivered in good sentimental condition only two hundred yards

from the base of the Great Pyramid. We could have done the rest on foot, but the novelty and experience of a camel ride on the plains of Egypt are worth something. So we had those great beasts of burden kneel at our sides, receive us, arise, and proceed on the way. The lunging of a rising or kneeling camel sometimes tries many muscles of the rider, while the motion of this "ship of the desert" sometimes causes a rebellion like unto that known best at sea.

The most interesting person that I saw in Cairo was Rameses II., the Pharaoh of the Oppression. It was really next to seeing Moses. The old monarch little thought that after thirty-three hundred years he would lie a mummy in a great museum and be looked upon by the thousands who know his deeds and hold him in remembrance because of his connection with God's chosen people, whom he oppressed. But Ramceses was a great ruler, and some of the most magnificent relics of the Egyptian civilization were the works of his reign. Near the sarcophagus which contained the mummy of Rameses was one which contained the mummy of Meneptah, who was the Pharaoh when the Egyptian host that was following the Israelites was destroyed in the Red Sea. For many years it was believed and taught that that Pharaoh was drowned with his army, although there is no statement in the fifteenth chapter of Exodus to that effect. The scholars say that the mummy which I saw in the Museum of Antiquities is the mummy of the Pharaoh of the Exodus, and I am in no position to deny their contention.

The Museum of Egyptian Antiquities was formerly in the old Gizeh Palace; but it has been removed to

the new building on the east bank of the Nile, which was completed in 1902 at a cost of $1,000,000. The priceless collection here will aid any student to some appreciation of the great people who lived in Egypt 2,500 to 4,000 years ago. Their superb pieces of statuary, their magnificent architecture, and their superior masonry offer a severe rebuff to the conceit of many peoples of this showy age. A traveler in Egypt to-day continually asks to be taken from the glitter of the Khedive to the gold of the Pharaoh. The Caliphs, the Mamelukes, the Ottomans, and the Khedives may have been not without honor, but the glory of Egypt belongs to the ages that preceded them. It is true that the tombs of the Caliphs and the tombs of the Mamelukes furnish some very fine specimens of Saracenic architecture, although they are for the most part in ruins. A visit to them is exceedingly interesting, but not so much so as a visit to the Citadel, the great Cairene Acropolis, with its mosques, palace, prison, barracks, and arsenal. The Citadel is filled with several regiments of British soldiers. England is the guardian of Egypt also, and receives good fees for her service. It is here that we find the beautiful Alabaster Mosque, which bears the name of Mehemet Ali, the builder. Its proportions are imposing, the decorations of the interior are rich, while in architectural design it is the copy of the great Church of St. Sophia at Constantinople. The tomb of Mehemet Ali is in the southwest corner. The two tall, slender minarets are lofty and elegant. Behind the church is shown the wall from which Emil Bey rushed his horse when he made his escape when Ali massacred the Mamelukes. From this spot one may secure a very fine view of

the city, with its five hundred mosques, its numerous cotton mills, its beautiful parks, and its great business houses.

Did I find the place where Pharaoh's daughter found little Moses in his little craft on the Nile? The guide was quite confident that he was pointing out the place in the rear of the palace on Roda Island. The keeper of the old Coptic Church showed me the spot where Joseph and Mary rested when they stopped in their flight from Herod. While I had no feeling of mathematical certainty about the place, yet there was a devout sensation at the recital of this sacred tradition. It is in this neighborhood that one may see old Cairo, with its streets so narrow that neighbors may touch each other from the upper windows. The ancient odor, the congregation of men in the streets, the cry for backsheesh on every hand, the fellowship of dogs and goats, fleas and flies all satisfied me that I had reached the old city and that the modern Paris was several miles away. Speaking of flies leads me to say that the flies of Cairo are the most numerous, the most friendly, and the most attentive of any that I have ever seen. The men in the street carry fly brushes made of hair and fine fiber. But the fly and the crow are the city's scavengers.

But it is not in my mind to write any more of Cairo, as its great relics, its historical associations, its modern gayety, its Mohammedan government and British protectorate, its new system of irrigation, its growing school system are all more or less known to the readers of this day. After a visit to India much that one sees in Egypt is not strange. However, here one sees Moslemism in the ascendancy, and its assertive pride

and religious fanaticism are quite distasteful to an American Protestant. Of ancient Egypt one cannot learn enough, while of modern Egypt one with quiet habits may soon grow weary. The city that tourists see most is a vanity fair. The sidewalks of many streets are so filled with tables about which those who eat and drink make merry that travelers must walk in the streets. The vender of all sorts of wares, fabrics, and confectioneries, the juggler with all manner of tricks, the wandering musicians with all classes of instruments pass from table to table, from company to company, from street to street, trying to secure sale of their goods and service. Life in Cairo, as it is in all cities which become resorts, is subject to many perils. Cairo is a beautiful city with a million inhabitants; but the glory of Egypt is in her great fields along the Nile, while her crown is in the works of the great people who built Luxor, Thebes, Memphis, and left the marks of a high civilization.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Going Up to Jerusalem.

TRAVEL in Egypt is so fearfully expensive that this wanderer was glad when the Friday came on which he was to start to Palestine. The train left Cairo at eleven o'clock. At three-thirty we were in Port Said, and at six we were setting sail in a small Russian steamer for Jaffa. To our joy, twenty-five of the passengers were Americans, most of whom were teachers in the Philippine Islands, who were on their way to America, and who had stopped over at Port Said to visit Jerusalem and Cairo. The "American" language resounded through that steamer that night. At six o'clock the next morning we awoke to find our ship anchored in the waters which Jonah made famous when he took the ship to Tarshish. The Turkish medical officials delayed us five hours in landing by their slow action in carrying out the quarantine regulations. They took backsheesh too, as do all Turkish officials on all occasions and in all places. Backsheesh is the only passport which will admit tourists without question to any place of interest in the Sultan's domain. We were glad to pass through the dangerous reefs in the Joppa harbor and to get safely through the customhouse to the hotel for a greatly delayed breakfast. At two o'clock we were on the train with tickets reading: "Joppa to Jerusalem." What sensations those tickets awoke! Joppa, where Solomon received his cedar from Tyre which he used

in building the temple! Joppa, where Peter had that wonderful vision in which he heard a voice saying: "What God hath cleansed, that call not thou common!" I saw the reputed spot on which the house of Simon the tanner stood, where Cornelius found Peter. It was in Joppa that Dorcas lived and died. They showed me the traditional spot of that upper chamber where Peter called this holy woman back to life, and the tomb in which her body was eventually laid. One may be skeptical as to identical spots, but that it was in the ancient city which occupied the same position as the present busy seaport that these early disciples lived and labored there can be no question. At last the hopes of the years had been realized, and I was treading upon the holy soil made sacred by those who knew the Lord.

Jaffa (the modern name of the ancient city) is by no means without interest. Its dirty streets and dwarfed market places, its small buildings and poorly kept public institutions do not indicate that no business is transacted and that commerce is dead, but only that Jaffa is a city of the Orient. The business man is there, and he knows how to make a bargain, as a little testing will show. He does not trade like an American, but he knows all the tricks of the Eastern tradesman. The great camel trains bring here from the country and the interior great quantities of produce for the foreign market. Oranges, lemons, olive oil, wine, and wool are brought here for shipment to Europe; while the imports of cotton goods, cloth, coffee, rice, sugar, and tobacco make their entrance through the Jaffa port. About six hundred steamers and more than a thousand sailing vessels call at Jaffa every

year. Damascus only surpasses this city by the sea as a business point in Syria. The 45,000 inhabitants —of whom 30,000 are Moslems, 10,000 are Christians, 4,000 are Jews—live as comfortably as any people in that country.

The suburbs of the city and the whole surrounding country are covered with orange groves which yield a yearly income of a quarter to a half million dollars. The Jaffa oranges are noted for their richness, juiciness, and delicacy of flavor. The apricot orchards are not much less numerous, while the pomegranate, the lemon, the date, and the olive are extensively grown. I ate the fruit of the sycamore tree, and liked it. It reminds one somewhat of the haw, although it is much larger and more juicy. The tree is quite different from the tree of the same name in our country. The fruit is very highly prized by the people. A drive through the Jaffa of to-day in the month of May will give any visitor a most favorable impression of the fertility of the soil of that section, the richness of the products which are grown, and the industry of the people who inhabit the country.

The distance from Jaffa to Jerusalem is fifty-three miles by the railroad, and the cost of a ticket is three dollars first-class or one dollar second-class. The best is not good, and the next best is fearfully uncomfortable. The schedule time for the journey is three and a half hours, but the proverbial indifference to time among Orientals is frequently fully exemplified in the Palestine railroad officials. However, a slow train is best for sight-seeing, and sight-seeing was our business that day. So while our little locomotive tugged away, pulling us across valleys and over mountains,

our guides pointed out to us the places of interest as we passed them. Our hearts leaped with sensations of delight as we broke from among the orange groves of Jaffa into the broad fields of the beautiful Valley of Sharon. Of course the first thing we asked to see was the "rose of Sharon." Our guides were very accommodating, and pointed out this choice flower; but unfortunately they disagreed in their selection, just as others had done before them. However, the beautiful red flower resembling the poppy is most commonly known as the rose of Sharon. Those who know best the flora of the country are slow to say what the rose of Sharon is or was. But there could be no question as to what the guide meant when he said that the great field of grain was "corn." The Englishman who was in the party insisted that is was corn, but the Americans knew that it was wheat. The grain that the American calls "corn" is known as "maize" by every other people, while the word "corn" is used by Easterners to designate all small grain. As the train sped on we passed not only fields of wheat but patches of potatoes, tomatoes, tobacco, cotton, beans, peas, onions, cucumbers, and other vegetables known in our own land. The growth everywhere seemed such as only good, fertile soil would produce. The fig trees, the olive trees, and the grapevines were abundant and showed promise of a good yield. One is always surprised in a strange country to find so many things like those he has always known in his own land. The similarities invariably attract his notice before the differences. So the vegetables, fruits, grains, flowers, birds, and the animals of Palestine surprised me by being so similar to what I had so often seen in the various parts of our

PLOWING IN PALESTINE.

great country. The fact is, "seeing the country" of this old world is rather monotonous business. The human footprints only can give glory to any land and add any peculiar interest to the products of any soil. The Valley of Sharon is no more beautiful and no more fertile than many another valley, but the Philistines and the Israelites in their age-long contests for control of it gave it a value above the measure of any nation's currency. The Man of Galilee and his forbears have attached an interest to the wheat fields of Palestine which belongs to no other land. The Holy Land is holy not because of the strangeness of its products, but because of the revelations which have come to the world through its people.

We had gone only a short distance when we were awakened from our meditations as the guide said: "Here on the right is the traditional place where Samson let loose the three hundred foxes with firebrands tied to their tails in the standing corn of the Philistines." From this place, as we looked to the south, we saw the great fertile plain that stretched to Ekron, Ashkelon, and Gaza and the cities of the stubborn enemies of the Israelites. The shrill whistle of the engine pierced the air, the train came to a standstill, and the guard called out: "Ludd." Ezra called it Lod, and the disciples knew it as Lydda. Peter "came down to the saints which dwelt at Lydda," healed Æneas of the palsy, and went from there to Joppa and raised Dorcas from the dead. According to tradition, St. George, who slew the dragon, is buried here, and the Mohammedans hold that their prophet taught that Christ will at the last day slay the Antichrist at the gate of Lydda. Another two miles brought us to Ramleh, a

town of 7,000 inhabitants, which is supposed to be the site of Arimathea, the home of Joseph, the rich man who gave the body of the crucified Jesus its resting place. The tradition, however, dates back only to the thirteenth century. Napoleon once had his headquarters here. The most interesting and remarkable object in the place is the old tower, which probably dates back to the time of the Crusaders. The town bears to-day no evidences of its former glory, while its wretchedness is extreme.

Leaving Ramleh, after a distance of two miles we came to Gezer, the town which Pharaoh burned, and which Solomon rebuilt after his royal father-in-law had slain the Canaanites and presented it to his daughter, Solomon's wife. The excavations by the Palestine Exploration Fund Society have brought to light cave dwellings with flint implements, numerous Egyptian seals, and articles of jewelry which belonged to the twentieth century before the Christian era. The periods of the Canaanites and of the Jewish city were clearly distinguishable. A little to the west of Gezer lies Akir, now a Jewish colony of Rothschild, but formerly the site of the ancient Ekron. Here we left the plains and began to come upon the great plateau known as the Shephelah, or low hills, where the land was less fertile and the crops less numerous. As we approached the mountain range, on a high hill on the south were shown the ruins of ancient Beth-shemesh, while on an opposite hill across a deep ravine was Zorah, the boyhood home of Samson. The cave "in the top of the rock Etam," where Samson hid himself, was pointed out. The thirteenth to the sixteenth chapters of the book of Judges were read with peculiar in-

terest after passing through this country, and the rugged character of the mighty Samson was better understood after seeing his mountain home.

No railroad in the world passes through a more interesting country than the short line from Jaffa to Jerusalem. After crossing the Valley of Sharon and passing through the sand hills of Ekron, it runs up the Vale of Sorek—or the Wady es Surar, as it is now called—and its defile through the Judean range on to the plain southwest of Jerusalem, which the best authorities say probably represents the Vale of Rephaim, which was the boundary between Judah and Benjamin. It was in this valley that the Israelites and the Philistines had their great struggles, for it was by this pass that the archenemies of the chosen people always endeavored to reach Jerusalem. There was no shorter road into Judea from Ekron, Jamnia, and Ashdod. After the ark had given trouble to Ashdod, Gath, and Ekron, it was up this valley that the "untended kine of Beth-shemesh dragged the cart behind them with the ark upon it, 'lowing as they went, and turned not aside to the right hand or to the left; and the lords of the Philistines went after them unto the border of Beth-shemesh.'" The Kirjath-jearim, where the ark rested until David took it up to Jerusalem, was evidently in this same community. One needs only to see this narrow pass through the mountains to understand why the Israelites were able to defend themselves so nobly against the attacks of the more numerous enemy, and why during the time of the Maccabees and the Crusaders the severe engagements took place among these same hills. This was the natural approach to Jerusalem from the maritime

plains, and to capture it meant to gain access to the capital city. It was not only the scene of severe, bloody struggles, but it was the home of warlike people, as well as the lurking place of wild beasts with which Samson, David, and others contended. To traverse such a defile stirs the blood of every tourist.

As we slowly ascended the hills of Judea by a very steep grade, we were entertained not only by the boldness of the scenery, but also by the vineyards which covered the terraced mountain sides. In the days of Israel's great prosperity it is quite probable that the hills for the most part of the entire country were similarly terraced, and that large communities were supported by these mountain products; for the soil of the hills is still fertile, and will bring forth a harvest when given the proper attention. As we reached the plain we found again all the crops of the Sharon, although we had made an ascent of more than 2,000 feet. The guide pointed out the country residence of the Greek Patriarch of Jerusalem, and said that the devout Simeon had his residence on this site. But we were almost listless; for our faces were toward Jerusalem, and every tourist was anxious to catch sight of the sacred city. In a moment, as we reached the hilltop, the glorious sight was caught, and from there to the railroad station we were eager for a view of all we passed or approached. The station is located outside the city in what is known as the German colony. We were met by the proprietor of our hotel, and soon we were comfortably settled in our room, from which we had a full view of the inclosed city.

"Beautiful for situation is the city of the great

king" is a sentiment which every visitor will heartily indorse, whatever may be the point from which the city is seen. One can readily understand why the Psalmists found it so easy to fall into poetry at the thought of their honored, revered, and much-loved city. A more glorious sight never greeted my eyes than that of my first evening, when in the gathering twilight I could see the stern gray walls, the outlines of the Tower of David, the Mosque of Omar, the Tower of Antonia, the Church of the Holy Sepulcher, the buttresses of the Damascus Gate, the place of the Gordon tomb, and beyond the Mount of Olives, crowned with its great tower, and farther still the Mountains of Moab beyond the Jordan. There was a solemnity in the scene that made the soul turn to God and the heaven that seemed watching so near at hand. The deep-toned bells rang out from the various places of worship the earnest call to prayer, while the shrill voice of the Muslim in the minaret added the unusual note to this grave harmony. In the midst of the meditation in the failing evening light, the great orange moon, larger than all the moons that I had ever seen, more golden than any that I had ever known, climbed from behind the Moab Mountains into the somber sky and measured itself by the works of man on the Mount of Olives. In less than an hour its glory had fallen upon the city of David, and there lay before me in the hush of that gorgeous night the undisputed site of the most memorable scenes ever enacted in the history of the human race. Is it any wonder that more than once during the night sleep released its grasp for a few moments, so that the traveler might again and again see the shifting of the

shadows and catch new visions of the world's holy city?

The morning brought a new beauty and a new splendor when the sun sent his heralds of day up over those eastern hills, and when, full-orbed, he flooded the city with light. The atmosphere of that bright May morning was balmy, although a sirocco had been blowing the day before. Before nightfall we learned the meaning of that dry, parching east wind which at times comes sweeping up from the desert along the Jordan and the Dead Sea. It brings with the withering heat a fine white sand, which is as irritating to man as it is destructive to vegetation. But the cool mountain air of the nighttime leaves Jerusalem fresh in the opening of a new day.

Fortunate indeed is that individual who has the privilege of a visit to Jerusalem, the holy city of the ancient Israelites and the religious capital of the world. From the standpoint of commerce, learning, political power Jerusalem may be insignificant in this generation; but from the standpoint of human hope and destiny the old city is possessed of an interest which neither time nor conditions can ever abate or destroy. The foundations of the world's institutions are laid upon corner stones which were quarried from the deposits of this holy place. The hidden wealth of man and his world is being constantly revealed by the light which is maintained by the flow of truth from this ancient reservoir of heaven-wrought civilization. Mt. Zion is an eternal hill no more ancient in history than it is secure in the devotion of all future generations. Jerusalem may suffer yet the ravages of many barbarous hands and be many times razed to

the earth, as in the past; but it can never perish so long as man inhabits this planet. To see this sacred place is to come in touch with the two eternities between whose peaks man walks in hope to the end of his day. To spend a fortnight in the ancient city is to have communion with the divine through the means by which the holiest revelations have come to man.

Jerusalem lies in practically the same latitude as Savannah, Ga., Montgomery, Ala., Jackson, Miss., Waco, Tex., El Paso, Tex., and the southern boundary line of California. It is 2,550 feet above the level of the Mediterranean Sea, from which it is distant thirty-five miles. Its height above the sea level gives it the benefit of a mountain atmosphere; and that, as a rule, insures pleasant nights in the hot season. The temperature has its extremes, but it does not frequently fall to the freezing point. In winter the weather is colder than it is on the plains, while in summer the heat mounts higher and is more trying. The observer reports that in "fifteen years there was an average of thirty-eight days on which the thermometer was above 90 degrees, on twenty-eight occasions from 100 to 108 degrees, and an average of fifty-five nights on which it fell under 40 degrees, with one hundred and seven descents to or below freezing point." Ice is sometimes formed during the night, but it does not last through a day. Snow has fallen in half the seasons, but usually in small quantity and is soon melted. However, there have been heavy snowstorms in Jerusalem, and the drifts have lain in the ravines for two or three weeks. It never rains in Jerusalem in July, and scarcely ever in June, August,

and September. In May and October it occasionally rains, but then only in small showers. Yet it rains as much in Jerusalem in a year as it does in London—about twenty-five and one-fourth inches. A fourth of the rain falls in January, while large portions come in December, February, and March. In November and April the rainfall is not heavy. The rainy winter and the dry summer are common to all Syria; but the seasons are more capricious in Jerusalem, on account of its elevation, than in other parts of Palestine. It is very readily understood why tourists are instructed to visit Palestine in April and May if they wish to see the country in its best condition. In the summer months the heat is exhausting and the fields are parched; in the winter the rain makes travel very uncomfortable, if not impossible. In April and May the vegetation is at its best, while in October and November the land is desolate after the summer heat. Those crops only are possible which can be matured through the moisture of winter rains, and consequently the harvest time is more apt to be in the beginning of the summer than in the opening of the autumn.

While Jerusalem is situated on a hill, on three sides of which are deep valleys or ravines, yet it is surrounded by higher hills which inclose it on every side, and which leave only a small outlet, and that toward the southeast. "As the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so are thy mercies round about me." The writers on the topography and foundations of ancient Jerusalem have had no trouble in locating the walls on the three sides; for the Valley of Hinnom on the west side and extending around on the south side meets at the southeast corner of the city the Valley

of Kidron, which extends along the east side. The declivity on the three sides is so abrupt and so decided that the wall has always been on or near the place which it now occupies. So the position of the north wall has always determined the position and the size of the city. At present the wall of Jerusalem, which was built about 1540 by the Turkish ruler Suleiman, has a circumference of two and a half miles, while the greatest distance across this inclosed city is only three-fourths of a mile. Outside of the city, west and northwest, a large community has been built up in the last few years. Here will be found all the European and American residences of the city.

The population of the present city is about 60,000, of whom about 7,000 are Moslems, 40,000 Jews, and 13,000 Christians. The Christians are divided as follows: Four thousand Roman Catholics, 6,000 orthodox Greeks, 800 Armenians, 200 United Greeks, 150 Copts, 100 Abyssinians, and 1,400 Protestants. A bitter war rages continually among the sects of the native Christians, and peace is kept only by the iron hand of the Mohammedan police official. As a result of this contention, all Christians are held in contempt by the orthodox Jews and the Mohammedans. Mission work can make little or no advancement among the Mohammedans of Palestine because of the ill feeling which the sects of native Christians continually manifest among themselves. It is also true that some of the Protestant missionaries who make themselves most conspicuous are exceedingly fanatical. We found one man who had felt himself called of God, according to his statement, to come to Jerusalem and demonstrate the gift of tongues as a special evidence

of the Spirit's present dealing with believers. Had his sanctity been commensurate with his ignorance, his spiritual power with his brazen effrontery, his actual achievements with his pretentious claims, there might have been some sympathy for him in his delusion. His "gift of tongues" was a mechanical babble which was no more intelligible to himself than to his hearers. He was a veritable cheat, a fraud, a deadbeat. But residents of Jerusalem told me that he was only one of a class which come to Jerusalem continually with their inane and insane pretenses. One can never fully appreciate the apostle's warning against "every wind of doctrine" until he has visited this city. In several cities of Palestine there are missionaries supported by American funds whose chief message is a declaration of belief in the early physical coming of Jesus to Jerusalem to assume the government of his kingdom. Jerusalem, the somber city, without amusement and with a religious tinge on everything, is to-day the home of the grossest superstitions, the wildest fanaticism, and the deadliest formalism which are known to the religious world. Whether with the Jew, Mohammedan, or Christian, native or missionary, religious sanity and toleration have been thrown to the winds, and each, with his mind closed to outside influences, pursues the bent of his own narrow, ill-informed, and prejudiced mind and looks with contempt upon all who are going another way or giving expression to another thought. In no place in the world is truth more apt to be crucified than in Jerusalem; and when the Lord Christ shall have indeed enthroned himself in the people of the city, the day of the millennium will be surely at hand.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE WORLD'S HOLY CITY.

JERUSALEM the Golden will be a very compact city if it is fashioned after the ancient capital of the Israelites, and the gold in the pavements will not be seen if the streets are no cleaner than those of the Jerusalem of this day. There are two chief streets, one beginning at the Jaffa Gate on the west and the other at the Damascus Gate on the north; and these intersect in the middle of the town and divide it into four sections. The northeast section is occupied largely by the Moslems, the southeast by the Jews, the southwest by the Armenians, and the northwest by the Græco-Frankish people. However, there are members of each of these classes that can be found in all these sections. The streets are narrow—never more than twenty feet wide, and often not more than ten or twelve—poorly or badly paved, crooked and ill-kept. After a rain they are excessively dirty. There is very little reason why there should be dust, for cobblestones cover them for the most part and no heavy wagons ever pass through them. To be sure, the chalky limestone is easily worn into dust even by the heel of man, but a little sweeping would keep that away. But the present "Jebusites" are not noted for their overflowing energy and their twentieth century enterprise.

Many of the streets of Jerusalem are vaulted over, and consequently they may truly be called blind al-

leys. Space is left in the vault for sufficient light from the sky to make the way bright enough for use in the daytime. At night the lamp or lantern is quite necessary in many streets, as the street lamps are not numerous. One often feels that he is traversing a subway or some subterranean passage as he makes his way through Jerusalem over the rough streets, with no sidewalks whatever and underneath the houses in which the people live. The Master's injunction to his disciples, "And let him that is on the house top not come down into the house," when they saw the "abomination of desolation spoken of by Daniel the prophet," is well understood when it is seen how easily one could step from roof to roof and get out of the city before an enemy in the street could find him. The houses are built entirely of stone, and inclose a court. The rooms are grouped around the court, and each has its own entrance. The passages and staircases are left open to the air, which is poor enough at best in such a closely built city. The roofs are usually flat, so as to permit use in the summer for sleeping, and yet they have sufficient slant toward the court to turn all the rain water into the cistern which is in the center of the court. Jerusalem has no wells and only one spring, and must catch its own water when it falls in the winter. The water of the cisterns is quite wholesome if the cisterns are kept clean. The one spring in Jerusalem is the Virgin's Fountain, which is in the Valley of the Kidron, on the east side of the city. It has been identified by the scholars of to-day as the Spring of Gihon, where the followers of David anointed Solomon as king. There is a subterranean passage which connects the fountain with the Pool of Siloam, and

which is 1,700 feet long, although the direct distance between the fountain and the pool is about 1,090 feet. Here, according to a tradition that does not antedate the fourteenth century, the Virgin once drew water and washed the swaddling clothes of her Son. It is sometimes called the Fountain of the Steps, as one descends sixteen steps to a level space, and then fourteen steps to the water, which fills the basin, eleven feet long and five feet wide. The spring is intermittent, and the water flows in the rainy winter season three to five times daily, in summer twice, and in the autumn only once. This interesting phenomenon is explained as follows: In the interior of the rock the water collects in a natural reservoir. This reservoir is connected with the outer basin by a siphon-shaped passage, which, acting by a natural law, empties the reservoir into the basin whenever the water in the reservoir reaches the highest level of the siphon-shaped passage; and then, after the reservoir is emptied, time must elapse before the reservoir can be refilled and before another outflow is possible. The subterranean passage which connects this spring and the Pool of Siloam was likely constructed by Hezekiah. "And the rest of the acts of Hezekiah, and how he made a pool and a conduit, and how he brought water into the city, . . . are they not written in the book of the chronicles of the kings of Judah?" In this way he deprived the enemies who attacked Jerusalem of water, as there were no other springs and the cisterns of the people were within the walls. The Pool of Siloam, fifty-two feet long and nineteen feet wide, is now outside of the wall, south of the temple area, but evidently in ancient times it was within the walls.

Excavations have revealed near it parts of an old wall, a paved street, a bath house, and the remains of an old basilica.

No sooner had our early breakfast been finished on our first morning in Jerusalem than we took a carriage for a circuit around the northern side of the city to the Mount of Olives on the east. Of course we did not drive through the city, because that is impossible. The streets are too narrow, too steep, and too well filled with people. After passing through the modern settlements on the west and north of the city, in which may be found one-fourth of the population of Jerusalem (it being estimated that one-half of the population of the city lives without the walls) and where the buildings are of modern syle, we came out on the ridge which extends around the city on the north side to the Mount of Olives on the east side. A finer panorama and a more thrilling sight no one ever beheld in an ancient city nestled among eternal hills, from which the generations for thirty centuries have looked with admiration, awe, and adoration. The Master's sympathetic words would not leave for a moment: "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, how often would I have gathered thy children together, and ye would not." With mingled sensations of sorrow and delight, of oppression and exhilaration, the Mount of Olives was reached, and we dismissed the carriage and began our excursions about this sacred hill. The ravages of the centuries have made uncertain many places about Jerusalem, but of this mountain which Jesus loved there can be no doubt. The traditions which designate certain spots are not always trustworthy, but that the places which are approximate to those where these

great events happened have been pointed out cannot be denied. The Russian Christians who are of the Orthodox Greek faith have a handsome church on the summit of the Mount of Olives, which was erected after the design of an old church the remains of which were found here. This is held by them to be the spot from which the Ascension took place. We went into the church, which was filled with worshipers, and engaged in spirit in the services which were in progress. After four months of heathenism and the long-continued contact with the uncongenial worship of arrogant Mohammedanism, my heart was strangely warmed as I heard even in a strange tongue the name of my Lord and saw the adoration of faithful men and women at the appearance of the cross, the sacred symbol of a sacrificial salvation. I forgot that they were Greek Catholics and I a Protestant, but with unpent tears I stood and worshiped with that unfamiliar throng as they sang the praise of God and the glory of his Christ. From the six-storied Belvedere Tower by the church I had a magnificent view not only of Jerusalem, but of the surrounding country and even of the Dead Sea on the east, Bethlehem on the south, and the great Judean Mountains on the west. However, one is able to see the Dead Sea from the summit of the hill without the aid of the tower. The atmosphere is usually so clear that the blue waters seem to be quite near, although they are fifteen miles away and about 3,900 feet below the level of the summit of the Mount of Olives.

A small village covers the summit of this eastern hill, the Moslem population of which is somewhat fanatical, and visitors are sometimes pelted with stones.

The boys in the streets may become familiar in order to extract purses from the pockets of unsuspecting persons. One offered himself to us as a guide, but he was required to keep at a proper distance. He took us to the Chapel of the Ascension, a site long accepted by tradition as a place from which Christ was caught up from his disciples. The footprint and the print of the staff are in the rock; but as these prints have been variously described in the last six or eight centuries, one may be allowed to reserve his credulity for other exacting demands. However, the scene of the Ascension has been located on the Mount of Olives since the days of Constantine. Not far from the Chapel of the Ascension is a Carmelite convent. Coming down the mountain toward Jerusalem, about halfway one finds the traditional spot where Jesus "beheld the city and wept over it." Farther on down the hill one comes to the Church of St. Mary Magdalene, a Greek house of worship, surmounted by seven bulbous gilded domes and lavishly adorned, which was built in 1888 by the Russian Czar, Alexander III. Near it is the garden belonging to the Greeks which they claim is Gethsemane. Just below the church is the Garden of Gethsemane, which is owned by the Franciscans, and which is usually considered the real spot of the agony. The garden is surrounded by a wall, and contains an irregular square about seventy yards long. There are eight venerable olive trees in the garden, and they are said to date from the time of Jesus; but here again one may be allowed some mental reservation. But that the real Garden of Gethsemane was in this neighborhood all scholars are practically agreed. On the road leading from the Garden

MOUNT OF OLIVES. MARK ON THE WALL SHOWS GARDEN OF GETHSEMANE.

is a chapel which is said to cover the burial place of Mary, the mother of Jesus. This public highway leads across the brook Kidron, usually dry, by one of the places where Stephen is said to have been stoned, on up the hillside of St. Stephen's Gate.

To enter St. Stephen's Gate in the east wall, on coming up from the Valley of Jehoshaphat, or, more properly, the Valley of Kidron, after a visit to Gethsemane and the Mount of Olives, one is compelled to run the gantlet which the begging lepers have maintained for many years. A beggar in Jerusalem is by no means an unusual sight, and a traveler who had just made a journey through China, India, and Egypt was not unacquainted with the appeals of mendicants; but the leper was a new creature in this society. These men and women of the "unclean" class were not inclined to keep a respectful distance, but they would thrust their handless stubs into the very faces of passers-by and cry out for backsheesh. The hand from which a finger or fingers were gone or an arm from which the hand had fallen had not the appearance of repulsive sores, but rather that of healed stubs from which a member had been amputated by the surgeon's knife. The more repugnant cases were likely not seen by the foreign visitors.

The present wall of Jerusalem has eight gates, one of which (the Golden) has been closed for many centuries. On the north side is Herod's Gate; northwest, Damascus Gate; west, New Gate and Jaffa Gate; south, Zion Gate and Dung Gate; east, Golden Gate and St. Stephen's Gate. The Damascus, Jaffa, and St. Stephen's Gates are those most used, as they connect the chief streets of the city with the three great

highways which lead from the city. The Golden Gate in its present form dates from the seventh century after Christ, although this is the reputed place of the gate through which Jesus made his triumphal entry into Jerusalem. In 810 the Arabs built it up with the exception of a small opening. At the time of the Crusades the gate was opened for a few hours on Palm Sunday, and a great procession with palm branches entered from the Mount of Olives, led by the patriarch of Jerusalem riding on an ass. The Mohammedans have a tradition that on a Friday (their holy day) some Christian conqueror will enter by this gate and wrest the city from them. I confess that my experiences with the present authorities and citizens in Jerusalem and Palestine increase in me the desire to see this tradition become a historical fact before many years shall have passed. If there is a more offensive and exasperating people on earth than these same Ishmaelites, I am very glad that in all my journey I was not forced to meet them. The "milk of human kindness" is not delivered in the communities where they predominate. One may sit in his comfortable library in Europe and America and conclude that the zeal and the efforts of the Crusaders were of the highest folly, but a few days in Jerusalem will be sufficient to warm the blood of any earnest man and prepare him in spirit for just such contests as those followers of the cross religiously entered.

The Gate of St. Stephen is regarded by those who accept the tradition as the gate through which the first martyr went to his death. The native Christians call it the Gate of Our Lady Mary because the road leads down into the Kidren Valley to the traditional

tomb of the Virgin. The doorway on the north side of the street within the gate leads to the Church of St. Anne, which occupies the traditional site of the home of the parents of Mary and the room in which the mother of Jesus was born. Farther on is the Franciscan Chapel of Scourging, and the attendant can for a small coin show the hole in which rested the column to which the Galilean was bound. However, the place of scourging has been shown in several localities in the last few centuries. A few feet away on the south side of the street is the site of the ancient Castle of Antonia, the south side of which opens out on the Haram Ech Sherif, which incloses the temple area. This is one of the most interesting localities of Jerusalem, as it was the real center of activities in the time of our Lord and not far from the place of Israel's greatest glory. The Via Dolorosa begins here, and the fourteen stations where the cross rested while Jesus was on the way to the place of the crucifixion are marked by tablets and usually by chapels. On the opposite side of the street from the Castle of Antonia is the Convent of the Sisters of Zion, which in all probability covers the site of Pilate's judgment hall. The very stones of the old pavement are in the place which they occupied when Jesus was tried before the Roman Governor, and it is highly probable that these stones were pressed by the feet of the Nazarene as he passed out of the hall on the way up to Golgotha. From here the twenty-seven steps were taken which are now in the chapel near the Church of St. John Lateran, in Rome, and over which the faithful Roman Catholics go on their knees while they offer their prayers. In

this same convent the sisters show a pedestal which was found on this site, and upon which it is claimed that Pilate sat when proclaiming a law or passing sentence. One cannot fail to be impressed with this place and be made to feel that this is really the spot where Jesus stood when the people cried: "Crucify him!" The street in front of the convent is crossed by the Ecce Homo Arch, which is supposed to mark the spot where Jesus stood when Pilate said: "Behold the man!" Part of this arch is inclosed within the convent and may be seen over the high altar of the little chapel.

The Church of the Holy Sepulcher is built over the traditional site of Calvary and the new tomb of Joseph of Arimathea, in which the body of Jesus was laid. The distance between the Ecce Homo Arch and the church is not more than four hundred yards, but there is no direct street that connects the two places. The street from the Arch descends a little more than one hundred yards to the street from the Damascus Gate. Here is the third station, where Jesus sank under the cross, and near by is the reputed site of the rich man's house where Lazarus begged. The street runs southeast for one hundred yards, and at its intersection with the street leading west up the hill is the station where Simon the Cyrene took the cross. Near the seventh station the traditionalists claim that Jesus passed out of the city. On every Friday afternoon a Franciscan priest walks the way of sorrow and stops at each of the fourteen stations to offer prayers. The church is in no sense attractive in appearance, as it is hemmed in by other buildings. On the side fronting the street there is an open court or quadrangle,

which is paved with yellowish stone slabs, and which is filled with traders and beggars. Here the Orthodox Greeks gather for their ceremony of foot-washing. The chapels on the right or west side of the quadrangle belong to the Greeks. On the left side the most important building is the Monastery of Abraham, which covers the spots where Abraham discovered the ram and where he was on the point of sacrificing Isaac. Within the door of the Church, immediately in front, is the tomb of Philip, the English Crusader. Of course I wanted to visit the tombs of Melchizedek and Adam, and that privilege was granted me by the courteous attendant. I saw also the rocky chambers which the guide said were the tombs of Nicodemus and Joseph of Arimathea. I saw the spot to which tradition points as the place where Jesus appeared to Mary Magdalene on the morning of the resurrection. The Greeks have a chapel dedicated to Longinus, the soldier who, according to a fifth century tradition, pierced the Saviour's side, and whose blind eye was brought to its sight by some of the spurting fluid from the Crucified's side. But my incredulity robbed me of any thrilling sensations on seeing these places, so sacred to many people. Even the Holy Sepulcher itself lost some of its sacredness by being surrounded by these objects whose traditions repel more than attract thinking men. The Chapel of the Holy Sepulcher is in the rotunda under the dome, and is twenty-six feet long and seventeen and a half feet wide. It was reconstructed of marble in 1810. From a kind of antechamber the visitor enters the Angels' Chapel, eleven feet long and ten feet wide, in the middle of which is a stone set in marble which is

said to be that which covered the mouth of the tomb. There are fifteen lamps in this chamber, five belonging to the Greeks, five to the Latins, four to the Armenians, and one to the Copts. Through a low door one passes into the Chapel of the Holy Sepulcher, six and a half feet by six feet. From the ceiling hang forty-three lamps, four of which belong to the Copts and the rest to the other three sects. If one of these lamps were to disappear, there would be a religious war in that holy place. They are counted several times a day by the Mohammedan guards, who are stationed in all the churches which cover these traditional sites to prevent the priests of the various faiths from coming into deadly conflict. The whole Christian world suffers in shame for the prejudice and intolerance of these ignorant and ill-spirited followers of the lowly Man of peace. The tombstone, covered by a marble slab, is used as an altar, and mass is said there daily. A Greek priest is on duty, and he officiates for any pilgrim who wants holy water or the blessings from the representative of the Church.

Under the same roof, only a few feet from the reputed sepulcher, is Golgotha, which is reached by a flight of steps ascending fifteen feet. Some one asks: "Is this really the site of Calvary and the tomb from which Jesus arose? Did all those sad, sublime events in our Lord's suffering for the salvation of man take place on that high ground?" Who knows? Dr. George Adam Smith in his latest great work on Jerusalem says: "But, after twenty-seven years' study of the evidence, I am unable to feel that a conclusion one way or the other is yet possible or perhaps ever

THE HOLY SEPULCHER.

will be possible." Calvary and the tomb were without the wall, but where was the wall? At present they are in the center of the inclosed city, but who can say where the wall was that Titus destroyed in 70 A.D.? All the explorations and excavations have failed to settle that question. General Gordon found a tomb and a garden northwest of the Damascus Gate which he claimed must be the real sites, but his claims have been discredited by all scholars. When all the evidence is considered, the Christian world will likely be content to regard the present place of the Holy Sepulcher as the probable place of these great events.

If we accept the tradition which dates back almost 1,600 years, the Church of the Holy Sepulcher covers the most sacred spots in Jerusalem—the place of the crucifixion and the tomb in which lay the body of the Saviour of the world. The place which must be next in interest is the Dome of the Rock, the spot where, according to tradition, Melchizedek offered sacrifice, Abraham brought his son as an offering, and the Ark of the Covenant rested, and the spot without doubt where Israel made her offerings through many centuries. The Dome of the Rock was in the Temple, even in the Temple which Solomon built; and now it is in the center of the temple area, which is in the inclosed Haram Ech-Sheriff. Jerusalem has within its walls an area of two hundred and nine acres, of which the Haram Ech-Sheriff contains thirty-five acres in the southeastern corner. The Mohammedans are very fanatical about this territory, and will permit no one to enter the inclosure—for it has a special wall around it 1,600 feet long on the west side, 1,530 feet on the

east side, 1,024 feet on the north, 922 feet on the south—without a permission and a guard from the government. So we had to secure before entering the proper permit, a detailed officer from the city police force, and a kawass, or soldier, from the American Consul representing the United States, dressed in full Turkish uniform and bearing a sword; and led by these defenders, we entered the inclosure.

While the building over the Dome of the Rock is called the Mosque of Omar because of the tradition that he built it when he took Jerusalem, yet it was probably built by the Saracen ruler in 691 A.D. The building is octagonal in shape, each side having a length of sixty-six feet. The lower part is covered with marble slabs, and the upper part with richly colored porcelain tiles. The interior is 175 feet in diameter. It has two cloisters separated by piers and columns which are marble monoliths and differ in form, height, and color, which indicates that they have all been taken from older edifices. By large Byzantine blocks they have been brought to the same height. Upon the second series of supports, consisting of four massive piers and twelve monolithic columns, rests the dome, which is ninety-eight feet high and sixty-six feet in diameter. The interior of the building is dark, but not so dark as to destroy the richness of the colors on the columns and the decorations, nor the brilliancy and beauty of the fifty-six stained-glass windows. But all else loses interest before the bare, rugged, unhewn piece of rock, fifty-eight feet long and forty-four feet wide, and which stands four and a half feet above the surrounding pavement. There is strong evidence that here was the great altar of burnt offering. The Mo-

hammedans have a legend that Mohammed ascended to heaven from this rock, and that when he did so it started to follow him, but was held down by the angel Gabriel, whose finger prints in the rock are shown. According to this legend, the rock has remained suspended in the air; and because the pilgrims were afraid it might fall and crush them, the authorities had supporting walls built, and that left a hollow-sounding cavern underneath. The cave under the rock is reached by eleven steps on the south side. Excavations, when they are permitted, may show that a cistern is under the rock. In the cave were shown places where Abraham, Elijah, David, Solomon, and Mohammed were accustomed to pray. Had one the necessary amount of credulity, he might see and hear some wonderful things about this sacred rock. The guide insisted on showing us the footprint of Mohammed, his banner, some of his beard, and a marble slab in which there were three nails. Formerly there were nineteen nails, but the devil has driven sixteen into the stone; and when the rest disappear, the world will come to an end.

There are other buildings in this area, but they have interest only as places of Mohammedan worship and because of their Mohammedan legends. The Aksa Mosque, which is two hundred and sixty-four feet long and one hundred and eighty feet wide, has interest because of its great age. It is claimed that God brought Mohammed from Mecca to this place in one night. There is a probability that this was originally a basilica erected by the Emperor Justinian. The interior of the building, with its nave and triple aisles, pre-

sents a striking appearance. This in indeed the Mohammedan cathedral of Jerusalem. While visiting the mosque, a funeral procession approached; and on inquiry, we found that the dead man was no less a person than the President of the Mohammedan congregation of Jerusalem. The bier was borne on the shoulders of men who changed so rapidly that no man could be a bearer more than a few feet. The Syrians have a belief that they can expect to be borne to a grave only if they aid in bearing the bodies of others. So if a funeral procession passes, the laborers in the street will leave their work long enough to bear for a few feet at least the body of the dead, whether or not they know who the dead may be. The professional mourners were in evidence just as at the time of our Lord, and their wailings were distressing in the extreme.

The south side of the Haram rests upon massive vaulted substructions which date from a very early period. They are called Solomon's stables, although they may have been erected in the Arabian period on the site of some earlier constructions. At the time of the Crusades the Frankish kings and Templars used them as stables for their horses. The stones are evidently ancient. There are thirteen galleries, the vaulting of which is borne by eighty-eight piers arranged in twelve parallel rows. They extend 273 feet from east to west, and 198 feet from north to south. The series on the south side terminate in a triple gate, which indicates that there were three great ways coming up from Solomon's palace to the temple. There are various passages and courses here which have not been excavated. While exact spots cannot with certainty be pointed out, yet one may be sure that here

he stands on "the Ophel," the hill of Zion, and in the center of the "city of David." Here lived and worshiped the great kings of Israel who made glorious the record of the chosen people. But it is all in the hands of a bigoted, fanatical, semibarbarous race, by whom the Jew and the Christian are alike despised. Near the southern corner of the west wall the Jews assemble daily and in great numbers on their Sabbath and cry out in bitter wails for the rescue of their Jerusalem from the Saracen's hands.

At this celebrated wailing place of the Jews the wall is sixty feet high, and the part exposed is 150 feet long. The lower courses of the wall consist of huge blocks, and the manner of their dressing indicates their great age. The weeping Jews kiss these stones, thinking that they belong to the ancient wall about the temple, and they give loud expression to their grief. The men will sit there for hours, reading their Hebrew prayer books. On Friday evening they chant the following litany. The leader says, "For the palace that lies desolate," and the people respond, "We sit in solitude and mourn." The leader, "For the palace that is destroyed;" response, "We sit in solitude and mourn." The response is the same after each statement of the leader: "For the walls that are overthrown," "For our majesty that is departed," "For our great men who are dead," "For the precious stones that are burned," "For the priests who have stumbled," "For our kings who have despised Him." Another antiphony is: "We pray Thee, have mercy on Zion." Response: "Gather the children of Jerusalem." Leader: "Haste, haste, Redeemer of Zion." Response: "Speak to the heart of Jerusalem." Leader: "May

beauty and majesty surround Zion!" Response: "Ah, turn thyself mercifully to Jerusalem!" Leader: "May the kingdom soon return to Zion!" Response: "Comfort those who mourn over Jerusalem." Leader: "May peace and joy abide with Zion!" Response: "And the branch of Jesse spring up at Jerusalem."

One can scarcely visit a place in Jerusalem where his sympathy for the desolate Jew is not aroused. The temple area and the adjoining territory, the most sacred place in the world to the Jews, associated as it has been with every individual and event that had to do with the glory of Israel and the establishment of a true religion, is now fanatically held by the followers of Mohammed, and its sacred spots have been desecrated by the legends of this vicious man of battle. Travelers must be guarded not only in this section of the city, but also in that portion where David is reputed to be buried. A visit to this part is interesting, as here many authorities have located Mt. Zion. It is near where the poet king is said to be buried, outside the present Zion Gate, that tradition has put the house of Caiaphas and the upper room of the last supper and the scene of Pentecost, and here Peter denied his Lord. Here also is the site of the house of John surnamed Mark, where the earliest Christians assembled. Here now are the burial places of the Armenians, the Latins, and the Greeks. Adjoining the building which covers the traditional tomb of David is the church which is built on the plot of ground which was given in 1898 by the Emperor of Germany to the German Catholic Society.

But I was glad to turn from this section, where the usual reverence of the Moslems—here manifested for

THREE JEWS IN JERUSALEM.

the tomb of David—is accompanied by outbreaks against Jews and Christians. I went to the Church of St. James, the old convent church of the Armenians, which contains the traditional prison where James, the brother of John, was beheaded by Herod. I saw the three stones which were brought, one from Mt. Sinai, one from the Jordan where the Israelites crossed, and one from Mt. Tabor, the scene of the transfiguration. The faithful pilgrims by the thousand kiss these sacred stones. From here I went into the dirty, ill-odorous section of the Jews. What could such a people do with Jerusalem if they had control of it? They are willing to live in dirt and employ themselves only in petty trading. They live largely by the gifts of the Jews in Europe and America. If Palestine ever blossoms as a rose under the labor of the Jews, a new class must supplant those whom I saw. The Jew has been ever since the days of Joshua or even Abraham a man who sought a land of milk and honey, and then went in and took it from those who had made it valuable. The pioneering that would be necessary to bring Palestine to its former glory will likely never be done by the Jews. But notwithstanding the filth and the narrow, congested streets, one felt safe in the midst of this inoffensive people. The old synagogue was especially interesting, as I had never before seen the priests with their phylacteries on their foreheads, nor the worshipers sitting in the sanctuary with their hats on. The "sons of the prophets" were studiously scanning the Talmud and giving themselves diligently to the search of the Scriptures. The Benjaminites, with their long locks falling down by their ears, were everywhere in evidence.

While no other city in the world could have the same interest to a Christian or even a Jew, yet a long residence there would hardly be desirable. No one who has breathed the free air of America and Protestantism would be willing to endure the rule of the rough, overbearing Moslem, nor the intolerance of the narrow, dogmatical, un-Christlike Christian sects. The littleness, selfishness, and prejudice which Jesus condemned in those who were his contemporaries are characteristics of the people who to-day occupy Jerusalem. To find the sacredness which Paul, Jesus, Hezekiah, Solomon, and David gave to the ancient city one needs to clear away much rubbish and push aside the profane work of many accumulating centuries. Yet there is glory in the old place if the investigator will go to its heart.

CHAPTER XX.

Bethlehem, Hebron, Jericho, and Jordan.

BETHLEHEM is five and a half miles south of Jerusalem, and is easily reached by carriage, as the road is excellent. Leaving the Jaffa Gate, the first place of interest after crossing the Valley of Hinnom is the St. John's Eye Hospital. The white limestone dust and the glaring sun make eye troubles very common in Jerusalem and Palestine. A short distance from the hospital on the east side is the Mount of Evil Counsel, where Judas bargained with the Pharisees, and where later he hung himself. Farther on we came to the well from which the Magi drank on their way from Jerusalem to Bethlehem. Mary also rested here. At the distance of three miles we came to the summit of the hill, or the saddle of the hill, from which one looking north can see Jerusalem and looking south can see Bethlehem. On the left of the road is a large stone in which is a depression which, tradition has it, was caused by the body of Elijah, who is said to have slept here one night. Here also is a well from which the Holy Family drank. After a ten minutes' drive we came to the "Field of Peas," so called from the legend that Christ once asked a man what he was sowing, to which he replied: "Stones." The field produced peas of stones, and some of them are still there. Such are the legends one finds everywhere in Palestine.

The whole district about Bethlehem is well culti-

vated. The hillsides are carefully terraced, the olive orchards show that they have been well cared for, and the fields indicate that they are in the hands of an industrious people. The fact is, the Bethlehemites are the most industrious people to be found in Palestine. The view from the great ridge highway was fascinating. The Dead Sea could be easily seen. As we approached Bethlehem we had a fine view of the fields of Boaz on the slopes to the east of the town, which Ruth gleaned just as the women of Syria glean after the reapers to-day. The tomb of Rachel was reached a mile and a half from Bethlehem. We were fortunate in finding the Jewish priest who has charge of it in the little building which covers the tomb, which is revered by Moslems, Jews, and Christians, and which is in all probability the real tomb of Jacob's much-loved wife. Just beyond the tomb the road divides, one leading to Hebron and one to Bethlehem. On the west of the main road lies the country where Saul, the son of Kish, was reared. We turned our faces to David's town of Bethlehem, which, as seen from this point, is exceedingly picturesque, situated on a hill and surrounded by rich valleys with their vineyards, olive orchards, fig orchards, and fields of golden grain. Here one is able to see what cultivation will do for Palestine.

Bethlehem is a city of 8,000 Christian people, without a Jew and with no more than a dozen Moslems. It is the cleanest place in Palestine. Our business in Bethlehem was to see the Church of the Nativity, and to that we went at once. The tradition which locates the birthplace of Jesus here in a cavern dates back to Justin Martyr, in the second century. I have no rea-

sons for not accepting this tradition. The khan, or inn, is usually built about a cave, so as to provide shelter for the horses, cattle, and sheep. The shepherds usually keep their flocks in caves at night, that they may have not only shelter, but also that they may more easily be protected from the wolves and jackals. At the birth of Christ "there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the fields, keeping watch over their flock by night." A man who has lived in Palestine eighteen years says that the flocks were likely in the caves when the shepherds received the heavenly admonition of the birth of the Lord. About ten minutes from the place of the Nativity is the Field of the Shepherds, in the middle of which is the Grotto of the Shepherds. But the chief place of interest is the "manger" in which the Saviour was laid because there was no room for him in the inn. The old church, which dates back almost to apostolic times, is characterized by a beautiful simplicity. It is claimed that Hadrian destroyed a church which stood on this sacred spot, and that Constantine erected here a handsome basilica. It seems practically certain that some parts of the present structure belong to the Justinian period. The Greeks, the Latins, and the Armenians have built their chapels about the Chapel of the Nativity, which is held in common. The Greeks have an elegant chapel, and the Latins have just erected a fine church and convent. These sects are fiercely intolerant of each other, and Moslem soldiers stand guard day and night to prevent any outbreak. In the Chapel of the Nativity burn fifteen lamps, of which six belong to the Greeks, five to the Armenians, and four to the Latins. These are counted by the guards each time there is a

change in those who officiate in this chapel. As I stood in that sacred place where the Saviour was born and looked upon the recess where the manger is said to have been and realized the fearful intolerance of these who claim to be followers of Him who was announced with "good will toward men," I was made to feel the awful sinfulness of human religious prejudice. Yet I realize that there are Protestants who exhibit a similar spirit toward those who do not accept their beliefs and interpretations. Are these keepers of the sacred places in the Holy Land Christians? I went away from the Church of the Nativity asking myself the question: "What is it to be a Christian?" The Moslem is not the only man who is fanatical in his intolerance. The Jews in the Master's day had their pharisaical leaders. Palestine and Rome show what Christians may become. Protestantism may well be on its guard.

Eight of us left Jerusalem one morning at six o'clock in two carriages, and reached Hebron, the old home of Abraham, after a drive of twenty-three miles, at ten o'clock. It was a fine drive over a first-class road, with most interesting scenery on all sides. We had gone over a part of the same road when we went to Bethlehem; but that is a road which one would be glad to travel once a week, across the beautiful Plains of Rephaim, where David fought the Philistines, over the hill from which one can see Jerusalem and Bethlehem, and along that superb highway from which one gets such splendid views of the fields of Boaz, the picturesque hills of the city of the Nativity, and the charming site of Zelah, the birthplace of Saul. The olive

and fig orchards and fruit gardens of the Bethlehem community were even more beautiful on the second visit than on the first.

About two miles beyond Bethlehem we came to Solomon's Pools, situated in a valley at the back of an old castle, and which serve as a reservoir for the old aqueduct that leads to Jerusalem. The pools are three reservoirs standing on different levels, the one draining into the other. The upper pool is 381 feet long by 228 feet wide by 25 feet deep. The middle pool is 423 feet by 159 feet by 38 feet deep. The lowest and largest is 582 feet by 148 feet by 48 feet deep. These reservoirs are hewn in the rock and lined with masonry. About 200 feet above the upper pool is a fountain from which the water is conducted to the pools by an underground aqueduct. It is thought by some that this fountain is fed by an artesian basin. In the Songs of Solomon we have the statement: "I made me gardens and orchards, and I planted trees. . . . I made me pools of water." From this passage many would prove that Solomon's Pools were made by Solomon, and the guides and conductors of tourists will insist that they were without doubt made by his order; but George Adam Smith says that the two lower pools were likely made by Herod, and the upper by some ruler in the preceding century, and that there is no evidence that any of them were built before the exile. But they are great and ancient reservoirs, and have served Jerusalem for two thousand years. Some years ago Baroness Burdett-Coutts offered to repair the aqueduct and restore it to Jerusalem, which would have cost her about $250,000; but

the Turkish officials, true to their character, actually demanded a bribe or backsheesh, as they do when any house or public improvements are put up, before they would permit this benevolent woman to do this benevolent act for the benefit of the people of Jerusalem. The baroness became justly indignant and withdrew the proposition. This is but another illustration of the contemptible character of the Turk.

The journey from Solomon's Pools is not particularly interesting, as the cultivated area is limited and the hills are rugged and barren. We saw the place where Jonah is said to have been buried, and we stopped a moment at the spring where Philip baptized the eunuch, and visited some fine rock tombs and large caverns near the spring. Immersion at this place would have been practically impossible. If the running streams were as few in the days of the apostles as they are now, the immersionists were compelled to go to the river Jordan or use a pool. The baptistry is truly apostolic if the immersionists' contention is correct. But this aside; Hebron is the subject. There is no hotel in that town of 20,000 people; but that did not disturb us, as we had our lunch with us, which we ate in the home of the American missionary, whose kindness we greatly appreciated, and whose observations were quite illuminating. Before doing so we visited the cave of Machpelah, which was purchased by Abraham from the sons of Heth, and in which were buried Abraham, Sarah, Isaac, Rebekah, Jacob, Leah, and also, the Moslems say, Joseph. The Christians put Joseph's tomb near Jacob's well by Sychar. We did not see the cave or the tombs because the fanatical, un-

lovable Mohammedans would not allow us. Excepting the tomb of Mohammed and the black stone at Mecca, the tomb of Abraham is the most sacred place in all the Islam world. The tomb is inclosed with a large mosque with high walls about it, 220 feet by 159 feet. Within are dervishes, saints (?), and guardians. We were allowed to ascend only five steps of the twenty or thirty that lead to the shrine. Only two Christians have ever entered this place, so we were told—one the present King of England when he was Prince of Wales, and that probably because Turkey is continually under obligation to England. But backsheesh will work wonders, and a letter from the Governor of Jerusalem will be regarded. We ascended the hill behind the building and secured a good view of the top of the mosque. In reality we could have seen very little of real interest for Christians had we entered, for these patriarchs have long since gone into the finest dust. So we lost nothing and gained in our righteous contempt for the Moslem. All through the streets we had to have a guard to prevent boys from pelting us with stones. There are no Christians and only 1,500 Jews in the place. The missionaries have fifty children in their schools; but the converts from Mohammedanism in Hebron are unknown, and they are almost unknown in Palestine. The Protestant missionaries have had in some places converts from the orthodox Greeks, and the Roman Catholics have made a few converts from the Greeks; but that is about the extent of the results so far of missionary labors in that land.

Hebron will always have interest as the ancient Kir-

jath-arba, the home and burial place of the patriarchs, and as one of the cities of refuge which were given the sons of Aaron. Here David was first made king, reigned seven and one-half years, and was anointed king of Israel. Here Absalom had himself proclaimed king, and here we saw the pool over which David's young men hung the murderers of Ish-bosheth, the son of Saul. This pool is 84 feet long, 54 feet wide, and 27 feet deep; and about it were gathered crowds of idlers, and in it splashed swimming boys, while from it water was taken in jars for use in the homes. The glass manufactories are usually visited by tourists. Here bottles are made which pilgrims and some natives buy to protect them from the evil one; but the largest output is in glass bracelets, which are worn throughout Palestine. Water bottles from goatskins are also made here in large numbers. The town is unattractive, as it is a mass of masonry with narrow, dirty streets and with no verdure anywhere. But the old town is interesting, as we know that it stands upon the same site which it held in the days of Abraham, and it has escaped the ravages of war. The fields round about were given to Caleb for his inheritance. We went out into the Vale of Eshcol and saw the vineyards from which to-day are taken bunches of grapes eighteen inches long and which weigh eight to ten pounds. We visited the old oak of Mamre, the traditional oak of Abraham. It is twenty-six feet in girth, shows its great age, and is beginning to decline. It will in a few years fall, and the young tree by its side must in the future centuries take its place, as it perhaps has taken the place of another which once held

GOING TO MARKET IN PALESTINE.

the honor of sheltering the father of the faithful. A day in Hebron and its charming vicinity was most delightfully spent, and the return to Jerusalem in the evening was made in the glow of fond recollections.

We left Jerusalem for Jericho early in the morning and drove—as do all others who go to Jericho, as there is no other way—around the north side of the wall past the Damascus and Herod Gates, down the steep hill into the Valley of Jehoshaphat or the Valley of the Kidron, down the valley to the crossing of the ravine, over by the Garden of Gethsemane, and round the south side of the Mount of Olives. From that hillside we had a fine view of the Pools of Siloam, the place of Solomon's palace, the field of blood bought by Judas, the Hill of Evil Counsel (where the Master was sold), and the Valley of Hinnom. The whole mountain side is covered with graves. On the south side of the Mount of Olives we began to skirt the deep ravine that leads from Jerusalem to the desert about Jericho. On the east side of the Mount of Olives we came into the village that covers the site of ancient Bethany. On our return we stopped here for an hour and visited the tomb of Lazarus, the traditional site of the home of Mary and Martha, and the house of Simon the leper, where Mary washed the Master's feet with her tears and dried them with her hair. Lazarus may never have lain in the tomb into which we went, and the two sisters may have had their home in another plot of ground; but here in this locality, with these rugged hills and narrow valleys, the friends of Jesus evidently lived, and there is a sacredness in the place which time

does not affect. The Moslems have made Lazarus one of their saints, and have built a mosque in the community to his memory. Beyond Bethany a short distance stands a Greek chapel in which is a stone which marks the spot where Martha met Jesus when she told him of her brother's death.

"Jordan is a hard road to travel" if one is coming to Jerusalem, as it is all uphill; but going from Jerusalem to Jericho is all downhill, a distance of fifteen miles. Jerusalem is 2,550 feet above the level of the sea, and the Dead Sea is 1,300 feet below the level of the Mediterranean Sea; so the declivity amounts to 3,-850 feet, or about three-quarters of a mile. It is downhill all the way except a short rise as one approaches the Samaritan Inn. The government has built a fine carriage road, and the hotel men and tourists' agents of Jerusalem keep it in good repair. It is cheaper to repair the roads than their vehicles. The country is rugged and rough, there being no vineyards or gardens and only occasional fields of grain and lentils. There are good herds of sheep and goats. There are no villages along the way, and the Apostles' Spring and the Samaritan Inn furnish the only stopping places. The spring took its name from the tradition that the apostles drank here, and the new inn from the belief that here stood the inn where the Samaritan left the man referred to in the parable. This wild country has always been infested by robbers, and to-day no traveling party is safe from the attacks of Bedouins unless a Bedouin guard has been secured to accompany the party. The Bedouins of that section are now under the control of a rich sheik, and he

insures protection if one of his men is employed. Our Bedouin was paid a good fee; but when he bade us good-by on our return, he insisted on shaking hands with the men of the party, and he lingered until each one deposited in his hand an extra shilling as backsheesh.

The road beyond the Samaritan Inn became steeper and rougher the farther we went. The hills about us became more rugged. At a certain point the carriages were stopped, and the passengers got out and walked up to the edge of a great gorge several hundred feet deep and sublime in its ruggedness. This was the channel of the Brook Cherith, and the crag pointed out was the reputed resting place of the prophet Elijah when he was fed by the ravens. We drove a mile or so farther, and then the declivity became so great and the road so dangerous that we stepped from the carriage and completed the journey down to the plains on foot. But it was from this point that we had an unusual view. The plain of the Jordan stretched out before us like a map. On the southern end was the smooth blue water of the Dead Sea. At our feet were the sites of ancient Jericho. In the plain was a tree which marked the site of the ancient Gilgal, where the Israelites first camped on this side of the Jordan, where the last manna fell, where the tabernacle was set up, where Samuel judged the people, where Saul was made king, and where he disobeyed God and lost his kingdom. Beyond was the cluster of green shrubbery that traced the course of the Jordan, and beyond the Jordan were the mountains of Moab and Gilead, with the peaks of Nebo and Pisgah promi-

nent on the sky line. Jesus came down this rugged hill when he went to the Jordan to be baptized, and all who came and went between Jerusalem and Jericho and the country beyond Jordan were forced to make their way up this same depression through which we had come. The Arabian hosts that swept up from the desert always came over this road. While we stood looking out upon the plain and the desert beyond, we had only to look behind us to see the tower that crowns the Mount of Olives.

Entering the plain, we came to the site of the Jericho of Herod, which was the Jericho of the New Testament. Here is now a pool 564 feet by 471 feet which formerly belonged to a system of conduits which once irrigated this district and made it a paradise. The date palm, the pomegranate, the orange, and other tropical fruits grew luxuriantly in the plain. As Jericho is 820 feet below the level of the sea, the climate is always warm, and after May 1 it is exceedingly hot and enervating. Mark Antony presented this district to Cleopatra, and she gave it or sold it to Herod, who embellished it with palaces and made it his winter residence. He died here. From his palace he could see the prison of Machærus, some twelve miles away on the east shore of the Dead Sea, in which John the Baptist was imprisoned and where he was murdered to satisfy the whim of his niece and stepdaughter. In twenty minutes we were in the little village of the present Jericho, with its squalid hovels and its three hundred dirty, lazy, degenerate inhabitants. We found comfortable rooms in the hotel with a Greek proprietor, but the food and water which we ate and drank had

been sent down the evening before by the proprietor of our hotel in Jerusalem. However, before we ate we drove out a mile to the spring where Elisha "went forth to the spring of the waters, and cast salt in there. . . . So the waters were healed unto this day." By an aqueduct the water from this spring is carried to all parts of the village, and by it Jericho and its gardens are made an oasis in the desert. A few yards north of the spring is the reputed site of the Jericho whose walls fell when Joshua and his hosts blew the rams' horns. During the last year, by the permission of the Turkish government, scientific explorers have done some excavating in this mound which has been pointed out for many centuries as the site of the ancient city. Most gratifying results have already been obtained. Fallen walls have been found, and the mud bricks are declared to be of Canaanitish origin. The explorers are inclined to believe fully that this is really the old city wall which Joshua attacked after entering the land of Canaan. The religious world will await with great interest the conclusions of these archæological explorers. A visit to the spring and these excavations with the exposed ancient walls impresses the tourist that he is looking on scenes of early Bible times.

The three hours' rest in the hotel in the middle of that extremely hot day was altogether too quickly passed; but as we wanted to visit the Dead Sea and the Jordan and spend some time at each place and then get back to the hotel by seven o'clock, it was necessary to begin our journey by three o'clock, as it is some six or seven miles across the plains to the Dead

Sea and there is no road. The traveler who gets caught by a heavy rain in this plain will have great trouble in continuing his journey, as the sand, with its mixture of salt and gypsum, makes a mud without a bottom. But we had no fear of rain that day; and after passing the tower which marks the site of the sycamore tree that Zaccheus climbed that he might see Jesus, we took direct line across the sandy desert to the Dead Sea. In an hour we were on its shore, and in a few minutes some of us were enjoying a bath and a swim in its oily, bitter, briny waters. Sinking was impossible; but swimming was difficult, as the feet were greatly inclined to seek the surface, while the head, with its bones, was drawn to the water. One can lie on the back and float without any trouble. The water contains twenty-five per cent solid subtance, seven of which is common salt. The chloride of magnesium gives it the nauseous, bitter taste, while the chloride of calcium makes it smooth and oily to the touch. Fresh eggs float with one-third above the surface. There is no kind of life in the sea, and even sea fish will die speedily. The Dead Sea is forty-seven miles long, with its greatest breadth ten miles. It is hemmed in by sharp, precipitous mountains as far as the eye can see from the northern end. A small steam yacht is now used on its waters by the company which has a large salt factory on its shore. A large amount of salt is extracted from its water every year. The mouth of the Jordan is about three-fourths of a mile from where tourists usually visit the lake. After a two-mile drive, we came to the ford of the Jordan where the Israelites are supposed to have crossed into

Canaan, and where Elijah divided the waters by the stroke of his mantle. Here also it has been claimed that Jesus was baptized, although many students of the land put that place farther north. It is here that the pilgrims come for their bath in the Jordan. The stream is not more than one hundred feet wide and about ten to twenty feet deep, but it has a treacherous current, and many persons have lost their lives in trying to swim across it. The water has a yellowish-brown color and a peculiar taste. It contains numerous fish. Its banks are covered with tamarisks, willows, and poplars. In the rainy season the stream overflows its banks. Were the Jordan and the Dead Sea disappointing? No. A more interesting, instructive, and enjoyable trip one can scarcely have. We turned our faces toward Jericho with a song of praise in all our hearts. We passed near the Monastery of St. John the Baptist and through the site of ancient Gilgal. We looked to the abrupt, rugged mountain behind Jericho and a little to the northwest, and there was the reputed place of the temptation, in which is a grotto where Jesus is said to have spent his forty days. We saw on the roadside the sidr tree, the thorns of which were made into the crown that the crucified One wore. We saw also a hyena lurking in the bushes in a ravine. The Bedouins in their tents were conspicuous in several places. We came to Jericho as the red sun bade us his day's farewell, and we found rest for our weary bodies. We were on our way to Jerusalem at four o'clock the next morning, and by noon we were at home after one of the most memorable journeys of a lifetime.

CHAPTER XXI.

From Jerusalem to the Sea of Galilee.

FROM Jerusalem to Nazareth the distance in an air line is about sixty-five miles, but by the road and the trail it is not far from eighty. There is a good carriage road as far as Lubban, about twenty miles from Jerusalem; but the rest of the journey must be made on horseback or on camels. We made the trip to Lubban in four hours, and there we took horses (Arabian steeds they were, although they resembled Texas ponies) and proceeded to Nablus, the old city of Shechem, where we spent the night. The next day we covered the distance from Nablus to Jenin, and the third day we arrived in Nazareth soon after noon. Three days of more difficult and exhausting travel none of us ever want to see, and yet the entire journey was so crowded with exciting interest that we scarcely felt the fatigue until we halted for the rest; but then the weary joints and strained muscles made due complaints to which we were compelled to listen.

Our carriage, containing four tourists, the dragoman, and the driver, left Jerusalem at six o'clock in the morning, passed the Tomb of the Kings northwest of the city, and then turned north over Mount Scopus, the mountain on which Titus and his army camped when besieging the city, and from which one gets in the morning hours a glorious view of Jerusa-

lem nestled among the hills. In a few minutes we passed Nob, where David took the showbread, and then Gibeah, where Saul tarried when Jonathan made his raid. Here are the ruins of a large building which was probably erected by the Crusaders. After two miles, on our left we saw the ruins that mark the site of Mizpeh, where Samuel judged the people of Israel. In less than two hours we reached Ramah of Benjamin, where Samuel was born and buried. It now has about fifteen families. In a half hour we came to Atarath Addar, which marked Ephraim's border line. After crossing a ridge which forms the watershed between the Mediterranean and the Jordan, we came to Beeroth, a village of 1,000 people, nine and a half miles from Jerusalem, which is supposed to be the place where Joseph and Mary missed Jesus when he was among the doctors. The country here is very beautiful, the fig trees and olive trees are numerous, and the vineyards are luxuriant.

At a distance of nineteen miles from Jerusalem, on a hill to the right, is the site of ancient Bethel, where Jacob had his vision and where Jeroboam set up shrines for idolatrous worship. The stone which Jacob used as a pillow is, according to tradition, the stone which is in the seat of the coronation chair in Westminster Abbey, on which every ruler of England since Edward I. has sat when receiving the crown of England. This stone is said to have been taken to Ireland by early Christian missionaries, and then to Scotland, where it was used in the throne of the Scottish kings for centuries; and then finally, in the reign of Edward the Confessor, it was taken to London, where

it has since remained, and where it may be seen by any visitor to Westminster Abbey. Bethel occupies a conspicuous place, the hill on which it stands rising several hundred feet above the plain. There are several ancient tombs, marble columns, pieces of dressed stones, some with inscriptions and others with evidences of elaborate carving; and near the summit is a circle of large blocks of stone, where, the Moslems say, Jeroboam built his shrines. But this well-authenticated spot has not been marked by the Christians as have other places in Palestine.

Shiloh is about an hour's ride from Bethel and on the right of the highway. No place in Palestine was more closely connected with the religious life of the Israelites than Shiloh. Here the tribes received their allotments, here the sanctuary was set up, here Samuel was called, here Eli died, here Abijah lived, here the prophets were trained. The Mohammedans have here a small mosque, but the Christians have built no monuments to designate this sacred place; but all visitors to Palestine will visit Shiloh with great interest. Only a short distance farther and we came to Lubban, the ancient Labonah, where the carriage road ends and where we mounted our horses for the long sixty-mile ride to Nazareth. The horses were not good travelers, and the small English saddles were not satisfactory for a long, hard journey. Although the horses were shod with a steel shoe which covered the entire foot, yet they were sure-footed in climbing the rocky hills and in making their way through the narrow defiles which were not unusual in crossing the various mountain ranges. It was here, after crossing a high range of

hills, that we entered the beautiful rich plain of Mukhnah. We passed near the disputed tombs of Eleazar and Phinehas. At the end of our journey across the plain we came to Jacob's Well, one of the well-authenticated spots in Palestine. The broad, fertile plain was covered with ripe, golden grain or with plots of potatoes or other vegetable products. There were some spots that were not being cultivated, as they were left idle for rest. There were no fences anywhere; but the great fields were divided into small plots by rows of heaps of stones which are known in the Bible as landmarks, and which could be removed only by incurring curses. The lands for the most part do not belong to individuals, but to the villages. All the people live in villages for convenience, company, and protection. At a certain time of the year the lands belonging to a village are distributed for the year to the various families of the village, and a family must cultivate its allotment for the year or else have no farm. Sometimes it happens that a family will have a very fertile strip of land for one year, and the next year the same family may get the poorest strip. A man may move from his native village to another, and he may sell his right in the village for a number of years; but he cannot sell the land. The village may sell its land, as some villages have done, to rich individuals who now are getting large land interests in Palestine; but the sale is not easily consummated, as there are so many people to be consulted. The villages often have their farm products in common, and large village granaries may be seen in the town. The private granaries are usually in the homes, and the

women draw out at will what grain they need for grinding. The women do practically all the grinding in their private apartments or courts. One stone lies on another; the upper stone has a hole in the center, through which the grain is poured, and a handle some ten inches long, which is driven in a hole near the rim; and by this handle two women sitting on the ground turn the upper stone and grind the grain. The meal runs out at a groove on one side into a basin. The picture of the last day as given by Matthew, "The two women grinding at the mill, one taken and the other left," would have the same meaning in Palestine to-day as in the days of Jesus. "When the sound of the grinding is low," it is night or there is sorrow or distress, and at all other times there is the constant murmur of the mill in every home. Why do they not have steam mills as the people of Europe and America? Who can answer the whys of Palestine or the Orient?

Jacob's Well is in an open field; but recently it has been inclosed by some Greek priests, who have an altar at the cistern. An old basilica, which was probably erected in the fourth century, once covered the cistern; and remains of the old sanctuary, with its columns, are quite numerous. As soon as we approached the well the priests rushed from their cloisters into the crypt of the Crusaders' Chapel, which now covers the opening, and began reciting their prayers or else (I did not understand what they said, and was not sorry that I could not). One lighted a candle and let it down some sixty to seventy feet. The cistern is lined with masonry, and is seven and one-half feet in diameter. There was no water in it. It

is usually dry in summer. Here Jesus had that memorable conversation with the Samaritan woman. Two hundred yards to the north and across a slight depression in the land is the village called Sychar. In the valley between the well and Sychar is the tomb of Joseph, according to the belief of the Christians. The Moslems claim that the mummy of Joseph was taken to Hebron to the cave of Machpelah, and they will not allow the tomb at Sychar to be opened. As Jesus looked to the east, north, and south from the well he saw the fields "white unto the harvest" if he saw them in the month of May. Looking to the west, he and the woman saw Mt. Gerizim rising abruptly before them; while on the north of the pass running east and west was Mount Ebal. Through the pass, a quarter of a mile away, they could see Shechem, now the city of Nablus. Pointing to Mount Gerizim, she said: "Our fathers worshiped in this mountain." The Samaritans have always worshiped there, and the only Samaritans in the world worship there to-day. However, their number has decreased until there are now only one hundred and sixty of them. The intermarriage of relatives is fast bringing about the extinction of the race. The men are handsome and six feet or more tall, while the women are blôndes and beautiful. They are hated by Jews and Moslems alike; but they continue their same manner of life, following strictly and literally every order of worship and sacrifice which is to be found in the Pentateuch. They have in their synagogue a copy of the Pentateuch, which is one of the most ancient manuscripts in existence. Although it was not found until the seventeenth century,

yet the Samaritans claim that it was written by the grandson of Aaron. The best experts locate its origin shortly after the beginning of the Christian era. A manuscript is shown to visitors for two francs a person, but the original is not often seen. The Samaritans claim that Mount Gerizim is the scene of Abraham's sacrifice, and Dean Stanley said: "Beyond all doubt, Isaac was offered on Gerizim." Dr. Thomson shared this opinion. The Holy Place is on the eastern extremity of the mountain. But little more than ruins now mark the sacred place of these Babylonians.

We spent the night in a comfortable German hotel in Nablus, the successor of the ancient Shechem. It is a city of 25,000 people, and is the most populous and important commercial city between Jerusalem and Damascus. The inhabitants are all Moslems excepting 1,000 Christians, 200 Jews, 150 Protestants, and 160 Samaritans, and they are as fanatical and barbarous as the Mohammedans of Hebron. They have eight large mosques, and among them the finest in Palestine. No tourist would feel safe in the town alone. But the city is in one of the most beautiful spots in Palestine. There is an abundant supply of water in the community, there being twenty-seven springs, and water is the most essential element for this country. The town is solidly built of stone; the streets are narrow, crooked, dark, and dirty; the bazaars are in the streets that are arched and vaulted and consequently gloomy and damp; the shops are well stocked, and trade is usually brisk in many ways. It is the liveliest city in Palestine. But to this tourist it had its greatest interest not because of its great soap factories, its

fine market, and its busy bazaars, but because here Jacob bought his farm, here on Mount Gerizim and Mount Ebal the blessings and curses were read according to the order of Moses (Deut. xxvii.), here Joshua called the tribes together in his old age and commanded them to choose whom they would serve, and here for centuries the kings of Israel were crowned. Shechem, Samaria, Nablus—different names of a great and sacred locality.

The day's journey of twenty-three miles from Nablus to Jenin was very exhausting, as there was much mountain-climbing, with many rough and narrow trails. We left Nablus at six o'clock, and arrived in Sebaste, the old city of Samaria, in two and a half hours. Nablus is on the watershed of the country, and we passed to the Mediterranean side, and for almost an hour we had a good road through a beautiful valley; but we left this road, which leads to Haifa, and took the trails across the hills. We passed through a narrow valley to the hill on which Samaria is situated. We visited the old Crusaders' Church, which marks a traditional site of the burial place of John the Baptist, but which has been converted into a mosque. I went into the Baptist's tomb. We then rode up to the summit of the hill through the old colonnade which Herod erected in honor of his emperor, and then around the hill on the north side to the excavations which are being conducted by some professors of Harvard University. Isaiah compared this hill to a crown. From it one gets a magnificent view, the Mediterranean Sea, Mount Carmel, and the Mountain of Gilboa all being visible. The surrounding valleys were glori-

ous in their fields of grain. The explorers have dug out the foundations of a fine old building, probably a place of worship. They have found some interesting walls on the west side of the crown of the hill. The colonnade is sixty feet wide, with three driveways, and it is one mile in length. On the north side of the hill are other ruins of columns which evidently mark an old hippodrome. At the time of Herod the Great Samaria was evidently possessed of great splendor, and as a capital for many kings of Israel it was known among the nations. The world will watch with great interest the archæological excavations which are being conducted by the Harvard professors. For location Samaria could not be excelled.

We descended the hill on the north side and proceeded across the valley about a mile wide; and when we ascended the hill on the other side, we had an extensive view of Samaria and the charming surrounding country. We crossed the ridge and descended to the narrow valley that leads to the Plain of Dothan, a country made famous by the sale of Joseph, or more properly by their casting him into a pit which is here pointed out. Here also Elisha was surrounded by Syrian soldiers, whom he smote with blindness. The plain is very beautiful, as are all these valleys of Palestine, hemmed in as they are by the treeless but grass-clad and flower-bedecked mountains. From the hilltop overlooking Dothan one sees one of the largest olive orchards in Palestine. We here passed over the border between Ephraim and Manasseh; and following a narrow ravine, we soon came to Jenin.

The night's rest at Jenin was quite refreshing, al-

HEROD'S TEMPLE COLONNADE, SAMARIA.

TABOR, THE MOUNT OF TRANSFIGURATION.

though the fatigue from that exhausting day did not leave for a week. To reach Nazareth we had seven hours' travel; and so we set out in the gray dawn at five o'clock, and by continuous travel, with an hour's rest at Nain, we reached Nazareth at one o'clock. On quitting Jenin we entered at once the wonderful Plain of Esdraelon, the battle ground of the centuries and the finest fields in the kingdom of Israel. For two hours we rode across this great plain, when we came to Jezreel, the city of Ahab, the city where Jezebel met her awful death, the city that contains Naboth's Garden, the place of Jehu's furious driving. On the east of the city, a short distance away, is the Mountain of Gilboa, where Saul and Jonathan were slain. On the north side of the mountain, just east of Jezreel, is the ravine where Gideon chose his three hundred valiant warriors; and farther east is Endor, where Saul visited the witch. The Syrians are still superstitious and believe in fortune-telling and communication with the spirits of the dead. From the hill of Jezreel we had a magnificent view, seeing on the southwest Megiddo, on the west the wall of Mount Carmel, on the north Little Hermon (a mountain whose name is due to Jerome's mistaken interpretation of the eighty-ninth Psalm), and on the east beyond Jordan the country of Jabesh-gilead. One leaves this spot with regret. As we passed down the slope, we found the villagers—men, women, and children—by the scores, even by the hundred, reaping the wheat and gleaning the fields. The men were reaping with their sickles, the women and children were gleaning every last head of wheat left behind by the reapers, and

boys were taking the bundles on donkeys to the thrashing floor. The grain is tramped out by the oxen and the donkeys, and the chaff is separated from the wheat by the wind when the mass is thrown up just as in the days of the Master. When the wheat is sold, the buyer gets for a bushel all he is able to put into the measure. So he heaps up, shakes together, presses down, and puts in as long as a grain will lie on. If he does not get good measure, it is his own fault.

The hour's ride across the plain to the opposite hillside, where we came to Shunem, was exceedingly enjoyable, for the rich grain everywhere was cheering to one who had so recently crossed the parched land of India. I had been told that Palestine was greatly disappointing; but to my surprise, I had never found a more fascinating country. There are no trees, because the government officials tax heavily the people for every tree that they possess. So they keep as few as possible, and they are usually olive or fig trees, which produce a revenue. But even without the trees the rich, fertile fields, the picturesque and grass-carpeted mountains, the narrow and wild ravines had a peculiar fascination for me. From Shunem we looked back on Esdraelon, Jezreel, and Gilboa with delight, while we were glad to come into the town of that good woman who entertained the prophet Elisha, who restored to life the son who had died of sunstroke in the fields upon which we were looking when he went out to the reapers. From Shunem we went around the west end of Little Hermon, and after an hour we came to Nain, where the Lord raised to life the widow's son. The few wretched clay huts were uninteresting, but

the small Franciscan chapel gave us shade for an hour's rest. Mount Tabor, the mount of transfiguration, was in full view. We rode across the Plain of Nain in a half hour, and then ascended the hill; and after a short distance on the other side we came to Nazareth, the end of our long horseback journey. The rest of the half day and the night in that city that knew the childhood, youth, and young manhood of our Lord seemed the rest to which he invited all men when he said: "Come unto me . . . and rest."

Nazareth would be attractive to any visitor, even had it never been the home of Jesus and his mother, because of its beautiful location on the mountain side, with the high hills about it and the superb view which can be had from its heights. Many of the buildings are tasteful, with dazzling white walls around them, while the green framework of cactus hedges, fig trees, and olive trees makes a sight most pleasing. The town has a population of 11,000, of whom 4,000 are Moslems, 4,000 Orthodox Greeks, 1,000 United Greeks, 1,500 Latins, 200 Maronites, and 250 Protestants. Many of the women are quite beautiful; and when they are dressed in their gay embroidered jackets and their foreheads and chests are laden with their coins, they make a very attractive appearance. The district is comparatively rich, and the town shows a decided thriftiness. Evidently the same could not have been said of the place when Jesus lived there, as it must have been a small village of mean reputation. But the town is greatly enlarged; and although it may occupy a somewhat different location from that of Jesus's time, yet here the carpenter's son came to his

manhood, and the points of real interest are those with which his life was concerned. The visit to the church which covers the site of the Virgin's home, where she received the annunciation that she was to be the mother of the Messiah, took on a sacred meaning. Through the monastery, within which is the Church of the Annunciation, we had to pass to reach the place of Joseph's carpenter shop. It, too, is covered by a chapel. Not far away was the traditional site of the synagogue in which Jesus preached. But the only place of which we felt certain was Mary's Well, which is the only spring that the town possesses. Mary and her son must have come here with their jars for water. The motley throng which gathered about the spring in the evening was quite entertaining to the visitors, and especially as the girls and women trotted away with the jars of water on their heads unsupported by their hands. The mount of precipitation, from which the throng tried to throw Jesus, is east of the town, and from it one may have a magnificent view of the whole Plain of Esdraelon, with Endor, Nain, Jezreel, Little Hermon on the south, Mount Carmel on the west, Great Hermon with its snow-covered peaks on the north, Mount Tabor, the basin of Tiberias, and the country beyond on the east. From the hilltop back of the town, on which the English Protestant Girls' Orphanage is situated, the survey of the Valley of Nazareth and the surrounding country is gorgeous. One leaves Nazareth, with its hills and its valleys, its beautiful homes and gardens, its sacred spots and holy atmosphere, with a sense of regret; but, after all, perhaps it is best not to remain until the halo fades away.

MARY'S WELL, NAZARETH.

The morning sun flooded the valley with golden light as we took the carriage for our four hours' drive to Tiberias; and as we climbed the hill east of the town, we looked back upon the beautiful little sacred city and went away with a picture richer in color, finer in execution, and more precious in meaning than any we had caught before in all this fascinating land. After a short distance we came to the road that leads up to Mount Tabor, which must be ascended on foot. It is 1,846 feet high, and when seen from Nain it has the form of a dome, but from the northwest it has the appearance of a truncated cone. On it are the ruins of an old castle and of a Crusaders' church. The Greeks and the Latins have churches, and both claim that the actual spot of the transfiguration is within their church. The view from the summit is very extensive. The natural view was sufficient to make Peter want to build tabernacles here; and when the divine glory was added, it is no wonder that he wanted to take up a permanent abode. But we continued our journey, and in two hours we were in Cana, where the first miracle —that of turning the water into wine—was wrought. We saw the big stone jars that Jesus used, so the Greek priest told us between the prayers which he muttered when we went into his church; but our credulity was not equal to such a test. In the Latin chapel which occupies the site of a church of the Crusaders (which in turn succeeded a church that probably dates back to the third or fourth century) we saw what the priest claimed to be the remains of an old synagogue. Here, we were told, the miracle took place, and we were shown a copy of a jar which was

taken from here and which is preserved now in some Roman Catholic cathedral as the water jar that Jesus used. While the arguments were not convincing, yet I greatly enjoyed the sight of the remains of the old synagogue. The site of the house of Nathanael was also pointed out. The little, dirty village contains about eight hundred people, half of whom are Moslems. The children ran after us with laces for sale and with a general cry for backsheesh. The village in Palestine is nothing more than a collection of mud huts without windows except small holes, and without floors and without chimneys. They are covered with straw and mud. The house usually has one large room, which is used by the male members of the family and for the reception of strangers. In case the owner is wealthy, a room is built above this, called the upper chamber, and is reserved for an honored guest. Adjoining the large room one or two rooms are built for the women and girls, where they live and do their cooking, washing, and other work. The natives spend most of their time in the summer on the roofs of their houses, where booths are built of weeds and cane, in which the members of the family sleep. As there are no fireplaces, the fire is made in the center of the large room; and the smoke from the burning wood often becomes so dense that one can scarcely see across the room, and of course the eyes of all present must suffer. In the cities the brasiers are filled with charcoal, and the people sit around them and warm their hands. Bedsteads, tables, chairs, and sofas are never used in the villages and very seldom in the cities; but rich, beautiful rugs are thrown

on the floor, and the people sit on them, folding their legs in tailor fashion, and lean against heavy bolsters lined against the walls. In the homes of the wealthy mattresses, which are kept in alcoves especially built for that purpose, are spread on the floor for the inmates and guests to sleep on; but the poor and the laboring classes have no such luxuries, and are compelled to sleep on their straw mats, with their coats spread over them or under them, and with anything for a pillow which comes to hand. Jacob found a comfortable stone. The coat, fashioned like an army officer's cloak, is very heavy, and is worn in summer to keep off the heat and in winter to shield from the cold, while it becomes a mat or a bed which even a paralytic could take up and then walk; and as a rug it is ever in evidence, while thrown under the feet of honored visitors it serves to show the highest esteem and to give a royal welcome. At the door of one of these humble huts in a village we saw a woman with her baby in her arms. It was wrapped in swaddling clothes, just as was Jesus when he was laid in the manger. When a child is born, it is immediately plunged into a bath of salt brine; and after being well massaged, it is powdered with very fine salt and wrapped in swaddling bands. Every time the child is washed and its clothing changed the body is powdered with fine salt. This is kept up until the child is weaned. Salt is the chief ingredient in the medicines of the country. It is said to eradicate even the tendencies to disease.

The home is the man's castle; for so long as he is in his own home, no one can arrest him and no power

can bring him out. If a man were to force himself into a home where there were women, or were he to be caught there, he would be killed, and the man who did the killing would not be liable to the law. In the cities men are not allowed where women happen to be; and should a man come upon women who by some chance did not have the veil over their faces and looked at them, he would be liable to an assault by any man present. Of course the Christian and Jewish women may be seen at any time. In the villages the women do not wear veils, as they must labor outdoors; and a stranger may address them, inquiring for direction to some place or even asking for a drink of water, but he cannot tarry for a conversation. In the times of Jesus there was evidently a law forbidding men to converse with strange women, and he bade the Samaritan woman at Jacob's Well to call her husband. The women and girls do not eat with the men and boys of the family; but after these lords have eaten, what is left is removed to the women's apartments, and there these subdued souls satisfy their hunger. A woman is not amenable to religious or civil courts; and should she steal or commit murder, she is punished as a young child who knew no better. The woman holds a very humble place in all Oriental countries. The reader will pardon this digression.

We had a good road from Cana to Tiberias over a level plateau. We crossed the Crusaders' battlefield, where the Christians were defeated by the Moslem general, Saladin, in 1187. Here we saw some fine herds of sheep and goats. The shepherd led his flock. Every sheep or goat in his herd has a name and knows its

THE SHEPHERD AND HIS FLOCK.

name; and when the shepherd calls its name, it comes. There was not a day that I spent in Palestine that I did not hear the shepherd's call and see his sheep obey his call. We passed near the mountain from the side of which Jesus is reputed to have delivered the Sermon on the Mount. For nearly an hour before we reached Tiberias we had a full view of the Sea of Galilee and its surrounding hills. We descended an abrupt hill to the town of Tiberias, and were soon comfortably quartered in a German hotel. The Germans are the hotel keepers throughout Palestine, and can always be relied on to give comfortable entertainment. But German colonies are being planted in many parts of the Holy Land, and rival in size and influence the Russian colonies. The people from these two European countries are beginning to make new conditions in this ancient land, and the civilized world may well rejoice at the growth of this influence.

Tiberias surprised me by being dirtier and filthier than any place that I had seen. The population of 5,000 is two-thirds Jewish of the Russian and Polish variety. There is nothing there for them to do, which is not displeasing to them, as they are very glad to depend entirely upon the Israelite Alliance of Europe. However, they are as orthodox as they are filthy and lazy, and have reputations as students of the Talmud. It was here that the Hebrew Bible, now universally accepted, was written. The Jerusalem Talmud came into existence here, and the Mishna was here first published. Here St. Jerome studied the Hebrew language. While it is noted for the Hebrew scholars that have lived here and is now one of the four holy

cities of the Jewish faith (Jerusalem, Hebron, and Safed being the other three), yet Tiberias at the time of our Lord was considered unclean for a Jew. Herod Antipas, the murderer of John the Baptist, built the city. The hill was crowned with a picturesque castle; the slopes were covered with temples, palaces, and other public buildings; the streets were wide and well-paved; and high walls three miles in length inclosed the city. But a burial place was disturbed in laying the foundations, and that made the place unclean for the Jews. There is no record that Jesus ever visited the town, although it was not more than six miles from Capernaum, and the fact that it was Jewishly unclean may account for his not visiting the place. The population then was made up largely of adventurers, beggars, and any foreigners whom Herod could induce to come. It was a Græco-Romish city, with its race course, amphitheater, and such un-Jewish institutions. The glory of the Herodian city named for his emperor has departed, and now its chief fame is that the king of fleas lives here. Throughout Syria Tiberias is notorious for these friendly pests.

We had for our dinner that day some very fine fish which had that morning been caught in the Sea of Galilee. This famous body of water is still noted for its fish of many varieties which live here in great quantities, although they are taken in large numbers to satisfy the demands of the people who live on or near the shores. How beautiful is this little lake about which the Great Teacher lived so much of his three great years! It is thirteen miles long, and its greatest width is six miles, while its greatest depth is 137 to

157 feet, according to the season, the depth varying with the rains. Its surface is 680 feet below the level of the Mediterranean. The water has a light blue color. Its taste is not disagreeable. The natives drink the water. The surrounding hills are of moderate height, and the scenery, enlivened by a few villages, is quite pleasing. In the spring the banks form a veritable paradise, as the low soil is very fertile. In summer the heat is intense, and the vegetation is sub-tropical; and just after the first rains fever is quite prevalent. A sail on the waters of this quiet lake was a thing greatly to be desired; and in the afternoon, with four good boatmen and a satisfactory English-speaking guide, I set sail for Tell Hum, the probable site of ancient Capernaum, which was about seven miles away. The lake was quiet for two miles while we were behind the overhanging hills above Tiberias; but when we passed Magdala, the home of Mary Magdalene, and the mountains gave way to the Plain of Gennesaret, the strong winds from the west swooped down upon us and our boat dipped water. The boatmen lowered the sails somewhat, the ballast of heavy stones was moved to the west side of the boat, and the six of us sat on that same edge. Still the boat skirted the water, which occasionally poured in, and which a boatman busily bailed out. I understood perfectly the record in the Gospels of that storm which made the disciples afraid, and which the Master rebuked into peace. When we came to Tell Hum we were unable to land, as there was danger of being dashed against the black basaltic stones; but we found a harbor a little to the west. With the guide I went to Tell Hum,

which may mark the place of Capernaum or that of Chorazin. The geographers and archæologists have not been able to agree on the sites about the Sea of Galilee, but there is strong argument in favor of Tell Hum being Capernaum; and the German Franciscan monk who is conducting the excavations there felt very confident that the splendid ruins which he was bringing to light were none other than those of the old synagogue in which Jesus preached in the city of Capernaum. The ruins are interesting, and show that once they were parts of an elegant building which was constructed of white stone which did not come from that section, as there the stone is all black volcanic basalt. The Franciscans have it in mind to reconstruct on this ancient foundation a building on the plan of the original. Two miles east is the mouth of the Jordan; and a short distance up the river is the site of Bethsaida Julias, where the 5,000 were miraculously fed. Some authorities put Capernaum near the mouth of the Jordan, where there was once a quay and a busy town. Two miles west of Tell Hum is the site of an ancient town, where there are some quaint old water mills, and this the guide pointed out as Bethsaida. I went ashore and started up the hill to some rocks in an open field, from which I hoped to get a fine view of the lake and the various points of interest. The guide cautioned me about going into that "desert," as there were dangerous scorpions, snakes, and insects. A "desert" in that country means a piece of land that is not cultivated, that has been deserted. While definite localities could not be pointed out, yet here before me and within a distance of a few miles were the scenes of the

greatest life that the world has ever known or will ever know. The country on this north and northwest shore of the lake gradually rises and forms the most beautiful location imaginable for the numerous towns and villages which were here at the time of Jesus. A mile northwest of Bethsaida the mountains rise to a considerable height; and just behind them is the Jewish holy city of Safed, with a population of 30,000. The Jews regard Safed as holy because they believe that from here the Messiah is to come. The Sea of Galilee is girdled by an almost continuous belt of ruins, which shows that in the time of our Lord the whole coast was practically covered with city walls, houses, synagogues, wharves, and factories. The great road from Damascus to the southwest came along the north and northwest shore and passed on just west of the mountains above Magdala, out by the Mount of Beatitudes, where the great Sermon was preached, and then on near Mount Tabor to the southern country. The Mount of Beatitudes was near the great highway, as were Magdala and the cities in which Jesus spoke to the multitudes. As we sailed in the shadows of the evening to Tiberias we had a fine view of the country east of the lake, of the land of the Gergasenes, of the place where the swine into which the cast-out demons went were driven, and of the reputed sites of the ancient Gamala and Hippas. The next day we sailed to the southern end of the lake to the railroad station to take the train to Damascus. It was then that we saw the wild country of the Gadarenes. It is unsafe to-day to go into the country on the east shore of this peaceful lake, as the Bedouins are robbers and

have no respect of persons. While the twenty-four hours gave us full opportunity to see what there is to be seen about the Sea of Galilee, yet they passed all too quickly for one who wanted to dwell in quiet meditation amid these suggestive and stimulating scenes.

CHAPTER XXII.

Damascus, Baalbek, Beirut, Alexandria.

WHEN one, leaving the Sea of Galilee, turns his face toward the east and begins a journey into the land beyond the Jordan, he turns his back upon the real Holy Land and enters a country without that sacredness which attaches to those places that are associated with the life of our Lord and the labors of the men who made Israel. The Palestine that we love lies west of the Jordan, although Moab, Jabesh-gilead, and Damascus have a prominent place in the history of the chosen people. The whole of Palestine has an area of only 11,000 square miles, and its population would be doubled if the Jews of New York City would some bright day all go to the land of their fathers. But they are not going, and neither are the thrifty Jews from any land. Of the 700,000 people in Palestine, about 90,000 are Jews, 550,000 are Mohammedans, and 60,000 are Christians. The Christians are mostly Greeks and Latins, although there are Armenians, Maronites, and some other small sects and a few Protestants. From the standpoint of race the population of Syria, which is about three million, consists of Syrians, Arabs, Turks, Jews, and Franks. There are not many Franks. The Syrians are the descendants of those who spoke Aramaic at the time of Christ, with the exception of the Jews. They are the real native people of the country. Many of them

have remained faithful to the Christian faith, while others have embraced Mohammedanism. The Arabs, whether settled or nomadic Bedouins, come from the desert country and are followers of Mohammed. The Turks are not numerous, and are said to be inferior intellectually to the Arabs; but they compose the large part of the governing class. As officials they are, without doubt, very corrupt; and the publican of the days of our Lord was no more harsh than his successor of this day. They have a system of government very similar to that in China and other Oriental countries, and the "squeeze" is always to be expected. A German who built a hotel in Tiberias said that he had to pay six hundred francs (one hundred and twenty dollars) backsheesh to the officials for permission to continue his work from time to time. The money of the country was hard to understand; but French money was acceptable in most places, and I avoided the Turkish coins. The language of the country is Arabic, but many of the people speak French. I did not at any time enjoy coming in touch with the people.

The journey from the Sea of Galilee to Damascus, thence to Baalbek and on to Beirut, was made by rail. We boarded the train at Semak, at the southern end of the lake, a few hundred yards from the mouth of the Jordan, at 9:30 in the morning, and arrived in Damascus at five o'clock that afternoon, making a distance of one hundred and fifty-five miles. This was by our time. They reckon differently. This railroad, which connects Haifa and Damascus, is two hundred and eight miles long. It runs from Haifa southeast through the valley at the foot of Mount Carmel, into the Plain

THE BEDOUINS IN THEIR TENT.

of Esdraelon, along the valley at the foot of the mountain on which Jezreel is situated, north of the Mountain of Gilboa, and on to the river Jordan, where it turns north and runs along by the river and crosses it at the Sea of Galilee, where it turns east and passes up the rocky gorge of the river Yarmuk into the mountains of the wild country east of the Jordan. The rugged scenery could hardly be excelled. We passed within a short distance of the ancient Gadara, which is near the famous hot springs of that name. After two hours' travel, we came up on the great plateau of the Hauran, the famous wheat country of Syria. That whole section is very beautiful and looks like a great prairie as compared with the most of Palestine. This soil here is very fertile and produces splendid crops with small cultivation. The black basalt stones indicate the volcanic disturbances which once shook the land. The people are almost entirely Mohammedans. The Bedouins may be seen in many sections. These are the direct descendants of the half-savage nomads who have inhabited Arabia from time immemorial, and who for the most part are of pure Arab blood. Their dwellings are the portable tents made of black goat's hair, which are impervious to rain, and which they move to suit their convenience or cleanliness or to meet the needs for pastures for their immense herds of sheep, goats, and camels. They live largely on bread and milk and occupy themselves very much with war with other tribes over pastures and wells. They have little or no religion, although they know more of Mohammedanism than anything else. They give the settled peasantry much trouble which the government tries to keep down,

but the tardiness of the officials usually results in the peasantry paying the sheiks of the Bedouins blackmail to escape further disturbance. The entire Bedouin population numbers 40,000 to 50,000 souls.

Damascus is the oldest city in the world and the largest in Syria, with its population from 200,000 to 250,-000. More than three-fourths of the people are Moslems, while there are only 8,000 Jews and 750 Protestants; and the rest are mostly Greeks, either orthodox or united. The city is 2,266 feet above the sea, and is surrounded by mountains on three sides. The beautiful Abana River (now called Barada) supplies the water from the mountains that makes the famous gardens surrounding this ancient but now modern-appearing Oriental city. The streets and the bazaars would have great attraction for one who had not visited Cairo and the cities of India and China. The bargaining that is necessary for a foreigner to make a small purchase at a reasonable price is too great to make shopping very entertaining. The Westerner's average ignorance of what Oriental goods are really worth makes him an easy prey for these sharp traders. The Syrian with his red fez and his flowing robe or European suit, the women with their covered faces and garments of solid colors, did not furnish the attraction to one who had visited other Moslem countries that they have for those fresh from European or American civilization. Damascus had its greatest interest in its great street called "Straight," in the chapel belonging to the Latins that covers the site of Ananias's house, the leper hospital that is built on the ground where Naaman had his house, or the city wall where Paul was let down

through a window in the basket. And these places I visited. I went into the great mosque, saw the tomb of Saladin, strolled through the suburb of Meidan, watched the coppersmiths at their work, and from the minaret of the mosque secured a fine view of the city. The Damascans are very proud of their city. It is now connected by a railroad with Mecca, by another with Haifa, and by a third with Beirut. At no distant day Damascus, the metropolis of Syria, will be situated on a great trunk line connecting India and Persia with Constantinople; while a short line built from Jerusalem by Nablus and Jenin to some point in the Esdraelon near Jezreel will give Damascus direct connection with Jerusalem and Joppa and thereby bring it within twenty-four to thirty-six hours' travel of Egypt. No man can prophesy what a decade will bring forth in these Oriental countries that are awaking from their long Rip-Van-Winkle slumber and are asking themselves why they cannot become an active factor in this day's civilization. The marvelous development of a national spirit among all the peoples of the East is the wonder of these opening years of the twentieth century. The Young Turks have made their demands, and they are winning with their plans; and the Young Persians, the Young Chinese, the Young Indians, and the Young Egyptians have been charged with the same spirit, and the day of new events and new conditions is beginning to dawn. Damascus has been touched by the spirit of the times, and her institutions, industries, mode of life, and plans for future development are becoming conformed to the life that has come to them from Europe and America.

The railroad from Damascus to Beirut runs up the beautiful valley of the Barada, climbing a steep incline and meeting the fascinating stream as it pours its silvery waters over the numerous falls and rocky shallows. The gardens were rich in their beauty. Mount Hermon, rising in two peaks to about 9,050 feet and perpetually snow-capped, was in full view for several miles. We had it before us that entire afternoon while we were crossing the plateau of Hauran. It is a majestic mountain, and can be seen from many parts of Palestine. Crops are raised on its sides as high as 5,000 feet; and the forests, in which there are foxes, wolves, and other wild beasts, extend even nearer the summit. After two hours we came to the junction where the railroad leads to the north to Baalbek and on to Aleppo. Not to have visited Baalbek would have been a great mistake, for the ruins of that place cannot be surpassed in interest, beauty, and sublimity by anything to be found in Egypt, Greece, or any other nation of the world. Baalbek means "the seat of Baal," and so the wonderful ruins of the magnificent temples likely have something to do with the worship of Baal. Legendary history claims that Cain was the founder of the city, and that he built the first fortifications here after he slew his brother Abel. Another claim is that Nimrod, the great hunter, was one of the early settlers of the place. A still more interesting tradition is that here the people who would build a tower to heaven had their scriptural Babel. Abraham, patriarchs, prophets, judges, and kings have their names connected with the place. As it was halfway between Tyre and Palmyra, it unquestionably held a prominent

location and was a famous city in the ancient times. The Phœnicians and Canaanites were worshipers of Baal, the solar deity, and to them is credited the erection of the splendid structures of Baalbek, whose ruins are now marvelous in the eyes of all visitors. How the walls were built and how the great temples were brought to their completion, the best archæologists and engineers have not been able to say. Is it any wonder that engineers are puzzled when in the outside wall are stones, laid so closely that a needle cannot be inserted, which are 64 feet, 63 feet 8 inches, and 63 feet in length and thirteen feet in the other two dimensions? Each measures more than 12,000 cubic feet and weighs more than 1,000 tons. Stones measuring 30 and 35 feet in length and 12 to 13 feet square are common, while those 20, 22, and 24 feet by 13 feet are almost the rule. How were these immense blocks taken from the quarry and lifted to their places in the walls? Did the ancients make an incline of earth and roll these stones to the places and then adjust them? Marvelous is the work, however it may have been done. The quarries from which the stones were taken are not more than a mile from the town; and they show that they were worked for other buildings than the temples, and perhaps from them stones were sent to Palmyra and Damascus. At the quarry is a stone 70 feet by 15 feet by 14 feet which is estimated to weigh 1,500 tons, and which was evidently too large to be moved.

The two temples, the Great Temple and the Temple of Bacchus, which stand upon the massive substructions, were erected in the second century of the Christian era under the reign of Antonius Pius. They are

wonderful structures, and are gigantic examples of ancient architecture. Massive columns with Corinthian capitals, rich alcoves adorned by the most delicately carved fretwork, magnificent friezes and pleasing cornices, great walls and extensive ornamentations all make a show of superb architecture such as one sees nowhere else except in the ruins at Luxor and Thebes and on the Acropolis of Athens. The Temple of Bacchus is said to be one of the best preserved and most beautiful antique buildings in Syria. While it is not so massive as the Great Temple, yet in ornamentation, great columns, and stately corridors it is unsurpassed. The ravages of the Turkish soldiers and the Arabs, who have been allowed a free hand for centuries in their work of destruction, and the great earthquake which fractured the ponderous columns and walls in 1759, have brought the magnificent work of the ancient architects to greater ruin than would have come in the natural wear of the centuries. But Baalbek has an interest in its ancient pile which few places of this world can rival.

When I went to the railway station to take the train for Beirut, I found that the Governor General of the province, who has his capital in Damascus, had been in the city, and that his car would be attached to my train. He came to the station before his car was ready, as it was to be connected with the train that came down from Aleppo. He was not different in appearance from what one would expect in a Turkish official. He was a man of medium size, with dark hair and beard, with the features of one of forty-five to fifty, and with an expression of a serious, capable official. When he

passed, his subjects did not remove their red fezzes (they never raise them for anything at any place—at the table, in the drawing-room, in the presence of ladies or potentates); but they bowed very low with the full swing of the arm, which is extended with the palm of the hand upward. The salutation in the swing and sweep of the entire body is indeed quite impressive, and is more pleasing than the stiff bow which is the custom in polite circles of Europe and some Asiatic countries. The Governor had a large retinue of attendants in uniforms and adorned with glistening swords. The only high official in the world who is willing to be a civilian and dress as such and have no military accompaniment is the American. In speaking of salutations, I am minded to say that salutations in Palestine are very tedious and cannot be quickly performed. The greetings are hearty and are continued. Each person usually kisses his hand as he brings it back from the swing. The parties often embrace. "Peace be with you" is repeated a number of times. Jesus said to his disciples when he sent them: "Salute no man by the way." They would not have gone far if they had met many people and saluted each one according to the Oriental custom.

The journey from Baalbek to Beirut required about six hours. As Baalbek is about 3,900 feet above the Mediterranean and Beirut is on the shore, the train, after crossing the Lebanon Mountains, had to make a considerable descent. The mountains still held snow in their ravines, the gulches were sublime in their ruggedness, and the fields that filled the narrow valleys were beautiful in their products. The rapidity of the descent at times gave one an inclination to nervous-

ness; but the narrow plain was reached, and soon we were in Beirut, a city of 120,000 people, the northern port of Syria, and the chief commercial place of the country. It is beautifully situated on St. George's Bay, has a mild climate because of its sea breeze, and is surrounded by luxuriant gardens. Here the Moslems number only 36,000, and so the Christian element predominates. There are 2,100 Protestants here; but the Orthodox Greeks will reach 45,000 and the Maronites 28,000. Over one thousand steamers enter the harbor annually, while the sailing vessels will number 2,500. The city has more interest to me because of the Syrian Protestant College, which is located here, than for any other reason. I counted it a high privilege to meet not only the President, Dr. Howard S. Bliss, but his honored father, the Rev. Dr. Daniel Bliss, who is really the founder of the institution. Though he has passed his fourscore years, yet he has lost no interest in this great institution. The school has more than 800 pupils and a faculty of seventy-five members. The medical school does first-class work, and its clinics in the hospital would do credit to the medical schools of America. In the student body may be found 100 Egyptians, 100 Greeks, seventy Armenians, and the rest are Syrians. In religion 300 of the students are Orthodox Greeks, 100 are Mohammedans, 100 Roman Catholics, and 150 are Protestants. The converts to Protestantism are never made from the Moslems, but usually from the Orthodox Greeks. No institution in the East is doing more for the country in which it is located than the Syrian Protestant College is doing for the Syrians. It is sending out physicians and teachers that will bring

in a new era in their country. One evening I attended a presentation of Shakespeare's "As You Like It" on the campus by the students of the college, and was delighted with the performance. Their pronunciation of the English language and their interpretation of the great dramatist were admirable. The mission work in Beirut and Northern Syria is done largely by the Presbyterian and the United Presbyterian Churches. While the results have not been large, yet the missionaries feel encouraged and are hopeful of greater things. But the time of my departure from Syria was at hand; and after two nights and a day in Beirut I left for Alexandria, taking a steamer that would touch at Haifa, Joppa, and Port Said. It was not clean nor comfortable, but it was going in the right direction. In the afternoon we passed Tyre, and an hour before sunset we came to anchor at Haifa, at the foot of Mount Carmel. The next morning we awoke to find ourselves at Joppa, where we spent the day, and where the traveling companion of the world journey, coming down from Jerusalem, met me. The next morning we were in Port Said, where we spent some six hours; and in the afternoon we set sail for Alexandria, where we landed safely the next morning at eight o'clock and spent the day.

Alexandria, once famous for its schools of philosophy and theology, is now known as the great commercial metropolis of the kingdom of the Khedive. Could Alexander the Great look upon this splendid city, which boasts of him as its founder, he would be surprised to find that practically nothing that he designed for his magnificent capital is now in existence. Neither Mace-

donia nor Greece could lay claims to what one may at this day see in Alexandria; for great merchants have taken the places of great scholars, magnificent business houses have supplanted costly libraries, and modern commercialism has hushed the voice of world-renowned scholarship. But Alexandria, with its 400,000 inhabitants, is a great city according to present-day standards. It has many fine broad, well-paved streets, and its buildings will compare favorably with those of most European cities. Into its splendid harbor enter great ships with their cargo from the ports of the world, and out of it go the vast rich exports of Egypt. While this Egyptian metropolis is a modern city, it yet lays claim to some ancient ruins. Pompey's Pillar, a large round monolith of red granite nearly one hundred feet high, still stands on a commanding site. Recent excavations have revealed ruins of a great temple and some superb statues of Egyptian rulers and sacred animals. Cleopatra kept her magnificent Needles here, but the generosity of the old Mehemet made New York's Central Park and the banks of the Thames the present resting places of these famous obelisks. The faithful Copts can show the traveler what they claim was the resting place of St. Mark's bones for eight hundred years and point out some locality in which Athanasius, the defender of the faith, lived, or where Apollos, Paul's eloquent contemporary, was born; but they have no credible information. The ancient remains of Alexandria are too meager to excite much interest, and so the tourist must satisfy himself with what he sees of the modern city and the present-day people.

The interest and delight with which one visits the

ruins and remains of ancient Egypt are intense. The dead and mummied Egyptian gives pleasure and instruction, but his live and present-day descendant whom we met combines in a most irritating manner the majority of the faults of his Oriental ancestors and his Occidental associates. The wealthy tramps of European and American society who spend their winters in Cairo and other parts of Egypt have spoiled by their large fees the serving public in the most interesting places in the land of the Nile. Egypt is the most expensive country which tourists now visit; and the service which the swarthy-faced, long-robed, red-fezzed natives render is as limited as they can make it. But where is there an Oriental that a traveler can trust? Honesty and truthfulness are not constant in the moral code of the East. Bargaining and the multiplying of words are common everywhere in the Orient, and a bargain holds nowhere (except in China, where the "face" is involved) if the Oriental by disregarding it finds a way to make capital. The recital of the experiences of those who were caught for a fee of twenty francs when three had been agreed upon to deliver the party from the steamer to the wharf made me cautious in transshipping in Alexandria. The boatman agreed to deliver us and our baggage upon our outgoing steamer for a certain sum. When, in declaring that a competitor who had asked five times that amount had no license, he produced his own license, I took it and placed it in my pocket, telling him that I would return it when the contract was fulfilled. We had no trouble, as the return of the license was an essential matter to him. It is by no means unusual for a boatman to hold

his passengers upon the rocking surf until his demands, however exorbitant, are met in cash. However, in some American and European cities we not infrequently find such highwaymen on our carriages. In every country but our own the city authorities universally establish a tariff for carriages; and the customers can demand this schedule before entering a carriage or on leaving it, and pay the driver according to the legal rate. Without a legal tariff the use of carriages in the Orient would be impossible, as the bargaining necessary to secure one would consume too much time, and the demands on leaving it would necessitate the interposition of the police. Even as it is, frequently tourists are forced by illegal charges of the carriage drivers to seek the protection of the police, and especially is this true in Cairo. But such treatment may usually be expected in those countries where the rich and the pretentious have congregated for their pleasures, as their reckless expenditures have brought the natives to look for large fees from visitors.

When the fine German steamer lifted anchor at noon on that June day and took its course to the northwest across the Mediterranean Sea for Italy, we breathed a sigh of relief, for the burden of the Orient was left behind. Whether in the far East or the near East, no man can travel in the Orient without a depression of spirit and the continual sense of a human burden upon the heart and mind. Between Europe and America there is a great sea in a sense other than that of water, but between them and the rest of the world there is a great gulf. Steam, electricity, and a common intelligence may abolish the sea, but the gulf is fixed by crea-

tion; and though it may be bridged, it can never be removed. "As far as the East is from the West" is a distance unmeasurable if these terms designate the peoples who are native to these realms. Kipling, after a long residence in the Eastern lands, wrote:

> O, the East is East, and the West is West,
> And never the twain shall meet,
> Till earth and sky stand presently
> Before God's great judgment seat.

The Asiatic is the product of his own countless centuries, and into the fabric of his nature have been woven tissues which are unknown and unknowable to the European or his American descendant. The very constitution of his mind is so different from that of his European brother that even the exchange of their distinctive ideas is hindered by the lack of a common medium. The European often pities him in his lot and marvels that he is not concerned about changing his conditions. But the truth is, his conditions were not imposed upon him, but rather they issued from him, and in them he lives and moves and has his being. As yet the West has been unable to make him see any better way, and he marvels that any Western people would essay to be his teacher. The Westerner has too often ignored the content of the consciousness of the Oriental, and as a result his labor at a transformation in his brother has failed. Kipling said also:

> But there is neither East nor West,
> Nor border, nor breed, nor birth,
> When two strong men stand face to face,
> Though they come from the end of the earth.

When the strong man of the West recognizes the strong man of the East and each concedes to each the rights and worth which he represents, then the possibility of intercommunication will be more certain and the two hemispheres may be united.

The four days necessary to bring us from Alexandria to Naples soon passed pleasantly away, for we had a quiet sea and a very agreeable company. True, we had some princes and princesses of the Egyptian realm, but their royal conceit relieved us of their presence. A sheik from the land of Goshen, who had conceived the idea of distributing some of his ready coin in London and Paris while he paraded his pretentious importance, was much in evidence and gave a splendid exhibition of the Egyptian Arab at his self-conscious best. In the night of the third day we passed through the Straits of Messina, between Italy and Sicily, and early in the next morning we steamed by the volcanic island of Stromboli. Just as we rose from lunch on the last day we passed the island of Capri and entered the Bay of Naples, correctly styled the most beautiful bay in the world. On our right lay Sorrento and Castellamare and their charming surroundings; while in front of us, behind the city, stood out against the deep blue sky the solemn gray peak of Mount Vesuvius, at whose feet crouched its victims of Pompeii and Herculaneum. On the left Ischia and her small sister islands stand in a line like maids in waiting. "What is so rare as a day in June?" What would the poet have written had that day afforded a slow sail into the beautiful, beautiful Bay of Naples when the sun was in his glory, the sky in its own Italian blue, and the hills and the valleys, the

orchards and the gardens were riotous in their wealth of fruit and flower? We were in a strait betwixt two: whether to abide upon the ship in a harbor so gorgeous in its setting or to go out into the city that offered a home feeling even in its strangeness to those who had wandered in lands so distant from their own in thought and life. The luxury of landing at such a time was eagerly seized at the first lowering of the gang plank, and in a trice we were driving away to our hotel. After several months spent among the kimono-dressed Japanese, the gayly gowned Chinese, the sky-clad Malays, Burmese, and Hindus, and the long-robed Egyptian and Syrian, we were in good condition of mind to appreciate real clothes, fashioned after our own. The Asiatic occasionally endeavors to show his sympathy for Western civilization by donning the apparel of the European or American, but somehow when he endeavors thus to exhibit his regard for Western ways his dress is out of keeping with his life and thought. In Japan among those in full native or foreign garb we saw men who had discarded the native kimono for a knit suit, white hose, low shoes, and an overcoat. It was not unusual to see persons wearing a mixed suit of Japanese and foreign clothes. Mixing the Oriental and the Western is a habit in that land. In China there is little mixing of clothes, as the native garb does not admit of such procedure. In fact, foreign dress does not appeal very strongly to a Chinaman. In India the mixture was very common, and one often saw men clad in their tunic, which left their limbs for the most part bare, with a neat sack coat worn over the tunic, low russet shoes or patent leather "pumps" on the feet, and

the head uncovered. Nakedness and clothes were rather informally distributed over the bodies of these sons and daughters of the tropics. To be ushered from such a motley throng into a land of full suits, elegant footwear, and becoming headgear was indeed an experience which excited rare pleasure. Again and again we were compelled to exclaim: "What handsome men and beautiful women this Italian metropolis can produce!" One member of the party had never seen any Italians except the immigrants in America, and was not prepared to find in Naples auburn-haired blondes as well as brown-eyed brunettes. Soft, clear complexions, noble physiques, and queenly forms were not expected in this city of Southern Italy. But the consciousness that we had really passed from the East to the West in crossing the Middle Sea between Alexandria and Naples was the most distinctive and highly prized gain in coming into the fair city which was once the gay capital of the stout little kingdom of Naples.

Here I take my farewell of my readers. The journey through the Orient was exceedingly interesting and highly profitable. Many of the experiences were severe, and no one could wish for a repetition of them. For instance, travel through India in April is hazardous; for the heat is intense, registering 108 to 110 degrees Fahrenheit in the shade, and dealing death to an American in the sunshine unless the head is protected by a thick pith helmet. The water is never safe unless boiled by a trustworthy person. Stimulants are dangerous. Travel in India should be undertaken only in the four months beginning with November. Japan offers at all times unusual attractions for the traveler,

while China will interest any student of a great and stalwart people. Egypt furnishes the real antiquities for the sight-seer, but the land is full of pests like unto those that came as plagues in Pharaoh's time and others that possessed the land since that day. Palestine is indeed the Holy Land, and for a clergyman or a Bible student it offers unparalleled scenes and unsurpassed interest. Every minister who can visit this land of our Lord should by all means make the trip. A journey among the Orientals, even if hurriedly made, will give one the pulse beat of the nations of the Far East just at this time when the national consciousness of every country is fast awaking, and this will be invaluable in the study of the present movements of the Asiatic peoples.

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA LIBRARY
Los Angeles

University of California
SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY
405 Hilgard Avenue, Los Angeles, CA 90024-1388
Return this material to the library
from which it was borrowed.

REC'D LD-URL
APR 28 1999

JERROLD G. STANOFF, BOOKSELLERS
1926 VISTA DEL MAR, SUITE 8
HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA 90068

UC Southern Regional Library Facility
A 000 523 717 7