

ONE RESULT OF DAVID LIVINGSTONE'S PIONEER WORK
Part of an Audience at a Preaching Service of the Scotch Presbyterian Mission in Livingstonia, Central Africa

The Missionary Review



of the World



Vol., XXXVI, No. 3
Old Series

MARCH, 1913

VOL., XXVI, No. 3
New Series

Signs of the Times

A CHANGE OF FRONT IN ISLAM

IT has been thought that Islam, like Rome, never changes, and it is true that with change must come a loss of identity. Islam is changing, as we see clearly and forcibly in the Moslem press of Egypt. From time to time in the daily papers and the religious magazines, we see signs that Moslems are becoming less fanatical and are not only willing, but anxious to examine the evidence of Christianity as it is found in the New Testament. Formerly the New Testament was rejected on the charge of having been corrupted, or abrogated by the Koran. In these days Moslems often seem eager to prove their position by quoting Scripture. A series of articles which have been appearing in the paper called *El Manar* seeks to prove that the original Gospel on which our present four Gospels are based, did not teach the deity of Christ nor His Atonement. In other words, Mohammedans are following the lead of those who by critical methods profess to be able to eliminate the supernatural from the New Testament.

Another more hopeful sign of progress is noticeable in the recent gathering of some 65 missionaries for an eight-day conference in Egypt. Their report of the state of affairs in that country declares that to-day as never before there is manifest among the Moslems an interest in Christianity and its teachings. Copies of the Scriptures and religious tracts are being bought and read by Moslems to an extent unparalleled in the past history of Islam. A spirit of religious inquiry is manifest among many Moslems, even of those who are recognized as sheikhs or religious teachers. The attendance of Moslems is increasing in both the regular and special meetings held under Christian auspices. Requests for baptism on the part of Moslems are not infrequent. Formerly few Moslems were willing to listen to Christian teaching, now few there are who refuse to listen when approached. There is also, we are told, "a spirit of unrest in Moslem circles, and an increasing effort to discover ways by which Islamic standards and practises, Islamic laws and institutions may undergo such revis-

The editors seek to preserve accuracy and to manifest the spirit of Christ in the pages of this REVIEW, but do not acknowledge responsibility for opinions expressed, nor for positions taken by contributors of signed articles in these pages.—EDITORS.

ion and reconstruction as will enable them to retain the respect and command the allegiance of a Moslem public which is advancing in knowledge and enlightenment." For all of which Christians everywhere give thanks.

HOPE FOR PERSIAN GIRLS

WHEN the girls who will be the future mothers, become Christians, we may have greater hope for the coming generation. So it is encouraging to know that Miss Annie Stockwell, missionary of the Presbyterian Board at Teheran, Persia, estimates that there are now at least 1,000 Moslem boys and girls attending the 13 Christian mission schools in Persia. Miss Stockwell estimates that this number is twice what it was five years ago. The education of Moslems in Christian schools is, in fact, a very recent development, but the ambition of Mohammedan parents to secure good education for their children is rapidly overcoming all religious prejudices. Of this thousand nearly 700 are paying tuition, so that the movement is no pauper scheme to get something for nothing. There is no concession on religion to these Moslem scholars. They are required to attend school on Friday, which is the holy day of Islam, and all of the schools require the Bible as a regular study in the curriculum. So far, however, from there being any prejudice aroused by this method of teaching the Bible lesson is distinctly popular among the Mohammedan children in most of the schools.

MOSLEM UNREST IN INDIA

THE Balkan war has greatly excited the Mohammedans of the Indian Empire. In Calcutta, a very

largely attended meeting has been held, which, strange to say, was attended by a number of Hindus also. The speakers declared that the Christian nations have joined hands to rob the Moslems of all their possessions; that the believers in the Bible are always the enemies of the believers in the Koran, but that they are unable to extinguish the fire which Mohammed has started, and that some day the cry "Allah Akbar," once heard before the gates of Vienna, would be heard again in the uttermost parts of the earth.

Mohammedan newspapers are beginning to show more plainly their opposition to Christianity, as the following sentences, taken from an editorial, show: "In none of the Gujarat districts have any Mohammedan orphans been handed over to Christian missionaries during the present famine, and instructions have been issued that collectors of famine-stricken districts, who have Mohammedan orphans to dispose of, should inform the honorary secretary of the Bombay Presidency Moslem League, at Poona, before handing them over to any non-Moslem missionaries or institutions."

The importance of this Moslem unrest and anti-Christian activity in India is made clear by the fact that the unrest has spread to Hindu colonies in other lands. For instance, the Moslem Hindus who have settled in the Transvaal Colony have address a telegram to the British Government in which they ask humbly, but very earnestly, that England aid the Turks against the Balkan Powers. The colony of Mohammedan Hindus in London, also, is showing signs of increased activity and of great interest in the Balkan war.

It is a peculiar symptom of this Moslem unrest that there is shown a certain anger with the British Government for not coming to the aid of the Moslem cause, and a certain sympathy for Germany, which is often called the unselfish friend of Turkey and Islam. But the activity and unrest are sure proofs of the fact that Moslems throughout the earth are beginning to feel their oneness in religion and in politics.

THE WORK IN MOROCCO

THE missionaries of the Southern Morocco Mission, who had been forced to abandon their work in the city of Marakesh during the rebellion and the war, have now returned to that city and have again entered upon their work. They were warmly welcomed by the natives, who have become very humble, it seems. Formerly the fanatical Mohammedans used to say that the blessing of the Prophet is more than a match for the forces of the unbelievers. Now they see that they have lost their independence and that the news from Turkey means practically the overthrow of Moslem power. Some, however, declare that Hiba will yet return and turn out all the obnoxious and, more or less secretly, hated Frenchmen, and they seem more firmly than ever determined to cling to their religion.

The Mission itself has suffered comparatively little from the war. Before the Pretender entered the city, much looting was done, and many buildings were burned, but the efforts of the servant, who had been left in charge, saved the houses of the missionaries. After the Pretender entered the city, he at once began to seize European houses for his friends,

and the mission buildings were demanded to be emptied at once. The faithful servant got a respite of a few days by giving gifts to officials. In the meantime the French army arrived, and the houses were saved.

The work of the dispensary was kept partly going by the servant during the absence of the missionaries, so that the people never really lost touch with it. Thus the work now moves on again as if there had been no war. The attendances are large and the evening classes are crowded, so that opportunities for the preaching of the Gospel are great, tho the ladies fancy that the women are a little more opposed to the Christian religion than they were before the loss of independence by their country.

REFORM IN THE GREEK CHURCH

A GREEK paper, *St. Polycarp*, edited by the metropolitan bishop of Smyrna, calls for reform in the Greek Church. The writer, George Zacharoulis an "orthodox preacher," calls attention to the decline in religious and ethical life and says (as translated in *The Orient*):

"We do indeed hold and keep the Evangelical Truth, . . . but our faith is a dead and empty faith, because it is faith without works (Jas. 2: 17, 20); our Religion is empty and vain, because 'Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this, to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world' (Jas. 1: 27). While sticking to the letter, we have fallen from the spirit, we have stript ourselves of Christian grace and comeliness, we have lost the true and living faith that renews and cleanses the heart, that uplifts and ennoble"

the thoughts and fixes the will on the right. . . . We are named by the name of Christ, but we have not Christ abiding in us, and therefore we have neither the Truth nor the Light nor the Life. We have forsaken the Word and turn again to 'the weak and beggarly elements,' observing days and months and times and years (Gal. 4:9, 10), and paying attention to the liftings and moving of tables, calling on evil spirits, and inquiring of the dead, and all but reviving the ancient oracles. To these and similar things is religion limited by us, and Christianity has become with us an empty word and an abstract theory, exercising no influence on heart or morals. And those who have some education and have succeeded in seeing that this is not religion but vain and empty superstition, have rejected the superstition, but as they have no clear knowledge of the essence of Christian faith and of true and genuine piety, they have gone into cold unbelief, which is no less destructive and demoralizing than superstition. And so we stand to-day before this wretched division of the body that is called by the name of Christ and see the children of the one Orthodox Church either groveling in the darkness of black and evil superstition or blinded and hardened to stone by cold unbelief, and thus furnishing a cause why the name of our God should be blasphemed among the nations! . . .

"Religiously we are sick, seriously sick; this is a truth of which no one in his right mind has any doubt. We therefore need healing, that is, religious *reform*; but what is the means of healing, and what the method of reform? . . . Long

preparatory work is a necessary preliminary to this task, to get ready and make easy the propitious settlement of it at the right time. Who will undertake the study and examination of the above questions until the day dawns when the Church herself will take up their solution?"

HOPEFUL OUTLOOK IN SYRIA

NOTWITHSTANDING the checks and opposition bound to occur to all missionary enterprises in Moslem lands, the work in Syria is in a prosperous condition. One should not judge by the advance made in any one year, but from a comparison with that of a decade or more. The progress made in self-support and the desire for education during the past decade is wonderful. When we compare it with 30 years ago it is most marvelous. In one station alone the amount given by the native church in one year was less than \$100, and last year nearly \$10,000 was raised for the support of the Church, its benevolences, and for education. It is the experience of workers in Moslem lands that the work of Christian missions is gradual, but sure. If not, why are so many Moslem theologians and thinkers warning their followers of their danger and arousing them to renewed efforts to place every obstacle possible in the way of Christian missions. As one said, "The work of the missionaries is like a tidal wave; when you see it approach and you make an effort to escape there may be safety, but if you do not heed the warning, you will be overwhelmed and lost."

The problem that is to be settled by the missionary in Moslem lands is how he can best assist in helping

the people, not, surely, by engaging in the different factional troubles, but by maintaining a tactful silence on all things political, and by devoting all his energies to the advancement of the principles of truth and light.—
DR. IRA HARRIS.

SIGNS OF DAWN IN WEST AFRICA *

THE news of a record-breaking Lord's Day (June 2, 1912), has come from Elat. This was the monthly Collection Day and also Communion. The preceding week the nineteen evangelists returned from their trip, bringing their "sheaves" with them, and during that week more than 1,700 confest Christ. The sunrise prayer-meetings were attended by large crowds, while the daily meetings at 10 A.M. and 4 P.M. attracted multitudes. On the Lord's Day, 5,270 people assembled for a three hours' morning service, where 170 adults and 23 babes were baptized. In the afternoon, at another three hours' service, about 700 partook of the Lord's Supper. That day 50 more confest Christ and 508 were promoted to the "Nsamba," or second year class, from which they are eligible to church-membership in a year. Many of the school boys confest Christ, but, alas, 39 poor people were suspended, because they had been overcome by temptation. "They will all come back," says the missionary, for in the foreign field converts from heathenism are still willing to submit to discipline.

The collection was about \$125, and the congregation worshiped in the church, which was partly destroyed

* We have made reference to the prosperous work of the West Africa Presbyterian Mission in Elat before. See *MISSIONARY REVIEW*, February, 1911, page 151; November, 1911, page 873; February, 1912, page 147.

by a storm not many months ago and had been rebuilt quickly and well. These quarterly meetings are milestones in the work, whose need and growth is daily seen, however.

The lepers at the Leper Colony, where a service is held every Friday afternoon, and many of the poor sufferers have confest Christ, sent a contribution to the church on the day of the great meeting. Everywhere in and around Elat and in the part of Kamerun where the West Africa Presbyterian Mission is at work, the opportunities are great and the results of the work are inspiring: "God gave the increase."

PROGRESS IN SOUTH AFRICA

IT is encouraging to hear from an expert and a resident of a mission field the results of his investigation and observation. This is what we have in a statement made by Rev. J. DuPlessis, the author of the excellent "History of Christian Missions in South Africa." He writes in a recent number of the *International Review of Missions* concerning the evidences of progress:

1. Heathenism is receding; old beliefs are vanishing; younger members of various tribes are clamoring ever more loudly for education, which means to them wage-earning ability; the old conservative heathen can not turn a deaf ear to the call.

2. Societies are closing up ranks; a united front is appearing. "Edinburgh, 1910" gave powerful impetus to this tendency; a new and high ideal has been set for missionary cooperation.

3. The government and the public generally show increasing interest in the progress of missions. Govern-

ment attitude toward missionaries has been not one of mere civility, but of cordial approbation; the most responsible journals of the Union concur in this judgment.

4. The end of the missionary enterprise is within sight. While a generation ago only one native out of every ten was a Christian, we have now one Christian convert to every four of the native population; while during that period the native population has about doubled, the Christian constituency has quintupled.

UNREST IN UNHAPPY MEXICO

THE people of Mexico have not yet recovered from the blight of centuries of official misgovernment, intellectual darkness and religious misleading. The condition of the people is such that the masses believe that no change of government could make things worse and they hope by successive revolutions to effect a change for the better. Madero took advantage of the unrest and discontent to overthrow Diaz. He promised numerous reforms and reliefs which he has been unable to carry out. For example, most of the land is held by wealthy owners, and is farmed out to *peons* on terms that give no chance of bettering their condition. Madero and subsequent revolutionary leaders have been producing an impression that if they can be in power this condition of things will be changed. When Madero came into power, however, the same conditions continued and the people are restless and discontented as before.

While no such thing as the wholesale confiscation of the property of the rich and its distribution among the masses is feasible in Mexico it

seems certain that there will never be orderly and settled government in Mexico until steps have been taken by which the ownership of the land in Mexico passes out of the hands of these landlords into the hands of those who actually till the soil.

The principles of personal liberty and national righteousness must come with Christian education and the worship of God.

MEMPHIS HOME MISSION CONVENTION

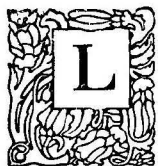
THE General Assembly of the Southern Presbyterian Church last spring ordered the holding of a Convention in the interest of Home Missions. The Executive Committee of Home Missions not only invited the Laymen's Movement to assist in this enterprise, but practically turned over to them the making of all arrangements for the Convention. As a result, this Third General Convention of the Laymen's Missionary Movement was held at Memphis, Tenn., February 18-20.

As an educational event in the Church's home activities and opportunities it promises to be immense. It would be difficult to estimate what this Convention may mean in the broadening of vision and inspiration to larger things and more thorough work for the church in the south and southwest. It was expected to be the largest assemblage of men ever held in the south in the interest of one denomination's work.

Among the speakers announced were the following: Rev. Homer McMillan, D.D., Rev. A. L. Philips, D.D., Harry Wade Hicks, J. E. McAfee, Rev. S. L. Morris, D.D., Rev. T. S. Clyce, D.D., Wm. T. Ellis, and J. Campbell White.

LESSONS FROM THE LIFE OF LIVINGSTONE *

BY PROF. WILLIAM J. HUTCHINS, OBERLIN, OHIO

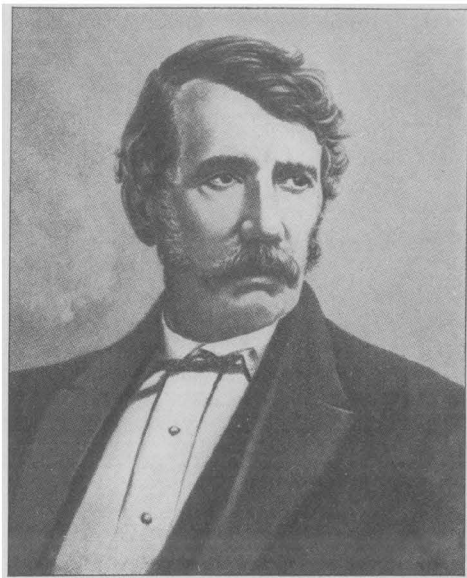


LONG after men have forgotten Livingstone, the explorer, they will remember him as the man whom God chose as His servant, the man who chose God in Jesus Christ as his Lord and Master.

In these days when the thought of the immanence of God is leading men to a subtle pantheism, which denies to God a personal interest in the individual, it is good for us to watch God at work choosing, disciplining, leading his man. Mark how God passes by the homes of the "mighty," the "wise," the "noble," enters the cottage of one of His own plain people, picks out for His peculiar service the son of a quiet layman, "a tea-merchant, who had the soul of a missionary." At ten years of age, the lad was set to work in the mill. "I had to be back in the factory by six in the morning, and continue my work with intervals for breakfast and dinner till eight o'clock at night." There were Latin lessons to be learned in the night-school, to be conned by day as the lad at his work passed back and forth before the open book placed upon his spinning jenny. Thus God was training Livingstone to sympathize with the lowliest man that walks the earth, to love the great and the common, the great which always lies hid within the heart of the common.

Note the books which fell so "accidentally," so providentially into his hand: Dick's *Philosophy of a Future State*, "which led him to Christ, but did not lead him away from science,"

again, Gutzlaff's Appeal on behalf of China, which led him to resolve to "give everything beyond his subsistence to missions."



DAVID LIVINGSTONE

Livingstone's Choice

Perhaps the life of Livingstone brings to us greater inspiration as the story of a man who chose God in Christ as his Lord and Master. We are all of us in danger of becoming victims of a sort of moral determinism. We drift easily with the tide of circumstance.

We limp between two opinions till the choice goes by forever. We say "There are many more summers in the sky," until winter settles down upon the heart. Livingstone without reservation chose God as his Master. In this life-choice there was no wavering, no vacillation. From his journals written at any period of his

* For photographs, map, books, programs, etc., for the Livingstone Centenary (March 19th), send to your denominational publishing house.

life, you can pick up words which express this utter life-long self-devotement. In the midst of great perils he writes this prayer: "Soul and body, my family and thy cause, I commit all to thee." A little more than a year before his death, he writes again, "19th March, birthday, My Jesus, my King, my life, my all. I again dedicate my whole self to thee. Accept me, and grant, O gracious Father, that ere this year is gone, I may finish my task. In Jesus' name I ask it. Amen, so let it be. David Livingstone." The words which close his book, "The Zambesi and its Tributaries," might well serve as the motto of his life: "*Fiat Domine Voluntas Tua.*"

Yes, but one says, "Think how much that choice of God as Master cost the man." We count the cost for ourselves and are afraid. It is true few men in history have paid so heavy a price for choosing God as Livingstone paid. We dread physical pain, flee willingly to "the land where it is always afternoon." To him the cost in mere physical suffering was enormous.

Take a single passage from his biography, and by no means exceptional. "On the 8th of August they came to an ambushment all prepared, but it had been abandoned for some unknown reason. By and by on the same day a large spear flew past Livingstone, grazing his neck. The native who flung it was but ten yards off. The hand of God alone saved his life. Farther on another spear was thrown, which missed him by a foot. On the same day a large tree to which fire had been applied to fell it, came down within a yard of him. Thus

on one day he was delivered three times from impending death. He went on through the forest expecting every minute to be attacked. . . . By and by he was prostrated with grievous illness. As soon as he could move, he went onward, but he felt as if dying on his feet. . . . He was getting near to Ujiji, however, where abundance of goods and comforts were, no doubt, safely stowed away for him, and the hope of relief sustained him under all his trials. At last, on the 23d of October, reduced to a living skeleton, he reached Ujiji. What was his misery, instead of finding the abundance of goods he had expected, to learn that the wretch Shereef, to whom they had been consigned, had sold off the whole, not leaving one yard of calico out of 3,000, or one string of beads out of 700 pounds."

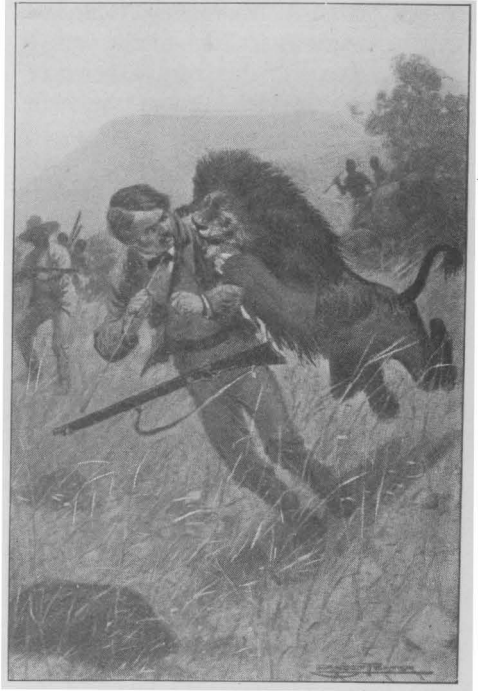
Harder for us to bear is what we may call social privation and bereavement. For years this man met with no white man, heard no English words save those from his own lips or from those of his own black servants. For years he received no letters, even from his own children. Separated from his wife through many of his earlier journeyings, he welcomed her again to Africa only to see her die of fever in haunted Shupanga. Through terrible lonely years he wandered, with no hand of love to comfort and no word of love to cheer.

Perhaps still harder for us of the twentieth century is it to endure the sight of the sorrows, the degradation, the cruelty of humanity. How often we hide our faces with our hands as we pass the weeping places of the people. Livingstone's choice of God

compelled him for years to witness scenes the very story of which leaves one stricken and sickened. Again and again such records as these appear: "Wherever we took a walk, human skeletons were seen in every direction." Or again, "Shot after shot continued to be fired on the helpless and perishing. Some of the long line of heads disappeared quietly (beneath the water) while other poor creatures threw their arms high as if appealing to the great Father above, and sank." And the man must live in these habitations of cruelty, and hear only mocking laughter or vicious threatening when he raises his voice in protest.

Perhaps to us the bitterest experience of life is the disappointment which comes, when for once we have given ourselves to the cause of human liberty, and meet with the disapproval, the distrust, the misunderstanding, the stupidity or the treachery of friends; when we discover that our efforts have but fastened more securely the fetters of those we have been trying to free. For years the men who should have believed in Livingstone were feeble in their support or failed him altogether. The men upon whose co-operation he was forced to rely, sent him "helpers" who hindered his every movement. Other men got the credit for work that he had done. Just when his hopes for the Universities Mission were highest, the Bishop must abandon the project and withdraw to Zanzibar. Happily he never knew that in seeking the sources of the Nile he was blindly following the upper waters of the Kongo; but it must have been most grievous to

the would-be builder of "God's Road" to see that the paths he had opened to the interior for "Christianity and Commerce" were proving only new ways by which the slavers could spread misery and ruin over the



LIVINGSTONE ATTACKED BY A LION

country. Lincoln "heard the hisses turn to cheers." Livingstone never saw the results of the travail of his soul. He counted the cost and gladly, lavishly, paid it.

Was Livingstone's choice of God after all worth while? Were any one of us asked, what would be his personal ideal, he would surely answer back in one phrase or another: "I should like to be a friend of God; I should like to be a master of life; I should like to be a servant of humanity."

A Friend of God

Precisely these three ideals were realized by David Livingstone as the inevitable issues of his life-choice. as God's servant, Livingstone became God's friend. He writes, "Traveling from day to day among barbarians exerts a most benumbing influence on the religious feelings of the soul;" and yet through this very experience God seems to have drawn the man more closely to his side. He does, indeed, cry, "Oh, divine Love, I have not loved Thee strongly, deeply, warmly enough," but that divine Love he never doubted. "But for the belief that the Holy Spirit works and will work for us, I should give up in despair." Ever and again in his journals his level speech will suddenly ascend straight to God. Thus, in 1856, when the air is full of danger, he writes, "Oh, Jesus, grant me resignation to thy will and entire reliance on thy powerful hand. On thy word alone I lean. . . . Evening. Felt much turmoil of spirit in view of having all my plans for the welfare of this great region and teeming population knocked on the head by savages to-morrow; but I read that Jesus came and said, 'All power is given unto Me in heaven and on earth. Go ye, therefore, and teach all nations, and lo, I am with you alway even unto the end of the world.' It is the word of a gentleman of the most sacred and strictest honor, and there is an end on't. . . . I feel quite calm now, thank God." As he became God's friend, God spoke to him more freely of His will. Now some great text of Scripture would be as God's loving whisper to him.

Again and again occurs in his jour-

nals the great word, "Trust in the Lord with all thine heart and lean not to thine own understanding. In all thy ways acknowledge Him, and He shall direct thy paths. Commit thy way unto the Lord. Trust also in Him, and He shall bring it to pass." Or, again, the larger portions of the Bible would bring to him the message of his Friend. In the midst of the hideous loneliness of his later days he writes, "I read the whole Bible through four times in Manyema." God spoke to his friend again in the calm assurance of duty. One of the most harrassing experiences of the Christian life is this, that when a man has honestly sought to do God's will, the horrid question comes back insistently, "Was I mistaken? Was I deluded?" Livingstone's letter to Moffat in 1854 is very remarkable: "I had fully made up my mind as to the path of duty before starting. I wrote to my brother-in-law . . . 'I shall open up a path into the interior or perish.' I never had the shadow of a shade of doubt as to the propriety of my course." The servant knoweth not what his Lord doeth. Livingstone became God's friend.

A Master of Life

Again choosing God as his Master, Livingstone became to a quite extraordinary degree a master of life. His character gained a singular unity. To a woman who complained that as an explorer he had ceased to be a missionary, he writes: "Nowhere have I appeared as anything else but a servant of God, who has simply followed the leadings of His hand. I have labored in bricks and mortar, at the forge and carpenter's bench, as well as in preaching and medical



"A LARGE SPEAR GRAZED LIVINGSTONE'S BACK"

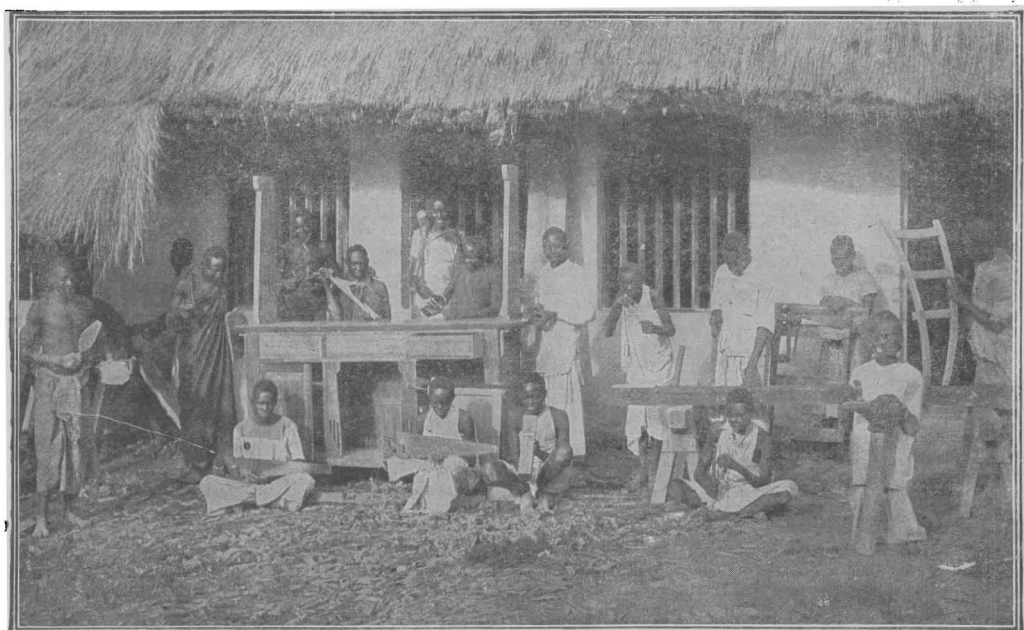


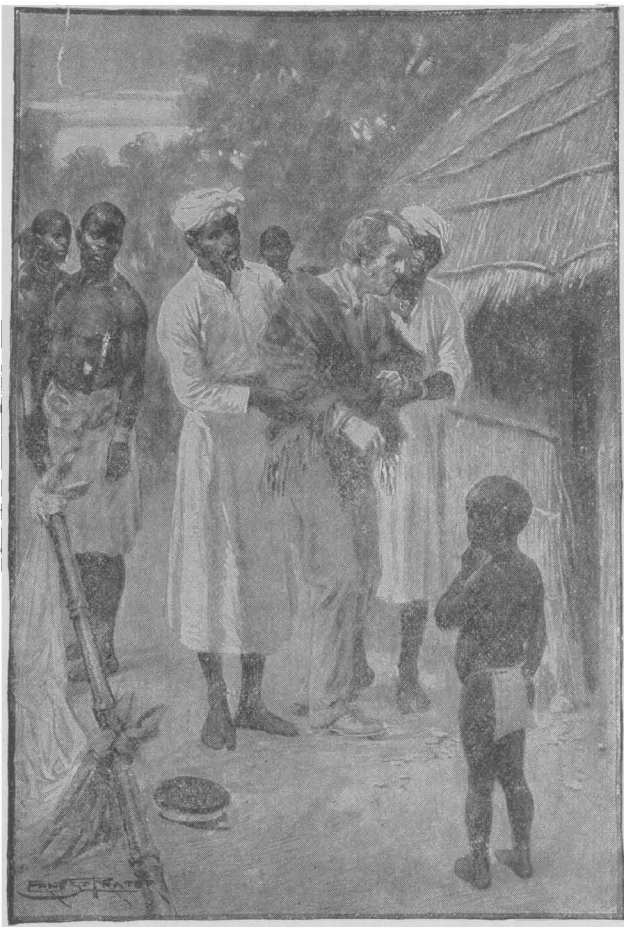
Photo by Bernard R. Turner

MAKING FURNITURE INSTEAD OF BREAKING HEADS

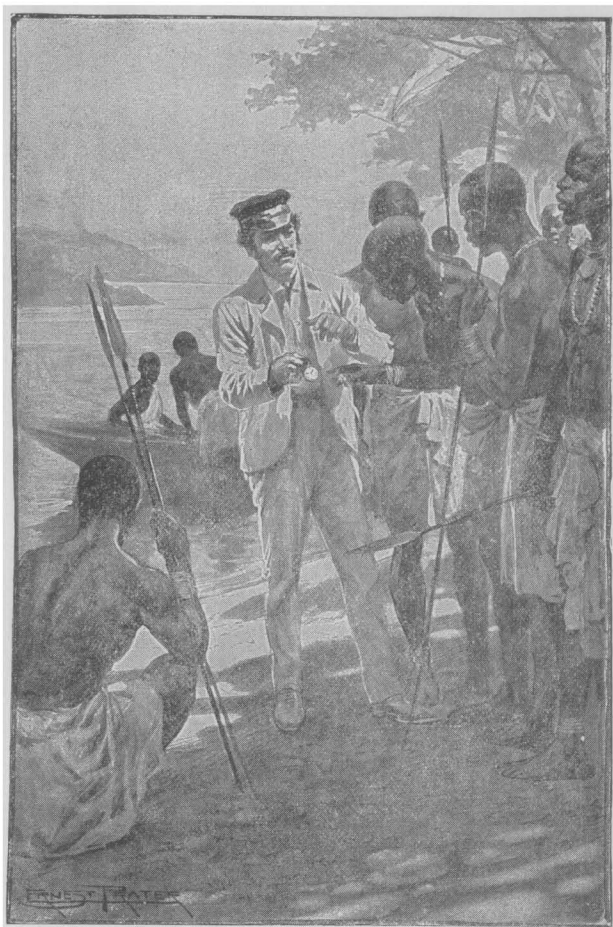
These African boys have been taught to make all kinds of furniture at a station in the country south of Lake Tanganyika, which Livingstone discovered on his last journeys

THEN AND NOW IN CENTRAL AFRICA*

* Plates from the Missionary Education Movement.



"HE ENTERED THE HUT"



"HE LET THEM LISTEN TO THE TICKING OF HIS WATCH"

SCENES FROM DAVID LIVINGSTONE'S LIFE *

practise. I feel that I am not my own. I am serving Christ when shooting a buffalo for my men, or taking an astronomical observation, or writing to one of His children. . . .” His very being was identified with the Cause. “I mean to make this a Christian expedition, telling a little about Christ wherever we go. His love in coming down to save men will be our theme.” As his character gained unity, it gained as well a singular nobility. The common Anglo-Saxon honesty became in him the honor of the heart. It was the year 1854. He was at the west coast. On the journey thither he had suffered from hunger, from the hostility of savages, from 31 attacks of fever. And now Her Majesty’s cruiser was ready to take him back to England, to home, to honors. But there were 27 black men of the interior whom he had promised to lead back home. They trusted him, and he led them home. Surrounded by the foul moral atmosphere of Africa, he led a life so pure that no lips have ever dared hint an innuendo upon his character.

The common Anglo-Saxon courage became in him a sublime heroism which feared neither man nor life nor death, a heroism, too, which declined to call itself heroic. Very quietly he asks: “Can the love of Christ not carry the missionary where the slave trade carries the trader?” In his noble address to the students at Cambridge, he says: “People talk about the sacrifice I have made in spending so much of my life in Africa. Can that be called a sacrifice which is simply paid back as a small part of a great debt owing to our God which we can never repay?

. . . It is emphatically no sacrifice. Say rather it is a privilege. . . . I never made a sacrifice.”

The common Anglo-Saxon tenacity became in him a patient persistency, which finds few equals in history. Others have used lightly enough the words, “Try again.” Livingstone made the words his motto. Mark these highly characteristic sentences: “In my case duty would not call me home, therefore home I would not go;” “I shall not swerve a hair-breadth from my work while life is spared.” There is one episode which will never be erased from the memory of men. Gordon Bennett had said to Henry M. Stanley: “Take what you want, but find Livingstone.” After incredible hardship, Stanley found Livingstone, a mere “ruckle of bones,” a broken down, disappointed, deserted man. Stanley plead with him to return home, to enjoy the well-earned rest and glory. Livingstone refused. His work was not yet done. Back he plunged into the wilderness. The rains descended as if they would never stop. The natives deceived him as to the way. His followers were worn out by disease. At last the weary frame of the man gave way. Nevertheless we find the words written in his diary, “Nothing earthly will make me give up my work in despair. I encourage myself in the Lord my God and go forward.” So with him it was ever forward, forward, until he could go no further forward. His servant found him upon his knees. He had been praying for Africa, when “God’s glory smote him on the face.”

Livingstone chose God as his Lord and Master, and God gave

Livingstone a character unified, ennobled. God's servant became a master of life.

A Servant of Humanity

Not only this: His choice of God made him what each one of us



THE LIVINGSTONE MONUMENT IN CENTRAL AFRICA
At Chitambo's Village, where he died, and where
his heart was buried

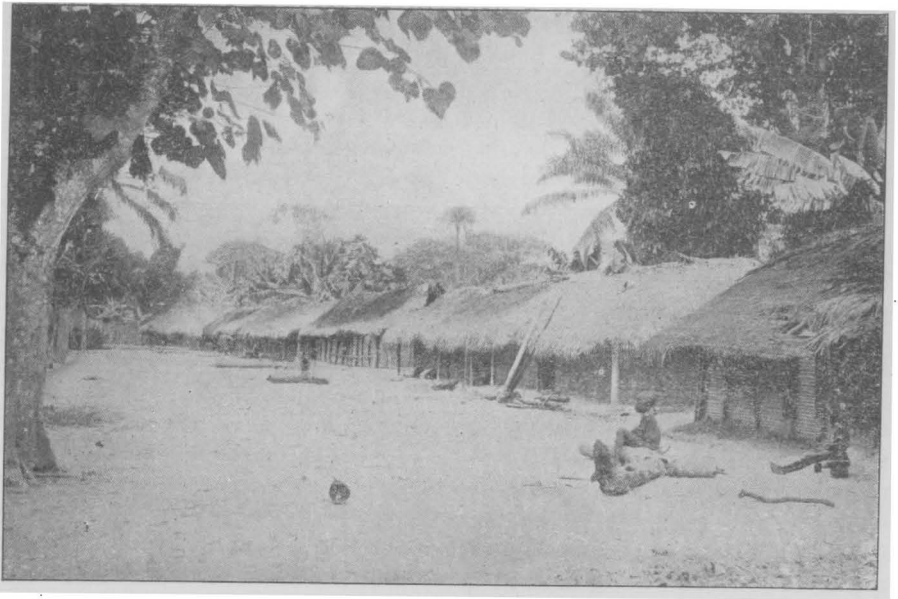
would like to be, a servant of humanity. To understand how great has been the service, one must read again and again Blaikie's last great chapter, and then one must study the work of governments and of missions in Africa and elsewhere since the biography was written. As an explorer, "he traveled 29,000 miles in Africa, and added to the known part of the globe about a million square miles." As a philanthropist he revealed to civilization "the open sore of the world," its character, its causes and its cure. As a missionary advocate, he summoned hundreds of the choicest young men and women of Christendom to join "the long crusade." As a Christian statesman, he pointed out the most suitable places for missionary endeavor, and

expounded the principles and methods of missionary strategy which have been pursued with such glorious success in Lovedale, Livingstonia, Uganda and elsewhere.

But through the influence of his character itself he has wrought his greatest service to humanity. Blaikie tells a beautiful story of a later explorer who met a certain black man who wore upon his right shoulder the relic of an old coat, evidently of English manufacture. The coat had been given the man ten years ago by Livingstone, "a white man who treated black men as his brothers, and whose memory would be cherished all along the Rovuma Valley after they were all dead and gone; a short man . . . whose words were always gentle, and whose manners were always kind; whom as leader it was a privilege to follow, and who knew the way into the hearts of all men." Africa, the world, is a better place to live in, because of what Livingstone *was*.

Westminster Abbey never received higher honor than when her dust became the resting place of this "son of a tea-merchant," this Scottish weaver, the friend of God, the master of life, the servant of humanity.

There is a great appeal to us in the word of President Hyde, "Admire heroes if thou wilt, but only admire, and thou remainest a slave. Learn their secret, to commit thyself to God and to obey Him, and thou shalt become a hero, too." There is a greater appeal in the word of Livingstone himself, "I would venture anything for Christ. Pity I have so little to give. But He will accept us, for He is a good Master. Never one like Him."



THE HOUSES OF ONE MONSEMBE MAN AND HIS WIVES

For each additional wife the man must build an additional house.

PIONEERING AMONG KONGO CANNIBALS

A STIRRING VOLUME OF AFRICAN EXPERIENCE *

REVIEWED BY MISS BELLE M. BRAIN

Review and Extracts from a volume by Rev. John H. Weeks *



TWENTY-THREE years ago, on July 11, 1890, two Baptist missionaries boarded the little mission steamer *Peace* at Bolobo on the Upper Kongo and began a long and hazardous journey up river in search of a site for a new station. One of them, Rev. W. H. Stapleton, had just arrived from England; the other, Rev. John H. Weeks, had been at work on the Lower Kongo since 1881.

The English Baptists already had three stations on the Upper Kongo, but there was a great unevangelized region occupied by the Boloki, a fierce and warlike tribe of cannibals, strong in physique and independent in

spirit, who ranked as one of the finest tribes on the Kongo. The risk would be great, but such splendid men seemed well worth saving.

The experiences of the Kongo tribes with white men—King Leopold's officials and brutal, unscrupulous traders—made the undertaking doubly difficult. Nevertheless, the two missionaries started out, unarmed save with a modest supply of nails, tools, barter goods and medicines. In his fascinating volume, recently issued, entitled "Among Kongo Cannibals," Mr. Weeks relates some experiences, which are most interestingly told and which give a vivid picture of the life of the missionary in Africa.

* "Among Kongo Cannibals," by John H. Weeks. 8vo. Illustrated, \$3.50. (J. B. Lippincott Company.) The illustrations are taken from the book by permission of the publishers.

Searching for a Site

The search for a site proved full of adventure. In a few days the district of Bungundu was reached and the little steamer headed for the largest town. From the deck the missionaries could see the people hurrying away to the bush with their children and live stock. On landing not a single soul could be found. Experience had taught them that white men took sheep and goats and fowls without paying for them. The missionaries called to them to come out and sell them fowls, and at last one old man ventured to peep around the corner of a house. Being assured by some native boys who had come with the missionaries that the visitors were not state officers but "white men of God," he at last came forward and, beating on a large drum, summoned the people back from the bush. The missionaries bought a few fowl, and by paying the enormous sum of three pence each (the usual price was two pence), completely won the hearts of the people. When they understood the purpose for which the missionaries had come, they begged Mr. Weeks and his companion to settle in their town and eagerly pointed out its advantages. The missionaries explained that they must visit other towns before making a choice, but asked that two men should go with them to explain who the white strangers were, and keep people from being afraid of them.

It was much to ask on such short acquaintance, but so quickly do the Kongo natives respond to fair dealing that they readily consented. "It was astonishing," says Mr. Weeks, "to see these nervous, fearful folk, who had run helter-skelter from us

about two hours before, bring two of their young men, and with trustful simplicity, place their hands in ours, saying, 'Here are two of our men; when you have done with them bring them back again.'"

After that, on arriving opposite a town, the two Bungundu men went to the bow of the boat, and shouted to the people not to be afraid, that these were good white men who were buying fowl at a very high price. As a result, many of the towns were warm in their welcome and gave pressing invitations to the missionaries to stay with them.

But it was not so everywhere. As they neared one of the Bokomela towns, the missionaries could see the women and children hurrying to the bush and the men gathering on the river bank. As they were about to step on shore, the men on the bank poised their spears ready to throw; and others in the trees overhanging the river, fitted arrows to their bows.

It was a critical moment. A single false step would have brought a deadly shower of poisoned weapons. "Tho outwardly calm," says Mr. Weeks, "our pulses ran high and our hearts thumped our ribs. But not until months later did we know how near we came to being the principal dish at a cannibal feast."

The missionaries tried to explain what they had come for, but the savages refused to listen. "Go away!" they screamed. "We will kill you if you come on shore. We want nothing to do with white men." Then, in frantic unison, the whole excited mob took up the cry. Meanwhile the missionaries were standing, unarmed, within 20 feet of their up-raised spears and there was deadly



A KONGO WOMAN OF WEALTH

Brass rings, belt and necklace, all constitute a considerable bank account

silence on board the little steamer. The crew had gone into hiding.

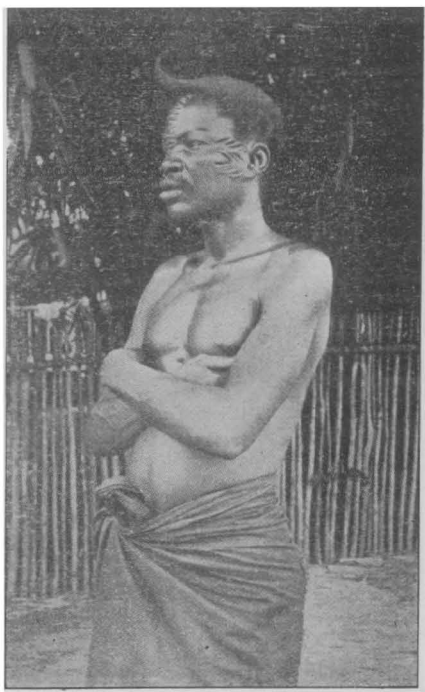
There was nothing to do but go away. Not until out of reach of those deadly weapons did the missionaries realize how great had been their peril. "Undoubtedly they would have killed us," says Mr. Weeks, "had not God placed His hand over theirs so that neither spear nor arrow was hurled at us."

Some months later, after the new station had been established, Mr. Weeks came again to this same village and received a warm welcome. What had changed them from enemies to friends? "It was this," says Mr. Weeks: "They had heard of our straightforward and honest dealings with the natives; that we neither stole ourselves nor allowed our peo-

ple to steal; but always bought things at a proper market value."

When Mr. Weeks asked why they had threatened to spear him on his former visit, he received this significant reply: "White man, just before you came, some white men on a steamer passing by, shot down our chief and some of our people for no reason at all, and we swore to kill the first white men that came our way." In this reply is revealed one of the greatest obstacles to the progress of the gospel in Africa.

Away up the river at the Bumba villages Mr. Weeks and Mr. Stapleton had another narrow escape. Tying the steamer to a tree on the bank, they went ashore. Some dogs barked at them, but no one came to object to their landing. But as they proceeded slowly, they noticed some young men



A TYPICAL BOLOKI HEADMAN

keeping about 50 yards ahead of them. There were no women nor children to be seen, always a bad sign in an African town. The gullies dividing the villages were bridged by old canoe planks; but when the missionaries came to them, they found these planks removed, necessitating their going down and up again. As they started to cross the last gully, a rustle in the tall grass on the far side startled them, and looking closely, they found the bush alive with men armed with spears and shields! Just beyond, in the forest, were the women and children they were endeavoring to protect from death or capture at the hands of the white men. To run away would invite a shower of spears, so the missionaries sat down and parleyed with them.

"Did you ever hear," they asked, "of white men coming to fight without soldiers?"

"No," was the surly reply.

"Did you ever know them to come to fight without guns and swords?" was the next question.

"No," was again the reply.

"Well," continued the missionaries, "we have nothing but walking-sticks. Are all you men, armed with spears, afraid of two white men with walking-sticks? Come, put up the bridge and help us along."

After a short consultation, the planks were replaced and the missionaries helped over. The distribution of a few beads, spoons and penny looking-glasses won everlasting goodwill, and the natives shouted and danced around the missionaries, happy that no blood had been shed.

At length the journey was ended. In all the long stretch of river they had traversed, the place that seemed

to afford the best site for the new station was the town of Monsembe, in the center of a very populous district, and it was accordingly chosen. It was a splendid sphere of labor with immense possibilities, and Mr. Weeks and his colleague entered upon their work with undaunted courage and hearts full of hope.

Laying Foundations at Monsembe

A few hours after their arrival at Monsembe, the missionaries measured off a piece of land along the river front, and told the natives that they would buy it from them the next morning. The officials of the Kongo Free State had authorized them to take any plot of ground they wanted, but they thought best to buy it from the real owners, the natives. By six the next morning a motley crowd had arrived to witness the novel transaction. The men came armed with spears and knives, but after much parleying about the price, the transaction was completed to the satisfaction of all. A hut on the premises was also purchased for a temporary home, the price paid being 5s. 1d. (\$1.22).

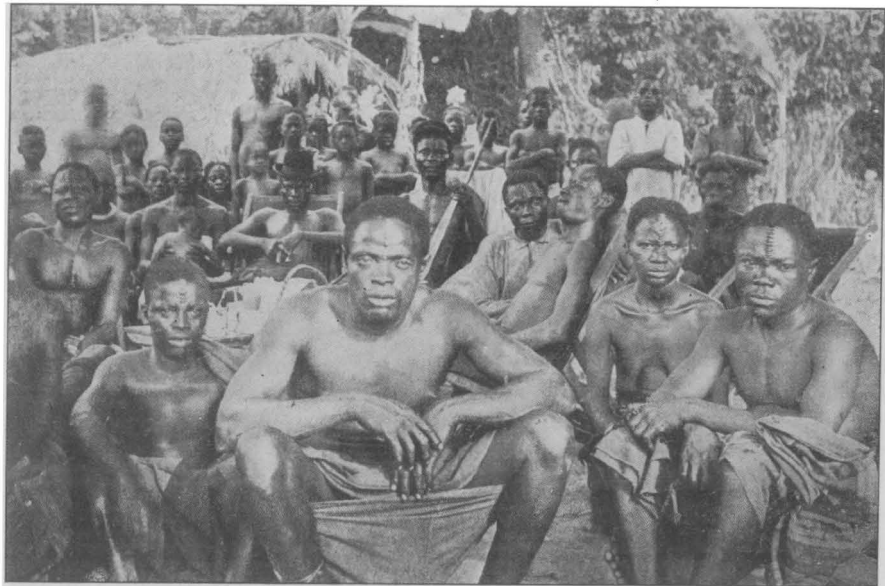
By means of the trade language in use on the river, the missionaries could make themselves understood in minor matters; but for preaching the gospel a knowledge of the native tongue was indispensable. The next step, therefore, was learning the language—a difficult task, for there was nothing to guide them. By constantly asking the question, "What is this?" words were acquired one at a time and were recorded in notebooks. It was fascinating work and at night the missionaries added together the words acquired during the

day and counted them as eagerly as misers count gold. They were the words that would eventually enable them to deliver their message.

There were many mistakes due to misunderstandings. One day, wanting the name for table, Mr.

months, that the natives sometimes purposely gave them many wrong words and phrases.

The missionaries were a sore puzzle to the natives. They were neither traders nor officials. What was their purpose in coming? "Were you bad



AT A BOLOKI DRINKING BOUT

Weeks tapped on it with his finger and asked, "What is this?" From the boys standing around he received five different answers. Each had given what he thought the missionary wanted and only one meant table. The other four meant respectively, tapping (the missionary's action); plank (of which the table was made); strength (a quality of the table); and cloth (the cover on the table). Mr. Weeks put them all in his note-book and only learned his mistake when he asked one of the boys to "bring him his hardness."

The greatest handicap, however, lay in the fact, not discovered for

men who had to leave your own country?" and "Is there no food in your country?" were questions frequently asked.

At first, thinking they were traders, they brought them ivory and rubber, but the missionaries did not want either of these. Then they tried slaves and sugar-cane wine, but with no better success. Finally, some of the headmen came and said in the most solemn manner: "White men, we have noticed that you have no wives, and think it will be well for you to marry two of our women. And (pointing to a row of giggling girls behind them) we have

brought some for you to select from."

The missionaries thanked them, but Mr. Weeks explained that he had a wife in the white man's country, and Mr. Stapleton had a lady there waiting to become his wife.

"That does not matter," they answered in chorus. "You can marry two of these now, and when your white wives come, you can send these back to their families."

When the missionaries persisted in their refusal, the headmen went off in a huff, for they had expected to make a profit out of it; and the women left, chagrined that their charms had had so little effect on the white men.

This incident seemed to make the problem of the white men still harder to solve. Mr. Weeks states it thus: "Here are two white men, rich like other white men (the poorest white man is a millionaire in their eyes), building houses in our town, working hard from sunrise to sunset, refusing our ivory and rubber, our slaves, our women, and our drink. What are they? They say they have come to tell us about God. *But would white men leave home, wives, family, and work in the sun as they do just to tell us about God?*"

At last the people came to the conclusion that the missionaries were bad men and the best thing to do was to thwart their designs, prevent their learning the language, and make as much money out of them as possible. Much of this the missionaries guessed, but not for months did they know the whole. "Meanwhile," says Mr. Weeks, "we tried, in our poor way, to live the life of our Master, Jesus Christ, among them, and gradually their suspicions melted away. Pa-

tience, love, and straight dealing won first their confidence and at last their love."

The missionaries were in constant danger, often when they least guessed it. At first, the natives never left their houses without their spears and knives. The headmen were in favor of killing the white men, but were not sure of their power to resist attack. "What have they in those cases and trunks?" they asked one another. "Are they full of guns and cartridges?"

In order to find out, they resorted to strategy. Going to the bank, they would look down the river, and then call to the missionaries, "White men, the people in the lower towns are coming up to fight you. Get out your guns and we will help you." The missionaries had but one gun and that was in pieces at the bottom of one of their trunks. They did not believe the story of the threatened attack, so they merely took out their binoculars, looked down the river, made some laughing remark and went on with their work. Yet in their hearts they were sorely perplexed to know what it meant. The natives, too, were perplexed. "Why are the white men so calm and quiet?" they asked. "Have they some powerful magic that will kill us if we fight them? Have they little guns (revolvers) hidden in their clothes?"

The calmness of the missionaries undoubtedly saved them through the providence of God. "I was once told by an old German missionary," says Mr. Weeks, "that a display of force often incited the natives to try issues with a stranger in their midst. Our experience is a confirmation of this. A better example of it, however, is Doctor Livingstone, who went among

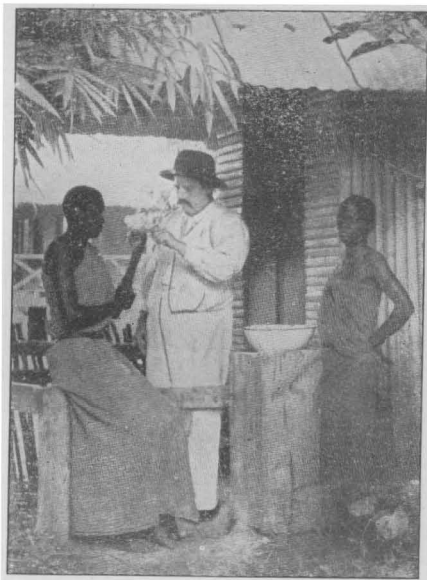
the wildest tribes and won their confidence because he went among them unarmed."

About four months after the missionaries began work at Monsembe, a horrible experience revealed the real character of the people they had come to win to Christ. Early one morning some of the up-river towns came to attack Monsembe and a sharp battle ensued. Presently they began bringing the wounded to the missionaries to have their wounds dressed; but after two hours news came that the attacking party was in retreat. The fight was not over, for the Monsembe people pursued their enemies to their own towns and continued fighting until they won a complete victory.

Before sunset they returned, bringing the spoils with them. As the missionaries sat at tea, the victors filed past, carrying the dismembered bodies of the slain. "The horrible sight was too much for us," says Mr. Weeks. "We had to abandon our meal, and it was days before we could eat again with any relish. The sight worked on our nerves. In the night we would start from our sleep, having dreamed of processions passing with loads of slain and dismembered bodies."

That night Monsembe was given up to cannibal feasts. In the morning the people brought some of the cooked meat to the missionaries who gave them their opinion of such a horrible custom. When the feasting was over, the people lived in constant fear of reprisals. Conscience made cowards of them all. Every rustle of the grass was mistaken for the coming of the foe. At every alarm the men asked the missionaries to

get out their guns and help. But they refused on the ground that all the people of the district were their friends. Greatly angered, the savages began to taunt them. With gestures of scorn they pointed their spears and knives at them and shouted, "You are



REV. J. H. WEEKS DOCTORING A CROCODILE BITE .

not men! You are women! You are cowards!"

This was hard to endure. Yet with pale, set faces and compressed lips, the missionaries patiently bore it. "It would have been easy to make a show of helping them," says Mr. Weeks. "Firing a shot into the bush would probably have stopt their sneers; but we were there on behalf of the 'Prince of Peace.' How could we embroil ourselves in their wars and take sides with them against those we were hoping to reach?" It was hard on the missionaries, but the result was good. From that time on they were regarded as belonging, not to Monsembe alone, but

to all the towns in the district.

Three weeks later, when the up-river towns came to make peace, the missionaries had a chance to prove themselves no cowards. The deliberations were long and noisy, and several times hostilities seemed on the point of breaking out afresh. But at length all was settled and the visitors came to say "Good-by" to the missionaries. But just as they were leaving, the Monsembe people began to attack them. A fight would have resulted had not the missionaries driven the Monsembe people back with sticks, insisting that they had bought the land and would have no fighting on it.

It was a revelation to the Monsembe people to see two white men armed only with sticks—white men they had taunted with being cowards and women—driving back a crowd armed with spears and knives. What power had these white men behind them anyway?

The white man's books and papers had a great fascination for the natives, but at first they were afraid to touch them, believing that there was evil magic in them, which the missionaries alone could hold in abeyance. But they took great delight in watching the white men while the "books talked to them." Every change of facial expression was noted; if the missionary laughed, the people laughed too, and poking one another said: "The book is talking something funny to him." Sometimes they crept up behind, and looking earnestly at the printed page, cocked their ears and listened intently for any sound. When none

came they would ask: "White man, how does the book talk to you? Can you make it talk to us?"

If the missionaries had shown any eagerness to teach them, the natives would probably have held back. But by chaffing them and expressing doubts as to whether they had brains enough to learn, the people were put on their mettle and begged for a school. Apparently the missionaries were in no hurry; but at length it was announced that a school would be opened on a certain Monday. When the day came about 20 lads enrolled as pupils and a great crowd of on-lookers arrived with them. Finding the road to learning a difficult one to climb, about half of the pupils left after two weeks; but those who stayed made good scholars and, later on, became teachers of others.

Of the later history of the mission, Mr. Weeks tells practically nothing. His book is not an account of missionary effort, but a highly entertaining and valuable study of the habits, customs, religion and laws of the Bolo-ki. Incidentally, however, it is revealed that the presence and example of the "white men of God" among them has been a great uplift to the people, tempering their cruelty, lessening their immorality and weakening their faith in witchcraft. Those who read the book, however, will have a desire to know more of what has been accomplished. It is to be hoped, therefore, that Mr. Weeks will either issue a new volume telling the subsequent history, or will add a chapter to later editions of the present work.

THE MOST REMARKABLE CONVERT IN WATER STREET *

BY PHILIP I. ROBERTS, NEW YORK
Editor of the *Presbyterian Examiner*



FOR many years there stood, right in the heart of Mulberry Bend, a solitary ailantus tree which, in the days when this now densely crowded section of New York was a pleasant, rustic neighborhood, formed part of a shady grove planted in the rear of an old-fashioned home—stead owned by one Henry Passman. In the early forties, however, the district began to lose its rural aspect. The old mansion disappeared. Tenement-houses sprang up on every side; and the trees were hewn down with the exception of this single ailantus which for some reason was allowed to stand.

Mulberry Bend now became the haunt of desperate criminals, earning for itself an infamous notoriety as the most dangerous quarter of the city. And as time went on the ailantus got for itself a reputation as evil and ill-omened as the neighborhood in which it stood. Dark deeds—murder and robbery—were committed under its spreading shadow. When the draft riots of 1863 broke out in New York, and the lower part of the city for several days given over to a drunken, frenzied mob, a score or more of negroes were strung up on this tree. In later years, hopeless men, afflicted by remorse or suffering the pangs of starvation, got into the way of hanging themselves from its branches, until, finally, it became known throughout the whole East Side as the Suicide Tree.

All this happened years ago, and for almost two decades the Suicide Tree has ceased to exert its baleful influence over the hopeless habitués of Mulberry Bend. Yet in the pleasant, little park now laid out around the spot where the ailantus once stood, ruined, rum-soaked outcasts gather as of yore. No longer does the sinister gallows-tree invite to self-destruction. Still, from Mulberry Bend to the East River is no great distance, and somebody or other is always making the journey. Like that of every other great city, the underworld of New York has its grades of despairing hopelessness. And any East Sider will tell you that the “bums” of Mulberry Bend stand ever nearest to the Great Divide. With one of these outcasts—possibly the most remarkable character that ever entered the doors of Water Street Mission—this story has particularly to do.

One evening in the early part of May he sat on a bench in his favorite rendezvous, sullen and silent. Usually he was talkative enough, and passed for something of a wit among his fellows in misfortune around Mulberry Bend. But on this particular night he sat for hours, his chin thrust down into his chest, uttering never a word. Small wonder that he did so, for that day—the first in a long and peculiarly evil life—he had been given to see with appalling distinctness that his life was a hideous, helpless failure—that he—John Tyler—was absolutely nothing more than a

*A sample chapter entitled “Into a Far Country,” from the stirring volume “Dry Dock of a Thousand Wrecks,” by Philip I. Roberts. \$1.00, net. Fleming H. Revell Co., 1912.

parasite—part of the waste and burden of society.

The revelation was superlatively humiliating. It came with great suddenness—it hit him tremendously hard. In its general effect it vividly recalled a rude awakening he experienced ten years before in Porto Rico, when having lain down in a drunken stupor on the dock-wall he toppled over on to the deck of a tramp steamer, twenty feet below. Earlier in the day—a day held over from the frigid days of February—Tyler had sat for an hour or so in City Hall Park. An icy wind sweeping up Frankfort Street from the river snarled across the open spaces, putting the miserable occupants of the park benches through the third degree of the homeless. Presently a wretched, unwashed beggar slouched by, and a man sitting next to Tyler said: “See that feller? I’ve known him for twenty years. For all the use he is, either to himself or anybody else, in this world, he’d be a thousand times better dead. Why he doesn’t go and make a hole in the East River gets me.” Tyler started as if stung. “Is that so?” he said. “That is so,” replied the other. “There’s not a single reason on earth why that bum should remain on top of it for another hour.” Tyler got up and walked away.

“‘For all the use he is to himself or anybody else’—that hits me,” he mused. “‘He’d be a thousand times better dead’—and that hands me a wallop too. ‘Why he doesn’t make a hole in the water gets me’—and why I don’t, gets *me*. That fellow has sized me up to an inch—and didn’t know it.”

He slouched off to Mulberry Bend,

and sat there wrapt in gloomy thought. A thousand things crowded his brain, the most vivid and recurrent of which were the words of the man in City Hall Park: “*A thousand times better dead!*” Applied to himself, the idea was brand new, bringing with it the cruel bitterness of defeat. Never before had he acknowledged himself beaten; never before had he admitted having reached the end of his tether, tho many times hard driven and in desperate case. Well, he would accept the apparently incontrovertible conclusion. That night should see the end.

Grimly he set about reconciling himself to his fate. Life was a tangled skein anyway, and its unraveling was beyond him. He had lived through his tale of sixty years, ruling it in his own fashion—seeking advice from none. And the finish should be of a piece with the rest. He, himself, would choose the manner and mode of exit. To die in a hospital, a poorhouse, or on a park bench some wintry night, he was determined not to do. Yet some such fate must assuredly be his, if matters were allowed to work out to their logical conclusion. Well, he would himself take a hand in the game. It should be the East River as soon as darkness should again brood over the city. It was the only way.

Presently a man who had been sitting near him got up and walked away, leaving an evening paper behind him. Tyler took it up and began mechanically to read it. Then his eye fell on an account of an anniversary celebration at the Jerry McAuley Mission. The paragraph carried his mind back thirty years or more. He remembered how as a

young man of wealth and position he had acted as escort to a party of ladies down to this very Mission to see and hear Jerry McAuley, at that time the talk of the town. Some of the wonderful stories of redemption he heard that night now came back to him with vivid clearness. Then an idea, as new to him as the thought of self-destruction had been, crept into his brain. Could this Mission, or whatever it stood for, help him, John Tyler? It was not likely. Never in his life had he made the faintest effort at reformation. Never in his life had he uttered a prayer. He had no hope of heaven—he had no fear of hell. Such things were not for him. He was beyond the pale. There was nothing that he could think of in heaven or earth that could make anything more of him than he had made of himself—a total wreck. There was nothing for it but the East River after all.

He flung away the paper, and took a turn or two around the park. The idea would not down. Why not try it? A day or so couldn't make much difference anyway. He came back to his bench again. "God," he muttered, as he sat down and pushed his face between his clenched fists, "I wonder whether there's anything to it?" His mother he knew had faith in such things. He had often heard her say, fifty years before, that Jesus Christ could save the vilest sinner from his sins—could cleanse and make him whole. Could this be done? If it could, it meant the saving of John Tyler, for there were none viler than he. A desperate resolve seized him. A strange excitement shook him from head to foot.

"Jesus Christ," he cried, as he

flung his arms heavenward, "I can't pray—I don't know how. But if you will give me a power to cut this curst drink out of my life, I'll serve you faithfully the rest of my days. I mean it—I mean it—so help me God!"

Acting at once on his newly-made resolution he hurried down to Water Street where an evening meeting was in progress, and there cried to God for mercy—for power to get the victory over habits that had held him as with rings of steel for more than forty years. And what he sought he obtained. "Looking backward to that memorable hour," he said to me a short while ago, "I realize that from the very moment I sought pardon at the feet of Jesus the hideous record of an awful life was blotted out forever. Not for one single moment since that time has the witness within of my acceptance with Christ been withheld. The East River resolve? Ah! that was a serious business at the time it was made, but I can afford to smile at it now!"

Yes, Tyler can afford to smile at it now—he can afford, and does, to smile on life in general. Things have prospered wonderfully with him during the past four years. I have said that he is, possibly, the most remarkable convert Water Street has yet had. I repeat that, only to convey some sort of an impression of how remarkable a man he really is. His experiences and adventures in out-of-the-way corners of the earth, as well as on its well-traversed highways everywhere have been alike varied and wonderful. A certain cosmopolitan touch is in his blood—he is a citizen of the world. His outlook on life is striking and original.

He can patter intelligibly in half a dozen languages; he has witnessed many strange, impenetrable doings of which he never speaks. He is a born *raconteur*, and his budget of entertaining stories concerning his wanderings to and fro in the earth apparently inexhaustible. He has circled the globe five times and is as familiar with the East End of London, the Quartier of Paris, the fantan joints of Hong Kong, the Boca of Buenos Ayres, or the slums of Calcutta, as he is with the New York Bowery. Six years of his life were spent in the Australian bush—away in the back-blocks where he worked as a swagga. "I had the whole world for a stamping-ground," he has said, "for more than twenty years." Tall, lithe, with not an ounce of superfluous flesh about him, standing straight as an arrow in spite of his sixty odd years, splendidly shaped head, deeply marked features, resolute mouth, and a voice of tremendous power, John Tyler would command attention anywhere.

He is a son of the Old Dominion. Descendant through his mother of John Clark, whose prayers mingled with those of Washington during the strenuous days of Valley Forge, and through his father of a former United States president, John Tyler comes of the most honored families in Virginia.

"Not a single member of my family ever brought the vestige of a stain on the old name excepting myself," he said sorrowfully to me one day, "and I—well, in almost every civilized country on this planet I've managed to be what a fellow in Gravesend, England, told me I was—a long, lean, lorn, lanky loafer. The description

fitted me like a glove. Or, as another chap put it one day—'Tyler,' said he, 'you're what I call an international bum.'

"I took my first drink of whisky," he told me on another occasion, "in the year 1866. My people had sent me to a private boarding-school away in Albemarle County to prevent, as they thought, my contracting evil or intemperate habits.' One day I, in company with some other half-grown lads, visited the Monticello home of Thomas Jefferson, and there tasted liquor for the first time. Forty-two years later I sat in Mulberry Bend Park, a ruined outcast. For all that went between, the Lord have mercy on my soul! Of course I never intended to become a drunkard, but right from early manhood I became a dissipated rake. And an exceptional constitution enabled me to keep up a red-hot, cracking pace for more than twenty years. At my father's death I inherited a fortune and straightway started on a debauch that lasted for two solid years. Right here in this city, living at one hotel in company with the hardest drinking set to be found within its borders, I unloaded money enough to have kept me in reasonable comfort the remainder of my days. Among my drinking pals was an English lord—the most abandoned of us all.

"Finally, I went broke," he continued, "and then I cleared out of the country. Time and again I tried to right myself, but to no avail. My thirst for liquor drove me like the wandering Jew—round and round the world. I was always able to work, and have tackled every conceivable job under the sun—on land and sea. When I drew my pay, I

immediately drank it up, and, if discharged, moved on to another place. In India, Australia, Europe, South America, and the Eastern seas the same shameful story repeated itself. In every country and clime, the devil robbed me of everything worth having or holding, and sent me scudding along like a ship before a typhoon, knowing and caring not whither.

"One time I determined to get away from this awful curse, if it were possible, by going right up into the Australian bush where drink was neither sold nor used. I got right up into the 'back-blocks,' more than four hundred miles from Sydney, and joined myself to a sheep farmer. For nearly a year all went well, and I imagined myself safe. One day, however, the old craving came over me like a raging fever and I was done for. I drew the wages due me, and covered that long, weary tramp of four hundred miles back into Sydney simply and solely to get drunk. In three days my money was all gone and I was sleeping under the stars in Hyde Park.

"Let me tell you of another escapade. I was in London—hard up in the East End. I had been paid off from an East Indian steamer, and, of course, had speedily swallowed the money. Thomas F. Bayard was at that time just entering on his term as first American Ambassador to Britain. Him I straightway determined to get at, by hook or crook. So off I went to the Embassy in Victoria Street, Westminster, and presented to the footman a card, on which I had written: 'Would His Excellency the American Ambassador be pleased to grant a brief interview to John Tyler, of Richmond, Virginia, an

American citizen traveling abroad?' After some little delay I was conducted into the presence of Mr. Bayard. You can judge of his surprise when the American citizen turned out to be one of the worst vagabonds in Europe whose only business was to ask for the temporary loan of twenty-five dollars! Did I get it? Of course I did. Thomas F. Bayard was a Southerner and a gentleman and, after I had pitched my tale, gave me all I asked. I think, however, that it was my unblushing impudence that carried the day with him. That was one of many times that I held up my country's representatives in foreign lands. Indeed, I was unfavorably and disreputably known as an incorrigible panhandler to every American consul in Europe. And, sometimes, when finding myself in some out-of-the-way corner of the British Empire, I would make myself known to English consuls as John McCarthy, of Dublin, or Liverpool, and coax assistance out of them as a D. B. S.—destitute British subject. Oh! the sordid, despicable meanness of it all!

"But there came an end to this globe-trotting. I felt myself old and unable to rough it, as I had done for nearly twenty years. Then again I began to have a longing for the old country and I determined to return. My people had long regarded me as dead, and I did nothing to undeceive them. What good could it have done? They were but the ashes of a burnt-out life I was bringing home. I came to New York, and sank lower and lower with every passing day. I worked spasmodically, just in order to get liquor. But there came a time when I flung the whole thing up. Hope died right out in my life and I

loafed about the city, and slept in the Mulberry Bend Park pavilion—down on the stone floor. I was beaten at last. There's a story I once heard, which, altho it has a touch of humor that my awful condition had not, may serve to indicate my utter helplessness and need. There was an Irishman one day passing near St. George's landing-stage in Liverpool and he saw an English beggar asking alms. The poor fellow was a dreadful cripple, having lost an eye, an arm, and a leg. Pat gave him some money and passed on. Then he came back and gave him some more—and yet a third time. The poor cripple was profuse in his thanks, and asked the Irishman if he would tell him the reason why he had acted so generously. 'Sure I'll tell you,' said Pat jubilantly, 'an' be mighty glad to. It's this—you're the only Englishman I've iver seen in my life that had been properly trimmed—trimmed to my likin.' And, believe me, in some such fashion the devil must have chuckled over me, just before I went to Water Street, for he certainly had me trimmed to his liking. But, praise God, I'm out of his clutches now—and forever."

The days immediately following his conversion were not easy, languorous ones for John Tyler. A man who has been a drunkard and a vagabond for forty-two years does not easily fit in with respectability and good citizenship. But the man persevered.

God helped him and he strove to help himself. His first job was in a Bowery lodging-house, which brought him seventy-five cents a day, his next a clerkship at seven dollars a week. Then he secured work in Bellevue Hospital—working as a painter. Eventually a man who had known him years before gave him a chance which he eagerly seized. To-day he is the successful superintendent of an up-town office building. "Jesus Christ has done much for me," he will tell you. "Health restored, faculties regained, life changed, hope renewed, I go on my way rejoicing."

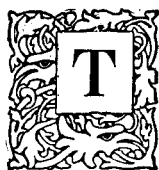
Mr. Tyler is much sought after to speak in churches, mission-halls and elsewhere. And he readily responds. Nowhere is he more popular than at the East Northfield Summer Conferences. He has often spoken there and always with acceptance and power. As a public speaker he has commanding natural gifts. When one remembers that these gifts have lain unused and neglected for more than a generation, their quality to-day is little less than marvelous. It is my deliberate opinion that forty years of wanton and reckless vagabondage have deprived this country of the services of a man who, under happier auspices, had ranked as one of the greatest of living orators. Something has, however, been saved from the wreck, and out of the salvage God is fashioning an instrument of usefulness and honor.

God never mocks the soul with an impossible ideal, neither should the soul ever mock God with an ignoble one.—*Doctor F. Watson Hannan.*

THE MELTING POT OF THE NATIONS *

BY PROFESSOR EDWARD A. STEINER

Author of "Against the Current," Etc.



THE history of the human race has at its epochal points the record of the injustice of tribes, nations or races.

From Abraham of the East to Abraham of the East Side, the tribes of Israel have gone forth to seek a better country, and tho they were seeking only larger pastures for their flocks or food in time of famine or lands flowing with milk and honey, they have often found Philistines and grasshoppers, flaming Sinai and the Ten Commandments.

Spies have gone out and brought back stories of the wealth of the land, of strange and strong men to be conquered, and lured by wealth and undismayed by fear these pioneers were followed by families and flocks into the promised land, which proved a new school of experience, an onward step in the history of the race.

That which marks this period from others is that men are not coming as tribes or nations, but as individuals. They are coming from practically all the kindreds of the earth, and they are all coming to one continent, and more than two-thirds of them to one country. The chief characteristic of this movement is that we are all more or less a part of that human stream. We are not yet so far removed from it but that we can taste the bitter waters of the steerage and thank God for the sweet waters of Ellis Island and know gracefulness of the shade of the threescore and three palm trees of Battery Park.

However strong the economic pressure which brought and still brings the immigrant, still there has never been absent from it a modifying idealism; above the standard of Spain planted by Columbus arose the cross of the church. Holy men followed with no armor to protect but their cassock, no sword to wield but the crucifix, no higher reward to find than to save the souls of the savages.

The men and women who landed at Plymouth Rock or on the shore of Delaware Bay did not come lured by the gold in our mines, nor were they led by the trumpet which sounds the note of fame, and among the millions which land at Ellis Island now, there are those and in no small numbers, who are not far removed from their forefathers in their idealism. All of them are looking for a better country, economically, many of them politically, and spiritually.

The immigrants brought the church with them and still bring it under varying symbols. There is nothing which warrants the belief that the Christian church in its proper sense is doomed because a people came who were not yet born when the Mayflower set sail for "New England's rock bound shore," nor is the cause of temperance doomed because, instead of 400,000 Germans there are landed annually as many Italians; nor is the good government in our cities doomed because, instead of 500,000 Irish we receive as many Jews; nor are our public schools doomed because, instead of Scotch

*From "Men and Religion." A report of the address delivered in Carnegie Hall at the close of the Men and Religion Campaign. Copyrighted by the *International Y. M. C. A. Press*.

and English the Slavs flock to our cities.

Until a comparatively recent time, the churches in America did nothing for the immigrant. The immigrant did much for the churches. Exploited by the transportation companies, and still exploited, treated like cattle on sea and land for decades, the church did not protest, the church did not protect him. Poisoned by the foul odors of tenements, swallowed by the mines, burned by the furnaces, the church still did not lift her voice.

Not until a decade or two ago did the churches you represent take notice of immigrant, and then they were moved largely by fear and not altogether by compassion. This fear is not grounded. The massing of men in our cities, the crowding in of humanity beginning its struggle at the lowest and most congested rung of the economic ladder, children beginning life in our tenements handicapped politically and morally, these are huge problems, but they are twentieth century problems which every country faces, whether it receives immigrants or sends emigrants away.

On the whole, it may be said that the masses of immigrants who come stand the primary test of our civilization. The challenge at the gate is: "Are you fit to work?" And the Federal sieve excludes the unfit.

It was my privilege to go abroad on the same ship with the official commission to investigate conditions in regard to the care of emigrants in Europe. I stood by the side of the emigration commissioners appointed by the various countries, and stood by the examining surgeon,

when there passed before my eyes 150,000 men and women. I looked into 150,000 throats, and looked into 150,000 pairs of eyes, and of the 150,000, 96 per cent. of them were coming over here to work and not to shirk; to obey the divine command, to eat their bread by the sweat that flows from their own brows, and not to eat their bread by the sweat which flows from the other man's brow. In a way we have no right to say that the people who come to us to-day are facing the economic problems. We have not too many workers in America—but too many shirkers. As I stood by the side of that incoming stream of manhood and womanhood I said to myself: "If all the college professors in creation should strike, it would not make much difference to creation." Go through the streets of New York or any other great city, but if you want to see that which ennobles humanity, do not drive along the fashionable avenues but go over to the East Side at 6 o'clock in the evening, when the great army of men and women come back from their tasks, happy because they have done a day's honest work. I live and work among these people and I come away from them always feeling that their difficulties thrill within me.

The people who come to America to-day have also stood the challenge flung out in just apprehension by our civilization: Can they be assimilated? Look at Constantinople, where pretty nearly as many races and creeds and nationalities are to be found as in New York. They have lived together for hundreds of years, the Greeks, the Moslems, the Slavs and the Jew. I have walked through stretches of Arabia, Syria and Greece,

and Russia and Bohemia and Sweden, and Italy, and Jerusalem, and through them all you can hear the mighty response of this magic power which is taking these people and grinding out the old and grinding in the new.

How marvellously this thing works in America you can have no better instance of than myself. I have not a drop of American blood in my veins. I am of an ancestry which has not for thousands of years, I know, had a drop of other blood in its veins. Last spring I went to my native city of Vienna, and took my wife with me. She is an American of foreign parentage of the same blood as myself. We walked through my native city, and went into a shop. We were native born and wore clothing made in Vienna, but as soon as we opened the door the shop-keeper said: "Come and see the Americans." My children met their little cousins, who have lived in another environment and we found that already they are of two different types.

Can these people be assimilated? Much more quickly than we think are they yielding themselves to these environmental factors which have made Americans out of Celt, Anglo-Saxon, Teuton and Norsemen.

So long as these factors remain as vital as they are, so long as we shall have this stimulating air, food enough and a little more, public schools for every child, the spirit of democracy making for a fair chance and for fair play, a virile patriotic American citizenship, so long as we have these and the other things which make up a wholesome environment, we need not fear but that these aliens too shall become, as one of us, knowing

the good and the evil and doing both.

They also stand the test of measuring up to our highest idealism. The investigation made by the Y. W. C. A. reveals this in a most striking way, and in order to meet this idealism they have wisely chosen to teach English by the means of the simple but profound theories of the Holy Book. Every man who has endeavored to come into contact with these new prejudices has come out of this experience with the profound realization that he is not dealing with the scum of the earth but with ordinary humanity striving, blindly often and blunderingly, to lift itself to the divine.

The realization of these facts ought not to lead to a blind ineffective optimism, but to the consciousness that the church can never accomplish much if moved by fear and not by faith, by prejudice and hate rather than by confidence and love.

What Can the Church Do?

There are a number of things which the church can do, and first of all it needs to change its attitude of mind toward the new immigrant.

Immigration as such, whether it is a good thing or a bad thing for this country, ought not to warp our minds in our relation to the immigrant. The president of a home missionary society recently introduced me to a congregation where the richest man in America attends, but which is made up largely of Italians, Slavs and Magyars. One minister made this warped but unchallenged statement: "We are landing annually 200,000 murderers," while another hoped to increase the home missionary collection by stating that we are landing one million paupers every year.

The belief is current that there is a line drawn between the north and south of Europe, and that one-half is inhabited by all the good people, and the other half by all the bad; that prior to the year 1880 the United States received only good immigrants and that from that till now only the bad have come.

Professor Hart, who occupies the chair of history at Harvard University, declared recently that for a long time the Anglo-Saxon thought that he alone was fit for self-government, but that the Germans proved that they could do it, then the French showed remarkable ability, and then, behold, the Italian fought for a United Italy, and gave the world that unmatched triumvirate, Garibaldi, Cavour and Mazzini. Then the Young Turks struck for liberty and for a parliament, and now even static China, asleep for ages, has supplanted the yellow dragon with the stars and tri-color.

An emigrant who knows the city better than I do, told me that the political salvation of this great city is due to the new immigrant and not to the old immigrant. When you talk about the corrupt influences of these people you must not forget that a city like Philadelphia raised itself upon the best immigrant blood—Quakers, Germans, Scotch, Irish and others, but when these races and the Jew came to America there was nothing left for them to corrupt.

The Christian church may divide the human race into the undeveloped and the more developed, but it can not divide it by an arbitrary geographic line, nor by color, nor by speech into the good or bad, for to the Christian there is only one race

and that is the human race, a fallen race, all of it needing the grace of God to raise it to the ideals of the Christ.

This is both scientific and orthodox, and only as the church believes in this common kinship can it begin the task which is before it. Not only must the church change its mind about the new immigrant, but it must learn to practise at home the brotherhood it professes.

The church is facing a new test to-day, and that test is not theological; it is psychological. The question is not: "Do we believe in God as the Father of mankind;" this belief is to-day almost universal. Do we believe in Jesus, the savior of men? In varied degrees and definitions the masses of religious men believe this also. Then we must ask do we believe in love and brotherhood? Yes. Do we practise it? That's the test—do we practise brotherhood?

It is comparatively easy to love even our enemies when they smell of violets, but to act in our relationship with men as brothers who have eaten garlic, who have a different tint to their skin, a different crook to their nose, that's the difficult test we are facing. Christianity has modified and changed most of human nature, fallen from Heaven, or risen from the beast, and it has a big task either way, but it has not modified much our ancient hates and prejudices to any appreciable degree.

What we usually claim for Jesus Christ, other religions claim for their founders; supernatural birth, miracles of various kinds, even sonship of God, but He claimed for Himself—and He was the only one who claimed it for Himself—the sonship

with man. He, born of a race separated for centuries by religious belief and practise. He, royal, divine, pointed and still points with regal gesture to these, to all these who do the will of the Father, "Are my mother, my brother and my sister."

In the great symbolic miracle at the birth of Jesus Christ, the three wise men not only found a star, but three wise men, of different race and speech, also found each other. We shall never find the throne of Christ, no matter how brightly the star of Bethlehem shines, if we do not find one another. There is no such test in the church as this test of brotherhood to-day. It is easy enough to practise when we are all alike, say in the Baptist brotherhood, but to practise it among all the nations and kindred and races of the world—that is the hard test.

I am not a mystic—I wish I were—I have lately assailed the gates of heaven with agonizing prayer such as comes when helpless man cries out against death's dark doing, and the gates were not opened, but when I turned from my own grief and on the street or on the street-car, unselfishly acted the brother to those who could not even pray, then I knew that there was such a thing as communion with God.

I know something of the great emotions which flood the human soul. I have watched the sunrise and the sunset splendors of moon and star, storm and calm at sea; I have seen the snow-capped hills, canyons and cataracts, but there is no emotion akin to this, of standing in the midst of a human throng in New York, aliens from afar, children of the bondmen and of serfs, hoary-headed

members of a martyred race, and hear all their varied tongues blend into speech, all their thoughts blend into one feeling, then you feel the rushing of a mighty wind, for that is Pentecost, the supremest moment of one's life, when you can disembowel yourself of hate and prejudice, when as with a new birth, you can stand amid the strife of states and nations and races and classes, and feel all the human race say, "We, the human." This is the supremest moment in a man's life. When the church gets this new universalism, she will get her Pentecost.

But let no man believe that this new emotion is better than the old unless we really practise this brotherhood, and that is no easy task. The thing which your campaign leaders called social service is an expression of it. They do not mean that a social survey and social service are synonymous, that you can serve the immigrant by investigating him, or fumigating him, or by handing him a tract on how to prepare a soup bone so it will taste like a porterhouse. They mean that by our very profession of brotherhood we are bound to the toiler, to his children, to his home; that we are bound to keep the way open for an honest struggle, and that we are faithless to faith in God and in man if we draw a line in this endeavor between our kind and the other kind.

More concretely the church must change her home missionary policy, care for him at the ports en route to the west, to interpret and to demonstrate the wisdom and the power of the gospel. For the last ten years I have asked that the churches send among these masses of men the best

products of our Christian civilization, to stand between, to interpret the gospel in terms of service, to be freed from the degrading slavery of denominational year-books, to be the leaven of this lump. A policy of this kind has been followed to some degree, but the men of America must remonstrate against ineffective men and methods in home missions, against wicked duplication, and overlapping, and against the carrying of denominational differences to our alien population, and they must plead and plan for a new type of men and women, to form a new army of home missionary volunteers equal to that at the command of our foreign boards.

Lastly, the churches must realize that after all this problem is at their doors, testing their creed, their loyalty and devotion, that only the leadership can be delegated to others, the work must be done by us, and that after all the most effective work we can do for the immigrant is to be ourselves what we want him to be. He is in the flux, the molten metal pouring in; we are the matrix, the mold; he will become what we are, and, as we are, so will become the town from which he comes to us.

To-day there are a million letters

upon the sea, going to every village and town of southern and eastern Europe, bringing tidings about us, carrying our influence of good and evil. More than 600,000 men and women will return this year to the old world, returning each one of them changed by our influences, to village and hamlet and town. They are our messengers—what do they carry home from America?

The future of America is still a closed book, whose seal none of us is worthy to break, but as the apostle who stood on Patmos had his apocalypse, so we may hear those who come after us, singing the new song, "Worthy is the Lamb that was Slain to take the book and to open the seals thereof, for thou wast slain and did purchase unto God with Thy blood, men of every tribe and tongue and people and nation, and madest them to be unto our God a kingdom and priests, and they reign upon the earth. And I saw and heard them saying with a great voice, Worthy is the Lamb that hath been slain to receive the power, and riches and wisdom and might and honor and glory and blessing. . . . And the four living creatures said Amen, and the elders fell down and worshiped him." Let us also worship Him.

HE IS COUNTING ON YOU

"He is counting on you!"

"On a love that will share
In His burden of prayer,
For the souls He has bought
With His life-blood; and sought
Through His sorrow and pain
To win 'Home' yet again.

He is counting on you,
If you fail Him—

What then?"

"He is counting on you!"

"Oh! the wonder and grace,
To look Christ in the face
And not be ashamed,
For you gave what He claimed,
And you laid down your all
For His sake—at His call.

He had counted on you,
And you failed not.

What then?"

BEFORE THE DAWN IN JAPAN

A REVIEW BY ERNEST DELANCY PIERSON



BOOK has recently been published which has a special interest to Christian missionaries as a revelation of the best type of Japanese character without Christ. This character was Ninomiya Sontoku, farmer sage, moralist, and economist, the most famous man that Japan has given to the industrial world. Tho he died in 1856 (three years before the entrance of the first Protestant Christian missionaries) the principles and lessons which he inculcated still exert a potent influence in the economic life of the empire. To him, perhaps, more than to any other individual, Japan owes her industrial and agricultural progress, her habits of thrift, and the development of her natural resources. These have helped to place her in the present proud position she occupies among the nations of the earth.

Since the Russo-Japanese war the teachings of the "farmer sage" have gained increased popularity, and the Home and Educational Department of the Government have endeavored to introduce them into the entire school system of the empire. The fundamental teachings of Ninomiya are known as "Hotoku" (literally the "Rewarding of the Graces"), based on the central doctrine of making return to heaven, earth and man for the benefits received from them. In the year following the peace with Russia, there were 600 Kotoku societies in Japan, with a membership of 26,000 and a capital of 300,000 yen. Since that time there has been a steady increase in membership from among the merchant and farmer class.

In "Just Before the Dawn,"* by Robert Cornell Armstrong, M.A., of Kobe, Japan, we have an interesting and pany), we have an interesting and important study of the life and work of the great reformer, and a faithful presentation of the various attempts made by the Japanese to solve their economic, moral and religious problems. The author expresses the hope, that his book will help to reveal the common, human side of Japanese character, "and to give to those who read it, a broader sympathy for that wonderful people."

Ninomiya himself said: "My teaching is that we should reward grace and virtue. If asked for an explanation I would say, that this means that we make return to heaven, man and earth for the gracious benefits we have received from them. Heaven's blessing is given us in the light of the sun and moon. The sun rises and sets. The four seasons come and go. In every living creature there is both development and decay. In these and other ways heaven's blessing is manifested toward us. Earth manifests her favor through the growth of grasses, trees and grain, in the fact that animals, birds, and fish live. Man's grace is manifested in the fact that sages teach the Truth; emperors govern their subjects; high officials protect the country and the people; farmers raise our food; mechanics build our houses, and merchants distribute our commodities. We all live by the grace of heaven, earth and man, and so we must make it our first principle of conduct to make return to them for their gracious contributions to our welfare. From H.

*The Macmillan Company.

I. Majesty down to the humblest peasant, this spirit must prevail. Every one who is, according to his heavenly gift, living within his means, by industry and economy, by saving his surplus money as a fund for developing and restoring desert wastes, paying debts, rescuing the poor, helping villages and provinces, by saving home after home, village after village, until all Japan has become prosperous and the prosperity shall spread to foreign countries, is making return for the blessing he has received from heaven, earth, and man."

In Ninomiya's time (1787-1856) the Tokugawa government had ruled the Japanese empire for three centuries, and the power of the Shogun was at its height. Christianity was not only forbidden, but so was any teaching that sought to undermine the influence of the government. Ninomiya lived to witness the decay and decline of the Tokugawa age, when the power of the military rulers was lost forever. Famine, riots, terrible oppression, official and social corruption, had reduced the nation to a pitiable condition. The villages were almost deserted, and the cities were so crowded with idlers and criminals, that life was no longer safe. During the three centuries of peace the people had become pleasure-loving and neglectful. There were over 100,000 Buddhist temples in the empire, and many hundred thousand priests, very few of whom were educated. Various attempts were made to check official corruption, to control the luxury of the rich, and to provide employment for the poor. The history of these attempts at reform are interesting, for many of the great scholars of Japan, and the

feudal lords were earnest in their efforts to purify official life and to help the people.

Fortunes were sacrificed on the altar of patriotism; in all parts of Japan men labored unselfishly for the uplift of their fellows. Doubtless, their example offered an inspiration to Ninomiya in his life-work of service. Like them he was eminently practical in his views of helping people. "Perspiration was to him the water of baptism," said one of his followers. To inspire men with a desire to help the poor and oppressed and promote their own happiness by bringing happiness to others, this was the reward, he preached, for the most painful and exacting labors.

In the time of Ninomiya's early manhood, Japanese statesmen were greatly perplexed to know what to do in regard to foreign intercourse. Those who favored opening the country to foreigners were punished for their liberal views. In 1825 it was decided to fire upon all foreign ships. That Ninomiya, a poor farmer, was able to rise under such feudal conditions, mark him as a man of supreme gifts.

He may be said to have been born a reformer, for industry, self-sacrifice and thrift marked his earliest years. It is related that at the age of 12, having completed a year's service with a neighboring farmer, he received a Japanese kimono and two yen in addition to his board and lodging. He was on his way home, when he met a poor man, who had some little pine trees for sale, and was in great distress because he could not dispose of them. Ninomiya was struck with an idea, that here was an opportunity to help a poor

man and also benefit the entire community. The Sa River near his home sometimes overflowed its boundary and the boy thought that by planting rows of pine trees along the banks the neighborhood would be saved from inundations. So he bought the trees and spent the rest of the day setting them out. To-day those pine trees have become large, and not only support the river bank, but stand as living monuments to the young reformer's thoughtfulness.

Industry and economy were his watchwords. "All things except rice, soup, and cotton clothes are only a trouble to their owners," was one of his sayings. Luxuries were to be guarded against as tho they were enemies. "Work much, earn much, and spend little. Gather plenty of fuel and burn as little as possible." This, he said, is the secret of making a country wealthy. While he was ever preaching the reclamation of waste lands and the development of natural resources of the country, he considered the waste and corruption of the mind to be the greatest evil.

Ninomiya was above all things a utilitarian. He did not use morality and religion as a basis for his economic reform. He introduced the moral, to quote from the author of the book, "because without it indolent and profligate men not only could not assist in the accomplishment of his reforms, but his reforms would be a curse to them, in that more wealth would be placed at their disposal and thus hasten their destruction. On the other hand he seems to introduce the religious, more because the religious beliefs of the people were of value to him in his struggle, than because in the very nature

of things it is more essential to have 'a good man' than to have 'a happy, prosperous man.'"

"Just Before the Dawn" is the first adequate attempt to present the life and teachings of Ninomiya in English, and every scientific student and missionary should feel grateful to the author for a work that throws much needed light on the attempts Japan is making to solve her religious and economic problems. Ninomiya has been compared with Jesus Christ by Japanese scholars, because of his unselfish devotion to human welfare and the spirit of self-sacrifice which inspired his life-work. "To such an extent is this true," says the author of the present volume, "that a follower of Ninomiya who really appreciates the spirit of the sage, is prepared to appreciate the teachings of Jesus Christ."

It would be important and interesting to know if the Hotoku Society of Japan has been of any help to Christian progress in the empire. Are the teachings of Ninomiya, as followed by the members of the society, calculated to incline the Japanese toward the gospel? This question is not answered by the author, but he expresses the belief that Ninomiya's principles should have that result. For when a man is lifted up morally and industrially, he will find religion a necessity in his life, and be ready to accept the gospel of Jesus Christ because Ninomiya, to a degree, opens the way. This is true only when men have come to realize their own insufficiency, and the inability of moral and industrial reforms to save mankind.

Apart from its value as an admirably written study of a remark-

able man, "Just Before the Dawn" is of general interest for its pithy sayings, wise counsel, and homespun philosophy, and is a valuable contribution to contemporary literature. Ninomiya deserves a niche in the pantheon of the world's great men. In Japan his fame is ever spreading. His works are studied, and his followers worship at his shrine. The economical and ethical principles which he taught took firm root in Japanese life and character and the work he began as a boy a century

ago still goes on. His teachings were intended to apply to the conditions of his time, and there are many reasons for believing that with his views, the gospel would have appealed to him had he lived in our day. Though he must be called a utilitarian, "He saw to some extent the value of the moral, and sought to impress on the people at least part of the truth that Christ made uppermost when he said: 'Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you.'"

THE PARABLE OF THE SEED CORN *



IN Northwestern Iowa there is a large corn-ranch, comprising ten sections of land. On this land is a tight, double-walled building, with a furnace in the basement. This is a corn-crib, in which the temperature is never allowed to fall below 40 degrees. In the winter season, no matter how cold the weather may be outside, the fire is always kept burning, and the corn never freezes. The ears are laid side by side, on racks, which extend up to the ceiling. Every ear is large and perfect, for the corn has been carefully selected from the best of the entire year's crop on 6,000 acres. The scientific farmer who manages the estate takes off the imperfect grains at either end of each ear, so that only the picked grains of the picked ears are kept for seed, and these are most carefully preserved for planting. The farmer can not afford to sow "nubbins," for he that soweth nubbins shall reap—corn-cobs.

The highest mark of honor for an ear of corn is when it is selected for seed for next year's crop.

The Church of Christ needs the picked ears, carefully nurtured in the best homes and in the finest schools and institutions. Many varieties of missionaries are needed for the multiplicity of work, just as there are many kinds of grain, and all are useful; but when it comes to sowing, only the best of each class should be used as seed.

We hear some youthful Jonah, struggling with the call "to go to that great heathen city," murmuring, "How can I go and bury myself in that foreign land?" Well-meaning, but foolish friends tell him that he will bury his brilliant talents and rare culture in such a sepulcher. But it is the finest corn that is buried. Then, in a little while there is a great resurrection, followed by a glorious harvest. "Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone; but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit."

* From "The Evolution of New China," by William N. Brewster, a missionary to the Chinese. Published by Eaton & Mains, New York.

BOLIVIAN MISSIONS AND PUTUMAYO INDIANS

BY PERCY CROSS STANDING



SMALL as it appears on the map of South America, Bolivia is large enough to contain France, Germany, Switzerland, Greece and Great Britain together. The entire population of the Republic, however, does not exceed 2,500,000, of whom seventy-five per cent. are Indians.

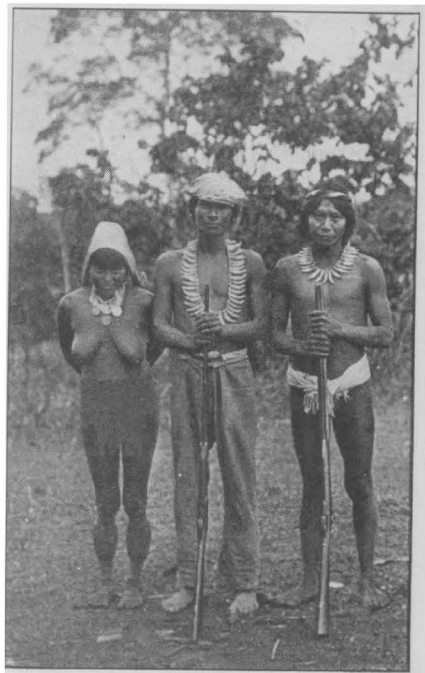
Bolivia, the Hermit Republic, is the fifth largest country in the New World. It lies wholly within the tropics, yet altitude, rather than latitude, determines climatic conditions. From the lofty plateau on the west marked by the highest peaks of the Andean range, the republic's vast domain terraces down through smiling temperate valleys to the dense tropic jungle of the Amazonian plain. No greater contrast can be pictured than that of the Titicaca basin and the Eastern frontier. The one, treeless, windswept, encircled by the mightiest mountains of the Americas; the other, a sea of tangled verdure in the heart of the world's greatest wilderness. In a land so varied the products naturally cover a wide range. Precious metals, wrested from the Titanic strongholds of the Andes, rival Nature's most lavish forest gifts.

Two-thirds of the country lies in the lowlands, yet 88 per cent. of the people live on the plateau. The life of the Bolivian highlander is as dreary as his environment, yet he can not often be tempted down into the garden places just over the Andean wall.

Bolivia is now spending \$30,000,000 on railway expansion, or \$12 for every man, woman, and child within

her territory,—white, mestizo and Indian.

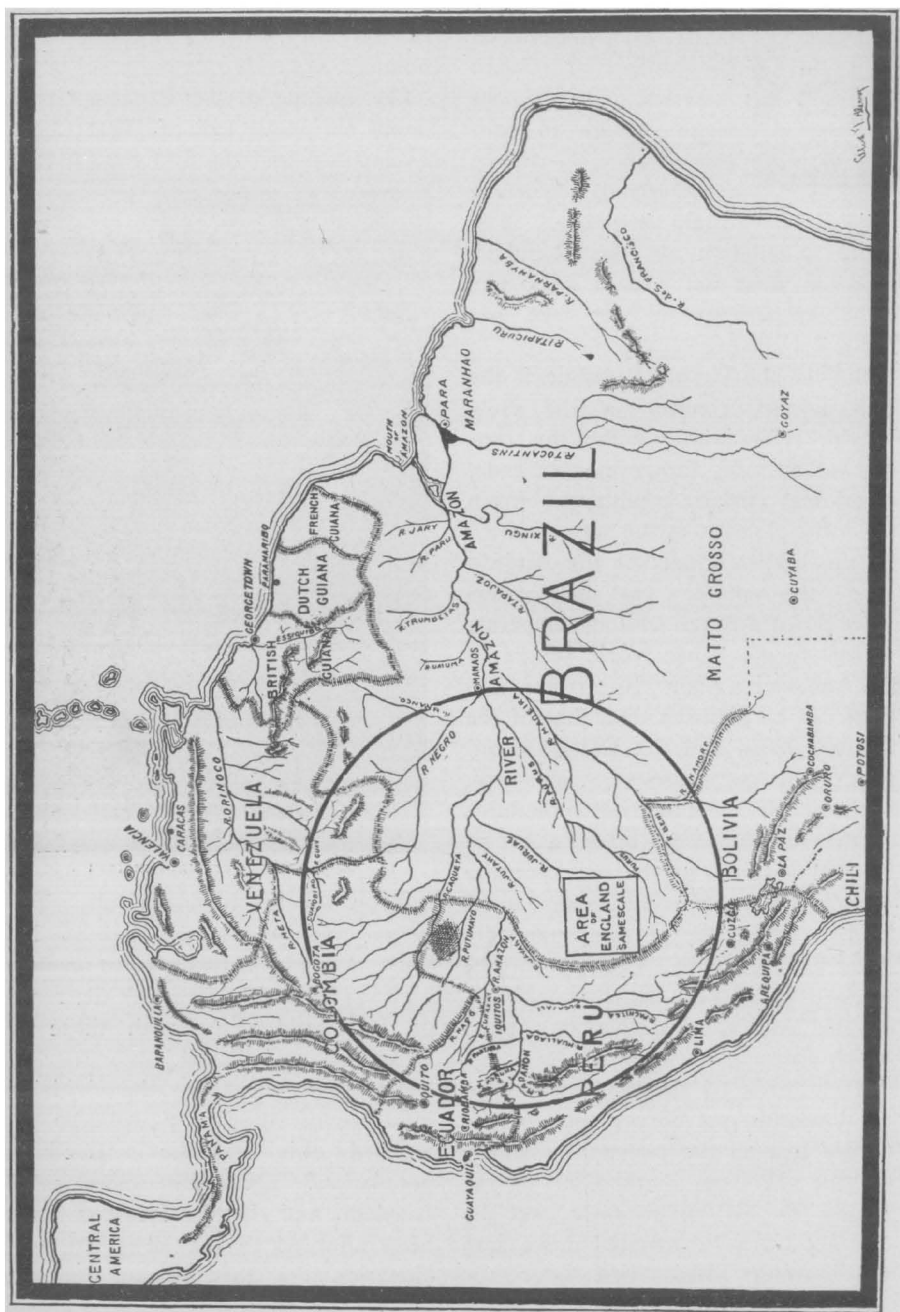
The opening of the Panama Canal sounds the bugle call of West Coast development and the first transandine



SOME OF THE PUTUMAYO INDIANS

railway will soon have rivals. The hermit republic is destined to become South America's great central highway when her rails link the roads of Peru and Chile with those of Argentina and Brazil.

To what extent has the civilizing influence of missionary work so far touched this gigantic native-born population? Of recent years, more freedom and better facilities have been afforded to the labors of missionaries other than Roman Catholic. There are at a rough computation about 300 district tribes of Indians scattered through the vast wilderness of the Latin continent, and in nu-



MAP OF THE NORTHERN HALF OF THE SOUTH AMERICAN CONTINENT

In the area within the circle, 1,320,000 square miles, there is not one Protestant missionary.
From "The Neglected Continent."

merous instances no real attempt has been made to reach them with the Gospel. It is true that there are now sundry grammars of vocabularies of Quechua tongue, and that the New Testament has been translated into that language but it is estimated that some three and a half millions of these Indian races, scattered along the great Andine ranges, are as yet practically untouched by missionary influences. It has to be borne in mind, when considering this condition of backwardness, that Bolivia has no seacoast since the war of 1879-83, tho, to be sure, its eastern boundry includes a portion of mighty Paraguay River.

Canadian and American Missions

Seventeen years ago (in 1895), The American Bible Society employed a missionary with headquarters at La Paz, and a little later the Canadian Baptist Mission started operations. A prominent worker for the latter body, Mr. R. Routledge, thus writes of the natural beauties of La Paz: "The glory of the scene is much enhanced by the fact that the previous day's travel is over one of most dreary and uninteresting of plains. As the coach stops at the Alto (edge of the cliff) and we look down upon the city 800 feet below, we see a very compact, pretty little city about one mile wide, filled with red-tiled houses and surrounded by high hills. The only opening is the beautiful valley at the bottom directly in front of us, which leads to the great Amazon. Every league you go in that direction means a complete change of climate, but Nature is thriving on every side, flowers, shrubs and trees growing in profusion.

"You would think we were not a league from the snow, but Illimani is forty miles from La Paz. From the Alto above the city, you can see, 100 miles distant, Sorato peak—21,286 feet above sea-level!"

Mr. Routledge claimed, by the by, that in a short while he was preaching regularly to 300 people, including doctors, lawyers, etc, "not to speak of throngs of working men." It was in La Paz, too, that the heroic Robert Lodge of Hartley House Mission passed away, and to-day visitors to the Bolivian city may see his humble grave adorned with simple inscription, "The blood of Christ cleanseth us from sin." . . .

To the westward of La Paz, with its curious relics of the old Inca civilization, you may see that extraordinary sheet of water—Lake Titicaca—3,600 square miles in extent, 80 miles long by 40 wide, and 12,545 feet above sea level! The only known outlet to the other end of this marvelous expanse of water is the River Desaguadero which flows through upper Bolivia to Oruro and thence into Lake Poopo.

Very many years ago the British and Foreign Bible Society made a tentative attempt to propagandize some wilder portions of the Andine interior, while as far back as 1883 the Rev. A. M. Milne, the veteran agent of American Bible Society, managed to dispose of some five thousand Bibles on a Bolivian tour. That the work has not been without its perils is evidenced by the circumstance that a missionary of this Society was murdered by the Indians some years since. In 1895, and again in 1900, a party led by Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Payne pushed on considerably

farther than the pioneers of Protestantism had previously penetrated. Their experience of at least three of the Indian tribes—the Chiriguano, the warlike Tobas, and the Matacos—was on the whole satisfactory.

Potosi and Oruro, of silver mining fame, are among the most interesting centers that these workers have touched. The population of the second-named town, now perhaps 20,000, is said to have once amounted to 160,000. Educational and mission work has been engaged in here by Mr. Archibald Reckie, by Mr. and Mrs. Charles Mitchell in Cochabamba, and by Mr. Archibald Baker and Mr. Routledge in La Paz. The Bolivian Indian Mission, of which the Rev. J. C. Dalrymple is secretary, has its headquarters in San Pedro and several other branches. As one of their most enthusiastic workers has phrased it in eloquent verse:

“Coming, coming from afar,
From the lofty Andine mountains,
From Bolivia’s peopled plains,
They shall hear the old, old story . . .”

The mines of Potosi have yielded more silver than all the other silver mines in the world. Between 1545 and 1805, an amount of the precious metal roughly estimated at £14,000,000 was produced, and the output is said to have reached £2,000 per day. The legend is that in the long ago a woman, Diega Hualca, accidentally discovered the existence of silver in the otherwise barren region. Now there are several thousands of mine entrances, in some instances nearly 17,000 feet above sea-level. At Potosi is the National Mint of the Bolivian Republic, in itself a very remarkable achievement. “This building,” was told by an English mission-

ary lately returned from Potosi, “covers twenty thousand square metres, and illustrates the extraordinary work done by the colonizing Spaniards. After about three centuries, the building still stands without any signs of decay! The beams of the roof, some of them measuring 14 inches square and 30 to 40 feet long, are of cedar, and owing to the dry atmosphere present the appearance of having been recently cut down. This timber must have been brought at least 400 miles over high mountains, across deep rivers, and along the sides of precipices, and many Indians must have laid down their lives in this work.”

Times have certainly changed somewhat for the better in the picturesque country dedicated to the name and fame of Simon Bolivar ‘*El Libertador*.’ For one thing, there is much more religious toleration, for time was when the missionary influences of Anglican and other communities were not merely deprecated, but were actually penalized by the State. It follows that with greater freedom of thought higher and more civilizing factors will enter into the lives of the Bolivian people. Their country is one of the richest, not merely of the South American continent but among the countries of the world. Silver, copper, tin, zinc, antimony, bismuth, and gold,—all of these are produced in increasing quantity, not to speak of the largely enhanced output in such exports as rubber and cocoa.

One of the most interesting, and at the same time most difficult phases of any undertaking in Bolivia, be it missionary or otherwise, is that of travel. For many hundreds of miles

in any given direction, the traveler has still mainly to depend upon the nimble-footed but unamiable and even hostile mule. If such primitive means of locomotion—the same as was in use centuries ago, the same as

was in vogue when Bolivia freed this and the other South American countries only one century ago—has its discomforts for the traveler, it is also not devoid of its humorous point of view.

THE PUTUMAYO MISSION QUESTION

A Statement by J. L. Jarrett

Immediately on the publication of the British Blue Book giving details of the horrible atrocities committed upon the Indians of the Putumayo region, an appeal was made for the establishment of a Roman Catholic mission among these Indians on the plea that a Protestant mission would not be permitted. It is to be noted that the men who make or support this appeal claim, in some cases, to be disinterested because they are not Roman Catholics, but it is also to be noted that these men are in no wise authorities on mission work. Neither can we discover that they are familiar with Peru as a whole. When they speak of Roman Catholicism as being best suited to the needs of these people, they apparently ignore the great work done throughout the world by the Protestant Churches, and when they say that Protestant missions are forbidden in Peru they show plainly that they know nothing of parts of Peru where a successful Protestant work has been carried on for many years.

It has been stated that the Peruvian Government would forbid such work, but this has to be proved. In any case we have the assurance that the Evangelical Alliance will not rest content until religious liberty is granted in Peru.

The Roman Catholic Church has not suggested the use of her power

and influence with the Peruvian Government to ask the Government to make it possible for Protestants to share in mission work in the Putumayo, the sphere for which is large and the call urgent. As usual, she stands quietly by and allows the Peruvian Government to take the blame for intolerance for which *she* alone is responsible.

It is true that the Peruvian Government cannot officially recognize Protestant mission work, but Britishers and others have treaty rights whereby they are permitted to carry on any work which the law does not prohibit, and certainly the law does not prohibit Protestant missionary work, medical, educational, or evangelical.

All that is prohibited to Protestants in Peru is the public celebration of the Mass (Holy Communion) or the display of images and religious symbols. This is no part of our missionary work, and would be of little use or benefit to the Indians of the Putumayo. On the other hand, the parading of crosses and images, banners and emblems, and the celebration of Mass in Latin form a large part of the Roman Catholic work.

It is interesting to note in this connection that the law expelling the Jesuits and prohibiting their residence in the territory of the Republic is still in force, nevertheless they are resident in force in Lima.

The appeal for funds for a Roman Catholic mission is made on the grounds that "work of this kind would only be permitted if entrusted to the Roman Catholic Church." This statement presumes that the Peruvian Government would act toward a Protestant Evangelical mission in the Putumayo region as it has never acted during a period of

tunity); property is held, buildings are rented, newspapers are printed and circulated (using the free postal service of the country for the purpose); schools are conducted, religious meetings held in buildings and in the open air; in fact, it has been proved beyond dispute that Art. 4 of the Constitution does not prohibit any of such activities.



THE SOUTH AMERICAN RUBBER BOUGHT BY BLOOD OF THE INDIANS

over twenty years, and would read into its Constitution an interpretation it has repeatedly refused to read in spite of the repeated efforts on the part of the Roman Catholic hierarchy.

For more than twenty years American and British missionaries have been working in Peru under the eye of the Government in Lima and in more remote regions.

Bible colporteurs traverse the country from end to end (selling what the priests call Protestant Bibles, and which they consequently denounce and burn upon every oppor-

From parish priest to Archbishop the Roman Catholic clergy of Peru have tried to get the Government to stop Protestant work, but have failed. The right to do all that is being done has been recognized in the highest court.

Protestant missionaries are, however, constantly subjected to persecution by the intolerant priests, but the civil authorities, whenever appealed to, have reproofed the priests and protected the missionaries. The presence of Protestant missionaries is therefore known and recognized

by the Government and their position well established.

Neither civil authorities nor individuals have ever of their own accord molested Protestant missionaries, but where at the instigation of the priest some weak or ignorant local authority has persecuted the missionary, the Press has at once taken up the matter, members of Parliament have made enquiries, and justice has been done.

Many concrete cases might be given, but the story would be too long for this article; suffice it to say that the writer, who has been a missionary in Peru ever since 1894, has been expelled, boycotted, spat upon, stoned, mobbed and persecuted in the courts by Peruvian priests, or at their instigation, but has been indemnified and reinstated by the Peruvian Government, employed in Government schools, and enjoys to-day the friendship of many eminent Peruvians.

The Protestant Evangelical missionaries in Peru are actively engaged teaching, preaching, healing, and otherwise helping towards the moral and spiritual uplift of the people. Everywhere they are respected by the people, and encouraged by all classes except the priests. How, then, can it be said that missionary work would not be permitted unless carried on by Roman Catholic priests? These, we are told, are a minus quantity in the Putumayo region.

That "the work must consist for many years less of abstract religious propaganda than of human fellowship, inspired by compassion and desire to uplift and benefit materially," is surely no argument why Roman Catholic missionaries alone can

go, but rather a plea for the widest range of effort.

The Protestant Evangelical Churches which have produced a Livingstone, a Hannington, a Hudson Taylor, a Chalmers, a Carey, a General Booth, which have established medical missions right round the world, which have educated and trained men of *every* nation for *every* walk of life, which have always aided the distressed and oppressed, are peculiarly fitted to carry on such work.

In the letter from the British Foreign Office dated May 23, 1912, there is a very strange statement made on the authority of the British Minister in Lima, viz.: "that any application on behalf of such a mission (Protestant) would probably be met by an answer (negative) similar to that returned in 1907 when the Baptist Missionary Society proposed to send a mission to the Amazon Valley." The Secretary of the B.M.S. says that no inquiries were made by his Society, and consequently no such reply was received.

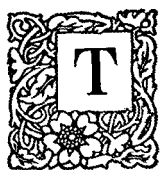
We have already shown that persecution comes not from the people, nor from the Government, but from the priests. As none of these are to be found in the Putumayo region no opposition need be expected except from the men who are concerned in keeping the natives in their power.

A mission to be medical, educational, and evangelical, which will thus appeal to body, mind, and soul, has been started under the direction of the Evangelical Union of South America, and a party has already set out including Dr. Elliott T. Glenny and Mr. F. C. Glass, both of whom have already had experience in "the Neglected Continent."

THE BATTLES OF A SPIRITUAL WARRIOR *

THE "LIFE OF ARTHUR T. PIERSON" REVIEWED

BY ROBERT E. SPEER



THIS is the sort of a life story which ought to make every reader of it a better and more courageous Christian man. It is, as the author says, the account of "a spiritual warrior, mighty in the Scriptures, a leader in the modern missionary crusade." It is the record of an unusual life, but it is full of lessons for every ordinary life as well. It is clear that Arthur T. Pierson had unusual intellectual gifts, but it is clear also that the industry and zeal and persistence with which he developed and used those gifts would enable many men with smaller endowments to make a far greater use of them than they are making. He worked over his Bible, over books, with men, in church organizations, in literary activity, in rigid improvement of his tools and his craftsmanship, and most of all with souls in the clinic of life. Even an average or inferior man who would work one-quarter as tirelessly as he worked would find himself lifted to a new level of power and effectiveness. During the later years he often spoke of the feeling of seriousness with which he came to some particular piece of service. He desired to do it, he would say, as tho it were to be his last. He always put his best power into his work and that gave him better power for his next work.

What those who knew Dr. Pierson saw in his character and his work, his son brings out faithfully, but he relates much that will be new even

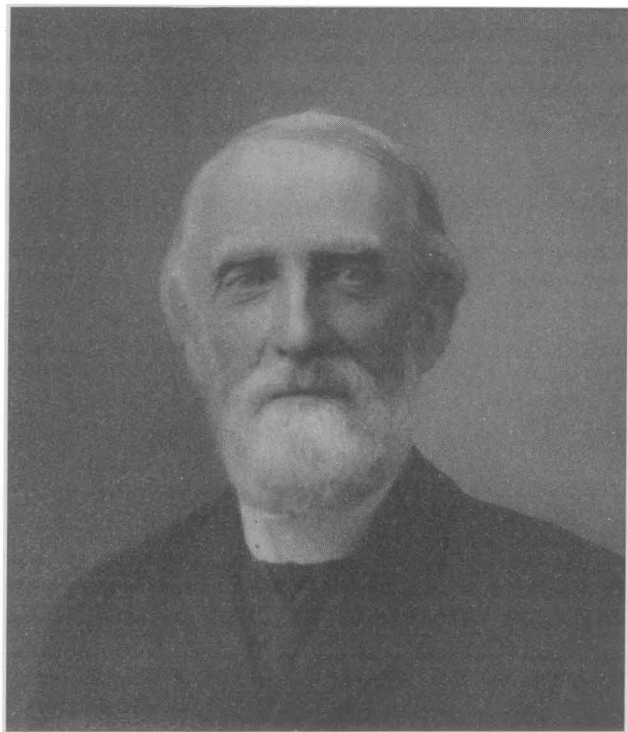
to those who knew the father well. Many did not know of the ceaseless giving which he practised. Some of us had occasion to discover his habits in this regard, but no one, as Mr. Pierson says, even in the family, knew all that he was doing. It is a pleasant story which the author tells of the simultaneous attempt on the part of Dr. Pierson and Mr. Wright:

"At the first meeting between Dr. Pierson and James Wright, the son-in-law and successor to Mr. Müller, a curious incident occurred. As they met in his drawing-room and clasped hands, two five-pound notes prest against each other in the interlocked palms. Each had been prompted by the same impulse and said almost at the same moment—"It has been laid on my heart to ask your acceptance of a small gift in the name of the Lord." The strange coincidence amused and touched the hearts of both and as each insisted that the other retain his gift, both had the joy of giving and of receiving at the same time.

And as the son says:

"God's bountiful supply never made Dr. Pierson a careless steward. Every new talent was received as a trust and he was ever studious to avoid waste of time or strength or money. Often did he joyfully forego a pleasure that he might give to some work which made a strong appeal. At one time he had arranged to spend a month with friends in Switzerland but appeals for help caused a change of program to a week in the Lake District, then fur-

* Arthur T. Pierson: A Spiritual Warrior, Mighty in the Scriptures; a Leader in the Modern Missionary Crusade. By Delavan L. Pierson. Illustrated. 8vo, 334 pages. \$1.50, net. Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 6s. James Nisbet & Co., London.



Arthur T. Pierson.

ther calls led him to take instead a day's walking excursion in the suburbs of London. Even intimate friends did not know of the many benefactions that flowed through his hand. He delighted to be one to answer the prayers of others, and hundreds of God's servants have given thanks for timely help received through him. One day he was driving along a country road near his Northfield home, when he met a man trudging along carrying a valise to the railroad station three miles distant. It was out of his way but Dr. Pierson invited the man to ride and drove him to his destination. In course of conversa-

tion he learned that the traveler was a minister of a small parish. His son was lying very ill and his heart was heavy. In parting Dr. Pierson prest a sum of money into the man's hand and in the outburst of thankfulness that followed he learned that he had again been God's messenger in a time of dire need.

"Unostentatious giving was his delight, for he believed in keeping his left hand in ignorance of his right hand's generosity. But giving brought to him such hilarious enjoyment that his family and more intimate friends learned to recognize, by the peculiar elasticity in his movements and the particular sparkle in his eye, evidence

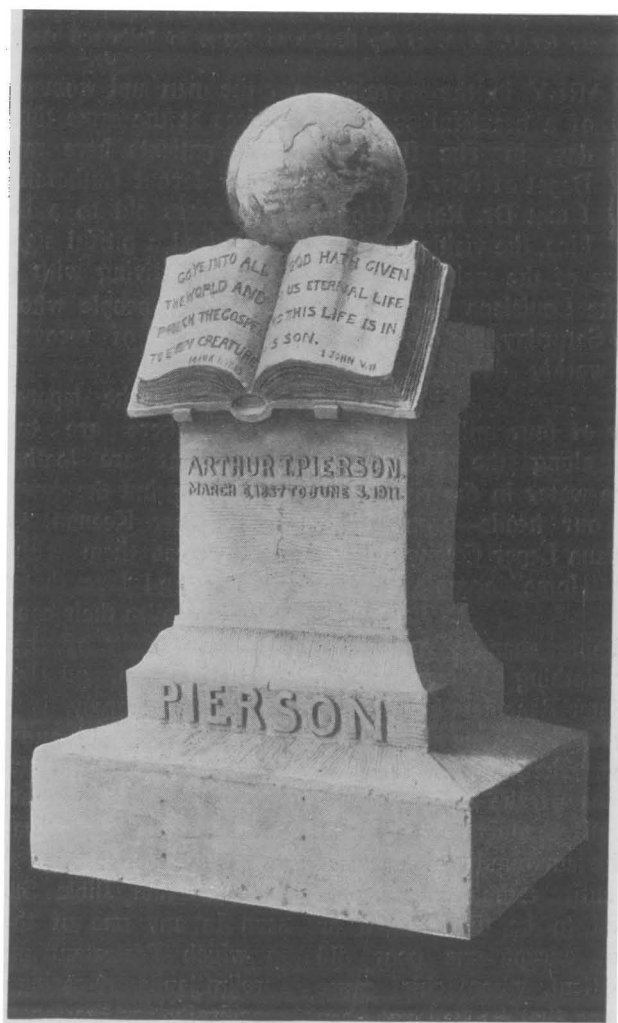
of some new benefaction that had brought joy to his heart. Neither was his giving confined to times of plenty, for he learned to regard the impulse to give to a worthy cause as an impulse from his Lord, and he believed that the same God who made it possible for him to relieve another's extremity would make up any temporary deficiency caused by his gift. He that 'lendeth to the Lord' will not long be kept a creditor of the Almighty."

There will be great comfort in this book for many earnest souls who battle with self-consciousness, with self-confidence, with self in any form. They will meet here with a fellow-warrior who tells us that from the first to the last he had this battle to fight, who declares that he "fought not always well," but who knew that he would look back and smile at the struggles in that day, when he should awake with the likeness of his Lord and be satisfied. Dr. Pierson was no untempted saint, who found life easy and who, when stung by shame of failure, made an easy escape by lowering his ideals to ease his self-judgments. He had a standard fixed and secure in God's perfect character revealed in His authoritative Word, and all of life must be, in his view, one ceaseless surrender to Christ to the end of apprehending that for which we are apprehended of Christ. The grace which he found sufficient for forgiveness and for power, we, too, may find sufficient and ever near.

But the great lessons to be learned here are not lessons of personal character only. The three aspects of Dr. Pierson's life which stand out most clearly are his reverence for

the study of the Bible, his belief in and proclamation of the free gospel of redemption and righteousness, and his missionary outlook and ministry. The Bible was to him all that the Psalmist tells us in the 119th Psalm the Law of God was to him. It was a Living Oracle. His one theme in public speech and private conversation was the gospel. Everything he thought or said or heard led to it or came from it. And both Bible and gospel were to him universal messages, meant for all the world, to be carried to all the world, and to be carried now without delay. Doubtless, he was often considered an enthusiast, but that did not trouble him. Can any man think too highly of the Word of God or of the Gospel of the Son of God? Paul did not think that he could. No critical necessity of guarding his speech lest he should claim too much for any word of God or for the incarnate, crucified and risen Son of God ever paralyzed his glowing passion. Dr. Pierson sought to believe with the same passion and unrestraint. And that in the mission enterprise he was a devotee, one who believed to the uttermost, and who dreamed in the ample measure of worlds, was to him not a reproach but the glory that he sought. This story shows how many of his missionary dreams, at first deemed ecstatic, came solidly true.

There are few literary tasks more difficult than a son's faithful biography of a father. The perspective is likely to be faulty or the character judgment to be partial or the treatment of delicate incidents to be prejudiced. Mr. Pierson's problem in dealing with many complicated



A MESSAGE IN STONE

Model of the Monument in Greenwood Cemetery, Brooklyn, New York

situations and in doing justice to the many aspects of the varied experiences of his father's unusual career was far from easy, but his success is remarkable. With unfailing good judgment and discretion and kindness, he has handled the mass of material from which he had to select, wisely and effectively and justly. We have been marred for the want of Mr. Pierson's sound-mindedness and

thoroughly Christian temper. We lay down his life of his father with a just view of the father's intense, conscientious, loyal, uncompromising, onward battling life, and also with a richer trust in him which is reflected from the son's fidelity of judgment and kindness of spirit in his telling of the life story. His work is beautifully done. It is the Christian story of a Christian man.

A VISIT TO AN AMERICAN LEPER COLONY

BY W. M. DANNER, CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

Secretary for U. S. A. of the Mission to Lepers in India and the East



EARLY in the morning of a beautiful summer day, in The Railway Depot of New Orleans, I met Dr. Ralph Hopkins, the visiting physician in charge of the welfare of the patients at the Louisiana Leper Colony. It was Saturday, the day which the doctor weekly devoted to the lepers.

A journey of four miles—most of which was along the Mississippi levees, where water in the river was high above our heads—brought us to the Louisiana Leper Colony, where we found a "Home" occupied by 74 lepers.

After suitable changes had been made in our clothing as precautionary measures, Sister Benedicta became my special escort and took me all through the premises, where I saw face to face all forms of the disease. The home is well conducted, the food generous, the surroundings cheerful, and in this entire company not a person appeared to be discouraged or downhearted, except one poor old demented patient, whose chief cause of sorrow was that he had not been able to "put his room in perfect order."

The religious life of this place is directed by a priest and sisters, whose cheerful appearance and responsive attitude to the patients indicate nothing of the hardship and dangers incident to their self-sacrifice. The little Catholic Chapel is built so that the men come in on one side and the women on the other; while visitors, nurses and doctors sit in a separate space, between the sections allotted

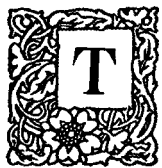
for the men and women. All attend services at the same time.

The patients here range in years from a devout Lutheran woman who is 90 years old to a boy of 7. It was indeed a pitiful sight to see this little child, living with the group of unfortunate people who had no uplifting hope of recovery from the disease.

Some of the lepers are totally blind. There are two "terminal cases" that are loathsome beyond description, but the doctor, the sisters and Father Keenan, the resident priest, treat them with such consideration and love that they do not seem to realize their condition. More than two-thirds of the lepers here are native-born, and Dr. Hopkins affirms that leprosy is spreading in Texas, Mississippi and Alabama.

Such work as this, with the addition of gardening, weaving and certain forms of educational work, including instruction in the common branches and Bible Study, may be seen in any one of the 82 stations in which Protestant missionaries in foreign lands are caring definitely and specifically for the lepers. The Mission to Lepers in India and the East is now responsible for 52 asylums for lepers in China, Ceylon, India, Burma, Japan, Siam and Korea, and for 20 homes for untainted children of leprous parents. 30 other stations are aided by this mission through grants of funds by Christian teaching and by the support of lepers. The Mission to Lepers is in active cooperation with 12 Protestant American and 18 European Foreign Mission Boards.

BROTHER MAO; A CHINESE ST. FRANCIS *



O hosts of Chinese men and women the name of Cheng Mao is sacred. From him they learned to trust the Savior, to keep the faith, through persecutions and privations, sustained by the glorious hope that some day they will see the Master's face. In many communities his memory is revered as that of a saint. The good that he did lives after him. The fires of faith he kindled in the hearts of his countrymen still burn with steady flame. As we read the simple story of his pure and beautiful life we feel that the age of miracles has not passed. We are conscious of the nearness of God's presence in human affairs.

"Unseen, because our eyes are dim;
Unheard, because our ears are dull.
He walks the earth, the beautiful,
And all good deeds are done of him."

In the summer of 1851 a baby boy was born at Chuan-Chow in a family of the partly literary, partly artizan class. The boy was named Yung-Yuan, but he cried so much that his mother called him "Yeh Mao," her little "wild cat." The second part of this strange name clung to the child, and he was known by none other in after life.

Little Mao's father a stern, hard man of a fiery temper, was the cause of many stormy scenes in the household. His mother a mild, gentle little woman with strong religious instincts, exerted a quiet force for good, and brought peace when the father was in an irritable and quarrelsome mood. Mao grew up devoted to his mother and his first real sorrow was when she was taken ill. "The thought of losing her caused him to hurry to the temple of Kwanyin to pray for her recovery, beseeching her that looketh forever down on the sound of prayer, to take many years from his own life and add them to that of the being whom he

clung to most on earth. The prayer was heard by that God, whose heart not even the follies of idolatry can close to longing souls, and the much beloved mother was spared to her little son."

When twelve years old Mao was apprenticed to a shoemaker and for a long period he followed this trade. In spare hours he sold peanuts and other eatables in the street for his father's support. While thus employed he acquired a taste for reading which he found of great benefit in after life. As he waited for custom at a temple door, or beside the road, he forgot the cares of his toilsome, sordid days, in a book. His apprenticeship over he worked as journeyman shoemaker beside his father at the sign of "The Daily Victory." It was a hard life. The shadow of poverty hung over his boyhood and was never quite lifted unto the end.

Mao grew to manhood slender in stature, below middle size, with a prominent projecting brow, and remarkably bright and intelligent eyes. He spoke quietly with diffidence and there was more of the literary man about him than the artizan. He became a reliable worker and could earn his ten cents a day making cloth uppers for shoes. Among his shop-mates he was not very popular. He declined to join in their rough jests and practical jokes and so earned the nickname of "Bighead." But nothing could disturb the calm of Mao's spirit, he never attempted to retaliate when they hid his tools or played some other trick, patient kindness toward all men marked his character then as it did in after life.

In 1878 Mao heard for the first time the gospel preached in the "Worship Hall" which had been opened some years before by foreign missionaries. After the services some friends who had accompanied Mao began to criticize the address they had heard. He did not join in the discussion at first and then surprized his companions by saying quietly,

* A Chinese St. Francis, or The Life of Brother Mao. By C. Campbell Brown. George Doran Company, New York. Illustrated.

"You blame the teaching we have just heard as wrong? I can not but think that it is right."

In the shop where Mao worked the new doctrine was generally condemned, but to all their arguments Mao persisted in saying "it is true." He might have been at a loss to explain why he defended the teachings he had heard in the "Worship Hall," for he understood almost nothing of Christianity, but it would seem that the seed of Truth was already planted in his mind. Several months later his interest in the new doctrine was freshly awakened, when he heard that several shoemakers had become Christians. A thorough Confucianist, he wished to believe that some help, or benefit might come from the worship of God. When an acquaintance named Ch'i joined the "Barbarian sect," Mao questioned him eagerly about Christian doctrines. A hunger seemed to have taken hold of him; a longing to discover whether the religion of Jesus might not help a man to lead a better life. When Ch'i told him that the "Jesus Church" was the true church, he replied, "If the Jesus Church be thus right, I ought to be all the more careful to be right myself." After this discussion he often snatched a few moments from his street vending to listen to the word of life in the preaching hall, until the call of duty drove him out again into the night.

Mao's growing interest in Christianity was strengthened when a book called, "The True Doctrine Accurately Weighed" fell into his hands. He also made the acquaintance at this time of the colporteur Chieh-gi, who explained the plan of salvation to him in simple terms, and stimulated his eagerness to learn the truth. Night after night Mao braved his father's anger to visit his Christian friend's house where they discuss religious matters often until daybreak. On the next "worship day" Mao went to church to hear more about the gospel. On this occasion he was deeply impressed by what the preacher read and explained from the third chapter

of the First Epistle to Timothy. Henceforth, Mao was absorbed with the new doctrine, and while making shoes he kept an open book on his knee which he read as he worked. His uncle rebuked him for going to the barbarian church and Mao, who had been trained to show deference to his elders, was disturbed by conflicting thoughts. To disobey his elders would be to put himself in the wrong; not to obey the truth which he had discovered would also be wrong. What was he to do? The colporteur to whom he explained his trouble said, "Your relatives are but men and women, the Supreme Ruler is Lord of All. His will is paramount. Are you anxious to obey your superiors? Then first of all you must obey God." The solitary seeker had troubles to contend with at home, in the shop, in his own heart. "The strife of the gospel call had touched him, its calm had not yet fallen upon his spirit."

Henceforth Mao would join shyly in the discussions that followed the services in the Worship Hall. He was ever asking questions, pondering, thinking. A ceaseless conflict raged within him between the claims of the old faith, old superstitions and customs, and the new doctrine. One day when alone in the workroom, worn out by the misery of doubt he seized a piece of paper and wrote:

"Supreme Ruler, O thou most high
I pray Thee show me the way
I vow obedience to Thy will."

No more of this simple vow has been preserved, for while he was writing some workmen burst into the room and the paper was torn from his hand. A friend of Mao rescued some of the scraps, and piecing them together was able to decipher the three lines quoted above. From this time Mao found peace for his troubled spirit in prayer. Powerless to save himself he cast his soul on God. His family noticing his increased interest in the hated foreign doctrine tried alternately by threats and moving appeals to wean him

from the new faith. It was a crushing blow when his gentle mother turned against him and assisted in burning his "worship books." But his patience, endurance and loving kindness toward those who persecuted and reviled him impressed his family and fellow-workmen, and brought about more friendly relations. They could not but see that there was something in his behavior different from their own lives.

The Bible was now Mao's constant companion. At night he took it to bed with him and read it by the light of a small lamp he had bought for the purpose. He was the first up in the morning and again reading his beloved book.

"He had set his heart on God's truth," said a friend afterward "I never saw any one read the scriptures as he did." This habit of bible study reacted on his friends and those who had not read the Scriptures diligently began to do so.

In the summer of 1882 Mao was baptized. His courage in preaching and growth in Christian knowledge was so remarkable that the following winter he was ordained a deacon. He now resigned his shoemaking and was employed by Dr. Grant as a colporteur to sell books and preach the gospel in the city and surrounding districts. Now began for him a life of constant stir and stress. He was daily the victim of persecutions and insults. But the peace of God was in his heart and however the enemy might rage about him they could not disturb his inward calm or force a harsh word from his lips.

Tho Mao was physically timid, his wide knowledge of the masses especially fitted him for the field to which he had been called. He knew the difficulties created in the heathen mind by contact with Christianity and could help them by relating his own struggles and experiences. He was so eager to persuade men to accept Christ that he would crouch down at their feet like a beggar.

"Listen!" he would say. "Listen!

I will tell you about our Heavenly Father, your God and mine. You must come and worship with me." And sometimes forgetting his timidity in his eagerness to save souls he would stretch out his arms to stop people on the highway, unwilling they should pass by until they had heard the Word of Life.

One day while preaching before a temple he described to the people how the Lord Jesus bore with patience and humility insults and indignities, and how when they spat in his face and struck Him upon the cheek he made no murmur.

'Heh!' cried one in the crowd, "You preach his doctrines, lets see if you can follow his example" and he spat in Mao's face and thrusting his fingers between the preacher's lips tore at the gums until they bled. Mao wiped his mouth in silence and then prayed quietly that God might forgive his assailant and bring him to a knowledge of the Truth. Mao had frequently to bear physical injuries inflicted by bullies and rowdies during his years of preaching, but he was ready with a kind answer or a prayer for the aggressor. If Mao met or heard of any one who seemed to have been impressed with the truth, he followed him up with such patience and persistency that many unable to withstand his eloquence and clear reasoning yielded and became Christians. He never seemed to despair of any one. "He revered even those who jeered at the truth. He preached to the older people as if they were his parents, saying to himself 'This is my father I must save him; this is my mother I must save her.' The younger he sought out as a father would seek his own children, dealing with each one as tho there were no other souls for him to save in the whole world."

Mao always went shabbily dressed because most of the little money he made was spent in clothing others. He was frequently taunted about his poor appearance.

"You have only two ragged jackets

on your back in this 'ten coat weather'" cried a jeering voice from the crowd one winter's day. "What blessings have you got from serving God?"

"You do not understand" he answered. "If your eyes were opened you would see that I am loaded with benefits. You think that I am poor, but I am rich. By and by I shall wear beautiful and shining clothes, when I go to live with God in the Heavenly City."

The purity of Mao's life his patience and endurance under trial, the love he showed for those who persecuted him, did not fail to impress even the enemies of the faith. They recognized that here was a man who lived up to the principles he preached, and they were curious to learn more of a religion that could so transform and beautify character. This spirit of inquiry was the means of opening the minds of many unbelievers to accept the truth.

Once when he was preaching to the people a rough fellow struck him on the cheek, while another dashed his hat off with a blow. Mao bowed his head in prayer and a hush fell on the crowd. Even the wildest spirits felt awed by the calm with which he had received their persecutions. Mao secretly rejoiced that he was privileged to suffer for the faith it seemed to bring him nearer to his Savior.

At the time he was preaching at Yingnei the church adjoined an actor's boarding-house, the proprietor being a determined opponent of the gospel. When the congregation were arriving for the services, this man would take his stand with a pair of cymbals and clash them together to make the by-standers laugh. If Mao remonstrated with him he would say defiantly: "You are going to hold your services, I am going to hold mine," and then would set the actors pounding on drums and banging rattles and blowing on pipes so that the din made worship impossible.

It was at this place that Mao became the influence under God in

bringing about a remarkable conversion. "On the other side of the church was an opium-den kept by a man named Feng Hsien, who was no friend either to the doctrine, or its preacher. The drug-vendor who was a large consumer of his own wares, suffered from a painful form of indigestion. While the den was full of smokers he managed to hide his discomfort, but at night, when the last benighted customer had left the place, he would relieve himself by crying aloud. One night, hearing sounds of distress next door, Mao went to Feng Hsien's shop, where he found him in great pain. Some warm tea fortunately relieved the trouble, and after a short time the preacher was able to go home to bed. After several visits, the poor fellow softened a little, and was willing to have Mao pray with him. A section had, for the convenience of a previous tenant been cut out of the wall dividing his shop from that now used as the 'worship hall,' and the gap temporarily filled up with bamboo wattle. Through this slight partition the sound of voices penetrated clearly, so that long before he entered the church Feng Hsien knew something about the gospel.

"If you don't serve God" said his neighbor, "You will be more blameworthy than other people, for you hear the truth every day." The opium dealer's mind slowly opened to the light and in time he joined the Christians in their gatherings for prayer and instruction.

"One night after the congregation had dispersed a visitor who was occupying the sleeping quarters behind the 'worship hall' heard a continuous muttering on the other side of the partition. Curious to know what was happening he listened intently, and caught the sound of words that seemed familiar. Presently he made out that someone next door was reading from the gospel of St. John. It was the opium-vendor. Afterward when describing the incident to a friend the visitor wrote, 'To hear

amid the midnight silence the holy words of Jesus in the feeble tones of an opium-smoker was an experience not soon to be forgotten' . . . After nearly a year's struggle Feng Hsien was by the grace of God enabled to give up his profitable opium business. The sacrifice cost him his all, leaving him to earn a scanty living by peddling oil about the villages of the district. So weakened was he by chronic indigestion, that he was often very weary as he carried his burden of oil from place to place, but he cheered himself on by telling the people everywhere he went about the love of God. They were the more willing to listen since they knew that for conscience sake he had given up a profitable business, to depend upon a pittance won by daily toil. In 1891 he was received into the Church and, when more fully instructed, was employed to sell books and to preach the gospel. Unfortunately his health undermined by vice, gave way entirely; he was attacked by wasting leprosy which compelled him to give up all work and entailed months of lonely misery at the last. The body, burdened by disease sank slowly, but the soul remained steadfast until the end came and he died victorious."

Such remarkable conversions were of almost daily occurrence during the years of Mao's active ministry; indeed as we follow the splendid record of his work for God and humanity we seem to be reading from some ancient half-legendary history of the miraculous experiences of a medieval saint rather than the story of a man of our own time and generation.

Prayer was the unfailing source from which Mao drew the strength that made him tho a physically weak and timid man, a fearless soldier in the fight for the Master. "I lived with Mao for seven years" said a friend to the author of this book, "During which time we worked together by day, and slept side by side whenever we could find quarters after our labors were over. His heart was joined to the Savior whom he

sought continually. Three, or four times a night, he would rise when he thought I was asleep and kneel on the bed beside me to pray and often I heard him weep as he prayed for his brother and uncle."

It was an ever present grief to Mao that for years he had labored in vain to bring these much loved relatives to a knowledge of Christ. The struggle was long and heart-breaking but Mao never faltered and before he died, he had the blest assurance that they were both saved, and had entered the Master's service.

We have spoken in another place of the keeper of an actor's boarding-house, who interrupted the church services by clashing cymbals and who in other ways created a disturbance. This man Ts'e was bitterly opposed to the gospel, but Mao visited him frequently and literally prayed him out of his opposition to the truth. It was on a Sunday that this man was gathered into the fold in a rather dramatic manner. The church people were beginning to arrive before the 'worship hall' when he dashed out cymbals in hand with the old defiant look in his eyes and again bent on devilry. Mao said to him gently, but sadly, "Ah Ts'e do you think that there is no God? If there really is a God how will you answer Him when you meet Him by and by?"

Ts'e lowered his cymbals and moved away. If what Mao said was true after all; if there was a God, what then? That very day he gave himself to God, bought a testament, broke his opium pipes and lamps, and gave the actors notice that he would entertain them no longer. His father persecuted him bitterly for joining the barbarians while his wife showed her spite in a hundred ways. "Sometimes she poured his rice into the pig-tub, leaving him without breakfast; sometimes she refused to cook for him altogether. In the providence of God, however, she took very ill, and, finding that neither doctors nor idols could effect a cure, she said to her husband, "You say that

God is all-powerful; if He can heal me, I will worship him along with you." Mao went and prayed for her in the sick-room, and his prayers were answered, and Mrs. Ts'e became a Christian." From this time she and her husband were incessantly persecuted. Their infuriated relatives burned the crops, and the wife was attacked and nearly murdered. But Ts'e stood firm and with his wife and child was baptized in 1891. He afterward served faithfully as a colporteur and preacher.

During the seven years that Mao preached at Yingnei, the scene of the remarkable conversions we have cited, he was anxious to win a hearing for the gospel among the educated class. While not so successful with them as with the masses, by the time he finished his ministry at Yingnei he had persuaded a number to attend the services in the "worship hall" Mao's visit to one of the literati in Yingnei will not soon be forgotten in the district. "The scholar full of importance as a representative of Chinese learning gave him a cool reception, disputed what he said and declined to accept bible quotations as of any value in the discussion. Mao went away feeling rather disheartened that he had failed to make any impression on the man, but the next day he called again.

"The scholar nettled by this second visit, attacked the Christian teaching in an uncompromising manner, and made false charges against its advocate, growing so angry at last that he blew into a flame the smoldering hemp-stalk which he held in his hand, and, scorching Mao's chin with it said: 'If you come here again I will beat you.'

"The following morning after much prayer, Mao paid another visit to the irascible teacher who 'changed face' when he saw him, and broke into a storm of bad language. When at last there came a pause, Mao began to speak, but the other cut him short saying; 'Yesterday I said I would beat you if you came back again to

this house' and forthwith struck him with his tobacco pipe. Despite the insult, which according to the Chinese code no educated men may condone, Mao after a night of prayer invaded the enemy for the fourth time with a friendly face as if nothing had happened. When the teachers eyes fell upon him in the doorway, he was so much taken aback that the abusive epithets died upon his lips, and, in his confusion he asked his pertinacious visitor to sit down. Here was a man on whom ill-usage had as much effect as water falling upon a stone.

"I submit' said the scholar handing Mao some tea; "you indeed are worthy to be my mentor. Confucius teaches us to avenge our injuries; your Master teaches you to overcome your enemies with kindness."

When Mao's last sickness was upon him, they bore him tenderly back to the house of his birth, and as he crossed the threshold, he murmured, "Some one will go to Heaven from this place to-day." He lay with his well-worn Bible open before him on the bed. His lips moved ceaselessly in prayer until he fell asleep.

"A Chinese St. Francis" is in many respects a remarkable book, and one that should strengthen and encourage missionary workers in every foreign field of Christian endeavor. So long as there are Maos born into the kingdom there can be no reason to despair of the ultimate triumph of the Gospel in the East.

The life story of this little Chinese shoemaker is related with simple force and brotherly sympathy. He becomes a very vivid personality who enlists our interest from the very beginning of his short but useful life. The author C. Campbell Brown was evidently in love with his subject as many of the readers will be and he has taken great pains to secure from the lips of Mao's friends and relatives reminiscences of Mao's career and ministry so that the portrait lacks nothing of interesting details to show us the man "in his habit as he lived."

EDITORIALS

THE LIVINGSTONE CENTENARY

IT is an event worth noting when a Scotch boy, born in a poor man's cottage and early apprenticed as a weaver's boy, becomes a world-famous missionary and is buried among kings and nobles. Thus it is that all over the world we are to celebrate the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of David Livingstone, the famous missionary-explorer of Africa, (March 19, 1913). That occasion has been preceded by a three-months' educational campaign, for which excellent literature has been provided. There is something for every church and every department of every church—leaflets telling what to do, fully arranged programs, illustrated books for everybody from the primary children up to grandparents.

Pastors and Sunday-school workers have here a great opportunity to develop in churches and schools a healthy missionary zeal. The life of Livingstone has been an inspiration to thousands. All can now obtain and use the leaflets from the denominational publishing houses. People may be persuaded to purchase and read the Livingstone books, and the more they read the more they will want to hear. The programs have been prepared for the Young People's Societies, the churches and Sunday-schools. Handsome portraits of Livingstone may be purchased to hang in Sunday-school rooms. There are also suggestions to pastors for sermons on David Livingstone.

WHY MISSIONARIES GO

THE outgoing Baptist missionaries who left America last fall were asked to give their reasons, in a sentence, for going as missionaries. The responses make up a testimony of no small value. *Missions* gives them as follows:

Because the people of Burma need the gospel.

God calls every man to make the best possible use of his life.

Because I want to help bring God's Kingdom to earth by telling to those who have never heard, the message of salvation.

The need at home and abroad.

Because the home church needs the inspiration of obeying Christ by sending me, and the native church is still woefully in need of leadership.

Because I see more need in the Philippine Islands than here, and there is no reason why I should not go.

To fulfill the command of Christ, who intended that His gospel should be a world-wide gospel and His disciples its world-wide messengers.

To share the riches of love in Christ with young men for whom He died and who without Him have no hope for this life or in eternity.

Because of the need and the anticipation of making a Christian home open to students of Madras.

Because in foreign service I feel assured of the great blessing of a life of unusual usefulness.

Because my profession (trained nursing) can do more for God in China than in Philadelphia. The need at home is great, the need in China is vastly greater.

A sense of deep gratitude for what Christ has done for me and a desire to help where the need is greatest takes me to India.

Knowledge of the great need brought responsibility; every obstacle in the way was removed; gratefully, gladly look forward to service.

I have only one life to live and I want to invest that where it will be of greatest service.

Because the gospel of Christ means so much to me that I can not help sharing it with those who need it the

most and who have the least opportunity of hearing it.

Because I know that China's greatest need is Jesus Christ my Savior.

Because China needs Christian homes.

Because I want people in India to accept Christ as Savior.

To tell the people of India the story of Jesus and His love and His transforming power.

Because of a deep-rooted desire from childhood, when I was also dedicated thereto by my dying Christian mother.

Because I think it is the Lord's will.

A need of Assam, known and felt, and an opportunity to meet that need.

I find the greatest need and therefore the greatest opportunity for usefulness in mission work.

I want my life to count for the most for time and for eternity.

WHAT CAN THE MISSIONARY COMMITTEE DO?

THE following suggestions are given for the benefit of church missionary committees that earnestly wish to help carry out their Lord's great commission:

1. "Take stock at least annually and keep records that the growth of interest and contributions may be ascertained.

2. Adopt and carry through a comprehensive plan of missionary education for the entire church.

a. By regular missionary meetings.

b. By the use of missionary pamphlets, books, and magazines.

c. By the organization of mission study classes.

3. Adopt and carry through a comprehensive plan of missionary finance.

a. By adopting weekly missionary offerings;

b. By adding special thank-offerings;

c. By a personal canvass of the whole congregation;

d. By promoting the adoption of higher standards of Christian stewardship;

e. By keeping members from supposing that their "apportionment" is the measure of their duty.

4. Stimulate prayer for missions and missionaries.

5. Promote Bible study.

6. Stimulate personal evangelism.

7. Hold regular meetings of the committee for prayer and consultation.

8. Try to discover recruits for the field at home and abroad.

This is a large program and may be too great for speedy realization, but a healthy, wide-awake missionary committee is one that is making progress toward the ideal one step at a time.

THE VALUE OF MISSIONARY WORK

SIR WILLIAM MACGREGOR once told the story of how there came to him, when he was governor of New Guinea, a distinguished Austrian nobleman, recommended by the home government. He took him up the country for some days' shooting, when after a time the gentleman turned to him and said, "Sir William, I do not understand it. Where is your army?" "I have none," said Sir William. "But how do you keep order? This is New Guinea," asked the Austrian, and Sir William answered, "The people keep order themselves." Much troubled and perplexed, the nobleman went on. When he came to the end of the walk, he said, "What about the hunting for the next few days?", and Sir William said, "Of course, there will be no hunting on the Lord's day. The Austrian looked surprised and said, "Why?" "Well, the natives won't go." He said, "Won't they go if you ask them?" "I daresay that they might, but I never intend to ask them to do a thing like that. But we will ask them what they are going to do." So the natives were brought up and asked what they intended to do on the next day, Saturday. They said, "We are going home." "What for?" "Why, for worship on the Lord's day." And so they went. The governor, in telling the story,

added significantly, "I wonder whether that nobleman saw any connection between those two things, and realized that a Sabbath-keeping people does not require an army to keep it in order. There has been no difficulty in establishing order in the South Seas on the part of the government. The missionaries did it for us."

GOVERNMENT AND RELIGION IN CHINA

A GERMAN missionary calls attention to a fact which deserves consideration. He says the Manchu Dynasty never oppress the common people and was never felt as the government of strangers. The empire in China was really a religious institution, and the common Chinaman thought as little of the fact that the dynasty was non-Chinese, as the German, Irish, or American Roman Catholic thinks of the fact that the pope is an Italian. The Chinese emperor was to the peasant the son of heaven on whom depended all civil and moral order.

Tho the republic has been established many months, there are multitudes of farmers and common people who have not yet heard of the revolution. As soon as the change becomes generally known, a great religious upheaval must take place for the son of heaven has been removed and the question will arise, Who is to take his place and keep moral and religious order? Confucianism, as religion, is fast losing its power and will not serve as a substitute for the suddenly lost faith in the son of heaven. Some are inclined to think that the moral order in China will be entirely overthrown when the deposition of the emperor becomes known in the remotest parts of the thickly populated country and the Chinese religion will be shaken in its very foundations, and that the hour of the "yellow peril" will have arrived. We believe that there will be a severe shaking of the faith of the Chinese people in the near future, but we also believe that it will be

the preparation of the masses for the preaching of the gospel in larger measure than ever before.

PHILIPPOPOLIS AND PHILIPPI A Correction

I N our December number of THE MISSIONARY REVIEW (page 882), there appeared an unfortunate error which identified the modern Philippopolis with the ancient Philippi. This was probably due to the similarity in name. As a matter of fact, however, the ancient Philippi, mentioned in the book of The Acts, was situated about nine miles from the coast of the Ægean Sea—in ancient Macedonia—while the modern Philippopolis is located about eighty miles further north, in Eastern Rumelia, which is a part of ancient Thrace. Philippopolis is a mission station of the American Board and of the German Orient Mission. Ancient Philippi is not now inhabited, but there are ruins that mark the spot where it stood. The city of Drama is near the ancient site and the Protestant Mission Church there is called the Modern Church of Philippi.

"NOW, CONCERNING THE COLLECTION"

"What can I spare?" we say:
"Ah, this and this,
From mine array
I am not like to miss."

* * * *

"And here are crumbs to feed some hungry one:
They do but grow a cumbrance on my shelf"—
And yet, one reads, our Father gave
His Son,
Our Master gave Himself.

DONATIONS RECEIVED

No. 433	Industrial Evang. Mission, India..	\$5.00
No. 434	Chinese Famine Relief.....	5.00
No. 435	Chinese Famine Relief.....	10.00
No. 436	Chinese Famine Relief.....	22.86
No. 437	Chinese Famine Relief.....	5.00
No. 438	Chinese Famine Relief.....	3.00
No. 439	Chinese Famine Relief.....	12.00
No. 440	Chinese Famine Relief.....	6.00
No. 441	Industrial Evang. Mission, India..	5.00
No. 442	Industrial Evang. Mission, India..	5.00

WORLD-WIDE MISSIONARY NEWS

AMERICA

Fifty Missionary Conventions in Store

FIFTY principal cities, east, middle west and coast, will be asked to hold missionary conventions between October and April next. The request is to come from the Laymen's Missionary Movement. These conventions will be like those held in the same cities two or three years ago, and the series will form another missionary campaign. This time, however, the campaign will be for home as well as foreign missions, and the speakers will be of wider range.

Officers Foreign Missions Conference

THE twentieth annual conference of the Foreign Missions Boards of North America met at Garden City, Long Island, January 15 to 17, 1913. On the preceding evening there was held a union dinner in the interests of Home and Foreign Missions. As usual, the conference program was made up of important reports and discussions on matters of home management and foreign policy. Such subjects as "Administrative Efficiency and Expenses," "Anglo-American Communities in Foreign Lands," "Unified Plans of Education and Giving at Home," "Simultaneous Campaigns," "The Opportunity in China," "Woman's Work," and the "Spiritual Side of Missionary Administration" were discussed with earnestness and profit. The situation in Korea claimed prayerful consideration and a committee of some of the ablest jurists of America was constituted with whom the foreign mission boards might consult whenever questions of diplomacy or of international law are involved in mission administration. This is a step of far-reaching importance and is likely to be of great practical value.

It was agreed that the foreign mis-

sion interests should take part in a conference to be held January 29 to consider what religious movements shall be undertaken in San Francisco during the Panama Exposition there. It is hoped to carry there for that occasion the exhibits which have been shown in several cities of the "World" in Boston, Cincinnati and Baltimore. A conference was also ordered with the Home Missions Council with the hope of developing better means to counteract the introduction into America of the religions which foreign mission forces are fighting in other lands.

The largest matter brought up under the home-base report was a plan for a new foreign mission campaign among the American churches early in 1914. This is to aim at extending missionary Bible study, missionary prayer and missionary information. Movements have so multiplied in the modern church that it is no longer easy to find a time for such an undertaking which shall not conflict with similar efforts by other interests. It was, therefore, ordered that the home-base committee shall make careful inquiry for a period that can be devoted to foreign missions without obstructing any other joint church enterprise.

The Home Missions Council

THE annual conference of officers and members of Home Missionary Boards and Societies was held in New York City January 14 and 15, 1913. This council aims to promote fellowship, cooperation and efficiency in Christian work in the United States and its dependencies. Among the subjects discussed this year were: "Work Among Mormons," "The Value of Home Mission Week," "Neglected Fields," "Missions to Indians," "The New South," "Work for Negroes," and "Rural Fields." Already much

benefit has come to the work, the workers and the fields worked by this friendly conference of home missionary officials. The standing committees include those on General Cooperation, City Work, Immigrant Work, Rural Fields, Indian Missions, Negroes, Spanish Neighbors, Neglected Fields, Survey, Literature. Social Service is included in all of these branches of Home Missions. The Council decided to make Home Mission Week an annual observance in the churches. In 1913 the week is to be the one preceding Thanksgiving and the topic which the churches will be asked simultaneously to consider is "Immigration." A new committee, of which the Rev. Dr. H. C. Herring is chairman, was appointed to work with a like committee from the Council of Women for Home Missions in preliminary arrangements for this observance.

Interest in Missions to Moslems

THERE are many evidences that God is using the recent events in North Africa and the Balkan states to arouse in Christians at home new interest in work for the conversion of Mohammedans. Not only have books and magazine articles appeared to throw a flood of light on the subject, but lectures and conferences have brought together many sympathetic hearers.

An all-day conference on the subject of Missions to Moslems was held on January 14 in New York, when 100 or more friends of the work came together and able addresses were given by such men of note as Dr. James L. Barton, Dr. Charles R. Watson, Dr. George F. Herrick, Rev. Robert M. Labaree, Rev. Stephen Van R. Trowbridge, Dr. Talcott Williams and others. The spirit of friendship for Mohammedans was marked as was the hopeful view taken of the outlook for Christian work among them.

Another remarkable gathering was a parlor meeting at which nearly 300 of New York Christian leaders came

together for a parlor meeting at the invitation of Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Olcott. Addresses were delivered by Dr. James L. Barton, Dr. Charles R. Watson and Mrs. Benjamin W. Labaree. The aim and the result is a clearer conviction as to the importance of missions to Moslems and deeper interest in the work of the Nile Mission Press.

The Plans of the Federal Council

THE Executive Committee of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America (Chairman, Rev. Frank Mason North, D.D.), announce the appointment of a joint commission representing the Conference of Theological Seminaries and the Federal Council for the purpose of recommending courses of instruction in theological seminaries on social, industrial and allied subjects. A committee consisting of Dr. Robert E. Speer, Bishop A. W. Wilson, Bishop Arthur S. Lloyd, Dr. Thomas H. Barbour, and Dr. James L. Barton has been appointed to arrange cooperative plans between the Commission on Foreign Missions and the Foreign Missions Conference of North America.

The propaganda is being pushed with vigor for one-day-in-seven for industrial workers through cooperation with the American Association for Labor Legislation.

An office of the Council is to be opened at Washington and there is under consideration a cooperative religious campaign to include all possible denominational and interdenominational agencies and movements, in connection with the Panama Exposition.

The World in Chicago

THE Great Missionary Exposition is to be opened in Chicago May 30 and will close June 7, 1913. This exposition is a gigantic entertainment, a round the world tour for stay at homes, a world emporium, where all kinds of books and foreign goods may be obtained, and a school of education in home and foreign peo-

ples, their religion, manners and customs and the Christian work being done among them. Visitors and workers will derive benefit from the exposition in direct proportion as they put time and thought and energy into it.

National Reform Bureau's Plans

THE National Reform Bureau, of which Dr. Wilbur Crafts is superintendent, is pressing the following measures:

1. Kenyon "red light" injunction law for D. C.
2. Johnston District of Columbia Sunday bill.
3. Lea-Sims Interstate Gambling bill.
4. A National Interstate Anti-cigarette bill.
5. An Anti-Polygamy amendment to the U. S. Constitution.
6. McComber bill, to suppress liquor selling in old soldiers' homes and all buildings used by the United States government.
7. Kenyon-Webb bill, to protect no license territory from interstate invasion.
8. Gronna bill to prohibit liquor selling in Hawaii.
9. A bill to suppress liquor selling in all the "Indian country" of Alaska.
10. A bill to stop collecting internal revenue from "speak-easies" in no license territory, or granting them of Federal liquor tax receipts.
11. A bill to prohibit the issuing of money orders or the registering of letters on Sunday.

12. A bill to prohibit opium traffic in all territory under U. S. jurisdiction.

13. A bill to prohibit U. S. attorneys engaging in private practise.

14. Better State laws, especially extension to all States of Iowa "red light" injunction law.

Home for Women Workers in New York

MRS. JOHN S. KENNEDY will build a home for women workers and nurses connected with the New York City Mission and Tract Society. The house will cost \$400,-

000 and will be on the site of the old residence of Bishop David H. Greer, head of the Protestant Episcopal Diocese of New York, at Gramercy Park and 20th Street. It will be like a modern, high-class hotel, eight stories high, and will have 75 bed-rooms, together with rest, music, and dining-rooms. The New York City Mission and Tract Society has been under the efficient direction of Dr. A. F. Schaufler for many years. It now maintains four churches in New York City, all undenominational, but of Presbyterian leanings. Its work extends to all classes and nationalities, including the Jews.

Chinese Women Students in America

THE first Chinese women to come to the United States as students under the Boxer Indemnity Fund recently landed on American soil, together with 26 young Chinese men, also coming under the same provision of the Chinese government. Some of the party remained in universities in the West, but 6 students went on to New York and will pursue their studies in that city. The 28 successful candidates for western education were selected out of 300 competitors in Canton last July. The 20 young women and eight of the men were students at Canton Christian College, whose dean, Dr. W. K. Chung, has lately been appointed commissioner of education for Kwongtung province.

Protestant Episcopal Work in Alaska

NEARLY 20 years ago, before the Klondike had been heard of or the United States had begun to take Alaska seriously, the Protestant Episcopal Church created a missionary district and sent a bishop to that northern-most part of the United States. In that land of over 600,000 square miles, a brave little band has surrounded Bishop Rowe, a splendid leader, and has made a courageous and inspiring fight for Christ and His church. The work has been conducted under remarkable handicaps.

The mission stations are isolated and the journey from one to the other are long; the centers of population are, with few exceptions, most unstable, for a sudden stampede may practically empty a town in a week and create another many miles away; all is in a state of flux; the climate is severe and trying; and the necessities of civilized life are peculiarly high-priced. Thus the budget of appropriations from the Protestant Board has been very high, nearly \$50,000 a year, while in addition very large sums were needed as "specials" to make the work possible.

The work of the Protestant Episcopal missionaries in Alaska has been, and is, two-fold. The natives, who were most sadly in need of the gospel, have been approached, and with most encouraging results. At the same time, the hardy white settlers in the new land have been looked after, in devoted service, by the missionary pioneers, who have given the whole church a splendid example of complete consecration. Bishop Rowe, who refused the easier work of the diocese in Cincinnati only a few months ago, and his little band of missionaries furnish an inspiration and a stimulus to the spiritual life of the Church of Christ.

WEST INDIES

Missions in Haiti

HAITI, second in size of the West Indies and lying between Cuba and Porto Rico, is nominally a Roman Catholic country. But the negroes of the country districts are ignorant and have so many heathenish practises that they are sometimes classed among the fetish worshipers. Protestant missionaries have been at work in Haiti since 1816 and many Protestant negroes have emigrated to the island from the United States during the past hundred years, yet Protestants are increasing very slowly, partly on account of the very frequent rebellions and civil wars. The work of the American Protestant Episcopal Church is probably the largest upon

the island to-day. It had its beginning in 1861 when a number of colored Episcopalians emigrated from the United States to Haiti, and it is being carried on by about 20 missionaries who are located in the most important places. Yet the number of church-members is still less than one thousand and the Sunday-schools have less than 500 pupils in attendance. All other societies at work in Haiti (the Wesleyan Methodist, African Methodist Episcopalians, Free Methodists, Christian and Missionary Alliance, and Baptists) have only a total of 17 missionaries and 139 native workers of all descriptions, while there are only about 3,000 Protestants altogether upon the island. Surely, Haiti is a needy field, for it has almost 2,000,000 inhabitants of whom more than three fourths are negroes or mulattoes.

Portuguese in Bermuda Becoming Protestants

QUITE a colony of Portuguese Roman Catholics has settled in the island of Bermuda. Many of them broke away from the yoke of Rome and began to inquire into Protestant doctrine, but they had little or no opportunity of listening to preaching in their own language, until they had a visit from Rev. Kyle a short time ago. Dr. Kyle has been a missionary, under the Presbyterian Foreign Board, in Brazil for twenty-five years, where he did a most excellent and successful work. Now he is laboring, under the Presbyterian Home Board, among the Portuguese in Massachusetts. He remained three weeks among the Portuguese in Bermuda and held five meetings every week. It was the busiest season in all the year for the planters, but crowds came all the same, night after night. The intensest interest prevailed and showed no sign of abatement. One of the meetings was held in the open air, when a baptismal service took place. There were about four hundred persons present, and it was evident that a profound impression was

being made and a genuine work of revival was going on. Dr. Kyle estimated that of the thousand Portuguese in Bermuda three hundred belong to the Protestant community, having broken away from Rome entirely.

A Rest Home in Porto Rico

MRS. EARL CRANSTON writes in the *Christian Advocate*: "After several years of effort at last we have seen our dream come true. Near the center of the island, on a mountain overlooking other ranges of mountains and valleys, stands a beautiful building, with yellow-gray concrete walls and red-tiled roof. Against a background of green trees and blue sky, illuminated in the sunshine, it seems to bid a cheery, hospitable welcome. There are beds for eight adults and a nursery for the children. The idea is that of a quiet home for rest for all the tired-out American Protestant missionaries on the island; a large number at one time in a great sanitarium would prevent this. Tho all the \$12,000 except \$500 was given by Methodists, and the Methodist Board of Home Missions owns the property, and it is under the direction of our superintendent, Dr. B. S. Haywood, yet our plan from the first was to extend brotherly Methodist hospitality to all these fellow workers.

The Presbyterian Church

DR. J. MILTON GREENE, of Cuba, is now the only American minister in the Presbytery of Havana. His 15 ordained associates there are all Cubans, who labor under his superintendency. The work has, therefore, struck deep roots in the native soil of Cuba. There are 15 organized churches in the Presbytery, and 15 preaching places beside, with 27 organized Sunday-schools, having a total attendance of 1,500. There are 600 pupils in 13 day-schools maintained by the mission.

Dr. Greene has great faith in the administration of the newly elected president of Cuba, General Menocal,

and believes that the moral tone of Cuban life is bound to be greatly benefited under the regime of an honest statesman like Menocal, who is popularly regarded as entirely superior to the graft that has run so deep in recent years through Cuban public life. Dr. Greene writes: "The Protestant outlook in Cuba is very encouraging among the middle and lower classes. The upper classes seem to be still firmly attached to the Catholic Church for social reasons, altho they give no sign of any real religious faith."

Missions in Porto Rico

THE Baptist, Congregational, Presbyterian, and Methodist Home Mission Boards have agreed on a territorial division of Porto Rico, so that the work will be done more efficiently and there will be no conflicts between denominations. Americans have practically built up a public-school system in Porto Rico in the last ten years. They range from high schools downward, are free to all, and are eagerly attended. School libraries, school banks, and municipal playgrounds are established.

An Archbishop President of Santo Domingo

ACCORDING to the New York *Tribune*, the Dominican Congress is about to elect to the presidency Archbishop Nuelo, who has been agreed upon by the various warring factions as the only man who in the present crisis can restore peace to the revolution-torn nation. The archbishop's selection is made with the consent of the Vatican, a cablegram to that effect having been received by him from Cardinal Merry del Val, the papal secretary of state, who was a classmate of the archbishop. It is asserted that there is no religious significance in the election, nor is it to be considered as a step toward the union of church and state.

President Victoria consented to resign and allow the archbishop to serve out the remainder of the term of 14 months. The archbishop has

never been in politics except to exert an influence for peace, and it is expected that he will be able to exercise that influence to an even greater degree as the civil head of the nation.

Religious Census of Jamaica

THE Registrar General of Jamaica has published the particulars of the religious census taken in the island in April of last year. According to this census the island contains 715,673 inhabitants, of which, in round figures, one-third belongs to the Church of England, while only about 24,000 are members of the Roman Catholic Church. The number of Baptists is given as 195,053; that of Wesleyan Methodists as 83,228; that of Presbyterians as 56,635; Moravians, who have had such a flourishing missionary work in the island for many years, as 36,208. The other denominations to be mentioned are the Disciples, the Congregationalists, Seventh Day Adventists, Salvation Army and Friends.

A rather surprising figure is the number of Hindus, namely, 9,211. Of Jews who have been settled in the island there are only 1,487. Work among the Hindus is being carried on to a limited extent only.

CENTRAL AMERICA

Conditions in Central America

WILLIAM BAYARD HALE, in an impressive address at the recent Mohonk Conference gave a comprehensive survey of conditions in the countries around the Caribbean Sea as the result of his own observations. He said that in Nicaragua there prevail poverty and cruelty unspeakable and we have no conception of the terrible depths of darkness in which the common people are living. In Honduras and Guatemala the conditions are similar. Here the native populations are utterly enslaved by brigands striving for control of the government. From one-half to three-quarters of the population of these countries are In-

dians living in aboriginal savagery. The time has come when serious men must concern themselves with this situation. San Domingo and Haiti are the homes of degenerate Negroes engaged mostly in war and presenting an appalling picture of human degradation.

Idolatry in Guatemala

HUNDREDS of people from all over Guatemala, from Mexico and other Latin-American republics, at this time of year are making pilgrimages to visit the "God of Esquipulas"—a big, black image in the city of that name in the eastern part of Guatemala. These poor benighted people actually believe that this ugly wooden image can work wonderful, miracles, and many of them save money for years in order to be able to make the trip, but invariably they return in rags, with their purses looted. Not only the poor and ignorant are thus deluded, but many of the well-to-do and educated people believe in this foolishness and deception. All the churches are full of wooden images, and all the people who worship in them bow down before the gods made with men's hands.

EUROPE

A Great Society in Great Straits

A CORRESPONDENT writes in the *Pittsburgh Christian Advocate*: "I am sorry to say that the state and prospect of the Wesleyan Foreign Missionary Fund is giving great anxiety to the committee. We shall soon enter on the third and last year of our Centenary celebration. We have set before us the task of raising the sum of \$1,250,000 as an expression of our gratitude to God for what he has done for us, and what He has enabled us to do as a church in foreign mission work during the hundred years since our missionary society was formed. But we could not wisely spend that sum on our missions without entering on new fields, and creating new agencies, and so making absolutely necessary an increase of the annual income.

Consequently the Centenary Movement aims at raising the annual income by at least \$25,000 year by year. The last-named part of the scheme is proving the most difficult—in fact, it is hitherto a failure. Two of the three years are gone, and show a decrease, instead of an increase in the yearly income. In fact, for several years past we have had an adverse balance of several thousand dollars."

Free Church Missions in a Nutshell

THE Free Church of Scotland has on its rolls 358 home agents and 4,427 native agents. The attendance at its schools is 107,886, and its church-members in full communion number 107,886. Of the natives, 68 are ordained and 2,859 are teachers. The stations occupied number 215, and the out-stations 1,637. With India the principal field, its workers are also found in China, Africa, West and South, Manchuria, New Hebrides, West Indies, etc., etc.

THE CONTINENT

For the Unprotected in Paris

THE Paris correspondent of *The Living Church* claims that few other cities make so good a provision for the protection and care of young women coming as strangers for work or study. He says: "Strangers who come to Paris find a large number of institutions with open, hospitable doors. For the French-speaking people there is *l'Ami de la Jeune Fille*, in particular, where Catholics and Protestants unite in a great work. Lists of houses, of pensions, of restaurants, respectable and inexpensive, under the surveillance of this society, are posted up at many church-doors, at some railway-stations and elsewhere throughout the city. *L'Union Chrétienne des Jeune Gens* is a work on somewhat similar lines for young men. For English-speaking girls there is the Girls' Friendly Society, Miss Leigh's Home, the Christian Association, several admirable American homes and clubs. None of these

would ever let a girl take a situation without due inquiry; all are glad to be appealed to."

A Great School of Languages

THE School of Oriental Languages in Berlin has just celebrated its semi-jubilee. Lessons, theoretical and practical, are given in Chinese, Japanese, Arabic, Amharic, Ethiopic, Persian, Turkish, Swahili, and numerous Indian and African languages. In each language there is a native instructor, as well as the European professor. The school does not only deal with languages, but with such subjects as tropical hygiene, practical geographical knowledge, the arts, customs, ideas, commerce, etc., of the peoples whose languages are studied. Missionary experts have been asked to lecture in the school, among them being Dr. Richter and Inspector Axenfeld.

Under the Czar

RUSSIA is larger than all the rest of Europe put together.

Less than 10,000,000 of Russia's 163,000,000 population have ever heard a so-called gospel sermon.

The empire comprises more than 25 different languages and nationalities within its confines.

Methodism is preaching in 6 languages. In St. Petersburg is a Sunday-school of 300 which meets in a room 20x60 feet.

There are 17,000,000 Mohammedans in Russia. There is being built at St. Petersburg a Mohammedan mosque, which is to cost about \$3,000,000. During the last 10 years 10,000 converts are said to have been won to Islam.

A post-card from Dr. Simons says: "To-day is another red-letter day in the annals of our mission. Have just dedicated the fourth Methodist chapel in Russia. Some people traveled from 20 to 30 miles by foot to be present. Here one can see old-fashioned Methodism. In nearly every meeting souls are soundly converted."

Mission Work Among Wounded Soldiers

CONGREGATIONALIST missionaries in the Balkan peninsula find that the war gives them some unusual opportunities for service. Nearly 1,000 Bulgarian soldiers were quartered for several days upon the mission in Samokov, and officers and soldiers were well disposed and eager to receive the religious pamphlets supplied by the missionaries. Daily services were held, attended by most of the troops. When the regiment moved forward the colonel left \$100 with one of the missionaries for safe keeping. He refused to take a receipt for it and said that if he failed to return to claim the money it should be used for the mission work.

After the battle of Kirk-Killisch and Lulu Burgas, the terrible condition of the wounded Turkish soldiers, complicated by the outbreak of cholera, caused the British and American Red Cross societies to take prompt action to render aid. About November 10 the American ambassador at Constantinople telegraphed Dr. Dodd of the American Hospital at Konia, Asiatic Turkey, asking him to go at once to Constantinople to help. He immediately proceeded with Mrs. Dodd, Miss Cushman, who is the superintendent of the hospital, and a native Armenian nurse, Yegsha, and they have been able to render most efficient and highly appreciated services, aided much by their familiarity with the language. They are installed in a Red Crescent hospital, run by Turks, and have sole charge of wards with 30 beds, while they help much in the other part of the hospital.

News From Albania

THIS land has been closed during the war, but a letter has come from Rev. Phineas B. Kennedy of Kortcha, dated December 27. He writes: "We have not had any mail for over two months and just now for the first time is the way open to travel to Monastir. All this time we have been living under martial law. We have

been witnessing a living panorama of military tactics. Five weeks ago the defeated Turkish forces, estimated to be about 40,000, arrived here from Monastir. Their broken ranks were in a pitiable, dilapidated condition. This led us to open our home to sick soldiers. The Greek army, more numerous than the Turkish forces and better equipped, arrived a week ago (Dec. 20), after having defeated the Turkish forces outside of the city. Djavid Pasha with his forces left the city the day before. A staff of Red Crescent officers were left in charge of the 200 and more sick and wounded soldiers temporarily provided for in a school building near by. Five of these Moslem physicians, pharmacists, etc., asked us for shelter under our flag, fearing that unless they were thus protected they might be in danger of insult from Christian natives of the place before the Greek army arrived. As there is no other foreigner here, I am called upon to do work which might be called consular. This has brought me in touch with the commander-in-chief. He tells us he is not responsible for the burning of the Mohammedan villages and for the outrages committed against Moslem women along the line of his march. With the arrival of the army a certain class of native fanatics have felt encouraged to indulge in many lawless deeds, especially against the Moslems of all classes in Kortcha and vicinity. Until the incoming army can restore order, the people are in danger and many have sought refuge under our American flag."

Missionary Ordered Out of Albania

SOME years ago an Albanian youth appeared at the office of the American Board in Boston and plead for teachers for his people. He stated that his people were nominally Mohammedans, but had been Christians until they came under Ottoman rule, and were so determined to have western learning that they would welcome distinctly Christian and missionary teachers. A wealthy

lady and a friend gave \$25,000 to found a new work among the 2,000,000 Albanians and two married missionaries, Rev. P. B. Kennedy and Rev. C. T. Erickson, were sent out by the American board. Mr. Kennedy was located at Kortcha and Mr. Erickson at Tirana, whence he was soon driven out by the New Turk party, so that he went to Elbasan. There he held on in spite of persecution and arrest. His efforts to acquire property for the mission were blocked by the Turkish authorities and he was forced to live in very undesirable property. But Mr. Erickson persevered and he was making some headway, when his son's health began to suffer. At the time of the outbreak of the Balkan war he was obliged to take his son to Italy for a surgical operation. At his return he was arrested at Durozzo and kept three days in jail. When he was released he made his way to Elbasan, but was ordered to leave the country within 10 days.

Thus Mr. Erickson's missionary work in Albania has had to cease for the present. We hope and pray that Albania will be given autonomy in consequence of the present war, because that would mean an opening of the whole country to the preaching of the gospel.

ASIA—MOSLEM LANDS

The Gideons of Armenia

ARMENIAN Christians in Harput, Asiatic Turkey, hearing that the "Gideons" in the United States were placing Bibles in many hotels to reach and influence the traveling public with the Word of God, have decided to imitate the example, and to place Bibles in all the so-called hotels of their country. Hotels in that part of the country, however, are not like our hotels, since they contain practically no furniture, and men have to sleep upon the bedding which they bring themselves, and have to eat victuals which they secure for themselves. These empty rooms in the Caravansaries are to be supplied

with Bibles, either in the Armenian or in the Turkish language. The owners have nothing to say against the plan, except that the Mohammedan owners insist that the Bible must be hung on the wall, since it is a Holy Book and it would be a desecration if it were placed upon the old foot-stools, which are the only piece of furniture found in the rooms of the Caravansaries.

We trust that these Bibles will do as much good as those which have been placed in the hotels in the United States.

Turks Facing Eastward

A GREAT exodus of Turkish peasant farmers from Europe to Asia is said to have begun. Red Cross people report that already more than 100,000 Turkish refugees have been aided to leave Europe. They are going prepared to take up agriculture in Asia Minor. Deserting their homes they go with families and crude farming implements loaded into bullock carts, and expect to settle upon lands provided by the government.

INDIA

Dr. Mott's India Conference

DR. JOHN R. MOTT and Mr. Geo. Sherwood Eddy have recently held eight provincial conferences in the Indian empire, including one in Burma.

Sixty European, American and Indian, men and women, who are leaders in the missionary movement in India, met in Calcutta December 19 to 21 for a National Missionary Conference. Among those were the Anglican Bishops of Lahore, Madras and Chota Nagpore, Bishops of the American Methodist Episcopal Church, some of the most influential missionaries of the C. M. S., Presbyterian, Baptist, Congregational, Lutheran, Methodist, and Friends' Missions, at least one prominent S. P. G. missionary, and also leaders of the Indian National Missionary Society. Most of the work was done through 10 committees in 10 princi-

pal departments of work. After much deliberation these committees brought in findings, which were carefully considered in full conference, and were adopted with some modifications. These findings will be printed, and a copy sent to every missionary and Indian Christian leader.

One decision, destined to have far-reaching influence, was that approving of the use of the term "The Indian Church" to designate all Indian Christians connected with various ecclesiastical organizations.

Another important result of this Calcutta gathering is the impulse to form provincial councils in all parts of the Indian empire, and a national council of 24 persons to unite and to lead in promoting cooperation between missionary organizations. The Bishop of Lahore, who is soon to become Metropolitan of the Anglican Church in India, is chairman of the provisional committee to lead in the formation of the proposed provincial councils and of the national council.

Mohammedan Educational Conference in India

THE Moslem Educational Conference of Southern India met in Bangalore a few months ago. It was noteworthy on account of the address of its president, Justice Abdur Rahim of the Madras High Court, of some of the resolutions passed, and of the fact that the collector of the district delivered a speech in which he is said to have expressed sympathy with the conference. The president frankly acknowledged the low ebb at which the prestige of Islam now stands, but prophesied the dawn of a better day, because there are keen energetic men in every Mohammedan community who are awake to the seriousness of the situation and are determined to discover and apply the remedy. He declared that to meet the crisis the education of girls is a necessity and recognized that "God has endowed women with intellectual gifts as much as men," thus contradicting

Sura 4:38, which reads, "Men are superior to women on account of the qualities with which God has gifted the one above the other." He also stated that "Islamic laws accord the same status to woman as man," and that Mohammedans "are proud of the liberal spirit of their religion and laws, and of the achievements of many women of Islam who, by their talents, attained eminence as rulers of territories, in fields of battle, in wise statesmanship, in theology, in jurisprudence, in philosophy, poetry, and rhetoric."

Of the important resolutions we quote the following as expressing the feelings and aspirations of these Mohammedans assembled in conference:

"That all Mohammedan schools . . . should be placed under the supervision and control of a separate inspecting agency, with a separate inspector directly at its head."

"That steps should be taken to encourage female education in all possible ways."

"That arrangements should be made to give religious instruction in all Mohammedan girls' schools."

"That government, municipalities, and district boards be requested to start Moslem girls' schools in all Moslem centers, making provision for Purdah conveyances for pupils."

These resolutions show a remarkable new spirit in Islam in India, which is not at all friendly to missionary work.

Successful Telugu Missions

THE Bishop of Madras has recently written: "Every time I go to our Telugu missions I seem to see fresh proof of the wonderful power of Christ working in the hearts of men. I reflect that about 60 years ago there were only a mere handful of Christians in the whole of the Telugu country; now there are more than 300,000. And what a change in the hearts and lives of thousands! The Telugu clergy and teachers, the children in the boarding-schools, the

Christian coolies singing their hymns as they go to their morning work, the thousands who have given up drink and theft, the thousands of rupees given every year for the work of the church out of the deep poverty of the people—what a striking witness it all is to the presence and power of Christ and of the Holy Spirit! When we think of all, what confidence it gives us in facing the work of the future.”

A Change of Name Besought

AN Indian ministers' conference at Madras, representing about ten different denominations of the Protestant Church, has just address a memorial to the Governor of Madras requesting that the phrase “Indian Christians” may be substituted for the term “native Christians” which is now invariably used in all Government papers and statistics. The following are the reasons urged:

(1) The phrase objected to has no definite meaning. Everybody is a native Christian in his own country and how so vague a designation can be applied to Hindus who have embraced the Christian faith can not be explained. In any case it has no reference to India, and denotes no particular nationality.

(2) The term native has come to signify something uncivilized, inferior and contemptible. By constant usage it has become synonymous with what is vulgar and unpleasant, especially in the mouths of uneducated Europeans.

(3) The whole Anglo-Indian press has discarded the term and invariably uses the word “Indian”; also all foreign missionaries have dropt it in their reports and statistics.

(4) We ourselves have abandoned the use of this objectionable phrase. Our associations, clubs, funds, conferences are all “Indian” and not “native.”

Among the Bhils in India

AMONG the aboriginal hill tribe of the Bhils in the Central Provinces of India, the Church Missionary So-

ciety of England has a remarkable work, and the *Gleaner* says:

In olden days Bhils used to sow just a little patch of Indian corn and depend on robbery for their living. Even to-day the glossary of the Government Gujerati School Readers has the explanation, ‘Bhil — robber.’ Yet there are now nearly 500 Christians here, settled farmers with their families. They have a church and it is governed by a council and its affairs are managed by committees. The council has employed three lay-pastors and has just added three more to its staff. There is a boys' school in connection with the mission where these Bhil boys are winning high marks in their studies.

CHINA

One of China's New Women

DR. LI BI CU is one of China's new women. A forceful speaker, using perfect English, with a charming personality, Dr. Li Bi Cu never fails to win the hearts of her audiences. Those who heard her at Northfield last summer can never forget the appeal made by the little woman in Chinese dress, to the women of the United States to come to the help of her countrywomen. The mother of Dr. Li Bi Cu was rescued from the street, where she had been thrown to die, when only a day or two old, and taken to a mission-school, where she was cared for, educated and trained as a Bible woman. She married a Methodist minister, Mr. Li, and her daughter, Li Bi Cu, grew up in a Christian home. One of the missionaries, seeing unusual ability in the young girl, brought her to America for a more thorough education than China afforded. She studied in Folts Institute and later entered the Woman's Medical College, in Philadelphia. Graduating with honor, she returned to China after 8 years' residence in the United States and was sent to the Fukien province, where the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church had

opened a hospital, and has cared for the souls and bodies of thousands of patients. Dr. Li Bi Cu was sent as a delegate to the General Conference at Minneapolis and will return very soon to China.

A Great Y. M. C. A. Convention

THE Young Men's Christian Association's sixth triennial world's convention opened in Peking, December 12, and lasted several days. Yuan Shi Kai, president of the Chinese republic, received 340 Chinese delegates, who represented the most important cities, universities and colleges of 14 Chinese provinces, and he also received 30 American and European secretaries of Chinese branches of the association. Yuan Shi Kai, addressing the delegates, spoke appreciatively of the work of the association in China. The energies of the association's branches, he said, were peculiarly acceptable at the present time, when Chinese citizens generally were realizing that with the inauguration of the republic the greatest responsibilities and higher moral obligations devolved on the people. The Chinese government would therefore, he continued, give every encouragement to the Young Men's Christian Association in its inculcation of discipline and obedience to authority, thus increasing the harmony between the government and the people.

Union School for Children of Missionaries

THE long-needed and long-hoped-for school for the children of American missionaries has at last become a reality. Acting on instructions received from their missions, the representatives of 8 missions conducting work in the neighborhood of Shanghai have been organized into a Union Board of Managers, and, as such, have brought into being a school which is known as the Shanghai American School. The missions represented are as follows: American Baptist, Southern Baptist,

Methodist Episcopal Church, South, Methodist Episcopal Church, North, Presbyterian Church, North, Presbyterian Church, South, Christian Missionary Society, and the International Committee of the Y. M. C. A. The school opened in three leased residences on the North Szechuen Road Extension, in Shanghai, on September 17 with an attendance of 51.

A Bible and the Boxer Rebellion

DURING the Boxer rebellion in China, in 1900, Rev. Webster, of the United Free Church Mission at Kiayuan, had suddenly to flee for his life, leaving behind him his house looted and in flames. A heathen Chinese picked up a book from a heap that had been thrown into the street, and carried it home. Ten years later he sent it back to Rev. Webster, with the story that it had been the means of his conversion. It was a New Testament in Chinese, and he had read it from mere curiosity. The Word of God took hold of him, and he became an inquirer under the care of Rev. Inglis. Finally he became a member and an office-bearer of one of the village churches in the neighborhood of Kiayung.

The Largest Missionary Parish

THE province of Sinkiang or Chinese Turkestan, reaches right into the heart of Asia. It has an area of 550,340 square miles, which makes it approximately equal to the German Empire plus France and Spain. Its population numbers 1,200,000 and consists of Chinese (many being immigrants), Turks, Kirghiz, Mongols, and some Manchu settlers. The first China Island missionary entered it in 1888, and the present missionary, Mr. Hunter, commenced his definite work for this long neglected region in 1905. The station of Tihwafu (Urumtsi) is the center from which he has been engaged in widespread itinerations in the vast territory. In these he has reached Kashgar, close to the borders of Turkistan. There, at Kashgar and at Yarkand, 54 days' journey to the

west, are Mr Hunter's nearest Protestant neighbors' missionaries of the Swedish Missionary Union, which sent its faithful workers into that region in 1894. Mr. Hunter's nearest Protestant neighbors to the east are at Wang-yefu (Scandinavian Alliance Mission of N. A.), considerably farther away from Tihwafu than Kashgar. The number of communicants reported in 1911 for the province of Sinkiang was two. Few could endure the loneliness and hardships of this hero of the Cross, who single-handed has continued the preaching of the Gospel these seven years. Alone? No, not alone for He abideth faithful who said, "Lo, I am with you always."

A Blind Chinese Colporteur

THE Rev. W. E. H. Hipwell in his annual letter gives the following description of evangelistic work at Pakhoi: "One of the leading features of the year's work has been the increased eagerness in voluntary evangelistic work manifested by all our helpers. The nightly meetings in the town gospel hall, in the absence of Catechist Lau, have been carried on by voluntary help, as each night two or three of the workers in turn made themselves responsible for the meeting. One of the men is blind, his name is So Fuk-Tin. More than 10 years ago he was employed as a colporteur evangelist, but he left the employ of the mission and for some years was lost sight of. Two years ago he returned. One of the Church members has promised him a small monthly allowance; he also earns a little as a colporteur. He is most keen to help in any way, and is one of the most regular helpers in the gospel hall meetings. I believe he is doing a good work. A few Sundays ago he took the evening meeting in the leper men's compound. Dr. Thompson, who was present, tells me it was a most pathetic sight to see this blind man stand up with his Braille Testament and preach Christ to 100 lepers. Every morning and evening there are Gospel meetings in the hospital compound.

From Soothsayer to Colporteur

THE new report of the Bible Society, describing work in China, relates the story of a colporteur named Tschen. In the man's own words we read: "When I first approached the Christian Church, it was not in the hope of finding salvation for my soul, but rather for the souls of my departed parents. They appeared to me in my dreams, exhorting me to find some relief for them. Then I discovered that I myself needed salvation. I had been a soothsayer for many years, and it was easier then to make my living than it is to-day; still, I rejoice to be my Lord's messenger. 'How is it that you gave up that fine business?' men now ask me; 'you managed so very well to cast a man's nativity, to choose days, and to predict our lucky and unlucky days, and now you are selling these foreign books; and since they are in the country, the gods have sent us plague and famine in their wrath!' 'Listen to me, my honorable brethren. No soothsayer knows his own fate, and how should he know that of other people? Since I have read this small book, I know my destiny to be a saved child of God, and that makes my future life bright and hopeful, because I found in this Gospel my Savior.'"

Christian Leaders Visiting Korea

DURING the past four months several of the great leaders in Christian work in Japan proper have visited Korea, investigated conditions there, and held successful meetings. Among these may be named in particular Messrs. Uemura and Miyagawa, the giants of the Presbyterian and Kumiai (Congregational) pulpits; Rev. T. Makino, of Kyoto, chief secretary of the Japan Christian Endeavor Union, and Hon. Nakamura, of the same city; Rev. R. Inoue, recently from Oberlin and Seattle; Rev. T. Okumura, a Japanese worker in Hawaii; and Rev. K. Mito, field secretary of the Japan Sunday-school Union.

Utilizing Chinese Temples

IN Canton and Honan there are a large number of temples to the memory of numerous deities about whom nothing or very little is known, and the only time one ever hears of them is once a year, when the priests are celebrating the birthday of the god or other festival. The new government is of the opinion that without alienating public opinion or causing ill feeling many of these temples could be put to a much more useful purpose by being given into the hands of the educational commissioner to turn into schools. The matter is receiving attention and the funds hitherto paid to a number of lazy priests and caretakers are to be devoted to education. Also the many celebrations held on the birthdays of the various gods are to be cancelled and the only festivals of this kind to be held are the Confucian celebrations.—*Peking Daily News*.

AFRICA

C. T. Studd Goes to Africa

CHARLES T. STUDD, the Cambridge athlete, who was converted under the preaching of D. L. Moody, and who went out as a missionary to China 27 years ago with the famous "Cambridge Seven," has now volunteered for service in Central Africa under the Africa Inland Mission. A farewell meeting was recently held at the London Y. M. C. A. to bid him God-speed. Mr. Studd is going to the heart of Africa, where there are some 40,000,000 of unevangelized people. The Mani-Manis are a pagan tribe called also the Azandi, who number about one and one-half millions in the Belgian Kongo, and about an equal number in the French Sudan. Three other Cambridge University men are going out with Mr. Studd. The Africa Inland Missions was founded by Mr. Charles E. Hurlburt, and is conducted on the same lines as the China Inland Mission. The workers have been greatly blest in their labors in British East Africa.

More Missionaries to Mohammedans

THE German Sudan Pioneer Mission sent out five new laborers to Egypt on October 20th, viz.: one ordained missionary to Daran, two unmarried women, the one to Edfu, the other to Assuan, and two unpaid volunteer workers (ladies). One of the volunteers is the Princess Mary Agnes of Hohenlohe-Ingelfingen, a member of Germany's highest nobility.

The Kongo for Christ

PERSISTENTLY and with wide reaching results, Rev. Thomas Moody, of the Baptist Mission in the Kongo, has been laboring for a period of fifteen years or more. At a recent conference of Protestant missionaries held in his field, Mr. Moody read a paper on "Africa and Kongo for Christ in This Generation." At the conference those present were asked to write to their home boards to see what could be done to stop Mohammedan invasion from the north.

In his paper Mr. Moody said:

The fact is we have in Kongo Belge 60 fields, of 10,000 square miles each, without a missionary. We have in the Sudan 200 fields, of 10,000 square miles each, without a missionary. We have in Africa 500 fields, of 10,000 square miles each, without a missionary. That is, we have 5,000,000 square miles of territory and 70,000,000 of people without any Gospel ministry of any kind.

Look at what God has done! Stanley came out of the Kongo 34 years ago last August. Equatorial Africa is opened. Look at the east and west coasts—Uganda and the Kongo! Twenty years ago there was not a church from Stanley Pool to the Falls—1,000 miles. To-day there are ten mission stations with strong Christian churches.

The country is going ahead by leaps and bounds. A single steamer to-day carries more tonnage than the whole Kongo fleet of 20 years ago. You will soon be able to go from McMinnville to the Dominion of South Africa by railroad and steamship, by way of

Kongo, Stanley Falls, Victoria Falls, etc. The Cape to Cairo railroad has reached Elizabethville, 2,000 miles from the Cape, with its 1,600 white men at the gold and copper mines discovered by Livingstone.

Africa is wide open, waiting for the men to enter. The country was opened by Christian natives, and to-day the Mohammedans are going in. Cairo, with its 10,000 students, has a newly formed missionary society. The problem of the twentieth century is this: Who is going to rule Africa? Two virile monotheistic religions are contending for Africa. Which is going to win—the crescent or the cross, Mohammed or the Christ?

A New Station Opened

AFTER extensive exploration the Angola Mission of the American Board in West Africa has found a site for a new station which is unique in Africa. It is at Dondi, 6,000 feet above sea level; it has no mosquitos and seems healthful and beautiful to a degree quite wonderful for tropical Africa. Here, thanks to the generosity of the Canadian churches who have recently contributed \$10,000 to the fund, will be established a new station, including an institute having industrial, agricultural, normal and theological courses for the training of native workers. This will be the central institute for a district as large as from New York to Chicago, and from Lake Erie to the Gulf. Rev. W. C. Bell, who was a Cornell graduate and has been in Africa since 1907, will be placed in charge of the institute until a permanent principal is secured.

Difficulties in Ovambo Land

RHENISH missionaries in Ovambo land report that a time of trial and difficulty has commenced. The head chief, Mandume, who had been quite friendly to missionaries and native Christians, has suddenly changed front and shows great opposition to both.

Mandume had a bad name on account of his utmost cruelty before he became head chief, and was generally

hated. When he gained the office, he suddenly became mild and gentle, and friendly to both missionaries and native Christians, probably that he might first gain a firm foothold, and now, seemingly having succeeded in his scheme, he again shows his true character, and is commencing to be as cruel and bloodthirsty as ever before. It seems that he hates native Christians especially, and several of them have been obliged to feel his hatred in their bodies. The whole country is oppress by the difficulty. Native Christians are preparing to flee, and several, especially threatened ones, have already left the country. The missionaries have not yet come to a decision what to do, but they agree that things can not go on as they are.

ISLANDS

Economic Conditions Improving

REV. J. L. McLAUGHLIN, who is in charge of the society's work in the Philippines, reports that economic conditions in the islands have wonderfully improved, that fine public roads are being built, and that the public schools are rapidly increasing in attendance and in potency, as the people are realizing their value. There are upward of 500,000 children in the schools at present.

Once Cannibals but Now Christians

MISSIONARY WAGNER of the Papuan Mission in German New Guinea, announces that 2,000 heathen have in the last few years joined the churches there. He describes how parties of them came from a great distance to take part in the last Christmas celebration. Numbers arrived days before, and were set to work clearing away brush, and setting in order the station grounds until they fairly shone. Six hundred of these former cannibals packed the station church. The children from the school sang, "Peaceful Night, Holy Night," and the final choral was sung by the congregation with a mighty power which would have thrilled the friends of missions at home could they have heard it.

Roman Catholicism Working

A WARNING is implied in what Mr. McLaughlin reports concerning the steady reassertion of the Roman Catholic Church in the Philippines. Large numbers of Belgian and German clergymen have been brought in to fill the vacancies in the provinces. These are in the main men of a high degree of intelligence and training, and they have settled down to their work with a determination to win. Particularly is this true in the southern island, where as yet neither the Philippine Independent Church nor the Evangelical missions have been able to supply the calls which have come to them. Large numbers of French Sisters of Mercy have also been brought in, and schools have been opened in many of the principal centers, where there never had been any before. In Iloilo, spurred on by the magnificent work of the Baptist-Presbyterian Hospital, the Roman Church has opened a hospital, but only for paying patients.

Unique Colportage Work

IN the island of Negros, Rev. C. Maxfield is rather unique in his management of the colportage proposition. He ships large quantities of literature—Bibles, portions, and other Christian literature—to various points throughout his territory. These he places under lock and key. Then during the vacation times he takes a large number of the girls from the training-school and stations them throughout the province. He then sets aside the fortnight or month, as the case may be, to travel and work with them. He takes his wheel and goes from town to town, stopping a day with each set of girls and assisting them, encouraging those who become faint-hearted, directing those who are diffident, and inspiring those who are working listlessly, and before it is time for the girls to go back to school, a surprising amount of literature is disposed of, a large number of homes are visited, and churches are aroused by the campaigns, and last, but not least, the girls

themselves are enthused and awakened to the importance and possibilities of this method of spreading the Gospel.

All colporteurs in the Philippines report great willingness of the natives to listen to the Gospel message.

MISCELLANEOUS

A Church Which Means Business

“WE can not keep up with the procession here, so numerous are the new events of importance; but we do want to report, however meagerly, the great features of advance.” So declares one of the board’s missionaries, Mr. Stelle, of Peking, as he writes concerning the formation of an independent Chinese church at that capital.

On the 4th of May, 40 of the Christians representing the various mission churches in Peking and Tientsin held an all-day conference at the London Missionary Society’s Mi Shih Church, and then and there adopted a constitution of the Chinese Christian Church in Peking. This constitution declares it to be the object of the church to preach, according to the Word of God, the gospel of salvation; to accept the evangelical and trinitarian creeds of the recognized Protestant churches; to train the Chinese to undertake their responsibilities as Christians; to adopt as far as is in keeping with Scriptural teaching and Chinese custom existing rules and rights of the Peking churches; to depend upon the regular and special gifts of its members and friends; to pay special attention to the promotion of both foreign and home missionary work; to endeavor to promote all good work; to organize with preachers, elders, and deacons (the elders caring for the spiritual welfare of the church and the deacons for business matters), a church council to which only church members are eligible, and an advisory board of foreign missionaries invited from the various missions.—*Missionary Herald*.

OBITUARY

Dr. Thoms, of Arabia

ON January 15th, Dr. Sharon J. Thoms, missionary of the Reformed Church in America, died suddenly in Muscat, Arabia. This unexpected closing on earth of a useful life will bring sorrow to those interested in the work of the Arabian Mission, and to the wide circle of friends.

Dr. Thoms was one of the graduates of the University of Michigan, and was doing admirable medical work in Arabia. He first went out in 1898, and during nearly 15 years has carried on important medical work in Busrah, Bahrein and Maskat. He was planning to erect a hospital for which the funds had been supplied and with which to make still more effective a medical work which he considered the most promising of any with which he had had experience during his service in Arabia.

Dr. Teofilo Gay, of Italy

THE news of the death of Dr. Teofilo Gay, of Luserna San Giovanni, is a great loss to the Evangelical Church of Italy.

Waldensian pastors can, more than most, apply to themselves those words of the Apostle, "in journeyings often," and Dr. Gay was no exception to the rule. From student days he was a traveler, for he chose to take his theological course at Geneva, and was inducted to the ministry at Neuchâtel. Thereafter he proceeded to London, where he assisted M. Dupontet de la Harpe for a time. His subsequent charges were in Italy.

"Dr. Gay was, perhaps, the finest orator the church possess—an oratory spontaneous and ever within the bounds of nature. He was master of the most exacting audience, and moved with the same freedom in the Italian as in the French language. He was also a prolific writer, especially on subjects connected with the history of his people, and he had the satisfaction of seeing through the press his "Histoire des Vaudois" about a

month before his death. He died at Naples in the house of his son, pastor Gaio Gay, on November 27th. The last word on his lips was "Christ."

Professor Martin Kahler

ON September 7, 1912, Martin Kähler, professor of theology in the University of Halle, passed away. He was a close friend of the late Professor Warneck and an earnest believer in missions. To him Christianity was the final religion, which can not perish, but must conquer all other systems of religion, and thus, by his lectures, he inspired his numerous pupils with great missionary zeal, and through his writings, he greatly aided the cause of missions within the Church.

Senior Missionary Handmann

ON December 7, 1912, death claimed R. Handmann at the age of almost 73 years. When a student of theology his missionary zeal was kindled by a sermon at a missionary meeting, and he volunteered for service in the foreign field. He labored as a missionary of the Leipsic Society in India until sickness forced him to return to Germany, where he became a promoter of missions by word of mouth and by his pen. A number of years he was editor of the *Missionary Magazine*, of the Leipsic Society, and he has done much for the upbuilding of its good work.

Director H. J. Kluge

THE earthly career of Missions-director H. J. Kluge, of the Moravians, closed after a long period of sickness on December 14, 1912. He was a valiant worker in the vineyard of the Master for many years, and the Lord blest him abundantly. His last official work for the Moravians was a visit of inspection to the work in South Africa in 1911, and his report, well and interestingly written, proved a source of pleasure and instruction to many friends of missions. Soon after his return from South Africa he was taken sick, and suffered in faith and hope until death released him.

BOOKS ON MISSIONS AND MISSION LANDS

AMERICAN SOCIAL AND RELIGIOUS CONDITIONS. By Charles Stelzle, Superintendent, Bureau of Special Service, Board of Home Missions of the Presbyterian Church of U. S. A. 12mo, 240 pp., with appendices and charts. \$1.00, *net*. Fleming H. Revell Company, New York, 1912.

Mr. Stelzle, of the Presbyterian Board of Home Missions, is an able writer and statistician. Here he presents very concisely, yet interestingly, all the main facts concerning social and religious conditions in the United States. It is emphatically a book that Christian social workers and true patriots should study. It is not merely a dry compilation of figures, for beside the charts which show at a glance conditions in various industries, church progress, etc., there are practical and illuminating chapters on what has been accomplished in church and social service, and on the evils that threaten society in the republic, with many wise suggestions how a remedy may be found. The chapters and diagrams are a study of city and country problems, the liquor question, child labor, the immigrant, the negro, the Indian, the Spanish American, frontiersman and the church. The author is hopeful for the future, for he sees healthy signs of progress, but he feels that we are facing perils that may destroy the home life of the people. The consumption of liquor is on the increase in spite of the activities of the church and temperance societies. In 1906, divorces had increased 64 per cent. over the number granted in 1887. In 1907, there were a million and three-quarters of child workers in the United States, mostly in factories and mills, where conditions were morally and physically bad. These are but a few of the sore spots in our national life that call insistently for remedy, if ever our country is to be "God's country."

Looking on the bright side of present-day conditions, there is much to cheer and encourage. Men are awakening to a consciousness of their responsibilities toward their fellows, they became forces in church movements for the betterment of their community. Schools and colleges are aroused to the need of a system and a curriculum which will meet the new conditions. And the church, the most powerful force in the world, what could it not accomplish if all who call themselves Christians would work together with unity of purpose, fired by the same holy zeal and love for their fellow men? What an army the American Protestant Church forces present in cold figures: Church-members, 22,000,000; church adherents, 60,000,000; Sunday-school enrolment, 16,000,000; ordained ministers, 162,000. "The church," says Mr. Stelzle, "may be held largely responsible for the standard of ethics which prevails among the people." He believes that a great social upheaval is at hand, and when the church will enter into its larger inheritance. The "great awakening" which Christian evangelists have been prophesying will be based upon the social Gospel for which the church has been so long preparing. . . . It will deal fearlessly with the exploitation of little children, of helpless women and downtrodden men. It will demand that men's bodies shall be saved as well as their souls. It will seek to convert men socially as well as spiritually. It will destroy forever that miserable false conception, that a Christian man may practise unchristian principles in his business life simply because his unchristian competitors find it more profitable to do so. It will insist that every community, composed of Christian people, must also be a Christian community."

CATCH-MY-PAL. By the Rev. R. J. Patterson, LL.B. 8vo, 192 pp. \$1.00, *net*. George H. Doran Company, New York. Hodder & Stoughton, London, 1912.

The story of a great temperance movement is here told by the founder. The movement started in Armagh, Ireland, in 1909, swept over England, Scotland and Wales, and with force unspent, still rolls on through the British colonies. Mr. Patterson was for seventeen years pastor of The Mall Presbyterian Church in Armagh, where he became deeply interested in temperance work. He found that while his meetings were well attended, that the very class it was most important to reach was rarely represented, and that little was accomplished in rescuing the fallen and in purifying the neighborhood. To save the drunkard became a burning question with him, for Armagh was cursed with widespread intemperance. He meditated, consulted others, and prayed that the Lord would show him the way. In the Gospel of St. John he found the inspiration for the "Catch-My-Pal Movement." The Christian religion was started in Catch-My-Pal lines, for thus "Our Lord caught Andrew, and Andrew caught Peter and brought him to Jesus. Then he caught Philip, and Philip caught Nathanael and brought him to Jesus."

On the night of July 13, 1909, Mr. Patterson, on his way home, found six men gossiping under a lamp-post on the main street of Armagh. After talking with them on the evils of drink and the blessings of sobriety, he persuaded the six men that it would be a good thing to sign the pledge. He told them to go home, think about it, talk about it, and pray about it, and come to him in a body the following Friday night. They did not wish to come together, but the minister was firm. He felt that if he could get them all to sign in one another's presence, that "each one would find himself supported by a public opinion formed by his companions. So that if one brother went down, there would be five to

hold him up in the hour of temptation."

The six men, faithful to their promise, appeared on the day appointed. After telling them that it was in their power to start a movement that would drive the curse of rum out of Armagh, if each man would go out and bring in a friend who drank, and these in turn should bring in others. Only after the men had promised to do this were they allowed to sign the pledge. So the great movement had its inception. It was like a snowball swelling in size and power as it rolled along.

It is interesting to trace in this volume the progress of this triumphant movement which Mr. Patterson has described with great spirit, humor, pathos, and picturesque detail. Public houses were almost emptied. Brawling neighborhoods were completely changed. Bakers, butchers, and other tradesmen reaped a harvest. More children's shoes were sold in the winter of 1909-1910 than in any similar period in living memory. About 130,000 men and women joined the movement in Ireland in the first year, and there were 500 flourishing branches established in the two years following. Then England, Scotland, Wales, and the British Colonies were aroused, and the good work still goes on. When men become responsible for the conversion of others, there is all the excitement of the chase, of "big game" hunting. The spirit of emulation is awakened, there is the pride of the conqueror when a man succeeds in "bringing in" a refractory, elusive, or sin-hardened brother. Christian Endeavor societies and men's clubs will do well to read this book and take up the good work.

THE PARISH OF THE PINES. Thomas S. Whittles. Illustrated. 12mo, 247 pp. \$1.00, *net*. Fleming H. Revell Co., 1912.

The story of Frank Higgins, the lumber-jacks' sky-pilot, is fascinating. The story itself is thrillingly interesting, and the courage, consecration and evidence of the power of God are inspiring. Those who begin to read will finish, and those who finish will wish to pass on the story to others.

The author of "The Parish in the Pines" is a man whose knowledge and experience of life in the lumber camps especially fits him to give an accurate view of conditions in the lumber camps. He has given us a rousing narrative in a series of realistic scenes of life and Christian work in the great woods. It is a story to stir the blood and awaken the deepest sympathy in the moral and spiritual welfare of the lumberjacks, who have so many attractive qualities of mind and heart, and are dumbly crying to be saved from the host of ravaging wolves that prey upon them.

When Frank Higgins, the "Sky-pilot of the Lumberjacks," began in 1895 his work in the logging camps no religious society had ever brought to them the message of hope. To-day the Presbyterian Church alone has organized missions among the lumber forests of the United States. It has been estimated that there are 350,000 men engaged in various kinds of work in the lumber camps of the United States, and that a large majority have never been reached by the Gospel. Many young men, ministers, evangelists, faithful workers of the Lord, and who have attempted to work in this field, have proved utter failures. They did not understand the men they had to deal with, and thought that conventional religious methods which were successful in towns would serve equally well among the men of the forest. But with tact and perseverance Mr. Higgins has proved that it can be conducted successfully.

The churches in the lumber region are far too weak to meet the great demands. Reading-rooms and branches of the Y. M. C. A. are few. As Mr. Whittle says the lumberjack is without a place of refuge behind whose doors he can find companionship and safety.

There are many large camps in the West that have not been touched by the missionary. In 1911 there were 20,000 men in the camps of Minnesota, and we are informed that not a third of these men had heard the Gospel.

AN ISLE OF EDEN. By Janie Pritchard Duggan. Illustrated. 346 pp., 12mo. The Griffith & Rowland Press, Philadelphia, 1912. \$1.50, *net*.

The scene of this story is Porto Rico, immediately after the American occupation; a period fruitful in changes for the natives, when rural and urban schools sprang up throughout the island, when church government was separated from the State and the Gospel of true freedom proclaimed for all.

Mrs. Duggan relates the experiences of "a single lady missionary," a stranger, in a strange land, who lived joyously among a people foreign to the ways of righteousness and peace. The heroine, absorbed in her life of service for the Master, is drawn with sympathy and loving care. The natural beauties of the island, the customs of the people, native traits and types are described with attractive detail and intimate relish which should appeal to every reader. The progress made in missionary and educational work, the uplifting influences of Christian homes and Christian examples are shown throughout the story. "Since the cultos (missions) have come to our barrio, the police have nothing to do," is the verdict of many landowners in outlying districts. The people so long abased under priestly oppression, are beginning to turn from their ancient shrines to enjoy the content and freedom of a nobler faith.

"An Isle of Eden," while primarily written to show that the life of a young lady missionary alone in a strange land may be one of joy and peace, has many claims of interest as a tale. The heroine is the confidant in a delicate little love story that develops among her Spanish-American friends, and which is unfolded with graceful art and tenderness. Throughout the book displays a fine spiritual fervor, and expresses the constant joy of one who delights in Christian service and the promotion of others' happiness.

AN APOSTLE OF THE NORTH. *Memoirs of the Right Reverend William Carpenter Bompas, D.D.* By H. A. Cody, B.A. Third Edition. 12mo. E. P. Dutton & Company, New York. \$1.50, *net*.

It must be gratifying to all who are interested in missionary progress and the spread of the Gospel that these memoirs of Bishop Bompas have found a wide audience, and that the book is now in its third edition. For the story of a life so full of abnegation and self-sacrifice is a cordial to the spirit, and should inspire all who read it with higher aims and a firmer purpose to carry out the Master's will. Here was a man who cheerfully resigned all the comforts of civilization that he might bring the Light Eternal into the darkened lives of dwellers in the wild and desolate places of the north. Isolated from the world for long periods, shut off even from communication with people of his race, he gave up everything most men hold dear in life, that he might be a spiritual father to his beloved Indians. For 40 years as missionary and bishop, he lived with one purpose: to implant the Divine Message in the hearts of a degraded and neglected people. As civilization slowly encroached on his domain he retreated further north, as if he feared its softening influences. One can not turn the pages of this amazing record of heroism, physical suffering, and triumphs won over hardships and difficulties, without feeling humbled before the majesty of such a saintly and indomitable figure.

MEN WHO WERE FOUND FAITHFUL. By Robert E. Speer. 12mo, 186 pp. \$1.00, *net*. Fleming H. Revell Co., New York, 1912.

Those who know Robert E. Speer know that his books are worth reading—books with spiritual power, virility, and having both heavenly and earthly meaning. Some of those whose lives and works are here briefly portrayed are already well known, while others are still obscure. They include:

Samuel Chapman Armstrong, of Hampton Institute; Arthur Mann, Yale graduate and missionary to China; Warren B. Seabury, a member of the Yale Mission in China; John Lawrence Thurston, also

a missionary to China; Henry Dickinson Smith, son of Arthur H. Smith; Wallace S. Faris, a Princeton student who went to China; Peter Carter, publisher and Christian worker; Arthur T. Pierson, missionary advocate; Henry Clay Trumbull, Sunday-school expert. William R. Richards, pastor and preacher.

Many of these are the stories of young men whose life came to an end early, but others tell of men who were faithful through many years of temptation and service. Mr. Speer has a gift of grasping the salient features of a man's life and presenting them with powerful effect. The sketches are full of incident, and have touches of humor and pathos. They are essentially human documents of the inspirational sort. The men were men of vision and men of action. They are particularly adapted to interest and influence young men.

THE MISSIONARY CAMPAIGN. By W. S. Hooton. 8vo. 188 pp. \$1.00, *net*. Longmans, Green & Co., London, Calcutta and New York, 1912.

The Christian public are becoming more and more awake to the importance of the missionary campaign. There are many earnest students of the missionary policy and progress outside of official circles. It is therefore fitting that there should be popular discussions of the principles, methods and problems of missionary work, such as we have in this volume. The author was formerly a missionary in South India, and therefore knows his subject from personal experience. Mr. Hooton discusses in succession the scope of evangelization, the attitude of Christian to non-Christian religions, the native churches, educational missions, women's work, and governments. The points are well made, and are illustrated from incidents and opinions gathered from the World Missionary Conference Reports, and from the history of Church of England missions.

ELEMENTAL FORCES ON HOME MISSIONS. By Rev. Lemuel C. Barnes, D.D. 12mo, 123 pp. 75c. Fleming H. Revell Co., 1912.

The chairman of the Home Missions Committee of the Federal Coun-

cil of the Churches of Christ in America, and chairman of the Neglected Fields Survey of the Home Missions Board Conference is in touch with his subject. He here discusses briefly the ideals that should actuate Christian America, the divine plan in natural history, the opportunity to transform the nations of the world, the evidences of growth in American communities, and the need for closer cooperation between Christians of all creeds for the salvation of America and Americans. The style is clear, progressive, and strong, the arguments and facts are well chosen. The book is a valuable contribution to the theory of home missions.

HUMAN PROGRESS THROUGH MISSIONS. By James L. Barton, D.D. 12mo, 96 pp. 50c., net. Fleming H. Revell Co., 1912.

The statesman's view of history is especially valuable. Dr. Barton is a missionary, a board secretary, a statesman, an author, and his views carry the conviction of an expert. His present volume deals especially with the more material and temporal results of missionary work. In this it is a brief study of Christian missions and social progress. Dr. Barton writes concisely but forcefully of the contribution of missionaries to the world's progress in exploration, language and literature, industry and commerce, health and social advancement. It is a thought-compelling book and an unanswerable argument in favor of foreign missions, even from a rationalistic point of view.

THREE MEN ON A CHINESE HOUSEBOAT. By the Rev. W. Munn. Preface by Bishop Cassels, of Western China. 12mo, illustrated. Church Missionary Society, London, 1912.

This is an adventure-story founded on fact, describing in a realistic and spirited manner the experiences of "Uncle Sam," an American, and "Old Man" and "Billy," Englishmen, during a 1,500-mile journey up the River Yang-tse. Mr. Mann, the author, is a missionary in Western China, and his pictures of Chinese river life are instructive and entertaining. The reader is introduced to many interest-

ing and picturesque types of Chinese character, while the lively adventures that befall the three voyagers afloat and ashore are described with pleasant humor and an occasional touch of pathos and tragedy. Tho Mr. Mann wrote his story for boys, it will also appeal to adults, through the realistic views it presents of Chinese life and customs, and the light it throws on social and religious conditions among the people of Western China and on the difficult problems that confront the missionary there.

AMONG CENTRAL AFRICAN TRIBES. By Stephen J. Corey. Paper. 157 pp. Foreign Christian Missionary Society, Cincinnati, 1912.

Mr. Corey's journal of a visit to the Kongo Mission of the Disciple gives us the report of an intelligent and sympathetic observer. He describes methods of travel, the homes and habits of the people, the character and results of missionary work as he saw them. It is unusually interesting.

A New Missionary Reading Course

Prof. Ernest D. Burton, of the University of Chicago, has prepared a new course for ministers and lay workers on "The Expansion of Christianity in the Twentieth Century." Prof. Burton has recently returned from the Orient. He specializes, in his course, on four great fields—China, Japan and Korea, India, and Moslem Lands. He endeavors to show that Christian missions are justified by results, and are worthy of most sympathetic support. The Edinburgh Conference Reports, *The World Atlas of Christian Missions*, and the *MISSIONARY REVIEW OF THE WORLD* are some of the valuable helps recommended in the course of study, which covers five months. Upon payment of \$3.50, a traveling library of 20 volumes is loaned to members. Address American Institute of Sacred Literature, Chicago.

DAVID LIVINGSTONE. By C. Silvester Horne, M.P. Illustrated. 12mo. 248 pp. 50c., net. The Macmillan Co., 1913.

This year of the centenary of the great pioneer, David Livingstone, is

approximately marked by the appearance of many new lives of this wonderful hero. Mr. Horne's biography is a straightforward narrative which at the same time is briefly an interpretation of the man and his relation to the times. The story is one of fascinating interest, well adapted for Sunday-schools and home libraries. David Livingstone's life is an inspiration to faith and self-sacrifice. The low price is also an attractive feature of this volume.

DAVID LIVINGSTONE. By Vautier Golding. Illustrated. 12mo, 318 pp. 25c. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York.

Here is an attractive child's life of the hero of the dark continent. The simple style, stirring adventures, and attractive color plates make the book delightful reading for children.

THE PERSONAL LIFE OF DAVID LIVINGSTONE. By W. Garden Blaikie. Illustrated. 8vo, 508 pp. New Popular Edition. 50c., net. Fleming H. Revell Co., 1913.

Practically all of the "Lives of Livingstone" are taken from this original volume by Dr. Blaikie, published 33 years ago. It is made up from original sources composed of his journals and correspondence. It will not be superseded by other brief stories of the life, for it is complete and well written.

ARTICLES WORTH READING

CHINA: PAST AND PRESENT. By Archdeacon A. E. Moule, D.D. *Church Missionary Review* for January, 1913.

PALESTINE—A CONTRAST AND A NEED. *Church Missionary Review* for January, 1913.

CROSS AND CRESCENT IN THE BALKAN PENINSULA. By Dr. Biggs. *The East and the West*.

BARBARISM FROM A CHRISTIAN STANDPOINT. By Rev. W. A. Rice. *The East and the West*.

THE CHINESE CHURCH. By L. Byrde. *The East and the West*.

RELIGIOUS LIBERTY IN PERSIA. By J. L. Potter. *Moslem World*.

THE POSSIBILITY OF PERSONAL WORK AMONG MOSLEMS. By Rev. W. H. Reed. *The Moslem World*.

NEW BOOKS

DAVID LIVINGSTONE. By C. Silvester Horne, M.P. Illustrated. 12mo, 248 pp. 50c., net. Macmillan Co., New York, 1913.

THINKING BLACK. 22 Years Without a Break in the Long Grass of Central Africa. By D. Crawford, F.R.G.S. Illustrated. 7s. 6d., net. Morgan & Scott, London, 1912.

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS IN QUA IBOE. The Story of a Missionary Effort in Nigeria. By Robert L. McKeown. Illustrated. 12mo, 170 pp. Morgan & Scott, London, 1912.

MISSIONARY PIONEERING IN BOLIVIA, With Some Account of the Work in ARGENTINA. By Will Payne and Chas. T. W. Wilson. Illustrated. 8vo, 147 pp. H. A. Raymond, "Echoes of Service," London, 1912.

REVIVALS OF RELIGION. Lectures by Charles Grandison Finney. With the author's final additions and corrections. Newly revised and edited with introduction and original notes by Williams Henry Harding. Second Edition. 12mo, 542 pp. 2s. 6d., net. Morgan & Scott, London, 1912.

BUDDHIST IDEALS: A STUDY IN COMPARATIVE RELIGION. By K. J. Saunders. 179 pp. 1s. 6d., net. Christian Literature Society for India, 1912.

THE EDUCATION OF THE WOMEN OF INDIA. By Minna G. Cowan, M.A. 256 pp. 3s. 6d., net. Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier, London, 1912.

THE PAGAN TRIBES OF BORNEO. By Charles Hose and William MacDougall. 2 vols. 42s., net. Macmillan Co., New York and London, 1912.

DARKNESS OR LIGHT. Studies in the History of the Universities' Mission to Central Africa, illustrating the theory and practise of missions. By Robert Keable. Preface by the Right Rev. Frank Weston, D.D. 320 pp. 2s., net. U. M. C. A., London, 1912.

CHRISTIANITY AND OTHER FAITHS: AN ESSAY IN COMPARATIVE RELIGION. By W. St. Clair Tisdall. 234 pp. 5s., net. Robert Scott, London, 1912.

THE MISSIONARY PROSPECT. By Charles H. Robinson, D.D. 296 pp. 3s. 6d., net. Partridge, London, 1912.

PAMPHLETS

THE MORNING STAR OF THE REFORMATION, JOHN WYCLIFFE. By William Henry Harding. 1d., net. Morgan & Scott, London.

THE HEROIC QUAKER, GEORGE FOX. By William Henry Harding. 1d., net. Morgan & Scott, London.

HENRY MARTYN, FIRST MODERN MISSIONARY TO MOHAMMEDANS. By William Henry Harding. 1d., net. Morgan & Scott, London.