

**DENNY, BISHOP COLLINS TRIP  
AROUND THE WORLD 1886 - 1887**

a large lacquer box of rice, from which we  
fill small lacquer bowls to eat from. After  
this a cup of tea—always hot water poured  
into tiny cups, in which were a few tea  
leaves—and our dinner is a thing of the past.  
How the women did enjoy our frantic struggle  
with our chopsticks during each course,  
and how pleasant and smiling they were during  
our entire stay we find difficulty in ex-  
pressing.

When not engaged in bringing the various  
courses or in waiting upon us, they remained  
seated on the matting floor in the customary  
Japanese position of respect, that is, with  
the knees and toes touching the floor and the  
body resting on the heels—a rather painful  
position, as is known, but one which these  
people exhibited to keep for hours at a  
time—and whenever they had occasion to  
address us, their remarks were always pre-  
ceded by a low graceful bow of courtesy.

We had a very fair sample of a typical Jap-  
anese meal, but hereafter we will not fail to  
carry bread or crackers and some canned  
beef with us on our rambles.

Well, as you would take but little interest  
in our return trip to Yokohama, we will  
leave you here, and ask you to meet us in  
Tokyo at some near time in the future.

JOHN CHINAMAN.

Mrs Eugene Vann, 253 Sunset Ave., Englewood,  
New Jersey, and Mrs. Rose M. White, 5026 Sylvan  
Road, Richmond 25, Va., daughters of Bishop Collins  
Denny, requested the return (Nov. 1963) of a loose-  
leaf notebook, "Trip Around the World," 1886-1887,  
Collins Denny, W. E. Church South, that they said  
had merely been lent Dr. Wade Crawford Barclay.  
The latter had understood the notebook had been  
given to him, and presented it to the library of  
the Board of Missions in 1958 or 1959. The articles  
were photocopied, and the notebook returned to  
Mrs. Vann 11/26/63.

LDL

11/26/63

(over)

Bishop Alphens W. Wilson (see file, dec. bishops)  
made a trip around the world 1886-1887.  
Reverend Collins Denny (later Bishop Denny)  
of the Baltimore Conference, W. E. Church, So.  
accompanied him.

*Trip around the world by Collins Devery  
1886-1887*

Letter from Japan.

PACIFIC OCEAN,  
(Lat. 45° North, Long. 165° East.)  
Aug. 25th, 1888.

Editor Greenbrier Independent:

The promise was exacted of me in Lewisburg that I should send back a letter from Japan. I begin at this distance of five days from that country so as to give me a long run before my jump. I have concluded to do this remembering our American habit, and seeking to avoid it in this instance, of getting but a slim hold on the slippery coat-tail of Time instead of seizing firm hold of his forelock. New scenes, new surroundings, enormous work for the eyes in Japan, will quickly exhaust all of the time spent there.

I had quick work in Baltimore to prepare for my journey, arriving just before midnight Saturday, and leaving at 2.30 p. m. Tuesday. Sunday I spent a rainy day at Wesley Grove Camp, getting a glimpse of many friends.

The trip across the continent took a week, including a day spent at St. Joseph, Missouri. All of the country through which I passed, was new to me, and much of it was monotonously uninteresting, especially the prairies of Nebraska and the sage-brush country of Wyoming, Utah and Nevada. "Echo Canyon" in Utah was an exception to this. There the time-worn, weather-beaten rock, seamed and cracked, stood up in silent sublimity, giving a defiant echo to all the discordant sounds going out from our long train of cars. The run through the Sierra Nevada mountains, the most of which was made in the night, was also interesting; and when I reached the vine-clad hills and almond groves of California I forgot the many, many hours of travel in the interest which here took a fresh lease of life.—The grain had been harvested, and lay in piles along the tracks at the stations. The orchards, well attended, revealed a wealth of fruit ripe and ripening. Stock in fine condition showed what nourishment could be found in fields apparently dried up, or in marshy lands along the Sacramento. A short distance from San Francisco the train crossed the San Pablo Bay on a boat, the most enormous thing I ever saw afloat. Our train was composed of an engine and twelve cars. The boat carried two trains of this size, and had room for two more equally large. I accepted without question the statement made to me that this was the largest ferry-boat ever built. Passengers leave the train at Oakland Pier and cross San Francisco Bay—several miles—in a dicky, our preacher in San Francisco, is a typical Methodist preacher. I found

city of San Francisco, preventing a sight of the city until we were too close to see it to advantage. Coming out of the depot through the crowds of importunate back-drivers and ~~other persons~~, (so annoying as to cause ~~me~~ ~~to~~ ~~use~~ ~~it~~.) I saw the city gay with bunting in honor of the "Grand Army of the Republic" holding its annual meeting here. The names of many places, renowned now as having been scenes of bloody battles, were printed in large letters on the bunting. Impartiality had controlled in this matter, for I saw many names of battle-fields where the "stars and stripes" had gone down in defeat, as well as where it had waved in victory. I suppose an American citizen has a right to feel proud of American valor whether displayed by a regiment from Massachusetts or by a regiment from Virginia.—Right or wrong, I take that privilege, and try to learn a lesson useful and inspiring as I contemplate scenes where no heed was paid to consequences where the responsibility of citizenship claimed its place and detained its due.

San Francisco is a very interesting city, even to those who have visited many cities in many lands. One travels over its very steep streets easily and comfortably in the cable-cars. The business portion of the city is built of stone and brick. The residence sections are built, for the most part, of wood, but of a beautiful wood, splendidly worked and carved and handsomely painted. The green plats and flower gardens surrounding nearly every house, with the semitropical trees and plants, lend a charm to the city which no visitor fails to appreciate. Some of the residences are palatial, and for taste and beauty as well as wealth, are not exceeded in any of our cities. The pavements are a drawback. In some places they are execrable, consisting of rough, uneven, half-worn plank. My stay of twenty-four hours, crowded as it was with final preparations for my long trip, was too short to enable me to catch more than a glimpse of the city. I found Bishop Wilson a few minutes after my arrival. He had expected me on a train due the day before, but twenty hours belated, and had sought me for some time at the hotels. He was in much better health than I expected to find him, and had his old-time look, which was very refreshing to one who expected to find him, at the best, a somewhat invalid. I saw at once that there was little prospect of a sleek traveling companion, and thus far the fulfillment has justified the prophecy. Dr. C. B. Kidder, our preacher in San Francisco, is a typical Methodist preacher. I found

him such an one as could be counted on, and am indebted to him, as is the Bishop, for help which we could not have done without. He is no exception to the rule that notwithstanding there are some drawbacks in the life and work of a Methodist preacher, God gives a compensation that more than covers all drawbacks—a lovely wife.

Standing at 2 p. m., August 11th, on the deck of the "City of Peking," one of the steamers of the Pacific Mail Steamship Co., we waved good-bye to the many Methodist ladies and gentlemen whose white handkerchiefs could be seen fluttering in the breeze long after their faces became indistinct to us as we steamed out into San Francisco Bay.—Bright sunshine, a stiff breeze, a scene of beauty, are linked with the last sight we had of our native land. Passing out through the "Golden Gate" we turned towards the northwest through a rolling sea on our way to Yokohama, Japan. Our voyage thus far has been without special incident save the death of one of our Chinese steerage passengers. We have seen nothing outside of the ship that had life since we started except the few gulls that have followed us with a remarkable persistency, and are circling around us yet. Will you be surprised when I tell you we could take the whole of Lewisburg's population on board this ship and then be full? More than this, we could take all the furniture of the town as freight, and would need many of the houses besides to fill up the vacant space that would remain. Strange as it may seem this is the case as you may see from the following statistics:—gross tonnage 5,080, accommodation for 1,358 persons, coal used per day 45 tons. In some respects this does not equal the Atlantic steamers. Our crew and servants are all Chinese, who seem to be very capable. They are supposed to speak English, and between words and pantomime can be made to understand what one wants. The ship is handsomely furnished, having every accommodation of home life except a newspaper and mail. We print on board our bills of fare, so we do have some printing.

There are two things noticeable in a voyage across the Pacific. The course we take is not straight across but several hundred miles to the north, and this is done to save distance. It is shorter to sail on the arc of a great circle than on a straight line. You know it is sometimes shorter around a hill than over it, and you can get at our course by remembering the earth is round. The other noticeable point is that the traveler loses a day at the 180th meridian. We lost last

Sunday, having retired Saturday night and rising Monday morning. This is readily explained. Suppose a man starts west from Lewisburg at 9 o'clock Monday morning and travels as fast as the earth turns. It will continue 9 o'clock with him all the way around the world. After 24 hours of travel he will be in Lewisburg again. If he does not drop a day on the road he will be a day behind time in his calendar. The same will be the case if he travels slower than the time in which the earth revolves. To keep correct he must drop a day out, and this is done by common consent at 180°. I have never lost a day before, and enjoyed losing this the less because it was Sunday.

We have on board a Baptist minister and his wife, a minister of the Evangelical Association and his wife and two children, going as missionaries to Japan, and a young lady doctress going to the mission of the M. E. Church. Besides these Prince Fushimi, a cousin and the adopted brother of the Mikado, and his suite, the Japanese minister to Russia and his wife, are on board. Several of the Japanese speak English. They are polite and friendly, and among themselves are a jolly set.

Tokio, Japan, Sept. 2nd.—Our ship dropped anchor in Yokohama Bay, about one-third of a mile from the shore, shortly after daybreak last Monday, Aug. 30th. The God who has kept us so lovingly on land watched over us at sea, and for His mercies to us on our long voyage we did not fail to thank Him and to acknowledge our unworthiness of His mercy. We parted with some of our fellow-passengers with regret, feeling assured we would never forget them. We had taken sweet counsel together on our way out, and were profited by their words. A steam launch landed us and our baggage at the Custom House. The Japanese with courtesy helped us through the work, always unpleasant, of an examination in a few minutes. Mounting jinrikashas we rolled up the Bund, a handsome roadway along the seashore, to the hotel. A jinrikasha is a man carriage.—Its running-gear consists of two wheels, each about three and a-half feet in diameter and a pair of shafts. The body is large enough to seat one person comfortably, having a top which can be raised and lowered at will. A Japanese man pulls the vehicle, generally at a brisk trot. It is one of the easiest modes of getting around I have ever tried. What strange sights we have seen! A city, in the native part, of houses for the most part of one story, and a low story at the roof are of

thatch or of tile, and very heavy. The houses have movable fronts and rears, which are left open during the day, and as there are no permanent partitions you see all through the houses as you pass along the streets. The people dress scantily. I am sure I did not see a native Japanese costume too large to roll up and put in my coat-pocket, excluding the hat and shoes. Nearly every woman and child over six years has a baby strapped on their back. Children under six, too large to hold, are thick in the streets, and when dressed at all are the most dressed of all the natives. The people are exceedingly polite and can teach the world, so far as I have seen it, how to make a bow. Yokohama, while not a model of neatness, is a very much cleaner city than I expected to find. It has some smell, but I tried, as best I could, not to smell. Tuesday Bishop Wilson and I made an excursion into the country in jinrikashas. We traveled more than thirty-six miles through a rolling country, yet one man (two to each vehicle) brought us into Yokohama at a rate not less than eight miles an hour. We visited a number of temples, mostly Shinto. Some of these had extensive grounds, magnificent stairways of stone, and small buildings. We reached the limit of our excursion at a bronze image of the Great Buddha, called *Dai-Butsu*. The figure rests on a granite platform in the open air at the end of a broad avenue which is flanked with hedges and trees. It was made in plates, brazed and finished on the outside with chisel. It is hollow, and contains a number of small idols. The ~~height is 45 feet~~ circumference about one hundred. The circumference of the thumb is three feet, the remainder being proportional. It's an interesting place to visit. The views on the trip out and back were charming, combining sea, mountains, valleys, towns and villages. We stopped at two inns on the trip to lunch and to look.—The inns were beautiful with their polished floors and painted screens, miniature gardens, and light, airy appearance. The keeper spoke no English and we spoke no Japanese. You may imagine we had a time. We had scenes of pantomime. Bishop Wilson is an adept at pantomime. He would have made a success on the stage. We wanted some sugar in our tea. The Bishop, taking his finger to represent a spoon, went through the motion of getting sugar out of a sugar-bowl which existed in our imagination only. At the same time he kept saying "sugar!" "sugar!" Now the word did no good at all. He might as

well have said "beans" or "peas."—The motion was all right, and we got spoons, but no sugar. The Bishop tried again, this time dipping the spoon into the imaginary sugar-bowl and pouring the imaginary sugar into the tea, and when the girl saw we had what we wanted she laughed as heartily as we did. In this way we got all we wanted.

We are now at the house of Dr. R. S. Maclay, of the M. E. Church mission. The Japanese Conference is in session here, and we have come on to attend it on Dr. Maclay's invitation. The Church owns a splendid Compound of about twenty-five acres on the outskirts of Tokio, with a substantial three-story brick Biblical Institute, and a number of residences used by the missionaries. I have not time to write of the Conference, nor more of the country. I am trying to take in all I can of the country, the people, the missionaries, mission work, and the outlook for Christianity in this Empire of thirty-six millions of people.

I would like to write more if I had the time, but you cannot expect more than I have written. I promised a letter from China, when I will have more to write about. I will keep that promise, if willing.

COLLINS DENNY

Greenbrier Independent  
Lewisburg, West Va.  
Oct. 14, 1886

OUR JAPAN MISSION.

Interesting Letter from Rev. Collins Denny.

[Correspondence of THE EPISCOPAL METHODIST.]

HIOGO, OR KOBE, JAPAN, }  
Sept. 22, 1886. }

Dear Bro. Boyle:—The City of Peking, one of the steamers of the Pacific Steamship Company, sailed from San Francisco, California, for Yokohama, Japan, at 2 P. M. August 11. Bishop Wilson and I stood on her deck waving our adieux to the friends on the pier who had come to see us safely off, and to wish us *bon voyage*. Many of these friends were San Francisco Southern Methodists whom we had met the previous evening at a social gathering held in our church on Bush street. Among them stood Dr. Riddick and his wife, who had looked after us so kindly, and by whose help everything needful for our journey had been arranged. We watched the pier on which they stood until faces and fluttering handkerchiefs could no longer be seen. We carried with us, however, the remembrance of their good wishes.

The "Golden Gate" admitted us to a rough sea, and very soon a number of us lost interest in the sights about us in the effort to forget everything. This is a useless effort. In such circumstances the dish served to a man's mind in an *olla podrida*. Turkey is called "the sick man of Europe." I thought I was Europe and Turkey had its place, and England or something seemed determined to keep Turkey in Europe. Soon there came a remembrance of a figure used by Prof. Draper in his "Intellectual Development," a work not seen for ten years. His figure is that one horn of the Mohammedan crescent rested on the Bosphorus, and one on the Pyrenees, and that but for Charles Martel at Tours the crescent would have become a full moon, and all Europe would have been included in Turkey. In my case there was no Tours on the map, or if so Charles Martel never reached it. The crescent rounded into a full moon, and soon all Europe was Turkey. Unfortunately, Turkey's sickness increased in geometrical proportion to the increase of its size. If England was responsible for keeping Turkey in my Europe, then I am boldly, openly down on England.

This is a mere sample, one ingredient of the *olla podrida* on which my mind feasted for several days; and this was all the feasting I had until "the sick man" was expelled from Europe.

The "City of Peking" is said to be one of the best of the vessels of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company. There were 31 cabin passengers. Of these five were Missionaries. The voyage was without special incident, except the loss of the day when the 180th meridian was crossed. To many who knew nothing of this it was a surprize. One of the Japanese passengers, of whom there were a number, could not see how it was right to pass by Sunday. He had never crossed the Pacific before. Our first Sunday out the Captain wanted one of the ministers to read the service of the Protestant Episcopal Church.—There were no ministers of that denomination on board. No one of the officers, or employees of the ship, expected to attend the service, not one of the passengers called for that service, in fact there were but two or three members of that denomination on board. Since then the service was for our benefit, and we alone were to attend it, the ministers declined to be tied down to a service with which none were familiar. The Captain appointed the Purser to read "the service," after which we were permitted to have such services as we desired. The second Sunday we lost by crossing the 180th meridian Saturday afternoon. We improved the next day, Monday, by a prayer-meeting. The third Sunday the services were left entirely to us.

We dropped anchor in Yokohama Bay before daybreak Aug. 30. After so many days when nothing had been seen off of the ship that had life, except a few sea fowl, the sight of land and the feel of land were enjoyable. Safely over the wide, desolate waters, without storm, without alarm, we had been brought. Here in Asian waters there was access to God, and a sacrifice of praise and thanksgiving was offered to Him for His goodness and mercy.

At the Custom House we met with our first example of Japanese courtesy, an example which, without a single exception thus far, has been followed. From all classes of this rapidly advancing people, from coolies,

tradesmen, inn keepers, guides, priests and officials we have received such treatment as would have been a credit to any civilized community.—Courtesy and good humor are characteristic of the Japanese so far as our experience goes.

We had not yet finished our first meal at the hotel when Rev. L. W. Squier, of the M. E. Church, called to give us a welcome and an individual invitation to the Japan Conference which was to meet in Tokio. Two days later Bro. Squire called with a colleague, as a committee from the mission, to invite us formally to the Conference. He brought also a letter from Dr. R. S. Maclay, to accept his hospitality during our stay in Tokio. These invitations came in true Methodist spirit and in that spirit were gratefully accepted.

We gave one day to Yokohama and one day to a trip to Dai-Butsu—the great Buddha—18 miles from Yokohama. The first day gave us an opportunity to see Japanese life in the city. The *jinrikisha*, that two-wheeled, man power, vehicle, was one mode of conveyance—a coolie, scantily clad in the city, wearing a slight loin cloth in the country, takes his place between a pair of shafts, wide enough and long enough to allow him to move with freedom, while the passenger sits in the body—an enlarged baby carriage of the old fashioned pattern. A movable top used in the rain, completes the picture. It is an easy, comfortable mode of travel, for the passenger, but without doubt shortens the life of the coolie. Passing through the streets the eye tries to accustom itself to new scenes, unlike anything it has seen before. The houses are low, a story and a half, with heavy tile or thatch roof. The front of the lower story is used, almost without exception, in Yokohama, as a store. A fire-proof building, called a "Go down," is connected with nearly every store where valuable articles are kept. The "Go downs" are large safes, in appearance. The streets are thronged with people. The number of women with babies strapped on their backs is great. Little girls carry babies also. There is a clatter of wooden shoes worn by men, women and children; confused sounds of coolies calling for the right of way with their *jinrikishas*; men calling their fruits and wares, the laugh of children, the cry of babies.



There is a sight of a strange people on whose costumes and manners foreign influence is perceptible. There is a revelation of immorality, unblushing, appalling.

In color the native costume is largely blue. In every costume there is some shade of blue, and among them not a single shade that pleases the eye. The native hats are large. Those of cotton on a stiff frame are in shape a hemisphere about two feet in diameter. Those of straw are conical about two and a half feet in diameter. The women wear no hats. Their hair is very elaborately dressed, with a comb and a gaudy hair-pin always showing.

The day spent in the trip to the bronze image of the Great Buddha was full of interest. Two coolies to each jinrikisha were required, the extra one to push. The first six miles was through a country richly cultivated. No more care or attention was spent on our gardens than was put on every available foot of these rice fields and garden products. There are no fences, no barns, no stock. The few horses and bullocks used for draft purposes are shod with straw shoes. Stopping at a wayside inn for rest for the coolies we had a fine view of the Kanazawa valley through which we were to go. The scenery was different from anything we had ever seen. It needed nothing to add to its beauty. The valley was small, consisting of a central section with many fingers running into the surrounding hills. The floor of the valley seemed, from our point of view, to be perfectly level. Afterwards it was seen to be terraced. It was a perfect mosaic of emeralds differently tinted, and occasionally a slight shade of gold.—Precipitous hills rose up in and around the valley. Rising out of the trees were the thatched houses of the villages. Beyond stretched the Bay of Yedo with three beautiful islands. Inlets ran up into the valley from the

Bay. Dominating the landscape was Fujiyama, the pride of Japan, a mountain whose regular cone rose 12,000 feet above the sea—12,000 feet of dark blue mountain, against light blue sky. I said the scene needed nothing. To satisfy a Christian mind it needed the thought that here where the fingers of God had wrought so beautifully was a people who worshipped the living God and worked righteousness.

Dai Butsu, or the Great Buddha, is a seated bronze image. It rests on a granite base at the end of a broad avenue, and is uncovered. The figure is 50 feet in height, 97 in circumference. It is made of sheets of bronze very neatly joined. Within are a number of gilt figures, or idols.—There is a marvellous repose about this colossal figure which tells its own story of the genius of its maker.

On Thursday, Sept. 2d, accompanied by Bro. Squire, we went to Aoyama, the name of the beautiful compound belonging to the Methodist Episcopal Church, in Tokio. Here on a plot of ground, 25 acres in extent, our Northern brethren have built five parsonages, a Biblical Institute, a College dormitory, and are now building commodious lecture-rooms. The Conference was in session at the Institute, Dr. Maclay in the chair. There were nearly 30 members, 13 from America. The proceedings were in Japanese, which was interpreted for the benefit of those who had not yet acquired the language. This was our first sight of the work of God in Japan. Here were men redeemed by the Spirit of God whose business it was to preach the Gospel to their countrymen.—They seemed to move comfortably in Methodist harness. They presented their reports, argued points of law, examined character, received and advanced men in the various classes.

Sunday was a day full of instruction, full of joy. At 8 o'clock we attended a Love-feast. The prayers were full of fervor, so far as the ear could read the sounds. The singing was good, familiar tunes being used. The experiences were given quietly. There was no interpreter, and we understood not the language; but we felt sure our worship focused with the worship of these Japanese brethren before the throne of God. Ours was guided by the direction, "Rejoice in the Lord," theirs may have passed along the road marked, "Cast thy burdens on the Lord." We were glad because of what our eyes saw and our heart felt. They were about to enter on the work of a new year. At 9.30 Dr. Maclay preached to about 150 Japanese, besides the foreigners present. The services concluded with the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper. In this last service we assisted. My heart was full as, to these Japanese Christians, I handed the broken

bread, and remembered an atonement for all the sins of all the sinners in all the world had been made by our Lord. Over and over again there rang through my soul those words of John Wesley:

"Lord, I believe were sinners more  
Than sands upon the oceans shore,  
Thou hast for all a ransom paid,  
For all a full atonement made."

In the afternoon I had the pleasure of attending a Sunday-school held in a Japanese house, conducted by a physician. On the way to the house tracts were distributed to crowds of men, women and children. The tract was a sermon and an incident with John iii: 16 as the text. Luther called this text the "Ministry Bible." Eager eyes looked up into the kindly face of the young physician,—may he be in this Empire what Luke was in the Roman Empire!—and into the faces of his wife and sister, waiting for their turn to receive a tract. A young Buddhist priest came out of a temple and took his tract. The word of God's love and God's gift, of man's privilege and the way to reach it went into many hands that bright Sunday. Seed fell on the waters. To the children gathered in the Sunday-school a lesson from the Gospels was taught, hymns sung, prayer made, the ten commandments repeated, verses of Scripture recited. The Doctor gave me an opportunity to address the school, he acting as my interpreter. I told them of that gladdest of all Scripture revelation—an atonement unlimited.

At night Bishop Wilson preached at Aoyama through an interpreter. After such a day it would have been strange had not the 103d Psalm rung through my soul. In Dr. Maclay we found an old Baltimore Conference man, who, as long ago as 1847, went to China, where he labored until 1873, when he was put in charge of the Japan work. The Doctor and his wife courteously entreated us, making our stay in Tokio one of great pleasure.

Nikko is said to be one of the most charming places in Japan. From the railroad terminus the visitor takes jinrikishas for a ride of 22 miles.—The road is an avenue of cryptomenas broken by the villages, but otherwise continuous. Some of these cryptomenas are very large—150 feet high, and 20 feet in diameter, all of them are beautiful. To travel for five



or six hours along such an avenue is worth the trip, even if none of Nikko's attractions are seen. At Nikko we saw the finest Shinto temples we have seen. Terrace after terrace, entered through gates rich in carvings, is covered with temples where lacquer and gilt have been used without regard to expense. These people built as if conscious that the lack of the objective reality of that which they worshipped must be made up in the gorgeousness and expensiveness of the temples erected. Solid lacquer floors abound, as do buildings in which every door and pillar are heavily gilded. Beyond the temples, high up on the mountain, approached by many flights of moss-grown stone steps, is situated the tomb of the Shogun Iye-yasu. It is as simple as the mausoleum of Napoleon I., and I believe as grand.—Down below, Japanese art has done all it can do in pagoda, fountain, gateways, towns, temples, loggias, ornamented with wood carvings of beasts, birds and flora, glittering with lacquer and gold. These flights of plain stone, moss-grown with age, which lead through a forest of grand cryptomenas, bring you to a terrace where, beyond a bronze gateway, in the centre of a square enclosure, is the simple bronze tomb. It is a cylinder surmounted by a pyramid whose corners turn up. The gold used in the bronze gives the metal a tint with which the eye is satisfied. Solid, enduring, almost sublime, in the forest on the mountain-side the tomb of Iye-yasu commands admiration and is instantly obeyed.

Our second Sunday in Japan was one of personal work. Bishop Wilson preached in Yokohama. I could not decline the request of an old Princetonian to occupy the pulpit of the Presbyterian Church in Tokio.—It was a great pleasure to meet here in the Mission work men with whom I had been associated at old Princeton ten years ago. It was somewhat humiliating that my college mates had a more vivid remembrance of my success at foot-ball than at my success in scholarship. That I stood heels over head in their remembrance I put down as a case of inverted vision. Then again I was told one the Tokio residents had said, when it was known that Bishop Wilson could not accept the invitation to preach at Tokio because of a previous engage-

ment for Yokohama, and that I was to preach, "It is too bad, we never get any of the stars for our Church." To be candid, I did not think this was a case of inverted vision, and in self-abasement I went to Tokio. I hope no one echoed the statement of the old Scotch woman when asked what she thought of the sermon. Her answer was, "It was neither *profitin'* nor *discreditin'*."

In Yokohama, we were the guests of Bro. Squier. We will remember our hospitable treatment at his house on the Bluff, the kindness of himself and wife, his Christian greeting and God-speed. In Watanabe, Japan, superintendent of our Mission in Japan, met us in Yokohama, having previously telegraphed from Kobe of his coming. He accompanied us to the place of the trip from Yokohama to Kobe. A warm, hearty welcome was given us in Kobe by Dr. J. W. Lambuth, Miss Noyes, Miss Noye Lambuth, Miss Bennett, Dr. C. A. Baker and Dr. W. H. Clark. They were brethren of our own family, and with a home feeling we have remained among them. Our home in Kobe has been with Dr. J. W. Lambuth, where every want has been instantly met, and where the comforts we have enjoyed have fallen short of nothing except the kindly spirit in which those comforts have been furnished. [Prayer for God's blessing on our work here, and praise for His mercies experienced have marked each day. The brethren had arranged a trip to the principal points of mission work in this section of the Empire. Six preachers of the M. E. Church, South, including a Bishop, made a pleasant Conference, and we held our sessions as we itinerated. Last Sunday Bishop Wilson preached at Kioto in the house of Dr. Greene, one of the missionaries under the American Board. The sermon was strong, in parts eloquent. I have not heard him preach such a sermon since the summer of '78. We forgot he was our Bishop in the remembrance that he was God's messenger. The text was Ps. 103: 13, 14. God's dealings with us evidences of His mercy, measured by His knowledge of what we are and what we can become.

We have seen and talked with nearly all of the missionaries here, in Kioto and in Osaka. The work of God in this section of Japan, so far as

we have been able to learn, is more advanced along the line of self-support than in the Eastern section. The native Christians are expected to support the native pastors and to build the churches, and to a great extent they meet this expectation. Financial aid is given to native evangelists, and help is given to some extent on educational lines, but the organized churches meet the expenses of their own work. A church we have none too soon in the city of Yokohama, Japan. Word comes from all quarters that Japan is ready for the preaching of the gospel. The missionaries do not need to push their way through medical or educational doors to get the ear of the people. The preacher as a preacher can work to his fullest capacity, and then not meet the demands for preaching. We are called to full work, in the coming harvest. In fact the harvest has come. We have been told by a missionary attendant to statistics that there are 500 conversions to Christianity a month. A warm-hearted worker has told us of individual instances of his work done through an interpreter, or among the English speaking Japanese, of deep convictions and conversions, especially during the last summer. And why not? If the spirit of God sends His messengers here is He not also at work in the hearts of these to whom the message is sent? Does He expect his workers to convict men of sin by argument, by logic, by rhetoric, by sympathy. Is it not His work to "convict the world of sin," and does He not do that work? Is not the gospel here "the power of God unto salvation?" As a church we are on the ground and to stay. The question of location will of course depend on the openings. We are here to preach the old gospel, in dependence on the Spirit of God to make it effective in the hearts of these people. With the same amount of work I can see no reason why the success we have had in Mexico should not be repeated here.

Much could be said of the prospect of Christianity in Japan and of the details of the work as it is now done. I cannot write of this now. We expect to leave for Shanghai this evening. All of our missionaries here are in good health, and at work on the

language. Dr. Walter Lambuth will move to Tokyo, China, to take up his own arrange his work.

There is to be a double wedding here on October 16th. Dr. W. J. Park to Miss Nora Lambuth; and Dr. O. A. Dukes to Miss M. J. Bannett.

You will very naturally be anxious to know of Bishop Wilson's health. I give information on that point once for all, as I do not suppose it is a pleasure for any one to have his health made a matter of constant public notice. I was surprised to see how well and how natural the Bishop looked when we met at San Francisco. He had his old look and his old walk. Since that time he has seemed to me to improve, and I believe will return to America, by the blessing of God, a well man.

Very truly  
COLLINS DENNY.

Dec. 1, 1886

## AROUND THE WORLD.

Letter from the Rev. Collins Denny.

### INTERESTING FROM JAPAN.

*Waiting for a Typhoon to Pass—The Habit and Customs of Japanese—Doings Things Backward—The Women's Hair—How it is Put Up—The Meaning—Bishop Wilson Distributing Tracts—The People Hungry for the Gospel—The Worship of Buddha, &c.*

[CORRESPONDENCE OF THE EPISCOPAL METHODIST.]

INLAND SEA, JAPAN,  
September 24, 1886.

Dear Bro. Law:—We are anchored in a little cove here waiting for an expected typhoon to pass by. The ship is a staunch little screw-steamer belonging to a Japanese Company, and seems well able to do its work. None of us feel angry because we have stopped, because even in this sheltered spot the wind whistles, and the rain pours down. I sent a letter to Bro. Handley, written partly at sea and partly after my arrival in Japan. You expressed a desire that I should write to you from China, and I gave my promise to you for such a letter. You will not object to a beginning in Japan.

The Japanese people are exceedingly interesting. In the warm weather they go almost naked, yet are as polite and courteous to each other as are the American dudes to the half-clad fashionable belles. It raises a smile to see two coolies clothed in straw hats shaped like straw-stacks and about 2½ feet in diameter, straw sandals for which they paid one fifth of a cent a pair, a rag around their waists to complete their costume, bowing to each other as profoundly and as gracefully as the Earl Leicester ever bowed to Queen Elizabeth. Our people could more profitably copy after their bows and courteous greetings than those who dress delicate hair copies after their scarcity of costume.

These Japanese make use of all their resources. The carpenters hold the board with their feet, and the plane with their hands. The tailors hold the garment with their toes, thus having the hands for the needle. They do everything backwards, if we are right. In building a house the first thing done is to put up the scaffolding, then supports are put up and the roof made, then the foundation is dug, afterwards the frame is put under the roof. This seems strange, but you won't doubt it when I tell you I have seen all of these stages of house-building. If a brick building is to be erected they put in the wooden partitions before they build the walls. I saw this at Osaka, the second city in size in Japan. They have no saw-mills I am told. All the lumber is gotten out of the log by hand-saws. These are short, very broad, and so set that they cut when pulled, not when pushed as with us. You won't wonder that a missionary said to his wife when they were having a house built, "My dear, I want to go to Heaven. If I continue to superintend these workmen I am certain I will not get there. Won't you superintend this building?" Does any one doubt this missionary was a lineal descendant of Adam?

The native women here wear no jewelry. They dress their hair very elaborately, and sometimes wear a gaudy hair-pin and comb in their hair. It is said the style of dressing the hair indicates the state—married, widowed, betrothed, single. The married women also generally black their teeth. To have one of these women when close to you with her

mouth shut suddenly open her mouth, and show a double row of black teeth is to take a—well, I won't say what,

but if you take a dose of ipecac you will find out what effect it has. Foreign influence is making an improvement in this as in many other matters. Fairly considered, the Japanese are a wonderful people. I know of no instance in history of an advance towards civilization so rapid as the Japanese have made within the last eighteen years; that is if the condition eighteen years ago is truthfully represented.

You will want to know something of the Mission work in Japan, especially as our Church has sent three missionaries and their families into the Empire to begin work. We have been favorably situated for inquiry into this work. We attended two morning sessions of the Japan Conference of the M. E. Church, and were present at all of the Sunday services. I saw the Presbyterian missionaries in Tokio, the headquarters of the Presbyterian work. Two of these missionaries were with me at Princeton, and others were Princeton men. I saw and talked with two of the missionaries of the Protestant Episcopal Church. We visited the missionaries at Yokohama, Kioto, Osaka, Kobe, of the Congregational, Presbyterian, Baptist, Methodist and Church of England Churches. All were courteous, submitted to questions minute and general, showed us their work in school, college, and seminary; told us individual instances of their work.—The Gospel is moving Japan. Already there are over 11,000 church members, and we were told 500 were added the Church every month. In distributing tracts, and this Bishop Wilson and I had the pleasure of doing, along the roads travelled, in the railway cars, in the very temples themselves, the people took them eagerly, stopped their prayers in the temples to take them, leaned out of the car windows at the stations and called for them. The Gospel can be preached here as freely as in America. The people come to hear. There is no trouble in getting an audience. The preachers among the missionaries are overworked, some have broken down in their eagerness to answer the calls for instruction from the people. The Bible is being read. A society known as the Japanese Scripture, whose members promise to read

a specified portion of the Bible every day, to pray for the members of the Union, and to induce others to join. has already 3,600 members, many of them living in towns where there are no missionaries, and no native preachers. The Gospel is here as elsewhere, the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth. Men, women and children are hearing the Gospel in this land, are convicted of sin, are joyfully converted. There are some very sad sights, such as could stir a heart of stone. Kioto was once the capital of the Empire. It might be, and I believe is, called the sacred city of Japan. Buddhists. We were in a temple while a Buddhist priest was preaching to the people, the only instance of heather preaching we have met. After the sermon the people gathered in a part of the temple called the *hondo*, and knelt before a gilt shrine containing an image of Buddha. Kneeling down devoutly, clasping their hands tightly, they cried in the most melancholy, desponding, tired tones ever heard, "Save! O Eternal Buddha." Again and again they put up this mournful cry. They rose from their knees, but no countenance showed relief, no eye kindled with joy, no heart seemed relieved of burdens, no soul seemed to experience rest. Despairingly they prayed, despondingly they left the temple. It could not be otherwise. On no star of the heavens can the needle of a man's soul rest except on the Polestar—Jesus Christ, the Son of God. On Him they did not call. No hand can tune the harp of human life, and make its chords

harmonious, save the pierced hand of a glorified Saviour. To Him they did not go. No wonder these poor creatures went away with discord in their hearts. They spent their "money for that which was not bread, their labor for that which satisfied not." But there is "bread," there is "satisfaction." We have eaten "bread," we have been "satisfied" with Jesus. "Unto whomsoever much is given of him shall much be required." With knowledge comes responsibility. Say to the people to whom I have preached, who know that they have been taught the truth, that God expects them to do their duty in spreading the knowledge of Himself, to pray for those who know Him not, to give of their substance to aid in spreading "the glorious Gospel of the blessed God."

"Shall we whose souls are lighted  
With wisdom from on high,  
Shall we to men be lighted  
The Lamp of Life deny?"

It is a privilege to have a part in getting the Light to any dark heart. Let us avail ourselves of this privilege! Let us have an object in life worthy of a true man! Let us burst this shell of selfishness, and learn that sacrifice at the basis, at the lowest stone of the foundation. "The Lamb slain from the foundation of the world." "Present your bodies a living sacrifice." Let us look at the objects for which we are living. Do they tally with this?

"I live for those who love me,  
For those who love me true;  
For the Heaven that shines above me,  
And awaits my spirit too.  
For the good that needs assistance,  
For the weak that lacks resistance,  
For that bright home in the distance,  
And the good that I can do.  
Very truly your friend,  
COLLINS DENNY

## AROUND THE WORLD.

Letter from the Rev. Collins Denny.

### INTERESTING FROM JAPAN.

[Correspondence of THE EPISCOPAL METHODIST.]  
EASTERN SEA, BETWEEN JAPAN }  
AND CHINA, Sept. 27, 1886. }

Dear Bro. Lawrence.—The typhoon which delayed us 12 hours did us one good service: we had the benefit of the whole of the Inland Sea of Japan by daylight. For 26 hours we were feasting on an ever varying scene of beauty, or if at times there was monotony it was a "monotony of beauty." I can not guess how many hundred of islands we passed, nor how many hundred of Japanese junks and other crafts dotted the water along the way. In this place the finger of God has wrought beautifully. Man has done little for the place. Villages are frequently seen, but the unpainted, weatherbeaten, houses of a grayish color and their thatch roofs, at the foot of hill-sides which are carefully terraced, add little if anything to the scene. The light-houses are always additional touches, standing as they do on prominent points with a background of dark green. The exit from the sea is very narrow, and the channel winds between islands any one of which would be a gain.

Monday we spent in Nagasaki, a town built on the horse-shoe shore, and runs back into the corners in the mountain, and up the terraced hill-sides. Hundreds of tomb stones can be seen through the trees on the hills back of the town. Some church towers tell their own story of a religion which must lose its power if not its very existence when it loses its aggressiveness. We spent the day with brethren of the M. E. Church who are stationed there. By the light of a glorious sunset we steamed out of the harbor, passing war vessels of various nations, merchantmen and native crafts. In a few minutes we came in sight of Paffenberg, an island made sacred by martyrs' blood, if the tradition is reliable. A rock rises abruptly out of the water's edge about 50 feet. Below, not entirely concealed at high tide, are sharp rocks. Over this precipice, on the rocks below, many native Christians are said to have been thrown, after suffering severe tortures. This was 300 years ago. There is doubt that this is the place where the deed was done. This doubt removed, Paffenberg would be a sacred spot where any man's piety would grow warmer, if he had any piety to grow. Pushing the doubt aside, accepting the tradition as history, looking on that weather-beaten rock I thought if "the noble army of martyrs praise" God having died in triumph, how much more so God's people need to praise Him who, with deliverance from the sufferings peculiar to a Christian's life in that time, have additional opportunities to glorify God in the extension of the knowledge of the gospel, and how much greater are the responsibilities of that one so delivered. The sun as he set had done all that light can do to glorify nature's charms. Paffenberg with its holy associations faded out of sight, and soon the star-light revealed to us nothing save the surface of the waters. We had had our last sight of Japan. Those emerald islands where Christianity is anchored are now behind us, and our faces are towards China. Tuesday morning early the Saddle Islands at the mouth of the Yangtsi river were in view. The sea was a muddy yellow, colored by the waters

of the mighty river. Shanghai is situated on the Western bank of the Whung Poo, 14 miles from the junction of that river with the Yangtsi. The Whung Poo was full of vessels of many kinds and of many nations. The Chinese war junks, carrying 8 cannons each, were gay with paint and bunting. Foreign built gun boats belonging to the Chinese were laying along the channel. Steamers were moving up on the high tide, and out to the sea. Some travelers have spoken disparagingly of the approach to Shanghai, but they could not have made that approach on a bright day and in good spirits. Beyond the shipping rise the houses of the foreign city with here and there a church spire, mile stones along the highway by which Christianity has marched, and garrisons where she has gathered forces. These houses, facing a handsome Bund are by no means unsightly in appearance, on the contrary, they are fine buildings, several stories high, some of them with pillared fronts. Reaching to the water's edge are grass plots and gardens well cared for and sprinkled with trees and shrubs. The steamer was at her wharf before 2 o'clock, and soon up the gang-way came Dr. Y. J. Allen and two of his daughters to give us a brotherly greeting and welcome. The first pleasant impressions of Shanghai are not changed by the sight of the Anglo-Chinese University, and the residences of the missionaries. These buildings are solid and substantial, an evident necessity in a place where typhoons leave wrecks which are witnesses of the economy of substantial buildings. The property of our Church is a compound of about 5 acres, well situated and improved by the school buildings and two missionary residences. Here is a preparation for demands which the future may make. Trinity premises are about two miles off. Here the property of the Church is about two-thirds of an acre on which stand Clopton school, the residence occupied by the ladies in charge of the Woman's work, and Trinity Church. By the side of the Church is a wooden frame work with the bell whose sound seems to be an echo from home. The outside walls of the church are covered with Virginia creepers which alone would have been sufficient to make it attractive. The pulpit is in a recess with a stained glass window. The light, broken by the leaves of the

Virginia creepers, came through this window so softened that nothing seemed to be in harmony here but the worship of the living God. The children of the school were in the church. The Chinese teacher took her seat at the organ, another Chinese teacher gave out a hymn. The little girls with clean, bright faces, and neat dresses, stood up and sang with evident interest - the tune to which we sing the words beginning, "We praise Thee, O God." There were but two familiar words in their hymn, words the same in all languages of earth it is said, and which may be the same in that and in the greater city of the blessed. "Amen" "amen" "amen" "amen" "amen" and when they sang "amen" I said halleluiah.

The services at Trinity which had been protracted for one week, were at the church again. The services are conducted with closed doors at the church. The boys from the Anglo-Chinese University as care to attend, the members of the church and such others as come on the special invitation of any of these. The organ was not used at night, Bro. C. V. Reid led the singing. The audience numbered about 100. Our old tunes to which we sing "O happy day, that fixed my choice," and "Jesus loves me," were sung as well as they are sung in many of our protracted meetings. It was Bro. Reid's turn to preach, and he preached in a very earnest manner to attentive people. After his sermon, in response to his request that all who

desired to become Christians, and who would like the prayers of the Church for their salvation to stand up, about a dozen of the school girls arose. This may mean much, it may mean little, but where is the preacher at home who would not thank God for even this interest in his congregation?

On Wednesday, Miss Haygood and Miss Muse brought the children in connection with Trinity schools to the church. There were 219 girls by actual count, besides the teachers and friends. Of these 200 were day-schoolers, and the others the Clopton school girls. There are 11 of these day-schools, each having a Chinese teacher while the ladies from home visit the schools, examine the scholars, and supervise the work gen-

erally. Each of these day-schools cost the Woman's Board of Missions of our Church \$100 a year, and the schools average 25 scholars each. The boarding-school, - Clopton, - is specially for training workers, and of course is somewhat more expensive. What a sight it was, those two hundred girls with their teachers, and the missionaries who are the picket-guard of our Church on duty in this far-off land! Bro. Reid led the singing. The familiar tunes, "Revive us again," "I am so glad that Jesus loves me," and "Precious Jewels," were sung. Every child seemed to sing, and the Gothic roof of Trinity rang with the praise of the Son of God. Bishop Wilson made an address which Dr. Allen interpreted. The children behaved in a very creditable manner, listening with attention to all that was said without any sign of weariness. The doxology to the tune "Old Hundred" was very impressive. I can say with even greater emphasis than I have said when speaking at the meetings held by Sister Hayes at different points in our Conference territory, "Help those women!" They are doing a noble work in China, a work which cannot fail to gain the approbation of any one who knows anything of the facts. A wide door is open to them, indeed many doors, so many that the ladies here are breaking down in the effort to do what would engage their full force if it were twice as large as it is. Details are given in this letter in the hope that some who read it may be stirred up to help in a noble work which cannot fail to bring glory to Him who "died for all." These are our picket-guard, men and women. Let that man and woman belonging to the M. E. Church, South, who would desert them hide their head in shame. Let that one who does not meet his duty in the great work of spreading the knowledge of God pray God that his sin may be forgiven him, and let those who are helping, add more prayer to more work until idolatry and heathenism and sin and all abominations are blotted from the presence of the Son of God, and until all men shall know the Lord from the least unto the greatest! We must be far below our whole duty in this regard. If we pay attention to the injunction to do unto others as we would that they should do unto us, we may find some out of measure in what we do for ourselves. I have for

a long time believed, as I have told you often, and indeed told the people in my congregations, that we would not be in sight of fulfilling this injunction, so far as it relates to our duty towards the heathen, until we were willing and did give as much to get the Gospel to those who did not have it as we were giving to have it preached to ourselves. When we do that we will show some practical appreciation of the benefits we derive from a knowledge of the truth of God.

In Shanghai the tides of civilization and heathenism meet. The native city is surrounded with a wall about 20 feet high. Passing over a short bridge you come to the gate in a semi-circle in the wall. Here the swarms of human beings begin, and here also begins the concentrated essence of filth. The streets are narrow, not over 10 feet in width, are overhung with innumerable signs, are full of burden bearers bending beneath enormous loads. Shops line both sides of the streets. In some of these dark holes very handsome things can be seen. It would be a misnomer to call it a manner of life with us. It is existence, not life. To put our people here with such food, clothing, hovels, to breathe such poisonous air, to be in such circumstances would be to kill out every finer

element in our natures, almost to dig up the very foundation on which an appeal to nobler purposes is built, to leave us hopeless both for this world and the world to come. The wonder is not that there are so few admirable qualities in the Chinese, but that there are so many; not that they are so hard to move to a civilization permeated with Christianity, but that they can be moved at all. They can be moved, they are moved. They possess the possibility of becoming Christ-like; they can wear the "image and superscription" of God.— There is another surprising thing to the thoughtful man who wanders through the native city: that there is so little difference between the Chinese and ourselves. Comparing our many advantages with their many disadvantages the question is, are they not our superiors?

The foreign concessions of Shanghai have good streets, well kept, are well drained, and are built up with such structures as would not be discreditable if found in our large cities.

After experiencing the kindness and attention of Dr. Allen and of our other missionaries in Shanghai for three days, we took the steamer for the Peiho with the intention of spending some days in and around Peking. Dr. W. R. Lambuth is with us, and will help us to see all we can see in the time at our disposal. Peking can not be visited with comfort and advantage much later in the season than this, and a visit at this special time will give an opportunity to attend the Annual Meeting of the Missionaries of the M. E. Church in North China.

I close this letter in the Gulf of Pechele where winter clothing, including an overcoat, is none too warm.

Very truly your friend,  
COLLINS DENNY.



March 2, 1887

2-15 AROUND THE WORLD.

Letter from the Rev. Collins Denny.

Bishop Wilson Organizes the China Conference—A Very Harmonious Body—An Unpleasant Trip Down the Peiho River—Cheefoo, Naysiang, Kuen San, Soochow and Shanghai—The Sudden Illness of Miss Dora Rankin—The Ruins Wrought by the Taiping Rebels—Beautiful Landscapes.

[Correspondence of THE EPISCOPAL METRODIST.] SHANGHAI China, } Nov. 30, 1886 }

Our trip down the Peiho from Tung-cho to Tient-sin was one of great discomfort: The weather was against us, with cold and rain and head winds. The boatmen were slow, lazy and not at all "a means of grace." We sat during the day wrapped in the bed clothes and a hat was not useless at night. The seven nights spent on the Peiho, up and down, will not easily lose their place in memory. A side-wheeler between Yokohama and Kobe described every curve known in mathematics, but it made good time. A house boat on the Peiho evidently was worked by men who have their place among those of whom Moultesqueu says: "Sometimes with a hundred thousand feet they creep like insects."

At Cheefoo, Miss Haygood joined us. She had been spending a few days for rest and recuperation there, and returned to Shanghai benefited by her trip. We reached Shanghai October 26. The next day, in company with Dr. Allen and Bro. Reid, we tried the house-boats again. This time, however, we were comfortably situated. Bro. Reid had recently bought a new boat which he named the "Buffington," and here, with plenty of light and ventilation, comfortable beds and bedding, a stove to use in case of need, room equal to the cabin of a steamer, a well supplied larder, and a good cook; we found traveling around the field occupied by the M. E. Church, South, very pleasant.

At Naysiang we met the Misses Rankin who besides giving us a cordial reception, showed us a work it would delight the heart of any Christian to examine. No church is poor that has such workers, and through God's blessing alone has such work been accomplished. One effect of the work done in Naysiang is seen in the respect with which all foreigners are treated by the people. The girls in the boarding school and the boys in the day schools are certainly, in appearance, a great improvement on the other Chinese.

In one compound are situated Louise Home, a church, the boarding school, the building used for the day school, and the parsonage of the native preacher. Not very far away is the parsonage of the foreign missionary recently occupied by Rev. W. W. Royal, across the canal is Hunnicut Chapel. Naysiang is an unwallied town of about 18,000 inhabitants, situated

on a narrow canal. It is not very well suited to be the centre of our work in this section. We spent a day in Naysiang, the guest of the ladies, looking at our work, and at the town, so much of it as could be comfortably seen on a rainy day. There was but one cloud in the sky of our enjoyment, the sickness of Miss Dora Rankin, suffering as she was, she took her place in her school-room among her boys, "patiently continuing in her well-doing."

Kuen San, a walled town on Soochow creek, 25 miles from Soochow, was the next point at which we stopped. Here as at Naysiang, the work of the Taiping rebels is seen in the ruins on every hand. In Kuen San we have a chapel and native residence called Marvin Chapel. From the top of the hill inside of the walls, an island rising out of this level plane, we had a wide view. The ruins of a pagoda stand on the hill-top, dominating the landscape for many miles. Westward 25 miles is Soochow Pagoda, its nine stories rising to a total height of 255 feet. Northwest about 30 miles is Taug-sob, a walled town of considerable size. Southwest the waters of the great lake out of which the island of Dong ding-san rises, is first visible. In every direction town and village and hamlet dot the landscape. Canals, spanned by fine stone bridges, dotted with innumerable boats, lie like silver lacework on the ground. Rice fields sweep away to the horizon on all sides. It is a beautiful sight. Here are the homes of many millions of people. They have "no hope and are without God in the world." A few workmen are giving them the Gospel. In number these workmen are not so many as the leaves and fishes. How the ejaculation of Andrew, uttered in grim despair, meant by him, no doubt, as a proof of utter powerlessness, hopelessness, to meet the demands of the occasion, flashed into my mind. "What are these among so many?" What are these few Southern Methodists in and around Shanghai. Soochow, the 80 miles between, and the country around, among so many millions? In this circle whose centre is Kuen San, whose radius is 20 miles, this circle which is the home of several millions, we have not one resident foreign missionary. In Soochow, 25 miles off we have a few but "what are these among so many?" If these few are put into the hands of the Lord Jesus, if He can give thanks for these few, if He will distribute these workmen then "every one" shall have not only "a little," but they shall also be "filled." More than this, enough shall remain to prove a blessing to those beyond. This is the light I got on Kuen San, but it is enough to drive out hopelessness, and to make glad a Christian's heart.

Passing three very large settlements on the north bank of the creek, we entered Soochow, and soon the boats landed us at the end of the street on either side of which are the buildings belonging to the M. E. Church, South. The first on the right, on the bank of the canal, which here is the inner part of the city, is

and the ward, etc., in which Dr. Phillips expects to begin her work. Opposite this compound, on the right of the street is a vacant lot belonging to the church. Passing on we come in a moment to the church, the native parsonage and the parsonage in which Bro. Reid lived, previous to his return to America. Opposite, on the left, are Buffington Institute and Bro. Parker's residence. A few steps further and we reach the hospital on the right with the residence of Dr. Park and Bro. Marshall opposite. It is a compact settlement, well built, eligibly located for work, and occupied by those of whom the church need not be ashamed. As at Shanghai from Dr. Allen and all the brethren, and from the ladies at Trinity, as at Naysiang from the Misses Rankin, so in Soochow from all our missionaries, including Dr. Park, who, in the joy of his honeymoon, found time and disposition to join with the others, we had a most cordial welcome. The brethren and the ladies had a work to show, and they were glad to show it and to answer any questions relating to their work. The annual report of the Board of Missions, of the W. B. M., and the reports given at the Conference contain the details and statistics of all this work, as well as of the work in Shanghai and Naysiang. These reports are now before the church. They are full of interesting information, and ought to be widely and carefully read. Three days were spent in Soochow looking through the work, and at the city, and in getting acquainted with as many points as possible.

Soochow is a little over four miles long and two miles broad. It is estimated to contain a population of from 250,000 to 400,000. At several points outside of the wall are large villages containing thousands of people. Vacant spaces are not wanting within the city. The foot-print of the Tai-ping rebels is found in piles of rubbish. The streets are narrow and of course, crowded with people. Foreigners are not at a premium in the bank of affection. The missionary is still living and working in Shanghai who was dragged by the hair through the streets of this literary city. It is no small advance that foreigners can circulate at all in Soochow, considering that it has not been so many years since they were declared to be counterfeits of humanity. The Northern Presbyterians have two missionaries residing in Soochow. The Southern Presbyterians have three resident missionaries, one of whom has been in America for some months. Two Baptists have a native preacher residing in the city. Besides the school and hospital work, there is preaching every day in some of the street chapels and some work among the women. The blows are ringing on the anvil. It is true the anvil is hard, but there must be a giving way at some point in time. Carlyle says every one must be the hammer or the anvil. This is also true of organizations.

The Church of God is an irremovable hammer. Scales are flying. They must be broken from the anvil.

By the courtesy of Rev. H. C. Du Bose, of the Southern Presbyterian Church, I had the opportunity of preaching in his street chapel. A large congregation listened attentively as he interpreted my English sermon. What a comfort it must be to these men of God working in China, to have the assurance of the Lord Jesus Christ that the gates of hell shall not prevail against the Church of God! We have some of the gates of hell at home, but by the mercy of God to us, the United States has no monopoly in this. Hell's gates are in China also, and so is the Church of God. We spent several days traveling over the country around Soochow, a country open

to our Church, nay knocking at our doors. The Church needs to pray for an open door. How crying this need she knows not. The door needed to be opened is not however, into Heathenism but out of the church. There is no trouble for the church to get into, once she is out of her own pleasant surroundings. O that an *exit* may be made by which the church may take advantage of the entrance God has shown! Would that the church could see the field! We stood on a ridge within the walls of the city of Tang-soh, about 30 miles north of Soochow. Here is a country full of water-ways, of easy access, densely populated. The Yang-tsz river is visible to the north and west, Soochow to the south, Kuen-san to the southeast. Towns and villages and cities are so numerous that it is impossible to count them. The circle whose radius is 25 miles includes the homes of millions, and among them not a single Christian worker can be found, not a church building, not a place where God is worshipped as He is known. It is a sad sight, the godless homes. The same thing was before us when we stood on the mountain in Dong-ding-san, an island in the Great Lake. This territory is at our doors. It can be reached readily from Soochow. It will be reached by a Church which will become "the Church Triumphant," but, as has been truly said, "the church indifferent can never become the church triumphant." It is the church militant which will be the church triumphant.

Two weeks were spent in and around Soochow, and between Shanghai and Soochow. At the end of the time thus spent the Mission met. Bishop Wilson organized the Mission Conference on the first day of the meeting. A week was spent in Conference and in Mission business. Time was given for the full consideration of every matter with which the church has to do. The Conference proceedings will be forwarded, probably are now before the church. It is not necessary to write of these proceedings as they will be put before the church in form.

There will be, naturally and properly, a desire to know all about the Conference. There is nothing which needs to be concealed. The published report of the action of the last General Conference speaks of

trouble in the China Mission. More than one of our ministers said to me just before I left home, that I would very likely find more trouble than was hinted at in the report of the General Conference, or than was known by the church. I speak of this simply because, so far as I can, I want to give the facts to those who will read this letter. I listened attentively to everything that was said in every meeting of the Conference and of the Mission. The brethren were anxious to have a Conference organized. Bishop Wilson not having announced his purpose in this matter, some of the brethren were a little nervous when they first assembled. The organization of the Conference allayed this. There were no jurs in any of the meetings, indeed it was as quiet and harmonious a meeting as I ever attended. Every man's character and work passed without a word of objection from any one. These brethren are singularly united as to the methods of work in China. If they differ in judgment in this matter it did not appear. To be able to answer pointedly and sincerely every question that might be asked me of the work I asked each of the brethren at the close of the Conference, if they knew any reason why they could not work in harmony. No reason appeared to me, but I wanted to "make assurance doubly sure." From each one I received the answer that they knew no reason.

Some one will say, it may be, that this statement puts the matter too mildly. It does not. It gives the facts. Some one may ask, "Was there no trouble in the Mission?"

There was trouble. The report of the General Conference gave that fact to the world.

"What was the character of the trouble and what has become of it?"

It was the dead rot on the old method of government, and was buried with that method. No one took the trouble to mark the place of burial with a tomb stone, and whoever writes its epitaph must write it on his own hand so that when it is read the hand by which and on which it is written can be seen. The organization of the Conference put the Mission on a basis acceptable to itself.

The ladies held their meetings in the afternoons. Bishop Wilson was present and presided. Several of the questions relating to their work were left undecided, owing to the absence of the Misses Rankin. A day or two after Miss Dora Rankin reached Shanghai she was taken very ill. She rapidly grew worse, and from that time until we left Shanghai, was in an alarming condition. Her sickness necessitating her absence as well as the absence of Miss Lochie Rankin, left the ladies too depressed to do more than the business absolutely necessary.

March 9, 1887

#6 AROUND THE WORLD.

Letter from the Rev. Collins Denny.

*A Visit to Nankin the Former Capital of China—Ching Kiang—Parting with Our Noble Band of Missionaries—Canton, Hong Kong and Harveell to China—The Great Work, Forces Small, Obstacles Many*

Correspondence of THE EPISCOPAL METHODIST,  
SHANGHAI China,  
Dec 10, 1886

In company with Bro. Reid I visited Nankin; Bishop Wilson was accompanied with his correspondence that he could not accompany us. Nankin is 201 miles from Shanghai and is situated on the south bank of the Yang-tsz river. It was formerly the capital of the country. Its walls are said to be 25 miles in circuit. They are by no means so imposing as the walls of Peking, not being buttressed, and except at a few points, not so massive. The Taiping rebels nearly ruined Nankin. Not one-quarter of the space within the walls is inhabited. Much of it looks as if it never was inhabited. It is well and beautifully situated. Purple Mountain, as well named as the Blue Ridge, of Virginia, stands outside of the eastern wall; and there is much high land in and around the city. Some of the brethren give the population at one-half a million at least. If there are so many it belies its looks. We were hospitably entertained by Dr. and Mrs. Beeke, of the M. E. Church, at whose house Rev. V. C. Hart, the superintendent of the mission, and Rev. M. Jackson, also of the mission, live. Here as at Soochow, there are no foreign residents except missionaries. The Northern Presbyterians also have work at Nankin, and in Bro. Lehmann I met another Princeton man. My heart very naturally warms to "the boys of old Nassau." The fact that nearly all of them stood over their necks in blue water so that their stockings were blue, while mine were pure white does not offer any bar, and then their color is not "fast." Our stockings look nearly alike. The Philander Smith Hospital, belonging to the M. E. Church is a large building of two stories, built of lead colored brick. The brethren say Nankin is healthy, has very little malaria, that the people are kind and approachable and that there is a very hopeful outlook. The work in Nankin is but two years old. The M. E. Church have four missionaries besides the superintendent residing in Nankin; the Northern Presbyterians have two missionaries and the Campbellites have three who have recently arrived.

A few hours were spent at Ching Kiang further down the river, the point at which the Grand Canal enters the Yang-tsz. The M. E. Church, the Southern Presbyterians and the Baptists have stations in Ching Kiang. In Rev. Henry Woods, of the Southern Presbyterian Church, I met an old friend who was a fellow student at the University of Virginia. In Yokohama I



had met Rev. R. Bryan Griman, of the Southern Presbyterian Church, who had followed me at the University of Virginia. The pleasant hours spent with these brethren, the talks of old times, of common friends, of the hand of God in turning us out of the paths we had chosen, of our present work, of the prospect before us, were all too short. How fortunate a man is who has had two "mothers"—for thus they designate the institutions of learning which certify as facts about a man what the man himself would not be willing to swear to.

We left Shanghai the night of December 1, having engaged our passage to Suez on the P. & O. steamers. Dr. Allen Bros. Reil and Bonnell accompanied us to the wharf. Very kindly had they treated us, as well as all the brethren and the ladies of our mission. It was like parting from old friends. Not only their homes, but also their hearts had been opened to us. Noble men and women, they stand for God among the millions of China and many disadvantages, but with the assurance that God is with them in their work. We will have them in remembrance when we worship before our God, and will tell the Church that her representatives are true to the trust committed to them.

The Rohilla took us to Hong Kong, 28 miles in 58 hours. Having but little time we took the first steamer going to Canton, and were welcomed by Dr. and Mrs. Oraves, of the Baptist Church with a Baltimore welcome. We met representatives of the Baptist, Northern Presbyterian and English Wesleyan Churches, saw as much of Canton as the time allowed, and attended a meeting of the missionaries at which we were made to do more than half the talking, much to our disappointment. Canton has been badly treated by those who have written of it. We found it the cleanest Chinese City we had visit-

ed. Its shops are larger and more beautiful than any we have seen in China, excepting, of course, the foreign stores in the different cities. There seemed to be no special antipathy to us on the part of the people. Of course in times of trouble foreigners suffer, and the Cantonese are said to be turbulent and fierce.

In the hospital in charge of Dr. Kerr, of the Northern Presbyterian Church, we saw the oldest hospital in China—over 50 years old. It is well filled and the work keeps the Dr. and his lady assistant busy all the time. It is a self-supporting institution, and does a work the results of which will be read in eternity. We were sorry to have so short a time to spend in Canton, but a little was better than no time at all. I had hoped to meet two more Princeton men in Canton, one of them a classmate, Rev. A. A. Fulton, who was mobbed and driven away from the town in which he had located. Neither of these brethren was in Canton. No one can measure the influence on the world of a Christian College. I speak particularly of Princeton because she is my *Alma Mater*, but what is true of Princeton is true of every other Christian College proportionate to their advantages in means and advantage. Give

a boy an education. Don't send him out into the world to grow and to feel all his days under the heavy yoke of ignorance. There may be some room for question in the statement that the Common Law requires every parent not only to maintain but also to educate his children. If it does it is true of it in this as it is true of it in other matters as Lord Coke said. "The Common Law is common sense."

Common Law or not, no one has a right in this day to put his child into the race of life bound with the shackles of illiteracy. Let the light shine into the child's mind, but let it shine through the atmosphere of Christianity. If the man has energy he may chase a thousand, but if he has energy and Christian education, he can put ten thousand to flight. The man who, by helping a boy of a College, makes an investment in consecrated talent, may look for a yield which won't end with this world.

It has been the thought of what old Princeton has done for the world that has come to this depression. The words which I helped to ring out under the elm trees in the campus "not in my years ago" are in my mind.

"In praise of old Nassau, my boys,  
Hurrah hurrah hurrah,  
Her name shall ye  
While they shall live  
Three cheers for old Nassau

Some one may say, "It is well a little strange to hear a Methodist preacher cheering so lustily a Presbyterian College." The doctrines of Methodism are all the dearer to me because they have been investigated, weighed in the balances and found to be "not wanting." Ask me not where my weapons were forged, but under what flag do I fight?

We left Hong Kong, a city beautiful for situation, December 7, and thus bid farewell to China. The Rohilla is tossed about in the China Sea in a storm, picking up enough water as it dips its deck to pour a few hogsheds over the captain's cabin and on the head of Bishop Wilson, as he sits with his chair tied on the sheltered side, and to throw me across the deck so heavily that for a week I had a sore knee. China is better worked by missionaries than I had thought before seeing the country. This immense mass of people, variously estimated at from 250 to 400 millions, have strong racial characteristics. Buckle says in that magnificent book, "The History of Civilization," that race has no influence upon civilization. This is not the only rash and untrue statement I made. It may be true that the condition of the United States of America overturns the hypotheses of the writers on the subject of the influence of race and climate upon civilization, but that is because generalizations have been too hasty. The Jews and the Chinese alone would prove Buckle wrong in this matter.

Without homogeneity of language the Chinese are yet one people. They are a conservative people with an old civilization. They have had great teachers, moral teachers. They have been subject to but few outside influences. They have worked out to their results all that the human

faculties could accomplish. Greece and Rome had their civilization, and we know to what it led. Canon Farrar, no mean authority in such matters, said that with three exceptions, no Greek or Roman of whose life anything was known, could be pointed out against whose moral character a heavy indictment would not be. Here is an Eastern civilization. If any man wants to see what civilization, uninfected by Christianity, can become let him study China and the Chinese. Here is civilization old enough to show what can be accomplished, with moral teaching in its standards of authority, against much of

which nothing can be said, with literary claims by which it sets great store. If the Christian religion is nothing but a cunningly devised fable the boon it confers upon the race is so great it could never be estimated, but add to the blessings it confers upon the race now the prospect it opens for the future and there is need of the question, "What shall I render unto the Lord for all His benefits?" China has her face to the past. There can be nothing in the future so great as what has been. A man worships what is greater than he can be. The Chinese worship their ancestors. Such a people move slowly. It is progress when they move at all. There are evidences that they are moving, but it has been and is likely to be slowly. These people have lost the idea of God, if they ever had it. They have no word in their language which will hold the idea. Two men who have the reputation of being the finest scholars among the foreigners in the Empire, told me in answer to a question that God was no objective reality in the highest moral and intellectual system of the Chinese. The Church is gathering out from among this people and instructing no small membership. Children are being taught in Christian schools. Literature is circulating the truth of God. In the chapels and hospitals, on the street corners, in the villages in every way the truth is preached. The force at work is small. The work is great. Obstacles are many. The Church at home but half aroused, is impatient and builds great expectations on small foundations.

## AROUND THE WORLD.

Letter from Rev. Collins Denny.

(CORRESPONDENCE OF THE EPISCOPAL METHODISTS.)

BOMBAY, INDIA,  
January 23, 1887.

*The Ghats of Bombay—Palaces, Temples and Mosques in a Ruinous Condition—The Valley of the Ganges—View from the Top of Mosque—The Sacred Bull Chewing his Cud—Benares wholly given up to Idolatry—Bathing in the Ganges—Sad and Indecent Sight—The Moral Filth of Hindooism—The Ruins of Lamath—Lessons from Buddhism—Sights in Lucknow, &c.*

We reached Bombay this morning before 7 o'clock, having left Ahmedabad at 6.30 yesterday evening. Our trip in India has been full of work. We have traveled nine out of the fourteen nights, and have spent the days sight-seeing. We have seen Benares, visiting its great Ghats, or stone steps leading into the Ganges river, down which the people go day by day, generally in the morning, to bathe in its "sacred waters." Above these Bathing Ghats, some of which are very fine, many of them in a ruinous condition, or fast approaching that state, are palaces, temples, mosques. Crowd of people pass up and down these Chunar-stone steps, bearing up the large clay or brass vessels with the water, or coming down to bathe, their bright and differently colored garments fluttering in the morning breeze, and giving a movement in the scene of bold fronts

threw no light into the future so illuminating it that in the dark setting shines a mansion of glory, if it spoke nothing of the possibilities of our immortal natures being transformed into likeness to the Son of God, it would be to us an inestimable boon, worth more than anything else in the world. To stand here and differentiate Christianity from Heathenism is to lay the foundation and to erect an altar on which any man with a spark of pity and of appreciation of God's mercy will forever afterwards sacrifice praise and thanksgiving for being born into an inheritance of Christian civilization.

Six miles from Benares are the ruins of Lamath. This was the place where Saluya Muni—Buddha—preached his first sermon, and here were large Buddhist temples and cloisters, the ruins of which are very interesting and very extensive. There are many instructive lessons to be learned from Buddhism. One is the legitimate result of the sacrifice of convictions. The Buddhist leaders consented to a compromise with Brahmanism, in which instead of holding on to their protest against idolatry Buddha was to be the principal divinity. The result was Jainism, more Hindoo than Buddhist, and Buddhism, except as it is found greatly diluted and hardly recognizable in Jainism, is driven from India. At Lamath bones, iron, wood, stone, lying in ashes, show that when Buddhism was crushed here priests, temples, Buddhas, were burned together.

Lucknow with its gloriously heroic associations, and Cawnpore with its suggestions of sadness were visited and enjoyed. The Residency in Lucknow, where the English for five long, hot, weary months fought with a heroism equal to that shown by Leonidas at Thermopylae, or by the Athenians at Marathon, stands as it stood when the "Relief" brought the first reward of heroism to the brave, noble hearts. The buildings are covered with the marks of bullets and balls. The cellars in which the women, while finding shelter found fever, are still intact. The room where brave Sir Henry Lawrence was wounded has lost its floor, but that

have been here too. The toe of my shoe was once instinct with life and energy at the sight of a foot-ball, and here it was in the same condition at the thought of the critics. That Taj dome seemed to me to be on the point of soaring away from earth, a mere breath of air was all that was needed. So far from seeming a weight on the building it crowned, it looked as if it would bear away the building when it rose. Pure white, lined against a bank of black clouds, every curve brought out in the light of a setting sun, it seemed as if the Persian inscription found on the marble base of the Peacock Throne in Delhi belonged here, and that Moore, in his *Lalla Rookh*, ought to have put it here, "If there be an elysium on earth it is this, it is this, it is this." You have no doubt met that conceit of some one of our English authors in which he speaks of certain cathedrals as being "a psalm in marble." I never saw a cathedral whose architecture was music or poetry to me, probably due to a dullness on artistic matters. Two pieces of marble in Rome did fascinate me, "The Dying Gladiator" and Michael Angelo's "Moses." I turned away from them a dozen times, only to turn back again before I could leave them; and I mean, God willing, to see those two pieces of marble again. If the cathedrals have not been "psalms in marble" to me, the Taj has been to my eye and mind what the silver tones of an orator would be to my ears and mind, *eloquent*.

[The conclusion of this interesting letter will appear next week.]

of houses, very attractive. One mosque has two tall, slender minarets, diameter at base 8½ feet, at top 7½ feet, height 130 feet, which overtop all else in the city. After a toil, some climb I had a view of the flat valley of the Ganges, and of this closely built, many-templed Benares, so sacred to the Hindoos. Gilt temple domes, culices, roofs flashed like blazing fires; the moving throng below kept the eye attracted without allowing it to be wearied; the sacred bull in a very patient manner chewing his cud unmindful of the devotion of the people about him; while worshipping multitudes with rice, flowers and sacred Ganges water crowd temple, shrine and altars.—Benares as truly as Athens is "wholly given to idolatry." This bathing of men and women in this dirty river, drinking its waters and worshipping the river, is a sight no less sacred than indecent. The men wear a rag around their loins, and if the women are young they wear a thin piece of cotton which when wet conceals neither form nor color; if old, the skirt, or fold of cloth from the waist to the knee is frequently all.

We visited the principal and most popular temples, and without seeing you can form no conception of the dreadful depth of moral filth Hindooism is found to have reached in its sacred city. The carvings on some of the temples are evidence of the fact that this religion which professes to provide for man's spiritual necessities has touched the bottom of sensualism. There can be no question that the religion of the Lord Jesus Christ alone provides for and secures the purity of its followers. I saw in Benares, Muttra, Bindrakun what would have made Juvenal think Rome was comparatively decent, and what I saw was connected with and sanctioned by a religion that numbers millions of immortal beings among its votaries. Yet English scholars of high repute, holding positions of trust in English Universities, are lauding Hindooism and speaking slightingly of, if not seeking to destroy Christianity. If Christianity had conferred no other boon upon us than the civilization it has fostered, a civilization which is its own legitimate offspring, if it gave no present peace, if it lightened no soul-burdens, if it

in which his heroic spirit found its release still stands. If there lives a man in whose veins a drop of Anglo-Saxon blood flows, on whose infant tongue were the lisps of the English language, or a man of any other blood and language who can stand by the last resting-place of Lawrence, and read, "Here lies Henry Lawrence, who tried to do his duty. May God have mercy on his soul," without emotion, I envy him not. Old Sam Johnson says, in his "Tour through the Hebrides," a sentence which our grandfather was fond of quoting to me before I knew any more of Iona than I did of Differential Calculus: "That man is little to be envied whose patriotism would not gain force upon the plains of Marathon, or whose piety would not grow warmer among the ruins of Iona." If he had lived until after the "Relief of Lucknow" there would have been no need to have scraped the dust off of the old Grecian field, he could have had fresh blood from the field of Lucknow. A memorial tablet in the Church at Caunpore to a young man who fell a victim to the treachery of Nana Sahib contains an inscription which my heart needed to ponder, for on the spot where foul massacre of women and children, not to mention the men, had been committed, I felt I could be Nana's executioner. The inscription was:—"Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord." Over the well into which dead and dying women and children had been thrown stands the white marble angel of Baron Marchetti in front of a cross. The statue has been criticized severely, but I felt no sympathy with the criticism, as I saw it in the gathering twilight. An angel folded her hands, lowered her eyes, and out of Heaven dropped a tear she came out to drop, over a scene so sad, a spot so mournful.

What shall I say of Agra with its handsome red sand-stone fort, in which the palaces of Jehangir and of Shah Jehan, and the beautiful Pearl Mosque are found, with its tomb of beautiful marble screen work, which charm and astonish, and with its architectural glory the tomb of Mumtar Mahal, known as the Taj! I can but repeat what Bishop Heber said:—"These people designed like Titans, and executed like jewellers." Critics

## AROUND THE WORLD.

LETTER FROM REV. COLLINS DENNY.

[Correspondence of THE EPISCOPAL METHODIST.]

JERUSALEM, Feb. 27, 1887.

We arrived in Jaffa from Alexandria on Friday. It was a bad, rough day, and at first we were told we could not land. It seemed too bad, after having caught sight of the land through the clouds that hung so thickly over it and revealed but the portion near the shore; after having seen Jaffa rising from the water's edge to the summit of the hill, and looking more like a fortress in position than a town; after having sighted the place from which Jonah embarked to escape from the work God gave him, not to be able to put foot in Jaffa. The Captain signalled for a boat however, and soon a number pushed out between the black rocks that showed their dangerous presence through the foam and breakers.

"We had much work to come" into "the boat," and Bishop Wilson thought I had a narrow escape. Just as I landed in the bottom of the boat the steamer sank and the boat rose in the heaving sea, bringing the gangway of the steamer and the side of the boat in contact. As my back was turned I did not see how near I was to the points of collision. If I had been caught between the two they would have mashed some bones at least, and would probably have crushed me. The Lord no doubt delivered me. We made the shore safely, and without very great trouble, and the steamer left for Beyrout at once.

Jaffa is beautiful for situation, but in time of rain very muddy. The narrow streets, full of men, women, children, donkeys, camels and dogs, are disagreeable to pass through in the mud. We started out however, to see what Jaffa had to show. Our first point was, of course, the house occupying the site of that belonging to "one Simon, a tanner." It stands just behind the small turret used as a light-house. A well is close to the door from which the water used for tanning could have been taken. The stone at the top of the well is worn by the ropes used to draw up the water. It is near the sea-side, though not quite "by the sea-side." We ascended to the top by the stone stairway on the outside. A fig tree grew beside the stairway and it was putting forth its leaves. We were glad of this sign "that

summer is nigh" on account of our trip through the country. From the top of this house with its two raised portions—a foot high—which may result from arches below, we had a fine view. The sea was high. Jonah must have found it somewhat so shortly after he embarked. The rocks in the water were free from the sea, as the winds had blown the water off, and left the beach exposed as far as the rocks. Sharon stretched away to the North and East as far as the eye could reach. Philistia lay to the South. Jaffa, surrounded by its orange groves, was around us. I thought, however, chiefly of the lesson the Lord taught Peter here, a lesson the world has been exceedingly slow in learning that "He is no respecter of persons." If the lesson had closed with this I think it includes enough to prove Calvinism wrong, at least as far as unconditional election is concerned; and how much, how very much brighter, many lives would have been but for that decree. Calvin himself said it was God's decree, and yet called "horrible decretum"—a decree which is logically inevitably connected with what is theologically known as "unconditional election." But another part of the lesson is still needed in the world: "In every nation he that feareth Him and worketh righteousness is accepted of Him."

The Congregationalists are now troubled by men teaching a future probation after death. I don't wonder men fly off at tangents from Calvinism. It is a matter of belief, of explanation of Scripture, that would have driven me mad. I honor the many noble men who have held this creed, men "of whom the world was not worthy," men like Calvin and Flavel and Knox, and the Pilgrim Fathers. I am glad, however, I have not spent my time reading too much of the men who have gone off from any system at tangents. I have found enough cream on the works of the old authors, and therefore have not consented to skim the watered milk of many of the adherents of the "new theology."

John Fletcher gives the signification of this latter part of Peter's lesson, and I believe now, as I have ever believed, that many who never heard the name of Christ, who have been true to the light God gave them, are accepted of Him. However, it is not on this line I meant to write.

Leaving this interesting spot, interest-

14  
AROUND THE WORLD.

Letter from Rev. Collins Denny.

[Correspondence of THE EPISCOPAL METHODIST.]

BOMBAY, INDIA, }  
January 23, 1857. }

*The Visit to India—What was Seen Peculiar Charm of the Buildings at Agra and Delhi—Beautiful Architecture at Delhi—Its Taj—The Mutiny in 1857—Visit to Jeypore—Riding an Elephant—Ajmere and its Surroundings—Mohammedan Architecture—A Fine College Building—The City of Bombay, its Population, their Turbans—The Elephanta and Carli Caves—English Rule a Blessing to India—Off for Palestine.*

Futtehpore Sibri, 23 miles from Agra, was the great Akbar's palace, and all the buildings are wonderfully well preserved, some of them perfectly. It needs water in its fountains, flowers in its gardens, the dress, the voices, the presence of its former residents to be what it was in the days of Akbar, the great Moghul; but bring these back and the buildings themselves need comparatively little repairing. Of course there are ruins about, plenty of them, but there is so much preserved one can overlook the ruins. One beauty about these build-

man's salvation, falter, tremble, cowardly fail! A battle-field teaches many lessons and they always stir me.

From Delhi we went to Jeypore, a city under native rule, and, so far as appearances indicate, creditably ruled. Broad, well-paved streets, crossing each other at right angles, are lit by gas. Water is distributed through the city. It has once been a fine looking place, but the stucco with its red wash, weather-worn and dirty, ruins the appearance now. The palace of the Maharajah is extensive, elaborate, but not beautiful. We visited the old capital, Amker, about six miles from the present city. An elephant was sent to take us to Amker. Don't suppose we were taken for men of international reputation and of great importance. It is customary to send an elephant for every stranger who applies for a permit to visit Amker. I was not enamored with elephant riding. The chances of a fall are not poor, and one has too far to fall. We looked down on the camels we passed. The Bishop preferred to walk back to the carriage—about two miles. I stuck to the elephant more as a matter of sentiment than as a matter of pleasure. Amker is finely situated in a narrow valley. A small lake lies just below the palaces. The surroundings have had no doubt much to do with the reputation the palaces have for beauty. In one thing Amker excels any place I have ever seen: its colony of black-faced, long-tailed apes. The things would be amusing if they did not look so much like a parody on the human race. If monkeys and apes had been made by man I would say they were sure proofs of a streak of fun. The fact is, some minister has said, they are evidence of a streak of fun, but that too nearly approaches blasphemy.

We spent enough time at Ajmere to see all there is to be seen in and immediately around the town. It is one of the most picturesque places I ever saw. It lies between a steep, rugged mountain and a small lake. Around the lake are some marble pavilions and handsome residences. One of the finest specimen of Mohammedan architecture to be found in India is at Ajmere. A college for the education of the sons of the Rajpoot prince is located here. It is the finest college building I ever saw, and could be copied at any of our American colleges very much to their improve-

India. He thought, however, it had done all it could do. His admission and his knowledge of the fact that Christianity had blessed India shows how plain it is to all who are willing to see that Christian Missions in their infancy have done more for the people than all their false religions in their power.

We left Bombay in the Peninsular and Oriental Steam Navigation Company's steamer "Surab," January 28. We are now, February 1, on the Arabian Sea, expecting to touch Aden Feb. 3, and to reach Suez Feb. 8.—Both of us are well so far as we know and are ready for a trip up the Nile and through Palestine.

ings of the Moguls is the marble screen work. Glass would give light but not air. Light, air, protection from the rains—this was the problem evidently. Its solution was found in most delicate designs of screen work cut in marble and sand-stone. These give a peculiar charm to all the buildings in Agra and Delhi and their surroundings. At a little distance it looks like lace. Within is always found cool, refreshing shade. Delhi ought to be seen before Agra, because the remains at Delhi are not so extensive and not so well preserved as at Agra. There is a red sandstone fort with some of its once beautiful buildings, but these are smaller and having had more portable wealth have suffered more than the buildings at Agra. The remains of once chaste, inlaid work can still be seen at Delhi, but the waves of war which have rolled over Delhi have swept out much of this.

South of the present city of Delhi we saw the foot-prints of this old city which has been a little uneasy on its feet. These foot-prints are ruins. We took a drive round the circuit, which was over thirty miles, going out one road and returning by another, and ruins were in sight all the way. From the top of the Kootub Minar, eleven miles south of the present site of the city of Delhi, I saw the battle-field of centuries, the site of palace, fort and tombs, the ruins of many different "schools of architecture." The Kootub is Delhi's Taj, but it does not inspire the beholder as does the glory of Agra. Delhi has many noble associations, but to me none that equalled the scene in "the mutiny" of 1857. I walked for two hours in the rain out of the Cashmere gate, around the walls, to the position of batteries, over the battle-field, reading in the guide-book of the events which not many years ago occurred at these spots. How lightly men count life on the field of battle! How readily they move when not one chance in a thousand of escape is theirs! Yet how often the followers of God, in a warfare whose object is God's glory in

ment. Of white undressed marble, a few pavilions and cupolas on the sky line, one tower with an open dome, it stands surrounded by the homes of its students "a thing of beauty" in a landscape which needs few touches the hand of man.

Bombay is a very impressive city. Young, populous, cosmopolitan, full of thrift and business. It seems to be, though according to the census is not, the most populous city we have seen since we left America. Streams of people of all nationalities flow down all its streets. The houses of the natives are large, finer, more substantial than I have seen in India. I spent nearly a week in Bombay, and the gay colors, the different styles of dress, the turbans of every known color, size, and shape, to be seen at any time of the day on the streets did not lose their interest. A visit to the Elephanta Caves on an island in Bombay Harbour, and to the Carli Caves, eighty miles from Bombay, gave me some idea of the patient work done by these East Indians for religious purposes. These caves are temples cut out of the solid rock, full of idols and figures also cut out of the solid rock. In the Elephanta Caves nearly all of these figures have been destroyed. Carli Caves, the largest in India, are nearly perfect. Both are worth a visit, especially the Carli Caves which are the work of Buddhists.

I have no doubt the English rule in India is God's mercy to these people. They have never known such beneficent laws, and such mild rule. A country once divided into many and varying states, in all of which the people were in slavery and sunk in deep darkness and degradation, without even an example which if followed would elevate them, is now actually, though not nominally, under one rule, and that a civilized, enlightened law and executive, which brings light and knowledge and not a few examples worthy of imitation. An educated Hindu who had not given up his native religion told me there could be no doubt Christianity had been an inestimable blessing to



ing even if not correctly located, we called at Miss Arnott's School, and at the English Hospital. At the former there are 43 children. Those who were gathered in the school-room sang in Arabic and English for us. It was very sweet to hear the girls some of them just about the age and size of my two little blue-eyed darlings, sing in English "Safe in the arms of Jesus." At the English Hospital there are 7 deaconesses, two of whom we met, and who proved to be sweet tempered, spiritually-minded ladies so far as a short acquaintance showed. They work by visitation of families and by medical work. Richard Cour de Lion, the knightliest figure to my boyish mind in the crusading hosts, swung his battle axe a victor over Jaffa as well as over other portions of this land. He came with his fellows, many with as true lion hearts as his own, to rescue this land from the Mohammedans. But the cross has never found a successful prop in a battle axe or a sword, nor have these ever made a way for its triumphant march. Here, however, are some women, armed with the "Sword of the Spirit," as truly entitled to the designation "Cour de Lion" as Richard, any more truly entitled to it, for Richard's heart was the heart of a lion more in a natural than in a spiritual sense, but these women and their fellow workers in this and in other Heathen lands have hearts in which the "Lion of the tribe of Judah" has His throne. These crusaders will succeed, and if they do not crown a Godfrey in the earthly Jerusalem they will shout to Him who suffered here as a Lamb though He was a King, "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honor, and glory, and blessing."

In Jaffa a place was pointed out to us by Mr. Rolla Floyd, whose services we have engaged, which is said to have been Solomon's harbor. It is now covered with water, lies at the head of a cove in the little spurs of the hills from which the land descends gradually to the sea shore. We were told that old anchors had been dug up in this pond when the water had evaporated during a dry season.

But you want something more than Jaffa. We left Jaffa at 6 o'clock Saturday morning in a stage, or what we called during the war, an ambulance. Just outside of Jaffa we were shown the traditional site where Dorcas was raised from the dead. A Mohammedan tomb occupies the spot now. After passing the orange groves with their cactus hedges, we came out on the plain of Sharon. The day was cloudy, except for a few moments at a time fre-

quently it rained and blew, yet the drive to Jerusalem was very interesting. What a long period of history our minds ran over. Canaanitish nations, Israelites, Mohammedans, Crusaders, Turkish Mohammedans, French, Modern Egyptian—all these; not to speak of the tide of conquest from Babylonia, Persia, Greek and Egypt, which have had a place in this wonderful land. The plain of Sharon from Jaffa to Ramleh is quite level, rising slightly and almost imperceptibly some distance beyond Ramleh it begins to roll. All the way it is fertile and at this season beautifully green. Except the olive groves it is treeless, and there are no fences. As far as the eye could reach were wheat fields. Every blade of wheat seemed loaded with rain drops which now and then caught the sun-beams that broke through the clouds and gave a new beauty to this noted plain. At Ramleh we ascended the tower from which we had a good view in spite of the clouds. Lydda lay near at hand to the North, with its tall tower, Jimzu, the Gimzo of II Chron. 28: 18, to the East; Latrun, the reputed home of the penitent thief, to the Southeast; Gezer, now called Tell Jezer, the city of Judges 1: 29 and I Kings 9: 16 on a hill to the South; Gath, now called Telles-Sefeb, further off to the South; and Ashdod, now Esdud, the Azotus of Acts 8: 40 to the Southwest. Of course the plain of Sharon spreads off Northwest and East. Shortly after leaving Ramleh the plain began to roll, the olive trees became less frequent and there were more patches of uncultivated land. We took lunch at Latrun. After lunch I walked through the mud to the village of Anwas, seven minutes off. This is the traditional Emmaus, and if the reading of the Sinaitic manuscript is correct in giving 160 furlongs instead of 60 it answers the distance given in Luke 24. I stood on a knoll looking down on the little cove in the hills in which the village is built and read Luke 24. I think however, the place is too far from Jerusalem to meet the impression made by a reading of Luke 24. Further on we were in sight of El-Kubekel, which Baedeker thinks is the Emmaus of the Bible. I find I have need of every scrap and thread of information I have gleaned from all the books I have read on the topography, and in fact on any branch of study connected with this great land. Baedeker gives no reference to the Sinaitic reading which helps the claim of Anwas, nor does he refer to the great battle which the Macchabees won at Anwas.





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one side of the lower terrace in the afternoon... The love which Shah Jehan had for this wife almost seemed to disappear. This was the mother of seven children, and he is credited with having possessed hundreds of beautiful young concubines, but his heart never seems to have wandered from this "Exalted One of the Palace." He had four concubines on his side, and she held equal power with him throughout the empire. When death claimed her, and he found that he could not keep her on the earth, he immortalized her memory by making of her tomb the most beautiful building in all the known world.

A perfect museum, although I am positive that no words of mine can give an adequate idea of its beauty—a beauty so soft, so rich and pure as to be only felt, not described. Passing through an arched entrance, we find ourselves in a large quadrangle, on one side of which is a superb, massive gateway of red sandstone, which forms the entrance to the Taj Garden. This gateway is inlaid with ornaments and with inscriptions in marble and is flanked by statues of lions. In the center of the gateway is a large archway, the entrance to the Taj Garden. This gateway is inlaid with ornaments and with inscriptions in marble and is flanked by statues of lions. In the center of the gateway is a large archway, the entrance to the Taj Garden.

On one side of this and above all the other buildings is what was known as the Jasmine Tower, a small tower-shaped building of white marble, beautifully carved and inlaid. This was the boudoir of the principal wife, and must have looked like a scene from fairy land. The balconies attached to the building are inlaid and carved all over and have balustrades of marble wrought in such exquisite patterns as to almost look like blue lace. The oldest looking building of all is the Khush Mahal, containing the Emperor's private bath rooms, all in the Indian style, which are covered with thousands of small glass mirrors arranged in rows so as to be visible from all sides. The effect is curious, but not particularly desirable.

A short walk then brought us to the porch of the palace (the Moti Masjid, or pearl mosque), which is built on an elevated platform and surrounded by a high red sandstone wall. Mounting a high flight of steps and passing through the entrance arch, we came in sight of a beautiful marble building as I had yet seen—a very pearl in marble, and beautiful from its pure white color. The building is a marble court, with an open marble floor, long corridors, separated from each other by three rows of exquisitely proportioned twelve-sided columns, and being in the form of the kneeling pattern of the Mahomedan. It is surrounded by three snow-white domes with high gilded spires. The only ornamentation about the entire building is at the ends, which are partly closed by marble screens having the most delicate tracery in flowers. The entire place is in white marble, as pure and clear as though only cut yesterday. The effect of light and shade in the clear sunlight gives this place an air of purity and solemnity almost inexpressible. The Emperor Shah Jehan built the place as a companion to the Moti Masjid at Delhi, but this pearl of a chureh can be more appropriately called a companion to the Taj.

**AKBAR THE GREAT.**  
Of all the Mogul Emperors Akbar was by far the ablest and greatest, but Shah Jehan was the most magnificent. The Emperor Akbar succeeded to the throne when he was but fourteen years of age, with only the Punjab under his rule. He had the wisdom to show no distinction between his Mohammedan and Hindu subjects, and made every effort to mould them into a common nationality. Born on Indian soil, he made every effort to give the country of his birth what she has never had, a nationality. He even went so far as only to marry into the families of the royal Hindus. His military success was remarkable, and at his death almost all India was firmly secured to his empire. He loved and favored his friends, but had no use for those who proved themselves his enemies.

**THE FATAL BONBON BOX.**  
His double-sided box of bonbons is a matter of history. No one is allowed to refuse the Emperor when he is offered a bonbon from this well-known box, although none could tell whether it was an evidence of favor or of displeasure until after it had been eaten. A bonbon from one side of the box meant favors of no mean kind, while one from the other side meant a sudden drowsiness, soon resulting in the sleep of death. It has been said that he came to his own death by accidentally eating a bonbon from the wrong side of his box. Not one of his successors was his equal in judgment and ability, and when he died the Mogul Empire lost its strongest prop. But now a drive over fine, smooth, wide roads of half an hour brings us to that wonder of the East, the Taj Mahal.

**THE MAHAL.**  
built by the Emperor Shah Jehan, to commemorate the beauty and virtues of his love—his dead wife, the Sultana Urjumund Banu Begum. To whom he always referred during her lifetime as his Mumtaz-i-Mahal (exalted one of the palace). It was the Oriental custom for an Emperor to pick out some beautiful spot during his lifetime as the site of his tomb, and to erect thereon a magnificent building to be used as a palace of pleasure during his remaining days, and to form his final resting place after his death. The Taj Garden was a favorite resort of the exalted one during her lifetime, and it has always been supposed that she intended that it should eventually contain the tomb of her dearly loved husband. It so happened, though, that she died first, in child birth with her eighth child, and her husband then decided to let her rest in the spot which she had loved most when alive.

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most as to make the perfect woman. In the middle of this apartment, directly under the main dome, is a many-sided high dome of most delicately-perforated marble, with an upper moulding of inlaid mosaic. Inlaid inlaid on the walls and columns. In the middle of this dome is a large, square, white marble sarcophagus, inlaid all over with gold and silver inscriptions to the effect that it is the last resting place of

**"THE EXALTED ONE OF THE PALACE,"** and that "God Alone is Powerful." To one side of this is the tomb of her lord and lover, which, because he was a man, is a little larger and higher. We are told that Shah Jehan intended to build himself a larger and more magnificent tomb directly across the river, and to connect the two by a marble bridge, but I much doubt his ever having had any desire to build away from his one love. If so, it could only have been a matter of vanity, and a kind fate stepped in and decreed that he should sleep beside the wife whose virtues he had immortalized.

At the east and west sides of the rectangle which surround the grave of the Taj are two massive red sandstone structures, each topped by three well-proportioned white marble domes. Each faces the Taj, and the one on the west side is known as the "True Mosque." The other is of no use whatever, and was evidently built to carry out that idea of symmetry and symmetry which seems to have been the underlying principle of the entire design.

The marble of the Taj, the inlayings and carvings and all the ornamentations look as fresh and new as though they have been put together but yesterday, and it seems likely that they will preserve this freshness for thousands of years to come. The material and color—to which I really believe the simple ethereal beauty of the Taj is due—are just adapted to the peculiar climate, with its perfectly clear skies and hot dry atmosphere. With black earthy sides of the different atmosphere, the entire place would undoubtedly lose much of its present dreamy beauty.

**A DREAM IN MARBLE.**  
I afterwards saw it by moonlight, and it was then a dream in marble indeed. I cannot describe the feelings it produced in me, save one to the effect that it did not seem real—that if I rose from my seat on the porch of the false mosque and tried to touch the shimmering marble mass it would melt in my grasp. The dome seems like a beautiful milk-white cloud in an otherwise clear sky. I was told that architectural experts had decided that it had many defects—rigid outlines, lack of exterior moulded ornamentation, and an unnecessary darkness within the chamber of the dead; but to me it seemed a thing perfect in beauty and finish. The darkness of the interior seemed appropriate to such a tomb, where loud, harsh noises are reached in a most disagreeable manner, as though protesting against undue noise in the presence of the dead, and where the low, soft tones of a woman's voice rattles in waves of harmonious sounds.

I visited it twice, once by daylight and once by a perfect moonlight, and I leave Arra with a desire which I am sure all visitors to the Taj are in the habit of openly expressing—a desire to see it again and again and again. In that perfection it impresses one as if it were a beautiful dream which had become a reality.

I do not think that I was at all carried away by a knowledge of the details of the construction of this prime tomb, which occupied twenty thousand men for seventeen years, and was inlaid with stones from nearly all parts of the world, costing upward of ten million American dollars, but I feel quite certain that if any of your readers visit it in the future they will carry away equally as enthusiastic impressions as mine. There are many other beautiful places about Arra, but of course none of them compare with the Taj.

**OTHER TOMBS.**  
A pretty view across the river from the Taj is the tomb of the poet Imad-ud-Daulah, the Grand Vizier of Jehanjer, who, when at the point of death, with the Emperor and Sultana (Noor Mahal, his daughter) at his bedside, was asked by the latter if he recognized the Emperor, and replied as follows: "Even if the mother-blindness had happened to be present now, He himself would surely know thee by the splendor of thy brow." Sikandra, some five miles from Arra, the magnificent tomb of the great Akbar, is well worth a visit. One of the inscriptions on this tomb is his royal salutation and answer, which represented his religious faith: "Allahu, Akbar," "Jill Julai-Hoo," which translated reads: "God is great, Akbar." "May His glory be glorified." The half pillar at the head of his tomb originally was a receptacle for the Koh-i-noor diamond.

**SAINT BAPTIST.**  
Our American Baptists have a large mission here, and I am told that they are doing much good work amongst the Hindus, but I was too much pressed for time to make their mission a visit. We leave here tonight for Jerpore, the Rose Red city of the King's children, the like of which cannot be found anywhere else in the world.





ful spot and built the present city of Jyepore for his people. A spirit of migration is common to these Rajputs, but they never leave their own province.

Soon we came in sight of the massive fort and palace which crown a steep, high ledge rising up from a stagnant lake or alligator pond, the waters of which as we passed by were so calm and clear as to reflect every shrub and tree and the fort of the rocky ledge with an almost startling distinctness.

It gave me cold shudders as I gazed at this lake, which has been the scene of so many domestic murders. No Rajput, no matter how poor he may be, holds himself as less than the finest noble of any other part of India, and Rajput pride will not permit him to make a question for his daughter. Marriages within the different Rajput tribes are regarded as incestuous. Hindu marriages are always most expensive affairs for the father of the bride. In consequence of all this, and also because it is offensive to Rajput pride to have a daughter unmarried, the crime of infanticide, until late years, has been a very common one. The feeble infants were either thrown into the lake at night to become food for the alligators, or they died from the effects of poison smeared on the mother's breast and absorbed as the child sucked its mother's milk. The last Raja of Malabar had 25 wives and 20 concubines, and he had sacrificed a number of his female offspring greater than I care to mention.

On the road to this lake and on a steep, rocky road which runs along the side of the ledge, we passed through three successive gateways with massive iron doors, the last of which led into the special court of the palace, which is surrounded by many beautiful buildings of a bygone magnificence. Our first visit was to

**THE TEMPLE OF SACRIFICE.**

where, on each morning of the year, a goat is sacrificed to the Hindu god of the temple. We were just too late to witness that morning's sacrifice, but we saw the god to whom the place is dedicated—a hideous black and I don't know what a creature, of skulls as its principal and most appropriate adornment. I was not so very many years ago that a human being instead of a goat was killed each morning as a sacrifice to a deity, a god which had appeared in a dream to a former Raja and demanded the daily sacrifice of a human being as the price of his continued good-will.

As a matter of course, British rule is for British interests a fine, but it certainly is beneficial to the natives, as it insures them a large amount of immunity from the various and oppressive of their native rulers. Several of the palace buildings were exceedingly fine, notably the private audience hall, the "Hall of Victory," and the beautifully vaulted "Hall of Light" over it, but they do not compare with buildings in Agra and Delhi. Still, one should not leave Jyepore without seeing them and the beautiful view from them of the dead city and its neighboring fortresses-crowned hills. There were no stairways from one floor to another, simply melted planes of masonry.

The topmost building of all was originally used as a prison for those wives or concubines of the old Rajas who were in disgrace. In this they were closely confined, and were frequently starved to death, so the guards frequently staked us, at the same time remarking that he had but one wife, which he thought was enough for any man. I afterwards found out that he had gone home very drunk the night before, and his wife had refused to permit him to enter the house. Some of the women would take that as a sign of advancing civilization for the Hindu race.

**THE RAJA'S TIGERS.**

Going back to the city as we came, we paid a visit to the Raja's tigers, eight large, fierce-looking beasts, all caught within the last ten months, and each known to have eaten his man—two being credited with having eaten eleven people. They were all caught in the State in large cages, and kept where caught until so weak from hunger that they could be brought to the city with safety. They kept growling and springing at us all the time we were near their cages, and were

the largest and ugliest looking specimens of their kind that I have ever seen.

**MOHAMMEDAN BURIAL AND HINDOO BURNING.**

Leaving the city again, we soon came to a Mohammedan cemetery. The Hindu burials at a Mohammedan burial, and in this country there is some reason for it. The Mohammedan is buried in an inclined position, with the head up, in an open space large enough for him to rise in and erect Allah at the last day, and over this space is placed the tombstone. Our guide, an intelligent Hindu, told us that but few bodies remained under the tombstones, as the jackals dug around them at night and they got at the body, which they carried away.

Some little distance farther on, and I came to the Hindu burning ground, a large open space containing what looked like handsome little raised pavilions and towers of white marble, but which, in reality, were family or individual tombs. Two burials were going on at the time, and we took good care to take up a position to windward of them. The manner of burning varies according to the caste of the dead person. For the poor, a pyre is formed of both. The body is carried to this place and placed on the pyre, which is then fired. The rich have pyres formed of sandalwood. I saw three such burials altogether, and have no desire to see any more. We leave tonight for Ahmedabad, the finest city between this place and Bombay.

The City of Bombay—Furnace and Fire Worship—Tower of Silence. Special Correspondence of Halton's Standard. UNITED STATES STEAMER BROOKLYN. BOMBAY, INDIA, Dec. 24.—Bombay was originally situated on an island, but of late years it has been connected with the mainland by a broad causeway. It is a fine-looking city

as viewed from any direction, being picturesquely built and into the sea so as to form a clear long bay on one side, and a larger one on the other side dotted with islands. Bombay is the largest city in India, and with its population of over 800,000 takes rank with the ten largest cities in the world. The population really exceeds the above figures, but by how much it is impossible to say, as the ignorant amongst the natives, and they are in a great majority, look upon a census-taker as a person sent from one of their many evil deities with a special mission to cause them serious and lasting trouble. It is known that for a few days preceding that on which the last census was taken they were seen to leave the city in large numbers.

We are anchored off the main landing-place—the Apollo Bunder—directly in front of the Bombay Royal Yacht Club building, a light, elegant and graceful-looking structure, in the Gothic style, surrounded by tastefully laid out walks and grounds.

Landing at the Apollo Bunder, we find ourselves in the foreign and business part of the city, which is simply a handsome layout of parks and fine buildings that would do credit to any city in the world. The Sailors Home, the Secretariat, the high court and the post-office are large, handsome buildings, and in one part of the city and on thoroughfares so smooth and wide that they deserve the name of promenades.

It takes but a short time for me to find out that I am in a part of India different in many ways from those which I have lately been traveling through—a less native part, a great degree, more or less Europeanized, but still exceedingly interesting. A line of horse cars runs along the entire length of the main street, and the cars were always filled with natives, so it seemed to me, and I believe they ride in them more for pleasure than from any desire to reach their destinations more quickly than by walking. The streets are filled with natives of nearly all the Indian races and with people from all parts of the globe. Outside of New York I have never seen a more cosmopolitan city, either as to religion or to nationality. Brahmins, Mohammedans, Jains, Buddhists, Parsees, Jews, Armenians and Christians; Europeans of all nationalities, Americans, Australians, Asiatics, Turks and Persians, Malays, Africans, Chinese and people of the various Asiatic nations. I much doubt if any other city in the world can make such a showing.

Leaving the site of the public buildings, a drive through one of the main streets and through and beyond the native town and then along the Malabar road will show us most of the many sights of Bombay. The first place we stop at is the Crawford market, which in every respect would do credit to any of our home cities. These fine large iron-roofed buildings are so arranged as to form an excellent thoroughfare, having in its center an excellent irrigation, having in its center a large fountain in the midst of a small garden of tropical trees, shrubs and flowers. At the entrance to each building there is hung in a conspicuous place a printed card giving the market price of the day of each article that is for sale within. One building was almost entirely devoted to the sale of flowers, with groups of laughing, chatting men and women arranging the many-colored flowers of this tropical climate into bouquets and garlands, for which there seemed to be a steady demand. The men, with their high, wide turbans of white and red, and the laughing, chatting, black-haired women, in their many-colored garments, and with bare arms and ankles gleaming with silver bracelets and bangles, all seated in the midst of these leaves, flowers and blossoms, made as picturesque and as pleasing a scene as one could wish to see.

The other buildings were taken up with stands containing fruits and vegetables of many descriptions and in an excellent display of fish, the price of everything being reasonable.

But there was no meat in sight nor any dead fowls. A small, separate building is used as a beef market, but it has been placed to one side, so that good Hindus may not be offended by a sight of the cut-up bodies of their most sacred animal, which have been killed to supply the tables of foreigners. In the open space enclosed by the market buildings one can buy any number of live birds, but none that have been killed.

Leaving here and driving out on the Parrell road we could not fail to notice the energetic and business-like air of the people we saw along the streets. Even the Hindus, who in other parts of India seemed indolent and indifferent, were here apparently as keen and energetic as any other race. Constant association with Europeans and Parsees must benefit them in many ways. The Hindu is very far from being a fool, does not lack for brain power, but lacks balance. This, I suppose, is due to his daily-awakened social system of caste, which requires him as an essentially self-dependent and individual entity. Notwithstanding this, he has learned to hold his own with the European in business matters, for he is shrewd and patient, possessed of a talent for trading, and is satisfied with a margin of profit much too small to suit any foreigner. His religion keeps him from eating meat, so he lives on a simple diet of fish, vegetables and fruit, all of which in this country costs but little. The foreigner does not come out

here to settle down and make his country home, but simply to make his fortune as soon as possible, and then return to his own country to spend it. The native now knows the full value of the rupee, and the time of his elopement acquiring rapid and large fortunes in India has long been over.

Near to the market we saw the Jewish Masjid of Bombay, which cannot be compared with those at Agra, Delhi and Lahore, in point of looks, but which is much more revered by its people. It is the only Mohammedan mosque that I have yet visited where all visitors of a different faith were requested to remove their shoes. Bombay is rich in these Mohammedan mosques, it being asserted that there is one for every ten thousand people in the place, or over eighty in all. I have seen a more ugly-looking set of people than those who were hanging about these mosques. They may not have been residents of the city, for all that I know, as all pilgrims to Mecca during their stay in Bombay, hang around these mosques, apparently doing nothing but beg and smoke. One of the mosques is used as a place of worship by that most fanatical sect who believe that "Ei Malah" will yet come to carry fire and the sword into all countries not professing the religion of Mahomet. We next came to several Hindu temples, with their high, tapering domes and little black and red images of gods, monkeys and animals. The orthodox Hindus of Bombay at the present time believe in incarnations of the deity, and of male and female gods as symbols of certain powers, and many of the most wealthy Hindus have erected temples in order to satisfy their spiritual longings, dedicating them to special deities, as a general rule, to those worshipped by their ancestors. All Hindus have one thing in common—that is, a belief in the resurrection. "What was dead is raised up," as a native told me, "and I believe that my father is raised up again." As a result of this belief, some offerings of prayer to an ugly-looking idol of stone, ivory or brass. The Hindus here differ in their opinions as to what is not unprofitable, but they all agree in thinking that the best way to get rich is to work the Black Bay at the end of the island, where we will start for a drive to the north of the home residences of those Parsees and Parsis who do business in Bombay. A man who has a few lakhs could not imagine. Four miles along the coast, there is a road as wide as a highway, where a few minutes have brought us to the Hindu Burial Ground and Mohammedan Burial Ground. These two places are very near to each other, and almost immediately adjacent to the city. The burials are all above the ground, and are in a high wall, but the people do not go to either to see the full benefit of the unspeakable stench from the burning bodies. The Parsees would like to have the two places removed to quite a distance, but the Parsees cannot well do this, as they are so much of the religious prejudices of the great majority of the Mohammedans of Bombay. Such a change would prove a terrible hardship to the Mohammedans, their religion requiring them to carry the body to its grave with all the honors which are accorded to the dead.

Several pairs of these young men and girls, were of course, not to be seen as we drove by, even by looking from their locks and attitudes, at which they had chosen a strange, not to say, a peculiar, manner of courting. It took a very long time to get through the Gate of the (Parsee) matchmaker, who was not going to be called in in these cases, for each of these young men had, as though he was sufficiently foolish to call it particular attention, that most tenacious expression known to the Hindu lover, "A piece of the moon." Driven by these lovers, we soon began to pass the beautiful residences of the Parsees or fire-worshippers, the principal business people of Bombay. They form but a small proportion of the population of the city, numbering not more than fifty thousand, but their Yankee-like faculty for business, combined with an entire freedom from caste prejudices, have made them by far the most prominent people in the entire community. These Parsees are the descendants of those fire-worshippers (Zoroastrians) of Persia who, when their country was conquered by the Mohammedans, declined to give up their religion, and were, in consequence, compelled to flee from their country, finally settling in this part of India. Their notable wealth and prosperity as a race in a country where they have never had anything in common with the natives are probably due to the fact that, having no caste prejudices against Europeans, they have been able to make themselves useful as brokers and interpreters between the foreigners and the natives, and, in consequence, have gradually increased in wealth and importance until now a very large portion of the trade of Bombay is in their hands, and they are noted all over India for their commercial enterprise and public spirit. They are very prolific, and their numbers are increasing rapidly.

Their homes on and around Malabar Hill look more like palaces than like the homes of ordinary everyday people. Large, lofty dwellings, with wide verandas and many windows to let in plenty of light, and all surrounded by extensive and beautiful laid out grounds, the whole surpassing in elegance the dwellings of the Europeans.



The men dress in European style, but wear a hat which baffles description—of black, raised at the bottom, without a rim, and then turning up from front and rear to meet at the top like the rim of a tent. The women dress in flowing robes of every hue—white, rose color, crimson, green, blue, amber and gold—wearing a narrow white band over the brow and around the black glossy hair for which they are noted. They wear the least decent woman I saw in India. They dress their children, of whom they seem passionately fond, in all the colors of the rainbow—boys and girls to similar attire up to a certain age. Wide, loose trousers of rose color, blue, green or amber silk, little, short jackets of black muslin or blue, hand-somely embroidered in gold and silver, with their hair loose and flowing and covered with cylindrical caps of embroidered silk or cloth of gold. A group of Parsi children makes a

Although you feel that you cannot get ahead of these people at a bargain, they are always so pleasantly courteous and polite, and seem so ill roughly contented with themselves and with every one around them, that you cannot help having a kindly feeling for them. Numbers of them visited the ship every day, and I was as much an object of interest to the sailors as the ship was to them. A boatload of them came on alongside one afternoon, the quartermaster on duty reported to the officer of the deck, "A lot of the Parsis coming along in a boat." They have their churches, or Fire Temples, as they call them, in Bombay, but not being of the same faith, I was not permitted to see the inside of one. From the outside I can safely assert that these temples are positively ugly. The sacred fire is said to be kept constantly burning in a large earthenware pot, and is performed with aromatic incense, and taking care never to let it die out. The women and they are said to be very few—wear turbans, and as the sun, moon and stars. The great object, though, are infernal and highly educated, the men who are known as scholars and gentlemen. They have their own schools, and give their children every educational advantage. They claim to believe in one true and all-powerful God, the maker and preserver of the world, and the source of all power and glory. They positively deny worshipping the sun, the moon or the stars, but state that as they believe God to be emblematic of all light and glory, they worship the sun, moon and stars as symbols of His glory.

A little over a mile beyond the Mohammedan burial ground and on a hill top we came to one of the strangest places of burial in the world—the Parsis "Tower of Silence." There were five of these towers within an extent of a few hundred feet, each containing a fire temple with holes cut out in its walls as to permit the rays from the sacred fire within to fall on the towers. As we drove up to this place a Parsi funeral was just approaching it. All Parsi funerals are exactly alike, they recognizing no distinction between the rich and the poor or the dead. No matter how far away the dead body may be, it always has a waiting funeral, the body being carried to the tower of Silence on a bier, entirely covered with a white sheet, and on the shoulders of six or eight bearers. This is followed by a procession of mourning relatives and friends, all walking, and each dressed from head to foot in white mourning robes, marching two by two, each two joined together by holding a white handkerchief between them as a token of sympathetic grief. Many of those in the procession which I saw were chatting pleasantly together, as though no thought of death had power to disturb them in the least degree.

These towers are cylindrical buildings with very thick walls. The top is open to the sky, being covered near the top with a circular floor, which inclines downwards, all the way around, to a deep well in the center. Between this well and the walls there are three circular rows of shallow, open holes, large enough to contain a human body. These three rows correspond to the three moral precepts of the Zoroastrian religion, viz: "Good Thoughts," "Good Words," "Good Deeds." They are to be used respectively for men, women and children. The bottom of the well is filled with filtering layers of charcoal and sand, so as to keep the earth beneath it from being polluted. When the body is carried into the inclosure, prayers are said or recited, and then the official bearers—who have performed certain necessary religious rites, and are alone permitted to go within the tower—take it within one of the lower places in a receptacle in its proper row, remove and destroy every article of clothing about it. "Naked we come into this world, and naked we ought to leave it"—and then leave the place. As soon as they leave the tower, large flocks of vultures, which have been rapidly collecting on neighboring walls and trees ever since the funeral procession first gave in sight, swoop down and devour the body of every particle of flesh before most of the funeral party have reached their homes. In this manner the Parsis hold that they avoid polluting with putrefying flesh those elements which,

according to tenets of their religion, are sacred to God and useful to man—fire, water and earth.

A few days later the official corpse-bearers return to the tower, and collecting the then thoroughly dried bones, place them in the central well, from which they are never removed, remaining there to be decomposed by air and rain. In this manner the Parsis claim that their rich and their poor are brought together after death on a perfect equality.

Although the very idea of this manner of burial is repulsive and disgusting, yet, in a sanitary point of view, it fills the bill much more thoroughly than cremation does.

Outside of the city proper, the most interesting place to visit is the Elephanta Caves, on an island of the same name, about an hour's steaming from the Apollo Bunder. These are great Hindoo temples of massive proportions, cut out of the solid rock and dedicated to Shiva the Destroyer. Nothing accurate is known about the antiquity of these caves, and the natives about Bombay do not seem to hold them in much reverence. They are not pleasant places to visit in the summer time on account of the great number of cobras which infest them. My experience leads me to assert that the traveler through India will find it worth the time to spend at least two days in Bombay. I am only sorry that I cannot visit Poona, Hyderabad in the Nizam, and the South Country, but we are to leave here tomorrow for Ceylon, on our way to China and Japan, and of course I must go with the ship.

# THE SUN.

BALTIMORE, MONDAY, JULY 18, 1887.

Washington Bureau of "The Sun." PAPER, BETWEEN THIRTEENTH AND FORTY-FIRST, WASHINGTON, D. C. Where subscriptions and advertisements will be received, and where THE SUN will be found on sale daily, at an early hour, at publishers' prices—two cents per copy.

## RAMBLES IN JAPAN.

Curious Sights and Scenes in the Streets of Yokohama.

[Special Correspondence of Baltimore Sun.] U. S. FRIGATE BHOORUIN, YOKOHAMA, JAPAN, May 10.—You lie in a line with the Gulf of Yedo—Yokohama bay—the western boundary of which is a bad bluff which forms the end of a range of low hills, and which is named Treaty Point in commemoration of Commodore Perry's famous treaty with Japan in 1854. Beyond this bluff we can see miles down the pale blue waters of the Gulf of Yedo, in which the only bay, headland and islands which have other than Japanese names are such as the islands of Izu, Misaki, and Sagami. Beyond this point, the Gulf of Yedo, which perpetuates to the world the memory of the success of this American diplomacy, is exemplified by those naval officers who always felt that the ships which they commanded were the most of their kind afloat. It was then an honor, indeed, to command an American man-of-war.

The low shoreward is not imposing, it is true, but on a fine day one can call it anything but pleasing. The harbor is filled with hundreds of steam and sailing craft, amongst which we notice a side wheel steamer, which an old resident of New York would at once recognize as one of the Pacific Mail steamers of from twenty to thirty years ago, and one of the most noted of that line. This steamer once was, for it is no other than the old Golden Age, the first steam vessel that ever visited Australia, on which voyage, if we are not mistaken, she was commanded by Lieut. (now Admiral) Porter. This and several other vessels of the Pacific Mail Line were sold to a Japanese company many years ago, and are still the most comfortable and most popular steamers out here.

And between and about this numerous fleet of vessels the water is almost alive with small native boats—sampan—the carmen of which form one of the sights of the place. The crew of each number from two to eight, and they are usually dressed in long, wide-sleeved, blue cotton garments—a combination of cape and gown—which comes down to below the knees. Some wear tight-fitting blue trousers, but many only wear a loin cloth. They must wear some appropriate article of clothing, for it is now against the law for a man to go about in a nude condition. They squat instead of rowing, standing up, facing the side of the boat, with one foot in advance resting on an individual board, and hauling long, heavy oars pivoted on wooden pins which are secured to short outrigger bars. At each outward stroke of the oar the sculler respires very audibly, as though kneeling, and they sometimes make noise enough to be heard half way across the harbor. The boats make good speed, and the charges are very moderate, all except taking a passenger anywhere in the harbor.

## DESCRIPTION OF YOKOHAMA.

And now as to the city of Yokohama, which is in reality an aggregation of three large towns—a foreign settlement in the middle, a native town at the eastern end, and what is known as the bluff at the western end. The foreign settlement contains hotels, public and consular buildings, the foreign stores of all descriptions, and the homes of quite a number of the foreign residents, and is faced by a sea wall, along which runs a smooth, wide street, called the bluff. Of the native town we will speak hereafter.

The bluff is a succession of small hills, thickly dotted with handsome foreign and native cottages, and in most cases, nestling in pretty gardens of trees, shrubs and flowers.

The Americans, French and English each have a hospital on the bluff, and of a size that of our country is the poorest-looking one of the three.

And back of all this, from the middle of a range of small surrounding hills, there rises to a height of over 1,000 feet the snow-crowned and gracefully rounded summit of Mount Fujiyama, the peerless mountain of the land of the rising sun, without a reproduction of which no Japanese picture is considered perfect. Take all the facts of a scene which are yearly sent from Japan to the United States, and none out of every two of them was found to be a true representation of this—the Japanese sacred mountain. It is a grand sight, though, indeed, as it does, almost to the clouds, with not a companion peak for hundreds of miles, and is not unlike the Japs for resemblance to a great and high mountain. It is now, however, from the first days of the earthquake which shook down the greater part of the city of Yedo, now Yokohama, thousands of the poor inhabitants have been its ruins.

And now let us briefly note Yokohama's history. It is a record of the progress of the future of the nation. The first mention made of it is in 1640, when the Dutch ships came to anchor in the bay. After this fact was ascertained, the United States sent one of its ships to anchor in the bay. Mr. Iwano, the first American to give to the world the first foreign newspaper, was given a large lot of peacefully making treaties with this country, and these treaties have become since ranged, Mr. Iwano, the first of the sixties of the same treaty at Yedo, which treaty established Japanese capital, and secured to the United States a commercial treaty of a similar character that it has been the basis of all such treaties made. The treaty of the time up to the present day is a succession of treaties with the United States, the port of Kanagawa, July 15, 1854. Yedo, was opened to these nations. It is, fortunately, as it seemed at the time, this treaty was on the Tokaido, the great road leading from Yedo and Aizu, the way to the capital cities, which was being somewhat traveled over by the high dignitaries and the trains of two-wheel attendants, and as any foreigner who met these dignitaries, and failed to prostrate himself, his presence was almost certain to be manifested by their rattled pace. The town was particularly notorious on this point.

The Japanese government soon appreciated this difficulty, and so, you may rest assured, did the foreigners, who, when they were off red lead in the small fishing village of Yokohama, some two miles across the bay, accepted with pleasure, and removed their in haste. Yokohama was then but a marshy swamp, but today it is a large, well-drained city of over 80,000 inhabitants, while Kanagawa is a city larger than it was at first, and, in a commercial point of view, is of no importance whatever. Notwithstanding all this, and also the fact that the consular representatives all live in Yokohama, they are still accredited to Kanagawa.

Yokohama is the greatest commercial port of the empire, and its importance is increasing steadily year by year. Fine steamers enter and leave its harbor every day, and it is in telegraphic communication with all parts of the world. Its most important export at the present time is silk, the value of that sent to the United States and Europe last year amounting to \$12,000,000. Tea comes next in order of importance, and almost all of it is sent direct to San Francisco for American consumption. That sent to the United States last year was valued at \$2,750,000, and the amount exported is slowly but steadily increasing.

Of 4,000 foreigners in Yokohama nearly 600 are British subjects, 250 Americans, 100 Germans, 100 French and 2,500 Chinese. The Chinese have a steady hand-working and money-getting, and are counted amongst the most substantial people of the place.

JINRICKSHAS.  
And now let us take a sampan and go ashore.

Landing at the junction of the foreign and native towns, the first sight which presents itself to us is a row of about thirty or more Jirikishas, carrying on their backs the owners of which crowded around us at once and intimated that their vehicles were at our disposal. The Jirikisha (originally the invention of an American) is the carriage of the country, and is used by all classes. It consists of a light body similar to that of a baby carriage, with an adjustable top and a neat cushion on the seat, under which is a receptacle for baggage. The body is frequently either finely lacquered or neatly ornamented with brass. It is mounted on two light, high wheels and attached to a pair of shafts which are supported at the ends by a cross-piece. Stepping into one, the owner lifted up the shafts and started off over the wide, smooth street at a rapid trot. Many of these men can keep up a trot with but an occasional short rest, that will carry them over thirty miles a day for several days in succession, but we were informed that such of them as had steady employment in this manner were generally short lived, being carried off at an early age by heat and lung troubles. In rainy weather the top is put up and a covering of silk drawn over the entire front. The Jirikisha looks very fine at night, when they all carry fancy-colored Japanese lanterns. The men who draw them are odd-looking characters in their blue lights, loose clothes, bare feet, and curious-looking hats, which are a variety of pointed bows, but not nearly so much so as they must have been in the olden times—not so many years ago—when they were considered to be almost in full dress with nothing on but a narrow loin cloth.

**A QUEER CUSTOM.**  
Riding up the wide street a short distance we come to the United States consulate—for a wonder a really fine-looking building—beyond which, on each side of the street, we notice numerous bamboo poles, from the tops of which are hanging immense many-colored paper fishes, so constructed as to be filled by the wind. These illustrate a very curious custom in vogue all through Japan. During the month of May it is customary to heat a paper fish in front of each house in which a man child has been born during the year, and very unhappy are most young married couples who cannot display such an emblem. The boy, no matter how ugly or mischievous he may be, is the pride of the Japanese household, and on the 5th of each May his parents must give a festival in his honor, at which time he is the recipient of all sorts of boys' toys, not only from his own parents, but also from their relatives and friends. It is the greatest social festival of the year. On one pole, just above the paper fish, we noticed a flowing paper figure in blue and white—Japanese mourning colors—which we imagined signified that a man child had been born in the adjacent house during the year, but that it had since been carried off by the grim destroyer.

**QUITO STREET.**  
Striking off to the right from our consulate we enter the Honcho-dori, better known to foreign tourists as Carlo street. We will not go away from this street, for the many other curio streets in Yokohama contain nothing of special interest which cannot be found in this one. The scene in this street was particularly animated one. There were numerous Jirikishas containing powdered, painted and immaculately attired Japanese women and children, with their hair done up in fantastic tangles of almost impossible designs, and still others containing fashionably-dressed foreign ladies on visits of inspection to the curio shops, and who looked not awkward but very peculiar to our eyes as they dashed by in what you would term big baby carriages.

On one corner was a porripato restaurant in two separate parts, connected by a cross bar, by means of which its owner could carry it from one place to another on his shoulders. It was clean looking, neatly arranged and very complete, containing a charcoal stove and cooking utensils on one side and food and dishes on the other. It was all so small, though, that it looked only fit for use as a child's play-house. Amusing by us came a young girl with a bad squint in one eye. She had on high wooden shoes, which added several inches to her short stature, and was dressed in the national costume—what might be called a dressing gown of blue, well open at the throat as to expose considerable of the neck and breast, and with very large, wide sleeves hanging down well below the knees, and large enough to hold a bushel of potatoes.

This garment was confined at the waist by a sash, about a foot wide and very long, tied behind in a wonderfully cunning up bow, so large as to need fastening to the shoulders, and so arranged as to look like and about twice as large as the bustles worn by our ladies in our own fashion, by the way, which was originally borrowed from these same Japanese women. This young girl carried a small round white, which she blew at frequent intervals to remove her perspiration, a massage, or, as the Jirikisha men intimated, if a little touch, and which she used to rub on the joints and muscles of another's body in order to drive away pain and stiffness. After the work of the day the Japanese are fond of taking a hot bath and then having their masseurs come to them to knead and knead

all the muscles. The profession is generally followed by blind or maimed people, and it is said to see them as they wove or limp along the streets, blowing their shrill reed whistles.

But now let us enter some of the shops on this street and take a hasty glance at the curios. We first enter a silk store and see what would dazzle the eyes of any lady in the world. Beautifully embroidered silk wrappers, dressing gowns, smoking jackets, scarfs, bed quilts and dresses in all the colors of the rainbow; crêpe shawls, large and small, embroidered with taste in delicate colors, and so fine that the poorest of them could be drawn through a lady's finger-ring, and many other beautiful things too numerous to mention.

We next drop into a place where we find Japanese bronzes of all description, plain, inlaid with gold, silver and brass, and also delicately carved out of the gold piece; vases, idols, urns, storks, candlesticks, animals of all kinds, and the most impossible dragons. The workmanship is excellent, for the Japanese have always been celebrated for their work in metals, but the prices are increasing year by year, in proportion to the constant increase in the demand from the United States and Europe. As yet we have seen no really old bronzes, for nearly all such have been for sale in the past have been picked up by curio collectors through residents of the country. Quite frequently we hear of great finds by tourists, but they never stay in the country long enough to learn how remarkably expert the Japanese are at making new things look old.

Next we step into a china store, but as we hope to visit those at Kobe, Kyoto and Nara-saki, which are said to be the best in the empire, we will not now attempt a description of the pretty things within, but will walk into the next shop, which we find is devoted to the manufacture and sale of

**JAPANESE CLOISONNE VASES.**  
of the finest description, in pink, blue and gold bronze, and here we feel compelled to stop some time, for the articles for sale are too beautiful to pass unglazed by—vases and plaques of all sizes and designs. We were politely invited upstairs to visit the manufactory, and there we found the workmen seated, a Turkish, each one engaged on a piece of cloisonne. The base of the article to be made, which we will take to be a vase, is of copper, on which is delicately cut a tracing of the design to be followed. This tracing is first given a coating of a light, sticky material, and then is filled in with thin, narrow pieces of gold, silver, brass or copper. When this is finished we see a raised tracing of the design of the vase. In and around this tracing are then poured the different colored paints which are called for by the design until they reach the level of the top of the metal tracing. The vase, when done through five burnings, before the last of which the glazing material is put on. The prices of these articles are comparatively low, a pair of vases of moderate size, when took not less than two months of a skilled workman's time to complete, seldom costing more than from \$50 to \$100. As we started to leave this store a

**JAPANESE FUNERAL PROCESSION.**  
was passing the door. First came three men, each carrying an immense stand of new-cut flowers, who were followed by several men carrying and beating tom-toms. After these came a procession of men dressed in blue, marching two by two and each wearing a large straw hat, very similar to a lady's sun-down, tied under the chin so as to almost hide the face. Behind this procession came the pallbearers, four men, supporting two bamboo poles on their shoulders, on which rested what looked like a large coffin box entirely covered with white. In this box was the corpse, pressed down to a squatting position. Next came the mourners, men and women, and after them a number of coolies, each carrying a bamboo pole on his shoulder, on each end of which was slung a large black tea box containing food for the dead and his family deities.

**LACQUER WARE.**  
After this procession had passed we went into a lacquer store and there saw lacquer ware of all kinds—open and closed cabinets, handkerchief boxes, glove boxes, puff boxes and many other things too numerous to mention. The lacquer used in these articles is a variety which is obtained from the lacquer trees, from which, after cutting into it during the spring of the year, it exudes as a sap of the color and consistency of thick cream, which becomes dark upon exposure to the air and sunlight. It is put on in consecutive coats, and the real value of all lacquer ware depends on the quality of the lacquer, the number of coats and the care with which they are applied. The demand for Japanese lacquer ware is now so great that the manufacturers cannot spare the time to do good work, in consequence of which modern lacquer ware does not even begin to compare with that made prior to twenty years ago. A really first-class piece of lacquer ware ought to withstand the contact of a burning coal. A vase in which we saw the lacquer was of a most beautiful number of very beautiful articles of lacquer ware were sent from here to the Vienna exhibition to be placed on sale, but the prices

asked were so exorbitant that the greater number were not bought, and were packed on shipboard to be brought ashore. The ship was wrecked on the coast of this island in shallow water. Several years later a successful attempt was made to recover the cargo, and it was found that the old lacquer ware was not injured at all, but that the modern ware had all been reduced to a state of pulp.

This is not an improbable yarn, for the Japanese have used lacquer ware for centuries in the place of glass and tableware, for cups, saucers, plates and bowls, things which require frequent washing in hot water. In the days of the old Daimios it was customary to make some fine articles of lacquer ware on the birth of a man child in the family, giving to the cup coat of lacquer than on applying an additional coat on each succeeding birthday until he reached man's estate, but such articles are scarcely ever for sale at this late day. In succeeding letters we hope to be able to tell you about them in connection with the habits, customs and national characteristics of the people.

JOHN CHINAMAN.

## THE SUN.

BALTIMORE, WEDNESDAY, JULY 28, 1881.

Washington Bureau of "The Sun,"  
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found on sale daily, at an early hour, at pub-  
lishers' places.

### RAMBLES IN JAPAN.

**A Visit to the Nichi Kon Temples—Shell Mounds—Eccentricities of the Japs.**  
(Special Correspondence of Baltimore Sun.)  
UNION STATES FLAGSHIP BROOKLYN,  
YOKOHAMA, JAPAN, June 20.—Landing in the early morning, a short walk through the native town, past numerous tempting curio shops, brings us to the handsome graystone railroad station of the Yokohama and Tokyo Railroad, a double track, 3 1/2 feet gauge road, and one of the best of its kind in the world, over \$1,000,000 in value having been paid for its construction in 1872-73. It was the first railroad constructed in the country, and the foreign contractors had the Japs at a great disadvantage, but the Japs have learned by experience, and the railroad now being constructed in Japan will cost no more than in any other country.

Entering a car, of which there are three classes—first, second and third—in the first of which we sit, we find that none but Japs, Americans and one or two Chinese ride—no other car into a level country at the rate of about 25 miles an hour.

For the first mile and a-half we steam along the level causeway which connects Yokohama with Kanagawa—the causeway which was once almost covered by the sea, so as to separate Yokohama from the "Plain," along which the unfriendly Daimios and their retainers were constantly passing. It has since been filled in, and is now lined with native houses during its entire length.

Kanagawa is soon reached, and we find it to be a long, narrow strip of one-story native houses. It is only noted, if we say so to our fellow travelers, as being the place originally agreed upon as the treaty port, but also as not having changed in appearance or character in the meantime. Steaming out of this station we almost immediately pass under the Tokaido, the original great highway of Japan, which connected the two great cities of the empire—Kyoto, the imperial city, and Tokio, the seat of the Shogun (Tycoon). Not far from here, on the border of this great road, is a spot which is of devotional interest to Japanese children—the grave of one "Shimizu," the

**JAPANESE RIP VAN WINKLE.**  
One is only one of many legends which claim a Rip Van Winkle, but the Japs proudly assert that theirs not only flourished long before any other, but also continued out of the world longer, and in a more satisfactory manner than any other similarly staid individual. The fact which has been handed down from generation to generation for centuries in regard to him is still implicitly believed by the common people who live near the reputed site of his grave.

**THE PEONIES OF JAPAN.**  
Speeding on through a level stretch of country, we soon come to quite a wide stretch of lowland, which we find covered with pear trees, trained to grow on trellis-work. The trees had been allowed to grow to a height of about 10 feet, and then the branches had been trained to run along an extensive horizontal network of trellis. For what reason this is done we could not discover, but at any rate we are safe in asserting that it is only in keeping with many things very odd and strange, and which the Japanese do. While the people of other nations stand up to most manual labor, the Japs sit themselves. He writes backwards, but if you tell him so, he will inform you that you are the one who writes backwards—right fashion, as to speak. The Japanese blacksmith works the bellows with his foot

vide no uses both hands for holding and hammering. The teeth of his saw are set just the opposite way to ours and he pulls the saw to him instead of pushing it from him. We think this all very odd, but the Jap laughs at us for doing otherwise.

But this is a digression and we must back to the account of our trip. For we are just outside the station at Omori, a town which, less than twenty years ago, was lauged at the situation of the scientific world by the interesting discoveries of excessive shell mounds. These were laid open when a cutting was made for the railway, and were found to be very similar in many respects to others discovered in our New England States and in several other parts of the world. No relics of a stone age were discovered, but the find in pottery of all shapes and of many different varieties of ornamentation was very valuable. The bones of men and many animals were found in abundance, but unfortunately, the entire absence of any authentic Japanese history gives us no accurate idea of when these mounds were built.

Leaving the train at this station, we take the road and start for a walk to the town of Jekoni, the site of some quite noted Nichiren temples. The day is pleasant, the walking good, and nature having just finished the domineering of her spring clothing, presents a charming sight. We now begin to see the

#### A JAPANESE MOTHER

It is common for women, married, to wear periwinkle for their eyebrows have been plucked out and her teeth blackened. The Japs tell us that this custom dates back for centuries, but fortunately for the women, and more so for those who have to look at them, this custom is no longer fashionable, and, in consequence, is rapidly dying out. It is said to have originated from the desire of the wife to show her fidelity to her husband by making herself so ugly that no other man would have a desire to even look at her. The sight was certainly repulsive, but as a law-abiding wife had our compensation in a more pleasing one—that of a young, soft-eyed mother carrying her child, by the old lady, up to her back and looking as proud and happy as could be. She had no hair, so unfortunately with her eyebrows and teeth as the old woman who preceded her. And here we have another general custom of the Japanese, that of carrying babies on the back, as our citizens Indians do, but not exactly in the same manner, for the little Jap baby is carried with its head facing to the front, and it is an odd sight indeed to see the little head bobbing first over one of its mother's shoulders and then over the other, according as curiously directs its eyes one way or the other. It is strapped on to the back either by a girdle or a shawl, according to the state of the weather, and unless other little brothers or sisters come along to put its nose out of joint, generally has the privilege of riding pick-a-back until it is five or six years old. When further babies come it is either carried in the same manner by an elder sister or by a hired girl. Baby carriages are unknown, and the mothers don't object, for, as a general rule, they are passionately fond of their children. It is not at all an uncommon thing for a mother to dote on her child until it is from five to six years old, and to this habit, in addition to that of immoderate bathing in hot water, may be ascribed the fact that Japanese married women age very rapidly. A woman of thirty looking from eight to ten years older.

We stopped at many of the native houses on the road, and always found the men hard at work. In one was a carpenter who was working on a drawer for a cabinet. The drawer was laid between his toes, and we noticed that he drew the plane towards him. He had several large cabinets of fine polished hard wood, about three feet square, filled with drawers and cupboards, and all of excellent workmanship. Unlabeled he could not have been less than a week in finishing one of them, and yet they were for sale at only \$25 apiece. Near by was a potter who, though seated on a floor, kept his potter's wheel revolving with his feet. In all places where females tended to us, we noticed that when not otherwise employed they were busily employed in working their straw bun hats. As a general rule the men and women are industrious and busy. In one house we saw a good specimen of the stump-tailed Japanese cat. In the cats the usual vertebrae are small, very few in number, and generally much distorted, resulting in a mere stump for a tail, which is also frequently deformed.

A little over a mile from Omori we enter the neat-looking but small village of Irogami, and taking the wide, clean main street of the town, we come to the bottom of a long flight of stone steps, at the top of which we only see the entrance to the grounds of the Nichiren temple, so named from Nichiren, a famous Japanese priest, who was the founder of the Hokke sect of Buddhism. As we may hear some of this personage hereafter, we might as well introduce him at once. He was probably the most famous of the few noted native Japanese priests, and his name is known and revered all through the empire. He was born near here in the year 1222, gained an accurate knowledge of the entire Buddhist canon in his boyhood by a miracle, and became a full-fledged priest at the

early age of 10, at which time he took the name of Nichiren, which signifies "Victory of the Sun." He founded the Hokke sect, the chief book of which is the Ho-ke-kyo, which contains the history of Buddha and also his teachings. The great doctrine of this sect is that not only man, but also every part of the universe—animals, flowers, plants, and even the ground which they grow in—is capable, by successive transmigrations, of eventually attaining to a state of Buddhahood. As far as man alone is concerned, he must work out his own salvation by frequent prayer and by a strict observance of the laws laid down by Buddha. This sect worships Buddha, but claim that 8,000 years after his birth he will be followed by a prophet, who will convert those of their faith who have never before attained to Buddhahood.

Nichiren's life was an exceedingly eventful one, but we have not time to more than mention it. He went about performing miracles and made a great number of converts. He was often persecuted by those of different sects, and also by the government, but finally died in peace in the house of a favorite disciple in this very village.

Going to the top of numerous short flights of steps and passing several small temples on the way, we find ourselves on the brow of a hill, from which we have a splendid view of the surrounding country. All through Japan the Buddhists adopt prominent positions which to build their temples. Right in front of us is a great two-story red gateway, on each side of which is a large ugly idol—a red one on one side representing Indra, a green one on the other representing Shintu. These niches are always covered by wire screens, owing to peculiar customs of the devotees, who are frequently in the habit of making what are termed "heave offerings"—petitions to the gods for a desired result, written on paper, which is then chewed into a spitball and thrown at the idol. If it sticks in the network of the screen the petition will be granted; otherwise, not. Amongst these screens were a number of straw sandals, some of immense size, which had been placed there by people with sore feet as a form of petition to the idol for recovery.

A little before reaching this gateway we stopped at a large shed in which were hung up a great number of painted tablets representing native offerings or forms of thanks for answered prayers.

Passing through the gateway, we find ourselves in an extensive courtyard filled with temples situated in groves of fine towering cypresses, and generally surrounded by numerous gravestones. On one side of the gateway is a small temple, dedicated to a woman named Kishimochi, one of Buddha's most celebrated converts. She was born a cannibal, and in course of time gave birth to 600 children, one of whom she was compelled by an evil spirit to devour each day. Buddha finally took her case in hand, drove out the cannibal spirit, and converted her. She afterwards became a nun, and to show her gratitude to Buddha, went about doing good to woman-kind. Her statue is very popular, and is much frequented by married women, they regarding her as their protectress in child-birth. On the other side of the gateway is another small

temple, in which we notice shaven-headed priests seated in front of small black lacquered tables occupied in reading the texts of their sect. Close to this is a large bronze bell, which is rung by being struck with a heavy sliding beam of wood.

Taking the smooth, broad road which leads from the gateway to the large main temple in the centre of the courtyard, we soon come to an avenue branching off to the right, down which, through a beautiful vista of towering trees, we see a fine five-story red pagoda, the eaves of each story fluted with rows of bells, and the entire building capped by a curious looking spire, which looks like an immense threaded screw, surmounted by a lotus flower supporting a spherical ball, representing the Sun goddess. The body of this pagoda is not more than 13 feet square, and the cavity perfect about the same length. It struck us that it would be a good place to keep away from during an earthquake. This pagoda is surrounded by the graves of numerous followers of Nichiren, and with few exceptions they are placed close together, a very proper arrangement when we stop to consider that the Buddhists here bury their dead in a sitting posture. Modern ideas have come to some of the late followers of this saint, for a few of these graves are in separate lots, neatly kept, and surrounded by trim-looking railings. Keeping on up the broad road we soon reach the main temple, which is so like other Buddhist temples in Japan that we will describe it. The roof is of large black tiles, which sweep down in a gentle curve to an extensive projecting eaves at the sides. We suppose that this curved form was taken from that of the upper part of a tent. The building is in one lofty story, and surrounded by a wide wooden balcony, up to each side of which leads a flight of broad wooden steps. The main supports are set in large stone sockets to withstand the light shocks of earthquakes, which are quite frequent hereabouts. Making up one set of steps, a flight of which is a large stone laboratory, in which the faithful have to

wash their hands before entering the temple, we find ourselves facing the open front of the interior of the building. This interior is intersected at frequent intervals by massive dark wood pillars, which are either polished or lacquered, and which make a very pleasing effect. The front half is neatly matted in rectangular spaces, and contains numerous low black lacquer tables, which are for the use of the priests. In the back half stands a large altar, on which rests a fancifully lacquered shrine in gold, red and black, containing a life-size image of Nichiren in a sitting posture, which, it is asserted, was carved during the latter part of the 13th century. The ceiling is ornamented with paintings of idols, birds, beasts and flowers, and from its centre hangs a large rectangular canopy, whose most delicately carved and repoussé network and pendants. The effect is quite fine, but we evidently do not see the place at its best, for workmen are now engaged in repairing and ornamenting the interior.

Walking back of this building past several other temples and through the inclosure of the priests' quarters, none of which we have time to describe, we soon come to an extensive hillside graveyard, in which are placed the ashes of Nichiren, and also a monument to his memory. In a recess of this hillside stands an odd-looking circular building of stone, resting on a huge stone lotus flower, and crowned by a large square canopy. Within this building is a stone table, formed of a single lotus flower, resting on eight stone columns, on which stands a gilt shrine, similar in form to the building. Within this shrine, and protected by a network of wire, is a jar, which is said to contain Nichiren's ashes and also one of his teeth. These objects are held in great veneration by all followers of the Hokke sect.

But we fear that you must be getting tired of this place, so will leave it at once, retracing our steps to the village below, and take you with us to a

#### A JAPANESE HOTEL

We are in front of it, a long two-story building, but are immediately at a loss as to where the entrance is, for all the lower floor—front, sides and rear—is open, there not being a single evidence of either door or window anywhere. A number of rosy cheeked, blue-eyed girls are smiling and courting us, and we make bold to smile in return, and to say "Ohehi," the usual Japanese salutation. They manage to direct us to the rear of the building, where we find a beautiful artificial garden, containing flowers, neat walks, several trees trimmed to grow into odd shapes and a miniature lake, but with everything so small a scale that we could have been excusable had we mistaken it for a baby's play garden. But so it is all through Japan, for no Jap of any pretension to wealth or position is happy unless he can have a garden at the back of his house.

We take in this charming view for some time and then the young girls—nuns, they are called—invite us to take off our shoes and walk into the house. No one walks about a Japanese house with shoes on, for the floors are covered with several thick mats of fine matting laid down in regular rectangles about 6 feet long by 3 feet wide, and you cannot imagine how soft and easy they are to walk on. We take off our shoes and are permitted to go all through the house. The framework and floors of the house are of pine, which has been stained and polished. The two floors are shut off from the outside and also divided into numerous apartments by wooden lattice-work screens, neatly covered with white rice paper and made to slide in grooves in such a manner as to thoroughly open the entire house. With this arrangement, windows and doors are rendered unnecessary. When all the screens are closed, to go from one room to another we simply slide one of the intervening screens aside. If we only want to look out of doors we slide back a little of the wall, but if we want to go out we slide back an entire screen. A very simple arrangement, we must admit, but one that is not conducive to comfort in cold weather.

A few kakemono hang on the side screens, but there is no other furniture in these rooms. We seat ourselves in the part facing the garden, and by means of a pocket dictionary succeed in ordering dinner, through neat-looking nuns having taken it upon themselves to wait on us. They did not hesitate to show us where our dinner was being cooked, but we cannot begin to describe how neat and clean we found everything to be.

After a while they bring each of us a lacquer tray, on which is a lacquer bowl containing hot water, in which is a piece of fish, wasabi and shichuwa, another bowl containing sweet choko, and a dish of takou—a large kind of radish, which sometimes attains a length of several feet, and of which the Japs are very fond. Unfortunately it smells very much like rotten eggs, and we cannot bring ourselves to eat it. We eat this each one of us given a pair of chopsticks, and how the young nuns do laugh over our awkward efforts to use them. Knives and forks are unknown luxuries to these people. Several courses follow this one, consisting of green fried fish, spinach, sweet potatoes, and obitaken boiled in hot water, and finally



the Old Dispensation, the Gospel as interpreted by the people called Methu-  
nists has carried both of my grandfathers  
and both of my grandmothers home on  
board. I find room there for myself and  
my family, and when that little painted  
craft called "historic Episcopacy" comes  
along side and proposes we unload our  
great ship into their little craft, I insist on  
unweaving plenty and openly.

We are traveling home to the  
I do, away out fathers' trail  
They are happy now and we  
So on their happiness shall see  
some ordinary remark. It is not proper,  
is not kind to write thus. If ever there  
I don't see why we have not the right to  
answer in propriety. The garments of "his-  
toric Episcopacy" may be fine, those worn  
by the Greeks in the Church of the Holy  
Sepulchre were fine, but the fruit of the  
vineyard the Lord Jesus planted are too  
good to leave, and those fruits are given  
to us as they will be given to all who will  
receive them.

COLLINS DENNY

March 28, 1887

#### LETTER FROM JERUSALEM.

(Correspondence of Rev. Episcopal Minister.)

JERUSALEM, MARCH 5, 1887.

One particularly noticeable feature in  
the Jerusalem of to-day is the very large  
number of charitable institutions in and  
around the city. Greeks, Latins, Armeni-  
ans, Jews and Protestants have hospices,  
hospitals, orphanages and schools. It is a  
pleasant thing to meet so many of these  
substantial charities in this land where  
they are so greatly needed. The city that  
cast our Lord out is now benefited by  
those who, in this respect, follow His  
teachings, and a cup of cold water is often  
given in the Master's name in this city.  
The environs of Jerusalem are as interest-  
ing as the city itself. The small enclosed  
garden called Gethsemane is low down on  
the Western slope of Olivet, about a quar-  
ter of a mile from St. Stephen's Gate. It  
is a quiet spot, and may mark the site of  
that garden of our Master's agony. The  
garden has eight old olive trees and some  
fine flower beds. Near by is the Latin  
"Cave of the Agony," a small cavern  
fitted up with an altar. Somewhere in  
this deep Kidron valley which bounds  
Jerusalem on the East, our Lord was ac-  
customed to go, and if ground could be  
saved, "if this mountain or in Jerusa-  
lem" God had more respect to worship  
than elsewhere, it would be here in this  
valley. Climbing the steep side of Olivet  
a number of buildings are passed, some  
not yet completed, and all claiming to  
mark the sites where notable events oc-  
curred. On the summit the Romans have  
built a church, the towers are done, and  
an building a square bell tower, which  
even at its present height of over a hun-  
dred feet, can be seen for many miles  
in every direction.

In digging the foundation for one of the  
buildings a piece of old mosaic pavement  
was found and some walls below the  
pavement. The date of these is uncertain  
and they may belong to the buildings of  
the 4th century. Crossing the summit  
and passing on for a few moments a small  
valley is reached which runs down the  
East face of Olivet in a Southeast direction.  
Around the top of this valley is the small  
village which stands on the site of Beth-  
any. Jerusalem is out of sight none of its  
sounds come over the mountain, and here  
in a village surrounded with olive trees  
then as now probably, our Lord came to  
that humble home so attractive to Him,  
that home poor in this world's goods but  
rich in sympathy and love for Jesus. To  
the North of Bethany, at the distance of  
half a mile, is one of the numerous peaks  
of the Mount of Olives. Its summit is  
out of sight of the village, and is from  
Jerusalem about as far as to Bethany.  
This may have been the point from which  
He ascended to heaven, carrying with  
Him that body all human, so that now  
there is a "Man in the glory." There was  
a cross here at Jerusalem, and there was  
also a tomb; I thought, while near that  
mount whence our Lord was "carried up  
into heaven," that we, as God's children,  
were privileged to stand on "heaven's  
side of an empty sepulchre" where all is  
light, waiting with joy for that translation  
which has been promised to all of the  
children of God, 1 Thes. 4: 16, 17. Don't  
suppose, however, the promises of God  
seem sure or bring more comfort in this  
land than in America. A visit here adds  
greatly to the interest with which one  
reads the Bible, and gives no small light in  
many places not understood or appreciat-  
ed before, but we live in an "hour"  
when time counts for nothing with God.  
John 4: 23

After a few days spent in Jerusalem we  
gave four days to a trip to Hebron, Bethle-  
hem, the Dead Sea, the Jordan, Jericho and  
the points between. Hebron is situated  
on the Southwest face of a hill in one of  
the most beautiful valleys I ever saw. I  
wondered if Moore would have written of  
Avoca, "There is not in this wide world a  
valley so sweet," if he had seen Hebron.  
The hill sides are terraced and planted in  
olive trees and vineyards. The floor of the  
valley is terraced and covered with wheat  
and barley. If the entire land were such  
a smile as the vale of Hebron I wonder  
not that the Book is so full of its praises.  
A sight of this valley would be for the  
days' ride. The country immediately  
around Bethlehem is badly worked, and  
also looks well. Two valleys running East  
from Bethlehem is called "the field of  
Boaz." It is now planted in barley and  
wheat, as in the days when Ruth came to  
Bethlehem. The barley harvest will pre-  
cede the wheat harvest as of old. In this  
little valley "the field of the shepherds" is  
also shown. In the church in Bethlehem  
of course at the sites mentioned in the  
Scriptures are shown. It is wonderful  
how many places can be brought together  
under one roof. It is a pleasure to feel sure

that most of the true sites are unknown,  
and thus escape all this fungus growth of  
superstition. This one thing is sure: other  
lands, as well as this land, can show many  
who claim to be descended from the  
Angels of the Apostles, but this land has  
no descendants of "the unjust steward."  
That man is without successors here. He  
said, "to beg I am ashamed." The people  
have recovered from that disease, and the  
law of heredity must be readjusted.

This letter has been written partly at  
Jerusalem, at Nazareth, and by the sea-  
shore where "most of the mighty works"  
of the Master were wrought.

COLLINS DENNY.

May 11 1887

LETTER FROM JERUSALEM

(Correspondent of THE EVENING STAR.)  
JERUSALEM, May 11, 1887

There is much that would interest one who has read so much of the earthly, and thought so much of the heavenly Jerusalem that could be written from this city. Time to write is one of the requisites, and one very difficult to find. A French author, Chateaubriand, I think, apologized to his correspondent for writing so long a letter, saying if he had more time he would make it shorter. Time necessitates a short letter, and if there was more time it would be, at least, better arranged. Such as I can, give I give you.

Jerusalem is said by persons residing here to have a population of 70,000, including the residents in the houses outside the walls, but contiguous to the city. This was a surprise, but after a full sight of the city and its immediate surroundings the statement is accepted as correct. The best and cleanest portion is that without the walls. Property near the city has increased in value many-fold of late years. Within the city signs of recent improvement are seen in the newly and splendidly paved streets. The city has along these newly paved parts quite a cleanly look, that is in comparison with other towns in the East. Parts of the Jews' Quarter, that portion of the city where Zion slopes down to the lower Tyroptan Valley within the walls, and that section of the Mohammedan Quarter known as the residence of the Mogrebins, that is south of the Walling Place of the Jews, are very dirty, especially in rainy weather. The visitor is constantly meeting with remnants of the past, such as the subterranean of the so-called Tower of David, one of the angles of the present citadel; a Yafa Gate, a column recently found near the town, which seems to have been the tomb-stone of a Roman soldier killed during the siege of Jerusalem by Titus, as from the obliterated inscription we made out the name Mivnice of the X Legion, niches and stairways twenty and thirty feet under the present surface of the ground, as those not yet fully explored within the yard attached to the church of St. Ann near St. Stephen's Gate, are stone with deeply bevelled edges and rough surfaces, as seen in the Temple and were and been common along the streets, the old wall, aqueduct and cisterns at Bishop Gobat's School, tombs recently discovered, Jewish and Christian, in the hill known as Jerymiah's Cemetery, just outside the Damascus Gate. There are and many other sites of interest, but I cannot and attend Jerusalem. The two places mostly visited are the so-called Mosque of Omar, on the site of the Temple; and the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. I cannot accept Lieut. Couder's statement that the "sacred rock" within the Mosque is the site of the Holy of Holies, and he who denies this has a difficult case on his hands. At any rate there can be no reasonable doubt that the Temple of Solomon and its

successor's blood here; and that here the Master trod and trod and trod. The spot draws the visit more than one during his stay on the site of the great King. Of that Temple's walls, not one stone is left upon another that has not been thrown down. The Master's words have not passed away.

As to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, one must be credulous and somewhat ignorant to believe it occupies the site of the sepulchre in which our Lord was laid. Outside of the fact that Queen Helena alleged the performance of a miracle, not only in finding the true cross, but also in finding the sepulchre, one cannot that Jerusalem 1500 years ago must have included within its walls the site of this church. It is to be remarked, however, that not a few of the visitors who come here believe this to be the true site. A missionary from India wanted to settle the question by asking me if I disputed the fact that this spot had been accepted by multitudes since the days of Queen Helena. I told him his bridge wanted a one arch, that Queen Helena came here in the 3rd century, and that a slight and unfortunate gap existed between her coming and the days of the Apostles. His argument reminded me of that of the advocates of the so-called "historic episcopacy" by which I understand an episcopacy whose essence consists in factual succession. The gaps are so broad, and so frequent that the train attempting to pass that bridge is wrecked. Within this church the following are some of the sites shown: the actual sepulchre of our Lord, the angels' chapel, the stone on which our Lord was laid to be anointed, the place from which the women witnessed the anointment, the spots occupied by our Lord and Mary Magdalene when He appeared to her in the garden, the pillar to which our Lord was tied when they scourged Him, the centre of the world and grave of Adam, the prison of our Lord, and the stone in which His feet were bound, the spot where His raiment was parted, the place where He was crowned with thorns, the spot where He was nailed to the cross, the hole in which the cross stood, and many more. These sites are accepted by Greeks, Latins and Armenians, and many a devout pilgrim kisses these places holy to them. The Greek Church has the sole share of the building. I attended the Greek service held at the beginning of June. There can be no doubt that many of the immense crowd that gathered in the church were devout and earnest. It was a sad sight, however, to see the men of Turkish soldiers—Mohammedans—with cocked guns, and not only mark on their faces as they kept over zealous Christians from taking higher seats than they ought to occupy. One woman, a Turk and scullie in the church during the service. Ritualism has run to seed here. The service was a fine display of millinery, but when one has said "old clothes and attitudes" the thing has been described. Yet Protestant ministers have been known to celebrate

mass for the Greeks in Jerusalem. One at least has done so recently. Our dragoman has in his possession a letter of recommendation signed

"Chas. H. Hale, D. D., Rector of St. Paul's Church, Baltimore, U. S. A."

I heard a Greek Priest, who had spent eight or nine years in the United States, say to some Americans in Feil's Hotel, where we stopped, that Dr. Hale, of Baltimore, said mass for the Greek Church when he was in Jerusalem. I asked our dragoman the next day if the Dr. Hale who had given him the letter he showed us had said mass in the Greek Church in Jerusalem, and he told me he had. To the dragoman this was a sign of the charity of the Greek Church.

Shades of Crammer and Ridley and Lattimer! A Protestant clergyman saying mass! Papers have reached us from home containing the grounds on which the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States of America are willing to absorb the other denominations within the United States, if they are willing to be absorbed. One of these grounds, a *sine qua non*, is the acceptance of "the historic episcopacy." The organ of the High Church Party of the Church of England, *The Church Times*, I think, of a November 1886 issue, which I saw in Ceylon last December, had an editorial on the proposition of the Protestant Episcopal Church in which the statement was made that the Greeks and Latins had valid grounds to claim to be true churches, and that therefore the churches possessing that inestimable boon, "the historic episcopacy," could affiliate with those branches of the church, but on no account could affiliation be had with the sects in England and America. I do not pretend to quote verbatim, but I have given the sense of the article. Let some Methodist, Baptist or Presbyterian request Dr. Hale to conduct the services of either of these churches, and see if he consents. When a man proposes marriage to a woman she has a right to give her decision plainly and truly. The Protestant Episcopal Church in the U. S. A. have, in a general way, proposed marriage to the other denominations in the United States, that is in a round about way, if you are willing to marry me give me an answer. I have a proposal. Perhaps that question is up for discussion in the Baltimore conference, now to be held at the 1st of June. I am entitled to a vote there, and I want to put in my word. "Historic episcopacy" being largely to do with "old clothes and attitudes," things which don't bring any comfort to a wounded conscience, nor salvation to a lost soul, nor light into the dark places in the world, but which have fostered superstition, and put the burden of priestcraft on the people, and withdrawn the right of action as the spirit giveth liberty, I don't "rest, but end all the time" that we do not accept the proposition.

Mrs Collins Denny

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BALTIMORE--WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 23, 1

a Mongolian camp a mile or two distant, and greatly to the scene. Many times it seemed as if we must be in the distant past, and that yonder string of ten of the largest and best conditioned camels I ever saw, led by that dignified man, dressed in a long coat of sheep skins, must be Abraham's servant on his way to "Mesopotamia, unto the city of Nahor." Those sorely tried saints of God of whom the world was not worthy," spoken of in Heb. ii: 37 as wandering about in sheep skins and goat skins, had been accustomed to more comforts than these people of North China, for there was no appreciation here that such clothing is an inconvenience. A Chinaman and a Mongolian looks upon sheep-skins and goat-skins as a luxury, and they cannot and do not pity the "wandering" ones of Heb. ii: 37.

We also visited the tombs of the rulers of the Ming Dynasty. The tombs are built in a most magnificent situation about 20 miles from Peking. A semi circle of mountains sweep around a comparatively level plain. What was once a splendid avenue leads up through archways, between colossal stone animals and men, over stone bridges, to these Ming Tombs. Each of the dozen or more tombs, only one of which we visited as they are all on one plan, covers many acres, and consists of a number of large buildings, the last of which is the tomb-building proper. This is a large stone foundation about 60 feet high, built out of the side of a hill, surmounted by a building almost 60 feet square containing a rectangular marble column on a marble pedestal. On one of the smooth faces of this column is a single row of Chinese characters. One of the buildings, connected with this tomb contains a hall of great proportions. The roof of the building, for the whole of the building is given up to the hall, is upheld by teak-wood columns, each column being a single piece of teak about one foot in circumference and about 60 feet high. This tomb of Yung-lo in its design and execution would have stamped its architect, if he had been a Western man, as a genius, the peer of any man known in the West. It is hard to see how the situation

of young men who entered Princeton as Freshmen in the fall of 1872 especially attracted my attention when the class assembled for the first time. One of these was a Japanese with black hair, high cheek-bones, and small eyes. He spoke English very indistinctly but made a hard, intelligent, and fairly successful scholar. I met him in Tokio as the head of the Bureau of School affairs, the second in office of the Educational Department of Japan. He had been one of the Commencement Orators when our class was graduated. The other was the son of a missionary, who had died near the mouth of Shanghai, and whose uncle had been killed by pirates off the coast of China. Thus a father and an uncle had died at their posts in a far-off land, when this young man stood up to recite, his slight form, fair complexion, red hair, nervous manner, left an impression on my memory. Distinct and clear in his speech, his answers to the questions propounded showed he would be one of our very best men, and so he proved to be. He was chosen by the class to represent us as Class Orator, and no one could have filled that position more acceptably. Early in his course it was said his mother hoped God would put him into the ministry and send him to China. God has fulfilled that mother's desire. Here in Peking with his mother and sister he is working acceptably to his brethren, and as he says, with joy to himself. It was no surprise to one who four years had been his class-mate, meeting him several times a day in class-room, associated with him in the Literary Society, having him in the class prayer-meetings, to learn that he was regarded as one of the ablest, most spiritual of preachers in Peking. A word or two about this great city of Peking. When the geographies are pulled out of the dusty corners in which they had lain for four years of our dreadful war, and put into the hands of the boys nine and ten years old, who knew more of the science of war from observation than they did of letters from study, we read that the most populous, and I think the book said largest, city in the world was Peking. To be sure, as Justin

leaves in Vo'ombaso," it is impossible to describe the filth. The olfactories are taxed beyond their powers. And became bankrupt after the first mile of travel in the city. Native Shanghai is dreadful. Peking is many stations beyond. It can never be cleansed, unless the geological bed-rock beneath it is laid bare and scraped. Yet the missionaries there say they would rather live in Peking than anywhere else in the world. Don't interpret this to mean that they would rather live there because of the filth. It is in spite of the filth, and partly because of the climate. The atmosphere has such exercise in the effort to keep pure that its muscles are strong and well developed. It is an atmosphere which seems to take all the effort off of the people, so that exercise don't weary you. On our way to the wall the Bishop was on horseback for 15 hours, Miss Lizzie Kelly, who was in the party, was on a do key for 11 hours, besides 4 hours in a mule litter, and was ready for the journey the next day. North China has been greatly blessed in its climate. We attended the meeting of missionaries in Peking. Our minister Col. Denby gave an account of his visit to the different Mission stations in China. Mr. Stevenson of the China Inland Mission told of some of his experiences in China, and he has had many thrilling experiences. He sees no small fruit of the gospel. A ripe head of wheat here and there shows there is a harvest before the Church, if she will reap it.

Rev. Mr. Gamewell and Dr. Crews who had been mobbed and driven out of Chung-King after all the property of their Mission, the M. E. Church, had been destroyed came to Peking during our stay there. Bro. Gamewell was superintendent of the Mission. He don't propose to give up because of a Chinese mob. He has a courage compounded of grace and pluck.

An afternoon and night with the brethren of the Congregational Church at Tung-cho, and a few hours at Tient-sin gave us an opportunity to see and to hear a little of the work at those two points.

AROUND THE WORLD.

Letter from the Rev. Collins Denny.

*Missionaries and their Wives—The Great Wall of North China—Camels and their Attendants—Tombs of the Ming Dynasty—The North China Mission of the M. E. Church—Preaching by Bishop Wilson—An Englishman's view of Bishop Wilson's Sermon—Personal, Etc.*

CORRESPONDENCE. THE EPISCOPAL METHODIST. SHANGHAI China, Nov. 23, 1886.

MY DEAR BRO. BOYLE.—This is a bright, pleasantly tempered day in Shanghai's finest season, and finding myself alone in the hospitable home of our brother C. F. Reid, whose guest I am, I will give an hour or two to you, and to those of your readers who will peruse this letter.

I don't remember to what point my last letter took me, and may on this account repeat somewhat. Dr. Walter K. Lambuth, the Superintendent of our Japan Mission, met Bishop Wilson and me in Yokohama about the middle of Sept. We had the pleasure and benefit of his company from that time until the latter part of October, when, after having received his generous hospitality during our stay in Peking, we left North China to return to Shanghai. The kindness of Dr. Lambuth and of his wife would have made these weeks delightful had there been nothing else of pleasure and of profit added to it. There may be some greater compensation bestowed upon us Methodist preachers by the Lord than the Lord gives the majority of us; but I am satisfied a little more praise to Him for this gift would not be out of place. The Lord has not overlooked Dr. Lambuth in this matter of a good wife. During our stay in North China we visited our old geography friend—the Great Wall. It is reached by a hard road, in some places not unattended with danger, but my testimony is that it is worth the cost of a visit. The condition of the Great Wall when it crosses Nanho Pass—the point of our visit—is said to be better than at other places, but even in Nanho Pass it is no defence to the country. A break in the wall shows it is built of small stones loosely piled together with an inner and outer facing of well-cut stone laid in good mortar. The top is of lead-colored bricks laid in good mortar also, and is crenellated. The towers are quite close together, and about twice the height of the wall. It is by no means so unimpressive sight this wall about 25 feet high and 18 feet wide at the top, stretching along the crests of the barren mountains, and through the no less barren valleys. The strings of well-laden camels passing through the gateway in the pass, or about

could have been improved. The condition of the wall is in harmony with the situation. The unfortunate thing about it is, that it has worn even all of the better parts, so that they will soon be in a state of dilapidation.

We had the pleasure of meeting the members of the North China Mission of the M. E. Church in Peking. They were holding their Annual Meeting when we reached the city. They were courteous enough to ask us to make a few remarks to the Conference after we had been introduced. It was no small pleasure to give public expression to these brethren, as we had been privileged to do to the brethren in Japan, of our sympathy and interest in their work, and to bid them God speed in their effort to assure these Chinese that God had not left them out of the plan of salvation. The Conference proceedings were in Chinese so that we could get but little out of the two sessions we attended. Privately however, the brethren gave many interesting points about their work. The results of Christian work in North China are more apparent and richer than in some other parts. One fact however, is worth considering. In answer to a question it was learned that not more than one or two of the native preachers could make as much money, in any other business, as they require from the Mission for preaching, and thus is the case throughout China. How many of these natives would continue to preach if the Missions now employing them ceased to pay them there is no means of ascertaining. My opinion is that the missionaries here, and elsewhere in the world, had better relegate the matter of calling men to preach the gospel to Him whose province it is.

A large and interesting Sunday-school meets in the Methodist church in Peking. The singing is spirited, and the familiar tunes are sung in a manner that would be creditable even in America. In the Conference Love-feast many of the Chinese, and of the missionaries, gave short testimonies. The hour was filled up without loss of time, and more than once tears shined in the eyes of many of those present who understood what was said. Bishop Wilson preached twice to the delight, and no doubt, to the edification of the English-speaking residents of Peking. After the first sermon an Englishman said, while the sermon was without doubt a very able exposition of scripture, it was evident it was the only sermon the Bishop had, as he had told all he knew in that effort. After the second sermon I believe he concluded the Bishop had two sermons at least.

It was a great pleasure to me to meet in Peking in Rev. J. W. Lourie an old Prince

ton classmate. Two of the large number of the Chinese History of our Empire, and I have seen that China has not been fruitful since it had settled the fact that Peking was not the largest city in the world, but that war had been waged after the publication of the books studied by the boys of the Shanandouh Valley. The power of first impressions had not entirely broken by better light. Peking, though not the most populous city in the world, was one of the world's greatest cities. Such it proved to be. The population is put at different figures, by different guessers, as no census has been taken. Some give a million, some two millions as the population. The plan of Peking looks like the foundation and pedestal for a statue. In a rectangular base is set a square pedestal. The parallelogram is the Chinese city, the square the Tartar city. Both are surmounted by massive walls, the east wall of the Tartar city answering for a part of the west wall of the Chinese city. The wall around the Tartar city is said to be the greatest wall now standing. In some of its dimensions it approaches the figures given by Herodotus of the wall of Babylon, not in its circuit, nor in the number of its gates. The circuit of the walls of Peking is said to be 25 miles. This includes the wall of the Chinese city. The Tartar city wall is 60 feet high and 10 feet wide on top. It is heavily buttressed, battlemented, and loop-holed. On the corners and gates are massive towers. At intervals of about a mile guard houses are built on top, but these are not seen from below. Along its paved top of the ancient chariot could be driven abreast. Within the Tartar City is the Imperial City, and within the latter the Forbidden City. These are surrounded by walls also, but by no means so large as the main wall. The Forbidden City is the residence of the Emperor, his family, and court. All the buildings within this city, as well as the wall around it are covered with yellow tiles. In the Imperial City the houses of the Princes of the Empire are covered with green tiles. All other tiles are black, except the tiles of the Catholic cathedral when this cathedral was built the tiles were black but after a few rains the black paint was washed off, and to the astonishment and anger of the Chinese, the roof was imperial yellow. It is said the Chinese have reserved for satisfaction and comfort all they can get out of the interrogation answer to their remonstrances, viz. "what are you going to do about it?" Peking has been well laid out. Its streets are generally broad and meet at right angles. At either end of the main streets some prominent object, as a gate tower, drum tower, clock tower, &c. In fact, however, the plan has not been followed so far as the streets are concerned. Shanties of all kinds crowd them, publicities are the fact.