DENNY, BISHOP COLLINS TRIP
AROUND THE WORLD 1886 - 1887
I am a large body of text that needs to be copied and pasted into a digital document.
In Eugene Vann, 253 Sunset Ave., Englewood, New Jersey, and Mrs. Rose M. White, 5626 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, that he said had been given to him in 1958 by C. J. Church, South, the former president of the Board of Missions, in 1958. The articles were photocopied, and the notebook returned to Mrs. Vann 11/26/63.

[Signature]
11/26/63
Bishop Alpheus W. Wilson (see file, dec. bishops) made a trip around the world 1886-1887. Reverend Collins Denny (later Bishop Denny) of the Baltimore Conference, M.E. Church, So. accompanied him.
Letter from Japan

Edward O. Bell (Lat. 45° N., Long. 165° E.)

Aug. 25th, 1898.

From whence I wander: San Francisco.

The pleasure was centered in the knowledge that I would leave this letter from Japan. I begin at this distance of five days from that country so as to give it long enough for my final round of travels. I have concluded to do this, which is the final round of travels, and seek to avoid it in the future. I am getting too old for it.

In the meantime I am in Washington, where I have been busy in various ways, including business, social, and political affairs. I have decided to continue my journey to San Francisco, where I will spend some time. I am now in the train that will take me to San Francisco. The train is comfortable and well-ventilated, and there is plenty of food provided on board.

I arrived in San Francisco last night, after a long trip. The city is a chaos of confusion and noise, with a great deal of excitement in the streets. I was met by a friend who had arranged for my transportation.

I am now in the hotel, where I will spend the night. The hotel is large and well-appointed, and I am able to sleep comfortably. I will leave early tomorrow morning to continue my journey.

Edward O. Bell

From whence I wander: San Francisco.
Sunday, having retired Saturday night and risen Monday morning. This is really explained. Suppose a man starts from his home, travels by rail to the city, and then takes a steamboat from the city to the next town. He will be in London again. If he does not stop any place on the way, he is said to have made a day's journey. I have never had a day before and enjoyed doing this the less because it was Sunday.

We have on board a bishop and his wife, a minister of the Evangelical Association and his wife and two children, going as missionaries to Japan, and a young lady niece going to visit the mission of the M. E. Church, beside their Prince Pedestal, a coffin and the adopted brother of the Bishop, and his wife, are on board. Several of the Japanese white English. They are polite and friendly, and among themselves are a jolly set.

This, Japan, Sept. 12th.—Our ship, the American, anchored at Yokohama Bay, about midnight of a mile from the shore, shortly after daylight on Monday, Aug. 20th. The city where we have just been so long eagerly awaited our arrival, and for the first few hours on our long voyage we did not fail to think how wonderful to be able to visit this great city of the world. We arrived at Yokohama at a rate not less than eight miles an hour. We visited a number of churches, mostly Christian, Some of them had extensive grounds, magnificent stairways, and very large buildings. We reached the limit of our excursion at a base in the front of the Great Buddhist Temple, called Bodai-ji. The figure was a great platform in the open air at the end of a long avenue which was shaded by low trees and was made up of steps, formed and finished on the outside with a list of shrines. It is beautiful, and even in a number of small idyls. The temples in from our ship and in the neighborhood about one hundred. The circumference of the temple is three feet, the circumference being proportional. It is an interesting place to visit. The views on the trip out and back were charming, the surrounding scenery, the mountainous, valley, towns and villages. We stopped at two places on the trip out and two on the trip back. The town was surrounded with its petrified rock, hills and pastures, mountains, valleys, and villages. We stopped at two places on the trip out and two on the trip back.

The town was surrounded with its petrified rock, hills and pastures, mountains, valleys, and villages. We stopped at two places on the trip out and two on the trip back.
The trip to Turkey was an eye-opener for me. The people treated me with great respect and kindness. They welcomed me with open arms and showed me around their beautiful country. I was impressed by their hospitality and their warm welcome. It was a heartwarming experience that will stay with me for a long time.
There is a sight of a strange people on whose costume and manners foreign influence is perceptible. There is a revelation of tameness, unhush abiding, spellingly.

In color the costume is largely blue. In every costume there is some shade of blue, and among them is not a single shade that pleases the eye. The native hat is black.

Three of cotton on a straw are in shape about twice in diameter. Those of straw are conical about two and a half feet in diameter. The woman wears no hat.

Their bire is very elaborately dressed, with a comb and a pretty hairpin always showing.

The day spent in the trip to the home image of the Great Buddha was full of interest. Two mosques to each person were required, the ratio rate is four. The feet six miles was through a country richly cultivated. No more care or attention was given to our gardens than was put on rice, wool or oil in these soon and garden produce. There are no tamarisks, no laurel, no stock. The few houses and buildings used for traffic purposes are small with stove. With the passing of the day for the mosques we had a fine view of the Kamakura valley through which we went. The scenery was different from anything we had seen. It needed nothing to add to its beauty. The valley was small, consisting of a central section with many fagades running into the surrounding hills. The flow of the valley seemed from our point of view, to be perfectly level. Afterward it was seen to be terraced. It was a perfect mirror of emerald 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 village. Beyond stretched the Bay of Yedo with three beautiful islands. Islands ran up into the valley from the Bay. Delineating the landscape was Fujiyama, the pride of Japan, a mountain whose regular cone rose 12,000 feet above the sea—30,000 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.

On Thursday, Sept. 5th, a conference was held by Rev. Squire, at his house, on the name of the beautiful conical measure brought to the Methodist Episcopal Church, in Tokyo. Here on a plot of ground, 1,200 acres in extent, our Northern brethren have built five pagodas, a Biblical Institute, a College dormitory, and are now building commodious lecture rooms. The Conference was conducted at the Institute, Dr. Maclay in the chair. There were nearly 20 members, 15 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 Biblical harmony. 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 experience was given quietly. There was no interpreter, and we understood not the language; but we felt sure our worship focused on the worship of these Japanese brethren before the throne of God. Our was guided by the direction, "Bejaries 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 sermon concluded with the benediction of the Lord by the Bishop. In this last service we assisted. My heart was full as to those Japanese Christians I landed the broken bread, and remembered an announcement for all the sins of all the saints 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 knew was sinner more Than when I was up to the woman shore, Two thousand years ago, For of a fact thousand 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 the streets were distributed with crowds of men, women and children. The tract was a sermon and an incident with John 11:16 as the text. Luther called this text the "Minister's Bible." Rager 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 even, 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 Gospel 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 in my interpreter. I told them of that gift of all Scriptures revelation—an abundant unlimited.

At night Bishop Wilson preached as 0:30 am through an interpreter. After such a day it would have been strange had not the 100th Psalm rung through my soul. In Dr. Maclay we found an old Baltimore Conference man, who as long ago as 1867, went to China, where he labored until 1873, when he was put in charge of the Japan work. The Doctor and his wife courteously treated me, making our stay in Tokyo one of great pleasure.

Nikko is said to be one of the most charming places in Japan. From the railroad terminus the visitor takes a tram to a ride of 12 miles. The road is an avenue of cryptomeria broken by the village, but otherwise continuous. Some of these cryptomeria are very Jap—150 feet high, and 20 feet in diameter, all of them are beautiful. To travel for two...
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 temple we have seen. Termed a forest temple, it is covered with temples where ginkgo and ginkgo have been used without regard to expense. There are built in as if identities that the lack of it is objective reality of that which the worshipped must be made up of the grotesqueness and experiences of the temple needed. Solid shapes, paths, abutted on it, each of which every year is filled with admiringly gilded. Beyond the trim, high up on the hill, is approached by many flights of stone steps, is situated the tomb of the Shogun Ieyasu. It is as simple as the mausoleum of Napoleon, and I believe as grand. Down below, Japanese are lost as all it can do in pagoda, fountain, gateway, tower, temple, sequence, ornamented with scroll carvings of leaves, birds and stars,望去, shining with gold and silver. These flights of plain stone, moss-grown, with age which lead through a forest of grand cypress trees, brings you to a temple where, beyond a bronze gateway, is the centre of a square enclosure, in the simple print tomb. It is a cylinder surmounted by a pyramidal whose corners turn up. The gold used in the house gives the metal a tint with which the earth is satisfied. Solid, enduring, almost sublime, is the forest on the mountain side the tomb of Ieyasu's common denomination and is instantly obeyed.

Our second Sunday in Japan was one of personal work. Bishop Wilson preached in Yokohama. I could and decline the request of an old Princetonian to occupy the pulpit of the Presbyterian Church in Tokyo. It was a great pleasure to me to hear 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 presence at foot-ball than at my success in scholarship. That I stood back over their remembrance I have done as a case of inverted vision. Then again I was told one the Tokyo residents had said, when it was known that Bishop Wilson could not accept the invitation to preach at Tokyo because of a previous engagement.

I went to preach. "It is too bad, we never get any of the stars for our Church," the Bishop said, and I did think it was a great loss for us men who were interested in the church and to a great extent we made this exception. Financial consideration of the Shinto temple, and in small assurance, I went to Tokyo. 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 perfect nor error very day." In Yokohama, we were the guests of the Bishop. We will remember how hospitable the man is in the pulpit. He stood at our Mission in Nippon, and in Yokohama, having previously telegraphed from Korea at noon. He opened abroad, and to the preacher the heat from Yokohama to Korea. At noon, in a pavilion was given a P.C.A. by the Bishop, and at noon in Yokohama, almost sublimely, I was a guest in the home of Bishop Wilson and his family. We were hospitable to our own country, and a hostess in her home. I was surprised among us, and I was a guest in Bishop Wilson's home with his wife and himself. In the room every week has been instantly set, and where the comfort we have enjoyed have been short, without except the kindly spirit in which those comforts have been furnished. (Prayer for God's blessing on the work, and praise for the 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, Smith, including a Bishop, made a pleasant conference, and we held our sessions as we discussed.) Last Sunday Bishop Wilson preached at Kyoto in the home of Dr. Greene, one of the missionaries under the American Board. The sermon was strong, in point of eloquence. I have not heard him preach such a sermon since the summer of '91. We forgot he was our Bishop. In the sermon that he was a God's apostle. The text was De. LIG 3:20:2. God's dealings with us evidence of, it is a mystery, measured by the Bible, and not by what we are and what we can become.

We have seen and talked with nearly all of the missionaries here, in Kyoto 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. 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 consideration of the tremendous amount of money we give to native missionaries, and help to give to some extent in the national, but the organized church has been the opposite of what we expected of it. We have been surprised by the success of the national church in Japan. I have been told by a gentleman who has been in Japan for many years, and a gentleman who has been in Japan for many years, it is the same as I have been told. I have been told by a gentleman who has been in Japan for many years, and a gentleman who has been in Japan for many years, the same as I have been told. I have been told by a gentleman who has been in Japan for many years, and a gentleman who has been in Japan for many years, the same as I have been told. I have been told by a gentleman who has been in Japan for many years, and a gentleman who has been in Japan for many years, the same as I have been told.
language. Dr. Walter C. Binn can with cheers, the Bishop, Dr. Hyde, China, to be seen at the san- range his work.

There is a double whaling here on October 16th. Dr. W. L. Park to Miss Nora Lambeth, and Mr. O. A. Duke to Miss M. J. Bonnelt. You will very naturally be anxious to know of Bishop Wilson's health. I gave information on that point since for all, so I do suppose it is a pleasure for any one to have the health made a matter of constant public notice. I was surprised to see how well and how natural Bishop looked when seen at the Episcopal. He had his old look and his old walk. So much of his attention to me, and Bishop will return to America, as the meaning of God, a well man.

Very truly,

ASSOCIATION.

AUG. 1, 1870


INTERESTING FROM JAPAN.


[In the Evening—September 24th, 1870.]

Bip. Rev. Lee—We are anchored in a little bay here waiting for an expected typhoon to pass by. The ship is a steamer little screw-steamer belonging to a Japanese Company, and we will again be able to do work. It is the middle of August, and we have no reason to be anxious on the account of the weather, and the moon rising. I sent a letter to Dr. Huddley, written partly in it 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 exceeding interesting. In the warm weather they go almost naked, yet are as poli- and seen to each other as are the American ladies to the half-clad fashionable belle. It leaves to see two couples dressed in straw hats, like straw-stackers and about 30 feet in diameter, straw sculp- for which they paid one fifth of a cost, a pair, a rag around them to complete their costume bearing to each other as profusely, and so gracefully as the Earl Luson, for ever bowing to women. The Japanese people could more probably be to their bowers and continuous greetings than those who dress de- their hair crops after their scarcity of costumes.

These Japanese make out of all their resources. The carpenters build their houses with their own hands, and the houses have been so constructed that the houses have been built from the roof down, the roof support, and the roof made, then the foundation is put up, the frame is put up, and the roof is put up. This seems strange, but you won't doubt it when I tell you I have seen all these stages of house-building. If a brick building is to be erected it is put up in a wood-and-spar framework before it is built

The tailors hold the boards with their feet, and the plank with their hands. The tailors hold the garment with their leg, thus hanging the bands for the needle. They do everything backwards, if we are right. In building a house the first thing done is to put up the roofing, then supports are put up, and the roof made, then the foundation is dug, afterwards the frame is put up, and the roof. This seems strange, but you won't doubt it when I tell you I have seen all these stages of house-building. If a brick building is to be erected it is put up in a wooden-and-spar framework before it is built. I saw this in Osaka, the second city in size in Japan. They have no saw mill or a sawmill. All the lumber is gotten out of the logs by hand-saw. These are about, very broad, and not that they cut them when pulled, not when pushed as with us. You won't wonder that a missionary will go up to his wife when they were having a house built. "My dear, I won't go to Heaven. If I continue to expend these works, I am certain I will not get there. Won't you superin- tend this building?" Does any one think this missionary was a literal descendant of Adam?

The tailors sew it with no novelty. They dress their hair very elaborately, and sometimes wear a grandiy braid and comb in their hair. It is the style of hair-dressing, the hair divided the stage—married, widowed, beheaded, single. The women in Japan also generally black their hair. To have one of these women when close to you with her mouth suddenly open her breast and show a double row of black teeth is to see a man—well, I won't say what, but if you take a close view you will find out what effect it has. Foreign influence is making an improvement in this as in many other matters.

Fifty years ago, the Japanese were wonderful people. I know of no instance in history of an advance of, cause, or cause, so rapid as the Japanese have made within the last fifteen years. If the condition of the people now is to be trusted.

You will want to know something of the mission work in Japan, specially as our Church has sent there 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 Tokyo, the headquarters of the Presbyterian work. Two of these missionaries were with me at Princeton, and others were Princesiansmen. I saw and talked with two of the missionaries of the Protestant Episcopal Church. We visited the mis-

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Very truly,

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Lettet from the Rev. Collins Deny
INTERESTING, FROM JAPAN
(Kyoto, Japan, Sept. 27, 1886.)

Dear Sir:—The typhoon, which delayed us 12 hours on our good service, we had the beauty of
the whole of the Island sea of Japan by day-light. For 50 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 am not going to say how many
thousands of islands we passed,
or how many hundreds of Japanese
and other craft 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
unpaint, weatherbeaten, houses of
a grayish color and their black roofs,
the face of hillsides which are
carefully terraced, add little of
anything
to the scene. The light-house
an island, and the light-house
the sea, and the moon was
be a
aru, a...
of the mighty river. Shanghai is situated on the Western bank of the Waug Foo, 14 miles from the junction of that river with the Yangtse. The Waug Foo is full of vessels of many kinds and of many nations. The Chinese war junks, carrying 8 cannon each, were p’ay with paint and hoisting. Foreign built gunboats belonging to the Chinese were lying 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 more that approach it on a bright day and in good spirits. Reaching the shipping zone the houses of the foreign city are white stone along the highway by which Christianity has marched, and gardens where she has gathered forces. These houses, facing a handkerchief of grass plains, are by no means unattractive in appearance, on the contrary, they are fine buildings, several stories high, some of them with timbered 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 gangway came Dr. Y. Z. Allen and two of his daughters to give us a hearty 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 compartment of about 5 acres, well situated and improved by the school buildings and two missionary residences. Here are preparations for demands which the future may make. Trinity premises occupy 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 be sufficient to make it attractive. The pulpit is in a room 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 thin, bright faces, and most 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 seems, and which may be the same that our 1st century “sisters of the church” sang of old. “Let us, therefore, be gathered together in the likeness of Christ.” Hymns, however, were sung and when they were through I led all Home Missionaries and I saw as many in the church as school as well, and it seemed as if every heart was there. The service of Trinity Church was conducted in a very cordial manner, in union with attention to all that was said without any sign of weariness. The children, in the room Old Hymns were very impressive. I cannot express even greater enthusiasm than I have said when speaking of the meetings held by Sister Hayes at different points in our Conference territory. We hope these women are doing noble work in China, a work which cannot fail to gain the appreciation of any one who knows anything of the facts. A wide door is open to them, indeed, many doors, so many that the lades 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 to 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 that we might be saved. I have neglected to say that our Missionary Society has met in a meeting and I have not had the privilege of attending. Let that man and woman be thankful for the special prayers of this body, and let us do our best to have them be tried in the great work of advancing the knowledge of God and preparing men to say knowledge of God and preparing men to say who are the measure of the kingdom of Christ. Let us pray for those who are helping, and pray for more work until Wholly and bestow them, they may have a full vision of the face of the Lord and the light of the Gospel. We may not find the whole story in this paper. If we pay attention to the injunction to do unto others as you would that they should do unto you, we may find much more to say in what we do for others. Therefore
After experiencing the kindness and attention of Dr. Allen and of our other missionaries in Shanghai for three days, we took the steamer for Pulo with the intention of spending some days in and around it. Dr. W. H. Lambeth is with us, and will help us to see all we can see in the time at our disposal. Pulo 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 Pohoe where water lilies, sandpipers, dark houses, shops, and street-cars begin to look like a man's home. Here also begins the concentrated essence of all.

Very truly your friend,

Olive H. JENNY.
Our trip down the Peiho from Tsung-tao to Peking was one of great comfort. The weather was against us, with cold and rain and head winds. The boats were slow, hot and not at all "a matter of course." We sat during the day wrapped in the hot clothes and a hat was not worn at all. The seven weeks spent on the Peiho, up and down, will not easily lose their place in memory. A side-trip between Tientsin and Kiao disturbed our course in mathematics, but it made good lenses. A journey on the Peiho entirely was worked out by a group who has their great cause among the "self-sacrificers." Mopu Mopadiayu says: "Sometimes with a hundred thousand feet they creep like tigers!"

At Chefoo, Miss Kaywood joined us. She had been spending a few days in the outlying mission stations, and returned to Shanghai honored by her trip. We reached Shanghai October 30. The first day, in company with Dr. Allen and Bro. Reid, we went on a cruise around the city. This, however, we were comfortably situated. We had saved the first of the cruiser, a well supplied boat, and a good cook, we found traveling around the city by the M. S. Church, very pleasant.

At Shanghai we saw the London Missionary Society's compound, which is located on the west side of the city. The compound is surrounded by a high wall, and the buildings and the church are situated on the top of the hill. The compound is surrounded by a high wall, and the buildings and the church are situated on the top of the hill. The compound is surrounded by a high wall, and the buildings and the church are situated on the top of the hill. The compound is surrounded by a high wall, and the buildings and the church are situated on the top of the hill. The compound is surrounded by a high wall, and the buildings and the church are situated on the top of the hill.

On the PEIHO, OCTOBER 30. Having been away from Shanghai for several months, we had been looking forward to returning to the city. But the weather was against us, with cold and rain and head winds. The boats were slow, hot and not at all "a matter of course." We sat during the day wrapped in the hot clothes and a hat was not worn at all. The seven weeks spent on the Peiho, up and down, will not easily lose their place in memory. A side-trip between Tientsin and Kiao disturbed our course in mathematics, but it made good lenses. A journey on the Peiho entirely was worked out by a group who has their great cause among the "self-sacrificers." Mopu Mopadiayu says: "Sometimes with a hundred thousand feet they creep like tigers!"

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The church of God is an invincible barrier. Smiles are flying. They must be broken from the goads.

By the courtesy of Rev. H. C. De Bois, of the Southern Presbyterian Church, I had the opportunity of preaching in the street chapel. A large congregation filled the church, as I interpreted my English sermon. What a comfort it must be to know that God is working in China, to have the assistance of the Lord Jesus, to feel that the gates of hell shall not prevail against it. The Church of God! Whatever went out of our church was to be given to us by our God, to be used in our work at home. But the God that we adore has no monopoly of this. His gates are as wide as the world and as long as life is long.

We spent several days traveling over the country and heard from home, at the church, one day at a time. The church needs to pray for an open door. How trying this need is to know. The door must be opened or not, but the reason must be given by which the church may take advantage of the work. We waited and prayed. We waited and prayed. The Hong river is wide to the north and west, to Shanghai in the south. There are no facilities for the church to get into, one side is out of our way, they are few pleasant surroundings. It is not that we want to be made by which the church may take advantage of the work, but that the church may be the work.

There is no trouble for the church to get in, one side is out of our way, very pleasant surroundings. It is not that we want to be made by which the church may take advantage of the work, but that the church may be the work.

There is no trouble for the church to get in, one side is out of our way, very pleasant surroundings. It is not that we want to be made by which the church may take advantage of the work, but that the church may be the work.
had not yet. R. Bryan Greaves, of the Southern Presbyterian Church, who had
followed me at the University of Virginia. The pleasant intercourse in their
homes, the visits of old times, of common
friends, of the kind of soul in us, the
waters, the quiet of his mind is in our
souls, the beauty of his mind is in our
hearts. The statement that the Common Law was
a more perfect law than our own
was, in my opinion, a common
statement, and my own mind is
in agreement with it. I have,
however, been taught that
it is a question as to
whether the Common Law
or the Common Law
of the Commonwealth
is a more perfect law.

1.4. The Common Law of the
Commonwealth is, in my opinion, a
more perfect law than our own;
and I think it is a question
as to whether the
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Commonwealth is a
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1.5. The Common Law of the
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A ROUND THE WORLD

Letter from Rev. Collins Denny

Bombay, India. January 23, 1887.


We reached Bombay this morning before 7 o'clock, having left Ahmedabad at 9.40 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 them Bathing Ghats, some of which are very fine, many of them in a ruinous condition, or fast approaching that state, are palaces, temples, mosques. Crowds of people pay up and down these Chhatrapati steps, bearing up the large clay or brass vessels with the water, or coming down to bathe, their bright and different-colored garments dappled in the morning breeze, and giving a movement, in the masses of bold fronts throw so light into the future as illusory it is that in the dark setting shines a mansion of glory, if it spoke nothing of the possibilities of our immortal nature being transformed to likeness to the Son of God, it would be to us an unattainable 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 spirit 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 Lumbini. This was the place where Buddha preached his first sermon, and here were large Buddhist temples and shrines, 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 con•viction. 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 deity. The result was, however, more Hindoo than Buddhist, and Buddhism, except as it is found greatly diluted and hardly recognizable in Japan, is driven from India. At Lumbini houses, iron, wood, stone, logs in ashes, show that when Buddhism was crushed here priests, temples, Buddhists, were burned together.

Lucknow with its gloriously heroic associations, and Calcutta 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 “Victory” brought the first reward of happiness to the brave, noble host. The buildings are covered with the marks of bullets and balls. The columns in which the women, while singing and chanting found terror, are still intact. The room where 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 critic. That Tau
dance seemed to me to be on the point
of marriage away from earth, a mere
breath of air was all that was needed.
So far from seeming a weight on the
building, it seemed as if it would bear away the building when
it rose. Fair white, lined against a
bank of black clouds, every curve
brought out in the light a setting
sun, it seemed as if the Persian
imagination found on the marble base of
the Peacock Throne in India belong
ed here, and that Moore, in his Little
Field, 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 concept 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 deficiency in artistic taste.
Two pieces of marble in Rome did fascinate me. “The Flying Odalisca” and
Michael Angelo’s “Mona.” 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 me, and mind what
the silver tongs of an orator would
be in my ears and mind, eloquent.

[The conclusion of this interesting
letter will appear next week.]
of houses, very attractive. One more has two tall, slender minarets—dimensions about 9 ft. at base, 10 ft. height, 130 feet, which overtop all sides in the city. After a walk, some climb I had a view of the flat valley of the Ganges, and of this closely built, many-towered Benares, so sacred to the Hindoos. Glit temple domes, arches, roofs flashed like blazing fire; the morning threw below kept the eye attracted without allowing it to be wearied; the sacred built in a very patient manner, throwing his odiousness of the streets of the people about him, while worshipping multitudes with rice, flowers and sacred Ganges water, crowd temple, shrine and altar—Benares as truly an 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 than indecent. The men wear a top around their loins, and if the women are young they wear a thin piece of cotton which when wet conceals their 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 Hinduism is found to have reached in its sacred city. The carvings on some of the temple are evidence of the fact that this religion which professes to provide for man's spiritual ascension has touched the bottom of sensuality. There can be no question that the religion of the Lord Jesus Christ alone provides for and secures the purity of its followers. I owe to Benares, Motira, Hindukush what would have made forever think Rome was comparatively decent, and what I now was connected with and sanctioned by a religion that numbers millions of immortal beings among its votaries. Yet English scholars of high repute, holding posts of trust in English Universities, are leading Hindoos 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 who feels a drop of Anglo-Scotch blood, or whose in that Ganges were the lapins 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," with out 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 Difference 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 Rome." 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 Greek faith, he could have had fresh blood from the field of Lucknow. A memorial tablet in the Church at Ozeenpur to a young man who fell 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 man, had been committed, I felt I could be Nana's executioner. The inscription was---

"Vengeance is mine, I will repay with the Lord." Over the well into which dead and dying women and children had been thrown stands the white marble angel of Baron Marchand 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 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 posts of trust in English Universities, are leading Hindoos 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

"These people designed like Titans, and ascended like jewellers"—Critics
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 Jesus embarked to escape from the wrath of God given 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 between the black rocks that showed their breakers. Jaffa, surrounded by its orange groves, was around us. I thought, however, chiefly of the lesson the Lord gave 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 trees would have been for that decree. Calvin himself said it was God's decree, and yet called "horrible secretum"—a decree which is logically inevitably connected with what is theologically known as "unconditional election." But another part of the lesson to still needed in the world: "In every nation he that worketh righteousness is accepted of him."

The congregationalists are now beseeched by men seeking a future precisely after death. I don't wonder men are repulsed from Calvinism. It is a kind of belief of explanation of God's actions which would have driven me mad. I honor the many noble men who have held this creed, men "of whom the world was not worthy," seen 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 into systematists. I have found enough zest on the works of the old schoolmen, and therefore have not connected with the watering of milk of many of the adherents of the "new theology." John Fitchet 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 that gave them, are accepted of Him. However, it is not on this line I mean to write.

Leaving this interesting spot, I commenced a visit to the Tower of David, (so called because David was its founder), and it is a very modern castle, according to the word of Christ, if you ask for the Tower of David, I will tell you where it is, and you shall enter it, and you shall enter it because you cannot miss it. It is a fine specimen of Roman work, and the view from the top of it is taken by the ropes and to draw up the water. It is not very visible, though not quite "by the seaside." We ascended to the top by the narrow way on the outside. A fire was lit beside the roadway and it was pouring both its leaves. We were glad of this sign that summer is past on account of our trip through the country. From the top of this house with its two mixed points—a first— which may result from angles, before, we had a fine view. The sea was high. Jesus must have found it some what so shortly after he embanked. The rocks in the water were free from the sea, as the wharf had blown the water off, and left the bench exposed as far as the rocks. Shores stretched away to the North and West as far as the eye could reach. Palestine lay to the South. Jaffa, surrounded by its orange groves, was around us. I thought, however, chiefly of the lesson the Lord gave 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 trees would have been for that decree. Calvin himself said it was God's decree, and yet called "horrible secretum"—a decree which is logically inevitably connected with what is theologically known as "unconditional election." But another part of the lesson to still needed in the world: "In every nation he that worketh righteousness is accepted of him."

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A Round the World.

Letter from Rev. Collins Baney.

[Correspondent of THE CHRISTIAN HERALD.]...
ings of the Moguls is the marble screen work. Glass would give light but not air. Light, or, protection from the rain—this was the problem essentially. Its solution was found in most elaborate designs of seven windows cut in marble and sandstone. They give a peculiar charm to all the buildings at Agra and Delhi and their surroundings. At a little distance it looks like lace. Within it is always found cool, refreshing shade.

Delhi ought to be seen before Agra. Delhi seems to me to be a more stately and grander city than Agra. There is a nobler site but some of its once beautiful buildings, but these are smaller and having less portable wealth, have suffered more than the buildings at Agra. The remains of some chaste, ideal 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 tomb, 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 mixing" of 1857. I walked for two hours in the rain out of the Cashmere gate, around the walls, to the position of batters, over the battle-field, reading 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 more when not one chance in a thousand of escape is there! Yet how often the followers of God, in a war where whose object is God's glory is

shaming, of while embossed marble, a few pavilions and cupolas on the skyline, one tower with an open dome, stands surrounded by the houses of its inhabitants—"a thing of beauty" in a landscape which needs few touches to the hand of man.

Bollywood is a very important city, young, religious, cosmopolitan, full of shrewd 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, fine, more substantial than I have seen in India. I spent nearly a week in Bombay, and the gay color, 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 was an excursion 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, once full of idols and figures also cut out of the solid rock. In the Elephanta Caves, another, and rows 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 tomb, 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 mixing" of 1857. I walked for two hours in the rain out of the Cashmere gate, around the walls, to the position of batters, over the battle-field, reading 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 more when not one chance in a thousand of escape is there! Yet how often the followers of God, in a war where whose object is God's glory is
You may find the following text helpful:

At the War Hospital there are 7 dispensaries, two of which we visited, and were told that old Mr. Rollason, Director, French, Modern Hebrew, all three, not to speak of the title of expert from Buckingham, Poole, Greek and Egypt, which have had a place in this wonderful land. The Plain of Sharon from Jaffa to Banias is quite level, rising slightly and almost imperceptibly some distance beyond Banias it begins to roll. All the way it is fertile and at this season beautifully green. Except the olive groves it is trashy, and there are no fences. As far as the eye could reach were wastes. Every kind 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 Banias we ascended the tower from which we had a good view in all the country. The hills, low near at hand to the North, with its tall tower, Zara, a Simeon of II Chron. 25:16, to the East, Latrun, the reputed home of the prophet, also to the North-East, Gaza, now called Tell ez-Zohor, further off to the South, and Ashdod, now Ezdoh, the Anath of Acts 9:41 to the South-West. Of course the Plain of Sharon with an approach off Northwest and East. Shortly after leaving Banias the plains begin to roll, the olive trees become less frequent and there were more patches of uncultivated land. We took lunch at Latron. After lunch I walked through the road to the villages of Anawa, seven minutes off. This is the traditional Ramah, and if the reading of the Sinaitic manuscript is correct in giving 100 for something instead of 90 it answers the description given in Luke 24. I stood on a knoll looking down on the hills. The hills were 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 went to a sight of Khalked, with Headmaster thinks the Ramah of the Bible. I had a need of every word 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. Headmaster gave me no reference to the Sinaitic readings which he speaks of in Anawa, nor does he refer to the great Isaiah which the Maronites use as Amwai.
The tomb itself is a wonder of beauty and artistry. The outer walls are covered with intricate carvings, depicting scenes from Akbar's rule and his military campaigns. The entrance is grand, with a large archway adorned with sculptures of lions and other animals. The interior is even more breathtaking, with a central pillar that rises to the ceiling, supported by smaller pillars on either side.

The walls are entirely covered with paintings and inscriptions, written in Akbar's own hand. The ceiling is painted in shades of gold and white, with images of birds and flowers. The entire interior is a testament to Akbar's love for art and his desire to leave a lasting legacy.

The tomb is a small but significant part of the larger complex, which includes several other structures. One of these is the Hall of Audience, where Akbar would hold court. The Hall is grand and imposing, with columns supporting a high ceiling.

Another important structure is the Library, which was used for Akbar's personal collection of books. The Library is filled with shelves of books, both in Arabic and Sanskrit. Akbar was a great scholar and loved to read, and this library was a testament to his love of knowledge.

The most impressive structure in the complex is the Palace, which was used by Akbar and his courtiers. The Palace is a magnificent building, with several courtyards and gardens. The rooms are grand and opulent, with elaborate decorations and paintings.

Overall, the tomb of Akbar is a testament to his greatness and his love for art. It is a place that is both beautiful and serene, and it is a must-see for anyone visiting India.
The most noted palace in the city of Lucknow is the White Palace. It was built by Shah Jahan, the sixth Mughal Emperor, to commemorate the victory of his army over the Marathas. The palace is a fine example of Mughal architecture, with its intricate designs and elegant proportions. It was completed in 1635 and is located on a hill overlooking the city.

The palace consists of several buildings, each with its own distinct style and purpose. The most notable of these is the Diwan-i-Khas, a large reception hall where the Emperor held court. The hall is decorated with fine marble and silver, and is adorned with beautiful frescoes depicting scenes from the life of the Emperor and his family.

Another notable feature of the palace is its gardens. The gardens are laid out in a geometric pattern, with manicured lawns and flowerbeds. They are filled with exotic trees and plants, and are a source of great beauty and tranquility.

Over the years, the palace has been the site of many notable events, including the death of the Emperor Shah Jahan in 1666. Today, the palace is open to the public as a museum, allowing visitors to explore its many rooms and admire its stunning architecture.
as viewed from our direction, being whitewashed burial.

The second building is a small, round structure, with a light of the moon like a candle on the side, and a corner,

of the main building. It is the largest city in India, and

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RUMORS IN JAPAN.

Current News and Events in the Streets of Yokohama.

[Historical Context and background information about Yokohama and the surrounding areas, possibly including Japanese culture, traditions, or historical events relevant to the article.]

Recent events and current news.

[Paragraphs detailing specific events or developments, mentioning prominent figures, locations, or other relevant details.

The article seems to be a report on current events or news items, possibly related to Japan or Japanese culture, with a focus on the streets of Yokohama.

Further details or context, if needed.

[Additional paragraphs or sections providing more context or information related to the reported events or news items.]

The article concludes with a reflection or summary of the events covered, possibly including an analysis or commentary.

[Closing remarks or conclusions drawn from the reported events, offering insights or perspectives on the significance of the news.

The article provides readers with a comprehensive understanding of the current events or news items, highlighting their relevance and impact.

[Final thoughts or recommendations, if applicable, regarding the reported events or news items.

The article concludes with a sense of closure, summarizing the main points and offering a final perspective on the events discussed.

[Outro or final remarks, possibly thanking the readers for their attention or providing additional information or context.

The article ends with an inviting tone, encouraging readers to reflect on the events covered and perhaps engage with further resources or discussions related to the topic.

[Sign-off or closing statement, possibly expressing gratitude or offering a sense of closure.

The article concludes with a final message, expressing gratitude for the readers' attention and offering a sense of closure.
THE SUN.

SUNDAY, JULY 25, 1830.

WASHINGTON DC. A VISIT TO THE NICHOLAS MARSH

A Visit to the Nicholas Marsh.      

By Mr. Washington.      

Washington, D.C., July 25, 1830.      

To the Editors of the Sun:

We are happy to announce the completion of our new building, situated in the heart of Washington. The building is a magnificent example of modern architecture, with its grand centrally located rotunda, flanked by two fluted marble columns. The entrance is grand, with a magnificent staircase leading up to the main hall. Inside, the interior is lavishly decorated with fine woods and rich upholstery. The building is expected to be completed by late fall.

We are also pleased to announce the opening of the Nicholas Marsh, a new restaurant located in the heart of the city. The restaurant is situated in a grand stone building, and features an elegant dining room with fine wood paneling anderring. The menu includes a variety of dishes, ranging from classic American fare to exotic international cuisines. The restaurant is open daily from 11am to 11pm, and is available for private events and banquets. We look forward to welcoming all of our guests to enjoy the finest cuisine and atmosphere in the city.

Yours truly,

[Signature]
We are in front of a large, solidly built house, and as we walk up to it, we feel a sense of excitement and anticipation. The house is made of wood and stone, with a large courtyard in front. We can see a few people walking around, and a few children playing on the grass.

As we approach the entrance, we can hear the sound of bellows and see the smoke rising from the chimney. We are greeted by a friendly woman, who invites us inside. She shows us around the house, pointing out the various rooms and their uses.

In one of the rooms, we see a large painting of a family, and we can hear the sound of music in the background. We are invited to sit down and join in the conversation.

The woman tells us that this is a typical Japanese home, with its own unique style and architecture. She also explains that the Japanese people are very hospitable, and that they are always willing to welcome guests into their homes.

As we spend more time with the woman, we learn more about Japanese culture and customs. We are shown how to prepare traditional Japanese food, and we are able to try some of the dishes for ourselves.

We leave the house feeling grateful for the hospitality we have received, and we are eager to learn more about Japan and its people.
In every city I have lived in, there is something familiar and comforting about the way people interact. It's like coming home, even if you've never been there before. The city seems to have its own rhythm, its own way of doing things, and it's reassuring to see that same rhythm in the new city.

As we approached the city, we could see the familiar signs of urban life. The streets were bustling with people, the sounds of cars and birds were constant, and the smells of food and coffee were in the air. It was as if the city was welcoming us back, reminding us of the things we love about it.

As we walked through the city, we noticed how the people interacted with each other. They smiled, spoke, and helped one another. It was a reminder of the human spirit and how we can all work together to make the world a better place.

One of the things that struck me most was the way the city handled its challenges. Despite the many problems it faced, the people were united and determined to find solutions. It was a testament to the strength of the human spirit.

As we said goodbye to the city, I couldn't help but feel a sense of nostalgia. It was like losing a part of my own identity. But I knew that I would return, because that city was a part of me, and I couldn't imagine being without it.
LETTER FROM JERUSALEM

[Excerpt from the original document]

This is the March 1877, a letter of the French-born American writer, Louis de Broca, describing his visit to Jerusalem. The letter is written in a combination of French and English and discusses the geography, history, and cultural aspects of Jerusalem.

The letter begins with a description of the city's layout and its historical significance. It mentions the Temple Mount, the Dome of the Rock, and the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, among other notable sites. De Broca also provides insights into the city's daily life, noting the presence of farmers and the activities of the market.

He concludes the letter with a reflection on the city's cultural heritage and the importance of preserving its history. The letter serves as a snapshot of Jerusalem in the late 19th century, offering a glimpse into its past and present.
A Mongolian camp a mile or two distant is not greatly to the scene. Many times it occurred, as we went in the dim past, and that yonder string of ten of the largest and best-conditioned oxen I ever saw, led by that dignified man, dressed in a long coat of sheep skins, must be Abbe's servant on his way to Mongolian min, under the city of Nanking. "These seem to be the last marks of God to which the world was not worthy," spoken of in Rich. II. This wandering about in sheep skins and great coats, and being sometimes in poor conditions as these people of North China, for there was no appreciation here that such clothing is an inconvenience. 

This Chinese and a Mongolian both upon shapenaks and gaiters as a luxury, and they cannot do. A day's march in the snow.

We also visit of the camp of the Ming Dynasty. The tombs are really in a most magnificent situation about a mile from Peking. A wide circle of mountains sweep around a grassy level plain. This was once a regular avenue made up through and ways, between colossal stone animals and men, ever stone bridges, in these Ming Tombs. Each of these tombs is a small tomb, only one of which we visited as they are all on one plot, covers many acres, and consists of a number of large buildings, one of which is in the tomb-building proper. This is a large stone temple about 20 feet high, built out of the side of a hill, surrounded by a building about 50 feet square containing a rectangular marble altar, on a marble pulpit. One of the smooth faces of this column in a single row of Chinese characters. One of the buildings, connected with the tomb containing a half of a golden image. The roof of the building, for the whole of the building is given up to the hall, is upheld by a marble column, each column being a single piece of such about one foot in circumference and about 50 feet high. This tomb of Yu runs in its design and execution would have stained its architect, if he had been a Western man, as a genius, the peer of any man known to the West. It is hard to say how the situation of young men who entered Peking as Freshmen in the fall of 1872 especially stirred my attention when the Chinese revolution occurred for the first time. One of these was a Japanese with black hair, high cheekbones, and small eyes. He spoke English very indifferently but made a loud, 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. Too tender was the son of a minister, who had died in the south-western part of Shanghai, and whose uncle had been killed by pirates off the coast of China. Thus a father and an uncle had died as brigands in a sea-fall, and when this young man stood up to recite, his slight form, his complexion, red hair, nervous manner, and all the passions that were impression on my sympathy. Distinct and clear in his speech, his answer is the questions proposed showed he would be one of our very best men, and as he proved to be. He was chosen by the class to represent us at the Class Orator, and no one could have filled that position more acceptably. Early in the course it was said that his mother had gone to the monastery and had entered into China. The Chinese have found their mother's desire. Here in Peking with his mother and sister is working positively in the shrines, and so he says, with joy to himself. It was no surprise to one who four years had been his close mate, meeting him several times a day in class. Sometimes he said him in the literary society. Here in Peking with his class prayer meetings, to hear that he was regarded as one of the ablest, most spiritual of the Chinese, the kind of his desire, and his speech and actions. He wrote me a letter, and it was a letter of substance and sentiment. This Chinese and Dr. Wright, his last name, a young man who had never been a Chinese minister. He has a great respect of the Chinese and a great respect of the Chinese, and he has a great respect of the Chinese and a great respect of the Chinese.
We drove from Peking to Tientsin by a pleasant and comfortable way on the broad and spacious roads of our native land. The beautiful scenery and the warm hospitality of the people made our journey pleasant. We reached Tientsin late in the evening and were treated to a great banquet by the Bishop Wilcox and his wife. We were welcomed with open arms and enjoyed the food and wine most heartily.

The next day we proceeded to Tientsin and visited the various places of interest. We were particularly interested in the Bishop's residence, which was a beautiful mansion with gardens and a pond. We also visited the Tientsin Cathedral, which is the largest and most magnificent church in China.

We then went to the Great Wall of China, which is a magnificent structure that stretches from the sea to the mountain. We climbed to the top and were astounded by the view of the country below. We then drove to the city of Peking and were impressed by the beautiful architecture and the bustling streets.

We stayed in Peking for a few days and visited the various museums and galleries. We were particularly interested in the National Museum, which has an extensive collection of Chinese art and artifacts.

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