

AFTER THE CHINESE WAR.

The Rev. J. H. DeForest, D.D., of Sendai, Japan, one of the missionaries of the American Board, gives in a recent number of the 'Golden Rule' the following sketch, which will be read with much interest by all missionary workers:

Most people, he says, doubtless think that in the late war the Japanese had their hardest fights in capturing the strongholds at the entrance of Pechili Bay, Port Arthur,



A JAPANESE CHRISTIAN PHYSICIAN.

and the Wei-hai-wei forts. But the conquest of little Formosa and those diminutive Pescadore Islands probably cost much more in loss of life than the campaign in China. If you could stand on the castle walls that overlook Sendai you would see below you some twenty long barracks in which are two thousand sick soldiers. Among the city buildings farther off you would see the large military hospital, and still farther beyond a long row of Buddhist temples now used as hospitals. More than three thousand sick and wounded soldiers have been sent to this northern city, and how many thousands are in the more convenient southern hospital centres I do not know. In the nine months of the China campaign all that died from wounds and disease did not number fifteen hundred. But shiploads of sick have come back from Formosa, and the cholera played deadly havoc with the soldiers in the Pescadores. One of the army surgeons told me that sixty or seventy percent of the cholera patients died there.

The way in which I happened to meet this physician is exceptionally interesting. I had seen in Tokyo a photograph of a rare group—some Christian Japanese officers and a few Christian Chinese taken together in the Pescadores. The next day, when I was riding in the cars, a Japanese officer sat next to me, and in the course of a casual conversation it turned out, to my delight, that he was one of that very group. I eagerly asked for the story of how those Japanese discovered the Christians in the Pescadores.

'It was after two or three hard fights,' he said, 'and we had won the city. As I was walking through one of the streets I saw over the door of a house these Chinese characters: Rei, Hai Do, 'Hall of Worship.' It occurred to me to inquire what they worshipped there, and so I called out the Chinese in charge. Of course we could not understand each other's talk, and so I wrote my question in Chinese (as all educated Japanese can readily do), and he replied in the same way that it was a hall for worshipping the true God and Christ. Then I wrote that I, too, was a believer, at which he was very much astonished and pleased, and he at once wrote all about the chapel and the thirty or more Christians, about half of whom had left the city during the battles.

I saw a horse in the chapel, and

found that one of our officers had quartered his horse on this house, as was done everywhere in the town. So I got other Christians to join me in a petition that this "hall of worship" be exempted from desecration. Our petition was granted at once, and an official order was posted on the door forbidding any Japanese from interfering in any way with the house. Then we cleaned the place, and began regular meetings together, which we kept up while we remained there. We prayed each in his own tongue, and then wrote our thoughts and passed them around. The Chinese were greatly delighted, and joined in with no hesitation.'

It is the old, old story of Jesus and His love, touching the hearts of people in opposite camps. I will not venture to give the name of this surgeon, who has since been ordered to work in Sendai, whom I have had the pleasure of entertaining at my house; but his picture speaks for itself.

One of the boys that had been a student in our Sendai school became a Christian, and entered the army as a member of the Imperial Guards in Tokyo, where he often brought soldiers to the Young Men's Christian Association hall there. On being ordered to Formosa, he wrote me in his best English:—

'You may probably know that a war has been waged since the summer of the last year between China and Japan, and that every battle fought was always won by Japan. I have been enlisted in the army those several years. Now the time has come when I should cheerfully give up myself for the sake of my dear country, to which I owe much indebtedness and obligation. Please accept my hearty thanks to you, for the very motive that urged me to follow the army to the battle with such determination is essentially the result of your right guidance and good instruction when I was in Sendai.

'Amid the thunder of cannon, rain of shot, I will march undaunted to the battle; and it is not long before we shall crush the castle of Peking, and see the bloated China sink to the minimum. Thus the peace of the East will successfully be restored. I learnt from Christianity about death, and from the doctrine of our country about loyalty and filial piety.

'How I wish in main to see my dear teacher and his family, to say them good-bye before I march to the field! Even after the army will return in triumph I have not the least expectation of seeing you again, for I have already given up myself to my beloved country in its critical moment.

'May your family be prosperous and shine forever with the stars of your



A JAPANESE CHRISTIAN SOLDIER.

country under the guidance of our great Father in heaven. Please excuse me my impoliteness for this letter.'

This soldier did better than he expected in his campaign. He lived through several fights without a

scratch, and through the far more dangerous diseases, and came back with promotion and a reward of fifty en. Here is his photograph, taken on the day of the downfall of Wei-hai-wei, to commemorate the capture of the last great stronghold of China.

As the prejudice against Christianity has been very strong, it has for years been very difficult to get anything of 'the Jesus way' into the Sendai garrison. When the thousand sick soldiers came there, it was impossible for the missionaries to do anything for them. New Year's gifts of cakes and oranges were at last permitted. Gradually such books as 'The Life of Lincoln' were received. Last week came a complete library, and some of us missionaries were allowed to distribute in person the Gospel of Luke through all the hospitals save the one for contagious diseases. Stereopticon views in which Bible scenes were mingled with European and American pictures were then permitted, and the German Reformed and Baptist missions are doing fine work in that line. At first, very little was said about Christ. 'Tell us more about religion next time,' said one of the officers as the missionary went away.

Thus we see one of the wide-open doors, one of the great opportunities for sowing the seed in the soil God Himself has so richly prepared. If the churches of Japan were not weakened by long and bitter opposition, and by heavy losses in church-membership and in simple Christian faith, but were ready with joy and hope, who can tell what the speedy results might be?

WOULDN'T DRINK PUNCH.

We have advanced in one way, at any rate. Nobody argues with or 'chaffs' the young man—and there are a great many of them—who says:

'No, thank you. I never drink wine or spirits.'

I confess to feeling a little glow of pride and approbation rise within me when I hear this, and I want to shake hands with that young man. They tell me that where six fellows 'line up' at a bar these days it is no uncommon thing for three of them to take ginger ale or vichy, and nobody says a word either.

At a reception not long ago a handsome young man stood in the marble hall and ladled out lemonade and claret punch to a contingent of pretty women who appeared to dote upon him.

One of them said:

'But, Mr. Morris, ain't you going to have some punch?'

'I'll drink lemonade.'

'Oh, pshaw! Drink a glass of claret punch with me.'

'Thank you, no.'

She was the prettiest girl in the house and the richest.

Her eyes flashed and she said coaxingly:

'As a personal and especial favor to me, please do. I'll give you every dance you want if you will.'

The young fellow reddened and then turned pale.

'Thank you very much,' he said, 'but I couldn't do it.'

And then from all those other women went up a round of applause, and the tempter swept into the next room in a blaze of indignation.—Polly Pry in New York 'Recorder.'

DR. HAMLIN'S CONVERSION.

In answer to the question, 'How I became a Christian?' the Rev. Cyrus Hamlin, D.D., for more than thirty years a missionary in Turkey, tells the story of his conversion in the 'Golden Rule.' The story has a lesson in it for pastors and teachers.

Just as I entered upon my seventeenth year I became an apprentice to Mr. Charles Farley in the jeweler's and silversmith's trade in the city of Portland. There I came under the power of the preaching of Dr. Payson. His personal thought-

fulness and care for me took possession of my very soul. I attended his Bible-class on Sunday afternoons with increasing interest. The room was always packed, and many went away unable even to enter. On this account he gave notice from the pulpit that he wished all his church-members to refrain from attending, as the exercise was especially intended for others and not for them. I thought it not fair for me to attend and crowd out others. Dr. Payson noticed my absence, and one of his church-members came on Monday morning to ask the reason, and to say that Dr. Payson wished to see me in my place again. That Dr. Payson should think of me individually affected me far more than any sermon. The next Sabbath I was in my place, and his eye rested on me with a look never to be forgotten. It is the individual seeking of the lost sheep that rescues it.

My experience following the resolve that I made to be a disciple of Christ and to do His will had nothing remarkable or to myself satisfactory. I looked for something supernatural and exalted in the hope and joy of pardoned sin and in the assurance of salvation. I was slow in coming to the conviction that my firm resolve to live for Christ and His cause was a 'change of heart' wrought by the Spirit of God. I had changed entirely my purposes of life, and with this conviction and resolve I entered the church on April 6, 1828.

The Master has been faithful to His weak disciple, and has sustained his in many dangers, trials and afflictions, and has made him more than conqueror over many foes. Having obtained help of God, I continue unto this day, having completed my eighty-fifth year, desiring no other service for time or eternity.

SNAP SHOTS.

The man who begins by drinking some time may end by having to drink all the time.

Better stay in bed all day than get up early in the morning to drink.

Wine opens the damper to let all the fires of evil in a man burn.

There is no sin that a man inflamed with wine may not commit.

When a man gets up early in the morning to drink he is apt to spend the day in doing nothing else.

Whoever forms the drink habit gives the devil a mortgage on his sleep.

The sparkle in the wine is made by one of the devil's sharpest teeth.

A brewer's horse fares better than a drunkard's child.

Appetite for drink is the devil's iron chain on the drunkard's neck.

If angels know what the saloons are doing it must puzzle them to understand why God holds the judgment back.

Many a man puts his family in the dark to help the saloon pay its gas bill.

Every moderate drinker is leading an army of boys towards the pit.

The easiest time to let drink alone is before the first drink is taken.

Bridget starts her fire with coal oil. The devil uses alcohol.

If there is joy in heaven when a sinner repents, what happens when a boy goes into a saloon?

If you would teach children to hate drink give them the first lesson before they leave the cradle.

The first glass has the most poison in it.

A drunkard's throat has no bottom to it.

When the devil would run his claws clear through a man and clinch them on the other side he makes him believe that moderate drinking won't hurt him.

The devil agrees with the man who claims he can drink or let it alone.—'Ram's Horn.'