

What I Saw and Heard in Boston.

No. 1.

A train of the Boston and Maine line landed me in this city in a rollicking furious snow storm. I found lodgings just back of the old State House. Never before did I know that, within the circumference of Boston, there was a spot so calm and restful as this. That hill, on the slope of which the legislative chamber is fixed, is the centre of a cyclone. Around it is the rush and roar of Boston trade and life. But in this centre there is no rattle, no hurry, the noise is mellowed by its distance. If any friends from the provinces by the sea want to stay near the throbbing life of Boston for a time and still be in perfect quiet, just try "The Curtis," 45 Mt. Vernon St., five minutes walk from it and you are in the middle of affairs.

To the Jews the Temple was the centre of Palestine—the centre of Jerusalem. To the temple then in Boston Baptists naturally go. At 11 a. m. Friday Mr. Moody is there. The floor and two galleries are packed. How many? Three thousand! A guess, perhaps more, perhaps less. Power to heal is present. All feel it. All acknowledge it.

There are two distinct currents of force setting out from Christ through D. L. Moody, one is toward saints, the other toward sinners. Physically he is stout, very stout. He carries the pounds avoirdupois of a man who lives after the flesh. But he is an outstanding illustration that a man can live after the Spirit and bear three hundred pounds of flesh and bones up to the serene heights of spiritual life. D. L. Moody is surcharged with the spirit of devotion. Great is his personal magnetism. That endowment, with all others he possesses, is fully consecrated to Christ. He draws from Christ, the great reservoir of devotion, and, through his own generous nature and personal magnetism, he turns the current on to the Christian public. People bearing Christ's name feel and acknowledge their deficiencies, and they feel coming over them the ambition to climb up at least to the level on which the greatest evangelist of the last half of the nineteenth century stands. Climbing, consecrating, believing, working, are four words which carry D. L. Moody's lessons to the Christian people already in Christ.

The other current coming out from the old boy, I would say, but that has an unsavory odor, and so I will say this aged boy, for he seems to have brought along with him from early days, the openness, the simplicity of the honest good natured boy, goes out to the unconverted, to the sinner unswayed—the sinner in every walk of life. What skill, what power, what captivating persuasiveness he emphasizes to draw sinners to Christ. I say draw, for it is draw rather than drive. The unconverted cannot fail to see that the evangelist regards this world and all its possibilities as of but little moment, they shrink to nothingness when contrasted with the possession of a personal Christ. What humor, what seriousness, what pathos, what limitless resources this wonderful evangelist lays under tribute in doing his work. "The love of God" was his theme on this particular morning. The feeling in the great assembly was intense, the silence breathless. The climax was a charge to the people to go out and tell the world of God's love, followed by the benediction from the evangelist on the heads of the great congregation. In one moment the aisles and corridors of the great temple were gorged with the out flowing multitude. In the services Mr. Moody had prayed for his "friends Jones and Murphy."

Word was passed around that Jones would hold forth at Faneuil Hall at 12 o'clock. My steps were as straight as the circuitous streets of Boston would admit to this old, historic building. There Sojourner Truth, the black woman, asked the discouraged, down hearted anti-slavery society in the days of old "If God was dead."

As I accompanied a lady, the right to a seat in the gallery was granted me. The floor was packed with men on their feet, men only, there was not one seat. Out of the bustle and tussle of this part of the city men enough came to crowd Faneuil Hall. Scattered through the crowd were meat men dressed in white, like surpliced priests or angels, as you like.

Sam Jones is before them. He has his hand on the crowd. He is unlike Mr. Moody; he is a bird of another feather—a southern bird. In him there is six feet of physical manhood, candle straight. He is in close fitting garments of dark tweed. In complexion, as a typical Southerner, he is swarthy, and in main bold and assured. He carries black, piercing eyes under a square, heavy, overhanging brow, fronting a large head, covered with a thick thatch of black hair lightly touched with grey.

If people who have read Sam's absurd saying, have inferred that he goes about the country for the special purpose of entertaining the people with exhibitions of his pyrotechnical humour, they would have changed their minds had they, with me, listened to him for fifteen minutes preach to that standing, spell-bound crowd on the text, "To know Him and the power of His resurrection." It was good. It was grand! It would have made Theodore Harding, had he been alive and heard it, shout Amen! Amen! I then understood why D. L. Moody prayed for his friend Sam Jones. I am accused, said Sam, of using slang. I admit the truthfulness of the charge. Sometimes, said he, it is made by a dainty fingered lady of fashion, who the evening after making it will whirl about for hours in the arms of a leprous rascal with her dress cut down to here—marking the place on his own breast with a cross stroke of his fore-

finger. Then dropping his voice, he drawled out, I don't believe God intended that part of the person to be exposed. Had he done so, he would have covered it with hair, feathers or fur. I am a Methodist, the son of a Methodist. My ancestors were all Methodists away back to Adam. All will admit that Adam was a Methodist because he fell from grace. Resuming the question of the charge of using slang, Sam said, I do it because it saves time. It is the shortest way to say a thing. I do it because there is no other way of getting at some of you rascals. A national hymn had been sung with great animation and from full hearts. After Sam had reasoned for a time on temperance, righteousness, and a coming judgment, pointing out as he did so the conduct of the people of the republic, he said, in that drawing, slow speech, peculiar to himself and which he knows how to use with good effect, This is the land of the free and the brave. Yes! Yes! The land of the brave! Then stiffening into an attitude of great indignation he, said, with emphasis and withering effect. "We have more cowards to the square mile than any other country on which God's sun shines." The people enjoyed it and applauded him.

Sam caters to the crowd. He can reach down to any depth. Slang and inelegant expression is not the vernacular of Sam Jones. He uses these forms of speech for an end. Whether or not he is justified in doing so, is a question, I raise, but will not here discuss. This much I can say, that after hearing him three times, my opinion is his utterances, taken as a whole, on any one occasion, are uplifting and Christward. Like Dr. Lorimer, Sam could shine on the stage. Colonel Bain, of Lexington, Kentucky, said in public, in my hearing, that Sam was the happiest and most benevolent of men. He will return to his home at Cartersville, Georgia, said the colonel, with his pockets full of money. After meeting the demands of his family, the balance of the contents of his pockets goes to the poor and to charitable institutions.

May the Lord bless Sam Jones, notwithstanding his startling speech and strange ways.

REPORTER.

Letter from Tavoy, Burma.

Twenty years ago today we landed in Burma. At that time we fully expected that before a score of years had passed we would see much more done than has been accomplished in our own and other fields. But we soon found out that the Evil One had these people too firmly in his grasp to be easily driven back. We have been fighting on, sometimes with noticeable success, again halting to reconnoitre, if not to consider, the wisdom of a retreat.

But looking over the whole period we must thankfully own that we have not been permitted to labor in vain. In the domain of the spiritual correct estimates are beyond human calculation. Much tending both to good and evil has perhaps been done of which we have little knowledge. But we see advances in some respects and foundation work done, which, with the Lord's blessing, will forward the Saviour's kingdom in this dark land. A few of these may be noted. Previous to our coming Tavoy might be fairly well compared to some small church at home, with a pastor for brief periods and long intervals between. Several missionaries had been here, but for a short time only. Some of these on removing to other fields had taken with them the most efficient native preachers, so that the jungle churches left without pastoral care had sadly run down. The station school, indispensable in Karen mission work, consisted of about twenty pupils with one old man as teacher. The few buildings were in ruins. There was neither pastor, teacher nor pupil in Tavoy district whose scholarship amounted to anything like a good knowledge of the "Three Rs." in their own language. But today all is changed. We have school and dormitory accommodation for one hundred and fifty pupils, and houses for four native teachers with families. All these are of the best and most substantial character. Our own new mission house is all we could desire. Indeed all our buildings are entirely suitable and convenient. Our school has for many years numbered more than one hundred, and the present year has reached one hundred and fifty. Our studies include the seventh standard, or about equal to a grammar school course at home, and many have passed that standard. We have a most efficient staff of native teachers, and all have been raised up in our own school except one, our head teacher of Burmese, who is a Burman.

But the school in town is primarily for the purpose of raising up preachers for the jungle villages, and today we have eleven such teachers who have been educated here. Of these five have taken the whole course, and two of these have lately been ordained. We have organized churches in six new villages and begun work in several others. If we had suitable teachers many more could be entered. This need we hope to see supplied at an early day.

As said above we have not been without drawbacks and trials, some probably the severest ever experienced in the history of modern missions. It is such as these and not the hardness of the heathen that retards our work. It is such as these that wears out missionaries and sends them home or to their graves. But we have no idea that our work will not go on and triumph. And yet while I write these lines I am greatly burdened. My wife was obliged, on account of ill-health, to return home in July, and my weary days of weakness and pain clearly indicate

that I too must seek rest if my life would be prolonged. But there is no one to take up my work, and my hands are too feeble to hold it much longer. I am seeking some one to relieve me, and if I succeed shall leave for home in April or May. I would ask the readers of the MESSENGER AND VISITOR to pray for the workers and the work in Tavoy. So many have left or are soon to leave that it is only the direst necessity that compels me to give up so interesting a work.

H. MORROW.

Tavoy, Dec. 27, 1896.

HUGUENOT BIT OF LONDON.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

In the best part of the western suburbs of the metropolis, not far from Kensington Palace, and close to Holland House, there is a curious relic of olden times called "Edwards Square." Busy traffic and throngs of people pass by the entrance to this quiet and secluded place, which is known to comparatively few. A short, narrow street is all that divides it from the great highway that leads to Hammersmith and Putney. Omnibuses, carriages, and vehicles of all sorts crowd the road throughout the day, and the market carts for Covent Garden in the early morning leave but little time in the night free from the din of traffic. Going down the little street exactly opposite Holland Park, on the southern side of the Hammersmith Road, we suddenly see an open square, with a vast enclosure of garden and lawn, larger than Lincoln's Inn Fields. The houses on three sides of the quadrangle are very small. The northern boundary is formed by the backs of the loftier houses of Earle's Terrace, facing Holland Park. The origin of Edwards Square carries us back to the date of the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, when the expulsion of the Protestants brought so many Frenchmen to our country and caused Huguenot settlements in all parts of the kingdom, in Scotland and Ireland, as well as in England. In most of the localities the refugees were workers who transferred their skilled labor and brought wealth to the land of their adoption. It was not so in the Kensington settlement. Here it was intended to prepare a French Arcadia for families who do not seek their livelihood by manual labor or as skilled artificers, but who only required safety and peace. So Edwards Square, with its thrifty lodgings and healthy grounds, was built and named after the Kensington family. The Huguenot refugees and their descendants have passed away, and the houses are occupied by those who enjoy the quiet grounds and the economic homes prepared for the proscribed Huguenots. But the end is near. The lease of this Edwards estate is nearly expired, and the site of the property will in another generation be covered with larger and more valuable buildings. The Huguenot episode will all be forgotten, though known to students of history. Even Leigh Hunt, in his delightful book "The Old Court Suburb," abounding in memorials of Kensington, did not know the origin of Edwards Square. He repeats the legend that it was built in anticipation of the conquest of England by Napoleon, "when Frenchmen could find a cheap and rural Palais Royal in an English royal suburb!"

We are too prominent, too self-important, too conscious of ourselves. Our shadows fall too much in front of us, and we see them on the sand, clear-cut and defined. We need to keep our faces ever sunward, that our shadow may be well out of sight. And thus it is that God must sometimes hide us in the sick-chamber, and valley of shadow, the cleft of the rock. He calls us to Zarephath, or Carmel, the privacy of obscurity or of solitude. It is only when self is hidden in the darkness of the grave that the true light shines upon our hearts, or the power of the true life emanates from our acts.—F. J. Meyer.

—An act of heroism that is worthy of being chronicled is reported from the British Columbia mining town of Rossland. Two miners, working in a hundred foot shaft of the Young American mine, had filled an iron bucket with ore, and it was being raised to the surface by a man named Jim Hems-worth. The rank which he was turning broke at the elbow and he was knocked down. The cogs failed to hold the load and the bucket was rapidly descending upon the heads of the miners below, when Hems-worth threw himself on the reel and blocked the machine by thrusting his arm into the wheels. His arm was so lacerated that amputation may be necessary. He was released after a few moments, and when asked whether he was much hurt, replied "What is the difference, so long as I saved the boys?"