

which had led Japan to open her doors and sign treaties was now shutting the doors of citizenship against all Orientals. The Gentlemen's Agreement negotiated by the late Theodore Roosevelt was about to be abrogated by Congress without even allowing President Coolidge time for the conference he desired. The situation was critical. I interviewed many men of note, but there was with me a sense of something lacking: I had not met Kagawa.

Then came news that this "Saint of the Slums" had had a stroke of paralysis and might not be able to see me. "Tell him," I said, "I would go far merely to look into his face and take him by the hand." A messenger was sent to inquire if I might call merely for a moment. It is worth going almost any distance to touch the hand of a man who had so reproduced the Christ-life as to arrest the attention of a nation. Word came that if I would call at his relief station on Saturday morning he would see me.

On Saturday morning my baggage was thrown into an automobile as I started to the ship in company with Dr. Charles B. Tenny. We drove across a great section of the twenty-seven square miles of what had been the devastated area of the city of Tokyo to the rough board building which Kagawa had erected as a base for the large relief work he undertook soon after the earthquake and fires had left hundreds of thousands homeless in that part of the great city. After the earthquake Tokyo rather than the slums of Kobe needed him. Our car stopped in front of the low buildings, and we entered to be met by a man who bore the marks of a servant in the house, and who I at least thought would merely guide us to Kagawa San. But no, the unpretentious little man, servant-like in his garb, bearing and speech, was Kagawa himself, who offered us chairs and soon in broken English was answering all manner of questions with reference to the Christian movement in Japan.

When his opinion regarding the progress of Christianity in Japan was asked he exclaimed "Winning all the time." Thirty-five hundred persons, he said, had accepted Christ in the meetings that were held in connection

with the relief work in that center. Men and women of high rank had come to hear his sermons or had sent for him to preach the Gospel. "Why, Prince Ito's daughter came here for baptism last Thursday," he added. Then with impressive sincerity he added, "If you wish to reach the peers, you must live among the poor." This I took as a text for an admonition to simple living on the part of all Christian workers.

We could hardly avoid the immigration question, for it was in the minds of all the people. When I referred to it, his comment was about as follows: "The body of Christ cannot be broken. The church must lift itself above the waves of international disturbances." He was very sure too, although himself a social worker as well as an active evangelist, that none of the political movements of the day are sufficient. Socialism, bolshevism, communism and other movements are but fragments of truth, he said, while he affirmed that the teachings of Christ summed up the best that is to be found in all the movements. We would gladly have tarried for hours in conversation with a man who, I think, more than any other person I ever met, made me think of Jesus of Nazareth. Something radiated from this simple, humble disciple which made one feel that Jesus was reliving His life in him. But the ship would sail before long. Therefore, one other question. Did he have a message for me to take to the Christians of America? "Yes," he said. Then he thought for a moment or two before he gave me a message, the essence of which was this: "It is not enough to preach the gospel. It must be lived. It is not enough to erect church buildings of stone and wood. The church must be established in human hearts."

We were extending our hands in farewell when he said, "We must pray together before you go." First he led us, and then I tried to pray. Dr. Tenny's brief prayer in conclusion was an appropriation of a few words from that marvelous message from our Lord to His disciples in the upper room, which began with "Let not your heart be troubled." His prayer was something like this: "Our Father, we thank Thee for the fulfil-

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