

possibly have done, the real value of the methods employed. If success is with me at the time of re-action then I ought to succeed better in prosperous years when the churches are all rejoicing in large accessions of members and increased activity. I believe the so-called re-action is due more to faulty mission methods than anything else; or to put it otherwise, methods suitable to the time would have knocked the re-action over and produced success instead. My underlying thought has always been that missionary undertakings in any field, and in all their parts, should be, like every other human enterprise, subjected to scientific enquiry, and the problems faced in a scientific manner and solved by scientific methods. I am not minimizing the Divine power, but a great deal depends upon the methods used. I believe in sanctified practical common-sense. The Spirit is not given as a premium on ignorance or stupidity, nor to those who neglect the proper methods. To say that the work will progress in "God's good time," and thus throw the blame on our Heavenly Father, is nonsense, unless we have exhausted the part He has given us to do.

"I saw in Japan the most unique opportunity which the Church has ever had, at least in modern times,—the most colossal opportunity that the Christian faith could have desired, which could only be met by a colossal enterprise commensurate with the opportunity. I felt that the times demanded special methods to meet the case, and that this could best be brought about by a union of forces. Failing that, I determined that at least a little corner of the big scheme should be tried, to see how it would work, and now, after two years, where do we stand?"

It would take up too much of our limited space to give the details he presented to the Conference, but the following extract from a letter to the Principal indicates what he has done with the help of Mr. Kobayashi, (who came to Canada with Mr. Ikehara, and has recently returned to Japan, to engage in Missionary work), and of one other assistant. He says:—"The Missionaries on the field are converted as to my methods and are enthusiastic, but the help I get from quarters where help should be plentiful, comes in the shape of cold water—all very good in its place, but at times something else would be better. How very different this field from any on which your men are working; in fact so different from anything in the world.—"Reaction!"—There never was a time when proper methods would not ensure enormous success. Just think of it. In the Central Tabernacle we have every Sunday new material, i.e., *non-Christians*—MORE than in all the churches and preaching places in our whole Conference, with 4 districts, 10 foreign missionaries, 12 women of the W.M.S., and 29 Japanese preachers! The congregations elsewhere are nearly all old

Christians—very few new faces—and as a rule one-half of members on roll or less. If I had a small staff as a concentrated pastoral force, the ingathering would soon mount into hundreds, and out of these thousands of students at hand, the pick of the empire, preachers would be born by the tens. But——"

C. S. EBY.

With regard to his methods of evangelistic work, we cannot do better than give the following account by Mr. Dunlop of a night spent by him recently at the Chu-o-Kwaido:

"What does it mean? Well, 'Chu-o' means centre or central, and 'kwaido' hall, church, tabernacle; and that is exactly what you will find in great letters on the face of the largest and finest Protestant church in Japan, the 'Central Tabernacle,' Tokyo. There is one church in Japan that surpasses it—the magnificent cathedral of the Greek Church, within twenty minutes' walk of the Tabernacle, best known through the Empire as the 'Nikolai-kwaido,' after its builder and present head, the veteran Russian, Bishop Nicolai. Our own big church is little less universally known as 'Ibii san no kwaido,' Dr. Eby's church. Some have cavilled at the name 'central,' and would look for the centre of the great, low-lying, eighty or ninety square miles that is called Tokyo, in the Ryobashi or Nihombashi Districts, the region of banks and godowns and the fish market. But he who measures man by mind and soul, will find the centre of Tokyo and the Empire, the great throbbing brain of the nation, among the schools and colleges on the Hongo Hill, in the upper or north-west part of the city. There, on Haruki machi, that for traffic rivals any great Canadian street, stands our Tabernacle.

As I passed through the gate the other night, to attend the regular Sunday evening service, I said inwardly: 'Praise God for that electric light.' The low, wide entrance, the gravel-strewn courtyard, and even the street, were attractively and brilliantly lighted. Inside, too, was a flood of light, succeeded at the touch of a button by immediate darkness, while the opening hymn was thrown on the sheet. It was a year and a half since I had been able to attend one of the lantern services, and I well remember the hooting and whistling and pranks of all sorts that then followed the turning off of the light. Several times it had to be thrown on again at once, and the audience threatened with dismissal. Had Dr. Eby been depending on lamps, he should have had to give up in despair. This time all was changed, and darkness was the signal, not for hissing or whistling, but for a volume of song filling the building, and heard far down the street. Other hymns were sung and the Ten Commandments and a portion of Scripture read from the sheet. Then followed a sermon on the life of John the Baptist, with perhaps fifteen to eighteen illustrations. The audience was quietly,