

Captain Ward asked me to conduct service on Sunday. On British ships captains, I believe, read the Episcopal service, unless there is an Episcopal clergyman on board. When I crossed in 1888, there were on board such men as Dr. Noble, Dr. Gladden, Dr. Ellinwood, and many others, but the Captain read the service. He was not a religious man. On the way back there were several ministers among the passengers, but no one was asked to lead. The Captain, a profane man, took the service. Our ship is under the American flag, and every Captain is at liberty in such matters. We met for worship under some disadvantages. The Social Hall had been swept away by a typhoon a year ago. The books were found. The passengers brought their chairs together. The ship rolled and tossed not a little. But we got along very well. The text was: "Ye know that the rulers of the Gentiles lord it over them, and their great ones exercise authority over them. Not so shall it be among you: but whosoever would be first among you shall be your servant: even as the Son of Man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and gave His life a ransom for many." The pagan thought that the great man was the man that was served, and the larger his retinue of servants, the greater the man. Christ taught that the great man is the man who does most to serve and save. The world has called Cyrus, and Alexander, and Pompey, and Frederick, and Constantine, and Napoleon, great. This appellation was given by court flunkies and flatterers. The men whose names shall be held in everlasting honor and love are the men who have done most to bless and help their kind. It is not by self-assertion, but by service and self-sacrifice, that greatness and eternal life are won. The audience was most respectful. A reference was made to George the Fourth. At that point one auditor bobbed up and strutted off in high dudgeon. Perhaps he was related to George and resented any allusion that was not complimentary. In the afternoon a service was conducted in Japanese by S. R. Sasaki. He spoke from the thirteenth chapter of First Corinthians. In the evening Rev. A. D. D. Fraser conducted a service of song. The service closed appropriately with the hymn, "Jesus, Saviour, Pilot Me." It was a good day. It was the most pleasant day of the voyage. Several were thankful for the services, which they spoke of as helpful.

The conversation at the table and on the deck is of the most trivial character. I have not heard a bright remark,

or a noble sentiment, or an anecdote worth remembering since I came on board. The talk is about the sun, or about the food, or about the prospect of reaching land. Passengers are giving their minds a rest. They must be. They think with their teeth. What is lacking in thought is made up in strong language. The soup is "perfectly lovely;" the hash is "perfectly beautiful;" the baked beans are "perfectly delicious;" mangoes are "horrid;" and onions are "dreadful." One man sleeps "magnificently." I have listened to tittle-tattle and extravagant expressions till my soul is sick. There is some advantage in being deaf and dumb. I wish we had some savage chief here to pronounce these misused words *tabu* for the next ninety days. Some things have been said that would be important if they were new or true. "Prohibition does not prohibit;" "Prohibition is a stupendous failure in Kansas and Iowa;" "Prohibitionists are fools and fanatics." "Missionaries are on the wrong track: if they would teach the natives to sewer their cities and observe sanitary laws they would do them good: but to send them the gospel is casting pearls before swine." Some "chess nuts" have a tough life. The nine lives of a cat are not a circumstance in comparison. Men and women who know no more about these questions than a mule knows about metaphysics talk as dogmatically as if they were omniscient. One passenger maintains that there are no gentlemen in America. There are none who came over with the Conqueror and fought at Hastings; there may be none that came from the castles on the Rhine or on the Danube; but there are men who have done things far nobler, and things that fairly entitle them to be called gentlemen.

"Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood."

The way American girls are being changed into Countesses and Duchesses and Marchionesses and Princesses shows that the nobility of the old world does not consider itself essentially superior to the people of America.

The books read are novels and guide-books. The novels as a rule are poor stuff. They indicate the caliber and culture of their readers. I have read "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush" twice. I gave it to a Scotch missionary. He devoured it in a sitting. This is a noble book. No one can read it with-

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out being made better. I have read Froude's "Oceana," and some other solid works. I can understand how Stanley threw away book after book till the Bible only was left. The more one reads, the more this Divine Book becomes to him, and the more evident its immeasurable superiority becomes. It is at once the newest and oldest of books. It is the most fascinating book to read on train or ship, in the wilderness or in the city. We are supposed to be on a vacation. "There is nothing but space and color and breath of the sea: no soil, no mail, no rail, nothing but rest and God." We drink in ozone from every wave and every breeze. The mind is being fertilized and invigorated. Let us hope that because of this season of inaction it will give expression to thoughts that will shine and sparkle, to truths that will wake to perish never.

A daily walk about the ship is not without interest. The sheep and chickens and turkeys have nearly all disappeared. They have found their way into the pot and then into the human stomach, the final receptacle of so many things. Man claims to be "lord of the fowl and the brute." It would be interesting to know what the fowl and the brute think of this omnivorous being. The Japanese sleep on the upper deck. There are berths below, but they are stifling hot. They spread their blankets and pillows on the deck and lie down by the hundred. An awning keeps off the sun and rain. Their clothing is very simple. An average outfit does not cost over seventy-five cents. They wear no hat. Their sandals are worth about five cents a pair. They eat rice and vegetables and meat and drink tea. They smoke cigarettes or pipes. Women and men smoke. They gamble as continuously as the Chinese. No one would think from these that cleanliness was a national trait. One is reminded rather of the man who said he made it a rule to wash once a year whether he needed it or not. Their babies are like babies elsewhere. They would look sweeter if their parents would wash them instead of shaving their heads. These coolies are bone of our bone and flesh of our flesh. It would be interesting to look into their minds and learn their hopes, fears, yearnings. The barrier of language keeps a stranger afar off. It is interesting to watch the machinery that never sleeps and never tires, the officers taking the log and observation, and the Chinese scouring the deck and polishing the brass and iron, so that the ship is clean and bright throughout. A cat and dog below are great pets of the seamen and of the

passengers. Two men are in irons. They are partially insane and are tied to keep them from doing mischief. The cabin passengers sit on their easy chairs and read or flirt as they feel inclined. The married women do more flirting than the widows or the maidens. Only one man has been seriously sick, and he made no end of fun for the others. He was a fool to go to sea. If he gets ashore alive, he will not venture again. He berates the company for tossing him about, and then charging him for it. That is adding insult to injury. The purser told him as long as he could smoke he was not very sick. That was the straw that broke the camel's back. He made him appear a pretender. He got angry and got well. For two days the ship rolled a good deal. The passengers went tobogganing about the deck. But no one was hurt. We are as safe as if we were on shore. Our ship is practically unsinkable. We are in God's care and keeping. He is the confidence of all the ends of the earth and of them that are afar off upon the sea. No sparrow falls to the ground without His permission. Day after day we sail on seeing no ship and no land. We are impressed with the vastness of this wide ocean. "Is is," as Byron said, "boundless, endless, and sublime, the image of eternity." As we watch and think we are reminded of Bonar's sweet lines:

"There is a wideness in God's mercy,
Like the wideness of the sea;
There is a kindness in His justice,
That is more than charity."

As we approach Japan letters are written, trunks are packed; the passengers are in commotion. Everybody is alive and alert. Those who leave the ship in Yokohama and those who do not are alike in earnest. The long voyage is over. We are safe in port. We have heard nothing from the great world since the 3rd of August. We shall soon know what has happened in the meantime. Some will hear good news, and some doleful tidings. But God is good and makes all things work according to the counsel of His own will.

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