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AN EVANGELIST'S TRAVELS

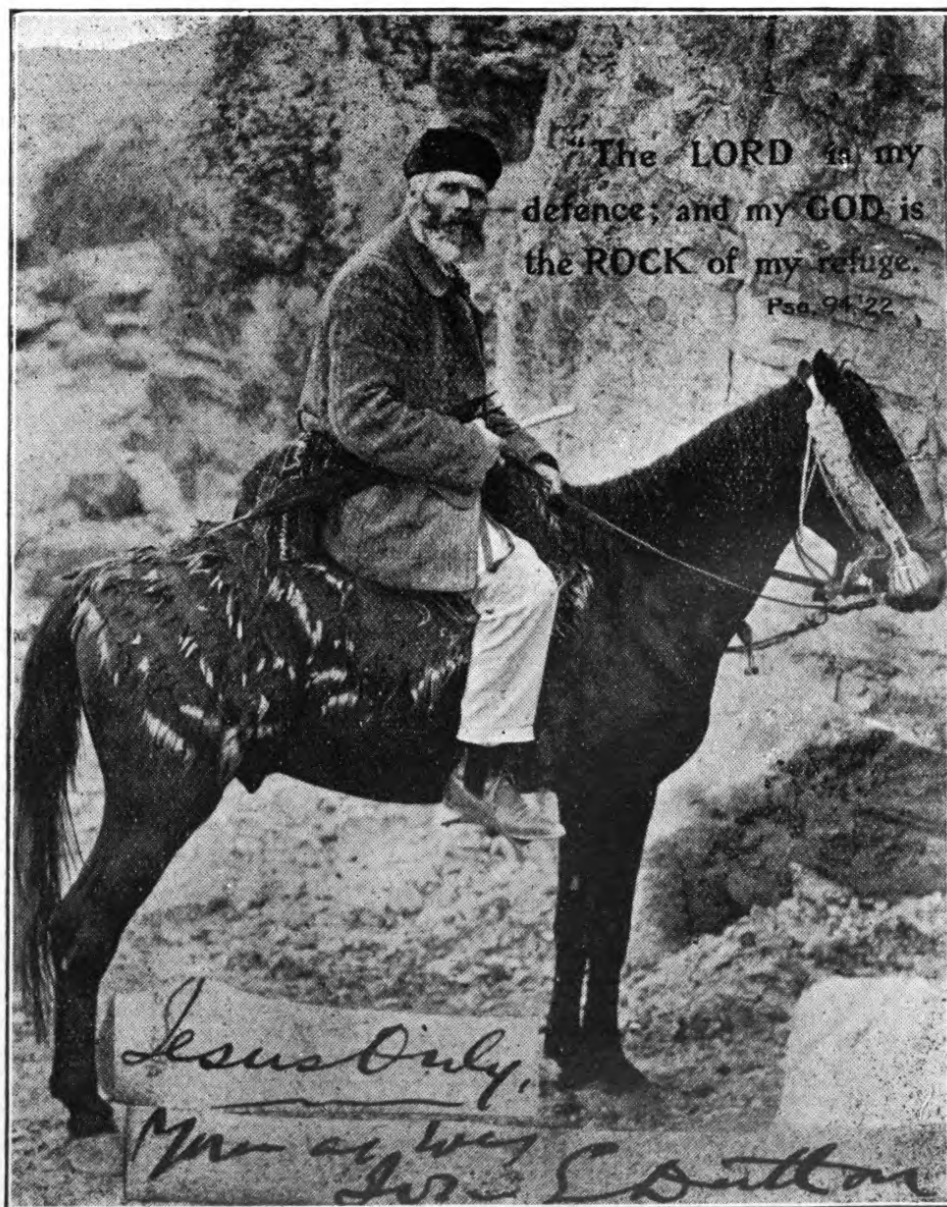
LIFE AND GOSPEL JOURNEYS OF
JOSEPH E. DUTTON



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The LORD is my
defence; and my GOD is
the ROCK of my refuge.

Psa. 94:22

Jesus Only.

Mr. & Mrs. L. L. Cotton

An Evangelist's Travels

or,

THE LIFE AND GOSPEL JOURNEYS
:: OF JOSEPH E. DUTTON, ::

With an Account of his Pioneering Work in
Europe, North Africa, America
and West Indies.

ILLUSTRATED BY
MANY PHOTOGRAPHS.

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CONTENTS.

	Page.
<i>EARLY DAYS</i> - - - - - - -	7
 <i>TRAVELS IN THE EAST.</i>	
Setting Forth - - - - - - -	16
Visits in Switzerland - - - - - -	26
In Germany - - - - - - -	30
A Brief Visit to Poland - - - - - -	35
In Belgium, France and Egypt - - - - -	37
Two Years in Turkey-in-Asia, Syria and Palestine	44
Damascus and its Environs - - - - -	49
Jaffa and Jerusalem - - - - - -	52
Journey to Haifa - - - - - -	55
In Turkey - - - - - - -	67
 <i>THE EVANGELIST'S TRAVELS IN THE</i>	
<i>BRITISH ISLES</i> - - - - - -	87
 <i>FRENCH AND FIRST SPANISH TOUR</i> - - -	
First Trip to Spain - - - - - -	96
Leaving for France - - - - - -	101
At War - - - - - - -	110
 <i>ON TOUR AGAIN.</i>	
Italian Tour - - - - - - -	115
In Spain - - - - - - -	132
 <i>MR. DUTTON CONTINUES HIS OWN STORY.</i>	
America and West Indies - - - - -	146
In the French Islands - - - - -	154
 <i>MR. DUTTON'S LAST LETTERS</i> - - -	
172	
 <i>COMMANDER SALWEY RECORDS</i>	
<i>MR. DUTTON'S END</i> - - - -	175

Prefatory.

OF making many books there is no end," and this is a time when there is a surfeit of literary matter, so that one does well to pause before attempting to burden the already fully occupied person with some fresh collaboration of events, which but only recapitulate that which has already been, proving Solomon again wise in his apologies (if such they be) when he tells us that that which has been is but that which shall be, and that there is no new thing under the sun. However, one's justification in imposing upon one's friends (and these narrative notes are written to such only) the revised records of but a very ordinary man, yet surely a somewhat extraordinary character, is that they were sent to me shortly before the sudden decease of the author, and one feels loath to leave matter thus left one to be relegated to the dim recesses of a pigeon-hole, and thus eventually to the waste paper basket. Joseph Dutton's daring determination to do all that he believed his Master had for him to do should influence some of the young men and coming generation of workers in the great harvest field of which our Master bade His disciples to "pray ye therefore, the Lord of the harvest that He will send forth labourers into His harvest." (Matt. ix. 30).

Let the reader listen to the following lines told by Mr. Dutton in his simple diary form, and should he or she be inclined to criticise, which is so easy to do, remember that the Lord has many servants in many offices and has given "to every man his work."

E. A. S.

An Evangelist's Travels.

EARLY DAYS.

I WAS born in the City of Liverpool in the year 1858. My father followed the sea for his profession, and was employed by the Allan Royal Mail Line of Steamers running from Glasgow and Liverpool to Quebec and Montreal. He rose to be commodore of the fleet of steamers, being the oldest Captain, and died in 1884 after taking the s.s. *Sardinian* to Montreal. In many ways he was a remarkable man, a truly God-fearing sea captain, and on his death one of the Chicago papers headed the obituary notice: "DEATH OF HOLY JOE." I am thankful to say I was brought up in the fear and admonition of the Lord. My father always conducted family prayers morning and evening when at home. I began my travels at an early age. I think I was about seven when my father took me with him to Montreal, Canada. I there saw my dear grandfather, who was also a Christian, and who told me that it was either himself or his father (I forget which) that built the first Methodist chapel in Southport, by knocking two cottages into one. I can remember God very distinctly speaking to me in my early days. One night my father was showing me the stars, and pointing me out how to find the pole star, when my childish mind was impressed with God's greatness. God visited our family and took away three, two boys and a little girl, in one week. Entering into the room where their little bodies lay, the solemnity of death made another great impression on my mind. On another occasion at the Wesleyan Chapel where we all attended, the preacher, Mr. S——, spoke very impressively, and I was nearly on the point of definitely deciding to become a Christian. These impressions, however, wore off, and going to

AN EVANGELIST'S TRAVELS

a boarding school I soon became careless, and as far as I can remember I had no serious thoughts whatever. We then went to live in Oxton and I was removed from the school. I must relate one circumstance which might have had a very tragic ending but was happily overruled, I believe, by the hand of God. Unknown to my parents I took my father's revolver out of the house, and showing it to my companions coming from school, one of them pulled the trigger. After the explosion a sharp pain in my right leg told me that I had been shot. With an oath (young as I was I had learned to swear), I said "Give me the revolver, you've shot me." Fortunately I was close to my home, and on going to my room found the bullet had gone through the fleshy part of my right leg. Of course my poor mother was greatly upset. The doctor was sent for and I remained in bed for about a week. In thinking over the matter I have often thought how God overruled this. How easily the bullet might have struck some vital part, injuring myself or one of my companions fatally.

CONVERSION.

After leaving school, my father decided to take me to Montreal, and apprentice me to a firm of wholesale Druggists, Messrs. E. M. & Co. Part of the time I lived with my uncles, but eventually took lodgings and lived alone. Being entirely my own master, and with no restraints whatever, I was soon carried away with all the attractions of city life. The billiard saloon and theatre were the places which attracted me most. I was beginning to tread the paths of sin and folly when God by His Spirit again impressed me by a letter written by my dear father. It was a faithful letter, personally dealing with me about my soul's salvation. The conversion of an intimate friend and companion, who, during a visit to England had been attending the large meetings in Victoria Hall, Liverpool, conducted by Messrs Moody and Sankey, spoke to me. The change I saw at once in my friend was used by God to bring me under conviction of sin. One evening, going into the Y.M.C.A. for a book, dear Mr. B——, the genial Secretary, shook me very cordially by the hand, and invited me to a meeting

EARLY DAYS

just commencing in the basement of the building. When I entered the meeting room, which was packed, they were singing, as far as I remember, "Whosoever heareth, etc." I was not attracted by the speaker; in fact, I thought him very poor, but on going out I received another hearty grip of the hand from Mr. B——. The meetings soon after this were transferred to the Theatre Royal, which a rich lady had rented for two weeks' special meetings. Mr. C——, a converted Bank Manager, was conducting the meetings. It was the same gentleman whom I had thought so little of, but now how changed! Every word he spoke I was drinking in, and not myself only, but packed audiences every night. Oh, how solemn those meetings were! One lost sight of speakers and singing: the absorbing fact—one was lost and wanted to be saved—dominated everything else. Oh, how I longed to be saved! Oh, the disappointment at coming away from the meetings unsaved! Some very remarkable conversions took place. One notable case, who came to the meetings with a newspaper for a shirt and without shoes and stockings, got soundly saved; and after a few nights, clad in a black suit, he told his conversion, with an earnest face wet with tears. I think I can see him *now* after a period of fifty years. This man, Currie, went as a missionary to Africa. It was the 15th of May, 1875, on a Thursday night. Oh, how I prayed that I might be saved that night! The meeting was pretty much as usual, a number of anxious ones finding peace, for in those meetings you could count the anxious by hundreds. I came away and mounted the stairs leading to my room, almost in despair. My Bible was open before me on the table. I had just read the whole of the 3rd chapter of John, and I was repeating over and over again the last verse—"He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life." I said, "Lord, I believe, but I don't feel"; when all at once the thought came into my mind—I must take Him at His word, feelings or no feelings. Oh, what joy came into my heart! I saw my mistake. My six months' anxiety vanished in a moment. For six months I had put feelings in the place of my Saviour. Needless to say, I fell down at my bedside and praised God as only a new-born soul can. I was born of

AN EVANGELIST'S TRAVELS

God, delivered from a world of sin, death and hell, saved to serve. Needless to say, as soon as my dear father had brought his steamer to port I was on board to tell him the good news. With tears in his eyes he thanked God.

BACK IN ENGLAND.

After this I was taken back to England. My father wanted to send me out as a missionary to China. I stayed in London some time, and became acquainted with the celebrated Miss MacP—— who kept a training home for boys to be sent out to prospective farms in Canada. I also went to hear the celebrated Charles Haddon Spurgeon preach, then finally returning home again I found employment in Liverpool.

Whilst at home I was constantly hearing about the work going on at Atherton Hall, Birkenhead. One Sunday afternoon, passing by the Hall, a young brother, Mr. J—— R—— was handing out tracts and invited me into the Hall. It was a Sunday afternoon meeting for Christians. Mr. Charles Morton was on the platform. It was the first time in all my life that I ever heard a simple exposition of the WORD OF GOD, comparing spiritual things with spiritual. I was struck with the youthful appearance of the speaker, and was as struck with his familiarity with the Scriptures, as with the aid of God's Holy Spirit in the ministry. These I may say were the stirring times in England of such men as John Hambleton, who visited Atherton Hall shortly afterwards, John Brunton, Rice T. Hopkins, who lived at Birkenhead, and a host of others. In Halls, Tents, and Market Places they preached the simple Gospel, baptizing believers, and leading them on in the ways of the Lord. Needless to add, the dry, formal sermons, with no point or power, delivered to fashionable congregations, lost all interest for me, and I was glad to follow the Lord in baptism, and my name was proposed for fellowship outside all sectarian names; outside to one Name only of Him whom the King delighteth to honour. I may say after fifty years' experience with fellow-believers thus gathered, despite not a few trials, I desire to be found following on in the ways that these dear servants of the Lord taught. They have nearly all gone to their reward. Very

EARLY DAYS

few of the old ones remain, but the truths they taught are being taught to-day and doubtless will continue to be taught, until the glorious shout will be heard to summon His waiting ones to the greatest open-air meeting of all—that of the ransomed of the Lord.

It was not long before, in addition to tract distribution, I began to open my mouth in testimony for my Lord. We used to carry a lamp in those days with the meetings announced on it, and every Saturday night we had crowds to listen to us in the Birkenhead Market. These were happy days. We had ministering brethren who taught us. The work prospered. Over in Liverpool a number of carters were saved through a tent pitched in the neighbourhood of Westminster Road. Visits from God's honoured servants followed, and a large conference of Christians. I may say I had a great desire to be an Evangelist, but like many other young Christians was quite ignorant that I had to submit to God's will, and God's time and God's guidance. In fact, so strong was this impression that without asking advice or counsel or fellowship I launched out. I had some thought of visiting my uncle who I had heard had a numerous family in Chicago. I did not go on the same steamer that my father was captain of.

TO CANADA.

The Allan Company kindly gave me a free passage. I think it was on the *Nestorian*. Captain B—, kindly gave me permission to preach to the steerage passengers, and every day I stood under one of the hatches. Through this I got in touch with some earnest Christians. I felt much helped of God and every day I had a crowd listening. Captain B—— kindly allowed me to proceed on the steamer up to Montreal. As a rule, all the passengers disembark at Quebec and proceed by rail to their various destinations.

As far as I can remember I had very little money, and through my father's influence I got a free pass to St. Louis. I made myself known to the brethren and they arranged two weeks' meetings for me. We had good meetings, and I was asked where I thought of going next. I said the Lord seemed to have laid on my heart New Orleans. I forget the distance, but I think it took quite four days to reach New

AN EVANGELIST'S TRAVELS

Orleans. I had heard at St. Louis that a German and his wife remembered the Lord's death every Sunday morning. I think it took about a week to find them. At last, after many disappointments, I was put on the right track, and one Sunday morning at No. 400 Chippewa Street I found this dear man of God sitting out on the verandah, Bible in hand. Of course I got the warmest of welcomes. We remembered the Lord's death, and soon after that a Mr. Gribble joined us (whose father was an Evangelist in England), and then another American brother. I saw it was the leading of God for me to try to find some employment and thus help the little meeting along.

PREACHING.

I stayed in New Orleans five years and was not idle, as I got special permission from the Mayor to preach in the streets, and every Saturday night at the corner of Canal Street, under a great electric arc lamp, I preached the gospel. I worked until I had sufficient means and then went around the villages preaching. One place I well remember. Getting permission from the Mayor to preach I took my stand right in the centre of the town, in a large public square. My preaching was of an arousing character, as I remember telling the people the fire of God's judgment would fall as it fell upon Sodom and Gomorrah. I was sleeping under a counter in a shop, and during the night observed a strange light from the opposite side of the street. This proved to be a fire in the house opposite. The fire raged for about two days and practically wiped the town out, nothing but stacks of brick chimneys standing. Only a very few houses were left. The one I slept in escaped. I then went and found employment in a large saw mill. My object was to work until I had enough money to buy a tent and work it around the district. After I had about 70 dollars I wrote up to Donald Ross of Chicago. He replied, and thought I had better invest the money in tracts and booklets and distribute them around. I ordered about 40 dollars worth of the *Ram's Horn*, which he was editing about that time. I think it was the first number to come out, and I spent my spare time in handing these papers out. On leaving the saw mill I bundled all my belongings together and carried them, as

EARLY DAYS

best I could to the nearest station on the main line to New Orleans. I found the train only waited a few minutes. My object was to send on my things by train and follow on foot, and thus save the train fare. The conductor threw my things out, said he had no change, and the train went on. At this point some people had noticed me standing waiting for the train, and after the train passed asked me would I not like to have some coffee. It crossed my mind as rather suspicious, still I went; but after taking the coffee; on returning to the platform not a vestige of my trunk or things could I see. I was left quite bare; even my coat had gone. Fortunately I had sent all the money I had, or nearly all, up to Chicago, leaving what remained in my pocket. I made my way as best I could back to New Orleans. It was a wild country, with robbers abounding, and little protection for life and property. I kept to the railway track; sometimes it led through dark pine forests and the sounds at night were dismal enough. I reached New Orleans, however, and found the dear saints had been praying for me. I must not forget to mention dear Brother P——, who visited the Great General Hospital at New Orleans. The Lord used him to point many of the poor suffering and dying to Christ. The Catholic Sisters of Mercy hindered the work somewhat, but our brother kept to his post. I had some experience of the Hospital. One day working on the Levée in the hot sun I became suddenly very ill. I made my way as best I could to the Hospital, but was refused admittance. I told them I was very ill, and after a little demur the door was opened again. I must have lost consciousness for I remember nothing more until I was awakened during the night by seeing two black figures, one with a jug and the other with a glass. They were the Sisters of Mercy going their rounds giving iced lemonade to the patients. I am sure I felt grateful enough for this kindness. In my weak state and thirst I feebly said "God bless you." I was only allowed to stay in the Hospital a day or two, till the effects of the sunstroke seemed to have passed off.* Although I was weak

*Probably this sunstroke affected Mr. Dutton all his life and accounted for some of his little peculiarities, and his final illness seems to have come on after another such seizure.

AN EVANGELIST'S TRAVELS

still, I made my way to my little room near to the landing place of the big stern-wheel steamers that I used to work on. The work was heavy enough, but it was well paid. In the height of the cotton and sugar season as much as 80 to 90 dollars a month were given for common labour. I worked on a steamer called the *St. Mary* running down to quarantine about 75 miles below New Orleans. The trip took from two to three days. Sometimes we made the landings with very little light, each with a heavy sack of salt or a cast iron stove upon his back, hardly knowing where to find the path. The shouting of the men, the oaths and curses of the chief mate, made a pandemonium terrible enough. We generally carried a mixed cargo going down, and on the up trip we took in sugar, cotton seed, and rice. Our crew were generally a rowdy lot, and often got up a free fight among themselves when revolvers and razors were sometimes used. Indeed I have often had to go down in the hold and on my knees cry to God for grace and patience. Once thus engaged I heard a noise, and looking around saw the chief mate with a lantern. "Are you sick, preacher?" (that was the name I went by because I used to preach sometimes on a cotton bale, on the levée). "No," I said, "but I must pray." I saw very little evidence of God's Holy Spirit working anywhere. Once in my journeyings I listened at the doorway of an African Baptist Chapel. The roaring and shouting could be heard a considerable distance off. In fact the noise led me to see what was going on. A big, burly African was on the platform, the perspiration pouring down his cheeks. His subject was Adam and Eve in the garden of Eden. When he got to the part of the story of the fall, he lost all control. The women made a peculiar whining; some were jumping out of their seats. I turned away sad enough that Satan could so deceive people in thinking that all that excitement was pleasing in the sight of a Holy God. Better far were it for them to learn to be quiet and to do their own business, to live clean lives, and to accept Christ as their Saviour. In slave times there were real godly preachers, and as a result, Holy Ghost conversions, but during my stay of five years in the city of New Orleans, I saw very little of what, in my humble judgment,

EARLY DAYS

seemed to be really the work of God.

While preaching in New Orleans on the streets one day a brother who knew me handed me a telegram. It was sent from my uncle in Montreal, containing the words "Your father died last night of Bright's Disease." Tears welled up in my eyes. I left the crowd who were listening to me, and walked away for several blocks to give way to my feelings. It appears that though the Allan Line Company sent a Doctor with him, on arriving at Montreal he had to go to the hospital. He had long been suffering from "Bright's Disease," and thus his earthly voyage finished, and he passed into the presence of the King.

I remained in New Orleans some months after this, and a dear Christian gentleman who knew my father, procured for me passage to England on a small steamer called the *Andean*. After a month's steaming we entered the port of Liverpool, and I was again at home. I found the old Atherton Hall meeting had removed across the street. The Assembly had grown considerably, and some New Assemblies had been formed in Liverpool. I got employment again in Liverpool and stayed at home for a period of fifteen years.

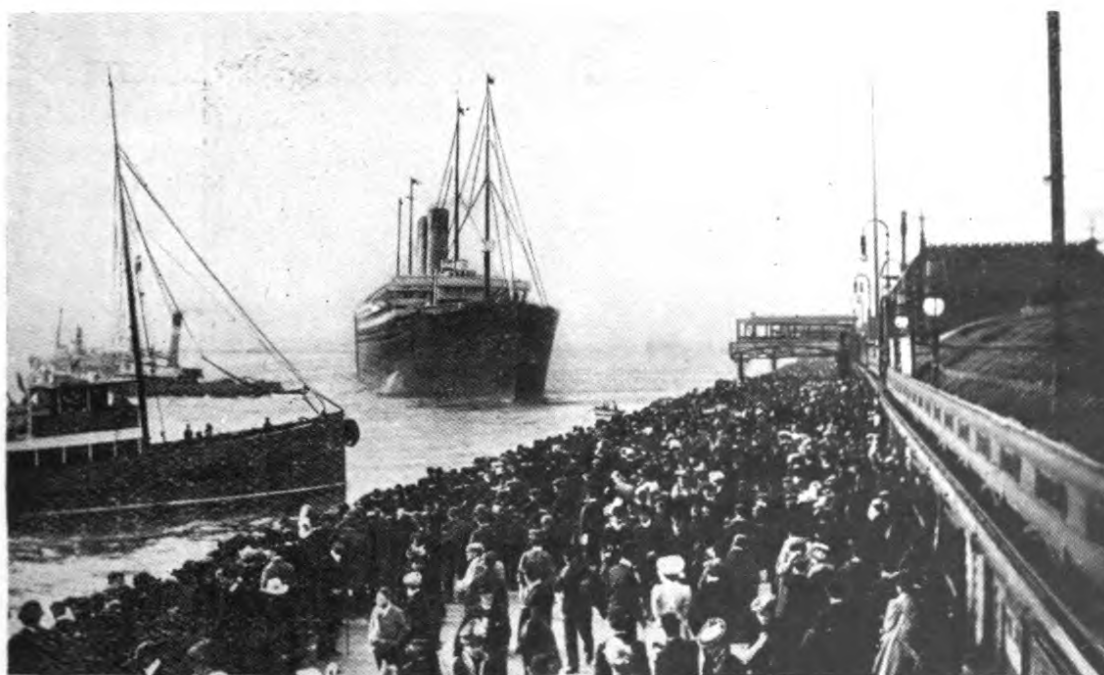
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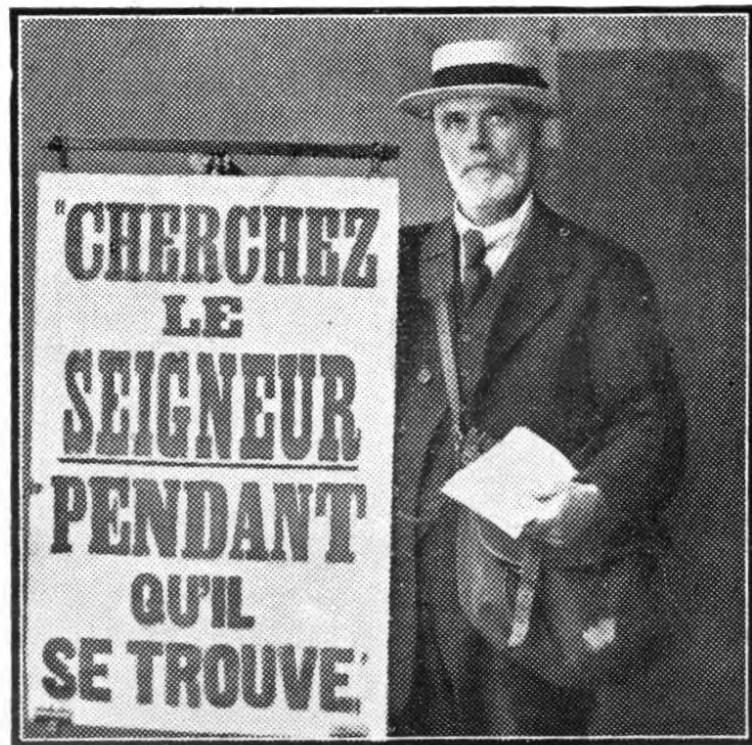
SETTING FORTH.

IN the year 1901, while following my occupation in the Municipal Buildings of Liverpool, I became impressed with the thought that God would have me go forth into the regions beyond, to try in some humble way to spread His Gospel in the midst of the tide of unbelief and sin that is sweeping multitudes of our fellow-creatures into an undone eternity. I had already written to several brethren interested in missionary work abroad, but beyond sympathizing with me, nothing further came of the correspondence. I was quite willing to go and leave all, but the thought constantly occurred to my mind: How would I live, and wherewithal would I be clothed? After two years of deep exercise of heart,—because at my age—being nearly forty-three, it was rather a serious undertaking—I was, I believe, taught by God that if it was His will for me to go forth in His service at His bidding, and He was indeed guiding me in it, surely I ought to trust Him for the supply of all my need, and that in some way or other He would provide the things necessary for my sustenance. With much prayer, and in fear and trembling, I severed my connection with my dear employer, and went forth in the Lord's Name.

I may say that after I had come to the decision to go forth in this simple way, John iii. 16 came with new force and power to my soul. I began to look upon "the world" in another light, and a flood of love came into my heart for my poor fellow-creatures. I felt that as God's love was for all men, no matter what nation they belonged to, or how unloveable they were, so could I love and serve them.



LINER LEAVING LIVERPOOL



JOSEPH E. DUTTON

EVANGELISING IN PARIS

My first place to visit was Paris. I was exercised about this great city through reading a missionary paper. In a letter written to Mr. B——, of E——, who was labouring there, he mentioned the great need there was for some English evangelist to come and speak through interpretation. I had already written to a dear brother to engage a small room for me in Paris at a cheap rate, so in the Lord's Name I set off on my journey.

I arrived in Paris in May 1901, knowing very little of the French language, and the little I did know did not prove very serviceable. At the Gare St. Lazare, nobody could understand a word of my French, neither could I understand one word of theirs. How helpless I felt! Surely very few ever entered Paris under such strange conditions. But a calm joy filled my soul in the confidence that God was with me, and all was peace.

The address I had with me was Rue du General Brunet. After two hours of hard searching in a hot sun, I arrived at a street named Rue Brunet, which was not the one I wanted. I sat down quite exhausted and wondered what I should do. Just at this point a gentleman, who had doubtless observed my distress, kindly came to the rescue and put me into an omnibus. After about one hour's riding, I at last arrived at the address indicated in the letter of Mr. L——, who was expecting me, and had sat up awaiting me. It was now eleven p.m. He took me to my humble room, which he had engaged for me. It had been an exciting day, and everything was new to me: the costumes of the people, the crowded streets, the high-storied houses with their white-painted fronts, all seemed strange. It was some time before I dropped off to sleep, that first night in France.

EVANGELISING IN PARIS.

When I reached Paris I had very little money, just a few shillings over my fare. I thought if I was really led of God, He would make it manifest in providing for my needs in His own way. If I had made a mistake, I was quite willing to acknowledge my error and to go back to my work. In looking back, after over eight years of simple trust in God, I can say, "He is faithful." I often think

AN EVANGELIST'S TRAVELS

of many of my brethren and sisters in England and elsewhere, who are unmarried, who have passed perhaps middle age, and who feel that their lives have not been so profitable for God as they might have been, who have never done anything very special, and who have often longed after some definite service for God, but who perhaps think that they are too old for missionary work. Let me say to such: Pray much about the matter; perhaps God may send you forth yet. Before you continue reading this humble narrative any further, go down now on your knees, and lift up your heart in this short prayer: "O my God, send me—even me. I am ready to go forth in Thy Name, simply trusting." The writer is certain that, if this is indeed the heart's desire, God will answer that prayer. Look on the fields—French, Austrian, Russian, Asiatic, African, etc.—with millions and millions of precious souls, living and dying, century after century, without hearing of a Saviour who came to ransom and redeem them to God. The writer is especially thinking of countries within a few hours of England, in which he has preached the Gospel to many who had never before heard it in its simplicity.

May God lead many of His people to consider the need of such and seek to reach them in this simple way. I am sure the few who have done so have been amply rewarded. Home-ties and friendships may, for a time, have to be severed—perhaps a prosperous business to be given up—but all will be amply repaid by a deeper insight into the ways and things of God, and in a deeper experience and closer walk with Him.

In a few days I had spent my little all, careful as I was over every sou. I then began to be in want. Faith has to be tried: then God comes in. How well I remember it all! This was to be a red-letter day in my history. I think it was on a Wednesday. I had been in Paris just one week. I had not had any food that day, and as I walked the streets I could see not the slightest human possibility of breaking my long fast. On the following day, another four francs was due for the rent of my little room. Still, I was kept in a calm and peaceful state of mind. My prayer to God all that day was: "O God, show me if I have made a

EVANGELISING IN PARIS

mistake, and lead me in a plain path." It was the usual Wednesday night prayer meeting. I went to it, and was surprised to see upon the platform of the little room in which the Christians conducted their meetings, a dear brother whom I had known in England, a well-known and gifted preacher of the Gospel.

After the service was over, and Mr. Holiday had spoken to some others, he came to me and asked after my welfare. I told him I had come to Paris, and was studying the French language. I could already understand a good deal of what he had said in French. It is a strange fact that one begins to understand an Englishman, when speaking French, sooner than a native. He walked slowly down with me to the main street, and in shaking my hand at parting, I felt he left something in it. I could hardly believe my eyes, when I found two bright English sovereigns. I could only grasp this dear brother by the hand and thank him. On one or two occasions of my life, I have felt the presence of my Lord and Saviour very near, and this was one of them. With a heart filled with praise to God, I ran nearly all the way to my little room. When I had calmed down, I went to the shop below to purchase something to satisfy my hunger. I need hardly say that I thanked my Heavenly Father that night, and I realized as never before what a real Father God is. He knew when to send money, and how much, without my writing to tell anybody of my need. This circumstance greatly strengthened my faith. The brother who gave me this first gift has passed to his reward. He was indeed a brother beloved, well known in England and on the Continent, whose ministry was greatly used to cheer and refresh tried and weary saints of God.

About a week after this, a brother, who had come to Paris to labour in the Lord's work, asked me what I intended doing. I told him I thought I would try to sell Bibles and New Testaments about Paris. He told me a gentleman had just written to him, offering him 500,000 tracts in French, and if I would help him to fold and circulate them for free distribution, he had a room, and I could come and live with him. I told him I would ask God about the matter. After continuing in prayer, I felt that

AN EVANGELIST'S TRAVELS

God's hand was in this, so I told him I was ready to accept his offer. I stayed with this dear man of God and his wife* for fifteen months, and we distributed many thousands of tracts at the entrances to the parks and in the markets of Paris. I soon acquired a knowledge of the French language and in nine months I could speak and understand it easily. Then I found plenty to do for the Lord in Paris. How I pitied the rich, idle pleasure-seekers, who weary themselves in their pursuit after pleasure! If such knew the real joy of one day spent in the service of God, how quickly would they turn from such idle pursuits!

My daily round of work consisted in attending meetings, visiting the sick, going to the markets, etc. The time passed rapidly. The work was most arduous. Many days I would visit hundreds of shops, ask numbers of people, and then go home at night without having sold one single New Testament, although the price was but twopence. I often thought if one wished a hard job, let him try to sell Bibles and New Testaments in Paris—I mean, of course, as a colporteur. During my life I have had difficult tasks, but this proved the most difficult of all. I got a board about four feet by two-and-a-half feet, and upon this I painted in large white letters that beautiful Gospel Text, so well known and so often preached from—John iii. 16. Never was an artist so proud of his work as I was of that. This board I meant to carry around the streets of Paris, as a silent witness of God's love to the people, many of whom knew Him not, nor His love. How I trembled as I felt God was leading me to do this! Running up to a cannon's mouth in the excitement of battle was something like what I felt. How many times I had to kneel and ask God for strength and courage. At last, with fear and trembling, I opened the door of the little hall in which my painting operations had been carried on, and sallied forth. I expected the whole street would be after me and tear me to pieces; instead of that, I was hardly noticed. It was only when I was mounted upon an omnibus, and held up my board, that anybody seemed to notice it. I found that

*Mr. and Mrs. Brooks.

EVANGELISING IN PARIS

going about carrying the board helped the sales of the Bibles and New Testaments, and I was able to show an increased sale of thirteen Testaments per day.

During the whole two years and six months I was in Paris, I sought in a humble way to bring the Gospel before thousands. I only saw two persons truly converted, through my speaking, or carrying the board, and tract distribution, but God will look after His own Word. The place where there seemed any visible stir in Gospel work was in the Central Hall of the Salvation Army in Rue Auber. Every Sunday afternoon about four hundred attended these services. In the meetings many found peace. They were impressive, and blessed of God.

I found evangelistic work in Paris no child's play. One seemed to be brought face to face with the forces of evil and darkness in a most peculiar way, so subtle was the enemy of souls. The Parisians seem Gospel-hardened and armour-plated, and I became convinced that nothing but persistent effort, backed up with much prayer, could make any headway. During the two years and six months that I spent in the city, only two persons known to me were impressed and truly converted. These two were my own landlord and his wife, from whom I rented my little room, when I had left the house of Mr. B——, on account of his removing to another town. The woman, although seemingly robust and healthy, went into a rapid decline, and it was sad to see her daily growing weaker. She listened to my attempts to put the Gospel before her, and before leaving this world, I believe the poor woman put her trust wholly and entirely in Him Who came to bear the sins of many, and Who died, "the Just for the unjust, that He might bring us to God." The man was a drunkard. He went into a decline also. He had often heard the Gospel, and before he died he grasped it by faith. Sometimes we had special services in a little Gospel hall in one of the worst quarters of Paris. The same hardened crowd came night after night, and many attended the services during the two years who had been given to drink and sin.

AN EVANGELIST'S TRAVELS

Paris is a great city. I did not see it all, but saw enough to convince me that for indifference to spiritual things, unbelief and infidelity, it will hold its own with any city in the world. I think I may say with truth, nine out of every ten you meet upon the streets, do not believe in either God, Devil, Heaven, Hell, or Bible. They have no belief at all. Exceedingly few have ever seen a Bible, Testament, Gospel, or tract. The Gospel is preached in some churches admirably, as in some halls and missions; still the fact remains, the great majority of Parisians care not for these things. Their occupation from childhood to the grave is the pursuit of pleasure and earthly things.

AMONG THE TOWNS OF FRANCE.

After I had been in Paris two years and six months, I received an invitation to go to Havre to help in work among sailors. A worker there had broken his arm in an automobile accident. I went, and spent about one month. We had some interesting meetings among the sailors. Havre seemed a most ungodly place. When I left Birkenhead, I took with me a model of the Tabernacle of Israel, designed by my late father, Captain J. E. Dutton, which I had used in England and once or twice in Paris. I arranged to show my model of the Tabernacle at a mission. A good many people came, and they seemed interested. I do not know whether the friends in Havre thought I was rich, going about giving free lectures on the Tabernacle. However, a lady, on my leaving, kindly gave me two francs. I sent my boxes on to Rouen, and shouldering my little hand-bag, started to tramp there. My reason for going to Rouen was that I had heard that there was a Sailors' Home there, and the lady who managed it had thought of asking me to help while she took a holiday in England. Two francs was all the money I had, with a few Testaments, which I hoped to sell on the way. The weather, fortunately, was warm, and the first night I camped out under some stacks of wheat that had been recently cut. In the morning, I arose and trudged on to Rouen. After two days' weary tramp, I arrived almost dropping with



A BUSY SCENE IN PARIS



PARIS, in the Neighbourhood of Gare du Nord



THE "ARCHE DE TRIOMPHE," PARIS

AMONG THE TOWNS OF FRANCE

fatigue, scarcely able to move one leg past another, with only one sou in my pocket. I made my way to the first bread shop, spent my last sou, and turned into one of the railway goods cars, the door of which stood invitingly open, brushed a clean place for my weary body, and slept as only a tired man knows how to sleep. Next day I went to the Sailors' Home, and found the lady had gone. I was permitted to wash my face, brush up a little, change some of my things, and leave my hand-bag. I was disappointed at this, because I thought there might be an opportunity of having meetings. As I had no money whatever, I had to return to my free lodgings in the empty railway van. On going next day to the Post Office, I was glad to find a letter enclosing a cheque for four pounds from a dear friend, Mr. Stone of Greenwich. How often have I thanked God for the gifts of this dear brother, and never more so than on this occasion. I was now able to get comfortable lodgings. I found Rouen a fine old French city with a wonderful cathedral. I was impressed to see many women assemble in the cathedral in the early hours of the morning for prayer, and with the solemn silence that reigned in that vast place as sometimes hundreds spent an hour in silent prayer. I visited the spot where Joan d'Arc was burned, the cell where she was imprisoned, and the tower from whence she was taken to the stake, which was set in the centre of the market-place.

A Baptist pastor seemed an earnest man, and some of the members sincere Christians. I stayed in this town some weeks, showing and explaining my model of the Tabernacle to an appreciative congregation.

After this I went on to a small town named Berney, in Normandy, where Mr. B—— (with whom I had stayed fifteen months in Paris) had rented a house and was busily engaged visiting the market-places with an automobile, distributing tracts and selling New Testaments and Bibles by the thousand, a well-known French evangelist helping him. These dear men of God hold short services in different market-places, explain what their books contain (which the law permits them to do), and in this way preach the Gospel to many thousands, who carry back the message they have

AN EVANGELIST'S TRAVELS

heard and the books they receive to different villages. In this way the truth of the Gospel is made known in this part of Normandy.

While living under Mr. B——'s kind and hospitable roof, I conceived the idea of walking across France, visiting all the markets, and trying to sell Bibles and Testaments. I found on my tramp from Havre to Rouen that it was a better way to sell my books than by travelling on the railway. I accordingly wrote to Mr. S—— about the matter: he seemed to think it would be a good thing. Mr. B—— accompanied me a short distance out of the town, and turning aside on the road we had prayer commending me to God.

My first town was La Barre. I had marked off the chief towns with the aid of a map. I found when I commenced my journey the leaves of the trees were rapidly turning yellow, the fields were nearly all ploughed over, and altogether the country presented a most dreary and bare appearance. I found the middle of France absolutely flat, no hills being seen; nothing but bare fields, leafless trees, and white, straight, dusty roads day after day. I generally found good accommodation at the hotels, very cheap and clean, and for one franc you can get a dainty, white little bed.

Before I left Paris, I had a visit from my aged mother. She arrived in Paris under the care of two evangelists, who are now stationed in Annam. My mother stayed several weeks in Paris, and it was a sad day with me when I bade her farewell at the Gare St. Lazare Station. She very much enjoyed her visit to Paris.

On my first two or three days' tramp I had a little success. I found more demand for Bibles in the provinces than in Paris. Altogether in the three months' tramp I sold five hundred New Testaments and thirteen large family Bibles. Some days it was weary work. From Bonneval to Orleans, a distance of sixty-two kilometres, I tramped in one day, carrying a large board and also a bag of books. I arrived at Orleans at 11.30 at night. All the small hotels were shut, the night was bitterly cold, and I had to wait till the coffee-houses began to open before I could get a hot

AMONG THE TOWNS OF FRANCE

drink. On getting a little room, I was so exhausted with my tramp that I slept for twenty-four hours.

I found during my visits to the various towns all the religious services seemed to be attended by women. The Catholic churches are crowded with women. Very few men attend any of the services. Speaking to the men about the things of God I found they regarded it as childish that any one should trouble himself about such matters. In fact, so far as one could gather, they did not believe in God or the Bible, or any religion whatever.

I was preserved in health during my long journeys, often doing thirty and forty kilometers a day, and so exhausted that I would lie down to get ten or fifteen minutes sleep before I could reach the next town that was only a few miles off. Sometimes I had only bread and water, but the water was sweet and fresh from the springs on the roadside. I never suffered from such a diet, my head being clearer, my health better, and my heart lighter than ever before. I preached the Gospel in many villages and towns. In the market-places, as a rule, the people listened remarkably, and bought freely of my books. I had no difficulty with the language. I arrived in Geneva one day before New Year's Day, my tramp from Berney to Geneva having taken about three months.

The French people in the country I found homely and hospitable. Any of the farmers would share their vegetable soup with me and give me a shake-down of clean straw or hay at the back of the house. And the Gospel of God's grace was always told to those who would listen.

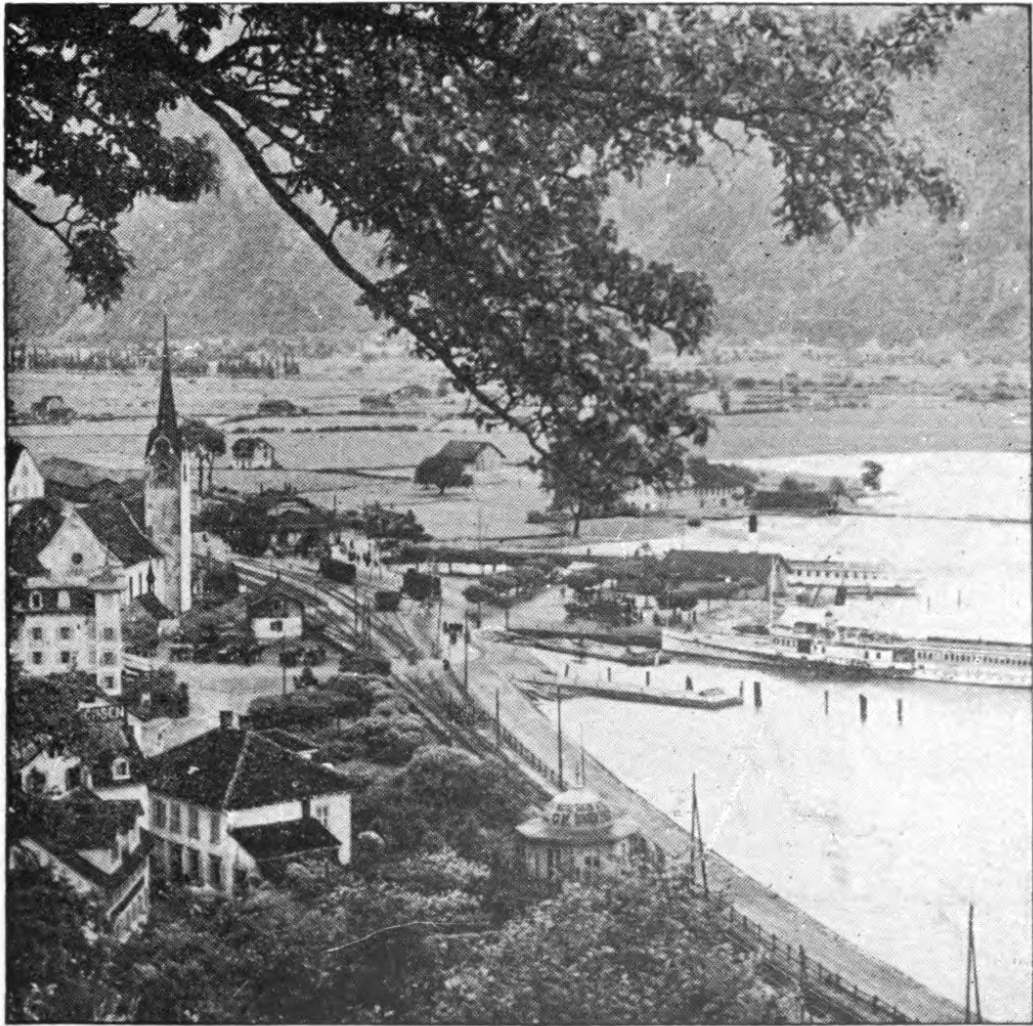
I had sent my model of the Tabernacle on in advance from Rouen to Geneva. I found a dear brother, Mr. B——, of G——, engaged in business as a bookseller and stationer there. He paid the carriage of my model, and also arranged meetings for me, at which I had the help of many earnest Christian brethren. They were all well attended.

VISITS IN SWITZERLAND

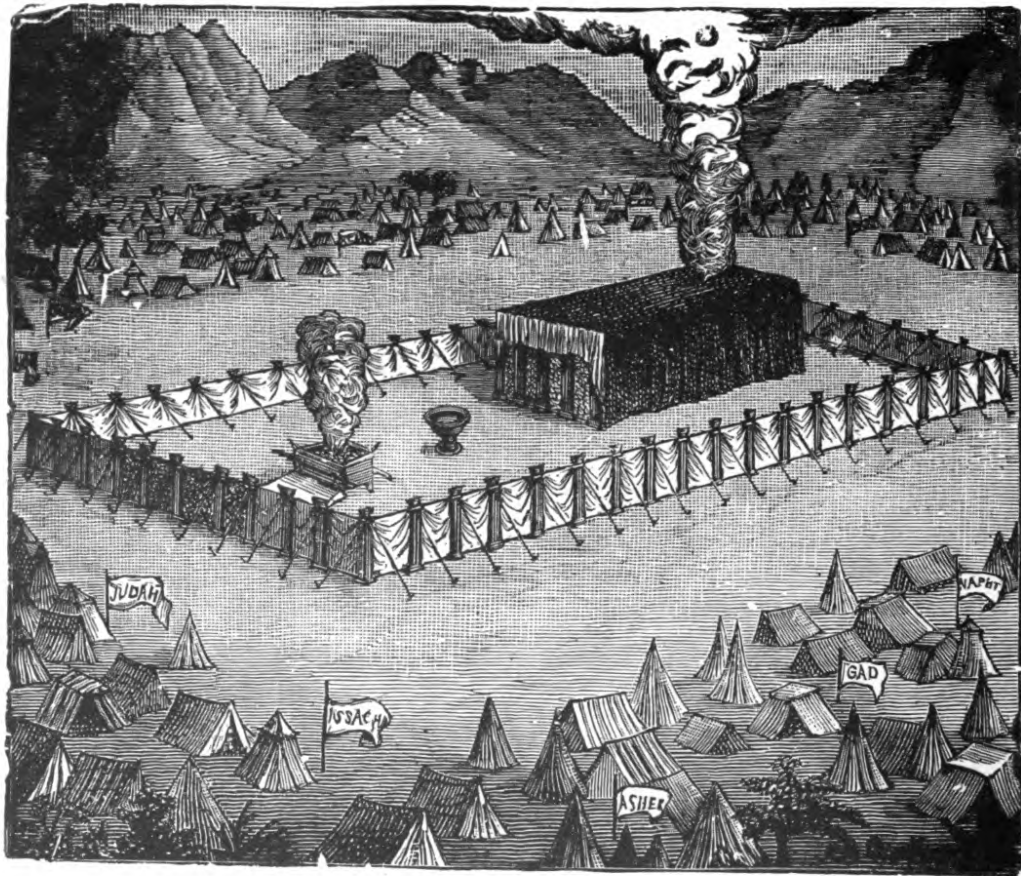
IN England I had given some addresses on "The Tabernacle of Israel," illustrating them with a large model. I had not much confidence in my ability to undertake this ministry, in a foreign language, so I was very glad when Mr. B——, of E——, and Mr. S——, of L——, came to Geneva and offered to give the addresses if I would put the model up. These two dear brethren were well known and we visited eleven towns and villages. I found the Swiss Christians hospitable and simple. They seemed to enjoy the lectures on the Tabernacle, judging from the numbers that came every night. Mr. B—— and Mr. S—— gave interesting addresses, and I think the meetings did much good. I had plenty to do, putting the model up and inviting the people. I have found in Gospel work, as in any work, two are better than one, and "a three-fold cord is not easily broken." Our best meetings were at Bienne. There we saw some conversions among the young people. Also at a little place called Pampigny we had good times.

I was sorry when the meetings came to an end, owing to the two brethren having other engagements. I was sad at parting from them. We had been together about three months. The villages and towns visited were situated in the west of Switzerland. It was in the Spring-time of the year, and the scenery and aspect of the country were a welcome relief after the dull monotony of my tramp through France.

I now found myself alone and wondered what I was to do. After much waiting upon God, I resolved to go on. I was led to Berne, the Capital of Switzerland. About this time I received a very kind letter from Mr. S——, Secretary of the Missionary Helps' Depot, 13 Croxton Street, Liverpool. There is a class held at Crete Hall every Monday, in which letters are read from missionaries. Post



A PRETTY SCENE IN SWITZERLAND



THE TABERNACLE AND CAMP OF ISRAEL

VISITS IN SWITZERLAND

cards are made from photos, and also lantern slides. The brethren connected with this class have helped me much, sending encouraging letters, praying for me, and sending me gifts; and not to me only, but to many of God's servants. Humanly speaking, I never could have covered all the ground I did, and visited the different countries, in which I spent so many happy years and saw so much of God's work and so many of His dear people, apart from such loving fellowship.

Berne, I found to be a large town, the language spoken being German. There is a good deal of Christian work there. I found a suitable hall, holding about five hundred people. The Secretary of the Y.M.C.A. interested himself in the matter, and sent me to one of the trustees of the hall. We had two evening meetings, and during the day about twenty-four different schools came—boys in the morning, girls in the afternoon. The professors gave the explanation. About eight hundred boys and girls came, and seemed very interested. At nights we had crowded audiences. I had to speak through an interpreter. The translator seemed very slow, but I felt helped of God. I felt thankful to God for all His help during my stay in Berne.

The next place I visited was Zurich, one of the finest cities in Switzerland. Situated at the head of the beautiful Lake of Zurich, surrounded by high mountains, with their snow-capped tops, I thought this was the most beautiful spot I had ever seen, and I praised God for permitting me to see such a place. One could see many large fish swimming in the lake; also quite close to the edge great fish would swim lazily by. Then there were the enchanting grounds with their well-kept borders at the side of the lake. I sadly missed the help of the two dear evangelists who had been with me, and I had to learn if this work was given to me of God, that He would help me to do it.

When I arrived at Zurich I found great gatherings, presided over by General Booth, were being held there. Of course I could do nothing with my model of the Tabernacle. The streets were full of Salvationists. Red jerseys, poke bonnets, brass band parades, were the order of the day. The meetings were held in a large circus called the "Velo-

AN EVANGELIST'S TRAVELS

drome." This went on for a week, and doubtless many were gathered to the harvest fold.

After this, the town had a visit from Dr. Dowie of Zion City, U.S.A. On one of the days of his meetings, Dr. Dowie reached his birthday—fifty-seven years of age. He was presented with a beautiful pair of black horses as a birthday present. He always drove up to the Circus in a carriage and pair, surrounded with a bodyguard of uniformed attendants. His appearance was imposing and venerable. On his coming into the meeting, all the multitude arose, and remained standing whilst he pronounced the benediction. He had a large brass band performing in a gallery at the back of the building. The large platform from which he spoke was filled with robed priests and cultured-looking evangelists dressed in black gowns with Eton caps. Altogether the whole affair was most impressive. There was also great enthusiasm in the singing, especially when they sang "We are marching upward to Zion." Dr. Dowie's gospel seemed to me to consist in exhorting his hearers to "Come to Zion." There was a painful absence of Christ about the whole series of meetings. Dr. Dowie was a fluent speaker, but there was a lack of something one could hardly explain. Doubtless this lack was the presence of the Spirit of God, without which all culture and education must end in failure.

Here I had a real trial of faith. My means were exhausted, but God in a wonderful way supplied my need. At the close of the Tabernacle lecture I was called into a little room. I could hardly believe my eyes at what I saw. A large table was simply covered with gold, silver, and copper pieces—in all amounting to eight pounds. This was the largest sum I had ever received in connection with the exhibition of the model. I was now raised from the deepest want to comparative wealth. Oh, how rich I felt! What an infinite God! Oh, what amplitude of ways and means He can employ to minister to His loved ones who honour Him by their simple faith! I suppose I could easily have asked and got something to tide me over the week, but I preferred to make my needs known only to Him, and He amply supplied my need.

VISITS IN SWITZERLAND

I immediately invested some of the money in new silver tops for the pillars of the court of the Tabernacle model.

The next day I received an invitation to go to Mannedorf, a celebrated home for missionary workers to rest and change. The Director received me most graciously.

I was feeling the need of the rest. The next town I visited was Lucerne. Here I met a dear German brother, who was interested in Bible subjects. He was an old artist, and kindly painted for me a large picture of the Sinai mountain, to form a background for the model. This picture I have carried with me in all my journeys.

I tried very hard in Lucerne to find a suitable place. But all I could get was a small chapel. Although the town was crowded with fashionable English and American tourists, none of them were interested enough to come to see the model. However, a few Jews came and seemed interested, and the people of the chapel seemed much interested. The brother who gave the explanation was much helped of God in speaking.

I spent a very pleasant five weeks in this little paradise. The lake was crowded with fish. One could catch a dishful before breakfast. Although small, they were very sweet. The scenery is amongst the grandest and loveliest in the world.

From Lucerne I went to Basel, where I expected to have large meetings. But it was in the month of July. The heat was most trying, and nearly all the missionaries were away for their much-needed rest. However, I found a place in the Salvation Army Hall. Many people came and were interested, and I trust the Word was blessed to souls.

This was the last town I visited in Switzerland. I had been nearly eight months going about. I found assemblies of earnest Christians. I had been received everywhere with kindness and hospitality. I resolved more than ever to consecrate myself anew to this blessed work. Sometimes the experiences were most trying. But the joys and blessings far outweighed them. I desired next to enter Germany. What happened to me as I crossed the frontier, what I did, and how long I stayed in Germany, I will reserve to another chapter.

IN GERMANY
(From August 1904 to October 1905).

SENDING my model of the Tabernacle on by goods train (this being the cheapest way), I resolved to walk to Mulhausen. I started with my little valise on my shoulder. I forgot all about crossing the frontier, until I heard some one calling, and a Custom's House officer with a rifle over his shoulder came running across a field. He examined my valise, and I was greatly relieved when I was allowed to pass on.

On entering Mulhausen, I was struck by the number of soldiers. It seemed to me to be soldiers everywhere. A little while after I had crossed the frontier, a fine body of Lancers passed me on the road. During the time I was in Germany I saw a great number of soldiers. How they drilled, was a surprise to me; how hundreds of men could all put their foot down exactly at the same time, to make one sharply defined stamp, could only have been acquired by years of constant practise. Although I was in Alsac, the language spoken was German; in fact, I had left French-speaking towns now for some months.

In Mulhausen I found pretty much the same thing as in Basel. I arranged some meetings, and went round and invited all to come. The Children's meetings were not a success, but we had one week of good meetings for adults.

My next place was Colmar. Here I found a noble worker for God. How I enjoyed the Christian fellowship we had together! I only knew a few words of German. She knew about the same number of English words. But we seemed able to understand one another without very great difficulty. I exhibited the model, and we became fast friends. The hall was only a small one, holding about a hundred people. In this place we packed every day, for a week or more, about two hundred children. During my

IN GERMANY

visit, a man of some means gave me hospitality. Colmar seemed a prosperous place. It has a beautiful park and square.

I then went on to Strasbourg, where I found two devoted workers. Oh, how kindly I was welcomed, and how interested they seemed! Here we had some precious meetings. The memory of them to-day, while I am writing this is sweet and precious. The town was full of soldiers. It was terribly battered during the Franco-Prussian war. It still bears marks of the bombardment. One shop I visited had a collection of the different kinds of shells that fell into the town. The cathedral was also badly damaged. In this town the Salvationists have an orphanage for the reclaiming of unfortunate girls. The matron and assistants are earnest Christians. I spent altogether two weeks in Strasbourg.

My next place was Frankfurt. Here there are about fifty thousand Jews. Many of them are very rich. They have many large and beautiful synagogues. We tried very hard to get some of them to come and see the model of their ancient ritual. Although we gave some handbills and personally invited some hundreds to come, and had a few posters to advertise it, only one little girl came. But I was encouraged very much with the children's meetings. It did one good to hear some of their prayers. One dear little chap stood on one of the seats, and prayed very touchingly for all naughty boys. On leaving, I was much impressed by the kindness of one of the Christians. He was only a seller of bootlaces in the streets, and very poor. But he insisted on giving me a mark, to help me on my journey. Oh, I thought, what a precious gift! It was indeed fragrant with the frankincense of the sanctuary.

I had to send the model of the Tabernacle on to Berlin and walk. Travelling by railway in Germany is exceedingly cheap. The reason I suppose is because the Government have control, and there is no opposition. But I did not have enough in my pocket to pay even fourth class. So I had to walk. I had a hard struggle to reach Berlin. I was completely knocked up with tramping. At a place called Magdeburg I got seven marks for a fountain pen that I had

AN EVANGELIST'S TRAVELS

in my pocket. This sum was sufficient to take me to Berlin.

On arrival there, I received an invitation to show my model in the fine Y.M.C.A. Hall, holding about a thousand people. The papers spoke kindly of the meetings. For three months I had the joy of staying in Berlin. I saw the Kaiser on many occasions. Twice I was quite close to him. I was impressed with his thoughtful and striking features. Berlin in some respects resembles Paris.

I was much astonished at the active Christian work I saw going on, at the numbers of earnest and devoted Christian workers, and also at the work of Mr. R——, at Charlottens-
burg. I met many friends in this beautiful city, and was sorry to leave it.

My next place was Breslau. I had been invited to have some meetings by the Secretary of the Y.M.C.A., Mr. L—. Here I had many opportunities of speaking to boys and young men. The secretaries of Y.M.C.A.'s in Germany seem to have the knack of getting hold of the young men and keeping them, gaining their confidence. The result is, the young men love to spend their evenings in the Y.M.C.A. Rooms, and find them quite a home. They have all kinds of conveniences, and there is a refreshment room that is well patronized.

It was now a year since I had begun my lecturing tour with the model of the Tabernacle. I had visited twenty-two large towns and had hundreds of meetings. I had the joy of seeing some anxious ones brought to Jesus. I had received many letters of encouragement, and I was convinced God was with me in this work. The Berlin religious papers gave favourable notices of my meetings. All the big towns of Germany were open to me, if I cared to visit them. For all this, I thanked God. My own soul had been blessed, and I was kept humble at the feet of Jesus. I felt ready to go anywhere or do anything in the Master's service. To see so many earnest Christians working so devotedly for the Master, was a great stimulus to me to press forward. I closed the year with a heart filled with deep thanksgiving to God, and resolved to begin the new year with greater activity and zeal in the Master's service. My English friends had not forgotten me. I was receiving



MR. DUTTON'S MODEL OF TABERNACLE.



CAMELS BEARING BURDENS ON THE WAY TO THE COAST

IN GERMANY

encouraging letters from them from time to time.

After Breslau I visited Niesky, Hernhutt and Schönberg. At the latter place, a rich young lady had turned one of her houses into a mission hall. She was doing a self-denying work among the poor people of the village, taking care of the babies while their mothers worked in the factories. This dear lady has since passed to her reward.

At Brieg we had quite a revival. The meetings were held in a large Vereinhaus: in the afternoon for children, and at night for grown-up people. About seven hundred children came every afternoon. The same number of grown-up people attended the meetings every night for a week. We had some good cases of conversion. From these dear people I received a most pressing invitation to give them a return visit.

At Michowitz I found a most interesting work going on. A devoted lady was giving her time and money to the Lord's work. Her service is so well known, that I need not detail it here. I passed a time of precious fellowship with her and her fellow-workers.

I then visited Halle, Leipsic and Dresden, and had large and interesting meetings. The Baptist pastor of Dresden was specially kind and sympathetic. It was getting very hot, and most of the meeting-places were closing, so I decided to go and visit my old friend, Mr. B——, of Berney, in the north of France.

While holding meetings in Germany, I had received a very kind invitation from Bielefeld to hold some meetings there. There was a revival going on at the time. Christians from all denominations were meeting every night for the purpose of prayer. An intense spirit of prayer was manifested. The meetings continued for two hours. I showed my model of the Tabernacle. Oh, what meetings! Truly the Spirit of God was working mightily. Some professed to come to Jesus every night, and anxious ones remained behind to be spoken to.

After this, I went to a place called Bethel, where eleven hundred epileptic people were cared for. This place is quite a small town, has a large church, and many hospitals. I had the joy of showing my model to the epileptic children.

AN EVANGELIST'S TRAVELS

One dear girl was able to get up and repeat the names of the twelve tribes of Israel. It is not often girls can do this. They get as far as the eighth or ninth, but break down at the eleventh or twelfth. This great work has a large electricity generating station, a large bakery, and workshops of all kinds. It is difficult to imagine the extent and size of the buildings and houses. All this has been brought about by the indefatigable labours of Pastor B——. It is still increasing. The rich patients can have special rooms and treatment. The whole place shows what can be done by wise and efficient management.

After this I visited Clafeld, Beck b. Ruhr, Neukirchen, Witten, Wetter, Langendrer and Essen. At Essen, an earnest evangelist was holding meetings in a large tent capable of holding three thousand people. This tent belonged to the German Tent Mission. They have three large tents, and one not so large, with a staff of workers, holding meetings during the Summer months in all the large centres of Germany. The tents are pitched, and remain one or two months in each town. Mr. F—— was one of the Directors. This effort has been blessed of God. Many hundreds of souls have been saved, and many thousands have heard the simple Gospel. I had the privilege of speaking in one of the large tents twice. I felt much blessing in my own soul. This was my last town in Germany. I had received an invitation some time previously to visit Roanne, in the middle of France, from a well-known French evangelist. I was beginning to forget my French. I thought this would be a good opportunity to renew my acquaintance with it.

A BRIEF VISIT TO POLAND.

WHILE near the frontier of Poland, I thought it a good opportunity to see a little of that country. I took my ticket for Warsaw. The journey occupied nearly all night. There were a number of Jews on the train. I only intended to look around and see the town, and return by the next train. So, leaving my little valise in the station, I walked up and down the principal streets. Warsaw seemed to me to be a poor place, although there were many fine buildings. After walking about for some time, I returned to the station, and waited for the ticket office to open. I soon got tired of waiting, and thought about having some dinner. As a rule, in Continental towns, there is a refreshment room in each station. Whilst sitting at dinner, I noticed soldiers placed all around the station, nobody being allowed to come inside. After some inquiries, I found the trains had stopped running, owing to a strike among the employees of the company. As I expected to stay in Poland only a few days, I thought a little money would suffice. I soon found everything in Warsaw was dear. I began to be alarmed, as I had no wish to run out of money in a strange town. I stayed in the station some time, in the hope that perhaps the trains would commence to run again. But it was a vain hope. They began to turn us out of the station. I had only a few roubles in my pocket, so I thought it better not to incur the expense of an hotel, but try in some way to pass the night, and perhaps the station would open and the trains would run in the morning. Cossack soldiers were everywhere. The cafes were all open, and I sat in some of them and drank coffee. I was so tired with walking, and not having rested the previous night, that, cost what it may, I must have a bed. So I knocked at the first hotel door I came to. The place was

AN EVANGELIST'S TRAVELS

quite dark, and the inmates asleep. However, in answer to my knocking, someone came to the door. They demanded two roubles. I resolved to part with this sum for the luxury of sleeping in a bed. The next day things were at a deadlock at the station. No trains were running, and the Cossacks had much difficulty in keeping back the crowds. At one time they became threatening, and revolvers were drawn. A youth was arrested by a policeman. He was whipped into a cab, and followed by a howling mob. The mob began throwing stones. The policeman drew his revolver. I thought every moment there would be bloodshed. Although many stones were thrown, nobody was hit, and the youth was safely locked up in jail. I went to the British Consul, and I noticed one of his clerks with a large scar across his cheek, he having recently come out of the hospital, having been wounded in the last riot. I resolved to make the best of my way out of the town and walk towards Germany. Knowing something of the direction, by the aid of a small map I had with me, I shouldered my valise and started. I found the railroad track very good, although it was in the month of March and snow was on the ground. When it became dark, I found at every small culvert a Cossack soldier posted, to guard the line from the attacks of revolutionaries and to prevent them blowing the culverts up with dynamite. It was quite dark, and I was close to the soldier before I knew it. I could not speak one word of Polish or Russian. I tried German, but they could not understand. This occurred at every few hundred yards. With a good deal of difficulty I passed two, but the third one refused to let me pass, thinking perhaps I was a revolutionary agent. So I had to stop and spend the night as best I could. I found a hedge and tree close by to shelter, and settled down to sleep. I had slept about an hour, when I was awakened by the report of revolver and rifle shots in quick succession.

During the next day the trains began to pass me, and I knew the strike was over. The next station I came to I got a train back to Germany. I found Poland a very bare and poor country. It seemed to me crowded with exceedingly poor Jews, all in deadly fear of the Cossack soldiers.

IN BELGIUM, FRANCE, AND EGYPT.

BEFORE I began my lecturing tour in France, I went to Brussels, and spent a very pleasant two weeks in that beautiful city. A good number of people came, and seemed interested. I met Mr. N——, an evangelist. There is a small meeting of Christians in the Rue Geoffort, Ixelles. Then in the Salvation Army Hall I had a brother named Mr. B—— to translate for me. My expenses were paid during the time I stayed in Brussels, and I had sufficient to take me to Roanne. On arriving at Roanne, I was well received by Mr. De L—— and all his charming family. Roanne is one of the midland towns of France, with a population of about fifty thousand. I found the people bigoted Roman Catholics, as indeed all the midland towns of France are. I had a week for the lectures upon the Tabernacle. We had a good attendance, and I felt God helped me to speak. We also had some meetings for children. Miss De L—— interpreted for me. She also wrought for me a beautiful new doorway, woven in different colours, for the court of the Tabernacle, and this work has been shown to many thousands of people of all nations.

At the close of the meetings at Roanne, Mr. De L—— kindly took me to another town. Here we had a series of very good meetings. Every night more people came, and on the Sunday we had a crowded gathering.

I then visited Beauregard, Orleat, Les Sarreaux, Rion Thiers, and Annonay. At Annonay we saw the monument erected to commemorate the ascent of the first balloon, manufactured by the Montgolfer Brothers. I forget the date—probably about a hundred years ago. The conquest of the air has not advanced much. Now that aeroplanes have come, probably the advance will be much more rapid. We shall see. In this place, the dear man of God who kindly entertained me and translated for me, died a week

AN EVANGELIST'S TRAVELS

after my leaving. I then visited St. Etienne, Nimes, and Marseilles. In all these places I found kind Christian friends, who helped me, and we had good meetings. I found it much more difficult to get large meetings in France than in Germany.

I arrived in Marseilles about Christmas, and found everybody busy preparing for the festivities. After waiting a considerable time, all I could do was to get permission to show my model in a very small meeting room. I had only a few meetings on the Tabernacle in Marseilles. I found it a very difficult place. Hearing there was a Jewish Mission in Algiers, and thinking they might be interested in my showing them my model, I decided to go there. I had just sufficient money to take me there. The passage was a very rough one.

On arriving at Algiers I found I was in a new world. I had passed from the west into the Orient. Arabs, with their picturesque and flowing robes, Turkish mosques, etc., etc. This was my first view of the East. I must confess I was enchanted.

Here I found a dear man who lives entirely by faith. He receives no stated salary, but looks to God to supply his need, for his labours in the mission field. He kindly took me into his house, and introduced me to many of the mission workers. I met a lady, who is well known as an authoress and hymn writer. She has a large house, and in it has carried on mission work among the Arabs for many years. This kind friend sent me an envelope, in which I found fifty francs. I found here also a flourishing Bible depôt and many earnest missionaries. Judging from the small numbers that attended the various meetings, the work was very trying and difficult. Mr. M——, a missionary, I found very friendly. He kindly arranged meetings for me, and we had some little success as regards getting the people into the small mission room. I also found a servant of God who had lately been appointed to work among the English sailors. His hospitality and friendship I much enjoyed. I was sorry to leave this town; I had met with such kindness and sympathy from everybody.

The next place I resolved to visit was Tunis. The

ON AFRICAN SOIL

steamer put out of Algiers in the teeth of a strong gale. When we got outside the harbour the wind increased, and the waves were literally mountains high. I may say I travelled third class—except in Germany, where you can travel fourth class. I fortunately managed to get a little bunk in one of the cabins by paying a little extra. It was fortunate I did so, as during the night the vessel rolled frightfully. I had been many times on the Atlantic, and had seen some storms, but never in such a roller as this vessel proved to be. It was difficult to prevent being rolled out of the bunk. In the morning I went to see how the third class passengers had fared in the forepart of the ship. I found most of their belongings had been rolling about all night. My box containing the model of the Tabernacle was mixed up with the rest of the passengers' luggage. The woe-be-gone look upon the faces of the deck passengers told how much they must have suffered. Fortunately, by the break of day the wind abated somewhat. During the night I expected the ship would turn right over. At the first landing, some women had to be lowered into a small boat. Ropes were placed under their arms, and when a suitable moment came, they had to be quickly lowered. It seemed a perilous undertaking, and I was thankful no accident occurred.

On arriving at Tunis I got my box and belongings on to the shore, passed the Custom House inspector, and found a suitable room in a cheap hotel. I found Tunis different from Algiers, it being built on a flat stretch of land, some distance inland. Algiers is built on the side of a mountain rising up abruptly from the sea. It has one or two fine wide streets, and a large square, with palm-trees planted in the centre. Altogether, it is a fine city. The languages spoken are French and Arabic. I went to the Jewish missionary, Mr. F——, son of the missionary whom King Thebe of Abyssinia captured. The British Government sent an expedition to demand his release. The king told the captured missionary that if any power or god could deliver him out of his hand, he would believe in such a god, as he intended to kill him on the following day. On the day fixed for his execution, the king got a letter stating that

AN EVANGELIST'S TRAVELS

if any harm came to Mr. F——, he would be held responsible. Needless to add, he was not executed. That expedition cost the British Government millions of money.

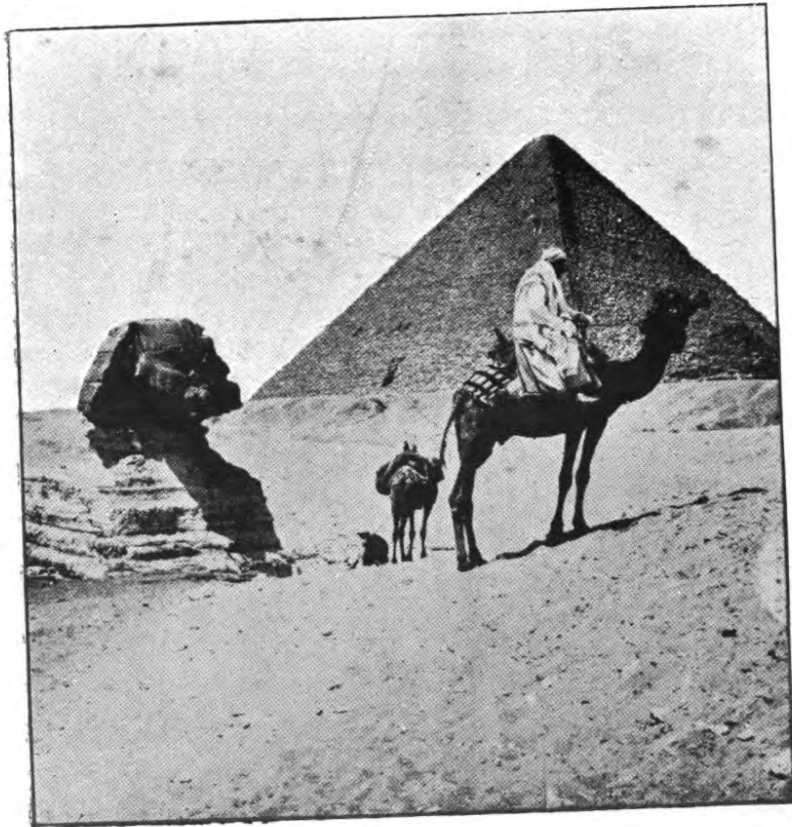
The Jewish work here I found most interesting, especially among girls. The missionaries—of whom there are a goodly number—were all most kind. They gave me a special opportunity of showing the model, at which nearly all attended. I was also invited to show the model to the Italians. They have a nice and comfortable hall, and a number of them came, and seemed to appreciate the meeting.

From Tunis I went to Malta, having previously written to Dr. W——, who is a tried veteran of more than fifty years' service for God on that island. I found here plenty to do. The Chaplain of the Forces kindly allowed me the use of a small meeting room to exhibit the model. We advertised the meetings with bills. I went round the barracks with them, and personally distributed some hundreds. One or two nights we had the room full. I found the work on the island very hard, but was encouraged by the zeal and devotion of many of the workers, who seemed to peg away regardless of indifference. In another part of the island where I showed the model, something I said did not find favour with the audience, as the whole company of about a hundred rose up and walked out. This was the first time I had had such an experience, and I must confess I would not care to have another such. The reason I heard afterwards was, I had preached the Gospel, instead of only explaining the Tabernacle model. However, one or two seemed touched, and this was a comfort.

My next place to visit was Alexandria. On my arrival there, I had only a few coppers in my pocket. I had heard of Captain D——, who managed a Sailors' Home, and fortunately this Home was quite near to where the steamer landed. I managed to get my things there, and introduced myself. I went around the town, and arranged with Mrs. L——, who also kept a Soldiers' and Sailors' Home in another part of the town, to show the model. Alexandria is a beautiful city, with plenty of shipping. The language spoken is chiefly Arabic. There is an electric tramway



CLASS OF JEWISH GIRLS



THE SPHINX

VISIT TO EGYPT

many splendid public buildings, and fine streets.

From Alexandria I went to Cairo. I was astonished at the size and magnificence of this town. It is called "The Paris of the East." It seemed to me in some respects to equal Paris, in the size of its hotels, in the width of its boulevards, and in its immense squares and public buildings. It was crowded with rich English and American tourists, who were busy sight-seeing. I happened to arrive just at the height of the season. The donkey-drivers and caterers seemed to be reaping quite a harvest.

I was anxious to see the world-famed Pyramids, so I lost no time in getting on the first tramway. I discovered after about an hour's ride I was on the wrong track. I could see them in the distance. After a long tramp, eventually I got across some fields, to the main road, leading up to the famous Sphinx. On drawing near to the place, I was surrounded by a crowd of dirty donkey-boys. I managed to escape them, and at last got a fine view. I was disappointed at the Sphinx—I expected to see something much larger—but I was greatly impressed with the Pyramids. I gazed at them with awe. I was looking at what probably Moses had gazed upon, and they were probably hoary with age when Abraham looked upon them. As I saw nobody about, I thought I would try to go up. I had not gone very far, when I saw about a dozen Arabs running towards me shouting. I judged it prudent to descend, and consoled myself with a short camel ride. The Pyramids are erected on the edge of the desert. Here, for the first time in my life, I realized what the African desert is. The scorching sun, pouring down upon the dry, yellow sand, would soon end the life of any poor traveller who was not well equipped and provided with plenty of water and good camels for the journey.

I found a lady whose name is well known in connection with her missions for soldiers and sailors. She has a fine establishment; also a large hall capable of holding seven hundred or more. She kindly gave me permission to show the model. We had several meetings, and I think the soldiers who came enjoyed them and were blessed.

I found in this great city many missionaries, all working

AN EVANGELIST'S TRAVELS

under their respective denominations.. The C.M.S. has a branch, and a large school for boys and girls. The language chiefly spoken is Arabic. There is also Turkish, English and French. In fact, very many languages are heard in this cosmopolitan city.

Through the kindness of the Chaplain of the Forces, I was able to show the model at the Nile Barracks, where there are about ten thousand British soldiers stationed. Here I found some earnest Christian soldiers. One dear man and his daughter conducted open-air services on the parade ground inside the barracks. I thought this rather a bold thing to do among soldiers, who are proverbially a careless lot respecting spiritual things. I found much hospitality and kindness here. At the Citadel I visited the famous Alabaster Mosque, one of the finest mosques in the East. As a rule, in the East, foreigners are not allowed inside. But here, on payment of a small sum, you are allowed inside. After putting on large boots over my own, I was conducted inside. The interior is richly decorated with different coloured paints. In the middle of the Mosque was the tomb of some holy Turk. It had a lofty dome, with varied coloured glass. Rich and rare carpets covered the floor, certainly a never-to-be-forgotten sight.

Cairo, I found a dreadfully wicked place, there being many drinking-saloons, into which "Tommy Atkins" is enticed, and seems to fall an easy prey to all the allurements connected with such places.

I next took train for Port Said, having a desire to visit Turkey, and, if possible, to see Jerusalem, dear to the hearts of all true Christians. At Port Said I found a man of God, Mr T——, who manages a branch of the British and Foreign Bible Society. I was allowed to show my model at his house. When I arrived at Port Said I had no money whatever. How well I remember walking about in that strange town. It was night when I arrived. I was afraid to go to a hotel, having no money. About two o'clock in the morning I met two drunken English sailors, who wanted to know where their ship was. I had been walking about a long time, and had an idea where their ship lay. So I volunteered to show them the way. They seemed grateful

VISIT TO EGYPT

for the help, and invited me to come with them to their ship and pass the night. I was so tired and sleepy with my tramping about, I willingly took advantage of their hospitality. It was very cold, and I was indeed glad of the friendly bunk to sleep in. In the morning they gave me some hot tea. After thanking them for their kindness, and recommending the Saviour to them, I left.

A minister's wife refused her drawing-room in which to show the model. However, her husband was out, and I went again to see him. On calling again, I was invited into the house. I was quite astonished at this man's manner. He spoke so sharply, and used such language, that I felt I could only leave him. I found that, on the occasion of Mr. Moody's visit to Port Said, on his way to Jerusalem, the honoured evangelist had spoken to his wife about her soul's salvation. This seemed to him an impertinence; hence his irritation and annoyance. I may say he did me all the harm he could, and practically stopped one of my meetings, which had been arranged for the bluejackets.

I was glad to find some earnest Christians on board H.M.S. *Minerva*. These dear men invited me to attend their daily prayer meeting, which I gladly consented to do. I never enjoyed a prayer meeting more. It was held in the torpedo-room. We were surrounded by these terrible engines of destruction as we knelt and prayed and gave thanks to God. We sang hymns. None of the other sailors seemed much interested, and took hardly any notice of us. Surely our God looked down upon us and gave us His blessing. I felt much joy and peace in these precious gatherings. I was able also to show my model at a school for Arab children, and we had two interesting meetings. I stayed in this town about twenty-one days. Mr. E——, a dear brother who had been a missionary, but now engaged in business, helped me by giving me hospitality. I was able to leave Port Said with a little money in my pocket. Many of my Christian friends told me there would be great difficulty in my getting into Turkey. With a good deal of fear and trembling I got an Egyptian *Teskèrè*, and got my boxes on to a large black steamer of the Messagre Maritime Company.

*TWO YEARS IN TURKEY-IN-ASIA, SYRIA,
AND PALESTINE.*

WHEN I was in Port Said, I was exercised about visiting Turkey-in-Asia. I knew nothing of that country, the language, or the people, or what was going on respecting mission work. I had only heard something of the work the American missionaries, under the auspices of the American Mission Board of Boston, were doing among Armenians, Druses, Syrians, Kurds, and other nationalities.

On landing at Beirut, we found that all the third class passengers (and I think the second too) had to go into quarantine for about three days, on account of medical regulations. We were taken into a room, and each separately sprayed with some liquid from a machine. We were then turned into a large yard, where we had to make ourselves as comfortable as we could in the few stone houses that were provided for the use of the passengers. The floors were quite bare, there being no carpet or matting of any kind. Those who had beds and mattresses spread them on the floor. We were charged one franc per day for this accommodation. While I was there, I was much impressed with the thought that I should do something for my Master. This was my first night upon sacred ground: I was in the land of apostles and prophets, the land trodden by the feet of God's beloved Son. Impressed with this thought, after a little prayer, I gathered a few tracts together, took my French Bible, and going to a spot where I thought it likely the people would stand, I began to sing a French hymn, one I had often sung in the market-places of Paris. I did this because I thought most of the passengers could understand the French language. The language spoken in the towns is Arabic. I had sung only one verse of the hymn, when the people began to gather around. In a few minutes I had a considerable crowd. I preached in French for about ten minutes or so, and then I began to distribute my tracts.

IN SYRIA

They were received very graciously. I soon found that a goodly number of the people could understand English. Those who understood French seemed interested and pleased. Altogether I felt that God had led me and was with me. I trust He blessed the simple testimony that I was enabled in much fear and trembling thus to give.

On leaving the quarantine station, I made my way to the town of Beirut, the station being some distance outside. With some difficulty I found a cheap hotel. The next morning being Sunday, I made enquiries for a meeting place. I had some difficulty in finding one. After about two hours' searching in a terribly hot sun, I got on the right track. The President of the Beirut College preached. I much enjoyed what he said.

After the service, I introduced myself to Dr. B——. He seemed pleased to see me, and introduced me to an American missionary. They seemed interested in my proposal to show the model of the Tabernacle of Israel, and told me that as soon as I could make arrangements with the Custom House authorities, they would see about having meetings.

I had often heard about the dogs of Turkey, and the part they played in aiding the municipality of the town in cleansing the streets of the refuse and garbage strewn about. I had noticed on going to the hotel the number of wretched-looking yellow dogs snarling and snapping at one another. About the middle of the night I was awakened by terrible howls under my bedroom window. I looked out; it was quite dark; and the terrible noise continued about ten minutes, then gradually died away. I learned that each dog takes up a certain length of the street, and appropriates to itself this particular part. If any stray dog trespasses upon his preserves, he gives a peculiar, sharp bark, which brings to his assistance other dogs in the immediate neighbourhood when all unite to set upon the intruder, who generally gets pretty roughly handled and is forced to run. Dogs in Turkey are born, reared, live and die in the streets. Nobody owns them. They are looked upon by the Turk as unclean. They consider it is a sin against the Koran to kill them outright, but think nothing of treating them with the utmost cruelty.

AN EVANGELIST'S TRAVELS

All my boxes had been sent to the Custom House from the steamer. I was expecting much difficulty in passing my things through, especially the model of the Tabernacle; but, as is often the case in the experience of the children of God, this black cloud of difficulty melted away. I found I had no difficulty at all. Some of the officials could speak English. All were most kind and courteous. I soon had them sent up to the Presbyterian School-room, where we arranged to have the meetings.

I had a week's meetings, and was well received by all the missionaries of Beirut—American, English, and German. I found Beirut quite a bee-hive of mission work, with large orphanages, schools, one of the finest colleges I have ever seen, covering many acres of ground commanding a splendid view of the bay, with many magnificent buildings, having accommodation for six to seven hundred students from nearly all parts of the world.

This seemed to me the most interesting town I had yet visited. Everywhere, I found evidences that the Spirit of God was working. Beirut has also a large American Printing Press, with several up-to-date printing machines, costing many thousands of pounds. They print all kinds of evangelical literature, tons upon tons of printed matter being turned out annually, principally in Arabic; also a large output of Bibles and New Testaments.

Beirut I found to be a fine city, commanding a fine view of the harbour, with the Lebanon range of mountains in the background.

The model of the Tabernacle seemed to interest a goodly number. Many of the schools came and listened to my explanation. I also showed the garments of the high priest of Israel, with their wondrous breastplate, tunic, and brodered coat. We generally at the close of the meetings put these garments upon one of the boys in the audience, to show them better.

After about two weeks in Beirut, I was invited to Bhamdoun, where an English work was going on under the care of a lady who had laboured among Syrian girls for about twenty-five years as an honorary worker. I found this work very interesting. Miss F—— is quite a mother in

IN SYRIA

Israel, much loved by all the community. She is celebrated for her pedestrain powers, and walks many miles visiting pupils and praying and singing with the people. She seemed to me an ideal missionary, and I pray that God may raise up many of the same type. She seemed much interested with the meetings we had upon the Tabernacle, and helped me much in bringing the people in.

The industry of the country appeared to be chiefly the manufacture of silk. The cottagers raise the silkworms and take the cocoons to the factories, where the silk is spun. This means much labour. Mulberry trees have to be planted, as the silkworm will only feed upon the leaves of these. It is very interesting to watch the growth of the silkworms until they arrive at maturity, when they climb up the dry branches placed for them and make their cocoons. These are taken to the factories, and sold for something like one shilling per pound. Many thousands of persons are engaged in this industry in Syria. The season is from June to July, and then the houses are crowded with these worms, every available space being so occupied.

After leaving Bhamdoun I went to a small place called Zahleh, where American missionaries laboured for many years. There is also an orphanage under the direction of a Scottish lady.

The meetings here were not so well attended. I did not seem to have much liberty or blessing in my preaching. The Scottish lady kindly brought some of her orphan girls to the meetings. On going to the meetings one night a sheep-dog followed me, gave a vicious snap at the calf of my leg, and succeeded in tearing away the greater part of my trouser, but fortunately it only scratched the skin.

This town has a very beautiful appearance. It is situated upon the slopes of two high hills. On a clear day, Mount Hermon can be seen from the summit of the hills. The American Mission House is a conspicuous object, with its white walls and red-tiled roof. A river flows through the town, in which there is a Bible Depôt and Reading Room.

Zahleh lies on the line of railway to Damascus. After leaving, I went to the far-famed Baalbeck and saw the ancient ruins, supposed to be the largest in the world. It

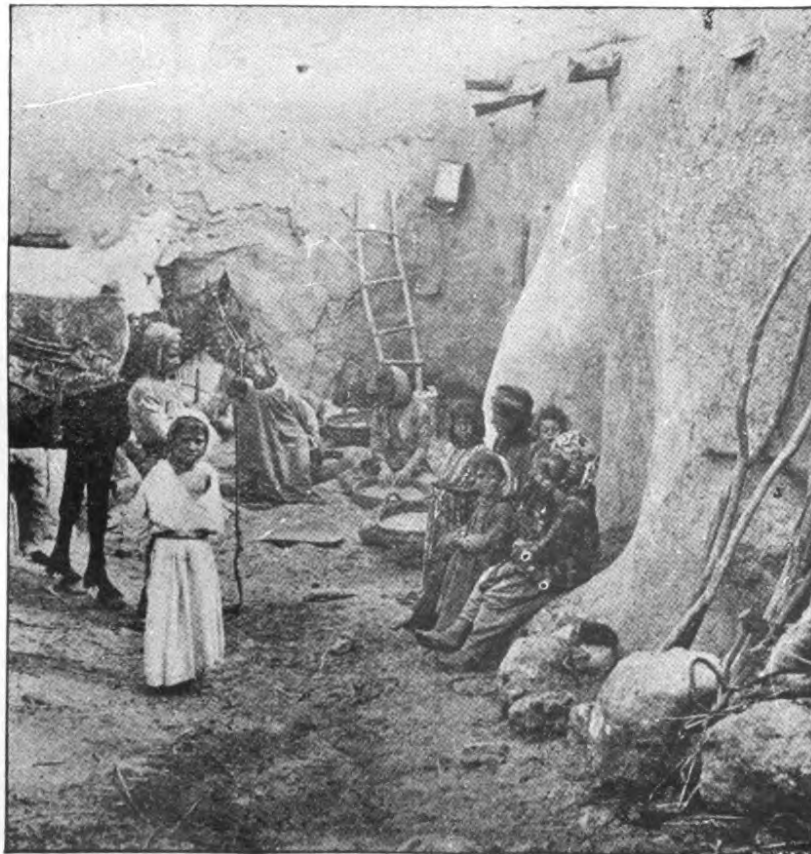
AN EVANGELIST'S TRAVELS

has an ancient temple dedicated to the worship of the sun, the people being sun-worshippers. Before coming to the town, which lies not far from the station, we passed an ancient quarry, and saw there a stone supposed to weigh over a thousand tons, seventy-five feet long and thirteen feet high. It was the largest stone I had ever seen. How they could remove and place in position such immense blocks, sometimes at a great height, on their ancient temples, still remains a mystery to engineers and scientists. We visited the temple, or at least the outside of it, and saw several more great stones nearly the size of the one we saw in the quarry. What thoughts crowded into my mind in contemplating these vast ruins! What immense labour they represent! Yet now only a few columns remain standing of this vast temple. The sight was extremely grand and sublime, the setting sun throwing its rosy colours upon the huge pillars being deeply impressive. About the time of the founding of Rome, this city flourished and reached the height of its prosperity and power.

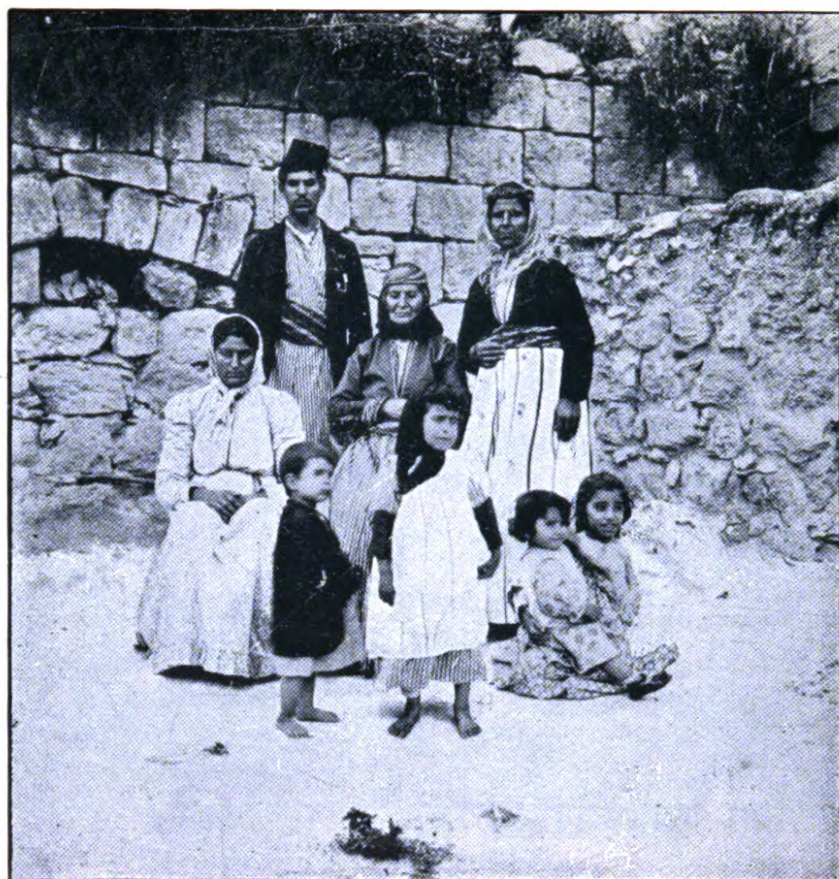
I was entertained by the English and Scottish lady missionaries, who superintend the mission here. We put up the model in their large hall, where for five nights we had crowded meetings of all kinds of people—Syrians, Turks, Armenians, Druses, Greeks, etc.—and we did our best to proclaim, by means of the Tabernacle types, God's simple and only way of salvation. The people listened well, and seemed impressed. We were sorry to take our leave of this interesting place.



SHOEMAKER BOYS AT WORK



IN A BEDOUIN CAMP



A JEWISH FAMILY OF NORTHERN PALESTINE



LANDING AT JAFFA

DAMASCUS AND ITS ENVIRONS

MY next place was the ancient city, Damascus. I put my boxes on the railway, and after a ride of seven or eight hours, we arrived at the oldest city in the world. It is now lighted by electricity and has an electric tram system. Whilst I was there the streets were torn up, and gangs of men were putting down the track. Approaching a small hill that lies in front, Damascus comes suddenly into view. It is situated at the foot of a range of mountains. At a distance the town looks, as its name denotes, "The Pearl of the Desert." There is a small river running through it. Orange-groves and fruit trees of every kind encircle the town. With its tall minarets and white stone houses, the view is exceedingly beautiful. I left my boxes at the station and gave my hand-bag to a little Arab boy, who, fortunately, could speak French. Directing him to take me to a cheap room or hotel, I got a small room costing about five piastres per day, and leaving my bag I sallied forth to see the town.

The principal bazaar seemed to be composed of Armenian and Jewish shops, men sitting upon beautiful Turkish carpets and waiting for customers. Very few western customs, habits, or dresses are seen, all being purely Oriental. Camels, horses, mules, asses, throng the narrow streets. The bazaars are crowded; the fez, flowing robes, and white turban of the *hojas* or teachers of the Koran being everywhere in evidence. After walking about and seeing a little of the town, I retired to my room, but not before having the experience of getting my pocket nearly picked. Whilst making a small purchase of fruit, I noticed a young Jew eyeing me rather attentively. I thought it was because I was dressed in European costume. After placing my purse in my pocket and going on a few steps, I noticed him at my elbow and felt a sharp tug at my pocket. The lining

AN EVANGELIST'S TRAVELS

was torn, the thief had placed his hand inside the lining, and thus, fortunately, missed the purse. I turned round and shouted, but he was off like a rocket. The next day this young thief had the impudence to sit beside me and endeavour to enter into conversation. When I asked him his name, where he lived, and made some observations about the police-station, he began to get uneasy, and finally moved off.

I then went to see the missionaries and asked permission to show my model of the Tabernacle. I saw the venerable Dr. G—— and his wife. These two American missionaries have been labouring in Damascus for over twenty years. I found them to be humble, devoted Christians. They seemed very pleased to see me, also with my proposal to show my model, although the state of their health would not permit them to aid me very much. The doctor was weak through fever. They introduced me to two English lady missionaries. These ladies were exceedingly kind, invited me to their house to be their guest, gave me a beautiful room, and arranged for meetings. Oh how thankful I felt for this kindness! I humbly bowed my knee and thanked my Heavenly Father who could move the hearts of His people toward me in this way. These two ladies gave me some valuable presents for my model: a covering of rams' skins dyed red, a new mitre or head-piece for the costume of the high priest of Israel. We had several meetings for the school-children. It was a treat to speak to these dark-skinned, bright-eyed, beautiful girls. Surely, I thought, if it were only to tell these children of the Saviour, it was a blessed and happy service for anyone to engage in.

While at Damascus I met Mr. C——, the Travelling Secretary for the British and Foreign Bible Society of London. He gave a very sweet address to the Jewish girls at the Jewish mission. The hearts of these dear young girls seemed responsive to my appeals to come to Jesus. There were some earnest Christians among the helpers and teachers engaged in the work of the school. If Christians in home lands could only see the blessings these schools are, to lighten the dull lives of these Orientals and bring the message of peace and joy and salvation through a crucified

DAMASCUS AND ITS ENVIRONS

and risen Saviour, I am sure their hearts and pockets would willingly open to aid the good work.

I was taken to see the famous Damascus gate, and was shown the house where, it is said, the Apostle Paul was let down by a basket. The same wall is standing to-day, and probably this was the very house. I was also shown the reputed house of Naaman, the Syrian. It is wonderful to think that Damascus was a flourishing town in the time of Abraham.

After the meetings were finished at the girls' school, I took the model to the Jewish mission. This meeting was held on Saturday, the day the Jews observe as their Sabbath all over the world. I found that day was the best for reaching them with the Gospel, as they do no work. Some of them would not even light a fire on that day. We had a good audience of Jewish women and girls, but oh! the ignorance that was manifested respecting any knowledge of their ancient ritual.

I next took the train from Damascus to a town called Homs, which is built on or near the site of the ancient Hamath of Scripture. Here I found a large Protestant congregation. The school teacher kindly translated. We had very large and interested audiences. This school is entirely supported by the members of the congregation, without any outside help whatever.

I went for a short rest to the house of a Christian lady and gentleman, of Beirut. They had in their house a small model of the Tabernacle, and also of Herod's Temple. These friends were having a rest and change up in the mountains. They invited me to be their guest. I can hardly describe the beauty of the scenery. From the verandah of the house we could see Beirut lying far below, near the sea; the great mountains of Lebanon, all with deep, wooded valleys; the small railroad line running up to Damascus, with beautiful white stone houses nestling among the trees. I was sorry when my rest there came to an end. I thanked these dear Christian people very much for their kindness, and then made my way to Jaffa, having resolved to visit the Holy City and see the place where our Lord was crucified.

JAFFA AND JERUSALEM.

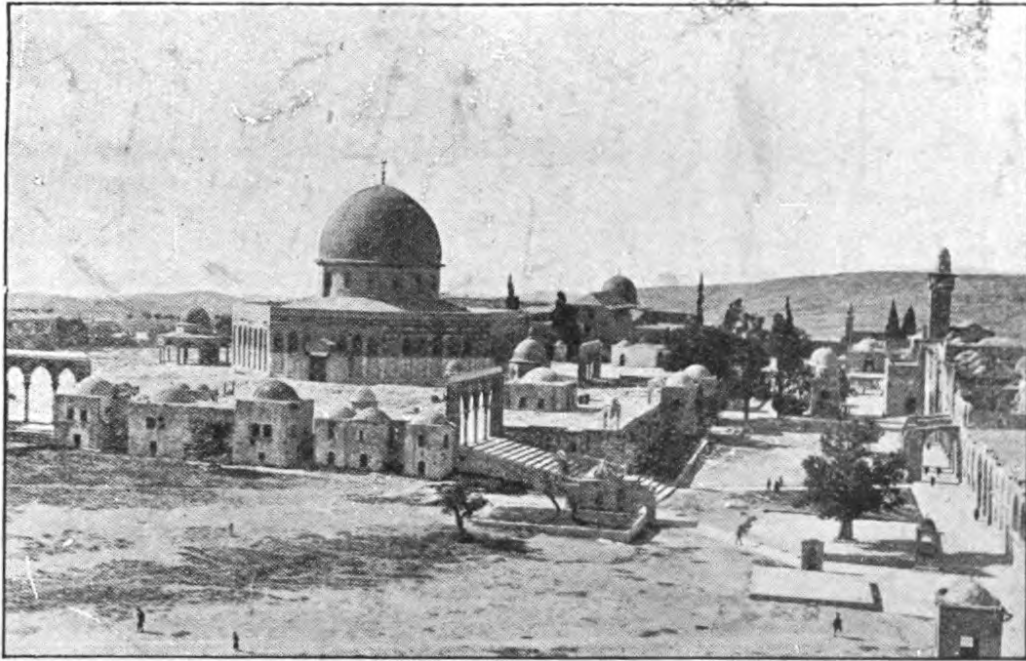
I TOOK the steamer from Beirut to Jaffa. A regular service of steamers runs bi-weekly. We arrived at Jaffa after a few hours, and were immediately surrounded by a fleet of small boats. They were not allowed to approach the steamer until they had permission from the Custom House authorities to do so. When the signal was given, a perfect pandemonium commenced. About fifty or sixty wild-looking Arabs boarded the vessel, yelling and shouting, pushing and pulling. You are entirely at their mercy. They charge what they like. As a rule, you pay two shillings for yourself and boxes to be brought ashore in their boats. But it was thoroughly enjoyable being pulled to the town: the beautiful green water, the fresh, clear air. What a change from the dirt and grime of the large steamer! On landing, there is the ordeal of the Custom House to pass. All your boxes must be opened and examined; everything they contain tumbled about. It is a matter for thankfulness when it is all over.

The Arab porters here can carry prodigious loads. One man carried on his back my model of the Tabernacle, a large box, and a large canvas roll, with my valise, and different other things, altogether weighing about two hundred kilos, or nearly four hundred pounds, a distance of about two miles, up to the station. We had to wait here some time for the train to take us to the city of David. At last all was in readiness, the boxes were all on the train, the whistle sounded, and we were off to Jerusalem.

The scenery about Jaffa is beautiful. Thousands upon thousands of orange-trees, with their beautiful fruit just ripening. Then across the plain of Sharon we reach rocky, bare hills, without vegetation of any sort.

IN JERUSALEM.

We reached Jerusalem after about four hours on the train. I alighted and looked round. I knew nobody, and no one was waiting for me. In a few minutes a very civil



THE SITE OF SOLOMON'S TEMPLE



JEWS' WAILING PLACE, JERUSALEM



GARDEN OF GETHSEMANE, JERUSALEM



FISHERMEN OF THE LAKE OF GALILEE

IN JERUSALEM

Armenian came to me and asked if I required accommodation. I said, "Yes, but it must be cheap." We accordingly arranged the price. Calling a man to carry the few things I had with me—my boxes and model being in another train—we walked towards the gate of Jerusalem. We often hear and read of travellers standing and weeping as they gaze for the first time upon this sacred spot. As the Holy City burst upon my view, I must confess I felt no such thrill of emotion, as I gazed upon the City of Renown, once the joy of the whole earth, the most remarkable city in the world.

I found the place I was taken to comfortable and clean. It was about a mile outside the city walls, from the Jaffa gate. I had a clean bed, my breakfast, consisting of bread, butter, jam, and tea, brought into a room adjoining my bedroom, all for one franc per day. The next day this Armenian gentleman, who was a graduate of a College in America, took me through the city and showed me many places of interest: the Tower of David, the Street of David, the way he went up to the Temple. I thought of David's love for that Sanctuary, and how he loved to tread its courts and commune with his God. We saw the Holy Sepulchre, Golgotha, Via Dolorosa, the upper chamber where the Last Supper was observed, and other places of interest. There was much noise, great crowds, and many different nationalities.

Next day, after a short rest, I went to see what prospects there were of showing my model of the Tabernacle. I went to the Jewish Mission. I may say here that Jerusalem is a city wholly given up to religion. How much there is of personal devotion and love to Christ in it all, I dare not judge. Every conceivable sect under the sun is represented here, every form of doctrine, a perfect babel of religions. One asks in vain: Where is the simplicity of the early band of apostles and disciples; their simple yet powerful testimony of the crucified and risen Christ; the fear of the Lord falling upon the people, when of the rest durst no man join himself to them? On certain high-feast days, Turkish soldiers have to be stationed to keep the various religious sects from killing one another. Is this, I ask, the city of

AN EVANGELIST'S TRAVELS

peace and the joy of the whole earth? The myrmidons of the great antichrist are here. Christ has not His rightful place yet in the city, and will not until Israel's eyes are opened. Then they will say: "Blessed is He that cometh in the Name of the Lord."

MEETINGS IN JERUSALEM

I found a little galvanized iron meeting room outside the city walls. To my delight, they were holding special Gospel services. After the service they had a short prayer meeting, pleading with those who remained to come to Jesus. I did not expect to see or hear anything like this in Jerusalem. I approached those in charge, told them who I was, and that I was seeking to preach the Gospel by means of the model of the Tabernacle of Israel, to all who would come and listen. They seemed interested, and at once said they would try to arrange some meetings. I set up the model, and we had ten days of very interesting meetings. Many Jews came. We saw some conversions. I felt God helped us. The pastor was going to enjoy a well-earned rest at Hebron, but on account of my coming he postponed it, and stayed in Jerusalem another week or two. He was kindness itself, as also was his wife. May God's richest blessing come down upon this dear man of God, is my earnest prayer. The gentleman who had let me the room came every night, and seemed much interested. It was the month of August, the heat was great, and most of the missionaries were away.

One thing is interesting to note, the immense number of new buildings that are in course of construction. I counted hundreds outside the city walls, especially towards the western portion of the city. Some of these buildings are of great size. The white stone glistening in the sun makes the sight very impressive. Another thing that strikes a visitor is the number of grey-bearded Jews one meets. Most of them are very poor, and have come doubtless to die in the land of their forefathers and be laid among the illustrious dead. Thus ended my visit to Jerusalem.

JOURNEY TO HAIFA.

HAVING returned to Jaffa, spending an interesting time at the Medical Mission, I heard that at Haifa there was a converted Jew, whose name I had seen in missionary papers. I resolved, after some consideration, to walk along the shore to Haifa. I had no idea of the distance, or how long it would take me. It was getting on towards dusk when I set off walking towards Haifa. The weather was very hot. Taking my shoes and stockings off, I walked along the seashore, the mighty waves of the Mediterranean rolling along the surf. I walked until I was tired, and then lay down on the hot sand, with a stone for a pillow. I slept some time, and was awakened by a noise. I got up, and discovered a cow and her calf come down to the water's edge to eat the melons cast up by the sea. Next day I continued my tramp, but saw no village, nothing but the low-lying shore, with a range of mountains at the back.

At the close of this second day I arrived at a small fishing village, consisting of a few poor-looking huts. Here I saw a load of melons in a fishing boat barely escape being dashed against the rocks by the force of the huge rollers of the Mediterranean. It took the united efforts of about fifty men to pull the vessel out of danger. In this place I found a small coffee house. I was able to procure a cup of coffee, and the owner kindly let me lie all night on the seat.

Next morning, on rising to my feet, I was surprised to find I had no power or use in my legs*. On trying to move a step or two, I promptly fell down. I was in a dilemma

* Mr. Dutton's second sunstroke. The third at Marie Galente was fatal.

AN EVANGELIST'S TRAVELS

what to do. I found the powerful rays of the sun had burnt the calves of my legs in such a way that the blood rushed down when I bore the weight of my body upon them. I made one or two more attempts, and was glad to find the pain gradually work off. I was able in a little while to continue my journey, but this was a lesson for the future, not to expose my legs to the direct rays of the sun. After walking all the next day and seeing nothing but the same low range of mountains, I came to what appeared to be the ruins of the ancient Cæsarea Philippi. Nothing remains of this ancient stronghold but some ruins running far out into the sea, an immense wall about twenty feet thick, the stones of which are fastened together with a cement as hard as flint. Here I was able to buy a melon, and how delicious this was! I sat down and devoured it, and then fell asleep.

I was awakened out of my sleep by some young Arabs demanding to look at my parcel. They said they were Custom House officials. As their appearance seemed threatening, I got up and moved slowly off. After throwing a few stones at me, they allowed me to proceed. They did not follow, although I was at their mercy. The next day I came in sight of the Roman Catholic Convent, situated on the summit of Mount Carmel. I trudged on, and asked for a drink of water at a little farmhouse. I found the woman was a German. On asking her for a drink in German, she kindly brought me out a large slice of brown-looking bread. How sweet this was, for I had tasted none since I left Jaffa.

At last, after many a weary mile, I got to the town. It was now dark. I asked as best I could for some place where I could buy some fruit. I was directed to the market, and there I spent my last money in a pretty good-sized melon. The man kindly gave me a seat while I ate it. I found the way to the beach, and seeing an old boat lying high and dry, I climbed on the deck, and slept as a weary traveller knows how to sleep.

The next morning I was awakened by the people coming to bathe; I found I was sleeping close to the baths. I walked along the shore a little way, and enjoyed a good bathe in the clear waters of the Mediterranean. I then inquired the way to Mr. J——'s house. I found it was on

HAIFA

the outskirts of the small town of Haifa, near to a German colony. This little town has wide streets, with rows of beautiful trees down each side, and large farm-houses with plenty of live stock. Altogether the colony looked thriving and prosperous, with plenty of happy-looking children running about, and all speaking German. I was glad to hear this language again, as I could understand it. Arabic I did not understand at all.

When I got up to the gate of Mr. J——'s house, he had just driven up. I followed him up to the house, and introduced myself to him. I was warmly welcomed by this dear, aged servant of Christ. He was interested in me, having heard something about me from Mr. H. B——, of L——. He soon placed before me a substantial breakfast. After breakfast we sat under a large fig-tree. He told me to help myself to all the figs I wanted, and that I could rest there all day. Oh, how sweet those figs were! some white, some deep violet, and some reddish. How they melted in my mouth! I sat under the shadow of this tree with great delight, and praised my loving Heavenly Father for his kindness. I stayed with this dear man of God nearly a month. He gave me money to go back to Jaffa by steamer and bring all my boxes and other things. He carries on a small Medical Mission for poor Jews. He opened his place of business, so that I could have some meetings. I found another place where I could show my model, but the meetings were not a success. Whilst here, I was invited by Dr. S——, a Lutheran, who keeps a hotel for missionaries, at the top of Mount Carmel. This hotel has a splendid situation, and is very cheap. This dear brother keeps his hotel for the help of missionaries. The view from it is magnificent. The immense Bay of Haifa, the town lying on the border of the sea, all so quiet and peaceful. I stayed here for one week, and was able to show my model to some of the missionaries who were staying at the hotel.

TRIPOLI.

I went next to Tripoli. I found here all the schools closed, all the teachers away, and prospects far from bright. I was one day looking at some men building a small landing-place on the beach, when a gentleman approached and asked

AN EVANGELIST'S TRAVELS

me my business. I told him I was going about with a model of the Tabernacle, and giving Gospel addresses and lecturing on it to schools and anybody who cared to hear. He said he would speak to the pastor of the Protestant Church and see me in the morning at eight o'clock. The next morning he came with an Armenian pastor, who seemed to be interested in my proposal. We accordingly put it up at the little Armenian Church. At the close of my address on the Tabernacle, I exhorted my hearers to close in with God's offer of salvation. The man who had invited me at first, interrupted me. He stood up in the audience and said he could listen to such preaching no longer; they were all Christians there, and did not need to be saved. I still maintained my point. He then left the meeting in anger. I saw this man the following day in a low-looking wine shop. I was glad I had the grace to be faithful to him. Evidently he did not want to be born again. He loved his cups, and when the sharp edge of God's Word found him, he resented it.

I was next invited to the school. Although the scholars were away on their holidays, a goodly number came to the meetings. I had much encouragement in this place, and I found many bright Christians. One day one of the young men and I went out fishing in the clear waters of the bay. We could sometimes see many fishes swimming about, but not many seemed to care for our bait. We only caught six very small fish.

My next place was Mersina. Dr. C——, of T——, an old missionary veteran, well known for many years on the mission field, happened to be in the town at the time of my visit. I went to the hotel where he was having his dinner. He kindly invited me to sit down. He told me he was not quite prepared for a visit, as his students were all on their holidays. After a few days they would return. But he advised me to go to Adana by the railway, and that after I had finished there I was to pay him a visit. I was glad to fall in with this arrangement. I put my things on the railway station at Mersina, and sent them off to Adana. It was only a few hours by the train. I found there a large school under the superintendence of Miss W—— and her

TARSUS

sister. Miss W—— was unfortunately taken ill with fever the very day I arrived. They kindly gave me a room in their large establishment, and entertained me in my two weeks' stay in Adana.

I had large meetings here. The Protestant Armenian Church could hold about seven hundred people. We had this large church full for three or four nights. I had plenty of opportunities of speaking and preaching the Gospel in the W——, of England, amongst blind people, many of the poor blind Armenians being most devoted and earnest Christians. I had the joy of having some Bible Readings among them.

After this I went to Tarsus, the birthplace of the great Apostle of the Gentiles. The present town is a typical Turkish town, with its stone houses plastered with mud inside and its small mosques and minarets. Nothing remains of its ancient grandeur, only here and there pieces of broken pillars lying scattered about. At one time it was a city of considerable size.

Here I was welcomed by Dr. C. This servant of God has laboured in Turkey many years. He has grown white in the service of the Master. He is now President of a large college. He has his students in excellent training. He is an old American soldier, and has everything in military order. In the morning, at the breakfast-table, they sit down together at the sound of a bell in the hands of the doctor. They are not permitted to rise until after they hear the bell again. Dr. C—— was very kind to me. His students all love him, and would do anything for him. He was building a new wing to the college when I was there. He has about one hundred and forty students, mostly Armenians. I was able to show the model of the Tabernacle. Dr. C—— kindly interpreted for me. The young men seemed very interested in what they saw and heard. May God grant that it would lead many of them to become diligent students of their Bibles.

After this I went back to Mersina. I went to the house of the Armenian pastor. This dear man was kindness itself. He has a beautiful little house adjoining, just newly built. He told me, although very poor, he could give me shelter

AN EVANGELIST'S TRAVELS

and food. I told him I was learning to trust in the Lord for these things, that the Lord had not failed me yet, and all I wanted was to do His work. Dr. C—— kindly came and translated for me. While we were having the meetings, we had a visit from Mr. B——, a missionary belonging to the Menonites. This dear man told me they would like to have me in Hadjin. I thought it best to conclude the meetings at Mersina, and as Mr. B—— was going there, I could accompany him. I packed up the model, taking it to the station again at Adana. We had to engage mules to take us from Adana to Hadjin. This is a journey of three days.

JOURNEY TO HADJIN

Two lady missionaries accompanied us, one of them Miss C——, who had been labouring for years among the children and young girls. The other lady missionary was a newcomer, whom Miss C—— had brought over to be her helper.

Our road lay through Cis, a place celebrated in ancient history. Then we had to cross mountains. How the mules we rode on kept the track is a marvel. The path is built out of the side of a deep canyon, and very narrow. Quite close to the path is a sheer drop of hundreds of feet. Sometimes we had to hold on to the horses' tails to keep them from slipping. Many parts of the road are not wide enough for two to pass on horseback. The scenery was very grand and mountainous.

The ladies suffered much from being all day in the saddle. To anyone not used to riding, it is very fatiguing. Every night we felt quite knocked up. We had to start in the morning long before daylight, as we had to do the journey in three days. One morning I was so sleepy, I dozed a little on the mule's back. Just at that point a branch of a tree projected over the pathway. I was violently thrown off and came with force to the ground. Fortunately I was not much hurt, and I was soon on the mule's back again.

The weather was superb. We passed large caravans of camels. About four hundred passed us with their slow and stately steps. The picturesque bright garments of the men and women who attended them were attractive.

At last we arrived in Hadjin. It seemed at first sight

HADJIN

a miserable collection of mud houses perched upon the side of two mountains. When we entered the town, the houses were larger and more imposing; but the streets were in some places too steep for the mules to climb. Hadjin, I found to be a very sickly place. Many of the missionaries suffer from fever. The young lady who accompanied me, and seemed so bright and happy, only lived a week after her arrival at the town. Another lady, Miss B——, was so seriously ill that her life was despaired of, and she had to be removed. After a few meetings I was laid down with fever. This was my first attack. I think I shall never forget the wretchedness and misery it produced upon my spirit. I was glad to leave. I told Mr. B—— that unless I could get away quickly, I feared I would die and they would have the trouble of burying me. He kindly provided me with a mule for myself and another for my boxes. He gave the "cottager"—which is the name the men are called who provide the mules and accompany travellers—instructions that I was not under any circumstances to sleep outside. The first night I remember we slept out on the grass, and all the nice things that kind Mrs. B—— had prepared for me with so much forethought were stolen by some hungry dog. I had nothing now to eat but the native bulgoor, which is rather strong food, but nutritious. It is like thick porridge, and you eat it hot with melted butter.

IN DANGEROUS COMPANY

The road lay through a beautiful and wild, mountainous country. I felt very lonely, having only the "cottager," and the few words of Turkish I was able to pick up did not go very far. Sometimes we met dangerous-looking men carrying long knives stuck in their girdles. One man, who seemed to persist in following us, was an immense height. I thought I was going to be robbed and murdered, when the first night came on, and I found this man was going to lie on one side of me, with another desperate-looking villain on the other. However, it turned out that all travellers in that part of the country go about heavily armed, and after a little further travelling I got quite used to it, and ceased to have any fear. Mr. B——, the missionary who entertained me, on one of his journeys was set upon

AN EVANGELIST'S TRAVELS

and robbed of fifteen pounds close to where I was traveling. He was brutally ill-used and left half dead, while the robbers succeeded in getting away.

I arrived at Marash quite well, having lost all my fever. Probably the open air, plain food, and clear spring water had something to do with this. I had not written, neither did I know anybody at Marash, and I was wondering how I would be received. The first place the "cottager" took me to was a girls' school. I was surrounded by a crowd of Armenian girls, who of course began to laugh as one of their number ventured a few words in broken English, which I was unable to understand. I found this was the wrong place. We accordingly tried the next school, higher up the street. Here I was more fortunate. This was the Theological Training School, presided over by Dr. L——. I unloaded my things, paid the man, and was directed to the house of the doctor. Here the doctor's wife, who had formerly laboured in Hadjin, received me very graciously into her house, and I was shown to a beautifully furnished room. A hot bath was prepared for me. [Might I ask here, in what town or part of England would an unknown traveller be taken in and receive such accommodation as I received from these dear friends?] The next day I was introduced to another American missionary, Dr. M'M——, who had been in Marash many years. These two gentlemen treated me with the utmost kindness. They seemed to me wise, godly men, who for many years have done an excellent work in Marash training the students in the seminary. Here, I found many missionaries and much activity in Christian work, large schools, orphanages, a splendidly equipped German hospital supported by German friends; in fact, quite a German colony of missionaries. Marash is situated at the edge of a great plain. It is well watered, and has many fruit trees surrounding it. It has some fine public buildings. I stayed in this place altogether about two months, and had a precious time. Mr. and Mrs. B—— have a large and interesting school work and orphanage. These kind people loaded me with presents, besides taking me into their houses and giving me the best of all they had. The meetings were large and interesting, and the Christian

AMONG THE ARMENIANS

people seemed to enjoy the exhibition truths of the types of the Tabernacle very much.

AMONG THE ARMENIANS

After this I went to Zeitoun. This town is quite celebrated. It is situated on the slope of a very steep mountain, and looks curious as you approach it. The little square, stone houses covered with mud have a strange and uncanny appearance as viewed from a distance. It is surrounded by mountains. Its inhabitants (nearly all Armenians) are exceedingly bold and independent, the first American missionary who tried to establish a mission among them being stoned out of the town. Now there is an Armenian Protestant congregation.

During the terrible Armenian massacres of 1894 and 1895, when so many hundreds of thousands were shot down and butchered by the Turks, this town entirely escaped. They defied the Turkish authorities, and fifty thousand Turkish soldiers besieged it for months, but could not subdue it. The town's people one night captured the garrison of Turkish soldiers, about four hundred. They were taken prisoners, brought into the town, and the Armenian women took the soldiers' swords, cut off the heads of the four hundred, and threw them into the river.

REVIVAL TIMES IN ZEITOUN

It took us two days, travelling on mules, before we reached Zeitoun, the country around being mountainous and difficult to travel in. I was accompanied as interpreter by one of the German missionaries, a devoted servant of God, who has laboured for years in Marash and neighbourhood. We remained here eighteen days, and had thirty-three meetings. We had quite a revival. About ten young Armenians came to Christ, and I was much impressed by the way these dear young fellows used to sing "O happy day" in Turkish. When we came away, about fifty of them accompanied us out of the town, loaded us with presents, and, although poor themselves, insisted upon me accepting the sum of about thirty shillings. How often has the writer of these humble pages visited rich assemblies, and departed with a warm shake of the hand and an earnest request to visit them again, but nothing to help him to reach the next town

AN EVANGELIST'S TRAVELS

or keep his soul and body together. We commended one another to God, and thus we parted, probably never to meet again on this earth. I thought of a meeting when the ransomed of the Lord shall gather in a better and brighter world. One dear Armenian got such a blessing at the meetings that he insisted on being my companion. He had been a terrible character, a notorious robber, but now converted to God he is spending his time going about visiting small villages and there preaching the Gospel.

When I got back to Marash I was feeling tired. The German missionaries invited me to stay in the hospital and take a week's rest. I was glad to accept of their hospitality. They gave me a beautiful little room, and I was permitted to take my meals at their table. I stayed there one week. I parted from these dear Christians with sadness. About twenty of them rode out of the town to see me off. We sang and prayed together, and commended one another to God, until we should meet one another on that great day when labour and toils are o'er, safe within the veil. Before I parted with the ladies at the hospital, one night, it being Christmas eve, all the assistants were called into a room where a Christmas tree had been erected in a corner, and near to it a table. As our names were called we approached the table and found a present. Judge of my astonishment when I found my name attached to a beautiful silver watch!

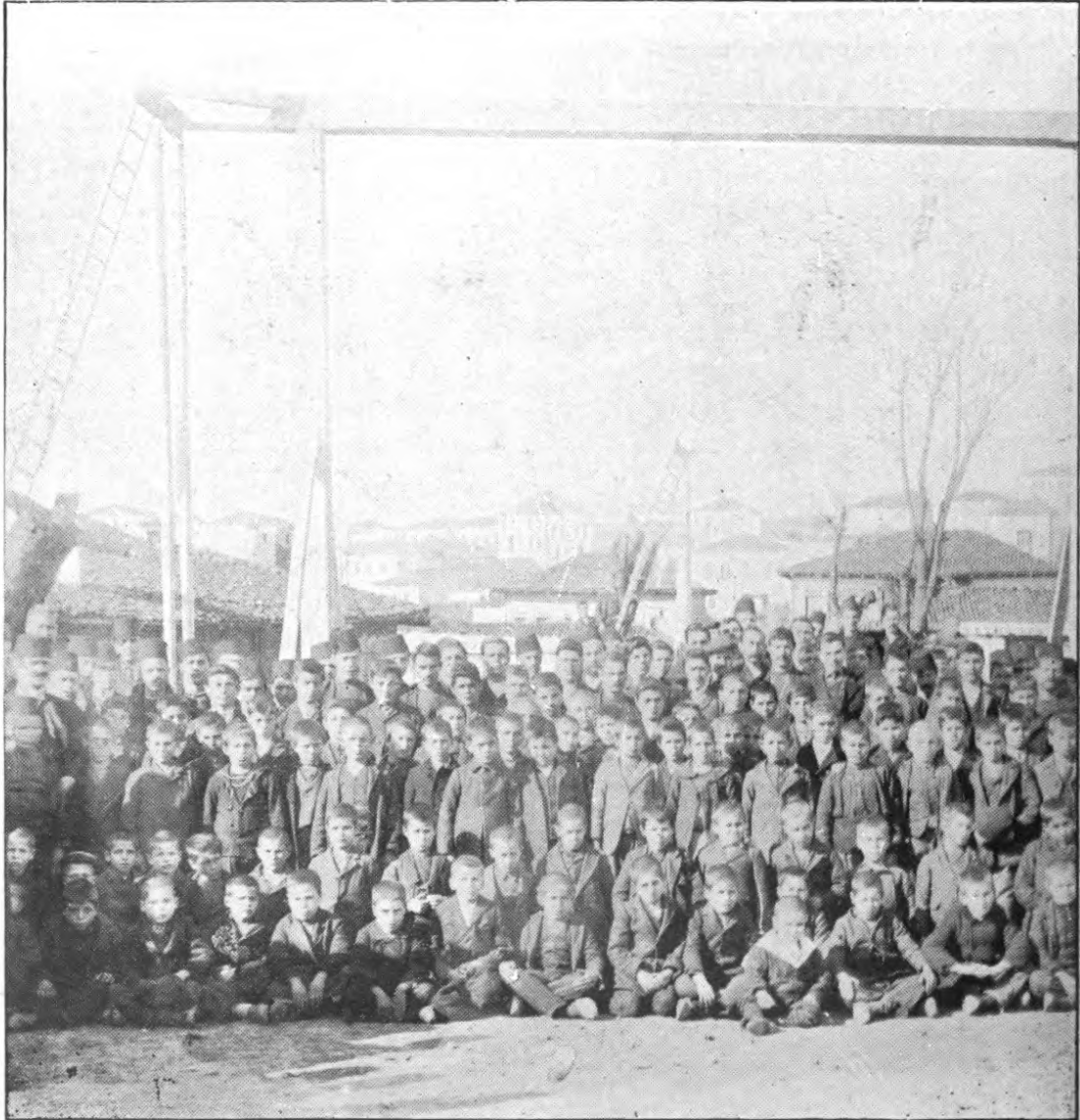
My next place was Aintab. This town is the largest and most prosperous mission centre in all Turkey. The American missionaries have been labouring here for fifty years. I was taken to see the first convert, a venerable looking old Armenian with white, flowing beard, who remembered quite well hearing the first American missionary's address, fifty years ago, on the subject of Christ's words, "I am the True Vine" (John xv. 1). We had meetings in his house, and had much blessing in them.

GOOD TIMES IN THE GOSPEL

I found at Aintab a large college capable of holding four hundred students, a girls' school, a hospital, and an English orphanage. The Armenian Protestants number, I think, nearly three thousand. In this place I had the largest con-



GREEK GIRLS' SCHOOL IN MACEDONIA



A SCHOOL OF GREEK LADS IN TURKEY-IN-ASIA

AMONG THE TURKS

gregation I ever preached to, numbering about two thousand five hundred. The largest building was packed, men sitting on one side, the women on the other, on beautiful Turkish carpets. Generally speaking, throughout Turkey the people do not use chairs or tables, but sit on carpets on the floor, leaving their shoes at the door and entering the house in thin leather slippers, which they generally wear inside their thick shoes. It was a sight I shall never forget. May God grant that the Gospel address we were able to give by interpretation, be precious seed sown on ground prepared by God Himself. I had a dear young Armenian evangelist to interpret for me. This young man entered heart and soul into this glorious work.

After finishing with the Tabernacle addresses, we continued Gospel meetings without the model. Night after night, for three weeks, these meetings were well attended. Sometimes thirteen or fourteen people, young and old, would remain behind to be spoken to about their souls. We were confident that seventy-three, some of them mere lads, came to the Saviour during these meetings. One night it rained very hard, and I thought there would be no meeting. On entering, I found the place half full; that was some time before the hour of the meeting. It rapidly filled, and that night, I think, was the best we had. It was about ten o'clock when we finally dispersed. Although it was winter, two morning prayer meetings were held about five o'clock each morning! My time was fully occupied all day visiting and speaking to anxious people. One woman, a beautiful soul, we went to see was dying. Her friends had dug her grave three times, but each time she rallied when almost at the point of death. I went to see her. I bent downward and asked her how she was. She told me that for the last three days she had been in paradise, and was so happy. Her face was beaming.

"Almost home! yes, almost home," she said,
And light seemed gleaming on her aged head;
"Jesus is very precious." Those who near
Her bedside stood, were thrilled those words to hear.
"Towards His blessed home I turn my willing feet:
Hinder me not; I go my Lord to meet."

AN EVANGELIST'S TRAVELS

Silence ensued. She seemed to pass away
Calm and quiet on that winter's day.
"Speak," cried through tears her daughter, bending low;
"One word, beloved mother, ere you go."
She spake that word, the last she spake on earth,
In whispered tones, that word of wondrous worth:
"JESUS."

The sorrowing listeners scarcely heard the sound,
But angels heard it with a joy profound.
Back, at its mighty power, the gates unfold,
The gates of pearl, the street of burnished gold.
And harps on harps took up the mighty strain,
And sang the praises of the Lord again,
As through its opened portals entered in
Another soul redeemed from death and sin.
And as from earth the spirit passed away,
To dwell for ever in the realms of day,
Those who were left to mourn could almost hear
The strains of heavenly music strike the ear;
And to their longing eyes, by Christ was given,
In such a scene as this, a glimpse of heaven.

One old man, about seventy years of age, sent for us. He said he had served Satan all his life, and now he was tired of the service and wanted to be saved. We had the joy of pointing this dear soul to Christ. The next case was a young lad about twelve years of age. He also accepted Christ, and it was a joy to see them in the meeting the next night, their faces beaming with their new-found joy.

I was sorry to leave this bee-hive of active Christian work. I was shocked on returning to England to hear that all this part of the country had been the scene of another terrible massacre and thousands of these dear Armenians had been cruelly slaughtered. Tarsus, Hadjin, Adana, and other towns had been partly destroyed by fire.

After this place I came to Alexandretta, where I found myself in quite a different atmosphere. The place seemed cold and hard. Indeed, my experience was the same in all the coast towns of the Mediterranean.

IN TURKEY

I TOOK the steamer to Stamboul, Constantinople. Travelling third class on the Mediterranean steamers is very trying; there is not much comfort or accommodation. When the weather is rough and stormy, it is the height of discomfort. It is quite an ordeal getting your boxes through the Turkish Customs. Oh! how I dreaded it. All had to be unpacked. My Tabernacle pictures, that I used to roll up so carefully, had to be opened. I found this was an opportunity of having a word with the Turkish Custom House officials. They were sometimes a little curious to know what the whole thing was about. Sometimes the men would steal the ropes of the boxes while they were bringing them on to the steamer. The steamers never come quite close to the quayside; you have always to go to them in small boats. I found travelling on the large steamers to be cheap. I went from Alexandretta to Stamboul for eight shillings, carrying with me about four hundred pounds of luggage. During this voyage we had one poor passenger who, I heard, was seized with severe pain. All through the night his howls were something fearful to listen to. Very few of the passengers could sleep. I never heard such cries in all my life. I never wish to hear the like again. I thought if these cries from a human being were so dreadful, what must the cries from lost souls be, who weep and wail in awful anguish in hell! We were glad when the poor fellow was carried off the ship. The doctor did not seem to be able to do much for him. We fortunately had a smooth passage, and reached Stamboul safe.

I was much impressed with the large number of steamers in the harbour of Constantinople. There were hundreds of them, of all nationalities. We got safe on land after the usual squabble with the boatmen. The ordeal of passing through the Customs had to be gone through again. Everything had to be tumbled out of our boxes.

AN EVANGELIST'S TRAVELS

After getting all my belongings to a hotel, and having a good night's rest, I went to see Mr. P——, the treasurer of the American Board of Missions at Stamboul. He kindly introduced me to Professor K——, an Armenian, who was an assistant editor of a celebrated paper, *The Avidapar*. This periodical has a large circulation among the Armenian population of Turkey. It contains religious and some secular news, and is under a most rigorous censorship. This Armenian professor I found to be exceedingly kind. He is one of the most learned Armenian professors in Turkey. I was invited to his house, and he arranged interesting meetings.

Miss B—— and Miss S——, who superintend the Friends' Mission at Stamboul and do a blessed work among orphan Armenian girls, hold interesting Gospel meetings every Sunday evening, also during the week. I showed the model to their girls, and was invited by the American ladies, who have a large girls' school, to have meetings. In the large American Bible House I had the joy of showing my model. The meeting was held on a Sunday afternoon. I had a splendid company, including many of the missionaries and workers about Constantinople. These good people seemed much interested. We had a most solemn meeting, and I felt that God was manifestly present.

I was able also to show the model to a Jewish school in Galata. I was much impressed with the interest shown by these Jewish girls. They were delighted when we showed them the beautiful garments of the high priest of Israel, as worn by Aaron.

After Constantinople I went to Samsoun, a town on the Black Sea. We were two days on the steamer. The weather was very rough. At Samsoun I was received very warmly by Mr. P——, an Armenian preacher of the Word, who is a Greek. This dear man seemed very interested in the model of the Tabernacle. We had a week's meetings, which were packed. I found comfortable lodgings with one of the brethren who was a photographer. He would not take any money for his hospitality. He took many photographs. We were not allowed to continue the meetings. The Turkish Governor, hearing of the meetings, ordered them to be

IN TURKEY

stopped. He also sent an order to the Greek pastor that I was to leave the town. I was staggered at this, for up to then I had met with no opposition from the Turkish authorities.

I packed up my things, and took the waggon to Marsovan. The roads to Marsovan I found the worst I had ever travelled over. Most Turkish roads are bad, the reason being that, though the people pay taxes for their repair, the authorities seldom repair them. There were great holes in the road, the waggon had no springs and I received a bad jolting. On arriving at Marsovan I was kindly received by Dr. T—— and Dr. R——, and other Americans. Dr. T—— showed me over the large area of buildings. The carpentering and cabinet work is for the help of poor students who cannot raise sufficient money for their education. They earn sufficient by cabinet-making to support themselves and pay for their education.

I was received into the house of Dr. R——, but the following day I was surprised to be told that they had decided I was to leave the town at once, as the Governor would not give permission for me to have any meetings. I was much disappointed at this. I had had a very interesting meeting with the students on the Sunday night, and one of them at the close stood up to be prayed for before all his fellow-students. The two doctors told me if the authorities went against me it would be useless for me to continue in the country. However, I told them I thought the best thing I could do was to push on. Perhaps at the next town there would be no difficulty. They said they were exceedingly doubtful. They again advised me to leave.

SUSPICIOUS TURKISH OFFICIALS

The next day I packed up my things and prepared, although I had no money. The following morning Dr. T—— slipped two pounds ten shillings into my hand, and so I was enabled to get a waggon and proceed. After about six hours' driving over very rough roads across a wide plain, we arrived at a small Turkish town called Amasia, situated between two high mountains, with a large river running through the town. The driver drove up to the Turkish inn or hotel, where I found I could engage a room with

AN EVANGELIST'S TRAVELS

very little furniture in it and no bed, at small cost. After getting my things together and making preparations for tea with the aid of a small spirit lamp that I always carried about with me, I was surprised by the entrance into my room, without knocking or asking permission, of two Turkish officials. One of them could speak French. He asked me about my business, what I was doing in their country, where I was going, and how long I expected to remain in that town. I explained to them my object. I told him as simply as I could that I was an English evangelist travelling about in Turkey and visiting American missionaries, and the Protestant Armenian Christians, lecturing and preaching, also exhibiting a large model of the Tabernacle of Israel. I soon found out that something was wrong, as wherever I went in the town I was accompanied by one of these men. The Armenians seemed very reluctant to speak to me, and treated me with a good deal of suspicion. I went to the Governor of the town, who was able to speak French. He received me graciously, but he would not give me permission to exhibit the model of the Tabernacle. I went to the Armenian pastor's house, his wife came to the door; but although she could speak English very well, I was not asked inside. She told me her husband was out, and she did not know when he would return.

A FRIEND IN NEED

All this rather depressed me. I hardly knew which way to turn. I thought if this was to be my experience in every town I visited, I did not know how I was to get through the country. I cast myself upon God, knowing that if it was His will for me to go forward, the way would be opened up.

On going into the town I met a German. I knew his language fairly well, so I told him how things stood with me. I found this man was an earnest Christian. He invited me to go and visit the farm where he was employed, and that he and his wife would give me hospitality. This farm was situated about fourteen miles out of town. He gave me full directions as to the route. I resolved to walk, and thought I could accomplish the distance in one day. I got a few odd things together, and leaving my heavy

IN TURKEY

boxes in the room, I started off to find the farm.

I walked for many miles, then I got confused and took a wrong turning, and it took me hours to get back to the point where I had missed the way. The route lay across fields, and the roads were very bad. As dusk was coming on I was still six or seven miles from the place. As I passed a little sheep farm I was surrounded by four or five large sheep dogs. Had the shepherd not called them off me, I would have been bitten by these huge brutes. I was then directed to a white house that stood on the other side of a broad plain. While I was crossing this plain darkness came on. I kept my eye as well as I could upon the place, until a light was seen in the same direction as the house. After walking for other two hours, I found I had to cross a river. I thought there must be a bridge, but after walking up and down the river side, and sometimes getting ankle deep in mud, without finding any, I gave up the attempt to reach my friend's house and resolved to make myself as comfortable as I could for the night. I had my hand-bag; that served for a pillow; and crouching down, I commended myself to my Heavenly Father. I slept soundly until morning. When I awoke, it was broad daylight. My friend's house was close by. It happened to be on that side of the river, but in the darkness I missed it.

On walking across a field I saw him going about the farm. He gladly received me and took me to his house, where I got a hearty welcome from his dear wife. I was soon comfortably seated before a good fire. A substantial breakfast was set before me. I found the owner of the farm an earnest Christian. We had some meetings in his drawing-room. Altogether, I spent a very pleasant week at this interesting farm. He has to pay heavy taxes to the Turkish Government, and finds it difficult to live there. His crop consists chiefly of wheat. He has some of the latest improved American and German agricultural implements and a large stock. This dear man told me it was useless to continue in the country, if it was against the wish of the Turkish Government. I laid the matter before the Lord, and asked Him for some definite sign as a token that I should remain in the country. My pleasant visit came to an

AN EVANGELIST'S TRAVELS

end. I was driven back by this dear farmer to the town of Amasia.

A GOOD TIME IN TOKAT

On my way to the hotel where I had left my boxes, a letter was placed in my hand. I found in it an earnest invitation to visit Cæsarea and spend some time there preaching in the town and in the neighbouring villages. I took this as a sign from the Lord that I was not to leave the country. So I arranged for a carrier to take my boxes to the next town, which was Tokat. On reaching this town, and going to the inn, I was waited upon by some Armenian workers, who told me that they had heard about me, and that they would like me to have some meetings. I found a young Armenian who was school-teacher and also preacher. He could speak English perfectly, so I had no difficulty about an interpreter. We began our meetings with a daily morning prayer meeting, commencing about six o'clock, followed each night by a Gospel meeting. I exhibited the model of the Tabernacle one or two nights. The meetings were well attended throughout. On our last morning prayer meeting we had about forty or fifty people present. They commended me to God and the Word of His grace, and gave me a small money gift. Altogether, I had a month's meetings in Tokat.

Here, I saw the grave of the devoted Henry Martin. He lies buried at the bottom of the garden in the grounds of the Protestant church. The date on the grave is 1806. So it is over a hundred years since this saintly and honoured missionary, who lived so many years in India and Persia, and who was the first to translate the Bible into Persian, passed to his rest. He fell asleep here on his way to England from India. I had the joy of visiting here a dear afflicted child of God. This dear saint is paralyzed in both arms. He had been laid on his back for eighteen years. He is happy, and evidently enjoys much of the Lord's presence. It was quite an inspiration to visit him. He employs his time in writing hymns.

OFFICIAL OPPOSITION AND FRIENDLY HELP

While I was in this town I was sent for by the British Consul. I found he was passing through the town. I think

IN TURKEY

the town he is stationed at is Trebizon, on the Black Sea. He enquired what I was doing in the country, and told me he was strongly of opinion that I should leave it. I told him I believed I had got this work from God, and until God showed me I had to go elsewhere, I would continue doing what I thought was pleasing to Him.

On going to the next town, which was Sivas, this gentleman made it his business to call upon the American missionary and tell him that it was advisable that I should not be received. He wrote me a letter which, without giving me any reason at all, told me again I should leave the country. I wrote to the American missionary who had met me before at Marash that I had received an invitation from Cæsarea, that I was passing through the town of Civas, and that I would like to have some meetings. I received a letter from him saying that he could not receive me. On arrival at Civas I found all doors shut against me. As I was praying to God for direction and guidance, an Armenian woman and her daughter knocked at the door of the hotel. They told me they had heard about me from their sister, who was one of the school-teachers at Tokat, of the interesting meetings I had had there, and they invited me to their house. They said they were only poor people, but they would gladly give me a room free of charge. This room was nicely furnished, and had a comfortable bed.

Although I attended meetings, it took me some time before I could get an opening in this town. However, in answer to prayer, God opened the door in a chapel not connected with American missionaries. Here for ten weeks we continued having happy meetings, although it was July and very hot in the middle of the day. We held daily prayer meetings, and sometimes as many as two hundred Armenians came. We generally opened with singing, a chapter and a little exhortation, then threw the meeting open. There were many godly ones who took part regularly and intelligently. On the Sunday afternoons we had the place crowded. One who attended was, during the massacres of 1894, shot at five times by a Turkish soldier, but was not wounded. He is a preacher, but does not receive any money for his preaching, supporting his family

AN EVANGELIST'S TRAVELS

by teaching school. He was most kind to me, and I was often at his table. He had a very large and interesting family. He was the most earnest and gifted evangelist I had yet met in Turkey, and his preaching was attended by hundreds. At my first meeting in the place, I asked those who had trusted Christ and were saved, to stand on their feet and publicly confess Him. There was an impressive silence after this appeal. At last one tall man stood up, and then the American doctor. The tall man kept the Bible Depôt, and was a colporteur under the auspices of the American Board of Missions. The next day, on the market, many who kept the stalls, and who knew him, shouted out, "Here comes the saved man." He took his stand boldly, and although he suffered a good deal of persecution from the Turkish authorities, was a bold and fearless Christian.

IN ANCIENT CÆSAREA

On arriving at Cæsarea, I found quite a number of earnest Christians. I had come during the vacation time, and most of them were spending their holidays at their vineyards, away from the dust of the town. Some meetings were arranged for me in the surrounding small towns. The Turkish and Armenian town of Cæsarea is built upon the ancient town of that name. Its ruins were pointed out to me outside. It is situated on the edge of a great plain, close to the mighty Argeas, which rears its snow-clad peaks thirteen hundred feet high. There were many large Armenian Protestant churches in the towns and villages around. I visited Gemereck, Muncherson, Zinzigereba, and Tallas. In all these places I had interesting meetings, and all were pleased at seeing the model of the Tabernacle and hearing from the Old Testament types God's great scheme of redeeming man from ruin and sin by the way of the Cross. Zinzigereba is a Greek town. Many of the Christians came from the surrounding villages to attend the lectures. One night a hungry wolf came and carried off a lamb that was kept in a yard at the back of the boys' school.

This was the farthest point east I had reached. I resolved that, instead of pursuing my journey to India, as I had originally intended, I would turn back and reach the

IN TURKEY

Mediterranean coast. The reason I did this was because I feared the distance between the towns was too great, that there was no law for the protection of life or property there, and going down the Tigris river is very dangerous.

HAPPY TIMES AT TALLAS

I was hospitably entertained by the American missionaries at Tallas. I found these dear Christians most interesting. One of them during my stay lost a sweet little fellow with scarlatina. We had a most solemn time when we lowered his little coffin into a grave dug in the grounds of the new college, overlooking the town of Tallas. The dear students sang in English, "Safe in the arms of Jesus." I thought I never heard singing so solemn or so sweet in my life. Two American doctors connected with a large hospital are doing a needed work among the suffering Armenian and Turkish people in the surrounding neighbourhood. They are taken into the hospital and carefully nursed. A Gospel service with hymn singing and Bible reading is held every morning. We had interesting Gospel services in this town. Many attended.

Many of the Armenians invited me to their villages, and pressed upon me luscious bunches of grapes, taken from their vineyards. I found here a dear German lady who had opened an orphanage at Cæsarea. The Turkish Government has opposed her very much. This part of the country was wild and mountainous. The mountain of Argeas you could see on a clear day fifty miles off, towering its lofty head with its snow-clad summit. The scenery we passed through was grand.

I was interested in seeing the beautiful carpets made by the Armenian girls. These carpets took them sometimes three or four months to weave. They generally had the loom fixed in the court of the yard, the carpet being woven into the woof with different coloured skeins of wool. When these carpets were finished, they generally received about ten pounds for them. Carpet-weaving is the main source of income to many of the Armenian families. The population of Cæsarea is about fifty thousand, mostly Armenians and Turks.

The next town I visited was Neshehir, beautifully situated

AN EVANGELIST'S TRAVELS

upon a mountain slope. I paid a visit to the Governor of the city, out of politeness. I found him an agreeable Turkish gentleman. He gave me his card, and told me if I wanted any assistance or help, he would be glad to give it to me. He also called the chief of the police, and told him I was to have every assistance in anything I wanted to do. I found here only one who could speak English. Although several could understand a little, there was only one who was able to act as an interpreter. This was a young lady graduate of Tallas Girls' School.

JOURNEY IN WINTER

My next place was Akserai, where I stayed from the 22nd of December to the 24th of January. In Neshehir the Christians conducted the meetings among themselves. They got along remarkably well. There were some fine earnest young Christian Armenians amongst them, who could take part, and some of them spoke well. At Akserai I was very hospitably received. The meetings we had were very well attended. About forty Turks attended some of the meetings, many of them hojas or teachers of the Koran. This town is situated on a great plain of about four days' journey. The dear people procured a waggon to take me across the plain.

Here I found some very earnest and devoted children of God. One dear brother among them, whilst following his business as a merchant, gives much of his time to visiting and helping. He also has some gift as a preacher. It was a dreary ride across this immense plain. It was Winter. I often had to climb out of the waggon and walk to get some warmth to my hands and feet. The pools on each side of the road were often covered with ice strong enough to walk upon. I was glad when we came to the edge of the plain and saw the mountains close to the town of Konia. The plain seemed to me to be bare—no trees or vegetation whatever, nothing but clumps of grass.

VARIED EXPERIENCES IN KONIA.

I found on arriving in the town that the Governor was not in favour of foreign travellers. He refused my application to show the model of the Tabernacle in the Armenian school-room. The British Consul, Major W——, kindly

IN TURKEY

gave me permission to exhibit it at his private house. I had a number of people to speak to. I gave the lecture in French, the greater part of my audience being acquainted with that language. I had several Roman Catholic priests and nuns in my audience. I had some Gospel meetings in the school-room, and one night eight or nine young Armenians professed to receive Christ as their personal Saviour. I stayed in this town nine days. I found Konia to be on the line of railway that runs to Constantinople. It has also a branch line that goes to Smyrna. The junction of this line is at Afion Kara Hissar. This town I decided to go to next. I was now on the railway, which was a welcome relief after the jolting of the springless waggons. There is a very fine station at Konia, and a large hotel connected with it.

After a run of ten hours we arrived at Afion Kara Hissar. On one side of this town is a huge mass of rock rising up perpendicularly to a height of some thousands of feet, and perched upon the top is the immense ruin of an ancient fortress. I was here kindly welcomed by the native pastor, whom I found to be an earnest preacher of the Gospel. This dear man has had a hard fight to keep the little company together. Although they have had the money, yet they have never been able to obtain liberty from the authorities to build. They have to be content with conducting the meetings in a private house. Most of the Armenians here are engaged in trade. Here for the first time I saw the cultivation and manufacture of opium. It was interesting to see the way they collect the juice by making incisions in the poppy heads with a sharp knife. I took train to Smyrna, and soon found we were travelling through a most beautiful part of Turkey. Here the rough, bare appearance of the country changes and it becomes exceedingly beautiful.

VISIT TO SMYRNA.

The train arrived late. I engaged a porter to take my things to the nearest and cheapest hotel. After a little supper I walked about the town. I found it very poorly lit, and had difficulty in finding my way back to the hotel again. Next day I visited the American missionaries, and

AN EVANGELIST'S TRAVELS

found them much interested respecting my proposal to exhibit my model of the Tabernacle. I was invited to the President's house to tea. He told me he would speak to his colleagues respecting my proposal. I was invited to speak to the young men at the college. I found many earnest and active Christian young men. I had altogether three meetings: one for young men, one for Armenians, and one for Greeks. Smyrna is a very large town of about one hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants, with a splendid harbour crowded with shipping. The population is principally composed of Greeks, Turks and Armenians. There is also a large population of Jews. I had a week's interesting meetings for Jews.

I received an invitation to go to a Greek town called Magnesia. Here I found from three to four hundred people at the meetings every night. I found there were large steamers running from Smyrna to Athens. The passage takes about fourteen hours, through the most lovely part of the Mediterranean.

IN ATHENS.

I found I had to disembark at Piræus, which is the port of Athens, then to reach the town by electric trains, which run every fifteen minutes. I was anxious to see this world-renowned city. I got my boxes and different packages deposited at a cheap hotel close to the quay. I took the first train I could get to Athens, and arrived there in the afternoon. I spent a most pleasant time walking about and viewing the splendid streets and large public buildings. It soon became dark. I found a Greek missionary who had been labouring here for fifty years. At the British and Foreign Bible Society I met an earnest Christian colporteur, and was introduced by him to a Christian gentleman who kept a restaurant.

Athens is a wonderful place. It has an immense marble stadium, capable of holding about ninety thousand people. There were many sights never to be forgotten. I found in this city a mere handful of Protestants. A dear old doctor, about eighty years of age, had been working for fifty years. At certain feast days connected with the Greek Church, one part of the performance is for the processions to stop in

A VISIT TO GREECE

front of this little Protestant building, throw stones at it, and break all the windows. One dear man, who conducted a little mission in another part of the town, told me his life had been threatened many times, and a dynamite bomb had been placed near the meeting room. We hired a hall and gave out bills, but in spite of all our efforts we only gathered a mere handful to hear my lecture upon the Tabernacle.

I next decided to visit Salonika. A Scottish firm of steamship owners kindly gave a reduction in the fare. The voyage was very pleasant going through the Grecian Archipelago. We sailed all night, and in the morning at ten o'clock we dropped anchor in front of the town of Salonika. The vessel did not come close to the quayside, and we had to disembark in small boats. Here I found some difficulty in passing the Customs. Some books I had, they took exception to. The inspector took all my books, and told me I must leave them until the following day. I was glad at this point to meet a German whom I had met at Marash. This gentleman explained to the Turkish officer my object in coming to the country. My books were then given to me without further trouble.

THE ANCIENT TOWN OF SALONIKA.

The population of Salonika I found to consist of Jews, Greeks, Armenians, Turks and Bulgarians — the Jewish population being in the majority. Salonika has a splendid harbour, and there is a very fine promenade along the sea front. Outside the town there are some exceptionally fine residences. I found this part of Turkey the most disturbed I had yet visited. The bitter animosity between the Greeks and Bulgarians kept the district in a state of unrest. It was not safe to walk outside the town after dark. Near this city, Miss Stone, the American missionary, was captured by brigands, and twenty thousand Turkish liras had to be paid for her ransom. I had a conversation with the American missionary who went with the mules that carried the gold. Some time before I arrived, a young man was taken out of his father's garden on the outskirts of the town, and held for ransom for some weeks. He was

AN EVANGELIST'S TRAVELS

eventually delivered on payment of fifteen thousand liras. All this shows how unsafe the country is.

The revolutionary party were busy at work, and were soon to overthrow the Sultan Abdul Hamid and place his brother upon the throne. My visit was a few months before the famous telegram was sent by the Young Turkey Party of Union and Progress, to the Sultan, that unless he granted a Constitutional Government they would depose him. So quietly had the whole affair been organized, that the Turkish authorities knew nothing about it.

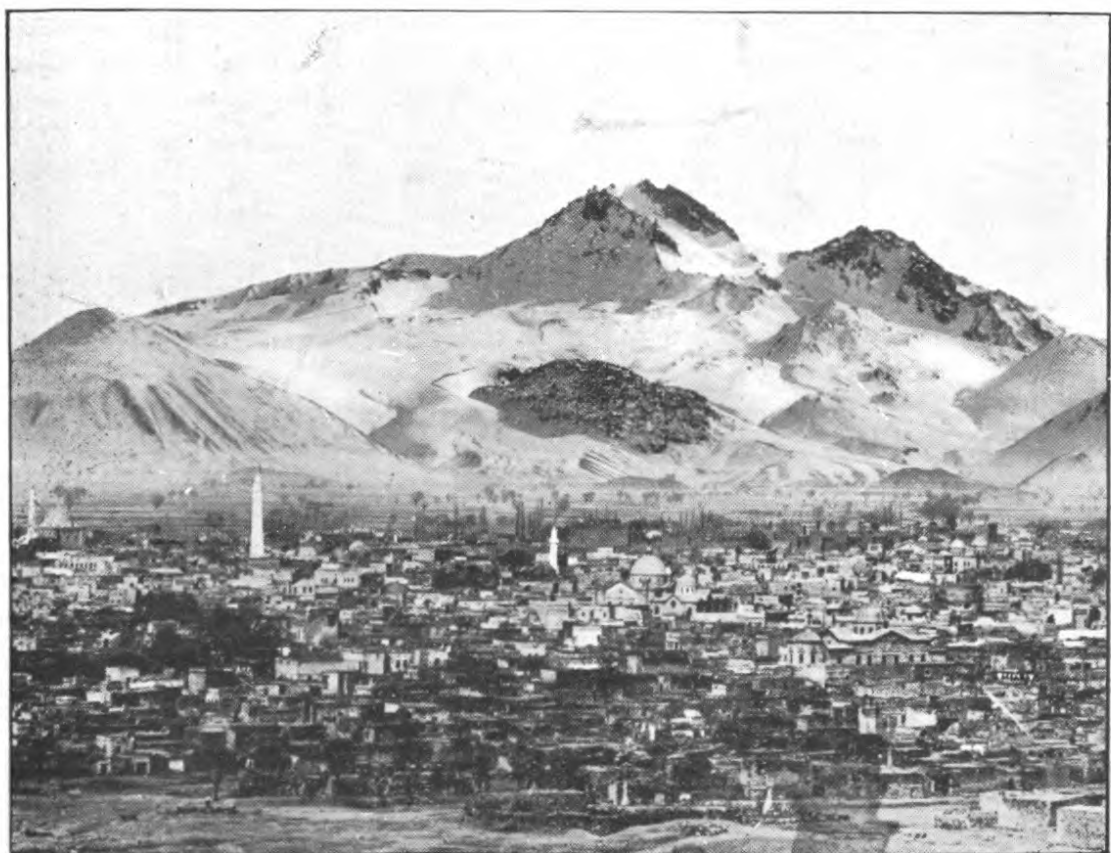
I found an interesting work going on outside this town. An American missionary had bought some land and erected a large house. He had about a hundred Bulgarian youths, to whom he was giving religious training and teaching them at the same time some useful trade. I stayed in this interesting place some weeks, and found good work going on among Jews, Bulgarians, and Greeks.

MEETINGS AMONG BULGARIANS

After this I visited a small Bulgarian town called Serres. I was the guest of a Bulgarian who had lived for some years in the United States of America. He could speak English well. We arranged some meetings. I enjoyed my visit to this place very much. Having received there the name of another Bulgarian worker at a small town named Drama, I resolved to go there. It was a journey of a few hours. They held the meetings in his house, in one of the rooms which was large, being converted into a meeting room. There were about fifty. We had meetings here thirteen days. We also had a Jews' meeting on Saturday—a most interesting time, the room being full. I thanked God for the privilege of coming to this place. There is bitter enmity between the Greeks and the Bulgarians. Most of the Bulgarians remain in their houses after business hours, and do not venture out after dark. I was struck by the abundance of spring water in this town. At one spot, nearly in the middle of the town, there seemed to be quite a wide river literally springing out of the ground with great force. It was beautifully clear, cool, and refreshing. There were some large tobacco factories, which employed both male and female labour.



BULGARIAN PROTESTANTS AT DRAMA, MACEDONIA



ANCIENT CÆSAREA



HORSE AND CATTLE FAIR IN MACEDONIA

ALONG THE MEDITERRANEAN COAST

Being now close to the Mediterranean, I thought I would like to visit some of the towns near to Constantinople. I had heard that in that neighbourhood there were many interesting Armenians. I bade my friends good-bye, and hired a waggon to take my things to Kavalla, a town on the coast, where I could get a steamer to Smyrna, and thence to Constantinople. On arriving at Kavalla, though I tried very hard to get an opening, no one seemed to be interested enough. There were many Jews in the place, but none of them seemed to care anything about their ancient ritual. The British Consul, who is an Italian, introduced me to some Englishmen who were working as clerks in a tobacco factory. These young fellows seemed quite interested in my efforts. I was surprised at this, as in my travels my experience had been that English people were not at all interested in the doings of missionaries. Perhaps they were a little touched by the fact that I hailed from Liverpool, which was the town they belonged to.

The journey from Kavalla to Smyrna was very fine. I revelled in the beautiful view I obtained from the deck of the little steamer: the glorious sunshine, the bold and rugged headlands rising abruptly out of the sea, all combined to make a scene of enchanting beauty. I had intended to stay in Smyrna a few days, but found the only way I could get to Constantinople was by a steamer sailing on the following day. I travelled on deck, and had a motley crowd of fellow-passengers—Arabs, Turks, Greeks, Armenians—with a perfect Babel of languages. Fortunately I could speak a little Turkish, and French and German tolerably well. I was glad to see the town of Stamboul, with its harbour crowded with shipping, many of the vessels flying the Union Jack. I found I had to take another steamer to Broussa. I knew nobody in the place, and nobody seemed to take any notice of me, until two American missionary ladies asked me to their house. These ladies have a girls' school supported by the American Board of Missions. The teachers are devoted and earnest Christians. Many of the girls are God-fearing. The lady superintendent's great desire was that all her scholars would become true Christians. While I was sitting in the library, thirty of these young Armenians

AN EVANGELIST'S TRAVELS

came in with their albums, and requested me to write some verses in each of them. Some came in who wished to be spoken to personally about their souls, and the rest of the afternoon I had indeed a busy time. I left these kind people with sadness of heart. Their kindness touched me deeply. Surely, I thought, here are people who strive after righteousness and holiness, and what a privilege it was to meet such and in any way to help them. I felt deeply humbled, and I praised God who gave me the grace seven years before to, in obedience to our Lord's command, "Go into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature."

The next place was Gjerreh, a small Armenian town. The school-teacher, who was an earnest Christian, asked me to speak at the prayer meeting. I took for my subject "Prayer," and told my audience that we ought to live and keep in the spirit of prayer. I said I had come to that town to have some meetings, and was trusting God to give blessing. I asked: "Will any among you meet me in this room to-morrow at an early hour to begin the day with God and ask His blessing?" I was astonished next morning by the tramping of many feet, for I slept quite close to the meeting room. We had the place filled, and a true spirit of prayer broke out among us. All that week we had crowded meetings, a good many professed to be saved, and the prayer meetings continued during all the time I stayed in that town.

The next place I visited was Ismidt, situated on an arm of the Mediterranean, one of the ancient royal cities. Before Constantinople was founded, all the kings were crowned there. I was not received very warmly. The meetings were dry and cold. One night the mosquitoes were so troublesome I could hold out against their attacks no longer, so taking up my mattress and quilt, I resolved to pass the rest of the night in a garden, under the trees. Next morning, on going inside to dress myself, I noticed my purse felt very light. On examining it, I found I had been robbed during the night, the thief leaving one solitary coin of the value of a halfpenny. Although I had been in Turkey two years, and had travelled alone in dangerous parts, yet I had never before been robbed.

ALONG THE MEDITERRANEAN COAST

TURKISH REJOICINGS

In the next town I visited, while waiting for the train, I was astonished to see a great procession thronging past. Two or three hundred boys were leading the way, clapping their hands and cheering. Some men going before the boys were urging them on. Behind the boys came a Turkish band playing with the greatest vigour. Behind these came a mass of people shouting and cheering. One of the officials at the station said, "The British Government have sent a gunboat to Constantinople to tell Abdul Hamid, the Sultan, that unless he grants the people Constitutional Government they will depose him." The station was crowded, and every passenger train was packed. When I arrived at Adabazar I found the town wholly given up to rejoicing. The words "Liberty—Equality—Fraternity" were heard on every side. The Sultan had granted the people's request. This was extremely interesting to me. I had lived for two years amongst the down-trodden Armenians, and knew what it meant to them.

I felt now that God was leading me homewards. In a few hours I was at Scutari. I found the Turkish officials were different now, and for the first time since I had been travelling in Turkey my *Teskéré* was not demanded. Up to that time it was impossible to travel in Turkey without one. Every town you went to, it had to be "vised"—that is the Government officials had to affix a stamp to it, with the date, how long you intended to remain in the town, and what was the name of the next town you purposed to visit.

A SIGHT OF THE SULTAN

On my arrival in Constantinople I learned that the Sultan was very popular: his likeness was being sold everywhere. Every Friday he went to engage in prayer at a Turkish mosque close to his palace. I had two or three times tried to see this ceremony, but on each occasion was turned back by soldiers. However, under the new regime I was more successful. The ceremony began at noon. All morning the streets were full of people and soldiers proceeding in the direction of Yildiz. It was easy to find the way; I had only to follow the enormous crowds. I should think there

AN EVANGELIST'S TRAVELS

were twenty thousand soldiers filling up the squares and enclosures in the immediate neighbourhood of the palace. Suddenly there was a flourish of trumpets, and the bands began to play, as a procession of richly dressed military men came from the entrance of the palace, then some elegant equipages containing the members of the imperial family, followed in an open landau by the Sultan. He is a man apparently of about seventy years, his beard and hair dyed jet black, with large black eyes and a serious looking and thoughtful face. This was the man at whose word thousands had been done to death. To-day, he is a miserable captive living in a small mansion outside Salonika, passing his solitude in reviewing his past misdeeds. I hope and pray that, under Constitutional rule, this unhappy country, in which I spent the two happiest years of my life, may go forward in the march of civilization and progress to a brighter future, and that liberty for the spread of the Gospel may be found within its borders.

VISITS IN EUROPE

I proceeded to Bucharest, which I resolved to visit on my way through Europe to England. I was quite astonished at this city and its beauty. It has a population of many Jews. I heard from a Presbyterian minister that there was a small gathering of Christians who met for worship and breaking of bread every Sunday morning. I got the address, and found an evangelist was labouring among this little company—a Swiss brother, who had heard of me and the meetings I had with the Tabernacle when I was passing through Switzerland. This evangelist and his wife welcomed me most warmly. I spent a happy week with these dear people, and showed the model of the Tabernacle to an interesting crowd of Roumanians.

After leaving Bucharest, I visited a town called Brasso. I found here two lady missionaries who were engaged in work among the Roumanians, also Mr. Broadbent, who had helped me with meetings in Switzerland. He had just returned from a trip in Turkestan, where he had been visiting assemblies of God's people. He is well known and esteemed, he speaks French and German fluently, and his visits are welcomed, his ministry being helpful and edify-

RETURN JOURNEY THROUGH EUROPE

ing to God's people. While I was here, I received an invitation to a small Roumanian town named Tcketchskom. There I met a German brother preaching the Gospel. It was the hardest place to get people into the meetings I had yet visited. The few Christians who meet in the little room suffer a good deal of persecution. The soil in the place seems barren, but who can tell what the faithful sowing of this dear brother and the handful of Christians may accomplish. I was much impressed with the love and unity manifested by these dear children of God in this dark place. I felt it was indeed a privilege to visit them.

I took the train to Budapest, the capital of Hungary, and stayed in this interesting place from the 26th of November to the 9th of January. Here I met some earnest children of God. The language spoken is Hungarian. I had some interesting meetings here. I met many dear Christians. The memory of their kindness and fellowship is very sweet. Altogether, I found Budapest a city of much promise.

My next visit was to Vienna. Here I found a large number of devoted and earnest children of God. I shall never forget the kindness of a German. Quite a revival was going on in a beautiful little place, the gift of one of the titled ladies of Vienna, who is not ashamed to identify herself with these despised people.

I next reached Prague, the capital of Bohemia, and found there a missionary who has laboured for Christ over thirty years. His labours have been much blessed. In Prague, although a stronghold of Romanism, there are about three thousand Protestants, many of them earnest and devoted Christian workers. Dr. C—— superintends and is responsible for three large halls, one of them capable of seating seven hundred people. Here I had the privilege of proclaiming the Gospel contained in the precious types. I passed three happy weeks in this town.

I had not many more places to visit ere I reached the shores of Old England. I called at Pilsen and Klatow, two Bohemian towns, and from there I went to Leipsic. At Halle I renewed acquaintance with a dear Christian, whose two daughters had grown up, the eldest into a charming young lady. I was grieved to learn that they no longer

AN EVANGELIST'S TRAVELS

believed in the foundation truths of the Gospel, but had launched out on the dark waters of scepticism and doubt. In Berlin I found a brother who had been such an old friend in connection with the revival times in B——. He was going forward in the ways of God, and in conjunction with Bro. W—— had a training school for young students. I showed my model of the Tabernacle there, and about three hundred people came. Outside Berlin I had interesting meetings. I worked my way through Hanover, Essen, Bochim, Dusseldorf, Cologne, until I reached Brussels, where I found many old friends; Mr. Nock and Mr. Bain showing me much kindness, as of old. From there I reached Rotterdam and took steamer to London, which I reached on the 26th of May, 1909. In the morning I got up early to see the shores of my native land. After passing the Tower Bridge we approached the wharf where the steamer unloaded her cargo. I found my aged mother well, she having passed her eightieth year.

And now, let me ask the reader: Are you saved? I do not know you, but you have read something of my travels. As a servant of the Lord Jesus, I ask you this question. If you say, "I do not know," then let me tell you that there is no time for delay. As you read these lines, Jesus, the Saviour, stands with loving heart to welcome you. He imposes no hard conditions, only—Look and live. To those who are saved, let me repeat the Master's words: "Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature" (Mark xvi. 15).

The Evangelist's Travels in the British Isles.



ENGLAND.

THE first part of this narrative breaks off on my return to London from Rotterdam. I spent the last half-penny I had, on board the small steamer, for a cup of tea, and found myself in London without any means whatever. As the steamer had landed near Greenwich it came into my mind to visit dear Mr. Stone, who had been such a friend to me in all my journeyings. He seemed pleased to see me, and kindly gave me about half-an-hour of his valuable time; on parting he accompanied me to the door, and bidding me good-bye slipped a crisp five pound note into my hand. I can hardly say how much my heart was filled with praise to God for this deliverance. During the conversation Mr. Stone mentioned a conference that was about to be held at Bradford. I lost no time in proceeding to the station, and getting my ticket, was wondering how I would be received. I soon introduced myself to dear Mr. W. L., one of the leading brethren in Bradford, and was given fifteen minutes or so to tell of my experiences in the various countries I had passed through. This opened up my way for further meetings, and I spent some time around Bradford taking some meetings. I may mention that the friendship of dear Mr. L. proved a lasting one up to the time of his Home-call.

After my nine years of absence my dear old mother was naturally glad to see me, and I spent a very pleasant time with her in our home in Oxtou.

AN EVANGELIST'S TRAVELS

Whilst at home, I received a visit from Mr. Arthur Eccles of Blackburn. He asked me what I thought of doing. "Well, Arthur," I said, "I have an old milk-float in the yard, but have no pony; if you like to come with me, we can take the model of the Tabernacle (which by the way with platform, weighs about two hundred-weight) and push it around on the float, and visit some of the Assemblies in the North of Lancashire, provided they will receive us. We accordingly had some prayer about the matter, and wrote to some of the Assemblies around Liverpool. We received favourable replies, and our first visit was to Crete Hall in Crete Street, Liverpool. We had some encouraging meetings and then pushed on to Knowsley.

Our troubles began with the cart after leaving Liverpool. I noticed the iron rim of one of the wheels quite loose, but before it came off we fortunately got it temporarily repaired by a blacksmith. We found pushing the cart easy enough along the level road, but when we began to negotiate the hills poor Arthur and I found it no easy task; in fact some of the hills, try as we might, were too steep. Sometimes in pushing the cart along we found it suddenly lightened, and looking around found some kindly disposed person with his shoulder at the back. We had many opportunities on the road of speaking to people, laughed at and jeered at by some, and listened to with respect and attention by others. We left them tracts and leaflets. As a rule we were well received at our journeys' end by the saints of God. Never were cups of tea or fresh cut bread and butter more enjoyed, as we arrived dusty, tired, and often discouraged. But it was not always the case. One place we got to on a Saturday night pretty late. We got the key of the hall, and started putting up the model which, by the way, took us about five hours. It was getting on towards eleven o'clock when I said, "Well, Arthur, what about our sleeping accommodation." We accordingly went to one of the leading brethren, but found several of his children had measles; the next we went to, all the sheets were damp. At this juncture it began to rain. "Arthur," I said, "I feel very tired, let us try a lodging house." We found that every bed was occupied, and on leaving, the lodging house keeper

THE BRITISH ISLES

said, "If you like to sleep in the kitchen before the fire you can." So I found a form before the fire and Arthur found a table, and we praised God together for this deliverance. Soon all was quiet, and we quickly fell asleep, only to be awakened by two drunken men who pushed their way in and began fighting; but after all was quiet again, we both enjoyed our night's rest. In the morning I went out to see about breakfast. In the meantime the friends, hearing where we were, had kindly sent us a substantial breakfast. After a wash and brush up, we both proceeded to the Hall. In the afternoon we had the children, and at night preached the Gospel. A good number gathered and we both felt helped of God to speak. The hearts of God's people had been touched, and we were told not to go back to our lodgings as a dear sister had a bed for us. We had some further meetings. I walked about the place with overhead texts, kept inviting all the people to come to the meetings, and we left the dear ones in the Assembly with mutual good wishes and prayers. We visited all the small Assemblies we could till we got to Blackpool. Here, a very dear sister, Mrs. W——, who kept a boarding house, received us joyfully, as also did her dear husband and grown-up family. Arthur and I stayed here the remaining part of the summer. We found the place full of trippers, bent on pleasure of every kind. On the sea-shore, according to regulations, if we wanted to preach the Gospel we had to take the place assigned to us; and for a mile or so, at intervals of a few yards, Socialists, Atheists, Free-Feeders, Free-Traders Cheap-jacks, Conjurors, Tariff-Reformers, and most of the religious denominations were represented: Church Army, Salvation Army, etc. We found the crowds on pleasure bent, yet the religious among them seemed quite willing to stop and listen. I made a small court of the Tabernacle with sand, and with the various vessels of the Tabernacle seemed to interest some. We had the help, especially on week-ends, of dear, earnest gospellers, so we kept the Gospel banner flying during the season on the Blackpool sands. We had some good children's meetings in the Gospel Hall, and the meetings on Sunday nights were full and interesting. Owing to Mrs. Wood having let her rooms to

AN EVANGELIST'S TRAVELS

former clients, and the season being pretty far advanced, I thought of pushing on to Fleetwood, having a great desire to visit the north of Ireland, and see something of the Irish Christians, of whom I had heard so much. At this point dear Arthur left me, having engagements elsewhere.

The dear Wood family helped me to push the cart from Blackpool to Fleetwood. As they were engaged in business during the day this had to be done at night. Fortunately the weather was fine, but the sandy roads made it difficult, and about three o'clock in the morning we arrived at Fleetwood. I expected I could go at once on the steamer, but found I had to wait on the quay. We fortunately found a shop open, and the fisherman who kept the shop made us all a steaming hot cup of tea, and I think we also had some fried fish. I bade adieu to my kind friends—the Woods. They had been all the summer true yoke-fellows in the Gospel. Shortly after that the whole family emigrated to Australia, and I was glad to hear since, Miss Wood, who had been such a help, was happily married, and her brothers had found suitable situations.

VISIT TO NORTH OF IRELAND.

I had long desired to see Belfast, but was surprised at the size of the town, the fine buildings everywhere, and the magnificent shipping yard. The two great Ocean liners, *Titanic* and *Olympic* were on the stocks, and were nearing completion. I went on board the *Titanic*, and was lost in wonder at her great size, also the furniture and upholstering of the 1st Class Cabin and her immense dining room. Later, I saw her launched. Little did I think, or any one else, that in a very short time, she would take her last plunge, carrying hundreds with her, into the ocean depths of the mid-Atlantic.

I made myself known to most of the leading brethren in Belfast, but no doors seemed opened. Still I felt God was leading in the matter, so finding a room quite unfurnished, I put an advertisement in one of the Belfast daily papers, stating I would give lessons in French and German for 6d per hour. I soon had quite a number of pupils, and this, with a few gifts I received from various sources, enabled me to live. I found the meals served at the Salvation

THE BRITISH ISLES

Army Restaurant were the cheapest and best.

Some dear brethren in the Mineral Water business kindly stored my milk-float and model of the Tabernacle. I had only one occasion to show the model, which was in a tent erected and worked by local brethren.

I felt I would like to spend Christmas with my dear, aged mother, so leaving my belongings in Belfast I crossed over to Liverpool.

At Birkenhead I found an annual Conference taking place at the Y.M.C.A., and during one of the meetings I got up and spoke from the body of the Hall, saying that I had a Model of the Tabernacle at Belfast, also a small cart, and if I had a pony I could go around and visit some of the Assemblies. A day or two afterwards I received a kind letter from Mr. S—— of Wallasey that they had a pony and I could come over and see it, and if I thought it would suit they would let me have it. Needless to say, I took this as a direct leading from God. I found there were difficulties about the transfer of the pony to Ireland. However, after all the regulations were complied with, I embarked with the pony from Liverpool. Mr. S—— had also kindly given me a suit of harness nearly new, but I forgot to take the harness off the pony, which, by the way, was called "Robby," and during the voyage, which proved a very rough one indeed, poor "Robby" had some of the skin rubbed off one of his shoulders.

In the meantime I had received a very kind invitation from Dr. Darling, one of the leading brethren in the North of Ireland, to pay them a visit in the beginning of the year. When I landed in Belfast the second time, my funds were quite exhausted, and I was surprised at the Dock Authorities demanding a small charge for landing the pony. I told them I had no money whatever. They very kindly waived this charge, and gave me a paper authorising me to land with the pony. I made my way to the friends who had sheltered the cart and model for me. They kindly got the pony clipped for me, and the next morning "Robby" and I started for the town of L——. It was winter time; ice was on the roads and the noise the wheels made in cracking the ice frightened me somewhat. What would I

AN EVANGELIST'S TRAVELS

do in case of a breakdown without means. However, by nightfall we reached Lurgan, and finding my way to Dr. D.'s house, learned they were expecting me. Robby found a comfortable stall in their cow house, the model was sent to the Gospel Hall, and I was warmly welcomed and found what real Irish hospitality was. When Irish people take you to their homes and hearts they do so with genuine warmth. I found the doctor the head of a numerous family. As far as I can remember now he was a widower. A gifted man of God, his presence at the various conferences of Christians was always welcome.

I found the Assembly at Lurgan a pretty large one. We soon had the model of the Tabernacle up. I forget how many meetings we had, but they were always crowded, and to my surprise a gift of £4 was handed to me by the dear doctor. After this I visited Portadown, Bambride, Armagh, Dungannon, Omagh and Dunmullen. In all these places I was well received. Our meetings were good. I met dear children of God who proved valuable and life-long friends. I might mention the Macfarlands, with whom I stayed; Mr. R. Macfarland, close on his eightieth year, was still able to get about and do odd jobs on the farm. Here we saw some precious souls saved through the meetings. At Omagh a dear brother designed a platform for the model, which proved very light and serviceable, which I have used for many years and still use. I must not forget to mention Mr. A. Macfarland who was, and still is, an earnest gospel. I then pushed on to Londonderry, and found a dear friend and brother, Mr. W——, who received me warmly. We had some interesting meetings. I caused some stir in the place by walking about with overhead texts. I found the protestants and catholics by no means on friendly terms, and the oaths and curses of some of the catholic children when they saw the texts only showed that even in children the natural heart is at enmity with God.

IN SCOTLAND.

With the various sums the dear brethren had given me during my visits, it came into my mind to publish in book form a narrative of my travels since the year 1901. I got in touch with a publishing firm in Scotland. After staying

THE BRITISH ISLES

some time in Londonderry I thought I would visit Scotland. I had often heard about the zeal and go-aheadness of the Scotch brethren, especially the open-air work carried on in Glasgow. I found taking Robby over would swallow up all the little capital I had, so I took the pony with harness and cart to the fair, rode him round for some time, and to my disappointment, although I had some laughter, did not get a solitary bid; but finally I was offered £7, which I thought better to accept.

I was thus able to send up to the publishers enough for them to start with, and other sums which I gave them afterwards.

I felt indeed sorry to part with "Robby." We had been on the road together for some months. I often felt my heart filled with praise and gladness as we passed along the roads in the early Spring. I had no trouble with him whatever, and although I had a whip, the slightest touch would make him respond, and I am thankful to say I never used it in anger.

My experience in Glasgow was similar to the one I had in Belfast. No doors whatever opened to me. Some dear brethren, after arranging for me to show the model, paid a visit to my humble room where I was living in Clyde Street, and said they had grave doubts whether I could be an accredited servant of God and live in such poor conditions. I might have replied, but I didn't, my Divine Master had not even a room to call His own. This of course caused me great searchings of heart, and dashed to the ground all my hopes of getting any entrance to the Assemblies of Glasgow. These dear brethren cancelled the engagement.* I thought of giving lessons again in French and German, and advertised in the daily papers for 6d per hour. This brought me in touch with various people, some of them very interesting.

Mr. J—— R——, a well-known Evangelist, was having meetings in a tent, and I was surprised to get a telegram from him to put the model of the Tabernacle up in his tent.

*Had my friend, Joe Dutton, but furnished himself with a letter of commendation from one of the meetings where he was known, he would doubtless have been received more readily.—E. A. S.

AN EVANGELIST'S TRAVELS

He would pay all charges, and give the lecture on the Tabernacle. I lost no time, and on the night fixed had the model (which by the way is a very fine one) up in the tent. Mr. J. R. I found an able speaker, and he had some very interesting meetings on the subject of the Tabernacle types. We also showed the garments of the High Priest.

After this I had invitations from some of the leading Assemblies of Glasgow. The meetings were very well attended. I believe I was helped of God to speak, and I spent the rest of the summer and autumn there. I was also invited to Larkhall where I found a very large Assembly with an interesting Sunday School of large proportions.

ISLE OF MAN.

I then returned home and spent the most of the year 1913 in visiting various Assemblies in England. While moving about the country I was constantly hearing about a Commander S——, an indefatigable text carrier, who had left the Navy and determined to spend the rest of his life seeking to save men instead of killing them. On visiting Crete Hall in Liverpool, I was invited by Bro. F. Harris to accompany him on a trip to Douglas in the Isle of Man. We left Liverpool on Saturday night by the steamer, and landed in Douglas about 4 o'clock in the morning. Dear Mr. Quine was waiting for us and took us to his house outside the town. This was Sunday morning, and he had arranged with Commander S—— to remember the Lord's death in the morning at his house. After breakfast and a little rest, we all went to the station to meet Commander S——, who was staying with his wife and daughter at a farm near Douglas. After some waiting, the train steamed into the station, and one of the first to alight was a clean-shaved naval-looking gentleman who immediately began distributing leaflets and booklets. This I found to be the famous Commander S—— whom I had heard so much about. I much enjoyed his breezy manner, and I had the joy of being in his company most of the day. I volunteered to carry his texts, which I found much lighter and more portable than the one I sometimes carried. A brother Brown, late of Argentine, joined the party.

We had a remarkable day. Thousands of the visitors to

THE BRITISH ISLES

the Isle-of-Man every Sunday made a pilgrimage to a celebrated building connected with the Church of England. Of course only a very small portion of them could be accommodated in the building, but thousands were outside, and with out texts and tracts and leaflets we were able to testify of our dear Lord. In the evening we had a rousing open-air meeting on the Douglas front, and I found the Commander had a wonderful gift for open-air preaching. I had the pleasure, the next day I think it was, of being introduced to his dear wife and daughter. This I may say commenced a friendship which has lasted up to the present moment 1926, and will continue doubtless through the ages of eternity.

I spent a very happy time indeed in Douglas in company with Mr. Harris, Mr. Quine, and the Commander. We also had a visit of a fine text-carrier from Swansea, Mr. Curtis, who shared my room. Mr. Curtis had a wonderful gift for preaching in the open air. He seemed to me to be always reading his Bible, and his preaching had a precious savour of the Bible, the whole Bible, and nothing but the Bible.

I forgot to mention that at some time in the previous year I paid a visit to Paris, and lodged at the same little Hotel that I went to on my first visit in the month of May, 1901. The Hotel was under the management of the niece of Monsieur and Madame L——. They seemed glad to see me. Some changes had taken place during my ten years absence. The meeting had removed to another part of the city. Mr. and Mrs. Leisser with their numerous family had removed to London, while some others ceased to attend. I took up my old labour of preaching in the streets, visiting the markets and selling Bibles and Testaments, cheered sometimes by visiting some of the dear old saints. One dear lady, over eighty I think, living in a single room, but always with her big French family Bible on the table, was a real treat to go and visit. She has since then passed into the presence of the King. I must not forget to mention also the help and blessing that Mdle. Maubert was to me, and to very many during her many years of toil in the French Capital.

French and First Spanish Tour.

PARIS, JANUARY, 1914.

I N the Isle of Man in 1913 I had suggested that Commander Salwey should come to Paris and shew the texts there, and he decided, after waiting on God, thus to do. He, Mrs. and Miss Salwey came to Paris in January, 1914, and I got them quarters in the Boulevard des Batignolles. The reason the Commander came was to carry texts and preach the Gospel in the open air. He soon made his way to me at Belleville, and we spent almost every day for the two months of his visit together and sometimes accompanied by H. J. of Asnieres.

Frequent were the involuntary visits to the Postes des Police, some for a short period and at other times longer, during which times we had ample opportunities of testifying to the "down-and-outs," the "hooligans," and the seamy side of Parisiens generally. If the captors did not smile the captives (or two of them) did, and preached also. In most cases, no reasonable charge being alleged against the prisoners, they were discharged. The principal meetings were in the Great Les Halles at 6 a.m., or the large shopping centres like Les Galeries de la Fayette and Le Printemps.

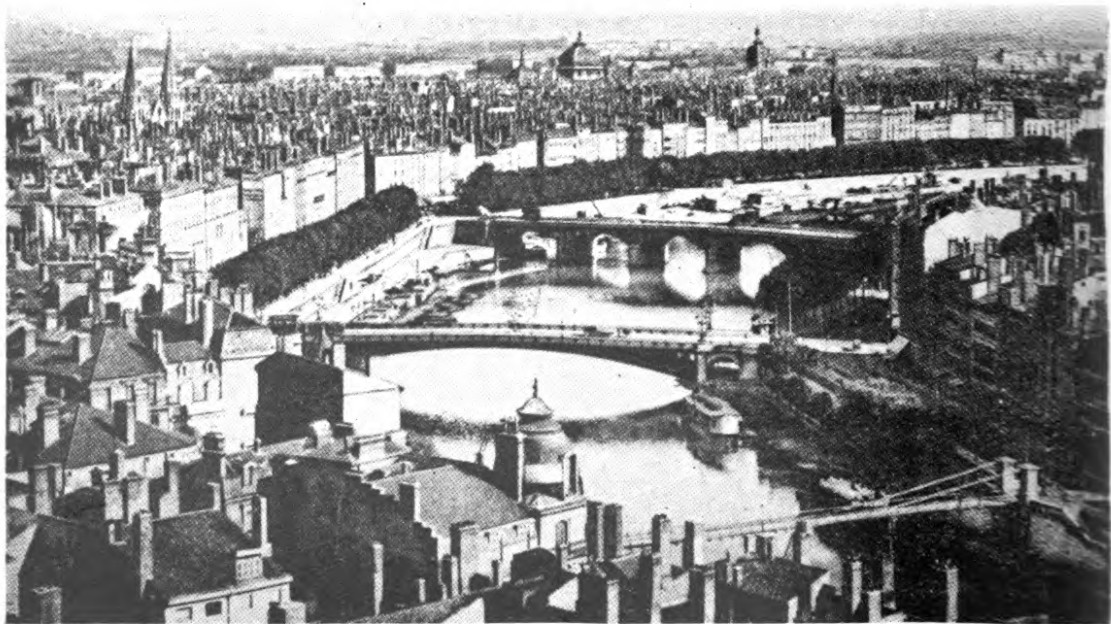
After Commander Salwey had been about two months in Paris, and become familiar with about sixteen police courts we decided with brother H. J. to make a tour of France. Starting in March with overhead texts and having arranged for a liberal supply of Gospels and tracts, etc., all along the itinerary, we put our journey into the hands of Messrs Cook and Sons, for which a generous brother in England paid. Orleans was our first stop. Clean, correct and Catholic, but



DOUGLAS, ISLE OF MAN



MADRID: PUERTA DEL SOL



LYONS: a rough place at any time, but where we showed the Word
freely

EXCITING INCIDENTS

not many converted, was our impression. The people seemed too astonished to oppose our threefold cord of testimony, until H. J., who knew the place, thought it best to leave well alone and go to rooms already arranged for. Next day the astonished railway people saw us off for Blois. This is a very historical University city, but also has some factories. We three spoke more vigorously here than anywhere, and for nearly six hours we went around distributing and proclaiming the Good News. All went well until the factories emptied, and then we believe that the University class incited others against us, for almost simultaneously, although we were each in separate parts of the town, we were surrounded by hostile excited crowds. H. J. escaped through a confectioner's shop by the back door into another street. I managed to get into our quarters. The Commander was last in, but suddenly as I prayed for his deliverance, the Lord (Who, Moses said, was a Man of war), undertook, and without loss of texts or property, he reached the door, which was quickly opened by our friendly landlord, and shut upon the crowd; proving Isaiah xxii. 22. "I am He that openeth and I am He that shutteth," etc. After our repast the police sent round to request the three Englishmen to visit the principal Bureau de Police, and we found ourselves most courteously received. All our papers were satisfactory, but they requested us to promise to remain indoors for the rest of the evening as our lives were in danger. The next morning, in a downpour of rain, we had a quiet, unmolested journey to Tours. H. J. and I proceeded to get rooms in this central, sedate town of France, where some say the best French is spoken. The Lord gave us much encouragement in individual work here, and in the train journeyings, and we found ourselves at Angers, a large, fashionable town, at the mid-Lent feast, and made a splendid, steady tour of the crowded streets with our three uplifted banners. All eyes seemed attracted and so were our usual, inseparable Gendarmerie companions but happily, not before H. J. had given a rousing address to a large concourse apparently already gathered to see some Carnival show. The crowd received us well, and a Protestant pastor seemed more anxious than any about our

AN EVANGELIST'S TRAVELS

safety. He accompanied us to the Police Court where, when hearing we were bound for Nantes, they seemed immensely relieved. Dear Mr. Brooks met us at Nantes Station. We found this city also en fête, and crowds of masked people roaming about, difficult to tell whether men or women. These caused us some annoyance, but getting into a tram, we arrived at his most welcome home, and were hospitably received by Mrs. Brooks, none the worse for our long day at Angers, which, we felt, will never forget the testimony.

We had much more to narrate to Brother Brooks and his wife than we can put in these brief notes, but anything worthy of chronicling will appear when the Judge will bring to light all the deeds done in the body.

Next day Mr. Johnson made his way to St. Nazaire for the week, whilst the Commander and I paraded the fifth or perhaps sixth largest town (and very Catholic) in France. It happened to be the morning after the Carnival, and crowds of discontented men were about with sore heads after their carousings. I was carrying "Flee from the wrath to come." I shall not forget the ominous booing of that fierce crowd of workmen. Such crowds, when hostile, in France become alarming. The police interfered and soon there was a lively, gesticulating gendarmerie around us. This was the Commander's 19th police court in France, and a very interesting one. Somewhat mollified by the good material and attractive-looking booklets and portions we were distributing, we were soon at liberty, with the usual Acts of the Apostles' warning that we were not to preach or teach any more in that Name. We went on to St. Nazaire and here met Mr. Cove, son of one of the leading brethren at Cambridge Hall, Kilburn, London. Mr. Cove had an excellent Civil Service position in the British Consulate and so was of considerable use to us. We spent the week-end there with him. We arranged on the Lord's Day after we had broken bread in the Name of the Lord for a signal from his balcony to recall us if he considered it wise for us to return to the Consulate. There had been some little demand from the authorities when we had gone out early to distribute, but being received into the house of the Con-

AMONG FRENCH CROWDS

sulate the Saturday night sufficed to dispel their disquietude. Then came the afternoon Carnival procession. The dear Lord gave us great liberty. I remember distinctly how I felt the solemn presence of the Lord as I walked calmly and steadily with thousands of eyes rivetted upon the texts. We feel sure that our time at St. Nazaire was not in vain, and we returned in good spirits to the Brooks' and rejoined Johnson, who had been visiting other Christians in both places. After a time of fellowship in prayer, and meeting some of the saints, and a nice time with the Brooks, we went off by night to Poitiers. We had a good time with our fellow-passengers. As a rule the French love to express their opinions more than to listen to those of others. In this respect they are, however, only like those of the world in general, and as long as a really hostile person doesn't get in, it doesn't matter. We found Poitiers, after a late arrival and a good night's rest, a big prosperous town, and we soon created excitement as we started an early morning open-air. John iii. 16, the subject, attracted a big number who listened well until the police told us we must stop, but we had a splendid reception at the G.P.O. We generally went to the main post offices to collect packages of "Eternity cards" with three questions—"Where will you spend Eternity?" "Do you know that God so loved you?" (John iii. 16), and "The Blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin." We also had S.G.M. parcels and tracts, and as the G.P.O. is generally crowded, we were stormed for copies of our something-for-nothing.

Limoges followed—a big, socialistic town, and where we thought we might have trouble but did not. We had crowds interested and good times in the cafés. At Perigueux, a quaint little ideal French town, we found soldiers being drilled. Little did we realise, or they, that the Great War was so nearly at hand. Lively interest was again manifested in our three overhead banners. Arrived at Bordeaux, the fourth largest town in France, we were met by Johnson who had secured us rooms, going on in advance. Bordeaux afforded us quite the best testimony of the trip, especially an early morning parade of most of the principal streets of the city. The people flocked out of shops, bazaars and

AN EVANGELIST'S TRAVELS

markets to see us, and everywhere interest and intense curiosity was aroused. At the G.P.O., where we went for parcels, Messrs Loizeaux had sent us tracts, and we preached and distributed freely, but kept moving. At this place I had some very good open-air. At night crowds surrounded us. How many of these young men perished about four months afterwards or later only the Lord knows.

From Bordeaux we went on to Bayonne, a picturesque frontier town, with French and Spanish intermingled. We were able to distribute freely to both nationalities in lovely weather, and much enjoyed our time there. We visited Miss Challis and were encouraged. The Commander at this point had news of his beloved wife's health and he was forced to return to Paris. However, God was merciful and we had the joy of welcoming our beloved Commander, whom I looked upon as the chief and leader. Johnson had previously arranged to make the tour to Lourdes, Toulouse and some other towns. The Commander and I felt reluctant to leave the charming little border town where our beautiful S.G.M. portions were so freely accepted by both French and Spaniards.



FIRST TRIP TO SPAIN—APRIL, 1914.
(Notes furnished me by Commander Salwey).

LEAVING our brother Johnson to continue his circular tour of France, the Commander and I left Bayonne with a Cook's circular ticket for Spain. It was a short, sharp and shadowed skirmish, replete with memorable moments, and anxious incidents, which were compensated for by joyful fellowship of saints, which filled up the story of our 29 days in 14 towns plus 20 visits to Spanish police courts.

The crossing of the frontier from one country to another reminds one, if but very feebly, of the great frontier crossing of the Christian's conversion from death to life—all things become new. So we suddenly discovered that all things were changed. The dress of the people, the language, the customs, the money, the uniform of the soldiers, also of porters, the kind of trains, trams, vehicles, hotels, food, everything announced a change of country although no line (except an invisible one) separated one country from another. So it is with the Christian's conversion, only much more so. Oh that every Christian would but more deeply and definitely and wholly realise and maintain the difference between the old and new creation (2 Cor. v. 17)!

We kept our texts rolled up until we got safely to an hotel for the night. This was at Irun. The next morning the Commander mounted his overhead texts "Cree en el Senor Jesu Cristo, y seras salvo," and the other I think was 1 Tim. i. 15. People looked on in amazement. After about twenty minutes a gendarme arrested him and he was taken to a principal place, possibly the Town Hall. Here, after some little deliberation, and seeing the Commander could not speak Spanish, he was detained for a French interpreter, and sundry people kept passing reading the still displayed texts. I suppose he must have been there nearly two hours

AN EVANGELIST'S TRAVELS

before the officials ordered him to leave the town and not shew the texts.

We went on to a much larger and more important town, St. Sebastian. I secured rooms with windows facing a quadrangle and displayed my texts from the window. We made a great parade but very cautiously, and distributed to excited groups of people in many streets, and the Commander for two hours was never touched. He got separated from myself and as he was thinking of suspending operations for the day a more excited crowd directed the attention of a policeman, and he was arrested and his texts detained until the next morning, when both of us were summoned before the British Consul. He very courteously informed us this was not allowed and that we could not do this in Spain. We were bowed out, but like the Apostles we could not but preach and teach Jesus, and so we shewed texts to a regiment of soldiers passing. A civilian objected, and lifting my heart to God for deliverance, others demurred from allowing him to interfere and accepted our leaflets. We had distributed pretty freely at St. Sebastian and felt free to go on to Victoria, travelling all night in a third class "Mixto" train. A "Mixto" train is composed of three classes of vehicles—one for passengers, one for animals and one for furniture and heavy goods. At each station the passengers wait while either a sheep gets in or a cow gets out, or, it may be, whilst a piano is disembarked or a chest-of-drawers is put on board. A bell warns the would-be-patient-passengers that in three minutes the train will continue. Such is a "Mixto" in Spain.

At 11 p.m. we arrived at Victoria, not London, S.W. but Spain, N.W. There was enough interchange of cattle and goods to admit of my unloading my travelling kitchen and going out to demand the price of rooms. Five pesetas was too much for us, so we decided to remount the train, and as the "Mixto" was already about to move, the travelling kitchen of many journeys suffered somewhat in the transition. Four a.m. found us weary, tired and hungry at Burgos. We waited at a dismal waiting room until about 6 a.m., and soon after the Commander made a sortie with sandwich texts, one of which was "Hay un Mediator entre dios y los

DETAINED BY THE POLICE

hombres, Jesu Cristo hombre," whilst I mounted guard over the luggage and did some distribution at the station. Let my friend relate his own tale at Burgos in a few words. "I found myself in a town with many spires, steeples and churches. In front of one, about 7 a.m., some were entering for early communion and received tracts and scriptures. However, a priest set a policeman on to me, who arrested me. Mr. Dutton was by consent looking after the stuff at the station. I was kept at the police station before several officials who read and re-read the texts, but refused tracts, until 10 a.m., when a special court was arraigned to which I had to give an account by aid of a French interpreter. The offence was evidently a grave one and I was ordered to be taken to the railway station and sent out of the town, the extraordinary part being that I was not ordered back over the frontier. I suppose the local authorities had no such power vested in them. I asked if I might visit a café en route to the station as I had been travelling all night. This was granted and I might say the Spanish authorities on every occasion were exceedingly polite. At the café, whilst partaking of coffee and bread and butter, I had opportunities to place tracts underneath quite a few plates, whilst the custodian of the law was occupied talking to the patron. Poor Dutton got no breakfast though I was able to get him some stop-gap to go on with."

We went on to Valladolid where Mr. Gray met us and showed us to some rooms. Afterwards we got out into the town and crowds of laughing young men and women came round us. We made a big distribution until a policeman arrested us, and after a time in the police court explained that this could not be done. The policeman was very decidedly sympathetic to the English and admitted something about "sympathy for protestants."

We went on to Medina where we spent some time waiting for a train for Madrid. Here we had a most interesting time with a Scotchman who had married a Spaniard. He had backslidden if ever he had been truly converted. He asked us to dinner and we spent much time speaking to him on spiritual matters, and I trust the family also were influenced. We also witnessed in the little town and went on

AN EVANGELIST'S TRAVELS

to Madrid. On our way, at a mountain village we notice the train stopped some time, when two soldiers came in and deposited themselves and their rifles one on either side of us, pointed to the texts in the carriage and signalled to us to roll them up. A priest had spoken to the stationmaster and this was the outcome. After rolling up the texts the train was allowed to proceed minus our military escort, when we unfurled our messages once more and, the carriage comprising five or six compartments in one, all could read very easily. Met by Mr. Rhodes at Madrid he asked us to roll up the texts until we got home, but on changing cars at the Puerta-del-Sol we gave tracts to neighbours. Next day we stood in the principal square, the Puerta-del-Sol, unmolested with our texts. Once only did the police speak when the crowd got thick. At the G.P.O. we gave tracts and had five days of liberty in this cosmopolitan city. The Spanish meeting of Mr. Rhodes gave us the right hand of fellowship and so verily did our most hospitable host and hostess, Mr. and Mrs. Rhodes.

We went on to Valladolid a second time, arriving just before Good Friday, having spent Palm Sunday in Madrid, when we visited a big market in the morning and walked about in the fashionable part of the city. In the afternoon Mr. Gray met us, and next day I was very uneasy at going out to the Good Friday procession, so we did not. Special detectives followed us with our texts to Mr. Gray's Hall and sat in the meeting. Mr. Gray told us we had better leave the texts in the hall or the detectives would seize them. This we did and went on to Zamora, on Saturday, Easter Eve, after a most interesting time at Mr. Gray's and visiting their excellent school as well as hall. Easter Eve is a most blessed day in R.C. Spain, inasmuch as no church bell may toll when Christ is supposed to be in the grave which, thank God, is not true, as He is in Heaven.

Our dear brother Willie met us and drove us up to his hospitable house and put us up. Easter Sunday at Zamora will not readily be forgotten by us as we had wonderful God-given liberty. Dear Mr. Thornton Turrall came over and escorted us about the town untouched and unhindered. We even walked with red texts through a bull market. We

AT PALENCIA

felt the cattle were the Lord's on a thousand hills, so we were safe from bulls and beasts of Bashan. Some priests spoke to Brother Turrall, who did not seem at all afraid to reply to them. We went on next day to Laon, a fine liberal town, where, when the police objected, someone took us to the Civil or Higher Court and got us permission for 25 centimes for each placard. Stamps were placed on our placards for the first time, and only once afterwards, namely at Barcelona, did this happen. We had thus complete liberty at Laon, and got amongst the washerwomen at the river side with no difficulties in distribution, even singing "Ampara Tu Del Pecador" from the railway carriage window to crowds on the platform.

At Palencia we had about two hours going from street to street singing our one and only hymn, "Jesus, my Refuge, I surrender myself to Thee." People followed us about from street to street as we distributed until finding ourselves in front of the Home Office, we had soldiers sent out to us, and we were arrested and tried and sent to the station with a gendarme who had orders to see us off. We did not lack on our journeyings for these farewell accompanying ceremonies. We had to wait a little time for our train, and gave the gendarme some coffee. He became friendly, and when we had got into the train we displayed our texts, and immediately a second policeman wanted to pull us out of the train, but the first had become our friend and would not let him. We went on and found protestants in that carriage who cheered us. Arriving at Venta de Banas we missed each other, and so more saw the texts than would otherwise have done. At the hotel we met again. Beyond the food and lodging being rather meagre, we had nothing to complain of, and did not lack for inquisitive friends. We went on and were met by dear Brother Shallis at a station, with whom we spent a quarter of an hour on a crowded platform, but did not accept his hospitable invitation to break our journey, which we ought to have done. Changing at an important junction—Miranda—we stood displaying texts to numbers whilst awaiting the departure of our train for Zaragossa, a most important and very

AN EVANGELIST'S TRAVELS

catholic city. Our entrance into the city was to start with difficulties. A civilian detective opposed us on the platform. We got past him, and then a curious man followed us, who seemed likely to cause us some annoyance, when a sharp storm with a violent gust of wind made us glad to get into the shelter of some small rooms, in which we served ourselves amply with the aid of my portable kitchen, but somewhat to the displeasure of the proprietor, who did not like us cooking for ourselves. Next day I went marketing and displayed my texts and bought a vest and some good eatables, but was arrested and stopped in the work. The Commander escaped the vigilance of the police, and had the most stately and dignified distribution and display of overhead texts that he ever remembers in Spain. Later he stated that people stood speechless in blank astonishment. It was worth all his police courts, petty persecutions and trivial difficulties, including Mixto meanderings, memorable, momentous and musty. However, a second sally forth in the afternoon found them prepared, and he found himself marched off, but, strange to say, quietly dealt with, though resolutely refused, while the texts were disbanded. However, we felt our testimony had been very manifestly made, and were not loath to leave on the following day for Toret (?) and Valencia. At the next two towns, of one of which I forget the name, we had little opportunity, but had to appear before the Mayor. It was Lord's Day. We had been round the town and also visited the racquet courts, a great game in Spain, and showed the Word to numbers of folk without any great hindrance, though much astonishment. When we appeared before the Mayor he seemed more frightened at our messages than angry with the messengers. He appeared to be drunk, and most obsequiously requested us to leave the town. Now, when they besought the Lord of Glory to depart He acceded to their request, so we could but do likewise.

The next town was a walled one. We entered on a hot afternoon, and we soon promenaded to the astonishment of the gendarmes who, as far as one can remember, did nothing beyond following us. Finally we found some washerwomen at a riverside, distributed and went on to

VALENCIA

Valencia, where there was a sort of fête day. There were crowds in the streets and the town was bedecked with bunting, none of which, however, was in honour of the Gospel message which we carried! We felt the opposition in the very atmosphere, and near a crowd listening to some orator we were followed by a policeman, who kept demanding angrily something which I am sure neither of us understood, although evidently he and the people understood our messages. Now dear Mr. Rhodes of Madrid had given us two messages to use on rare but necessitous occasions. They were "Soi Inglese" and "Voi Ambassador Inglese," so as we stepped into a tram and the policeman attempted to stop us, the Commander said, "I am English—I go to the English Ambassador." If "Soi Inglese" didn't work, "Voi Ambassador Inglese" did wonders. The officer of the law appeared to evaporate, and we saw him no more, whilst we, like the Eunuch, went on our way rejoicing, but only to be stoned by a group of young men as we got out of the tram. We were glad to get to our not very agreeable quarters, which we shared with uninvited guests (!) between the dirty sheets, until we left next morning to catch the early train, but minus breakfast. How glad we were to buy some oranges! Did they ever taste nicer? And later some coffee! But we shall not forget Valencia.

Travelling north, we passed through a large town and on to Tarragona. Here I decided to precede my companion and advise Barcelona of our visit. Leaving the Commander at Tarragona, the place where they make port wine, he spent a most exciting time playing a sort of game like hide-and-seek! A policeman would be in one street whilst he paraded a parallel one. One dodged the other until finally he was caught in a Credit Lyonnaise bank changing some money and whilst distributing. Taking him to the railway station, the custodian of the law seemed to think that he needed special protection, which he certainly afforded him, and so he went on to Barcelona. I found my way (somehow) to No. 11 Lincoln, Gracia, and we were put up by a dear brother, a late missionary in one of the South America Societies (Mr. Johnson), and here we passed a three or four days' delightful stay, visiting Don Pedro, Mr.

AN EVANGELIST'S TRAVELS

Henry Payne and the saints. Here we had, I think, one of our best distributions during the whole trip. Mr. Johnson took us out the next morning in Gracia, and we were further escorted by a little Spanish colporteur as brave as a lion. Mr. Johnson was met by a Roman Catholic priest, who insultingly told us to return to our own country, to which our noble friend most boldly said there was plenty of room for us in this country. We were able to show our texts in the main streets unmolested and to go round a market and make a big distribution, the Spanish brethren explaining ably, and preaching faithfully as we went. We had some opposition from the gendarmes in the Barcelona streets and squares but got on to the quays amongst the shipping and preached, holding a regular open-air meeting amongst the dockers. A Roman Catholic priest joined us, saying he was not an infidel, and spoke well of Christ. Several of the brethren were with us. We were arrested at the "Ramblas," but we got to the English Consul, who sent for us and advised us to register as British subjects, which we did. We found that he was an ex-Naval captain five years senior to Captain Salwey, and he became very friendly and introduced us to his Vice-Consul, a Spanish Roman Catholic, but to whom one was able to say something as to the Gospel, as also to Captain S——, the Consul. He also re-invited us to the Consulate and asked our opinion concerning a glass bottle which contained the supposed names of some survivors of the "Titanic," two years previously sunk in mid-Atlantic. We decided there was not sufficient evidence of veracity to report it, but whether the Barcelona fishermen who sent it up received a reward or not I do not know. It would not amount to much. As Rennels current is a N.E. drift up the N.W. side of France from Spain it is improbable that the bottle could have traversed into the Mediterranean. But the incident gave us the confidence of the Consulate and an effect with the Spanish police, which we seized soon after when a civilian detective kept saying it was not allowed and that one must have protection. The reply we made was that we should continue and that if he didn't leave we would go to the Consul, so he left! But the papers put in some articles. Two men carrying texts—"The

ESCAPADES

just shall live by faith," and such like Their advice was that the populace keep their pockets buttoned up when we passed, and words to that effect; and added that we might come to harm in the town!

That morning a body of students ragged us in a mob, surrounding me, or nearly so, I escaping into a café as the mounted police drew up with drawn swords and forced back the crowd. My companion was marvellously preserved in the rear, about five minutes behind me, until a huge fellow tore his text in half and, as a tram was passing, he jumped into it and escaped. I, however, thinking it was all over, and on the advice of Don Pedro, our colporteur friend, came out of the café only to meet the crowd who had been following Commander Salwey. However, a soldier protected me with his drawn sword, and to my amazement I continued walking until the shouts got fainter and I was finally out of the crowd, although I fully expected to be roughly handled. Later the Commander seized a new text—"Prepare to meet thy God" and, remembering naval strategy, demanded another engagement after a reverse. He went alone to the "Ramblas," the fashionable walk of Barcelona. Some were amazed to see him again but evidently the *organised body* had dispersed, and the Lord would not let His suffering one be tried more than he was able to bear. The meeting gave us a magnificent send-off, and sang "God be with you," etc., or some such parting hymn.

We departed for Figueras to visit the Figueras Protestant Mission. We were met by the genial Director, who escorted us to the Mission, and we passed two nights and a day and rested in his garden of oranges and flowers, and visited also the medical branch of his son. The son, a clever doctor, had x-rayed many and cured some cancer germ cases, one a Roman Catholic priest, for no payment. This won the admiration of the people in spite of his journals and papers being far more controversial to Rome than evangelistic.

We felt that we had been privileged, prospered and preserved by our ever-present and all-powerful Paraclete, the Holy Spirit of God, and we give thanks in the Name of the Lord Jesus Christ to God for all we were permitted to do in a feeble manner in a priest-ridden country like Spain.

LEAVING FOR FRANCE, 1914.

WE were able to breathe more freely as we re-entered liberty-loving, if (alas) indifferent, France. At Cette we picked up our French texts which were gazed upon with curious interest, and we went on to Narbonne, a difficult place. The Commander had more liberty than I had. We separated and he escaped interrupters and objecting authorities, but it was not a receptive place. On the other hand, Nimes, the centre of a protestant district, afforded us a good witness. However, an officious official considered the proper place for us was the police court and there we remained until, a civilian authority, entering, demanded angrily our instant release to the dismay of our captor. The enemy was evidently realising the importance of our testimony in a place where seed had been well sown for years.

Tarascon, a railway junction for Marseilles, afforded us a goodly number of passengers to distribute to at the buffet; also time for a short walk, but it was a very hot day and not many people were about. Cosmopolitan Marseilles found one in a police court but not for long, for at a late hour—about midnight—I relieved the anxiety of our host and hostess, Mr. and Mrs. Favre, who showed us every kindness. In the busy thoroughfares one showed overhead texts and distributed round the cafés to the people at tables in the open air many portions and tracts. The very fact of the number of the people afforded us safety, as the worst characters were held in check by the more indifferent.

Toulon, a delightful town, had many little squares and places, which afforded us opportunities to display the Word. The Arsenal men were met and we were preserved from harm whilst many were more than interested. On to Cannes and Nice—the former much easier than the latter place, and Mr. Arnera and his wife gave us a good reception, while

THE RIVIERA

the Assembly gave us every encouragement. We had a good meeting there. At Nice the police were very hostile, but not before the Word had been read by the wealthy, pleasure-seeking world. Arrested, we had to go back to the hotel, but still showed our texts before departing. Monsieur Valle of this town does a good work in a very difficult place.

We paid a visit to Monte Carlo which is a principality of its own. Neither France nor Italy can claim it, but the police soon claimed us, and with vehement indignation we were marched off to the railway station as we continued to shower about our "Eternity cards." This is a little specially prepared card with texts about Eternity and John iii. 16 and John i. 7. The police had orders to oust us out of the principality. First we were taken to the stationmaster's office so as to prevent us distributing further to the really interested passengers who were clamouring for cards; then taken into the train, but not before we had shown the station our texts of scripture, or cast out tract cards. We were held in custody until the train had passed the frontier into France.

We returned via Valence and found this rather more protestant centre a very interesting place. We got there on a Thursday afternoon, where at the band-stand a priest was dismayed and the people rather amused at his attitude and were delighted to receive our witness and distribution. We also met some of the Salvation Army and other Christians. At St. Etienne, a town with many students (always a difficult class in every country), we met a drunken man in the train who got so angry that I feared he would stab me, as he drew a knife. We looked prayerfully to the Lord for help and he was kept from his evil intention. However, just as we arrived and were meditating the possibility of informing the police, our friend decided the question by charging us to them instead. The representative of the law seemed as perplexed as the City Shushan in the Book of Esther, until we suggested a closer scrutiny of our accuser's manner, and I suppose he "tried the spirits," and decided in our favour, as the antagonist was summarily dismissed. That evening the Commander found himself the centre of a number of students who became so determined to get up a rag that the

AN EVANGELIST'S TRAVELS

police escorted him to the police court where he made a good distribution and, when it was considered safe, was released, one student following him to the hotel where we got him on his knees before the Lord. May he be found in the Kingdom in that day, and perhaps others.

Lyons, always a rough place, afforded us many a crowd and plenty of opportunities. We were put up by Charles Contesse, who took gladly to the work, holding one text and speaking freely to the people. Lyons is Catholic, spiritist and infidel. But there are some of the faithful, and we met those who were "just," including the Squires and also Pastor Nicholls and his wife and others, and spoke at the Baptist place a little also. We had exciting incidents with sundry folk. We remembered the Lord's death at the Contesse's, a little outside the city. I was followed by an immense booing crowd, an unpleasant experience, but the Lord delivered me out of them all. If only one calls on Him for deliverance instead of trying to deliver oneself (Psalm 1. 15) it is all right and God-glorifying.

Leaving Lyons we made for Troyes, stopping for an hour or so at a small town en route, where we were greeted with Stephen's stones instead of Peter's souls, but happily not with three thousand of them. We considered the position certainly alarming, but the gunnery was not of a markmanship character, and none had qualified at Bisley—happily for us. When we reached Troyes we had an almost royal reception, but no bunting or music. The commotion commenced with a crowd at the station and we, being arrested, the crowd increased, and uninvited sightseers flocked to windows and house doors. It was quite an interesting ceremony. After a good time at the police courts, when it was ascertained that there was no indictment against the prisoners, there arrived numerous bodies of relieved policemen, who clamoured for books, so that probably more officers of the law received gospels than ever before, in one place. Being discharged with orders forbidding us to continue in this manner, we found a nice hotel from which we emerged in time to meet the market people, and re-commenced our testimony most blessedly. After twenty minutes or so we were again arrested, and again released



MR. DUTTON AT CANNES, FEBRUARY AND MARCH, 1922



MARSEILLES. View of Harbour, where we shewed texts and distributed the Gospel

THE RETURN

in proof of Psalm l. 15. After a happy morning we decided to lunch and leave for Paris, when my railway ticket was lost, but after remembering Paul's injunctions in 1 Thess. v. 18, to thank for everything, we did so and later on, when passing the hotel door, the ticket had been found and was handed to me. Thus ended our first tour of France and Spain in 1914.

The Commander returned to England soon after, touching Amiens and Abbeville on the way, making more friends and some enemies amongst those at the police courts.

I paid another visit to the Isle of Man in 1914, and whilst one day talking to the Commander, the war cloud which had been gathering over Europe, burst with awful suddenness. I saw clearly my duty was to hurry back to Paris, and losing no time I reached London. How well I remember that Sunday night of August the 4th, 1914. I had gone to bed and was almost asleep when the noise of people running aroused me. I dressed and went out (I was lodging in the neighbourhood of Stamford Hill), and found the tram cars all crowded, everybody making their way to the Houses of Parliament, when at 12 o'clock the British Government declared war against Germany.

AT WAR.

ALMOST from childhood I had been taught that the Bible predicted a Great European War, and since my converted days my private reading of the Bible only confirmed this, but when I got my ticket at Victoria Station, Mr. S—— kindly providing me with a pass-port, and we passed out of the station, it seemed hard to realize that this great War had already commenced. I do not remember very much about our journey to Folkestone, but crossing the channel we passed some French fishing boats flying the tri-colour, when quite a burst of cheering broke out from our steamer. I had not much luggage with me, having left all my belongings at the Hotel in Paris. We found the pier-head at Boulogne lined with French soldiers, and as I passed over the gangway with overhead text, "After death the judgment," many must have thought it strange. The whistle soon sounded and we tore along towards Paris. There was no stopping at any stations; we simply rushed past. All the roads were full of armed men, waggons, etc., making their way in one direction—towards Belgium.

We arrived at the Gare du Nord at nine o'clock finding no porters to take one's luggage, no luggage room open, no tram cars running, very feeble lights in the streets, and all restaurants closed after 9 o'clock. In fact, Paris, the gay city of light and life, was panic-stricken. As best I could I made my way up to my little Hotel, about a mile from the station. All had gone to bed, but as soon as they heard my voice, what a commotion! I got a royal welcome. The next day with tracts I started to preach down the Rue de Belleville. I was nearly mobbed with joy. Everything English was welcomed. "Vive les Anglais" sounded from all quarters, the reason being, the poor French people were in dreadful suspense, wondering if England would join them, and, when they knew for a certainty that this was the case, what sighs of relief from many hearts!

GOSPELS FOR SOLDIERS

The Scripture Gift Mission nobly came to our help in the matter of free distribution. Dear Mr. Brading, the genial secretary, assured me they would do all they could to keep me supplied, and during the whole of the War about one million of their precious gospels, booklets and portions passed through my hands.

Of course it is common knowledge now, but it was in vain then to look to the daily newspaper for reliable news. We know that at the commencement of the War the Allies were out-classed ten to one, and in spite of the brave defence of the heroic Belgians, the German hordes smashed their way through everything. I used generally to take my stand near the Gare du Nord for distribution work, and also the Gare de L'Est. Hundreds upon hundreds passed through these stations every day, either going or coming from the front. With texts displayed, one handed out one's gospels. Some refused, but as a rule they were well received. We know that thousands who received these gospels never came back, and who can tell when the heavenly roll call is heard how many of these dear fellows will answer "present." Still, people were cheered by hearing of some getting saved.

I forgot to say also that the little gathering of believers at 207 Rue Lafayette gave me indeed a cordial welcome. Nearly all the leading brethren had been called to the colours. In fact, one dear man, Monsieur B. Bieler, after one of the engagements was never heard of.

In going into the Gare du Nord Station one day I was struck with the many towns with a black line through them. On enquiring the reason, I was told the Germans had taken them. I had a friend in a town called Chantilly, about 32 miles outside Paris, doing missionary work among the stable lads. I may say Chantilly is called the Derby of France. So taking my ticket and a quantity of gospel literature, I left Paris. Soldiers seemed everywhere, and I employed my time by throwing gospels out of the carriage windows. I am glad to say they were well received, even French officers stooping down, picking them up, and giving them to their soldiers. My zeal seemed to have attracted the notice of the authorities, and after I had passed a few stations I was promptly ordered out of the carriage for an

AN EVANGELIST'S TRAVELS

examination of my papers. These all seemed to be in order, and I was allowed to proceed. Of course I had to wait for the next train, and employed my time in distributing to the soldiers. I boarded the next train, and proceeded towards Chantilly. We, however, did not reach there, but all were ordered to descend at a small station this side of Chantilly. I got out with the others, and on enquiring the way to Chantilly, found it led through a wood. I had not gone very far when I heard the thudding of guns. I was told these were the Germans firing on Senlis. I pressed on. In the excitement of hearing guns firing in real warfare and being close to actual fighting, I must have missed my way, but fortunately at this juncture a man and woman passed and I asked the way to Chantilly, and without saying a word, the man took my box and pointed in the opposite direction. I followed them. I suppose the man must have found my box too heavy, it being full of gospels, so he put it down and went on. After walking some considerable time I could see the gleam of the bayonets and the bluish grey coats of the French soldiers. I hastened my pace, got out of the wood, and found myself on the main road leading from Chantilly. The French had just been engaged with the Germans at Senlis and were falling back. I soon had my box opened and began to distribute, and never in all my life found men so keen. They crowded around me, and, as fast as I could, I handed them out. The French officer, riding up and shouting out orders for his men to "Marchez," did not seem to have much effect, and very soon not a gospel remained in my box. I also had my text displayed, "After death the judgment." One thing I noticed which had a very sinister look, waggon after waggon, piled with boots, cloaks and all the accoutrements of warfare. Doubtless these had belonged to the dead and wounded in the recent battle.

I then made my way to Mr. and Mrs. Wells. I found I was close to Chantilly. They were sitting out under the trees in their large garden, and as I walked up the avenue of trees, they both rose and gave me a very cordial greeting. I was asked to tea, and after my long walk in the wood and the heat and dust and carrying the heavy

REMOVAL OF FRENCH GOVERNMENT

box, I felt indeed thankful for this refreshment. They had indeed much to tell me. I may say I kept this dear brother supplied with tracts and gospels, hence his gratitude. In course of the conversation, they mentioned that they would be very glad if I could stay the night, and also said everybody was leaving the town. Butchers, bakers and the Mayor had left. I naturally asked why they were all leaving. "Oh," they said, "we are expecting the Germans here at six o'clock to-night." I pulled out my watch and found it was just five o'clock. "Oh," I said, "Excuse me, I have a pressing engagement in Paris," and taking up my empty box and overhead text, without much ceremony I made for the gateway. Visions of German camps, black bread and perhaps being shot for a spy with my overhead text as an excuse, passed rapidly through my mind. When I got to the gate a burst of rifle fire greeted me. In my excitement I thought the Germans had come and I would be in danger of being shot. I ran up a side street for shelter but found everybody looking up. They were firing at a German "Taube" Aeroplane making its way to Paris. It did not seem much disturbed by the firing, although flying quite low, and continued its way to Paris.

I found at the station a train was waiting to take all the refugees that cared to go to Paris. There was no need for tickets; you simply boarded the train and scrambled in wherever you could find a place. I got into a waggon crowded with people. The minutes seemed hours before the welcome whistle sounded. As soon as the train left the station the railway points were blown up. On crossing the large bridge we saw the smoke and flames from the town of Senlis, which the Germans had just captured. On getting into the Gare du Nord at Paris I found streets crowded with people and theatres and cinemas also crowded; not a single word in any of the newspapers of what I had just seen a few hours before. This of course was to prevent panic and excitement among the Parisians.

Despite the fact that the newspapers put the most favourable view they could upon the progress of the War, the removal of the French Government to Bordeaux, the closing of the "Daily Mail" newspaper office, the exodus of British

AN EVANGELIST'S TRAVELS

citizens from Paris, the thudding of the German guns, which could be distinctly heard a few miles outside Paris, and the almost daily visit of Taube German aeroplanes to the French Capital spoke only too plainly of the true condition of affairs.

Soon after I made another sortie from Paris. I took the train, in the direction of Meaux, and had to descend some station beforehand. Carrying my overhead texts I made my way towards Meaux and found some of the roads torn up and barricades made. I stopped at a restaurant en route. The proprietor and another Frenchman were having lunch; they eyed me suspiciously and on my asking if they could provide a dinner they told me curtly, that they had nothing to eat. As I proceeded on my way the two men passed me on bicycles, and I was not surprised when I came up to the next batch of French soldiers to be taken in charge. Of course my carrying the text went against me; however I was glad to find that the French officers knew me, as I had been preaching so long and carrying texts in the French Capital. However I was placed under a guard and the next motor that went back to Paris, I was put into it. I was thankful as I went that many saw the texts, and I was able to distribute freely, and on the motor car at the different villages we passed, on returning to Paris, all saw the texts.

I had also another trying experience about this time. I found I was running short of gospels and portions. Mr. Brading, the secretary of the S. G. M. wrote me that as there was no way of sending them I must come over if possible and take them. I found every day the great St. Lazare Station in Paris crowded with refugees all fleeing from Paris. We had to wait for hours before the gates were opened. What a rush when they finally did open and then another long wait! I had my text, and, surrounded by hundreds of people, I had great difficulty in getting it up over my head. Of course it attracted attention at once. I held it up for some considerable time until at last I was forced to take it down, a French officer on the outside of the crowd ordering me to do so. I had the same wait and crowd at Boulogne. We stood for hours in the hot sun. I had my text up again and this time nobody interfered. The

GOSPELS FROM SCRIPTURE GIFT MISSION

Daily Mail representative took our pictures and I was glad to see the text come out so well in the next issue. I thanked God for this, as thousands would thus see it and no doubt it would stimulate other text carriers.

I was able to get six sailors' bags full of gospels from the genial secretary of the Scripture Gift Mission. Oh what trials awaited travellers in those days! Women with children and babies, husbands and wives got separated and perhaps never met again. Once the order was given "tout le monde descendre." Afterwards it was found the order was a mistake. I distinctly remember a poor old woman running along the platform, wringing her hands, and crying out not to be left behind. Another very pathetic sight was the number of refugees at all the large stations fleeing from the German frightfulness. When the Germans captured any town, in a very systematic way they went about destroying everything. Generally speaking, in the main street of any of the towns captured not a single house remained intact. They had a small hand grenade which they threw into the houses, which generated such a great heat that it would burn up everything.

A CRISIS.

At last things came to a crisis. It was just a month after the British Government had declared war. The German General Von Kluck with his hordes was close to the gates of Paris. The French Government had been transferred to Bordeaux. Practically there seemed nothing to prevent Von Kluck from marching straight on Paris. Barricading had already begun around the principal gates of the City. Then a strange thing happened. He appeared to hesitate (whether acting under orders from the higher command one does not know); but instead of marching straight on Paris he swung round and marched South, thus exposing his flank. General Joffre had issued his famous order "Soldiers of France, the enemy is at our gates," etc.*

*"The moment when a great battle is pending, upon which depends the salvation of a Country, it is important to remember that there can be no looking back. The combined efforts of all, must be employed to attack and drive the enemy back. All troops that cannot any longer advance, must at all costs stand their ground and be prepared to die where they are, rather than retreat. Under the present circumstances no fainting will be tolerated."—JOFFRE.

6th September, 1914.

AN EVANGELIST'S TRAVELS

General French also gave a similar order to the British soldiers. General Gallieni, the Governor General of Paris, commandeered every motor car, rich and poor alike, filled them with troops, and attacked his exposed flank; and the famous great five days' Battle of Dammartin† commenced, With what suspense the whole world looked on and waited! The writer is convinced in his own mind that that dear soul in Havre, Mdle. Biolley, who, with a company of fellow-believers, shut herself up and for nights continued in prayer to God that Paris would be saved, had something to do with the result. Paris was saved, the Allies proved victorious, and the Germans were sent back even at a quicker rate than they had advanced.

In my previous visit to Paris in the year 1913, I made the acquaintance of a dear servant of God named Mr. Henry Johnson connected with Mrs. Penn Lewis, Editor of *The Overcomer*. He proved a real help in connection with distributing the Word of God. During my visit to the Isle of Man I mentioned casually, to Com. S——, that I thought he would find it might be of the Lord for him to visit Paris. I was rather surprised to get a letter from him, ordering me to look out suitable apartments. After a four days' search, I at last found what would suit, and had the joy of welcoming him and his dear wife and daughter to Paris. All this time I was living in my very humble Hotel in the Rue des Mignottes. Of course dear Mrs. Salwey was rather alarmed at accompanying her husband, especially with his texts, to that rather rowdy quarter of Paris. I was indeed glad to receive a visit from them both. Mr. Johnson and I found the Commander a very valuable adjunct in distribution work, and the three of us planned a trip through south-west France carrying texts, preaching in the streets, if permitted, and general distribution work.

Before this I had also the joy of accompanying dear Johnson on a short trip near the front. Of course, we had to have special permission to get anywhere near the actual firing line. We found plenty of opportunities for distribution work along the roads. Our books were

†Called the Battle of the Marne.

MOURNING THE DEAD

well received. Johnson and I found at the small town Ville Cilteret, no accommodation whatever at the hotel. The landlord kindly allowed us to sleep in the hayloft. We had our cloaks around us but neither could get warm. I suggested that we sleep close together and put our two cloaks around us. This answered very well and we slept comfortably until daylight. Some of the soldiers in the first firing line used to get their dinners at the hotel, and they told of terrible sights. One German shell had dropped that morning and killed and wounded twenty-nine of them. We were not allowed to remain long in the town, but the morning we left we witnessed a rather sad spectacle, viz:—the degradation of two French soldiers. A large square was formed in the centre of the town. Dead silence reigned and the two men were brought into the middle of the square and then marched around the inside of it. The commanding officer in a loud voice read out their crime and sentence; one was for cowardice before the enemy, the other for theft. The sentence was ten years imprisonment in a fort. The officer then approached the two men and tore all the buttons off their coats.

Commander Salwey with Mr. and Mrs. Brooks (of Nantes) had gone to Havre shortly after War commenced and coming on in October to Paris joined Mr. H. J. (of Asnières) and with them I worked amongst soldiers in Paris and the environs.

AN OPPORTUNITY.

A big opportunity opened on the Fête des Morts (November 1st), or All Saints day, when with Mr. and Mrs. Thorpe of Marseilles and Mr. Wells of Chantilly, we divided into three sections and went to three different Cemeteries of Paris to meet the prodigious crowds assembled to remember their dead. Their numbers being augmented by the death of soldiers, added to the multitudes which perpetuated this annual ceremony of laying wreaths on the graves of the departed. The streets seemed black with a black-garbed concourse of people. The French love to dress in mourning for the dead, the women heavily craped.

With large texts and plenty of tracts and gospels we

AN EVANGELIST'S TRAVELS

were all very busy in those throngs. We had some skirmishes with the police and the Commander got arrested, and lost his texts for an hour until Mr. Brooks came to his rescue, but meanwhile the nature of the texts had been 'phoned to police headquarters. Matt. xi. 28 rang out on the 'phone and Mark viii. 36, which the gendarmes seemed indignant with. Some French folk applied the latter particularly to the Kaiser.

Mr. H. J. and the Commander made a sortie in the direction of Meaux and had a hot time, being sent back to Paris, but not before having had a fine distribution amongst the French civilians and meeting some English soldiers. Then another sortie was made with the addition of brother Wells of Chantilly to some French hospitals at Colombes, and visiting another place I joined with them at Esternay junction. About midnight we hammered our way into an hotel, refusing to take "no" for an answer on a bitterly cold night.

The Colombiers authorities were enamoured with the English, who had just saved their town from the Germans. J. Wand and the Commander were personally escorted by the authorities through three large hospitals to speak and distribute among the wounded French soldiers. Sisters of Mercy showed us all the mercy they were possessed of, and we hope that mercy met with truth in the hearts of some.

Wells and I went on to Epernay, the champagne district, and H. J. and the Commander to Challons. It was bitter weather; opportunities among troops abounded. We were close behind the lines—but not allowed nearer—*i.e.*, into shell-fire danger.

The French and the German artillery were heard but not felt. Naturally the authorities determined to get rid of the gossellers and back to Paris again we went, but a rubber ball will bounce, and an indefatigable evangelist will return to the onslaught.

BEHIND THE LINES.

So we continued to migrate to the nearest we could get to the lines; but every bit of the road was jealously guarded by the military and police. Perhaps at Compiègne we had the best time. J., the Commander and I got into a Caserne

WAR'S WRECKAGE

(barracks) and had a glorious time, and also in the town, until a plain-clothes detective got wind of us, and fully believing that we were three spies arrested us. What an afternoon he had marshalling us about from pillar to post, whilst the guns pounded away in the distance! At last, nothing being found as clear evidence of espionage, we were marched to the station and sent back to Paris.

The blown-up bridges with men repairing them meant a slowing-up of the train, whilst many men got gospels thrown to them. The Commander then went to Beauvais and Amiens, and I accompanied him as far as I could and finally to Etaples and Boulogne, with glorious opportunities among English and French troops of every kind. Hospitals and Dépôts were visited with enough opposition to make it exciting, and bitter herbs to make the roast lamb more precious.

Then Captain Carey Brenton and Mr. Frank Brett joined the Commander at Havre on his second visit to France with his wife and daughter. Captain C. B. and Mr. F. B. both came up to Paris to help in the distribution in Paris in my flat.

It was about this time the friends at Bath forwarded me a gift of £15. I never had so much money in my hand at one time in all my life, and was wondering what I was to do with it. After some prayer, and also asking the prayers of the small Assembly in the matter, I became convinced that the Lord would have me hire a flat, in order that I could entertain missionary friends who passed through Paris. After a two-days' search I was directed to take a flat on the first floor at No. 4 Rue Clavel, very convenient for tram cars, motor buses, and also not far from the Metropolitan Underground Railway. I had only a table and a few things; in fact, all my belongings, besides the model of the Tabernacle, I could put in a small hand-cart. Under cover of the darkness I got my few things in. The flat had two bedrooms, a dining-room and a very comfortable and well-lit kitchen. For all this I had to pay 750 Francs per annum. Of course this seemed a big jump from 4 Francs per week for my little room at the Hotel,*

* Madame Pommy's Hotel, Rue des Mignottes, Belleville.

AN EVANGELIST'S TRAVELS

but looking back now after about eleven years, I feel I was being led of God in the matter. How many very dear and honoured servants of God it has been my very happy privilege to entertain. How many tired missionaries have been welcomed and found refreshment for a day or two as they passed through. I am glad to say, though I am paying more than double the rent now, I have still this flat, and hope and pray it might be used more and more for the glory of God, and for the help of missionary friends. The dear Commander and his dear wife and daughter have charge of it now, and are continuing this good work.

One of the first dear ones I entertained was Captain Carey Brenton, well-known in connection with the Pilgrim Preachers, who later went to Mexico and was called Home shortly after his arrival. I had only a folding bed for him and a table, still he seemed satisfied, and we spent some very happy hours together.

Shortly after this I had a visit from a dear worker from Hereford, Mr. Brett. Every morning he would fill his sack with about 500 gospels and portions, sally forth to take his stand close to the Gare de l'Est station and work on till mid-day. This dear man stayed with me close on six months. I had also asked the prayers of the little Assembly, now I had a flat, that I might be helped of God to furnish it. At that time so many had left Paris that things, especially furniture, were going very cheaply. I found bedding the most important item, also the most expensive. I made some sad mistakes in this direction, and had to learn by bitter experience that buying things cheaply was not really the cheapest way. I remember well visiting dear Mr. Stone as he lay dying in Eastbourne, and almost the last words he spoke to me the few minutes I was allowed to be with him. "Mr. Dutton, what do you want for your flat in Paris?" "Mr. Stone," I replied, "I need a double iron bedstead." I shortly after received a cheque from him to meet this need.

Commander Salwey, Captain Carey Breton, Mr. Brett and myself, not forgetting dear Mr. Johnson, found plenty to do. All this time I had been going on with my street

"FRIGHTFULNESS" IN PARIS

preaching. I never gave this up all the time I was in Paris.* Mr. J—— sometimes helped. Sunday afternoons we had our best meetings. The Parisians spend their Sundays in the morning attending to their houses, and in the afternoon take their loved stroll along the great Boulevard, sitting out in the cafés, summer and winter enjoying their *aperatif*. Of course the religious among them attend six o'clock mass in the morning. They generally wind the evening up with a visit to the Theatre, Cinema or Concert Hall, Ball or Dance, as the case might be. To hear an Englishman in the open air and on the great Boulevards, holding an impromptu gospel meeting, attracted great attention. This is how one of the French evening papers described my humble effort:—

NO COLLECTION.

"In the Champs-Élysées a few afternoons ago a crowd collected round a venerable gentleman with a long white beard (this was not strictly true, as I never wore a long white beard in the French Capital), who was preaching a sermon in French with a strong British accent. When he had finished he proceeded to distribute tracts, and the audience expected that his next act would be to ask for a contribution. To their great surprise there was no call upon their purses, and they realised that the preacher was a disinterested evangelist with no object but the saving of souls. They looked with a new respect at the old man as he walked away."

"FRIGHTFULNESS" IN PARIS.

About this time we were about to be introduced to a new piece of "frightfulness" by the Germans. The beautiful looking "Taubes" which in the blue azure of the sky could hardly be seen by the naked eye, nevertheless contained a very deadly sting in their tails in the shape of a bomb which could make great holes in the streets, smash all the glass in the neighbourhood, bore holes through the cast-iron lamp stands, and perforate with bullets massive oak doors. A new horror was to be introduced by the nightly visits of Gothas—giant areoplanes capable of smashing up whole streets. Well might the poor suffering Parisians give up all hopes of sleeping comfortably in their beds. Another horror which I used to think even worse than the dread reality, was the "Alerte," which sounded about half-an-hour before the actual appearance of these

*Mr. Dutton went on the Grand Boulevards with texts overhead and gospels every Sunday afternoon unless hindered and preached vigorously to crowds until stopped by police or arrested. It was an unprecedented work in Paris by anyone.—E.A.S.

AN EVANGELIST'S TRAVELS

monsters. To hear two cats in the dead of night serenading one another in his backyard is to the poor weary sleeper disconcerting enough; but multiply this by hundreds and thousands, and then it dawns upon you that in half-an-hour these awful engines of destruction may be hovering over your dwelling, etc., etc. My flat was on the first floor and would receive the full benefit of any bomb that happened to fall in the street. We were told that at any night now they might come. Suddenly one night I became conscious of something very unusual. It was the awful "Alerte." It was the first time we had heard it and for its weirdness and awfulness was difficult to describe, as well as the knowledge of what was to follow! I arose quickly in my excitement and broke match after match in lighting the gas. I found it difficult to put on my clothes. Finally I went into the dining room. (I may say that on hearing the "Alerte" sounded, everybody was supposed to seek a refuge in the cellars or basement of the building). All over Paris notices were pasted "Refuge for fifty," or sixty or more as the case might be. On approaching the window of the dining room I heard voices outside, a group of people evidently coming from the theatre. They talked quite calmly and showed no excitement whatever. My fears all vanished and putting on my cloak I sallied out into the street. My flat is quite close to the celebrated Buttes Chaumont park which is situated on a hill near the outskirts of Paris. I made my way there. The night was intensely dark. I found hundreds of people were already there waiting for the Gothas. Dozens of French aeroplanes were already up to defend the City. Searchlights were playing about everywhere. Apart from the horror of it, it was really a magnificent sight. Suddenly we saw the bright electric flash, and then heard the explosion that followed, showing where a German bomb had fallen. They seemed to be attacking St. Dennis, an outlying suburb of Paris. Fires seemed springing up all over. This continued for an hour or so, then the "Alerte" sounded again and all was over, the German Gothas having been beaten off.

I may say the excitement of the first night rapidly passed away, and we became so used to their visits, sometimes

SUSPICION

two or three times a week, that very few people, only the most timid ones, took advantage of the cellars. Rather than get out of their warm bed, and shiver for a couple of hours in a cold cellar, many choose to run the risk. I used to sleep comfortably on Proverbs xiv. 26, and although quite close to us bombs fell, we escaped. Of course the papers gave very little notice of the actual damage, but the Germans knew well enough the effect of every bomb dropped. In some places after a Gotha raid, the ambulance people were for two hours occupied in carrying out the dead and wounded, whole streets or at least a good part of them being demolished.

I may say during the first months of the War a terrible atmosphere of suspicion reigned everywhere. Thousands of German spies were all over France. To work apart from any recognised denomination was often met by a polite but firm refusal on the part of the English and French Military Authorities, nor is it much to be wondered at in view of the spy system of the Germans.

Yet another horror was in store for the poor Parisians. It was on a Good Friday afternoon when a terrible explosion was heard in front of the Gare de l'Est. The sky was quite clear, there being no appearance of aeroplanes. Where could the shell have come from? About fifteen minutes after came another terrible explosion. This time the shell fell in a Roman Catholic Chapel called St. Germain-des-Pres, Boulevard St. Germain. The chapel was crowded with people, it being a fête day. The killed and wounded were reported to be 75 people. The first shell demolished a Kiosk and shattered all the glass in the immediate neighbourhood, but there was not much loss of life. We know the Germans were many miles from Paris. Where could the shells come from? The following day I went to pay a visit to Mr. H. J. and found him busy packing up, having a preaching engagement at a town in the south of France. As I walked along I was struck with the deserted appearance of the streets. No tram cars were running, only an odd pedestrian here and there, and then every fifteen minutes another of those terrible explosions. In a very few days the mystery was revealed. Six monster Krupp

AN EVANGELIST'S TRAVELS

"Berthas" were firing shells into Paris from a distance of somewhere about 75 kilometres. I am not sure if that was the actual number, but report at the time gave that number. These terrible guns continued firing for about two years. The actual damage to life and property was not so very great, but the moral effect caused many thousands of the better class to leave the City, not caring to run the risk of being blown to atoms. Paris very soon recovered its normal attitude. The trams were soon running, and the City seemed as busy as ever. Sometimes the shells fell quite close to where I lived. One Sunday afternoon one fell in a crowded restaurant. The street was black with smoke, and quite a number were killed. It made one realize how terrible war is. During the day, we had the "Berthas" and at night the "Gothas." One night after the prayer meeting at our little meeting room, going back to my flat, a shell had just fallen. As a rule the people rushed into the Underground Metropolitan Stations for shelter. In this case a great crowd got on to the moveable stairway, which was not able to support this extra weight, and the whole thing crashed into the underground tunnel. Another seventy-five precious souls were suddenly launched into eternity. Of course, not a word was in any of the newspapers about all this.

About this time God graciously put us in touch with about seven or eight young Swiss. Some of them could not speak French very well, but these dear young fellows used to come up to my flat for dinner after our worship meeting on Sundays. After dinner and an interval for prayer, we sallied forth, I usually carrying a large overhead text or banner, which could be seen some distance away. We generally commenced our open-air somewhere in the neighbourhood of the Champs Élysées and held an impromptu Gospel meeting. We never failed to get a crowd, because of the curiosity, the oddity and novelty of it, especially when we commenced our distribution of the S.G.M. beautifully illustrated Gospels. Fashionably dressed ladies seemed as eager as anybody else to have them. I am glad to say we were able to keep this testimony up during the whole of the war.



NANTES



COMMANDER E. A. SALWEY

AT NANTES

Of course we were always liable to be moved on by the police, and I suppose along with Captain S—— I have been in as many of the Police Stations in Paris as most people. This, of course, gave the opportunity we were only too glad to avail ourselves of, viz : to preach Christ and Him crucified. Once the Commander and myself were really locked up, we spent the time talking to any fellow-prisoners about the Gospel. One of the inspectors spoke as if he was a true believer.

As regards Police Court experiences during two months stay in Paris, the *modus operandi* generally was as follows; The officer who arrested you brought you before the Head Inspector and made his charge, viz., causing an obstruction in the public streets. You were then asked for your papers, passport and ticket of identification. If these happened to be all in order you were told it was against the law to cause any interference with the traffic in the public streets or highway. You were then told to sit down on one of the forms of the police office. You waited there sometimes about an hour (in one case the Commander waited until about eight o'clock p.m.). You were then told to go. This was invariably the procedure. Personally I feel sure there is no law on the Statute Book forbidding one to preach the Gospel in any city or town throughout France. Men and women can block the streets selling all kinds of wares. Of course they are always liable to be arrested. As most of the policemen were atheists or freethinkers, being brought face to face with the Word of God displayed upon our banners caused the animosity of the human heart to manifest itself and the blasphemy sometimes was terrible to listen to.

About this time I went down to Nantes to pay a visit to my old friends, Mr. and Mrs. A. E. C. B. I visited the American Hospital, and through the influence of one or two Christian workers was asked to show and give a lecture on my beautiful model of the Tabernacle. We had some good meetings and this opened up my way to go to the large American Camp at St. Nazaire, where about 10,000 American troops were being trained before being sent to the front. I lodged with the officers but got my meals with the troops

AN EVANGELIST'S TRAVELS

at the Canteen. The camp was kept in beautiful order—everything spick and span. The Senior Chaplain was very kind. I did my best to point the dear soldiers to Christ by means of the types of the Tabernacle, but the Cinema shows going on in all the large halls severely handicapped my efforts. They seemed an exceptionally fine lot of young men, in my opinion, above the average European in build, physique, etc. I saw some tremendous siege guns being hoisted out of some of their steamers. These guns, however, were never used. In my humble judgment the advent of the million or so of American troops soon convinced the German Military Authorities that the game was up, and it was not long after this that one or two of their Allies commenced to negotiate for the best terms they could get. I was able to visit some of the German prisoners and found them much interested, as also in the different hospitals. We were glad to get in touch with some dear, earnest children of God. We were glad also to get among the African section of the American troops, and many of them seemed to really enjoy the meetings we had with the model of the Tabernacle.

Commander Salwey had been banished by the Authorities because of his evangelistic work in September, 1915, and had found an open door in the many camps in England. Indeed all open-air evangelists were forbidden within the precincts of the "War area." But the Gospel was distributed in Paris and all "base" towns, and preached on the Paris boulevards.

Then followed many crises, notably in March 1918, when it seemed as if the Germans must break through to the capture of the Channel ports. Indeed General Haig had said his back was to the wall, and a fleet of transports was in readiness to remove English departing troops.

But prayer again prevailed and at last in August 1918 the British Government resorted to prayer at Westminster. What happened? Well, God proved that "them that honour ME I will honour." From that memorable day in early August 1918, the Germans were defeated. Outflanked by a strategic move of General Foch they collapsed, and never advanced again; but retreat followed retreat until on

SIGNING OF THE ARMISTICE

November 11th, 1918 at 11 a.m. the Armistice was signed.

ARMISTICE DAY.

Of Course, in common with everywhere else Paris went almost mad with excitement on the signing of the Armistice. It was signed, I believe, in a railway carriage somewhere in France and the newspapers filled their columns with platitudes of a new era that was about to dawn, with the League of Nations as the great umpire to settle disputes and thus usher in a time of universal peace, prosperity and plenty. But students of God's Word were not carried away with any such hopes, knowing full well that no peace worthy of the name can be enjoyed by this world apart from the personal reign of the PRINCE of PEACE, Whose right it is to reign.

Commander Salwey about this time wrote me a letter containing the following (which I thought very remarkable) in connection with the signing of the Armistice. It may or may not be only a coincidence, but numbers in Scripture are very remarkable, and there are some very interesting books written upon spiritual arithmetic, showing the Divine perfection of God's Holy Word.

"The Armistice was signed at the eleventh hour of the eleventh day of the eleventh month of the year. In the eleventh verse of the eleventh chapter of the eleventh book of the Bible we read: 'The Lord said unto Solomon "Forasmuch as this is done of thee and thou hast not kept my covenant and my statutes which I have commanded thee, I will surely rend the kingdom from thee and will give it to thy servant." What a coincidence that the Kaiser, who spoke of the divine right of kings, and of his being God's sword, etc., should be deposed from his throne and superseded by his servant, i.e. by one who was a commoner, but became President of the first German Republic. This happened after the misbehaviour of his troops."

* * * * *

Thus the Great War terminated. As soon as God was acknowledged He intervened. He is never before His time nor after it; and by Him all things consist.—Col. i. 17.

On Tour Again.

ITALIAN AND SECOND SPANISH TOUR.

MR. DUTTON, having written to Commander Salwey to draft out a short summary of their expedition to these two countries in 1921, and having died before he could turn it into his own language, will the reader please accept the narrative as recounted by his friend, which runs as follows :

ITALIAN TOUR.

I N the early days of March, 1921, Dutton and I bade our farewells to my wife and Ruth at 4, Rue Clavel and made for Montargis, Nevers, Moulin, Lyons, Chamberry and on to the frontier. At each town we witnessed with texts and preached where not stopped, and distributed. We had wonderful liberty afforded to us. At Nevers we held many street meetings, working separately. The hotel was such that I said to Dutton "This won't do." The tables were too dirty to eat off comfortably, and when the people were somewhat ominously eyeing us the patron came to where we were sitting and said, "You must be well-off to be able to give out such good books." I grasped the danger of his thinking so in such a place, and as I had felt it best to leave a certain hotel when in Antwerp, so I resolved that in future we must be more prudent, for we were carrying all we needed to cover our expenses for the tour. I added quickly, although I did not want to wound his *amour propre*, that had we been really well-off we should have chosen a better hotel than his to stay at. This news probably filtered

AT LYONS

through to those to whom we were the subjects of scrutiny. Anyway, I decided to "batten down the hatchways" so to speak, *i.e.*, make our bedroom as "*sure as we could*" that night. But we had not Pilate's guard to defend us; we had the angel of Psa. xxxiv. I was glad when the morning light appeared and we continued to Moulin, and arrived for a Lord's Day afternoon testimony, having secured really nice rooms in the centre of the town, though cramped for space. In spite of not much sleep we did well at Moulin, where we met a procession of priests who seemed to scowl at the texts, all except one smiling old man who appeared to be in full sympathy and spoke to Dutton amiably—not so another, later. But the police permitted Dutton to hold forth for long to a crowd without any hindrance. People became very interested. I don't think the hotel people were too much so, but we were amply compensated both in the town and at the station, where some officials asked intelligent questions as to the testimony, and received gospels.

At Lyons we made for Rue de Charité, to Signor et Madame Notaris' quarters, who, with their daughter, received and housed us hospitably and reasonably, and except for some fleas we did well, and I hope God blessed our testimony there, as they are Protestants, but not much more.

The Lyons Foire (Fair)—the first since the War—was being opened by the President of the Republique. The place was lined with troops, and spectators backing them. Dutton and I determined to walk down this route armed, if not to the teeth, somewhat in a more elevated manner—with overhead scripture—which we accordingly set out to do just prior to the arrival of the President's carriage. "Every eye shall see Him," and every eye seemed to be reading, until the gendarmes' eyes also perceiving, their feet swiftly propelled them in the direction of these invaders who, just before we got to the station, were turned off the route but, mercifully, were able to stand *au derrière*, at the back of the crowd as the President passed. We had a splendid testimony in Lyons. This was our second visit, the first being in 1914 and this in 1921. If we didn't get as much applause as the President we got more remarks, some doubtless contemptuous, but we didn't expect the Word of

AN EVANGELIST'S TRAVELS

God to be applauded, approved or appreciated, but rather that its bearers would be apprehended, which indeed we soon were—in the Place de la Republique (?) but not before we had stormed the town in all its principal streets and on both sides of the Rhone as well as the Saone. We, however, were liberated and able to continue the work but not to stop and gather a crowd. We visited the Squires, Pasteur Nicole and Monsieur Lombard, and received hospitality from all, and in every direction distributed the Word and spoke as we could.

Lyons is a vast place with great opportunities. A police court near one of the Rhone bridges was a dreaded place, where they flew at us, and once on the further side a plain-clothes' agent most furiously opposed us. However, we survived all, and had happy communion with the Squires, the Nicoles, Lombard, and with Charles Contesse, whom we also went out to visit just after the loss of their dear little girl.

We got on to Chamberry and I am not sure that some in Lyons were not "glad at our departure." Snow fell, but not before we paraded the mountainous, picturesque little town, where we met an exercised soul who came on to the hotel to hear the news. I do not know if he had not some conception of the Saviour prior to this. I trust he was certainly blest then, and some others.

On we went to Modane, the frontier town, which is about 4,000 feet above the sea. What a picturesque route it was, and what an adventurous journey, with its many piquant episodes and changes of customs and habits! The most restful people seemed to be the English-speaking pleasure folk, but we were compensated by the politeness of the Italians. However, we deemed it right to go very prudently, as David did when he kept himself close because of Saul. We had been much warned against coming by some Christians in Italy—Pastor Wall of Milan and Landells of Rome respectively, and, if I remember rightly, others also. But we held fast the beginning of our confidence unto the end, and being assured that He Who had said "Go" would accompany us with His "Lo" (I am with you alway) also, we had stepped forth in faith.

TURIN AND MILAN

Met at Turin Station by dear Mr. Wall, who had secured us rooms, he took us privately to a café first, away from the hotel to discuss matters, and attempted with every remonstrance to dissuade us from our purpose, deeming that the proposal was impossible of accomplishment, at such a time as that was in the internal affairs of Italy, with Socialists rising and Fascisti opposing them. But an ass is a stubborn animal, and two fully redeemed asses (Exod. xiii. 13) determined to obey the angel, and wiser than Balaam's ass even, were not to be beaten, so whilst gratefully thanking dear Mr. Wall, and quite recognising his valuable opinion, we knew that he did not know the assurance of a Greater Power which we had received for this work. He escorted us to an hotel where three separate flunkeys carried up our bags to our room. Joe looked at me and I at him as the tips went out, and we took the tip to go to cheaper quarters the next day. So we wended our way out, trusting the Lord to guide us to another good but more reasonable hotel. We were wonderfully led. Neither of us knowing the language, we felt compelled to enter an hotel restaurant, and there dined very reasonably yet well, and decided to come next day to sleep. We then found it was Mr. William Hoste's usual hotel when visiting Italy.

The next day, after much prayer, we went out with the uplifted Word. I should say that we had thought it wiser to keep it rolled up until that moment, and merely declared it on the frontier without difficulty with the customs. We, in fear and trembling, but in much confidence in God Who cannot lie, marched slowly and solemnly along the porticos of the streets. As in many foreign cities there are many such. They form splendid places to concentrate the attention of the foot passengers without being seen too much by the police on point's duty in the centre of the road, and indeed, when one emerges from one arcade of porches to cross a busy thoroughfare, the points policeman is too busy to notice you. Occasionally we would distribute to people who were excitedly anxious to know what so unusual a message meant. This we did in street after street without anyone hindering us anywhere. We sortied again in the

AN EVANGELIST'S TRAVELS

evening to go to the meeting of the Brethren, when again much attention was aroused, and, of course, we were well-accompanied back, after both speaking by interpretation to a well-filled hall. Next day a well-known Italian evangelist and his wife called at the hotel and went round the thoroughfares with us, when we had complete liberty and quite enough interest to please any text-carrier. This continued for the whole three days, when we also visited English, French and Italian saints. Mr. Wall and his wife were indeed surprised at our reception. We went on to Milan, it being Easter time. We had made our debut in Holy Week, Thursday and Friday being the most important days in Turin, leaving out Easter Eve. The Communists had just bombed the Milan Theatre and killed and wounded large numbers. The rage of the inhabitants was thus at fever pitch, and only faith (but that is the only requirement with God) enabled us to get to Milan on Easter Eve. Who should the Lord have arranged to be in our railway carriage but one of the leading Salvation Army women in Italy—Major Barrett being the leader who met us afterwards at Florence—either Mrs. Barrett or the wife of his Chief of Staff, memory as to which fails me. She was a great help in the crowded carriage, and very interested. We arrived with no one to get us rooms, although we had addresses which found us friends afterwards. Excursion crowds were about, and whilst Dutton toured round I stood near the station with texts and gospels. The part I chose was not in the thick of the traffic, and the greatest difficulty that I had was with various would-be helps or guides, and some vendors of fountain pens. However, having survived all, we found an hotel suitable—clean, good, and reasonable, also central. Some English people, who were more interested in travelling Italy than voyaging to heaven, we also presented tracts to. The whole town was alive to see the Fascisti out in procession, these being out to demonstrate their wrath against the Communists. In fear and trembling, but with the corresponding promise, "To this man will I look," of Isaiah lxvi. 2 we sallied forth *separately*, making for the addresses given us of certain brethren. I suppose of all we did in Italy,

AT ALESSANDRIE

Milan, under the conditions which had arisen, was the most difficult, but God is greater than difficulties. He, Who could and did divide the Red Sea and Jordan, was able to make a way through those massed crowds. So we got through and back. At one time, when the Fascisti marched by, I wondered what would happen. Dutton went one way and I another. As soon as they were past I got into the General Post Office and distributed, taking care to come out in a totally opposite direction. We found in the afternoon the Brethren's Meeting, and broke bread, and spoke by translation. This was a time of solace to get in there out of such a scene as there was all round that big Milan Cathedral.

Next day was the funeral of the victims of the bombs thrown by the Communists. We decided not to go to the cemetery, but to meet the crowd afterwards when returning. No one attacked us and no police accosted us, except in the afternoon in one street, when we made immediately for another. There were times when the people stared so, that only the knowledge of God's looking on kept us in perfect peace.

ALESSANDRIE.

We went on to Alessandrie, which place we reached rather late at night, and went to the address we knew, only to find out what we ourselves would perhaps have done also, that all the "locataires" of the flats only shouted to us through shut doors. Eventually, our looked-for friend got us opposite to an hotel where we were comfortably installed, and glad to rest our wearied limbs. A street market outside the windows awakening us, we decided to find our breakfast somewhere on the other side of the stalls so as to distribute *en route*. The Italians are much more polite than the French, or rather less indifferent, and few ridicule sacred things. Some took off their hats and saluted us. It was so in the restaurant. Dear brother Buttrum then found us out, and escorted us to an arcade where was his Bible Depot, a splendid testimony—Galleria Guerci No. 3, Alessandrie. After a tour round we were glad of a rest there, and we had coffee in the gallery and distributed. Also dear souls (Biancos) in the meeting asked us to dinner, and

AN EVANGELIST'S TRAVELS

we had a splendid meeting in the evening at the Hall. Brother Buttrum and Miss Maddicott lived outside, a short railway journey away, at Spinetta Marengo, and we had a great reception from dear Madame (Signora Buttrum is since with the Lord), and a delightful rest there for two nights, with a splendid meeting in the hall where our brother most ably translated for us both. Then in the open we found, as everywhere else, a village far harder than a big town, and so Spinetta was thus compared to Alessandria. A big fellow came along waving a huge stick round and round, but his overtures, whatever they were intended to represent, all ceased as one came up to him, and he ran across the road to a sort of "pub" opposite. The priest gave us a wide berth, and we were not regretful. Signorita (Miss) Maddicott gave us a hearty welcome. We shall not forget our happy time in Spinetta, nor the time in Alessandria. What a crowd, and what looks, when suddenly two hearty young Italians ran to us and saluted us with kisses on both cheeks in the midst of the multitude, who seemed almost as surprised as we were! They were our faithful colporteur friends in connection with the meeting.

Dutton and I will not forget the Biancos, Buttrums, or Miss Maddicott, and also we shall not forget the Walls, and Senor Angelini, and also some dear French friends—a lady married to an Italian in Turin who helped us much, and the little Evangelical Baptist Church which gave us a meeting which was much enjoyed at Turin. Signor Cervi of the Chiesa Evangelica via correnti 9 Milan, helped us greatly.

GENOA.

Our next port of call was Genoa, and greeted by the cracking of whips of the carriages drivers, we made our way to a little Albergo (hotel with no restaurant) near the station. We neither of us knew any Italian, but the Lord Who had been leading us as sons of God (Rom. viii. 14) continued to guide us with His eye. We found an American traveller in the restaurant who was somewhat exercised. In the morning we started off in crowded streets with "Dopo la morte viene il giudizio," which text was recited by hundreds of people as we passed them, and is "After death comes the Judgment," and with "Christ Jesus

THIEVES ON THE RAILWAY

came into the world to save sinners." Dutton had both parts of Rom. vi. 23. We toured through masses of people untouched, the very centre of attraction. One or two police murmured, but as neither of us understood a word we saluted and went on, also distributing as we went. We found Italian friends who gave us tea, having had lunch at a restaurant where the people received freely our tracts. After tea and dinner we made for the little meeting and were translated for by Signor Ronco. It was very pleasant to meet the little Assembly, and a relief after the strain of the street-straying.

Next day, again we went through streets, along quays, wharves, lanes, by-ways, and once into the General Post Office for letters, where some followed us to get books. Again we visited some other friends who made much of us. Dutton had a Children's Meeting on a boulevard. We finished up by dining with some other English at a restaurant where the people looked very suspiciously at the texts, but received booklets.

Next morning, we proved the report true that Italians had thieves on the railways, for between the two Genoa stations I lost my portfolio, but no money. I wondered why there was such a crush on entering the carriage, and when seated discovered my loss. I had but warned Dutton just before, and we had concealed all money except that needed for purchasing tickets. About eighteen months after, in a copy of the British and Foreign Bible Society's report, one of their colporteurs wrote stating he had found a man who confessed to having stolen a pocket case containing no money but many passes (these were a serious loss, and one especially from the Prefectur of Police, Paris, could only be duplicated afterwards at great trouble, as the authorities believed I had sold it to a German), and a copy of the Gospel by John, which, having read, his life was changed, and he had ceased to be a pickpocket and got honest employment. I felt prayer had been abundantly answered.

SPEZIA.

From Genoa to Spezia was but a short journey, but very picturesque as we wended our way round the bights, creeks

AN EVANGELIST'S TRAVELS

and bays of the Italian Riviera. Mr. Pullen met us and gave us a hearty welcome, getting us to a very good hotel on the sea front.

Spezia is the Portsmouth of Italy and teems with naval officers and men. I felt in my element. After lunch and a rest we got our texts out and wended our way slowly along to the Pullen's house, Casa Alberta, which has a lovely balcony overlooking on one side the snow-capped mountains, and on the other side the deep blue Mediterranean Sea. In the foreground behold the firs and pine trees! In an open space, which is generally a fashionable parade, we distributed more than once round the bandstand with our texts. To say that no police said or did anything would be like the Irish points duty man who when asked, "Sure Pat, but what be you doing standing idly there all day?" replied "Nothing at all, at all." They certainly did nothing at all to us, but they spoke and shewed somewhat dissenting motions. However, we went on in faith, remembering that to be sent was to be escorted, (*vide* Matthew xxviii. 19 and 20) the "Go" carrying with it the "Lo." But at our hotel that night when I was contemplating bed and Dutton was comfortably ensconced, there came a tap at the door which by its deliberate sound demanded obedience. This, when opened, revealed two policemen who said that the authorities had sent them to ascertain the nature of our business. You can imagine that we were soon wide awake and very interested, and I hope succeeded in equally interesting our interrogators, whilst, I believe, dispelling their doubts as to our owning any political views. We were able to speak in French to them and to give them a good idea of what the Gospel of the Grace of God can do, together with an assortment of our literary stock, and they bowed most politely and seemed perfectly satisfied, so we heard no more. It must be related that Mr. Pullen carried great weight with the Spezia authorities as an English missionary of about thirty years' standing, so much so, that he was the only one permitted into the Arsenal in the Great War. We visited his Orphanage and had a nice time speaking to the bright, well-cared-for little ones rescued by the Pullens during the earthquake troubles

AT SPEZIA

in the neighbourhood. Besides, Mr. Pullen has had an active Mission for years, in which we spoke by interpretation on Lord's Day evening. But in the morning we went to the Gospel Hall, and though we had paraded the town freely all the previous day, we found ourselves addressed by a civilian who forbade us to continue the work under penalty of being arrested. However, just then Mr. Pullen happened to arrive and, hearing what had been said, told the same official (if indeed he were so) that the matter would be gone into. Then turning to us, he asked us to come quietly to the police headquarters with texts rolled up, which we did. Arriving there Mr. Pullen explained how we were his guests for a brief visit to the town, that we were not political, and, shewing our texts, he requested full permission for us to carry them, whilst relating the unpleasant incident which had just arisen. To our astonishment, the officials utterly disowned any connection with this so-called official, and said that certainly we should have full liberty accorded us to shew our texts with a stamp placed on them.

Mr. Pullen said, "You know me now well enough to give them permission to carry these posters without money or stamp of any kind." Immediately they consented most cordially to this arrangement, and so by God's faithfulness we went out with flying colours. Back we went to the Gospel Hall, where we had a splendid time around the Lord's Table, speaking in French interpreted. In the evening, and prior to Mr. Pullen's Mission meeting, at which we also spoke and where many were moved, and some, I trust, to decision, we spoke by Mr. Pullen's able translation at the Gospel Hall. What an interpreter! At the end of the address a queue was formed, happily only of the male sex, and all (it seemed) filed by to salute us on both cheeks with an Italian kiss demanding "Encore Demano"—another meeting to-morrow, which we were delighted to hold. The Bardis and others were all very kind, and we had great times in the market and thoroughfares. We avoided small side streets. An Englishman travelling was somewhat exercised in the things of God, I think converted, and would have liked to go further with us.

AN EVANGELIST'S TRAVELS

PISA.

We went on to Pisa, the town famous because of the leaning tower. A thunderstorm was on after our arrival, but when it cleared we paraded, and again in the morning. However, the morning was the best time. People seemed amazed. We got up to the Cathedral door distributing, but—as I do not enter these places—no further. Leghorn was a rough time, a rough place. We had got our hotel fixed up, and when about seven p.m. we got into a crowded street, were mobbed. It was an unpleasant time. Dutton, I think, was made to promise to discontinue. Well, we returned and got to prayer, and as Nelson when he hadn't got a victory went out till he got one, we returned to the onslaught next morning with the advantage of daylight. It was market day. There was a rough element about, but we didn't give them a chance to surround us when distributing, but kept on the move with our texts. We shall not forget Livorno as they call it, but had a good time in the restaurant and not a bad time in the market.

FLORENCE.

Florence was next. We were wonderfully cheered by the help of the brethren here, Signors Pult and Higgs who translated for us, and Finotte who shewed us round the homes (on Muller lines), besides an Italian Pasteur and a young English-speaking Baptist who also accompanied us in the street. We did not want for friends, and paid a visit to Miss Barnett (Mrs. Anderson was in England) having a splendid Lord's Day in the hall, when the Hardings turned up. A journalist put a long account in one of the principal Florence journals about us in Lord's Day issue which everyone was talking about. Somewhat in the humorous style, but distinctly with a friendly tone to the English and the Evangelicals who had come to visit them, described the texts about saving their souls, with a mention of how we seemed to want nothing but to give advice as to the next world, and so on. This drew attention in not an unkind way and really made it easier for us. We visited Mr. Jalla of the Religious Tract Society and got material for distribution. We were told that but a few days ago there had been a civil war in the town but as to *civil*, well, we had nothing

IN ANCIENT ROME

but civility shewn us and no war. Truly "If God be for us *who* can be against us?" Dutton failed to see the tram I went on to Miss Barnet's, and so he lost his tea but went happily on his own. The hotel people were very interested, and another who visited us wanted to know more of the gospel.

ROME.

On to Rome we went passing through lovely early spring time in the Italian Vineyards and with sweet, blue skies above and green foliage below.

Heaven above was brighter blue,
Earth beneath was sweeter green,
Something lived in every hue,
Christless eyes had never seen,
Birds with gladder songs o'erflow,
Flowers with deeper beauties shine,
Since I know, as now I know,
I am His and He is mine.

We had many train episodes. Perhaps one of the most thrilling was entering Rome. We had had Psa. lvi. 9 and 11, and soon had occasion to prove the faithfulness of these verses. Two drunken men approaching us, became seriously a nuisance, and inclined to be dangerous. At length, as they stopped us, breathing out some unintelligent, Italian words, we resorted to the "place where prayer was wont to be made," and quoting the promise of the Psalms "When I cry unto Thee, then shall mine enemies turn back. This I know, for God is for me," suddenly both got up and breaking into the "double time" they "doubled," *i.e.* fled to the other end of the long carriage like scared birds.

Mr. Landells, the English Baptist pastor, somehow misled us at the station. Anyone who has tried meeting people at foreign stations will sympathise both with him and us. We had to barter with certain men as to which was to take us to rooms. That is how we did in Rome, seeing, when you go to Rome, you do as Rome does. We had fairly comfortable quarters, but decided to go to others nearer the station in the morning, where Mr. Landells had meant us to be. A Café Latté found us having choice café-au-lait, with my texts and portions for the company, refused only by an English Roman Catholic Priest, always the most bigoted of all. "Would St. Paul," said he in English,

AN EVANGELIST'S TRAVELS

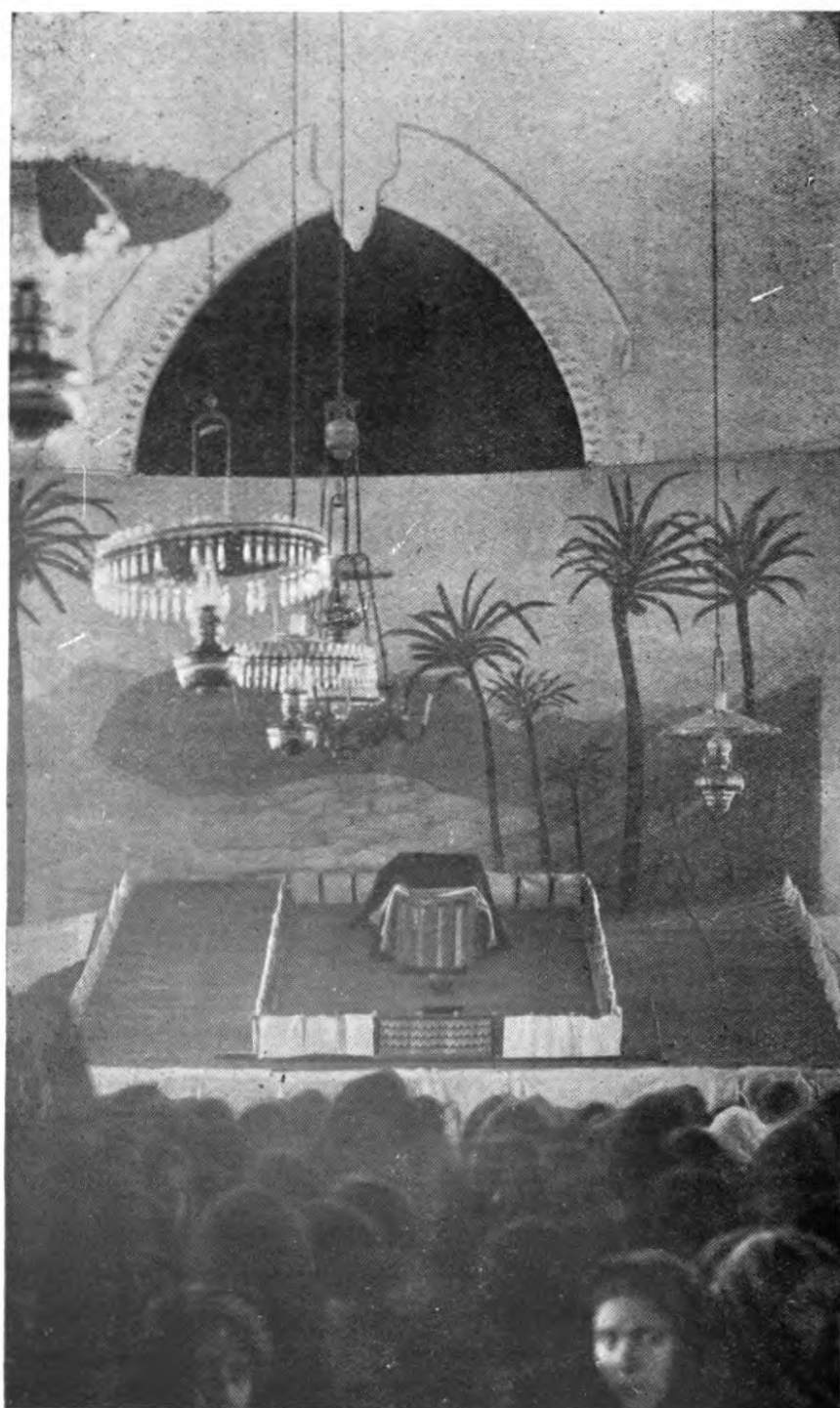
"have carried about a placard like that?" "Would St. Paul" replied I, "have carried a cigarette about like that?" pointing to the thing he had in his mouth, after which I do not remember him interfering any more. Some priests, seeing Dutton's texts soon after in the street, called out "Ave Maria." After a short parade, we "shifted berth" to an hotel near the station and resorted to the station restaurant for meals. Meeting another English Roman Catholic Priest, I found him more seriously disposed and I succeeded in gaining his attention somewhat, and he seemed impressed when I pointed out to him Rom. i. 18—"Who hold the truth in unrighteousness." Later, in the same café, we found interested waiters and other English, and so we distributed with some encouragement. In the streets, people gazed in hundreds at the Word. Occasionally a policeman would demur, and one dismounted the text. We went to the next street to remount again, the Lord never allowing the testimony to cease altogether. Round about the G.P.O. was the best opportunity. Here, as in all towns, one met a more cosmopolitan crowd and the liberty appeared greater. We called on Mr. Landells and he arranged a meeting in the Church by interpretation, and a number came. We gave a description of the tour to an interested company, and some who, I trust, were blessed. One morning, Dutton, who was alone, met a big funeral with "The wages of sin is death, but the Gift of God is Eternal Life." Joining in stately ceremonial manner with the procession, gradually things got hot, and the crowd seemed divided in their opinion as to what should be their attitude. The stronger party was to destroy the texts, and, amidst dissenting calls from others, the pole and texts were seized, torn up and trampled on. This I learned on my return from another part of the city, where I had been carrying 1 Tim. i. 15, and, "After death the Judgment." We had reserve texts, and I fitted Dutton up with "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved," and another text, which might have been, "Jesus saves—Are you saved?" We carried these to the end of our stay and on our second visit also, on the way back. I did not visit Luther's staircase. I considered the risk to the texts too great. Nor did I



GENERAL VIEW OF NAPLES



MILAN CATHEDRAL AND SQUARE
Where we paraded before crowds at the time of Socialist Riots, 1921



MR. DUTTON'S MODEL AT A MEETING.

BEAUTIFUL NAPLES

enter St. Peter's, but visited the neighbourhood, also the Colosseum, and the Religious Tract Society, and met a military funeral. I stood shewing my texts, but thought it wiser not to walk with the procession as Dutton had bravely done. I got in a fine distribution to the crowd when the procession had passed. Changing our place of residence, when in a carriage the text showed well through the streets, but perhaps the best time was one evening when the streets were crammed with people, and we walked through the main streets of Rome. People stared as only foreigners can, or so it seemed to us. One big fellow cried out in French "Pourquoi?" (Why?). We did not stop to get surrounded or we would never have got through. It was not wonderful, however, that we did get through, for surely He who divided the Red Sea could make a way for two text carriers through any crowd, which, according to Isaiah xl. 15, are but as a "drop in a bucket."

NAPLES.

To Naples was a long journey, spent in one large carriage, speaking to not at all an uninterested company. Met by Misses Wilkinson and Barnett, we were escorted to their nice little home, passing through a seamy part of the city. Naples was more difficult and dangerous than Rome, but we were marvellously helped every time we joined the crowds, and, strange to say, the police especially seemed so obliging and favourably disposed.

I believe neither of us were molested, but in Leghorn (I think it was) Dutton received a severe blow and was hurried by the police into a drug store for protection, not because he was hurt.

When in Naples, we met an old officer (English) who accompanied us, and, as he spoke the language, was really a help. On Lord's Day evening we had a good meeting at Miss W—— and Miss B——'s home by interpretation of an able brother who came in from one of the Protestant churches, speaking on my flag lecture, which was much appreciated, and one young Italian was, I hope, very definitely affected. As for the hospitality of those two dear sisters, Miss Wilkinson and Miss Constance Barnett, it is impossible to over-rate it, even sending us off with

AN EVANGELIST'S TRAVELS

a beautiful thermos and lunch. The return trip was through Rome, Florence and Pisa (the crowd becoming alarmingly interested) and on to Spezia, where again we had as good a testimony as before, and the truest fellowship of the Assembly.

THE RETURN.

We returned via Genoa, meeting an English merchant who was a great aid to us, but not converted. I hope by this time he may be so. At St. Remo we got into a splendid little hotel, then went through the town in spite of some slight police opposition; however, not to stripes or imprisonment, which was one more evidence of the Lord opening what no man could shut (Isaiah xxii. 22).

At Nice we got into a nice, quiet hotel and got lost in comfort for a night, but this was dispelled by the police arresting us, but not before the Grand Boulevard had been placarded with the best news that Nice had ever seen. The police were angry, and we could not go on until the following morning, when we left for Cannes, shewing our texts round the station.

Met by Mr. Arnera, we spent a free time of really God-given liberty quite different to that of Nice, and held a splendid packed meeting in the Gospel Hall, all being deeply interested. That Cannes time, at both Arnera Houses, we shall not forget.

Toulon, a delightfully pretty, interesting Naval town, afforded us ample scope for work amongst sailors, dock-yard men, townspeople and some soldiers, quite one of the most profitable times spent anywhere. Marseilles we had known before, and were well pleased to meet Thorpes, Willys, and Favres. Mr. Willy accompanied us through the city and we had no difficulty. Next we visited Tarascon, Nîmes, Perpignon and Narbonne, the latter a very difficult place. We were both arrested; the police were adamant; and only after a very difficult long time we were released. I should say that I personally had a good tour of the town before being discovered. So on we went to Spain for our second trip—to that bigoted priest-ridden land.

IN SPAIN.

We found Barcelona in a state of martial law, and most

BARCELONA AND MADRID

difficult. Nevertheless, we succeeded after a most hearty welcome from that choicest of saints, Mr. Henry Payne, and his daughter, in receiving the official and efficient aid of brother Harvey all the time of our visit. First in Gracia we succeeded well, until one of the two kinds of gendarmes (we evaded the other kind) got hold of us and made a scene. Later we were arrested on the Ramblas and brought before the Military Dictator, who made a big fuss. Brother Harvey worked heroically for us, going from department to department to clear us of responsibility, speaking ably and tactfully. All the time the texts were being overhauled, passed through and scrutinised, so we were not disappointed.

We got permission for Gracia, but not for the main city. However, displaying our texts rather before we cleared the centre of the city, an indignant person ran us in to a gendarme. Here the Lord marvellously delivered us. Taken to a room where our tracts were examined, a copy of John iii. 16, or similar words was passed round the table and the comment made "Why it is quite good and righteous," so they decided we should not be interfered with, but go on to Gracia where we had permission. We thoroughly enjoyed the Assembly's fellowship, but what was the sweetest of all was the time spent in the company of dear, saintly Mr. Henry Payne, and those Bible readings in his house.

MADRID.

We went by train to Madrid, travelling all night. What a long, tedious journey it was, and how glad were we to find ourselves once more in the delightful society of Mr. and Mrs. Rhodes. The Metropolitan Railway was a new affair and they were so proud of it. Here we got a fairly good distribution, and in the city, until I happened to give a tract to a confirmation candidate, a young girl dressed like a bride. The boys are not so garnished. It is the girls that are so saintly or are supposed to be so. This was too much for an irate, plain-clothed detective, who immediately marched me off to the prefecture where an important official appeared, and after a little debate, of which I understood nothing, I gathered that two pesatos were required of me for which I received in return a piece of paper,

AN EVANGELIST'S TRAVELS

which I took to be my permit for distribution. With this I bowed most respectfully and so did they. I don't think they were accustomed to prisoners exercising such profound courtesy.

As soon as I was well away, I again began with texts and tracts when, being demanded by the police for something, I produced my paper proudly, and feeling I must not be too vain-glorious in my triumph over them, in having such excellent authority to distribute, I handed my paper to them. They looked at me and at the paper, and again at me, so I gave them books, bowed and departed. As soon as I got back after a good deal of distributing, I showed with radiant smiles, to Mr. Rhodes my title to distribute. To my intense surprise he burst out laughing, and told me that it was precisely the opposite. It was a receipt for a fine for having disobeyed the law. Next day I was at it again, for it appeared that it was only the Puerto del Sol, where it was forbidden, but as I happened to be standing just on the wrong side of the borderland a young policeman arrested me. I thought this might be serious, so praying about it, I stopped at each corner that we rounded on our way to the police station, and pointing heavenward I said but one word. It was one of the very few I knew. I said "Dios." After halting at three or four corners (for it was a zigzag route to the police court), and at each corner repeating solemnly the word "Dios," all the time pointing upward, at last the little gendarme got so alarmed that he signalled me to get away, and you can be sure I soon responded to his request.

We had excellent meetings at the Brethren's Hall by Mr. Rhodes' fine interpretation. He lived on the outskirts of the city and in a desolate sort of spot. One night there was a thunderstorm during which a drunken man came outside our bedroom window, which was on the ground floor, and at each flash and accompanying crash of thunder a loud "Dios" would be heard. How we prayed that God would deal with him. But the people never interfered with us in Madrid. On Sunday night the bull-fight crowd were about to emerge, as it was getting dark and the so-called sport closes at sunset. Dutton and I went into the drawing-room

A PRAYING WOMAN

for prayer. I think we both felt loath to go out in such a neighbourhood with big texts and to such a crowd. Mrs. Rhodes, evidently thinking we should lose the daylight, and that it was time for us to go out, came in and joined us in prayer. I was at the further end of the room with my Bible, which opened up at Daniel xi. 32, and no one could see it as my back was turned, and the others far from me. Mrs. Rhodes prayed and said, "Oh God, Thou hast said, 'They that do know their God shall be strong and do exploits.'" If I had been the Psalmist I would have said "Selah," :—but as I was only a preacher, and the light was waning, I said to Dutton, "God hath spoken and we can go out," and so we did and marched through that bull-ring crowd like a Derby racecourse lot, and with no more danger. How could there be after such a promise from the Lord. If anyone disbelieves in women's prayer, well, here is a remedy for their unbelief, though perhaps Mrs. Rhodes was a sort of Deborah or Huldah. Thus terminated our happy, second visit to Madrid, where we met Dr. Charles Inwood, who had been speaking to the Saints at both Barcelona and Madrid, to their profit, as I was informed by Mr. Payne and Rhodes of both assemblies. He wanted us to move on with him to a Christian Conference at Valdabenas (?) supervised by a most godly Baptist. I believe faith failed me and I refused, really on account of insufficient funds, and I believe I lost from this. We went to Zarragossa, our second notable visit to a notable and very catholic city. After we had secured some rooms by dint of Dutton's scholarly attainments, in Spanish, I told him he could pray and I would do the parading. The streets seemed packed and a large number of young people about. In fear and trembling, coupled with the knowledge of "*To this Man will I look,*" I sallied forth with my overhead texts. The people seemed amazed. Some few ridiculed, but I did not stop for anyone, as the police were in much evidence, and I knew to let them recover their wits would mean my captivity. Had I only extended my tour so as to enter the street from the opposite end, or still better, dismounted my texts as I drew nigh the same first street, I would have escaped, at least, until the next day. Let any

AN EVANGELIST'S TRAVELS

reader take counsel under such circumstances. Go back to your own country another way and so escape Herod. Well, I escaped Herod until the approach to the hotel came, entering the main road by the same end, I was recognised and immediately arrested. Oh, what an evening followed, whilst Joe peacefully slumbered, for which I was glad for his sake. First, there was a sort of Committee of consultation, then to the headquarters to the Mayor of the city we went. Oh, what a ceremony and scene! I was addressed in French and told as he reviewed the dangerous displayed messages that on no account would the laws of Spain allow such a work to go on, that I could go back to my hotel free if I promised to roll up my texts. Well, I had had a splendid evening. Hundreds of people had seen the message, and to refuse would only mean a forced captivity and trouble to others. Besides, they little knew two things: (1) that Dutton was still to come on the scene, (2) that a fine packet of material was waiting for the next day's distribution at the post office. I returned then after consenting to the Mayor and his officials to abide by his laws, and had to content myself with a hearty supper and a distribution to the hotel people. Next day, I left Dutton behind to distribute in that vast city, but without texts, as it meant the distribution would have been stopped. I went from another station to Barcelona and had a good distribution on the train and at the junction. Dutton rejoined me later and we had a nice further time in Barcelona, and were indeed sorry to say good-bye to the Payne family. We visited Don Rodrigrez at Figueras Mission and enjoyed a pleasant evening, and went on to the frontier, where we made the mistake of changing our Spanish money into French from a man in the corridor of the train instead of at the frontier. He gave us a much lower exchange, and only by Dutton's quick eye did we escape getting the wrong amount as he was counting. These men on the trains are not to be trusted.

We made a little demonstration at Port Bow and went on to Perpinyan, where we had a big distribution in spite of the rain, and were glad to be back in France. Dutton bought new canvas for the enlargement and repair of his

INSULTED BUT UNDAUNTED

tent, and I met a number of Spaniards, and so to Narbonne, a difficult place, and Nimes, an easy Protestant centre where the French were in the excitement of a partial mobilization for occupying the Rhine to extort German debts. We met numbers of French soldiers, and had a capital distribution and spoke to many. It was Ascension Day and the place was en fête and people seemed rather to approve our manifestation. What a difference after Spain!

We made our way to Bordeaux where we made our second big demonstration for a week-end, and had some little differences and obstruction from certain, but not all, of the police; however, not enough to stop us, for we continued all the time. I had a glass of wine thrown into my face, but that was but a detail of the insults my Blessed Lord received. We had a little fellowship with the l'Armee du Salut and left with one casualty, a broken cistern basin which cost us 100 francs. Dutton then went to Paris via Angoulême, Poitiers, Tours, and I, via Rochelle to Nantes to Brooks.

* * * * *

(The following Cannes remarks I gathered from Mr. Dutton verbally and have related as given by him).

Commander Salwey decided to accept my strong call, not from Macedonia, but to Cannes, so he, after visiting some places in the late and still dilapidated War area, came on to Paris and rejoining me once more, we made for Lyons, where we had liberty in spite of opposition, visiting the Squires family and their meeting; and went on to Montier Mornex in Haute Savoie, passing a night at Chamberry, a quaint place in the mountains, arriving in a snowstorm at a military funeral where we distributed with texts, and people looked surprised but took what we offered. An anxious soul in the hotel and another one or two in the town rewarded us for the severity of the weather. A splendid week-end was spent with Mr. and Mrs. Stocker, and Madame and Mademoiselle Challand at Villa Emmanuel in the

AN EVANGELIST'S TRAVELS

mountains, in deep snow 2000 feet above the sea. People were tobogganning on the Lord's Day. I had a sort of 'flu attack and had to *aller coucher*, but Commander Salwey met the Geneva folk who had come out to desecrate the Lord's Day ski-ing, and tobogganning. He was heavily snow-balled and the crowd was more angry than playful, but he was not hurt. We enjoyed the fellowship of the Stockers and Challands and of a C. I. Missionary and his wife on furlough. We left for the lower level again through Chamberry and Lyons to Valence, where we had a good time in that large town, and on to Marseilles, staying at the l'Armée du Salut and visiting the Thorpes and Willeys. What a tour with texts! But my companion became ill the morning we were leaving, but managed to get on to Arneras at Cannes via Toulon where a brief visit found him meeting with some hot opposition in the streets, not from the people but from the police. However, he survived it all by Grace and the following Goodness and Mercy of God, on this as on every day of one's life. At Cannes the Commander went on into the North of Italy and I set up my gospel tent after a lot of Roman Catholic opposition. I proved H. Arnera to be indeed a man of right hand fellowship.

Here we got a nice, waste piece of ground which was given us for two or three months, but after about six weeks, withdrawn from us; but not before souls had decided and some had heard the testimony, and also preaching which could be heard from the near precincts of the Convent.

Commander Salwey adds these notes since his friend's death :—

Mr. Dutton bought a Gospel Tent in England and fresh canvas to augment it in France. He was considerably helped in this by the Bonnes Nouvelles group of Christians and some others, and for the furniture and accessories, such as lighting of the tent, by Messieurs Guillot, Lourde, Leonard and others generously helping.

A GREAT EXPLOIT

For four seasons—1920, 1921, 1922 and 1923—he pitched this tent, three years in Paris and one in Cannes. Everyone knows, or should know, that tent work is always laborious and difficult even in protestant countries such as England. How much more so in Paris and Cannes!

In a rough neighbourhood of Paris he rented a field, set up his tent with two hired men to help him, and slept in it every night as its solitary interior guardian, but with a fully sufficient exterior One, viz., the Angel of the Lord, encamping round about it (Psalm xxxiv. 7). He got out his gospels which he could together to preach, whilst he himself notices, collected the saints together, and got the best evangelist as doorkeeper. These were difficult times with mocking young folk, while some police bulldogs tore his canvas one night, which he soon got repaired. He engaged the late M. Tissot, Swiss Evangelist, Cholet and others to speak, and at Cannes was much aided. Souls were saved and others blest.

Mr. Dutton has left no notes of this, but as it was quite one of the most original and bold ventures for His Master which he ever undertook, I append these few remarks. Very often the best work of a Christian is that which he least refers to. Certainly it is so in this case. Where are the Christians, French or English, to carry on such a work as this? The Lord stir up some to follow in his wake.

Mr. Dutton Continues His Own Story.

AMERICA AND WEST INDIES.

I ALWAYS kept a small sum of money in the Bank to cover my responsibility for the rent of my apartments, and I found this sum began to be somewhat considerable. Not having any desire to save money, but to spend it for the Lord, I became exercised about it, and after some prayer, I thought it might be of the Lord to visit America. I had never been to New York, and often had a desire to go. I found the great Atlantic Liner s.s. *Berengeria*, one of the largest, if not the largest steamer afloat. I think, as far as I can remember, the passage from Cherbourg was about 2000 francs, 2nd class. I accordingly took my ticket, furnished myself with suitable clothing, bade adieu to my dear friends, the Salweys, and left the Gare St. Lazare Station on the 27th October, 1923. I had my texts, did some distribution on the train, and in due time we got to Cherbourg. The s.s. *Berengeria* had not arrived, and we had rather a long wait on the tender. I had my texts showing, but nobody seemed to take any notice, until a Jew commenced to swear terribly, blaspheming the name of Jesus. I could not stand that. The man was evidently drunk. I sternly rebuked him and commenced to give my testimony, that I was a believer in Jesus saved by His finished work on Calvary. I had very good attention and hoped the word was with power. In due time the tender put off and it was blowing hard. The *Berengeria* had arrived and as we approached, it seemed like approaching a town. She seemed to be one mass of electric lights. Quite an army of stewards

ACROSS THE ATLANTIC

were waiting us to take charge of our baggage and conduct us to our cabins. We were all desperately hungry, and by and by the welcome sound of the gong summoned us to dinner, or rather supper.

The speed of this great Leviathan was over 500 miles per day, and, with the exception of a slow down on account of rain and mist, she made the voyage well within a week. There was some excitement among the passengers on account of the Immigration regulations of the U.S.A., who only allowed a certain number of each nation to enter during the month. However as we were pretty near the end of the month we were in hopes we would get through alright. The voyage was uneventful and in due time we saw what seemed to be a long row of houses rising out of the sea. Soon we entered the Hudson River and could see houses on each side. It was night when we passed the Statue of Liberty, and soon we had about half-a-dozen herculean-looking little tugs trying to get the huge hull of the *Berengeria* alongside her berth. The shouting and excitement was considerable on the part of the people congregated on the wharf who recognised friends on the steamer. However nobody was allowed to land and we spent the night on board. In the morning we all had to pass the Doctor; which was a very formal affair. He simply looked at you, and you passed on. The Immigration Officer was more difficult. He wanted to know how much money one had, etc. Fortunately I had that morning received a letter from dear T. B. of N. J., which served as a sort of introduction and after seeing all my luggage which consisted of 14 different pieces, I passed through the gates of the Cunard Company's Dock and found myself in New York. I had only two addresses in my pocket, Mr. Richard Owens and Mr. T. B. of New Jersey. It was Saturday and I spent the afternoon in walking about being filled with wonder at the skyscrapers. One building I counted had 43 stories. With the exception of the immense buildings I must confess I was not impressed with New York. In my humble judgment, Berlin, Paris, Vienna, and London are much finer cities. I found everything very dear, only a very second rate hotel where you had to pay two dollars for a room per day, but

AN EVANGELIST'S TRAVELS

I was surprised at the Restaurants. No doubt New York takes the lead for cheap lunches. All you have to do was to go to some of the little glass trap-doors arranged around the walls, put your nickels in the slot and like magic the door flew open and you had your choice of delicious savoury stews, sweets, fruits, etc., etc. In fact for a dollar you could dine well.

On the Lord's day morning I lost no time in reporting myself to dear Mr. R. O. I found him quite a patriarchal-looking brother over 80, but seemingly active and alert. He kindly gave me the address of the Meeting Room. After the meeting I was invited to dinner at their house, and found them both genial, kind, and hospitable. In fact I had reason to thank God for their kindness as I was often asked to their house for my meals.

In the afternoon Mr. O. advised me to go and see the African meeting of believers, situated in the Harlem district of New York, where quite a colony of Africans, about 200,000 if I mistake not, reside. I received a very cordial welcome among them and was asked to take the Gospel meeting at night. I found the meeting a large one, about 150 meeting for worship, and was much impressed with the devout and real spirit of praise and worship. They had also a large, well-ordered Sunday School and some half dozen or so of godly men leading the meeting.

I had not much money when I landed in New York, and paying two dollars per night for my bed, living at the Restaurants, and having nowhere to put my 14 large pieces, containing the model of the Tabernacle caused me some anxiety. I felt led to keep to the African Meeting at 124th Street. One prayer meeting night I felt led to mention that I had fourteen packages at the Cunard Company's Shipping Office, and as I could not very well take them all to an hotel, would they make it a matter of prayer that I might be led in the matter. Bro. B. got up towards the close of the meeting and said, "your prayers are answered," I have a room you can have and we can stow the model in the basement. I found that my room would not be ready till the following Monday. I lost no time in giving the order for my things to be sent to No. 50, 84th Street, for which I had to pay

DAILY DEPENDENCE UPON GOD

fifteen dollars. This left me with only about a dollar in my pocket. I fortunately found a lodging house where I could get a nice clean cubicle for 50 cents. However, on the Saturday night I had not even this amount, and after trying two hotels where I told them they could keep my watch in pledge for a bed (which offer was very politely refused), there was nothing for it but to pass the night in the streets. Fortunately the night was fine, but being the month of December, it was very cold. I remember that I got on to Broadway, and thinking I was walking in the direction of the river, after walking I feel sure about 10 miles, I found I was getting on to the outskirts of the City. I had no wish to wander about in the country so turned my face again towards the river. I found the underground railway was much warmer than the streets, and with the few coppers that remained in my pocket I passed the rest of the night and morning, sleeping in one of the stations. On Sunday morning I went to the worship meeting without any breakfast. After the meeting a dear young brother B. asked me to his house for dinner. I think they had roast duck and peas; needless to say how I enjoyed that dinner; and then the rest on the clean white bed. At night I was not asked to take part in the Gospel meeting, but a young sister who sat next to me, shaking hands after the meeting, slipped a dollar bill into my hand. Oh how I had been praying that my dear Lord would not allow me to walk about another night, and this very sweet answer to prayer caused me to raise a note of praise. Fifty cents for a bed and then fifty cents for breakfast. How very thankful I felt. The next day I was comfortably installed in a nice room at Bro. B's with hot air, etc. I stayed with this dear man the whole time I was in New York. I spent my time in going to the meetings, was able to show the Model of the Tabernacle, and have some meetings which were well attended; and walking about Water Street and the neighbourhood showing Overhead Texts. I was also asked to speak at some of the large Conferences of Christians. I was able to show the model of the Tabernacle in several places round New York. I was much impressed with the work carried on by Mr. and Mrs. Holmgreen at the St. James Slip Mission near Water

AN EVANGELIST'S TRAVELS

Street. This work is carried on in connection with the Assemblies and is similar to the famous McAuley Mission in Water Street. Every night hungry men are given a steaming hot cup of coffee, or tea, and some bread and butter, and then a short Gospel Service. Already there are some real gems of Christians through this effort, and so these dear, brave souls plod on. They have quite a band of earnest workers around them. Mr. Holmgreen is engaged in business during the day. They have a Scripture sign over the building which can be seen by the passengers in the train coming from New Jersey, about which a very interesting little tract has been written.

During the War I had a visit from a Mr. A. H., a young Bermudian, a school-teacher, who visited England and France to study. He came to Paris to perfect his studies in French. I was able to help him somewhat in the matter of getting lodgings, and he also accompanied me in my street Testimony in Paris. I told him if he would take a Gospel tract and read very slowly and distinctly the people would understand him. I shall never forget the hearing we got, and as I was selling the Scriptures at that time the people bought freely. After his return to Bermuda several letters passed between us, and I was sorry to get a letter stating he had been called home. He was a fine promising young fellow and an earnest Christian. It was a great blow to all his friends in Bermuda. In one of my letters I mentioned I would like to pay them a visit in Bermuda, little thinking that I ever could accomplish this. Indeed I was very hazy as to the whereabouts of the Island, until I went to one of the Shipping Offices in Broadway, and found it was only a matter of 700 miles from New York, the steamer doing the trip in about two or three days.

I must not forget to mention the kindness of the Assembly at 134th Street. They gave me a suit of clothes, besides a money gift; in fact the spirit of giving seems to be abroad amongst them, and as a result God opens His bounteous hand and pours a corresponding blessing upon them. Oh the poverty of some Assemblies who have never learned the grace of giving, grinding along with no oil! Well might the Blessed Lord say of such, "I would you were either cold or

BERMUDA: "THE PEARL OF THE OCEAN"

hot. I counsel thee to buy of Me," etc. Well, these dear ones have bought a large Methodist Chapel on 133rd Street, with a big and flourishing Sunday School. The building will hold about 600 people. The Lord is working amongst them, souls are getting saved on the right hand and on the left. The leading brethren in other meetings are giving them support and help. They issue a monthly Journal, full of good sound instruction for the children of God called *The Testimony*, which compares favourably with any issue of its kind. Its circulation is increasing. The price, one dollar per annum, is modest enough and in these days of the "Printed Page," why should not many of God's dear children help in this direction.

BERMUDA.

Well, we left New York in February on the s.s. *Arcadian*, having previously written to my friends the Hodgsons of my intention to pay them a visit. Great blocks of ice filled the Hudson. It was bitterly cold, in fact in all my life I never felt the cold more than during the last few days I was in New York; twice I had to take refuge in a restaurant in going a few blocks, to have a hot cup of coffee. I found the steamer specially fitted up for tourists with nice comfortable berths, and we soon felt the bitter cold of New York change into the soft balmy air of the south. Sitting on the deck admiring the beautiful scene I noticed a bright silver gleam skimming over the waves, then another. It was the first time I had ever seen flying fish. We soon became quite accustomed to them. They seemed to me to be about the size of a herring, and I found later on they were delicious eating. In due time we saw a faint line on the horizon. I was sitting at breakfast when we entered the channel, which some one said we were close to. I arose to look out of the port-hole of the dining room, and must confess a lovelier scene it would be hard to imagine. There were beautiful white houses in their setting of dark green; profusion of flowers of all colours; gleaming white roads. Well might Bermuda be called the pearl of the ocean. In due time we were alongside the quay. Passing the customs was a very informal affair. You had only to say you had nothing to declare, and the white chalk mark entitled you to pass

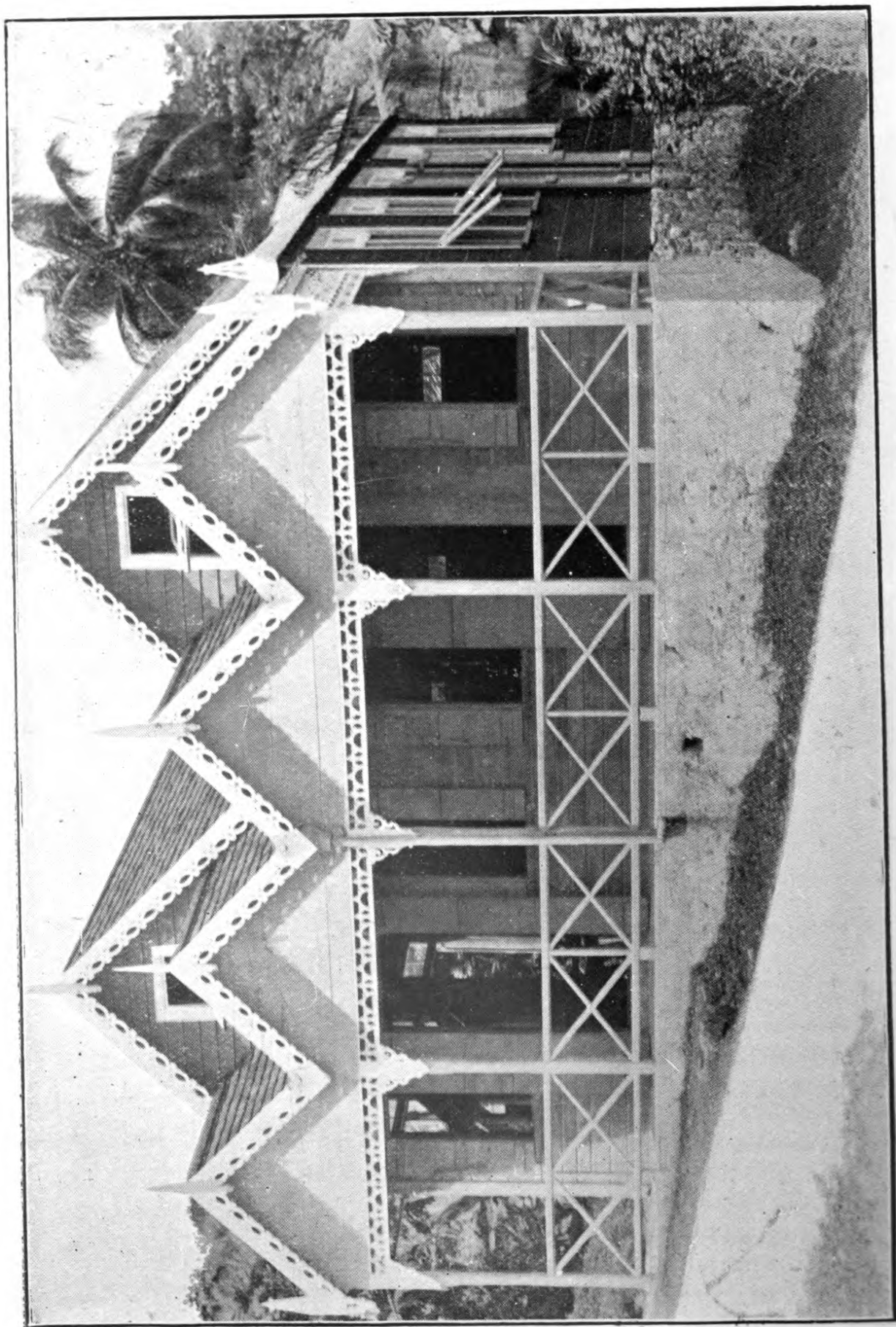
AN EVANGELIST'S TRAVELS

through. I was glad to find Mr. Alex H. waiting for me. He told me he would look after my luggage, so we went both to his office. I always had in my mind it was the father who managed the business, but found the father lived at Crawl and had a large farm. After some time of waiting I was put in a buggy (there are no motor cars in Bermuda, but beautiful clean buggies and fine looking horses). We were soon bowling along to Crawl. The road ran along the sea front, and a beautiful drive it was. In due time we arrived at our destination, and an old patriarchal gentleman came to welcome me. I got a very hearty reception from everybody. After some chatting another brother came in, Mr. P. who lived close by. I found these two to be leading brethren in the meeting. The Meeting Room was close by, a solid stone building holding about 150, built on the sea front.

About the year 1875 a British Blue Jacket named Robt. Suckling, Coxswain to the Admiral of the Fleet, one day was led doubtless of God to turn down a lane and speak to a family named Butterworth about their souls' salvation. God blessed His precious word, and the next visit the sailor paid to the Island, he sought them out and put the matter of baptism before them. Much against the wish of their friends and neighbours they obeyed the Lord in this matter, and were led further to see the simple way of gathering to the name of the Lord. A Colonel Wyne had some meetings about the same time and was also able to put these truths before his hearers. From this has sprung into existence six Assemblies in different parts of the Island. There is also a large Assembly of Portugese. In all these Assemblies the Gospel is faithfully preached, and the word of God is ministered. During my visit to the Island I was able to visit them all. God blessed my visit to quite a number of precious souls, and what a joy it was to hear the Testimony of the dear young converts. One young fellow, G.R., the champion Marathon runner of the Island had won the cup twice, and the third time it was to be his. But he was won for Christ, and instead of running for a cup, commenced to run for a crown of Life, shutting his ears to the cry of the worldlings around him. During my visit to Crawl I had a visit from



THE TRIBUNE OFFICE, NEW YORK



MISSION HALL, WEST INDIES.

THE EXCEEDING KINDNESS OF GOD'S PEOPLE

W. S., a young man in the meeting at Long Bay. This young man seemed to me to be quite a young Timothy. Every day at the dinner hour at the large Government Dock Yard for repairing the warships, he and a few others hold their daily Bible reading. They are also able to sing. These daily meetings have continued for a number of years and are going on yet. The young men were not afraid to testify in the open air, also one dear young fellow went about with overhead texts (A. S.) quite a preacher in his way. When I was leaving the Island the dear brethren gave me a farewell meeting and dear Mr. Hodgson in the name of the dear brethren and sisters asked me to accept a gift of £40, made up from all the Assemblies. I must say when the Island of Bermuda became a faint outline on the distant horizon I felt indeed sad at parting from such kind people. The work is entirely among Africans, only a very few sprinkling of whites among the meetings. They are seldom visited by Evangelists yet they continue to grow in grace and in the knowledge of the Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. It was a real treat to be at some of their Conferences which are held twice or thrice a year. Each assembly chooses a ministering brother. Mr. H., senior, generally presides and the Conferences I attended seemed to me to be under the guidance of the Holy Spirit.

Before leaving dear old Bermuda I feel I must say something about the H—— family. Their kindness to me continued from the first to the last. Mr. Harold H. kindly invited me to his house for a week or two's rest before I left for Barbados, and the kindness of Mrs H. was above praise. Mr. and Mrs. H. have had seven children. They are all actively engaged in the Lord's work. The eldest son Arthur who came to visit Paris, was much loved by all the Christians on the Island. The Lord took him to Himself shortly after his return from Europe. Mr. Alex. H., engaged in business, is a gifted and consecrated worker. How many happy seasons of fellowship and prayer I have spent in his office. The Lord is using him very much and he hopes when the Lord opens up his way with his intended, to launch out wholly devoting himself to the Lord's work. Mr. and Mrs. H. are well-known for their gifts to workers on

AN EVANGELIST'S TRAVELS

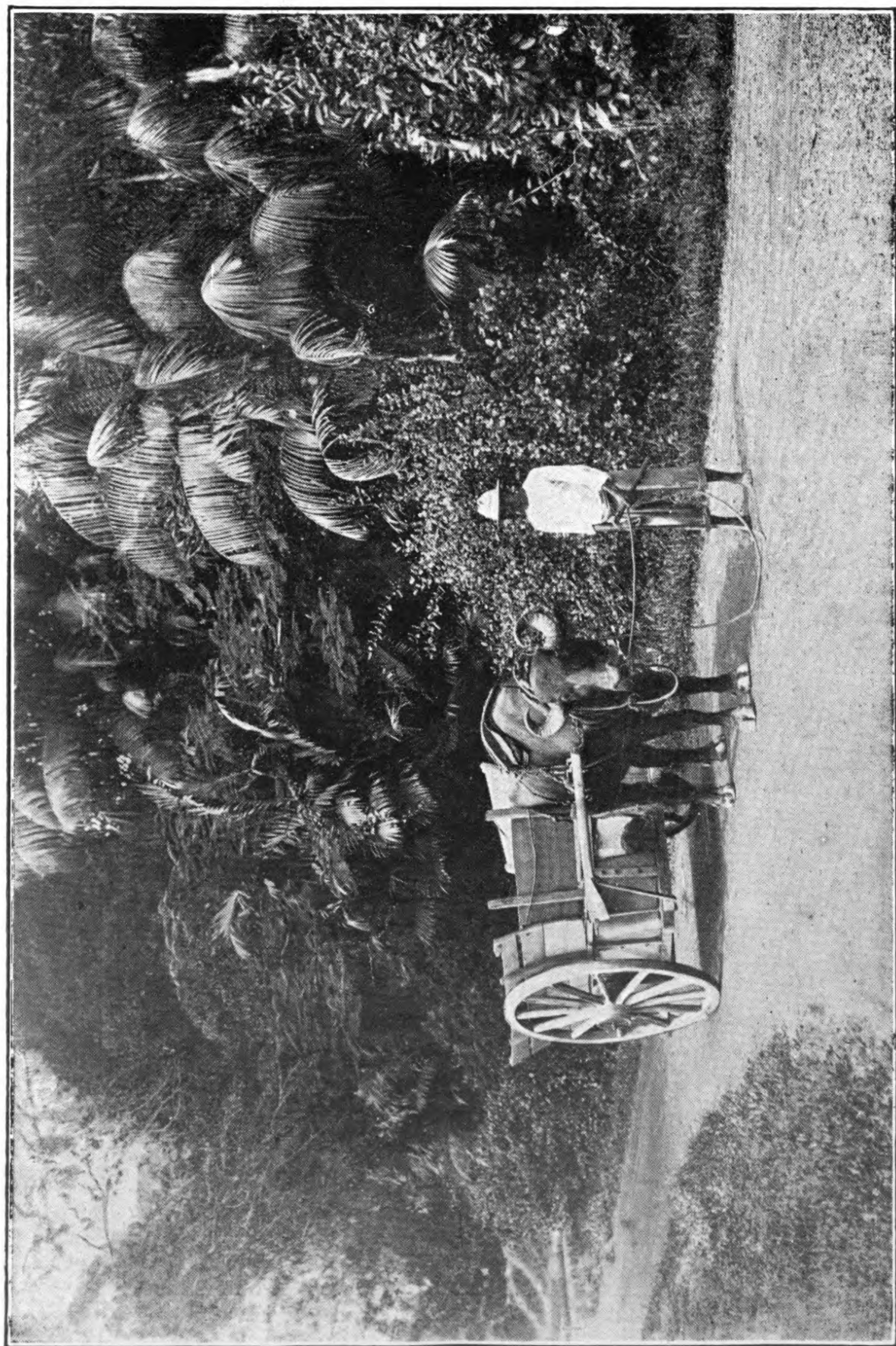
the mission field. Two sons help them on the farm. One of the daughters is a school teacher and has won some of the scholars for Christ, and the other daughter helps in the housework. I must not forget also to mention the kindness of Mr. R. S. at Paget; indeed of the whole assembly meeting in that part of the Island.

BARBADOS.

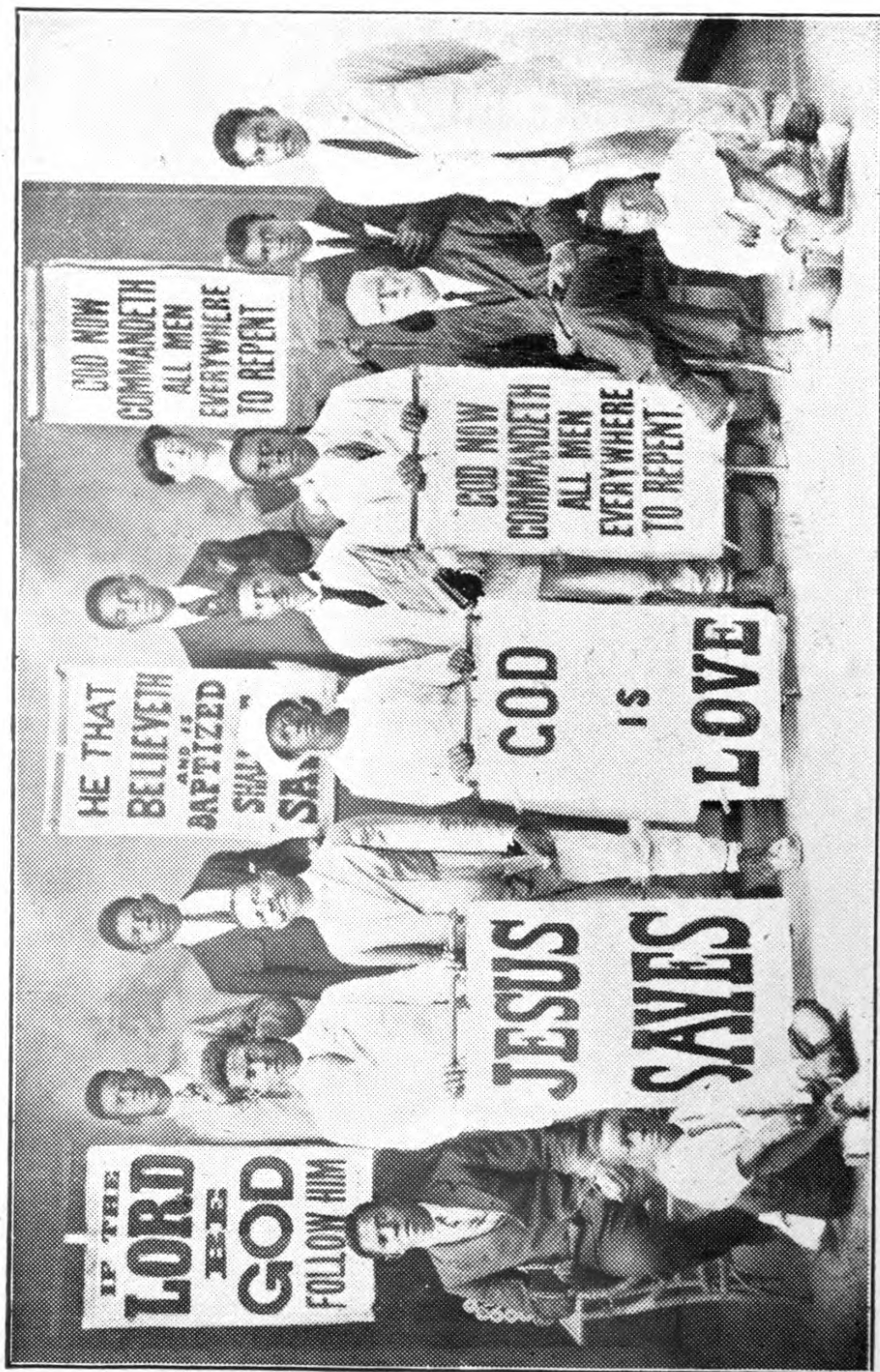
My next place to visit was Barbados. The trip took us I think about a week. I had written to Mr. C., who very kindly was waiting for me at the quay with his buggy and soon drove me up to his very pleasant quarters at Dayrells Road. Just before we got to his house, we passed Mr. Sparrow's house, and the dear old patriarch was on the verandah waving his hand. It was quite an inspiration to see his beautiful white hair and beard, and although a good deal over eighty, he was bright and active in the Lord's work.

Before going on further I must mention the really good time the Lord gave me on board the steamer. I found out two or three Christians on board, and got permission from the Captain to hold a deck Gospel meeting on the Saturday on the No. 5 hatch. I may say a theatrical party got permission to have their show on the promenade deck. After some prayer in our little cabin another passenger and myself took our stand. We had the carpenter with us, who was a Christian, and a very dear lady passenger from Demerara, who was not ashamed to stand with us. Well we felt helped of God. Our text was Romans i. 16. We ought not to be ashamed of the Gospel of Christ. Paul wasn't, etc. Some of the dear theatre people listened well, and we returned to our cabin to return thanks to God for His manifest help. The lady from Demerara gave me a very cordial invitation to visit her should I come to Demerara. She mentioned incidentally that she once heard Mr. P. give an address at the grave-side of one of her friends which she never forgot. It seemed to have made a great impression upon her.

I found at Barbados seven Assemblies in all. A very large one at Dayrells Road. This work began through a sister now in England, who gathered a few children in



A VIEW IN THE WEST INDIES



A Group taken at Bermuda, showing Mr. Dutton with some of the workers of the Assemblies there.

WORKERS AT BARBADOS

a small room at the back of the present large hall holding about 600. A Sunday School of, I think, about 1000 children. This work is now under the care of Mr. and Mrs. Curtis. Mr. and Mrs. Large from Swansea have come out for the work also. Mrs. C. was suffering very much from a form of chronic catarrh, and it is hoped during her present visit to England she will recover. Oh, how kind they were to me! One who travels about will realise what a blessing missionaries are in the different countries to which the Lord sends them. Well, I visited all the Assemblies, and stayed a month or so with dear, plodding Mr. and Mrs. Nicholls of St. Elizabeth. This part of Bermuda is on the North side of the Island; the huge rollers coming in from the Atlantic, and the fantastic shape of some of the immense boulders lying scattered along the sea front; the fleet of tiny boats engaged in catching flying fish, of which the Barbadians are very fond, and for which they go out early in the morning when the weather permits, all make up a scene of surpassing grandeur and beauty. I must not forget to mention a lady named Miss H., who, although suffering much from heart trouble, finds time and strength to write cheering letters to many a weary worker, and whose name often appears in the religious periodicals in front of substantial sums to aid in the Lord's work. The writer thanks God for her kindness in this direction. The Lord has blessed the work under the care of Mr. and Mrs. Nicholls. They have had the joy of baptizing quite a few lately, and their special week of prayer has been largely attended. There are three Assemblies in this part of the Island.

I finished up my work in the last Assembly, composed entirely of Africans, and I found them kind, godly and hospitable. Owing to some alterations in the hall I did not have as many meetings as I would have liked, but their children's treat was I think the most enjoyable children's treat I have ever been to. They had been drilling up all the year for it, and the singing and recitations were very much above the average. Everybody felt it was good to be there, doubtless some dear ones had been wrestling with God for a special blessing.

I may say grace was given to me to carry my texts about

AN EVANGELIST'S TRAVELS

and one fete day, Armistice Day I think it was, thousands gazed with something more than curiosity as I walked about the main square packed with people. Oh, may God bless the dear text carriers as they walk about with their silent messages of God's Word to precious, perishing souls is the humble prayer of the writer of these lines.

I was sorry to leave dear Mr. Sparrow suffering very much. Every now and again he has most dreadful attacks and pains in the head, that leave him quite exhausted, but sometimes in a very few minutes he recovers and is as bright and lively as usual.

ST. VINCENT.

My next place was St. Vincent. Dear Mr. and Mrs. Peers, both of them Canadians from Toronto, I think, gave me another very warm reception as I landed with over-head texts displayed. All the family were on the quay to meet me. The children seemed quite enthusiastic over the texts. Dear Miss Millington I found suffering very much from some internal trouble.

I found Mr. Peers a lively, go-ahead Canadian and full of zeal for the Lord. They have quite a large Gospel Hall in Kingstown in a good situation, a goodly number in fellowship and the Gospel meetings on Sunday nights well attended. Miss Millington has a large school, but owing to illness it has been taken over by Mr. Peers. I was able also to visit the Leper Hospital and also an adjoining hospital for contagious cases. Some of the lepers are Christians, and they meet on Lord's Day for the breaking of bread. They seem to be well cared for, and Miss Millington has been able to help them somewhat. When one looked at their poor bodies and saw the terrible ravages made by the disease, one could not help but think of the much more terrible ravages made by sin, of which leprosy in the Scriptures is such a striking type. There was also Gospel work being carried on in a village a few miles outside the town. I showed the model of the Tabernacle. We had a very good attendance, and also some very good Gospel meetings. Mr. Peers and I spent a week on a small island about 15 miles off. We started off in fine weather, but ran into a storm just near the island, and both

GOODLY FELLOWSHIP AMONGST THE SAINTS

Mr. Peers and myself thought our boat would surely turn over. Once or twice she seemed going over, but the boatman hardly took any notice of it. We found a nice number of Christians in the meeting. We had meetings I think every night, and quite a number of them walked about five miles to see us off. They seemed to much enjoy our visit.

During my stay Miss Millington, with her dear sister, acting under the advice of the doctor at Kingstown, returned to England for an operation, which one is thankful to say was quite successful, and she is returning to her much-loved work in St. Vincent, probably to spend the rest of her days, or until the Lord comes, which will be far better.

GRANADA.

My next place, Granada, had no kind friends to smile at me when I approached the landing. This looked ominous, but when I got up to the beautiful-looking Mission House, nestling in a bower of flowers and trees, the cordial and kind reception of Miss W. banished all my fears. She explained why they could not be at the landing, but had sent their faithful boy. I was shown into a cosy bedroom, and fairly revelled in the enchanting view of the bay and the wooded mountains. I found the work here prospering, and the blessing of God resting upon the labours of dear Mr. and Mrs. M'K.* Poor Mr. W. after having spent his life, or the most part of it and built up an Assembly; owing to some spinal trouble had to leave and return to England. The Lord called him shortly after out of this world of sin to shine for Him among the shining ones. What a reward awaits this dear one. May his home-call stir us all up to more entire consecration in the Lord's service.

I was able also to visit an Island called Carriacou, where I found some very dear saints of God. We had a few meetings which were well attended. Oh how I enjoyed the return trip by sailing boat. The beautiful moonlight, the calm peaceful scene, and solemn thoughts of the Mighty Creator caused one's soul to go out to God in adoration and praise. I had some meetings in a small town, where Mr. M'K. had rented a large room. The meetings were very well attended and by the way the people listened we felt convinced God

*Presumably Miss Weston and the M'Kays.

AN EVANGELIST'S TRAVELS

was working. I am glad to hear that they have begun to remember the Lord's death. One young man, I am sorry I forget his name, was a great help and was my host during my visit.

I had the joy of meeting dear Mr. and Mrs. James A. Kingsland. They have a work going on in a place called Laura. I was able to have some interesting meetings in this place. After we had finished the meetings I was taken in their buggy right up among the lofty mountains of Grenada. As we turned the road and looked across what a sight met the eye. Far away one could see the white line of foam on the sea front. Some of the buildings of the town nestling among the vivid green of the surrounding foliage. The tall graceful palms everywhere. The large caddage palm towering above them all. I found Mr. and Mrs. K.'s house perched upon a ledge of rock running out of the mountain side. What a spot for a rest house. A cool breeze almost continually blows. This is the desire of our dear Brother and sister that the Lord would send the means for this* I feel sure it would come as a great boon to many of the West Indies' Missionaries. Their present house is not weather proof. It has been a good deal shaken by the late tornado. The Lord is blessing the work and I spent perhaps some of the happiest moments of my life there. A river close by or rather a mountain torrent gives opportunity for a bathe in its refreshing waters. There are monkeys in the neighbourhood, but they are very timid and not often seen.

TRINIDAD.

My next place was Trinidad. I only stayed here about two weeks, being anxious to get to Martinique whence Mr. Delanis whose acquaintance I had made in France at Havre had been writing to me, ever since I left France, to pay them a visit. I stayed I think two Sundays at Trinidad and was more than surprised at what I saw there. The finest Gospel Hall I think I have ever been in, with a Sunday School running nearly to four figures if I remember rightly. All this is the plodding work of Mr. and Mrs. M'Lachlan and their sons, all consecrated to the service of the Lord. A further surprise awaited me on visiting dear Mr. and Mrs.

*A Rest Home for Missionaries.

WHERE THERE IS NO BIBLE

Spencer where they have a very fine hall, which I believe is already too small, so they are building another one. Tent work is carried on nightly in the outskirts of the town, and Mr. M'Callum, a Scotch brother, is doing a good work in another part. From all those dear brethren I had a cordial welcome. I was able to walk about with texts in the main streets, which brought out some of the dear Christians to say a word of cheer for which I am sure I was truly thankful. Dear Mr. Spencer saw me off on a large maritime steamer flying the French Tri-colour.

IN THE FRENCH ISLANDS OF MARTINIQUE, GUADELOUPE, AND MARIE GALANTE.

What a difference nationality, religion and language make in the habits and manners of any people! I found, on entering the French Colonies, pretty much the same conditions one meets in France, even although the vast majority of the people had never been outside their own little Island. I must confess, over and over again have I thanked God for being born in a country where the Bible was revered and in many cases loved. Oh England, what do you owe to the Bible! Well might our beloved Queen Victoria, when asked the secret of England's greatness: point to the Bible. Well might Queen Elizabeth on the day of crowning appear in the pageant carrying a Bible. Getting into French lands the first thing one always feels is this terrible lack. We had three priests on the steamer and the youngest of them shared my room. I found him very interesting and quite willing to converse upon spiritual matters.

After spending many years of my life in a Catholic country my firm conviction is that a more diabolical system of religion could not possibly have been invented. Its ministers clothed in black are a fit emblem of the Prince of Darkness, who I am sure invented it. It stultifies all aspirations after God in the soul; supplanting the simple doctrine of substitution, with numerous legal obligations thus dethroning the Christ of God. Witness in these French Islands nearly half the women or more than that, carrying gold medals of the Virgin, besides innumerable shrines at the

AN EVANGELIST'S TRAVELS

cross roads of the Virgin and child. The effect produced upon many of its votaries is that of lying and deception. For when one offers Catholics in France the evangile it is quite common to hear them say, "I cannot read." It seems destitute of the Holy Spirit of God, although I would not like to say, that even in a Catholic Chaple He does not work. France is a land without the Bible, and the same applies to its Colonies.

I found dear Mr. and Mrs. Delanis on the quay waiting for me. Dear me, what a warm reception I got. Kissed of course on both cheeks which is the custom in France. He soon procured a hand-cart and all my belongings which, by the way, seem to accumulate as I go along passed the customs, except the bicycle which had to be dealt with later. I found he lived on the outskirts of Port de France, the name of the principal town of Martinique. His original idea I think was to work on faith lines, but after some time this plan was changed and he being a first-class salesman found he could make a good living by representing French Houses in different lines. I am sure in all my travels I never met kinder people, but I very soon discovered there was that which I am sorry to say interrupted somewhat our fellowship, although we parted the best of friends. I found he was a fervent Pentecostalist. He could speak with tongues, do all sorts of wonders, although many poor suffering ones lay on beds of affliction in the hospital close by. I told him firmly and plainly I did not believe we had now pentecostal gifts, and to assume we had was only to bring ridicule on the work of God. Nevertheless we kept good friends and the time passed all too quickly. I was allowed perfect liberty and was given the Sunday night and Thursday night meetings, Mr. Delanis adding some words at the finish. He had a good voice and was a good speaker, and I was sorry his usefulness was curtailed in this way.* I ought to mention a visit dear Mr. Delanis and I paid to St.

*I know both Monsieur and Madam Delanis well. They are devoted Christians on pentecostal lines, and have the tendency that so many of them have to make more of the bodily healing than a strong Gospel message. But Mr. Dutton wrote to me that he had every intention of returning to help in the Gospel. While there Mr. Delanis shewed complete sympathy with Dutton in his Gospel preaching, and felt his death terrible.—E. A. S.

SCENES OF DEVASTATION

Pierre, the town completely wiped out in a few minutes by the eruption of Mont Pelée some 26 years ago. We found a good deal of rebuilding going on. The Cathedral already had the walls half way up, and the Market was quite finished and ready for business. We also visited the condemned cell. (One man only was saved out of a population of about 40,000. He had been terribly burnt about the body but the thickness of the walls of this cell had saved him). They are still digging out the streets and finding bones and skulls. It was a gruesome sight to see quite a heap of them in the Churchyard. Mr. Delanis had a good time of distribution, I helping him. We also had some interesting talks to some people in the Churchyard. They seem very approachable in fact we felt God Himself was speaking to some of them. Doubtless in time the town will grow up again out of its ruins; but oh the desolation everywhere. One felt one would have liked to stay and work among them. Of course the fire wiped out everything. Whole families perished, and many people are now living among the ruins. Both dear Mr. and Mrs. Delanis accompanied me to the huge transatlantic steamer that was to carry me to Guadeloupe, the next French Island. I was sorry to part with my dear friend, who slipped a kind money gift into my hand at parting. It was only a few hours to the next Island and I arrived in a regular torrential tropical downpour. I did not see any of my things getting landed and I suffered somewhat, but, putting everything in my Father's hands peace came again into my soul. Although I had an umbrella, we all had to land in small boats and I was soaked through. I intended to land with overhead texts, but the rain prevented this and feeling cold I made my way to the first hotel I could find. This proved to be the best hotel in the town, and the prices correspondingly high. However I was wet through and all my things were at the Customs, so quickly undressing I went to bed. This was on a Saturday, the next day being Sunday of course I could not get anything to change all my things being under lock and key. In the evening I dressed and found I had to pay 35 francs per day for board and lodging. It was a first class hotel, and everything quite up to Paris. Of course all in French.

AN EVANGELIST'S TRAVELS

I had only one address in my pocket, that of a man named Brown who I knew was an Adventist. I went to the address and found he had gone to a place called Capesterre. I followed in a Motor Bus and found the roads very good. Splendid bridges, and huge fields of sugar cane everywhere. I may say they begin to cut the cane about October or November. I found he had gone, but I found a man who spoke English who said he was converted some years ago, and he seemed from his manner a true child of God. I found an hotel and passed the night in this place. The next day I returned to Pointe a Pitre and found my friend Brown had returned and was looking for me. I found Mr. Brown a very humble, earnest Christian, although full of Adventism. Keeping the Sabbath was to him the Alpha and Omega of everything. I may say at Martinique I found another dear man, evidently a Christian, a Mr. G. who had the same belief. I changed my hotel and found a much cheaper one not quite up to the other but everything clean and good. On turning a corner I saw printed or written in pencil *Salle a Louer*, meaning Hall to let.

I told Brown about this and so down we went on our knees and asked God to give it to us if it was His Holy will. We both went to the place, and I found the woman in charge quite willing to let it to me. I had so many things, including the Model of the Tabernacle that I was wondering how I could get them all into my small room at the hotel. The Lord doubtless saw my need and this was the result.

Oh, how glad I felt to have a place of my own where I could prepare my meals and not pay the terrible prices they were charging at even a second rate hotel. I soon had some seats made and arranged the model of the Tabernacle and in very much fear and trembling, for I thought as soon as my landlady finds out I am a protestant I will very soon get notice to quit. In fact I was afraid sometimes to go near the place, and stayed in the hotel a week longer than I had need to. Indeed, the spirit of fear seemed to have so taken hold of me that I walked about afraid to speak to anybody. This will never do I thought, so one day after much prayer, I took some Gospel, Bibles and tracts on to the public market, which was held daily, and taking my

TEXT CARRYING AT THE RACES

stand also with a few large texts; the ice was broken, and the people who had been wondering what in the world I had come to the town for, soon had their eyes opened, and instead of thinking I was some rich Englishman I very soon fell down to be only a very humble colporteur. But really I had the time of my life and I commenced selling away and preaching as well. This brought me in touch with a dear man of God called Monsieur T——, who proved to be, although engaged in business, an earnest Christian and a colporteur as well. He came up to me and we found also another Christian, a Swiss watchmaker. We immediately began meetings and we also gathered each Lord's Day to remember the Lord's death. This continued until the end of my stay in Pointe a Pitre, nearly eleven months. We saw some souls I think really saved, only one has to be careful in thinking so until you find good cause for doing so, especially in French countries.

I was able to carry overhead texts in the town pretty freely. I found also there was a large Race Course just outside the town. These races were held several times during my stay in Pointe a Pitre, and the dear Lord gave me grace and courage to go with overheads. One side: "The coming of the Lord draweth nigh," and the other side, "Flee from the wrath to come." I may say the white population of Pointe a Pitre who visited the races in their motor cars did not look very favourable upon this exhibit, and many a surprised look and frown greeted the humble text carrier as he stood with his banner held up on high. Thousands of people saw the texts and I am glad to say they received my tracts very well.

I left many friends in Pointe a Pitre. We seemed to have made some impression, or rather God's Holy Spirit softened some of them. The landlady that I was so afraid of on parting gave me a gift of ten francs, and we found some of the people really sorry at our taking leave of them. But still to Evangelize these French Colonies much tact, grace, and very much persevering prayer is needed. The people are most interesting to work amongst. Clever, keen as mustard, fine built men and women. The women as a rule hardworking, the men, some of them clever artisans. Their

AN EVANGELIST'S TRAVELS

French polish work is equal, if not superior, to European. Their cattle, strong and well-fed (here the grass grows all the year round). Their horses active, the ponies hardy-looking. How they love to gallop along. The people have their failings. Rum drinking is one of them, and the universal worship of the Virgin Mary by everybody—shrines all over the place. Oh the need! and here the humble writer of these lines is quite alone with a parish of 400,000, all Catholics.

I left by a small local steamer for the Island of Marie Galante, named by Columbus after one of his ships. It has I believe a population of 40,000. The people seem more sympathetic and friendly, still they resent anything against the Virgin, and it only angers them to tell them she is absolutely helpless to save in any way.

Mr. Dutton's Last Letters.

20th October, 1926.

Pointe à Pitre,
Guadeloupe, Les Antilles.

Beloved Commander and Family.

Jesus only.

I left the above address on the last day of last month and I have been here just 20 days. The above address will find me as the P.O. will forward all letters. I find the people all strict Catholics and very shy indeed of me and my books. Still I have been able to show texts, and I go to the markets and also at the pier-head when the weekly steamer comes in about 11 o'clock. I find I am not the first colporteur, a Mr. Phibbs or Gibbs was here about 8 years ago and seems to have sold quite a number of New Testaments. I have sold one Bible and about two dozen New Testaments; but speaking generally they will neither receive them gratuitously nor will they buy them. The fact is Rome reigns supreme here. They think far more of the Virgin than of Her most blessed Son, and when I got out of the town they called to me from the fields, "Have you got any books of the Virgin?" It is useless to tell them the Virgin cannot do anything for them whatever. Wherever I go I hear remarks: "He does not believe in the Sainte Vierge," still they seem curious to listen to my talk and I have plenty of liberty in the open air. The French Military Authorities are not against me thank God. One of their number examined my books, asked if I had my papers, and told me to "carry on." In fact the poor

MR. DUTTON'S LAST LETTERS

blacks here are timid as rabbits. Politically there are two parties. Black and Coloured (of course whites don't count). We have a black Mayor who, by the way, seems friendly and of course a black Town Council; in fact the people are not unfriendly, but the women are strong Catholics. I may get a chance in one of the Cinemas to give Une Etude Biblique, but this (D.V.) I will tell you later about.

I find my bicycle worth its weight in diamonds to get about, the roads are fairly good. One's diet is restricted to fish, potatoes and milk. Fresh meat only on rare occasions. Everything very dear indeed and one wonders how really the people live. Rum seems to be their main support, comfort and consolation. On a Sunday afternoon everybody seems muddled. You can get a glass for 2, 3, 4, and 5 sous. I only tasted it once, and then just to my lips, but oh, by far too strong liquor for me.

I suppose you will be in dear old Paris again. Wonder how dear Mr. and Mrs. Fallows got on. Prayed much for him. Didn't like to tell, but think he would do better to strike fresh ground. Go where they are all Catholics and see what you can do.

Some shooting here last Friday night. Four shots close to where I live, a groan and all over with the poor fellow. It appears he was a great bully and a young man shot him in self-defence. He seems to have been pretty well-off, judging from the grand funeral he got on the Sunday morning. Such crowds, I had the text "The coming of the Lord draweth nigh." "L'Avoumont du Seigneur esy proche." People quite careless, laughing. On the motor car "Requiesat en Paix," and the poor fellow shot dead in a bar room quarrel. Rome gets the money. That's all she seems to care about. Oh that God would work here and show the people the folly of it.

A good deal of spiritism, just seen a bill announcing two grand representations called "The Dead Hand," for Saturday and Sunday. Prices, 2-50 and 2-00.

May stay here some time if the Lord will.

Yours gratefully,

JOS. E. DUTTON.

2nd November, 1926.

Pointe a Pitre,
Guadeloupe, Les Antilles.

Beloved Commander and Family.

Jesus only.

Wondering if you are back to your old digs. I am now on the Island of Marie Galante. All Catholics and very bigoted. Last Sunday biked out to Capesterre, ten kilometres. Nearly everybody seemed to be in the only street of the town, a long wide street. Wind that I was coming, and when I began to distribute everybody on the qui vive to have a tract. I had a very good time indeed, only two little children refused. Some-

AN EVANGELIST'S TRAVELS

times the people meet you with sullen silence, and you can neither sell nor give them anything. This place was a blessed exception. One day last week in a terrible downpour I took shelter in a house. The husband laboured for about an hour to convince me that I should believe in the Virgin, what had she done to me that I should not believe in her? Was she not the Mother of God? and his fourteen children standing around all laughing and mocking. He gave me back my tracts, and said of one of them with pictures, it was the picture of a demon. I gravely suspect the man could not read.

Nothing but God's power can shake these people out of their awful indifference. The word of God seems to have no weight or power with them. The blessed Virgin will settle everything. So they do not know what sin is. However, your humble is out with his texts "The coming of the Lord draweth nigh," and "Flee from the wrath to come," and praying away with all his might that God would arouse some of them. What a devilish Devil the Devil really is to invent such a diabolical system. The people are most interesting, clever, wellmade, fine specimens of humanity, tall, intelligent, etc.

Yours because His,
JOS. E. DUTTON.

27th December, 1926.

Pointe a Pitre,
Guadeloupe, Les Antilles.

Beloved Commander,

Jesus only.

Grateful thanks for your two letters received yesterday. I am glad you are all now comfortably settled with Delphine as aid. I hope you will have much blessing. Would like to know something about Mdle. Christine, about the rue du Naples group, also something about rue du Bourgogne, also about the Le Quatres. Perhaps it might be well to send me along the small tent to Fort de France Martinique.

You seem to be doing well at Noare S.G.M., also glad to hear of new room re passing Missionaries. This to me seems a most important matter.

I am going on here every night in the Gospel in a small stable with tin roof, and the naughty boys do not forget to hammer away with stones. My Gospel address is punctuated with "Bang," "Bang," "Bang," like Kentish fire; still a good crowd gather nightly and sometimes I get their attention. The boys do what they like, and I have no means of protection, only prayer, but I feel wonderfully helped.

This is quite pioneer work, and of course resented by the priests. The people have absolute confidence in La Sainte Vierge. No sense at all of sin. No knowledge whatever of La Sainte Bible; God only by His Spirit can prepare the ground. Some are friendly, some are bitterly hostile. The

MR. DUTTON'S LAST LETTERS

children seem the worst, and the young girls seem full of religious pride, conceit, dress, etc., etc. One longs to see something of the real work of the Holy Spirit, but up to the present very little evidence of His working.

I think I shall stay on the Island (D.V.) for another two or three months, and then go further afield.

So glad to say the weather is delightful, and I think of you with gas fires. Wonder how you can breathe. Of course, when April comes, I suppose I will have to get up as high as I can in the mountains, and just spend my time writing.

I have sent a Tabernacle diagram of the Wilderness Journey to Monrocs, and told him if he cannot make out all the words to apply to you to be transferred on a plate of zinc like the others.

I am busy on a pamphlet, "The Coming World Emperor and his Prime Minister." Seems to me in view of the near approach of his awful reign, and the awful lack of the literature on the subject, while Scripture fairly teems with passages typical and otherwise about him, there is room for such a pamphlet. Would be glad if you could help me in the matter. Hope to get Diagrams of Five Temples, viz., Solomon's, Ezra's Herod's, Temple built on the return of the Jews, or part of them, and Ezekiel's. If you can do your best to get me copies, as I can easily enlarge them on Calico.

Well, I keep you busy, dear old Commander, and I am afraid I impose somewhat on your generous nature.

With many prayers for you all,

JOS. E. DUTTON.

P.S.—I find by my book you have at S.G.M. ten sets of Tabernacle Diagrams; Thirty, "Camp at Rest"; Nine, Ark of Covenant and Seven Interior of Tabernacle. How are these to be sold unless advertised? I think I will have enough cash at Lloyds to advertise. Will you kindly do so, and I will send you cheque.

Do not lower prices! £2 10 0 set of Tabernacle Pictures, 4/- each for others!

(This postscript I thought fit to leave to shew how energetic Joe Dutton was with his Tabernacle Drawings on calico; the whole proceeds of sale helped our brother with his missionary work, and many other missionaries bought his sets of pictures gladly.—E.A.S.).

Commander Salwey Records Mr. Dutton's End.

This was dear Dutton's last letter to us, full of optimism of future journeys and further Tabernacle and Temple drawings and the Lord's work in general.

At the age of 68, whilst in harness, unlike Ephraim, who,

AN EVANGELIST'S TRAVELS

when armed and carrying bows, turned back in the day of battle, he, Joe Dutton, being armed with God's Word, inside and outside, fell fighting in the thick of the fray.

He has won the V.C. of Joshua i. 7—"Only be thou strong and very courageous."

May these brief notes of a busy life spent for His Master encourage other younger men to follow in his train. That only was his object and mine in having his life notes recorded.

His sister, Mrs. Gashell of 23 Sea Bank Road, Rhye, N. Wales, and also a brother in Liverpool, naturally also wished some such record to be left for the benefit of others.

How dramatically sudden was his home-call! The Church of England burial service states that in the midst of life we are in death; but the Christian can say in the midst of death (all round us) we are in LIFE—"He that hath the Son hath life" (1 John v. 12), and "He that hath not the Son hath not life." How is it with the readers of this little book? Is it that you have life in Christ, or "not life"?

And you, dear Christian readers, will you not join with me to pray that the Lord of the harvest will thrust forth some labourers, two preferably, two is scriptural, in such sort of unevangelised spots, to follow up this dear pioneer in the French West Indies, preferably French or Swiss or Belgian, but if English, let them learn French conversationally before attempting to go out.

Mr. Dutton's French was quite good enough for such places, but he ought to have had a companion, and perhaps some medical comforts. He was taken ill suddenly about January 21st after a bicycle ride, and taking a bath unwisely, brought on congestion of the blood. Having had two previous sun-strokes, this third proved fatal. Taken to the French Hospital he apparently lapsed into unconsciousness, and as far as we have every reason to suppose, received every possible kindness and breathed his last on January 24th. He was buried by the authorities with full honours, and being Roman Catholics, under their regime. But whatever the ecclesiastical ceremonies might have been, dear Joe was already with Christ, which is very far better. Pray then for others to follow for the French West Indies, and may the Lord Jesus see of the travail of his soul and be satisfied.

P.S.—We owe to an American brother, Mr. C—, who acquainted Mr. Large of Barbados, the details of Mr. Dutton's end. This brother and Mr. Large shewed true Christian love in all they did about the matter, as also did M. et M. Delanis of Martinique. Mr. Large, called to Bath, and Mr. Vine in a letter, forwarding some of our brother's letters, wrote, "We much regret to learn of Mr. Dutton's home call. He has laid down his life for the sake of the Gospel, and was enabled to do much for the Islands of the West Indies."

E. A. S.

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