

Men of the Trail

Eyes that are narrowed and keen,
Gleaming 'neath hat brims wide;
Cheeks that are bronzed by the sun,
Vigor in pose and in stride;
Scant of their laughter and speech,
Sweet by no impatient zeal,
Yet quick unto honor's defense—
These be the men of the trail.

Paths that they follow lead far
To the heart of the hills or the plain—
To the snows that gleam white on the
crest,
To the horizon lost in the rain;
No flower byways they seek;
And duty alone is their goal;
"Our work, in the storm or the sun,"
Murmur the men of the trail.

—Denver Republican.

ONLY A JAIL-BIRD

By MAY BELLEVILLE BROWN

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Molly was maid-of-all-work, nurse, plain seamstress, butler, laundress and general factotum in the family of James B. Revell, or, as it was written on her mistress' cards, J. Barnett Revell. Her position was not a sinecure, for in each of her offices, the best work was expected of her, few liberties were given her, and her weekly stipend was no greater than that given in houses where the same work was divided among three or four. But Molly was an orphan, unsophisticated and easily imposed upon, and, besides, a vivid red mark lay across her right cheek, rendering her self-conscious and willing to hide herself anywhere.

When she looked in her mirror she did not see that her eyes were a pleasant blue, that her lips were full and rosy, that her light brown hair waved prettily back from a broad forehead—she only saw the angry looking brand burning on her cheek, and felt that she could not bear strange eyes.

When Molly sat at her kitchen window, she saw, across the neat back yard and high board fence, sandwiched between a great corn-crib and a blacksmith shop, the brick walls of the city jail—called the "callaboose" by the youngsters about town. It was a grim one-story affair, with barred windows, and had been an eyesore to Molly ever since she first saw it. Sometimes its prisoners were hilarious, and their shouts and ribald songs made her shudder, often it was empty, for Veneering was a staid, sober town.

To-night she paused between the verses of a song. The policeman on his beat was coming down the alley with a prisoner, their voices coming clearly to her across the fence. He was a new man, therefore very zealous.

"Yes! Yes!" he was saying derisively. "They all play that gag on me. I guess the sunstroke ye got was over a counter and out of a glass."

"But—but, listen to me, officer," said the man thickly, as he staggered along with the policeman's help. "I haven't touched a drop. It's the heat—I was overcome in the harvest field last month, and this is the first time I've been out—"

"Yes, an'll be your last time till you've paid your fine," put in the policeman.

"But it's true, I say," stammered the man, "and you mustn't lock me up. I'm sober—I'm sick. This is a false charge."

As he pleaded they reached the jail, and unlocking the door, the officer, with a derisive laugh, pushed the man into the inner darkness and slammed the door on him. Molly straining her ears, heard him call once or twice, then all was still. Her song stopped, and her ready sympathy went out to the poor man across the alley. Not for a moment did she doubt his story, though his thick husky voice and uncertain walk were against him, and an unusual anger burned within her. She hurried into the parlor where Mrs. Revell sat in imposing leisure.

"Oh, Mrs. Revell—ma'am! The policeman has just brought a poor sick man up for drunk, for all the man told him he was only sick from sunstroke. Won't you have Mr. Revell go and see about it?"

The mistress stared in petrified surprise, not comprehending the meaning of Molly's request. When she laughed an unpleasant, contemptuous laugh.

"Fancy!" she said in a tone that made the girl shrink. "So you want Mr. Revell to espouse the cause of a rot arrested on the street, just because you heard the creature protest that he was not drunk. You've done a good many foolish things, Molly, but this is the worst yet. Go back to your place and don't worry about your jail-bird. He'll be sick enough by morning, anyway."

Molly crept back to her kitchen, abashed but not convinced, and sat in silence by the window for an hour longer. The evening was still and very hot. She knew that the only ventilation afforded in the prisoner's room was from a single slit-like window. At last she could stand it no longer, and taking a pitcher of cold water and a small tin cup, stole out of the gate and across to the building opposite.

She peered through the bars, but the interior was in the blackest darkness. The man was breathing heavily, groaning with nearly every breath. She shook the bars gently once or twice to attract his attention, and spoke softly:

"Say, mister—listen!"

Finally she heard a motion, and in a moment the man answered weakly:

"What is it?"

"It's so hot that I've brought a pitcher of water. Don't you want a drink?"

"Yes, yes," he answered thickly and eagerly. "If you can wait till I pull myself up..."

After some struggling the man stood at the window. The light from across the opposite street cast a faint glow on the wall and window, and she could see that his face was fairly livid and his eyes bright and staring. The cup would not go through the bars until she had bent his eye, he watching her eagerly. He emptied it thirstily twice.

"You mustn't have any more," she said warningly. "Here is a cloth wet in the cold water. Rub your face and it will refresh you."

"I believe you've saved my life," he murmured. "I felt myself sinking away with every breath till I heard your voice."

"I heard you come in the alley with the policeman," whispered Molly. "and I knew you told the truth. I am so sorry."

"Well, you're a blessed woman!" said he fervently. "Both for believing the story of an unfortunate man, and for thinking to bring me the water. I'm a respectable farmer, from 12 miles west of Veneering, and it's true about the sunstroke. He found me lying on the ground, and of course took me for drunk. I have money enough to make some one smart for this—only there's the disgrace of the police court in the morning."

"If you've friends in town, maybe I could see some one for you to-night," whispered Molly timidly.

The man straightened himself. "The very idea!" he exclaimed. "Go to Dr. Roberts, on Fourteenth and Locust streets. He treated me last month when I was sick. Here's the envelope he addressed to himself when he receipted my bill. Give it to him and tell him about this."

Before he had time to say more, Molly seized the envelope and slipped away. The young man felt his way to the shelf-like berth in the corner and sat down to rest. Somehow, the darkness did not seem so intense as it had before, nor did he feel exhausted.

"It's So Hot That I've Brought a Pitcher of Water."

The cold water had refreshed him, the kindly words of the little Samaritan had strengthened him. His heart felt warm when he thought of her.

In less than an hour he heard a tapping on the bars.

"Dr. Roberts was very angry," she whispered, "and went to headquarters to see about your case. He says that he'll bring the officers right away. I'm so glad. Good-by."

"But wait," said the prisoner. "Tell me your name. I want to know whom to thank for this great service."

"I'm only Molly Britts," she whispered, "and I work for Mrs. Revell across the alley. You're welcome, I'm sure, but it's not likely you'll ever see me again."

"But I'd like to know why I won't," was the answer. "Am I just to forget all this? John Derring is his own master, and he'll probably see you before he leaves town to-morrow."

"But—but I don't want you to see me," answered she, glad that the dark hid her blushes.

"Why?" he urged.

"Oh—because I'm so ugly!" whispered Molly in agonized confusion that made the brand on her cheek burn and throb.

"Oh!" laughed the young man softly, a tone of relief in his voice. "You'll have to let me be the judge of that. Shake hands till to-morrow," as Molly's work-hardened little hand slipped through the bars into his warm clasp, "and take my 'God bless you' along with you. Good night!"

John Derring, pale from his experience of the night before, stood before Molly in the kitchen the next morning. She blushed and quivered painfully, but not by the tremble of an eyelash did he show that he saw the throbbing mark on her face, and from that moment she worshipped him. Three months later she stepped out one morning, clad in modest gray, and went with him to the nearest parsonage, where they were married much to Mrs. Revell's dismay and disgust, that lady giving speech to some of her burning thoughts on ingratitude.

The once forlorn, heart-starved, little woman is a merry, lovable and beloved wife now, and the red mark, that was the heaviest burden of her early years, is fading, since, secure in her husband's love and admiration, she has ceased to be conscious of it. On a cabinet in their parlor stands a little tin cup, curiously bent and battered, a souvenir, so John laughingly tells Molly, of her "jail-bird."

Both Compatible.
"This Old Home Week decoration is inconsistent in one way."
"What's that?"
"It has been very energetic and yet at the same time quite a flagging industry."—Baltimore American.

NEW TURKISH ENVOY

MEHMED ALI'S FAMILY ATTRACTS CURIOSITY AT WASHINGTON.

Occupy Nice House in Fashionable District of Capital—Not Believed That Women Will Become Modernized.

Washington.—In all the picturesque life of a social season in Washington, probably no members of the diplomatic corps have attracted such widespread curiosity as the family of the newly-arrived Turkish minister, Mehmed Ali Bey. Of all the foreign legations in Washington, the Turkish and Persian have been the most barren of women.

There have been Turkish women who have come here with their husbands, but they have been seen by no one but their husbands and the mother of the retiring minister. She came over with him to care for his children, but died in the legation a year ago.

The new minister has brought with him a wife, sister-in-law, and eight children, the quaintest and strangest of all the quaint foreigners Washingtonians are accustomed to see. There are five children, bright and active, and most interesting.

The eldest is a daughter, Sherife, eight years old, and a good English scholar. She learned the language in the high school of Constantinople and speaks it quite correctly. She has even reached the dignity of being her father's interpreter, and he is quite dependent upon her, for the attaches of the legation do not speak English fluently.

Sherife's brothers and sisters are Izzidine, seven years old; Sanada, five years; Nassouk, four, and Lelil one year, whose name seems to have been prophetic of her coming across the seas in such tender youth.

The sister-in-law, who has much of the care of the children, is Mak Boule, a tiny woman in Turkish costume, who has given glimpses of herself accidentally to the gaping public. The older children have already assumed the clothes of American children, and it is sure to follow that the younger ones will soon do likewise.

Whether the women in the legation will ever become modernized to the extent of the Chinese, Siamese and Korean women, and mingle with the men and the women they are thrown with in the social circles of Washington, is still a doubt in the minds of every one.

They are far more likely to remain in their absolute seclusion, especially now that the sultan has failed to raise this legation to an embassy, which was expected and announced when Mehmed Ali arrived. He is comfortably established now in a modern house in a fashionable district, and his oldest daughter has already entered the public school.

Sherife is a remarkable clever child. She saw her first camera when she sat for her photograph soon after the arrival of the family in Washington. The photographer could scarcely get a negative of her because of her deep interest in the working of the apparatus.

She had to know all about it before she sat down. Then she had to be told how it worked before she could be quieted long enough to let the operator take a snap shot. She has also become converted to the Teddy bear.

The very fact that the minister has allowed his daughter to enter the public school indicates a progression such as was hardly dreamed of from the land of harems.

Digging Up Paul Revere Relics.
Boston is still digging up Paul Revere relics. Workmen employed in restoring the old Revere house at the North End uncovered in the back yard the old Paul Revere well. It shows a diameter of four feet and six inches, while its depth is not yet determined, as, of course, it had been filled up completely. It proves to be entirely planked in vertically, like an ordinary water tank, with old oak-bewn plank. In connection with the work that has been going on there have been also some other discoveries. Two pieces of old Lowestoft china have been found, one a part of a cup and the other a part of a saucer. In some excavating in the cellar there was found an old half dollar, also a big copper cent of 1844.

Louisiana's Senator.
Samuel Douglas McEnery, Louisiana's senior senator, is nearing his seventieth birthday and, except for defective hearing, he is hale and hearty. He was educated at the United States Naval Academy, but preferred the life of the planter to that of a naval officer.

Indian Orator.
Wounded Elk, a full-blooded Sioux missionary, is organizing a revival movement in New York city. He is a wonderful flow of simple oratory, besides a majestic presence.

OLD INDIAN CRADLE.

Philadelphia Woman Obtains One Which Has Held Many Papooses.

Traverse City, Mich.—E. E. Miller has just sold to a woman in Philadelphia one of the few remaining Indian cradles. This curious cradle is much over 100 years of age, and in it have reposed many little Indian papooses.

This cradle belonged to Kah-mis-kah-se-ga-qua, a distinguished member of the Ottawas and sister to Chief Nah-we-da-geshick. The relic appeals to the mother of to-day as it shows conclusively how primitive were the household arrangements of the forest people before the white man came and conferred upon them the gift (?) of civilization.

Mr. Miller obtained the cradle from a squaw whose name was Kah-mis-kah-se-ga-qua, who was then 75 years of age. She was the mother of ten children and each one had been carried on her back or swung from a tree limb in the little wooden cradle. The cradle was inherited from her mother, and she and her brothers and sisters had also been reared in it.

The handle is of hickory and is peculiarly formed, the formation being the result of the three-fold purpose to which it was put in the northern wilds over a century ago.

First, it was used for carrying the cradle and the little red papoose. Again, in case of an accident, it prevented the child from falling out and striking on its face.

In the third instance, when the mother had to attend to her household duties, plant corn out in the hot sun or do other work, she would remove the cradle, set it against the tree and to keep the little one contented, she would hang on this handle a string of bright-colored beads and the wind swaying these they became an attraction for the infant.

PARIS BAR ADMITS BEAUTY.

Mlle. Helene Miropolsky Attracted to Law by Its Picturesque Side.

Paris—A ravishing face and figure are those of Mlle. Helene Miropolsky, who took the oath as advocate before the first chamber of the French court of appeals the other day. She is the youngest woman ever admitted to the bar here, having just passed her 20th birthday. She does not affect to be mannish in either bearing or dress as

vested his personality as a foundation stone in the New China over which he is so enthusiastic. Both these men are truly leaders of a constituency of young Chinese.

China is full of Boxer stories, tragic and amusing. One of the latter concerns Dr. W. H. Park, of the Southern Methodist mission, whose long service in and for Soochow has made him one of the city's prominent and honored citizens. He was riding in a closed sedan chair one day during the turbulent times of 1900, when the cry was raised: "Here comes a foreigner! Kill him! Kill him!" The mob took up the refrain, rushed the chair, opened it, and then fell back foiled, for, as the leader said: "It's not a foreigner; it's only Dr. Park."

It is rather something unusual to have a whole warship or two in love with you, when you already possess a husband. But that is the unique experience of Mrs. C. A. Nelson, of the American board mission, Canton, and Mrs. W. H. Boyd, of the Presbyterian mission. In case of trouble, the United States government keeps a warship up at Canton, which is hard lines for officers and men. These two young matrons open their homes weekly to officers and men, and both are the belles that their gifts and graces entitle them to be. Incidentally, the lonely American has a jolly time, and is kept from the power of the lure of the east. The government has given medals for less worthy

I have met several missionaries who hold decorations from the emperor, a prize which, I understand, the commercial community in China covets in vain. A missionary doctor who has been so honored is Dr. R. C. Beebe, of

do almost all the other five or six women who have the same privilege in the Paris courts.

Mlle. Miropolsky is the daughter of a Russian doctor and lives with her parents in the Montmartre quarter. She is tall and fair, and has heavy yellow hair upon which the dark toque (part of the professional dress of the French advocate), sits with a lovely grace of its own. She looked something like an American college girl, as, clad in cap and gown, she bowed before the grave old judges, or lifted a graceful hand and arm to take the oath to serve the interests of the republic.

The court was full and there must have been over a hundred young lawyers there to witness an addition to their number. Mlle. Miropolsky seemed not at all self-conscious, but wore a bright smile and nodded vivaciously about the room. She said she had been particularly attracted to the law on account of its picturesque and chivalrous side.

Appearances Deceptive.
"You can't allus tell by appearances," said Uncle Eben. "Sometimes a man looks specially well-dressed 'cause he's broke an' ain't got nuffin' to wear but his Sunday clothes."

Wolf "Eats 'Em Alive."
A St. Clair county man has a wolf in captivity and feeds him on cats. The wolf likes chickens, but dotes on cats. Instead of drowning their superfluous kittens the people of that neighborhood save them for the wolf, and he "eats 'em alive."—Kansas City Journal.

Writer Once Studied Medicine.
M. Sardon, the celebrated French dramatist, studied medicine as a youth, but he never liked the idea of settling down as a practitioner.

ON THE TRAIL OF THE AMERICAN MISSIONARY

By WILLIAM T. ELLIS

This Distinguished American Journalist is Traveling Around the World for the Purpose of Investigating the American Foreign Missionary from a Purely Disinterested, Secular and Non-Sectarian Standpoint. Illustrated with Drawings and from Photographs.

Notables from West Who Do Things in Far East

Shanghai, China.—These articles engaged to tell of the American men and women who are investing their lives in heathen lands. It is in the nature of the case that these should be pronounced personalities, and full of interest; many of them will get volume biographies when they die. Let me recall, in a paragraph each, a few of those whom I have met in China, the reader remembering that there are many other hundreds in the interior of this immense empire whom I have not had the opportunity to meet.

As he is the acknowledged foremost writer upon Chinese subjects, so Rev. Dr. Arthur H. Smith, of the American board, is probably the most interesting personality among Americans in China. His books are not more brilliant than himself; he is a scintillating conversationalist, at a two-hundred-words-a-minute gait. Yet there is not a more inconspicuous or modest American in China. He has never been mistaken for a fashion plate, for he is as unconventional as he is learned and original. He probably understands the Chinese better than any other

serious hobby is not nursery rhymes, but Chinese art. He has the finest collection of Chinese paintings owned by any white man, and he is, doubtless, the world's leading authority on this subject. Incidentally, he is a connoisseur on Chinese rugs. These pursuits are merely avocations; his vocation is that of teacher in the Peking university, where several hundred young men are learning the best that the west has to give, including its Christianity.

Two rare men, who long-headedly have elected to be inconspicuously great in China, rather than to stand among the many strong men in America, are Robert B. Gailey ("Bob" Gailey, Princeton's greatest football player), and C. H. Robertson, who are associated in Y. M. C. A. work at Tien-Tsin. Both are statesmen, whose breadth of vision, altruism and nobility of character have won the confidence of the highest Chinese. Robertson, like Gailey before him, lives in a Chinese house in the native city, and, considering it the biggest work open to an ambitious man, he has in-

about China. He was long head of the Imperial university; he is author of standard works in Chinese and upon China in English. His magazine contributions have been legion. Withal, at 86 years of age, he is as fresh and zealous and busy as ever, and still looked up to for the last word upon obscure Chinese subjects.

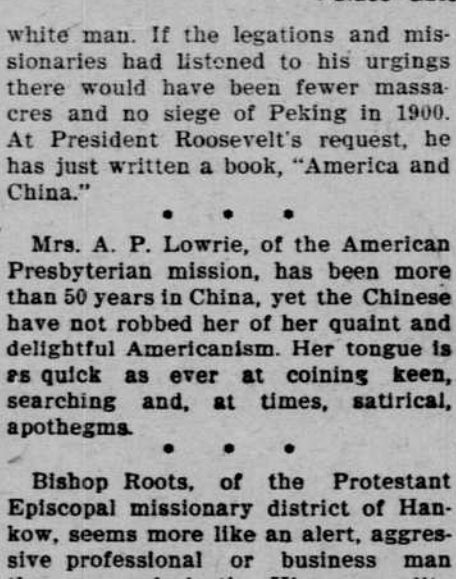
Another veteran, a type of New England at its best, is President D. Z. Sheffield, of the North China Union college, Tung Chow. To tell of his literary labors, ranging from his universal history through a long list of publications to his present work of Bible translation, would be to outline a great life work for any man. Yet, these have been a mere phase of his educational and direct missionary effort. At once a dry Yankee and a cultured gentleman and good companion, Dr. Sheffield is worth traveling a long way to know. In the same group with him must be classed the famous Timothy Richards, of the Christian Literature society, an overflowing Welshman; Drs. Wherry and Mateer, of the Presbyterian board; Dr. Simmons, of the Southern Baptist board.

The romantic story of Bishop Schereschewsky, the famous Chinese scholar who died a few months ago in Tokio, demands a page, and not a paragraph. When I saw him recently, although paralyzed and scarcely able to speak intelligibly, he was working on a complete set of references for his Chinese Bible. He was 74 years old, when he died in the chair where he sat for the 25 years of his paralysis; during which time he had translated the whole Bible into easy Wenli, or Mandarin, which is the written language of three-fourths of all the people in China. His Old Testament Mandarin is issued by both the Bible societies. For seven years he worked eight hours a day, seven days in the week, on the translation and revision of this "two-fingered Bible," because he had laboriously written it on a type-writer with only two fingers on his paralyzed hands that he could use at all. Not alone for his splendid battle against affliction was Bishop Schereschewsky famous; his ability as a Chinese scholar, and as a linguist generally, was almost uncanny. He was a Lithuanian Jew, and when past his majority he went to America, where he became a Christian and a clergyman in the Protestant Episcopal church. Even before he was accepted as a missionary he had determined to translate the Bible into Chinese. During the six months' voyage out he learned enough Chinese to be able to write it acceptably when he arrived at Shanghai. Twice he declined the bishopric, which he was finally obliged to accept. When I saw him he said, after outlining some translation projects which he had hoped to undertake: "But I am weary. I want to go home, and I hope the good Lord will send for me soon." Not many days later I was shocked to learn that he had quietly passed away while at his labors.



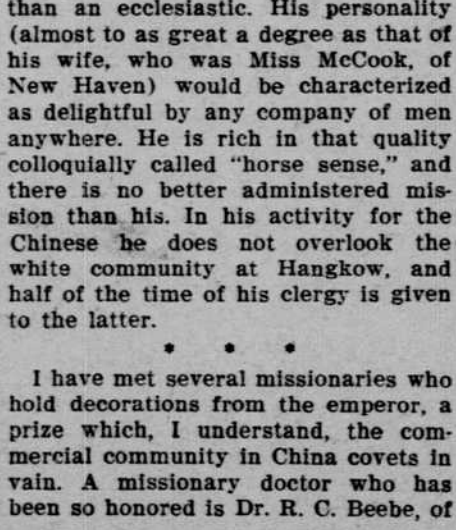
Sanctuaries in the Temple of Heaven, Looking from the Altar.

American Churchmen Abroad.
Just now the west seems to be flooding the east with missionary authorities and religious leaders. The tour of President Charles Cuthbert Hall, of Union Theological seminary, New York, through India and China, has been a notable triumph. Dr. Hall seems to possess a rare genius for impressing his personality upon people. Mr. Charles Alexander, the famous singer of the Torrey-Alexander evangelistic combination, has been in the east for his wife's health. During a visit to missionary relatives at Pakhoi he demonstrated the power of a winsome personality over even people of an alien tongue. At Hongkong he held the largest religious meeting in the city's history, and at Manila he spoke in both the Methodist and Presbyterian churches. A week later, as my ship was entering Hongkong harbor by night a launch passed, full of men singing lustily, "The glory song." Considering that this was Hongkong, the incident was a notable echo of the Alexander meeting. Nor were the singers Y. M. C. A. men; the working force of that organization has gone to Canton, to attend the marriage of Secretary C. C. Rutledge, of Philadelphia, to Miss Edmunds, of Baltimore.



Canada probably knows little of one of her noblest daughters, Miss Annie H. Gowans, of the Presbyterian mission. Pao Ting Fu, who went through the Boxer troubles heroically, and who is still undaunted in spirit, spending her life beautifully for a people whom she clearly realizes may demand her life any day. Miss Gowans' labors under the delusion as to the sentiment of the Chinese, or as to the possibilities which the future holds, but serenely, sweetly, sunnily she moves ministering among the Chinese, gazing at life all unafraid, through clear gray eyes that have seen deeply into great things of existence.

There are three special reasons for the presence of so many American churchmen in the orient at this time; the Methodist Missionary Jubilee in India, at the end of last year, the World's Student federation convention in Tokio in May and the centennial celebration of Chinese missions in April-May. I have chanced to meet personally, or to strike the trail of, Bishop Cyrus D. Foss, of Philadelphia; Secretary Lloyd, of the Protestant Episcopal mission board; Secretary Barton, of the American board; Secretary Fox of the American Bible society; Secretary MacKay of the Canadian Presbyterian board; John R. Mott, of the International Y. M. C. A.; President Goucher, of the Woman's university, Baltimore; two Methodist editors, Dr. Parkhurst, of Zion's Herald, Boston, and Dr. Rader, of the Western Christian Advocate; John C. Stenaa, of the Washington Y. M. C. A., and dozens of other friends of foreign missions, clerical and lay.



Two associates and friends of Miss McGowans are Miss Grace Newton, of the Presbyterian board, and Miss Lullie Miner, of the American board. Both are survivors of the Peking siege, the latter having written a book upon that great experience. Both are engaged in female education, with results that would rank them in the class of the foremost women educators in America.

The fame of Rev. Dr. W. A. P. Martin, China's oldest missionary, is known wherever men read thoroughly

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One of China's great women is Dr. Mary Fulton, the head of the Presbyterian Woman's hospital and the Woman's Medical college, Canton; the latter is the only one of its kind in the empire and it can never begin to receive all the students who apply for admission. What is thought of it by the Chinese is apparent from the fact that at the recent commencement three gold watches were awarded as prizes to the students by the viceroys. The most eminent and discriminating natives do honor to Dr. Fulton, for she is a physician, an executive and a woman of unusual ability.

"The Chinese Mother Goose" is Prof. Isaac T. Headland of the Methodist Episcopal mission, Peking; This book brought Prof. Headland no little reputation in America; but his more

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The missionaries are now having a foretaste of the visitation they expect when that committee of 50 American business men, arranged for in connection with the recent celebration of the American heart, comes out to make an independent study of foreign missions. This is one of several signs, apparent out here, of a remarkable increase of interest in foreign missions. (Copyright, by Joseph B. Boyce.)