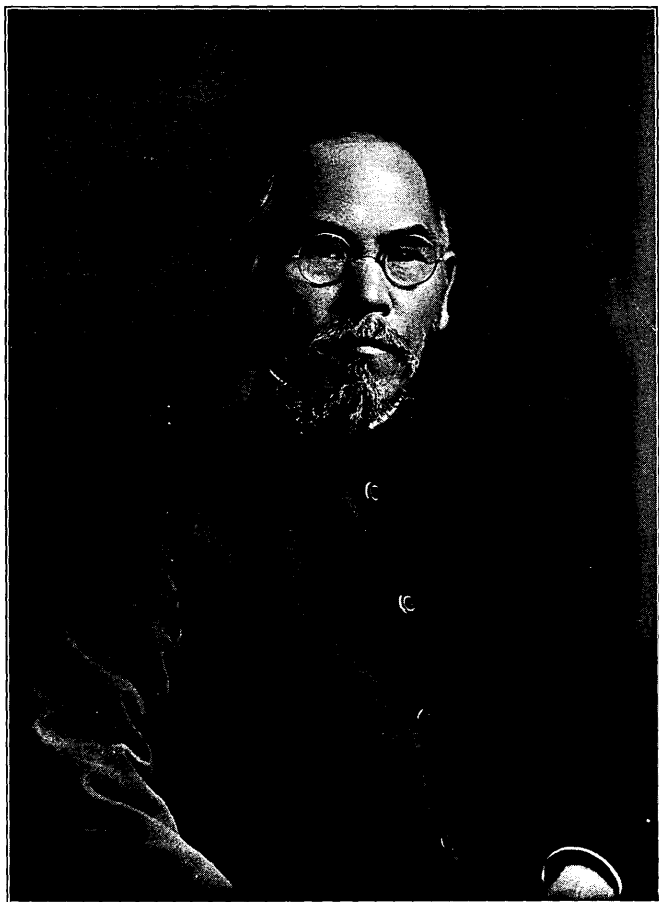


# Kanamori's Life-Story

*Paul M. Kanamori*

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*Paul M. Kanamori*

# Kanamori's Life-Story

Told by Himself

*How the Higher Criticism wrecked  
a Japanese Christian—and  
how he came back*

Introduction by  
J. Ross Stevenson, D.D., LL.D.

Philadelphia  
The Sunday School Times Company

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## CONTENTS

	PAGE
I	
THE SERVANT SENT.....	9
II	
THE SERVANT DISOBEDIENT.....	34
III	
THE SERVANT RESTORED.....	68
IV	
THE SERVANT REAPING.....	84
V	
SOWING IN THE EVENING.....	103

## INTRODUCTION

**A**LARGE number of Christian students in this and other lands have adopted as their watch-word "The Evangelization of the World in this Generation." They thus express their conviction that the apostolic Gospel is the power of God unto salvation, that it is intended to meet the world's greatest need, and that the chief business of a Christian disciple is to make this Gospel everywhere known, and thus best serve his day and generation.

Students who have come under the power of a science that is largely materialistic and of a philosophy which has no place for the supernatural regard this evangelistic program as being antiquated and narrow, and, contemplating man as a mere creature of circumstance, they maintain that the great objective of the Church should be to improve external conditions, to uplift the whole social order by education and by every advantage of an improved environment. To such, even though they may commend

in a general way a kind of social evangelism, the preaching of the apostolic Gospel is for the most part foolishness, and they show little if any interest in bringing unbelievers to an acceptance of Jesus Christ as Saviour and Lord.

When one notes the small number of additions to the Church on confession of faith, at home and on the mission field, following the labor of a large number of ministers and Christian workers, he must conclude that very little is being done in the apostolic business of winning souls to a personal allegiance to Jesus Christ. The main reason for this is a lack of conviction as to the Gospel's incomparable value. Our ministers and our churches need to be reminded in the most forcible way that the living Christ is at work in the world, and that through the power of his Spirit he is abundantly able to turn men from darkness to light and from the power of Satan unto God.

The testimony of Mr. Paul M. Kanamori, often called the Dwight L. Moody of Japan, should serve to stimulate faith in the power of God's Holy Word, in the saving power of Jesus Christ, God's only Son our Saviour, in the regenerating power of his Holy Spirit,



— to rescue men from sin and make them apostles of the Gospel of the grace of God.

The story of Mr. Kanamori's conversion, of his departure from the fold of Christ, and his reclamation, is the same old message of God and sin and salvation wherein lies the only fundamental hope for a lost world. This dramatic and appealing biography of a great modern evangelist should serve as a warning to any who may be inclined to abandon the simplicity that is in Christ, and should prove stimulating to all who are enlisted in the great enterprises of the Kingdom. For a preacher of the cross to win fifty thousand disciples for Christ shows that the days of the apostles are not past, and proves that the evangelization of the world in this generation cannot be an idle dream to one who has experienced the Gospel's power, and is convinced that there is none other name than that of Christ given under heaven among men whereby they must be saved.

J. ROSS STEVENSON.

## CHAPTER I

### THE SERVANT SENT

**I**N THE year 1852 the Government of the United States sent an expedition under Commodore Perry to the Far East. He came to Japan with four ships, manned by 560 men, and concluded a treaty of commerce between the United States and Japan, thus opening that hermit nation of the Far East to the light of modern civilization. This was the dawn of new Japan.

About 1870, an American soldier, Captain L. L. Janes, came to my country. But his coming was entirely different from that of the former one. He was not sent by the United States Government, but was invited by the Japanese Government to teach military tactics to her subjects.

In those days Japan was divided into about three hundred small provinces, each having its own prince or lord, and each prince having an army of his own to fight with other princes. One of these feudal princes of the southern island, called Kyu-

shu, was quite an ambitious man. He schemed to have a strong army, which was drilled in quite up-to-date, modern military tactics of the "Western Nations," as the Japanese called the countries of Europe and America. For this purpose he engaged Captain Janes, who was a graduate of the West Point Military Academy, and a captain in the Union Army, and was said to have fought four years in the Civil War, to come to his province and found a military school.

Meanwhile, this prince had selected about one hundred boys from among his own subjects, by a special examination, and put them into this military school. Thus the school was started. But soon after this a great political change took place in Japan, by which all the feudal lords of the country restored their territories to the Imperial Government, the whole country now being ruled by one supreme head, the Emperor of Japan, and all the provincial armies were dispersed. There being no longer any need of a provincial military school, this one was changed in character, and became simply an English school, where Captain Janes taught for seven years.

In this connection I must tell you how God

in his providence turned this school, originally intended for the training of military officers, into a nursery for Christian workers. It was a wonderful providence, indeed, by which God raised up many "children unto Abraham" out of these rude stones.

Captain Janes was not a missionary, and had no connection with any mission board in America. But he was an earnest Christian, filled with a strong desire to lead to Christ those boys who came under his instruction. His wife, too, who was a daughter of Doctor Scudder, an early missionary to India, was a praying woman. I was told by her sister, and her brother, Dr. Doremus Scudder, when they came to my country as missionaries long years after this, how in those early days Mrs. Janes used to spend many nights in prayer with tears.

In the beginning Captain Janes could not talk much about Christianity, because he did not know the language. He could not speak Japanese at all. He did not even attempt to learn Japanese. He used English alone from the very beginning of his teachings. When he taught the alphabet to his boys he spoke English to them. Nobody could understand him. He did not employ

an interpreter, because he did not like the idea of having a go-between with his students. He tried from the first to come into direct contact with his pupils, and to inspire them through his own personality. And he did inspire them. The boys were fascinated and captivated by his unique personality long before they were converted to his religious faith.

In the third year of his teaching, when the older boys began to understand him and he could talk with them in English, he began to talk about Christianity. He could not teach Christianity in the school. It was not a mission school, and to teach Christianity was not his object in coming, but he offered to teach us the Bible, if we would go to his house Saturday evenings. And he gave us several copies of the English Bible. At first, out of mere curiosity, a few of the older boys went to read the Bible with him every Saturday evening. But the Bible was a strange book to us, and we could not understand it at all. Also, Captain Janes had a very peculiar way of teaching the Bible. He did not explain much, nor argue much with his students; but from the very beginning of the Bible reading he asked us to commit to mem-

ory certain passages, such as John 1:1-18, and 3:1-21, and we did so out of sheer respect for our revered teacher. I have forgotten almost everything I heard in his Bible class, but these Scripture verses still remain in my memory.

Then in addition to this Bible reading, Captain Janes began to preach every Sunday morning in his own parlor. Though he had no theological training he used to preach fine sermons, and very long ones, often two or three hours at a time. It may be that I learned my three-hour sermon from him. But as he was an eloquent speaker we were much impressed by his Sunday morning preaching. One day when he was preaching on Paul and his great missionary work, he suddenly turned to me and said, "What do you think of this man? Is it not a glorious thing to imitate such a great man as the Apostle Paul?" From that time the name of Paul became a part of my name. Through his preaching, about a dozen boys of the school were converted. This was in the summer of 1875.

After we were converted we became very much interested in reading the Bible. But while the school was in session we could not

get much time for it, because we were so pressed with our daily lessons. So when the winter vacation of that year came, a few of the Christian boys remained in the school, instead of going back to their own homes to enjoy the holidays. Our purpose in staying in the school was to read the Bible and pray together. During this vacation we tried to put aside all other books, and to read the Bible only. In those days we had no Japanese Bible. We had only the English Bible, which our teacher gave us. We had no commentaries to explain the difficult passages, nor a Bible dictionary to consult. But we spent the whole time of this vacation in reading the plain English Bible. We read mostly the Four Gospels, the Acts of the Apostles, and the Epistles to the Romans. I remember how we enjoyed this Bible reading. We almost devoured the Book, just as young people nowadays devour their sensational novels.

This Bible reading was the preparation for a powerful revival which soon broke out in that school. This was the first revival in modern Japan, or rather it should be called the first outpouring of the Holy Spirit, because there was nothing yet to revive. We

did not know that it was a revival of religion. We had neither heard nor read of such things. We had not seen a single missionary. No missionary had ever visited that part of the country. We were so ignorant of the Christian world outside of us that we did not even know the modern institution of church and pastor. We did not know that the minister who preaches the Gospel can be supported by the church. We thought if we were going to preach the Gospel we must do as Paul did,—working with our own hands and preaching the Gospel. All we knew were Bible truths and Bible personages. We knew Jesus Christ and how he died upon the cross for us. We knew Paul and Peter and John and James, and how they were filled with the Holy Spirit and what mighty works they did. And we boys simply tried to imitate those great apostles.

Without knowing that it was a revival of religion, we had it, and that, too, a powerful one. It happened on this wise. When the winter vacation was over, all the boys returned to school. These boys were quite young. I was one of the oldest among them, and I was only eighteen. When the younger



boys returned to the school, we older boys who had read the Bible during vacation were now so full of it that we could not help talking about it to these younger students. These students now became very much interested in hearing Bible stories, and they also began to read the Bible themselves. So we formed Bible classes and taught them. The whole school was thrown into such a fever of Bible reading that, although the new term had already commenced, the school could not resume its ordinary work because nobody cared to read any other book but the Bible, Bible, Bible. Everybody was reading the Bible, and everywhere Bible classes were going on. Consequently, for the whole of the first week of the term the regular studies were suspended, and the school was given over to Bible reading. We thought at one time that the whole school of one hundred boys was going to be converted at once. Conversion after conversion occurred. There was a boy about fifteen years of age who preached so powerfully among his fellow-students that as a result many were converted.

The revival did not confine itself within the school walls. We were not satisfied with

the conversion of the schoolboys alone. We went out of the school, preaching the Gospel in our own homes, to our parents, relatives, and friends. We even went to our former Confucian teachers, and told them the new truths we had learned from the Bible. We were all Confucianists, and brought up in the Confucian school before we entered Captain Janes' school. There were quite often very hot discussions between those old teachers and the newly converted Christian boys. But always these boys were able to confound those old Confucian scholars. As they could not withstand nor gainsay these boys' arguments, they were enraged at them. One day I called on my old Confucian teacher, who loved me as dearly as one of his own sons, and I was also very much attached to him; but as I told him the new truths which I had learned from the Bible there arose a hot discussion between us. When he saw that I would not obey his command to renounce the Christian faith, he was greatly enraged, and said, "You must never come back again to my house to see me."

I was almost driven out of his house, and I did not see him again before his death. But I am happy to tell you that not long

after his death his widow became a Christian, and one of his grandsons is now the pastor of a Christian church.

In the midst of such a sweeping revival a great enemy appeared. Persecution broke out, not by the government, but by the families, parents, relatives, and friends of the young converts. At the instigation of the Confucian teachers, the parents and relatives tried to persuade their boys to renounce their Christian faith, and to return to the Confucian teaching.

You know that the first missionaries in Japan were Roman Catholics, sent about five hundred years ago, but the Japanese Government, as well as the people, had for many centuries bitterly persecuted these Roman Catholics. Any one who professed to be Christian was in danger of bringing capital punishment upon himself and his family. People looked upon Christians as traitors to the country, and feared that they would become the tools of the foreign nations represented by the missionaries. So the Christians were looked upon by the country at large as very detestable people, dangerous to the safety of the country.

I remember that when I was a little boy

we used to see the Government's notice boards set up everywhere with this statement: "The belief in the evil religion of Jesus is strictly forbidden by order." In some places, sometimes, the following statement was added: "If any one knowing a believer in this religion of Jesus will inform the authorities, he shall be rewarded by the Government." These rewards were given in money.

My grandfather was an officer of some position in our provincial government. At one time he was appointed chief officer over a large district. It was the duty of such officials to examine the religion of the people over whom they were placed. For this purpose he used to call all the people of his district once a year to his official residence. The day of such a gathering was counted among the great days of the year. It was called the "Feast of Picture Trampling." I remember my grandfather had a small iron crucifix, such as the Roman Catholic priests carry with them. This crucifix was put in a small box, which was covered with an iron grating, so that the figure within might be seen from the outside, and this box was placed in a small hole dug for the purpose, in

the middle of a large courtyard, where usually the criminals were examined. Then the people were called in, one by one, by name, in the presence of the Government officers, all dressed in their official robes, with swords and spears to guard against emergencies. The people of each township, headed by the mayor, were called in by themselves, and when they came to the place where the box was placed they trampled upon it and passed on. To this feast all people, men and women and even children, were ordered to come. When the women came into the yard, after they themselves had stepped on the box, they put down their children and made their little feet touch the crucifix, thus testifying that they were not of this religion. If any one refused to trample upon the cross he was arrested at once, and put into prison on the charge of being a Christian. My grandfather had a prison in which to put such men.

Once when I was watching those country folks trampling upon the box I asked my grandfather, "What is that figure in the box, on which these people are treading?"

He turned to me and said: "Oh, that is an unclean worm! if it is not put in that box

and trampled upon by the people, it will creep out and do immense mischief to the country.”

This was the first time I came in contact with the cross of Christ, and I was told that it was an “unclean worm.” And now, only a little over ten years after those days, I myself became a Christian. No wonder that the parents and relatives should be frightened at the prospect of their boys becoming the worshipers of that “unclean worm.” Fortunately, by this time the government which had persecuted Christianity for so long was overthrown, and the present Imperial Government came into power, and there was no danger of persecution coming from that quarter. But the families tried in every way to drive out of their boys’ heads what they called “the foolish notion of believing in an unclean religion”; but it was too late. Christianity had already taken such a deep root in our hearts that nothing could uproot it. The fire once kindled by heaven cannot be quenched by any earthly means. Of course there were a few weak ones among the believing boys, who fell away from the ranks of believers because of this persecution. But there remained about

forty boys with the firm determination to hold on to their new faith, even unto death.

I distinctly recall it now that it was on a fine Sunday morning, January 30, 1876, the year after our conversion, that these forty Christian boys went up a little hill called Hanaoka, its literal meaning being the "Mount of Flowers," just outside the city of Kumamoto, where Captain Janes' school was located. At the top of the "Mount of Flowers" there was a big old pine tree spreading out its branches. This pine tree is still standing there after half a century of the most eventful life of new Japan. Under this grand old tree, at the top of the hill, those forty Christian boys had a service dedicating themselves to God. First they drew up an article of dedication, the main meaning of which, as I remember it now, was as follows: "This day we consecrate ourselves to the service of Christ, and pledge ourselves to preach his Gospel throughout the whole empire of Japan, even though it means death." After the reading of this article each one signed his name to it. Then they sang several hymns.

We had no Japanese hymns as yet. We knew only the English hymns, which Mrs.

Janes had taught us to sing. Among them was that missionary hymn :

“From Greenland’s icy mountains,  
From India’s coral strand,  
Where Afric’s sunny fountains  
Roll down their golden sand,  
From many an ancient river,  
From many a palmy plain,  
They call us to deliver  
Their land from error’s chain.”

Another was :

“Must Jesus bear the Cross alone,  
And all the world go free?  
No, there’s a cross for every one,  
And there’s a cross for me.”

Our favorite was :

“Jesus, I my cross have taken,  
All to leave and follow thee,  
Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,  
Thou from hence my all shalt be.  
Perish every fond ambition,  
All I’ve sought, or hoped, or known,  
Yet how rich is my condition,  
God and Heaven are still my own!”

This hymn exactly expressed our situation at the time. Here at the top of the “Mount of Flowers” we took up our cross, determined to follow Jesus, even unto death. Here we forsook all our fond worldly ambitions. Heretofore we had dreamed of becoming great men of the world, either statesmen or soldiers, or business men, perhaps millionaires. Human nature is the same everywhere.



Young people are always dreaming of great things, but now we had chosen to become "naked, poor, despised, forsaken," for Christ's sake. Here we took our firm stand, and prepared to face a storm of persecution, which was just bursting upon us, to crush and overthrow this little band of forty boys. Then, as the last act of our dedication service, I offered a prayer of consecration for all. Thus armed with power from above we descended the hill, singing and rejoicing. This was indeed a bold challenge to the enemies of Christianity.

As soon as the meeting of the Christian boys at the Mount of Flowers was known abroad, our persecutors took stronger measures. Many of the Christian boys were taken out of the school and imprisoned in their own homes, or other places, being cut off entirely from their Christian friends in the school, and subjected to very severe treatment, in some cases even to cruelty.

In the home of one of the boys the mother was so grieved over her son becoming a Christian that, when she saw no simple persuasion would avail to turn his heart from following Jesus, she betook herself to a last resort. In the olden days the high class

ladies in Japan carried small swords in their bosoms as a means of protection; so now, with her sword in her hand, she faced her boy and demanded an immediate renunciation of his Christian faith. And in case he would not do so within twenty-four hours, she threatened to commit suicide, to atone for the sin of dishonoring her ancestors by letting her son become a follower of an "unclean religion."

It was not a mere threat. The mother was in earnest. I called on her that very day and begged her to let me see her boy, who was one of my dearest friends, just to bid him good-bye before we should die. In those days we Christian boys, on our side, were determined to die before we would renounce our allegiance to Christ. It was a life and death struggle between us and our enemies. But when I saw her I trembled, because she was in such a determined mood that I felt as though I were standing before a dead person, pale and ghastly, and she said calmly to me:

"No, you cannot see my boy, but if you insist on seeing him, kill me first, and then you may see him."

I said to her, "My aunt, I did not come here to kill you, but only to see your boy."

Thus saying, I left her house with a heavy heart, full of fear and anxiety, thinking that before the next day dawned either the mother or the son in that home would die.

Something happened, providentially. I cannot now recall what it was, but the mother was prevented from committing suicide, and her son was saved from renouncing his faith. And this same mother, long years after, herself became a Christian, and died in the faith.

There were several such cases in the homes of these Christian boys. In another home the father was so enraged that he came with his drawn sword in his hand, and actually attempted to take his son's life. You know that in the olden days the Samurai class, which was the warrior class in old Japan, used always to carry two swords, one long and the other short, and were in the habit of using them quite freely. These boys all belonged to this Samurai class.

I was one of the most bitterly persecuted. After receiving severe treatment at the hands of my relatives for many months, I was finally disowned and cast out of my father's house. I lost everything except my English Bible and Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Pro-

gress," which became now my sole possessions.

Though they were made to pass through the ordeal of much persecution, the Christian boys finally gained the victory. Persecution could not accomplish the purpose of our enemies. The more bitterly they persecuted us, the more we were confirmed in our faith. We used to comfort one another by saying, "Is not this the living proof of the truth of Christianity? We see right here in our midst the perfect fulfilment of the word of Christ spoken nineteen centuries ago, 'A man's foes shall be they of his own household.'"

This band of forty boys was afterwards called the "Kumamoto Band," well known in the early history of Christian missions in modern Japan.

Thus far I have told you only one side of this story of the "Kumamoto Band." But there is another side to it, even more wonderful than this, which I must not omit. In the summer of 1865, just ten years before the time of which I am speaking, a young Japanese arrived in the city of Boston. He had left his country a year before, in an American schooner. In those days to leave the country

was almost certain death to a Japanese. But the young man dared this certain death, and after a year of hardship and suffering in a sea voyage he finally reached his goal, the land of liberty and enlightenment. He was poor and destitute, and was without any friends to look after him in this strange land. He remained in this helpless condition after his arrival for many weeks. At one time he was so discouraged that he almost despaired of obtaining the object of his coming to America, and was on the verge of insanity. But Heaven did not forsake him. A generous and noble-hearted Christian citizen of Boston, Mr. Alpheus Hardy, owner of the ship in which he had come, hearing of his case, took him into his home, and recognizing the fine spirit and noble ambition of this young man, Mr. Hardy decided to adopt him and give him a thorough American education. He was first placed in the Phillips Academy at Andover, then was sent to Amherst College, and finally to the Andover Theological Seminary to be trained for the Christian ministry.

After ten years of training and preparation, this young man returned to Japan, in 1874, and the next year, 1875, which was

the very year when those Kumamoto boys were converted, he opened a Christian school under the auspices of the American Mission Board in Japan, in the city of Kyoto, the old capital. This was Dr. Joseph Hardy Neeshima, a man of God, and the greatest Christian leader in Japan. He was filled with a burning zeal for the salvation of his countrymen, and was looking eagerly for like-minded young men who would come and join him in the great work of evangelizing Japan.

Here you see again the wonderful working of the providence of God. While on one hand God was preparing and disciplining those forty boys of the "Kumamoto Band" by special education under Captain Janes, as well as by bitter persecution, he was at the same time training this great Christian leader of Japan through the kind help of Alpheus Hardy in America. Dr. Neeshima knew nothing of these Kumamoto boys, and they knew nothing of Dr. Neeshima and his school. Though entirely unknown to each other, we were all in the same Hand, being moulded and shaped for the coming work of his kingdom.

In the spring of 1876, when Captain Janes, through an American newspaper, heard of

Dr. Neeshima and his Christian school, he at once communicated with him, and told him all about the "Kumamoto Band." It came as a great surprise to Dr. Neeshima and his colleagues. I was told by one of the missionary teachers who was with Dr. Neeshima at the time that it seemed to them as though the forty boys fell down straight from heaven. They had never dreamed such a wonderful thing was going on in such an obscure part of the country.

On our side it was a great joy and comfort in the midst of persecution to hear of such a Christian man and school existing in our own country. By the fall of that year almost all of the "Kumamoto Band," having been driven out of their homes and their native province, came to this school of Dr. Neeshima, and joined him in his great work. Thus was started the first Christian college, "The Doshisha University," which was destined to become a center of Christian education and Christian influence in Japan, and from which came the new impulse for Christian work in that country, and Dr. Neeshima became its first president.

Of the "Kumamoto Band," about fifteen boys who had already finished their prepara-

tory education in Captain Janes' school, entered the theological class, the first in Doshisha University. For three years they received theological training and preparation for the Christian ministry. After graduating in 1879, most of these boys went out as home missionaries, preaching the Gospel of Christ all over Japan, and founding Congregational churches in many parts of the country.

In Japan the Presbyterian churches now have the largest number of believers. Then come the Congregational churches, and after that those of other denominations. But though the Congregational churches come second in membership they have the largest number and the strongest churches. This is due mostly to the work of the "Kumamoto Band." From it came forth the most influential and foremost preachers and pastors of the Congregational churches in Japan.

One of this band, a graduate of 1879, has been now over forty years a pastor of a large Congregational church. He is called the Bishop of Southern Japan, without appointment. Another of this band is one of the greatest Christian scholars in Japan, and is now the President of the National Sunday-



School Association. The present President of the Doshisha University is also a member of this band. After Dr. Neeshima, the first President, died, in 1890, four of the presidents of that university came from this band. Not only in the religious and educational work, but also in Government service, in the House of Parliament, as well as in the business world, some of the members of this band were able to hold quite important positions.

So you see this "Kumamoto Band" was used mightily by the hand of God for establishing a Christian testimony in modern Japan. And you know now how it came about. It was not started by a missionary, nor by a minister. It was started by a layman, by a soldier who had no theological training or ministerial experience, and who had not come to my country to teach Christianity, but to teach military tactics, the English language and modern science. But as a by-product of this layman's work this "Kumamoto Band" sprang up and became a power in the Christian world of Japan. A wonderful working of Providence! Indeed, God can use anything as his instrument to execute his own purpose. He used a jaw-

bone of an ass in the hand of Samson to destroy a thousand Philistines. It may be that the "Kumamoto Band" and Captain Janes were as the jawbone of an ass.

My friends, do you think that there are no such promising young men to be found in my country now? Oh, yes, there are the makings of "Kumamoto Bands" always and everywhere. If you will send out missionaries filled with burning zeal for the salvation of souls, who will come into direct personal touch with young men and women and inspire them through their own personalities by the aid of the Holy Spirit, you can find any number of such bands even now.

Not only in Japan, but in all the mission fields of the world, there are thousands of such boys just waiting for some Captain Janes to come and form them into a band of Christian workers. Therefore the question is not whether we can find such "Kumamoto Bands" now, but whether we can find such Captain Janes'.

## CHAPTER II

### THE SERVANT DISOBEDIENT

**I**N MY first chapter I gave a brief account of the Kumamoto Band, their conversion and dedication, persecution, and victory, how they came to Dr. Neeshima's school, how they went out again, preaching the Gospel and founding Congregational churches in all parts of Japan, and how this band was mightily used by God for establishing a testimony to Christ in my country. So far I have told the good part of this story.

But now I must turn to my own part in it, because I am to tell you the story of my own Christian life. But when I turn to my own part I am sorry to say that I cannot give the good part only, but I must give the bad part too. I was not a good boy, as some of my friends were, working faithfully during half a century. I was a backsliding, prodigal son of my Heavenly Father for many years. My life was shipwrecked on the rocks of doubt and unbelief. I have nothing to glory of, but only to confess my sins and failures. It is

not a pleasant thing for a man to speak of his own sins and failings. But I think it is our duty as Christians to confess our sins to one another. So I here wish to discharge that first duty, and, if possible, warn my young friends who are in danger of treading the same path, and falling into the same pit I did.

I was the first one of the Kumamoto Band who came to Doshisha University, in the summer of 1876. There was not a single building on the whole University campus, so I was connected with that school from its very foundation. Also I was a member of the first graduating class, of 1879. After graduating from this school, I went down to the Province of Okayama as a missionary. I had no money, no salary, no help. As Christ told us, I went to a worthy man, who fed and clothed me for the first year of my ministry. There was an American Board mission station in Okayama, and I worked in connection with it, and after a year there sprang up a Congregational church of about fifty members, and I became its first pastor, receiving three dollars and a half for a month's salary. But our work was very much blessed. Besides the central church

there sprang up many other churches all around, and this province became one of the strongest centers of the Christian world in Japan.

Then I was called back by Dr. Neeshima to his school as a professor of theology. So I came back to my alma mater and assisted Dr. Neeshima in teaching, and also in the work of the presidency. So, you see, at first even I was doing some good work for the cause of Christ. I was regarded as one of the most promising Christian workers of the country at the time.

Now comes my bad turn. During my stay in Doshisha University, as a professor of theology I read many books on that subject. Among them were the books of German New Theology and the Higher Criticism. To me, brought up in almost Puritan strictness of doctrine and practise, their easy and free way of handling the Word of God and interpreting the doctrines of the Bible was so interesting and fascinating that I was completely carried away by their cunning argument. And my positions in orthodox theology were thrown down, one after another, by those fiery doubts shot from the camp of New Theology. I thought I was stand-

ing on the rocks of orthodox theology, but now those very rocks themselves seemed to melt under the heat of modern criticism.

Finally I became a convert to this new doctrine, and its devout follower. Not only that, but I became a very zealous propagandist. I began to propagate the new doctrine in preaching and writing. I translated Dr. Pfleiderer's "Philosophy of Religion" into Japanese, under the title of "The Liberal Theology." He was the professor of theology in Berlin University, and was regarded as one of the foremost scholars of New Theology of the day. I myself wrote a book called "Present and Future Christianity of Japan." In this book I prophesied that, though the present Christianity of Japan was orthodox, the future Christianity would be a liberal one. Some liberals say that prophecy has been fulfilled, but I hope not. At any rate, I am sorry to say that this book has led astray many young friends, but I am happy to say that it is out of print now. This book made some stir in the Christian world of Japan at the time.

In those days all the Congregational churches were orthodox and evangelical. Of course, the Presbyterians, the Methodists,

the Episcopalians, and the Baptists were thoroughgoing orthodox, and Congregational ministers were the zealous defenders of the orthodox faith. I was looked at as a very dangerous heretic, and was almost excommunicated. I could not conscientiously stay in the orthodox church, since my theology so greatly differed from theirs, and so I left the Congregational church in order to make my position clear to the world; but when I left the church I left the Christian ministry also.

I wish to call special attention to this point: Why did I leave the ministry when I left the Congregational church? Because, in the first place, my New Theology and Higher Criticism had destroyed my faith in the perfect, divine authority of the Bible; and in the second place, they had destroyed my faith in the perfect deity of Christ. When I had lost these two things I had lost everything. I could not preach Christ alone, and him crucified. I could preach Christian theism, Christian morality, and Christian sociology. In fact, I could preach all the practical side of Christianity, but not the central fundamental truths of Christianity, Christ and his salvation through the cross.

In those days there were many liberals who were saying, "You may have your own theology in your study, but retain the commonly accepted Christian doctrine in the pulpit. There is no need of entering into the discussion of theological questions in the pulpit, because it is for the common people, and not for the scholars."

But I said: "I cannot use two theologies in my ministry, one for myself, and the other for the people. I cannot handle the Word of God in such a double-handed way. What I have learned in my study that I will preach in my pulpit."

But such was quite the common practise among the liberals of those days. Not only in those days, but even now, there are many liberals who are practising these worldly counsels of handling the Word of God cunningly and deceitfully. They are proclaiming from their pulpits, not the salvation of souls by the blood of Christ, but only what they call social salvation, moral uplift, and world reconstruction by the example of Jesus of Nazareth, thus hiding their skeptical theology and agnostic philosophy under the cloak of practical Christianity.

Some liberal churches invited me to come



to their side and help to spread the liberal Christianity in Japan. But I declined all invitations. I thought if social reform and moral uplift are the only work of the Christian ministry, and not the salvation of souls by the blood of Christ, there is no need of my staying in it any longer. Such social service could be rendered out of it just as well, if not better. So I left the ministry, and joined a politico-social reform campaign in my country. Now I became a political and social reformer, and in this capacity spent more than twenty years. Thus I squandered away the best portion of my life in unprofitable worldly pursuit; thus my life was shipwrecked in the midst of my life-work, and thus I turned away from Jesus Christ, whom I had found seventeen years before in such a wonderful manner, and to whom I had pledged my allegiance at the top of the Mount of Flowers. The purpose of the Devil, which could not be accomplished by bitter persecution, had been now accomplished by the help of the New Theology and Higher Criticism. This is the Devil's way of working. When he cannot gain his object by sword or fire, he resorts to an entirely different method.

Now let me tell how the study of Higher Criticism and New Theology destroyed my evangelical faith, and what a baneful influence they exerted upon my spiritual life, and how they finally dragged me down to the depths of doubt and unbelief. But before going farther, I must explain what I call Higher Criticism and New Theology.

When I addressed a body of theological students in a certain seminary where the New Theology and Higher Criticism are being taught now, I told them plainly what havoc this New Theology and Higher Criticism have made in my Christian life, and how they are sapping the very life of the Christian churches at present, and I warned them sincerely against this misleading, dangerous teaching.

After the address, one of the professors who heard me came and asked, "What do you mean by 'Higher Criticism'? Do you mean by it the destructive Higher Criticism only, or do you include even the constructive Higher Criticism?"

I answered him: "I don't know. It is very difficult to draw a line between 'destructive' and 'constructive' in the so-called

modern Higher Criticism. But all criticism which destroys faith in the perfect, divine authority of the Bible I call Higher Criticism, and all theological teaching which destroys belief in the perfect deity of Jesus Christ I call New Theology."

These are the definitions of these two terms which I use in this book. Of course there are all grades of Higher Criticism and New Theology, ranging from the mildest, almost touching the border line of evangelical faith, down to the very deadliest, which never ceases blaspheming Christ and the Holy Scriptures; but whether they are mild or extreme, these doctrines are a real poison to the Christian faith. Not only did I almost kill my spiritual life by absorbing such poisons into my own system, but also by introducing such poisons into the Japanese churches, I did great damage to the cause of Christ in my country.

A friend has asked me whether I still feel the evil effects of the study of such books on my spiritual life.

I answered him, "Yes. If you once absorb poison into your system it is very hard to get entirely rid of the evil."

He also asked me whether it is wise for

one to read such books in order to know our opponents' positions.

"Yes," I said. "Sometimes it is necessary for us to study books of this kind in order to find out their fallacies and untruths."

But even then we must be very careful not to be poisoned ourselves. It is sometimes necessary for the student of chemistry to enter the chemical laboratory and handle deadly poisons, in order to make important experiments, but at such times the student must take as perfect precaution as possible not to take the poison into his own body and die.

In the same way, when you are going to make experiments with these poisonous doctrines of the enemy of the Gospel, you must take perfect precautions not to absorb their poisons, as I did. Moreover, I like to caution my orthodox brothers and sisters against handling these poisonous books except under the urgent necessity of making important experiments. Though we have to provide deadly poisons in our chemical laboratories for the purpose of experiments, it is not at all necessary or advisable to put them in our kitchens and dining-rooms; no, it is not wise to handle them too often.

However, I am not going to discuss at present the question of New Theology. I am simply going to show you how baneful and destructive was its influence upon my own spiritual life. That is all I intend to do here.

Some of the professors of New Theology said to me, after hearing my lecture, "You have the facts which no theory can refute." Yes, I have the facts, or rather I myself am the fact, and I am going to give this fact, and not theory, or argument. Now let me proceed to tell the processes and steps by which these studies destroyed my evangelical faith.

I was a lover of the Bible. I loved it and revered it as the Word of God. I was converted by reading the Bible. I believed the Bible was the Word of God, given by the Holy Spirit through the holy men of old; that the Bible contained truth only, and no error. The Holy Spirit cannot be the author of error. God cannot make mistakes. I believed, therefore, that all the historical facts of the Bible were true facts, and all the biographical narratives true narratives, and not made up by men, and all the Biblical heroes true persons, and not fabulous ones. I believed that its

doctrines and teachings were all true, good, and perfect and "profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness." In fact, I believed that the Bible was a perfect revelation of the will and wisdom and love of God, that we have only to dig into it and find out the precious truth of its deep meaning, and honor it by belief and obedience. If I found any difficult passage in the Bible, which I could not understand, or reconcile with my reason, I always put the blame of the doubt upon my own imperfect intellect, and believed that the Bible was all right, though I could not understand it. Thus I believed in the absolute divine authority of the Bible, and on this divine Book, as on the rock of ages, I built my faith in Christianity as the absolute religion. Not *a* religion, but *the* religion of the world.

Now came the higher critics and said, "No," to all of these my beliefs in the Bible. In the first place, they said, "the Bible is not the Word of God, given through the Holy Spirit, in any such sense as you have believed. The Bible is a book written by men, just as all other books are written. Therefore the words contained in it are not the words of God himself, but the words of men, perhaps

pious men, good men, devout men, and religiously-minded men. But they are all men and nothing more. And as all men are liable to make mistakes, and are apt to invent stories, and manufacture the facts, so the Bible contains many untrue narratives, and made-up stories. Many of the historical personages of the Bible are imaginary heroes and not true persons. Moreover, the doctrines propounded in the Bible are not all sound doctrines. Some are quite unsound. The teachings of the Bible are not all wise and profitable, and some are not applicable to modern times at all. They may have been good enough in the dark ages of the ancient world, but are not suitable to this modern age. So the Bible does not contain truth only, but it contains error also.

“In fact, the Bible is a mixture of truth and error, good and bad, wise and unwise. It contains myths, legends, and fables, just as all the so-called sacred books of the world religions contain such a mixture. The Bible must in many cases be interpreted allegorically and figuratively, deducing only moral and spiritual lessons. You must not swallow everything in the Bible as true, but must make careful discrimination. You must sep-

arate what is true from what is untrue, and what is good from what is bad. You must search and find out for yourself what part of the Biblical history is authentic, and what part of it is not, who are the true persons, and who are the imaginary ones, using reason and common sense, just as when reading all other books written by men." This is what I was taught by Higher Criticism and New Theology.

According to my orthodox faith I had looked upon the Bible as the perfect, revealed Word of God, and as a supreme Judge sitting on the bench giving an infallible judgment upon all matters pertaining to the spiritual as well as the moral welfare of man. This judgment I had looked upon as final, with no one to dispute it. I sat before the Bible as a client or petitioner waiting for a final decision.

Now came Higher Criticism and turned everything upside down and said, "No, you are not the petitioner, you yourself are the judge. You must sit upon the bench of the supreme judge and pronounce your judgment upon the contents of the Bible, as to whether it is true or untrue, good or bad, applicable or inapplicable. The Bible, as all other



books, must become a petitioner before you, and your reason."

So you see the Bible was in this way dragged down from the seat of the supreme judge to the place of the petitioner, and man with his reason and common sense was exalted to the seat of the judge.

What authority can such a Bible have over a man when he has to choose from its contents whatever seems good or suitable for his purpose, and whatever does not seem so he has a right to discard? Do you think such a Bible can command us to "meditate therein day and night," and "turn not from it to the right hand or to the left"? What becomes of those precious promises of God in the Bible if they are not the word of God in a true and exact sense? In the Old and New Testaments there are more than thirty thousand promises, and they have been life and joy and strength to Christians for nineteen centuries. But if these are not really the promises given by God himself, but only the opinions and conjectures of human beings, how can we trust them? Do you think we can build the absolute religion of the world upon so fickle and unstable a foundation as this? The Bible of the Higher Critics is not

rock, but sand, and a house built upon it must fall, and great will be the fall thereof.

Now they have dragged the Bible down to the level of the sacred writings of other world religions, such as the sacred books of the Brahmans, the legendary stories of Shakamuni, the Koran of Mohammed, and others. The religion of the Bible must then become one of these world religions founded by men. So Christianity also must share the fate of all other religions of the world. Once you have dragged Christianity down to a level with other religions of the world, you cannot save it alone amidst the wholesale destruction of all these superstitious world religions by the fires of modern civilization. And I believe the sooner they are destroyed the better it will be for mankind. And Christianity, according to New Theology, must share their fate sooner or later.

In Christian lands we see many who, while embracing such destructive views of the Bible and Christianity, are yet holding on to Christian practise, not as a result of their own thinking, but as a result of time-honored customs, life-long habits, and early training and education in the Christian homes, Christian institutions, and Christian

society in which they were brought up. They are like men who, when thrown into a deep well, instead of going down straight to the bottom, cling to the stony sides, or hold on to the ropes, and so are prevented from dropping at once to the bottom. But Christians newly converted, in a heathen land, having no such Christian homes or institutions to cling to, when thrown into the well of doubt and unbelief, will go straight to the bottom. We are standing only upon our own thinking, and if that thinking goes wrong, we shall fall at once and be drowned.

At least I fell to the bottom. I could not hang on the walls midway. I did not hesitate to declare in my book that if Christianity is one of the religions of the world, like Buddhism and Mohammedanism, then it must share the common fate of all these religions. They may have been all right, and have done their work in their own time and in their own field, but now they will not be able to withstand the test of the twentieth century civilization. In this melting pot of twentieth century civilization all the world religions will be melted together and a new religion, which is neither Buddhism nor Christianity, neither Brahmanism nor Mo-

ammedanism, but which discards all the bad, and retains only the good, of those religions, will arise. In fact, a new eclectic religion will arise out of the chaos of the old religions of the world.

You may say, perhaps, that this is an arrogant and extravagant position to take. Yes, it is arrogant and extravagant, but it is the natural and logical conclusion to which Higher Criticism and New Theology will lead their devout followers in heathen lands. There are many such now, but they do not express their skeptical position as plainly and bluntly as I have done here.

It is a common saying among the educated heathen that all religions have the same goal, and are like the mountain paths leading up to the same top. Some go up from the east, and others from the west, some go up from the north, and others from the south, but they all lead you to the same top, and when you get there you find no difference; whichever path you have taken you are at last at the top of the mountain and enjoying the fine view. If that is so, may it not be better to destroy all the crooked old narrow paths, and build one new, good road, on which people can drive their automobiles up to the very top?

Even though Higher Criticism and New Theology may not lead you to such a radical conclusion as this, yet they will certainly do away with the claims of the Christian religion to be the only true religion of the world, and will make it only one of the world religions. If Christianity has to exist in this world side by side with all other religions, possessing only one portion of humanity, while conceding the rest of it to other religions, it can never claim absolute allegiance from the people of the whole world.

According to the New Theology the work of foreign missions is not to convert the heathen, nor to save them from sin and error, but only to introduce Christianity to them as one of the religions of the world. I heard some liberal missionaries making such statements as this when they were preaching in heathen lands: "We missionaries did not come to you to ask you to throw away your own good religion which you have believed in for so many centuries, and to be converted to our religion, but we came here simply to unite the good in our religion with the good in yours. The good in your religion we Christians desire to learn, but Christianity also has good teachings which would cer-

tainly be of profit to you. So we missionaries have come to unite the best in all religions for the upbuilding of common humanity, not to impose our religion upon you, and make you give up your own religion." These men call themselves modern missionaries, and are entirely different from the old ones who went to heathen lands to convert the people, and to save them from sin. They call the earlier missionaries old-fashioned, out of date. But if this is true, these new missionaries are not the messengers of God, but religious traders, and religious trade is not a profitable thing at all. I am afraid if such is the case the missionary enterprise will cease to exist, and the heathen world will be left in darkness and sin.

The New Theology says again, "Oh, don't bother about the Bible too much. We don't care nowadays whether men believe in the inspiration of the Bible or not, or what kind of inspiration they hold, total or partial, verbal or moral. One man believes the Bible contains truth and no error. Another man thinks it contains both truth and error. We don't care about those things. To be too much concerned with these things was the old-fashioned religious belief. Christianity

does not stand on the inspiration of the Bible. It stands on the unique personality of Christ. As long as we hold on to Christ there is no danger for Christianity."

Very well; it may be so. Christ is our sure foundation. Christianity must stand on this rock of ages. But may I ask a question here? Who is this Christ? Who is this unique personality on which you try to stand as on the sure foundation? Is Christ God, or man? Is he the second person of the Trinity, co-equal and co-eternal with the Father himself? Is he "the only begotten" Son of God, who was in the bosom of the Father from "before the foundation of the world," and who came down to this world and became flesh himself in order to save this lost world? Is he the Word of God who was "in the beginning," and "was with God," and who was God himself, and by whom all things were made, and "without him was not anything made that was made"? In a word, is Christ the Creator or a creature, infinite or finite?

To these blunt questions New Theology has no other answer than "No!" Christ, according to New Theology, is not God, but man. He is not the Creator, but a creature. He is not infinite, but finite. He may

be a godly man, or a man filled with God, or the Spirit of God, but still man, and not God. He may be the greatest, wisest, and holiest man among men, but still he is a man, and not God. New Theology may exalt Christ as high as possible. It can never exalt him to the throne of God. Between God and man there is an infinite distance, and no goodness or greatness or holiness of mere man can ever bridge this distance. If you look up from the plains below to the top of a very high mountain, you see its peaks almost touching heaven, or kissing the blue sky above, but if you climb the mountain and stand on that summit you find the distance between the mountain top and the blue heaven above is just as great as when you were standing on the plain below. Though a man could ever attain to such a height of greatness, holiness, and goodness as to seem to the common eyes almost beside God himself, yet in reality he is as far from God as we common folks are.

But men are not a whit nearer to God by their own greatness and goodness, so you see that though New Theology may exalt Christ as high as it can, yet it cannot raise him to God himself. Their Christ must



stand always among men on this earth. According to its teachings, the Christ of God is gone, and only a human Jesus remains, the greatest, highest, noblest, and holiest man among men. As such he is brought down to the same level as Confucius, Shakamuni, Mohammed, Socrates, and multitudes of the holy men of the world. Can Christianity stand on such a human Christ as this as its sure and unshakable foundation? Is this human Christ the rock of ages on which we can build the structure of the whole Christian religion?

A religion which has been founded by man can by no means be the absolute religion of the world. If it is human in its origin it must be human all the way through, and it must share the fate of all other human religions.

But here comes another exhortation from the camp of New Theology. "Don't trouble yourself too much about the nature of Christ, —whether he is God or man. Some think that Christ is God, and others think that he is man. Some think that Christ was born miraculously of a virgin, conceived by the Holy Ghost; others think he was the real son of Mary and Joseph, born in the same way as

their other sons and daughters. Some say he rose from the dead after three days, and others say that he did not rise, and that what the Bible states as the resurrection of Christ was a mere vision, seen by his devout but ignorant and superstitious disciples, as a result of their own imagination. Thus we have all kinds of views about the nature and the person of Christ, each preferring his own view. In the olden time Christians laid great stress on these beliefs, but nowadays we pass over those things and don't make much fuss about them. We don't care much which way the people think about the nature and person of Christ, whether he is God or man, if we only love him and obey him with our whole heart. The supreme love and absolute allegiance to our Lord are the only essentials which we should always hold up as the life of our Christian faith. If we hold fast to these truths then we can safely let go such non-essentials as the Virgin Birth and the Resurrection."

Thus we are exhorted by New Theology to love Jesus supremely and obey him absolutely, regardless of our belief about the person and nature of Christ. These exhortations sound very plausible, and seem to make

the new doctrine more spiritual and practical than the old-fashioned orthodox belief, which made so much of the nature and person of Christ. At the present day we hear such statements even from the pulpits which are called evangelical. And many people are deceived by the very plausibleness of this position, because they seem to be laying more stress upon the practical side of Christianity than upon the intellectual definition of the terms of the Christian doctrine. I was one of those who were deceived by this teaching, and was finally led away from the path of the truth.

Let me show how such unsound teaching of the essentials of Christian doctrine as denying the deity of Christ will exert its baneful influence upon the mind of the believer, especially upon the mind of the newly converted Christian in a heathen land. Be sure that the belief in the deity of Jesus Christ is not one of the non-essentials of the Christian doctrine, as those New Theologians try to make us believe, but it is the very life and essence of Christianity. If you take away this belief from the Christian faith it will die.

In the first place, to speak plainly, do you

think that we can love Jesus Christ supremely if he is not God, but man? What is supreme love? Is it not a true, living, personal love? But if Jesus Christ was a mere man, born of Mary and Joseph, just as all other men were born, then he must have been dead for nineteen centuries. And if he is not risen from the dead, can we love supremely such a dead man? We sometimes say that we love such and such great men of history, such as Washington and Lincoln, but in this case we mean we love their memory, not the persons themselves. But we cannot love them as we love our fathers, mothers, wives, and husbands, who are really living among us now. We cannot have the warm, living, personal love for those historical personages that we have for those who are living right among us. What is that supreme love which true Christians cherish toward their Saviour? Is it a loving memory, or true personal, living love? To the true Christian is not Jesus the ever-living and ever-present personal Saviour? Do we not love him more than father or mother, wife or husband? Surely we love him as a person, and not as a beautiful character who once lived upon this earth, and who is pictured for us by his biographers.

I once listened to an eloquent preacher of New Theology who pictured the character of Jesus before his audience as a perfect model in all respects — holy, righteous, kind, loving, gentle, meek, humble, patient, strong, brave, and so on. It was a most exquisite portraiture of human character. But all the while I was listening I felt as though I was standing before a marble statue, beautiful to look at, but cold and lifeless. He was not introducing a living Saviour to his audience, but only showing them that there was such a good man who once lived upon this earth, and who had this beautiful character. That was all. This Jesus may have had such deep love for his disciples who were contemporary with him, but he could not have loved you and me, because he could not have known us at such a distant time. He was a man of nineteen centuries ago. This preacher was praising the character of Jesus just as the novelist praises his heroes. By listening to such a painting of the character of the human Jesus how can we feel true personal love toward him? True and supreme love comes from the living and direct touch of heart with heart, as a fire flashes by the friction of steel and flint.

When I lost my faith in the deity of our Lord Jesus Christ as my ever-living, personal Saviour, I lost my supreme love for him also. Henceforth I regarded and honored him as a historical personage, perhaps the holiest and greatest and best of all men who ever lived on this earth. But that warmth and joy of the living, personal love to the living, personal Saviour were all gone, and my Christian faith became dead and cold, or rather it should be said that it became simply an intellectual appreciation of the beautiful character of an old sage.

As to allegiance to Christ, do you think you can require of any man such absolute allegiance to a mere man, though he may have been the greatest and best that the world has ever produced? My orthodox faith taught me that I should obey Jesus because he is my Creator as well as my Saviour. In the first place, as God he created me, and then as Saviour he came down from heaven and died upon the cross to save me, but he rose again from the dead, and now sits at the right hand of his Father, making intercession for me, and he will come again to rule the whole world. Since Jesus is my living and personal Saviour, I must obey him abso-

lutely and unreservedly. I must love him more than father or mother, son or daughter, or even my own life itself. I must sacrifice my life for him. But if he is not such a Saviour, but a mere teacher who gave us wise precepts and doctrines, who led a beautiful life long years ago, and who died at last upon the cross at the hand of his enemies, what right have you to ask absolute allegiance from me who have no relation at all to him? There have been many great and good men in this world. Confucius, Socrates, Shakamuni, and all other founders of the world religions were more or less great, and we are indebted to them for their teachings and precepts and inspired by their fine examples. But no one thinks of demanding from us absolute allegiance to these great men, or asks us to sacrifice our lives for them. Thus, with the downfall of the belief in the deity of Christ, the authority of Jesus Christ as a divine Master must go also.

One of the glories of Christianity is that we have had such a multitude of martyrs for the cause of Christ during the nineteen centuries of its existence. Do you think that a man would face unflinchingly the blazing fire of persecution simply on the strength of his

belief in Jesus as a great moral teacher? Would frail women have calmly faced those roaring lions approaching slowly but surely to tear them to pieces with their cruel claws, merely on the strength of the belief that by Christ's humane teaching womanhood was lifted up to the same level with manhood? It was only in the strength of a belief that the living Saviour was right at their side with his outstretched arms to catch and carry them straight into the bosom of our heavenly Father that the martyrs braved the fire and sword. If such unsound doctrine as the liberals are now teaching had prevailed at the beginning of the introduction of Christianity into the world, there would have been no martyrdom for the Christian faith, and Christianity must have ceased to exist long ago.

Thus by the study of New Theology and Higher Criticism all belief in the fundamental doctrines of Christianity were destroyed one after another, and I was again left to my former self. I was introduced into the Christian religion by the front gate of orthodoxy, and led out of it by the back gate of New Theology into my old heathen doubt and unbelief.

The enlightened heathen hold the same



view as the liberals with regard to the Bible and Christ. They also believe that the Bible is a good book, but that it contains both truth and error. They too believe that Jesus was a great and good man, but a man only, and not God. So these enlightened heathen are standing on the same ground as the liberals, and there is no need of going to them and teaching them the doubts and unbeliefs they already have.

By this time my vision of the future world and eternal life became very vague and obscure. The unseen world became now very misty and foggy. I could not see clearly, and so I was shut up to this world. I thought, "Let the future take care of itself; my concern is in this world alone." Thus I became a man of the world. Now my philosophy was to be healthy, wealthy, happy, and good. To have a strong body, a comfortable living, a happy home, and a good reputation in this world is enough for any man. It was not my theory only, but I put it into practise as much as I could, and I attained my objects pretty well, except for the second one. I had a good wife and nine children, all well and good, and a happy home. I was strong and healthy, and was

quite popular, and was regarded as one of the most successful social reformers in my country. I was not so selfish as to think only of my own happiness, but I tried to make other people happy also. I became a preacher of thrift and economy; and during twenty years I was engaged in teaching the gospel of saving, not souls, but money. I traveled all over the country, from one end to the other, and delivered several thousand lectures on the subject of economy and saving. During this time I think I preached the doctrine of saving to over five million people. I am known, even now, in Japan, more as a preacher of saving money than a preacher of saving souls. I think I have done some little good in this respect to the people of my own country, and I believe the government, as well as my people, recognize this fact. I was quite satisfied with my worldly success, not knowing that such satisfaction is the most dangerous menace to a man's spiritual life.

But all this was simply the outward appearance. If you look a little deeper into the matter, you will soon find out what a dreadful state a backsliding man can come into. At first it was a matter of intellectual doubt and unbelief. I was shaken in my mind by

the arguments of New Theology. But the work of the Devil did not stop here. I was now shaken morally and spiritually. This moral shaking made most dreadful havoc in my spiritual life. Sin crept in, and I was made a captive again. Oh, what a wretched man I was in those days of backsliding! Even to think of those days gives me unendurable pain. I strayed so far away that even my friends lost their hope of my returning. Yet there were two women, one an American and the other a Japanese, who, I was afterward told, were praying for me without ceasing during those twenty years of my prodigal life. God in his faithfulness watched over me during all those years, and finally brought me back to fellowship with himself. He will never forsake those he has once redeemed.

Between the Bible of the orthodox faith and that of New Theology there is the difference of heaven and earth. One is heavenly, divine, and holy; the other is earthly, human, and therefore unholy. One is the God-given, infallible standard by which we measure all our conduct; the other consists of rules and regulations given by men, which we may use or not, as we may please. One

## The Servant Disobedient 67

is the Master whom we must obey absolutely, the other is the servant whom we may employ or not. One is an inexhaustible mine of eternal truth stored up by God; the other is a shallow pit dug by men. One is the living oracles of God; the other, dead documents of ancient wisdom. The Bible in the hand of New Theology has become an entirely different thing from that of the true Christian faith of the nineteenth century. It has entirely lost its divine authority, and therefore its teachings and commandments have no more binding power than mere human instruction.

## CHAPTER III

### THE SERVANT RESTORED

ONE of my missionary friends in Japan asked me to write a tract on the prodigal son. I told him I could not do it, because it would be just like writing my own story. How can I write such a shameful story? But now I would like to tell you a little about it, and show you how patient and long-suffering was my Saviour toward such a poor, erring child as myself during those long years of disobedience and prodigality. Simply for the glory of God I will give you the following story of my life.

You know, when the prodigal son left his father's home he forgot everything. He forgot his father, his brother, his home, and his servants, and was entirely absorbed in his present enjoyment of worldly pleasures until a terrible calamity brought him to himself again. Then he recalled for the first time since he left his father's home, "How many hired servants of my father's have bread enough and to spare, and I perish with hun-

ger." Then he started homeward with a heavy heart, full of grief and remorse, and determined to reform and live a life of devotion to his father. But during all those days, perhaps years, his father had not forgotten his erring and wandering boy. He was waiting day and night for his return. Perhaps he was looking out from his windows every morning and evening in the direction his son had gone. One evening when he got a glimpse of his lost son he did not wait in his room for him, but jumped up and ran from his house to meet that wretched son.

Just so, my friend, during those twenty years of my prodigal life I forgot my heavenly Father, and my Saviour, and my spiritual home and inheritance. I had been absorbed entirely in my ambitious worldly career and earthly happiness, but my Father did not forget me. He had not forsaken me. He was watching and waiting all the while for my return. In his own time the Father himself arrested me in my wild career of worldly ambition and earthly enjoyment.

It was in this way. In the midst of my worldly prosperity and happiness my Father came down and suddenly took away my dear wife, leaving behind her nine motherless chil-

dren, the youngest of whom was not quite four. I was overwhelmed with grief. But, oh, my children's grief! They loved their mother very much. She was a devout woman, and not a backslider like myself. During the quarter of a century of our married life I had never heard a single murmur from her lips, nor a word of discouragement. She was always thankful and grateful for everything. She led such a beautiful life of love and devotion before her children that they almost worshiped her. When she was suddenly taken away from them, they were all thrown into the deepest grief, and they cried and wailed day and night, clinging to their dead mother. My friends came to comfort them, but they would not be comforted, because their mother was gone, and they could not see her again. Their grief was so intense that at one time I was afraid some of my children would go insane. A man may marry a second wife, and love her just as much as the first, but when children lose their own mother they can never have a second one whom they can love as their own. It was a most heartrending thought to me that death had made these nine children motherless forever.

While their mother was with them they thought their home was a sweet and bright home,—heaven on earth. They were all so happy and contented, but when their dear mother was taken away from them the home became a dark, dismal hell on earth. Yes, in those days the home was full of weeping and wailing day and night.

In the midst of this darkness a light as from heaven flashed into my home, in this way. The children were crying because their mother was gone, and they could not see her again, but suddenly they changed their tone and began to say, "No, our mother is not gone. What we have buried in her grave was not mother herself, but only her body. Our mother has gone to heaven to be with her God. And if she has gone to heaven and is with God now, as God is everywhere our mother also might be here in spirit. Though we cannot see her, she might be seeing from there these nine poor motherless children crying day and night for her."

Then, in order to realize their mother's spiritual presence in the home, they began to decorate the whole house with her picture. They hung up large pictures of her in the dining-room, in the parlor, in the bed-



room, and in other rooms. There was not a single room in the whole house where her picture was not hanging on the wall. And on all of their desks they placed their mother's picture.

Thus they began to say "Mama, mama," once more. "Mama" is an English word, not Japanese, but as its sound was very endearing to their hearts, all my children used to call her by that name.

You know children love to say "mama" or "mother." When they come back from school the first word they utter is "mama," or "mother." If they cannot use this endearing word they cannot be happy. Now my children had suddenly been deprived of this dear word by the death of their mother, and so they were crying. But now, once more, they began to say this dear word.

Pointing to those pictures of their mother, they began to say: "That is a dining-room mama, that a parlor mama, and that your mama, and this mine, on my desk." There was a picture of her holding the youngest child in her arms and kissing his cheeks. This picture the youngest boy always called his own mama. Thus, you see, as soon as that endearing word "mama" came into the

children's mouths, the whole house was brightened up, and home became sweet again. These pictures were a great comfort to my children in those days of sorrow. They even became a source of inspiration and encouragement in the times of trial and difficulty.

One of my boys went to take the entrance examination of a medical college shortly after his mother's death. He went down to the college town before the examination to prepare for it. One day, when I went to see how he was getting on, I found three boys studying in the same room. On the desks of the other two boys I noticed pictures of Gladstone and Bismarck. Perhaps these great men were the objects of their hero-worship, but on my boy's desk I saw his mother's picture, right in front, as usual. He thought his mother's picture was just as good for him, if not better, than those of great men. I was much pleased with this expression of his love for his dead mother, even in such a place as this.

The examination was said to be hard, especially in mathematics. There were five questions to answer. Four of them he disposed of quickly, but he could make nothing out of the fifth. If he could not answer all

five questions satisfactorily, his failure to pass would be certain, because there were ten times more applicants for the examination than the college could possibly take in that year. The time set for the examination was quickly passing; so, closing his eyes, he tried very hard to think out the solution. Just at that moment his mother's figure flashed before him. In surprise he opened his eyes, and the solution of the problem was in his mind. He took up his pen and wrote it out satisfactorily.

He entered the college at the head of his class, and wrote to me afterward, saying, "Surely mama helped me."

One day my youngest girl came to me with a curious question. She said, "Papa, when you go to any faraway place you always come back, don't you?"

"Yes," I said. "This is papa's home; papa has to come back always to his home,—don't you see?"

Then she said, "Well, then, you all say mama is gone to heaven from here; and if she really went there, and is living there now, why can't she come back, as you always do from a faraway place? Why can't she come home again from heaven?"

I could not answer such a question. But simply to comfort her, I said:

“Oh, I see! Perhaps God has some work for your mama in heaven. Therefore he is keeping her there, and your mama cannot come back here. You know, mama must obey God; whatever God says mama must do. God does not want your mama to come back to this world, so she cannot come home.”

I said this simply to satisfy her childish mind, which was wondering why her mama, if she is really living in heaven with God, cannot come back once more to her old home.

Instantly she said, “All right, papa. Then why can’t you go now to heaven yourself, and do mama’s work and serve God in her place, and let mama come down here for one month? And when you get tired of heaven, papa, you might come down, and then we will send mama up again to heaven. It is very good to have papa with us always, but we want mama also.”

You see, in her childish mind there was no partition between heaven and earth. Heaven is joined to the earth by her dear mother being there. She could see now right through to the throne of God, and her dear

mother there. In those days they underwent various spiritual experiences in a most wonderful manner.

Every evening their favorite hymn was that one which has in its chorus, "Our friend is waiting on the other side." In Japanese "friend" is *tomo*, and my children changed that *tomo* into "mama," almost the same sound, and were singing, "Our mama is waiting on the other side." To them the unseen world seemed so near and real that they felt as if they themselves were living in the same spiritual world with their departed mother.

In the midst of such a spiritual atmosphere, how could I resist the influence pouring in upon me from the other side? You know, I had been a pastor at one time, as well as a professor of theology, so I must have known intellectually things pertaining to the spiritual world. I had not forgotten them, only they were clouded by doubt. Thus, while I was watching these spiritual experiences of my children, gradually the clouds of doubt and unbelief began to disperse, and once more heaven opened, and with my spiritual eyes I saw Jesus Christ, my Saviour and Lord, whom New Theology had taken away from me, still sitting at the right hand

of God: "Jesus Christ the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever."

Then I could exclaim with doubting Thomas when he saw the prints of the nails in the hands of Jesus, "My Lord and my God!" Jesus is my God, my very God. "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word *was* God."

These verses of Scripture, which I had committed to memory forty years ago in Captain Janes' Bible class, now flashed into my mind as lightning from heaven, and the whole spiritual world was once more lighted up as in the noonday. Thus I was brought back to my old simple faith by the words of my child. Indeed, "out of the mouth of babes and sucklings thou hast perfected praise." Thus began my return.

On another occasion I was brought back to my old religious consciousness thus: Just before my wife died she was talking with me, with a smile on her face. She was weak in body, and had lain in bed for many weeks; but she was perfectly sound in her mind. I found no sign of mental weakness to the very moment of her death. Then suddenly a spasm caught her, as the physician told me afterward, and in a few minutes she was

gone. Only a moment ago there she was, and now she is not. Where is she? What has become of her? Her body lies here just as before, a little cold, perhaps, but where is that personality which shone so brightly through those eyes which are now shut? Has she vanished? Has she been destroyed? Is she annihilated? Impossible to think such a thing at such a time. Do you think I could help following her into that world yonder whither she went so suddenly? Yes, I did follow her. I was, as it were, peeping through the portal of death into that eternal world where she had just been translated. There and then I came face to face with the eternal reality of death.

When you face death, either in yourself or in your friend, you face eternity. When you face eternity, all things which are not eternal, which belong to this world alone, temporary things, such as wealth and possessions, houses and clothing, and all other earthly valuables, which have absorbed your attention while you were healthy and strong, now sink into insignificance before the brightness of the eternal realities. What use is there of wealth and possessions to a dying man? He came naked into this

world, and now he must go out of it naked again. What comfort can gold and diamonds give to the dying girl? Can the possession of pretty dresses and costly jewels make happy the heart of a dying girl? When a man comes to the last moment of his earthly journey, the sense of the nearness of eternity will overshadow all things earthly and temporal.

When I faced eternity in the death of my dear one, that solemn and awe-inspiring consciousness of the eternal destiny of man which lay so long dormant in my heart now came back to me with overwhelming force and vividness. Then all the clouds of doubt and unbelief raised by my too much speculative thinking, and all the mists and fogs caused by worldly ambition and earthly enjoyment just vanished away, and I was lifted up into the third heaven.

Death is a sad thing. Especially is the death of our dearest one the saddest experience of our life. But when you look at it in the light of heaven, the death of a dear friend is the most precious gift God can ever give in this world. I confess I was revived by the death of my wife. Certainly it can be said that she died in order to rouse



me from the slumber of a backsliding and prodigal life. Oh, the wonderful method of God's dealing, always surpassing our human understanding! Always and everywhere, the good suffer for the bad, the righteous for the unrighteous, and saints for sinners.

As a natural consequence of this death experience, I was brought back once more to that glorious scene on Calvary. I saw plainly why the holy and righteous Son of God, who knew no sin and in whom was found no guile, had to face that terrible death on the cross; why Jesus, the Lamb of God, should have been bruised for our iniquities and wounded for our transgressions; why the chastisement of our peace must be upon him, and why we sinners must be healed by his stripes.

When I look back to those days of sorrow and grief, I almost forget the death of my human wife, and feel always as though I were standing at the foot of the cross on Calvary. Yes, it was Jesus who was with me during those long years of my wanderings, though I was entirely unconscious of his gracious presence. At every turn of my life Jesus was there protecting and keeping, loving and suffering. When I

succumbed to temptation and sin, and stumbled, he was there looking at me with sorrowful eyes, as he looked at Peter, who denied him. It was by his unseen hand that I was kept and guarded and lifted up again and again, and was not utterly destroyed, though I was struck down numberless times by my enemies. Though I pierced his heart again and again with my sins, he never forsook me. Though I wilfully ran away from him, he always followed me. It is a terrible thing to think how I pained his heart, how sorrowful I must have made him, and finally how I crucified him. He died for me on account of my sin, taking upon himself all my iniquities and transgressions, and all their penalties and consequences. Oh, what a wonderful Saviour is Jesus, my Lord!

I found once more the joy of my salvation in the cross of Christ. It is not by the work of social reform, or world reconstruction, or moral uplift, that this sin-stricken world may be saved. It is not by the teaching of Jesus, nor by his blessed life even, that we sinners are to be saved, but it is only by the preaching of the cross of Christ that salvation comes to this world.

Then I said, "Now I know the redeeming

power of the cross of Christ. Now I will preach this cross to my fellow-sinners. I am determined not to know anything among men but Jesus Christ and him crucified."

I returned to my old simple faith in Jesus as my Saviour and Lord, after passing for many years through a tempestuous life of doubt and unbelief caused by the study of New Theology. Even after I returned to my old faith I read many books of New Theology, especially of the German authors, in order to see their present situation in the theological world. But this time my mental atmosphere was cleared by light from heaven, and my perception of spiritual truth became so real through my own experiences that no cunningness of mere argument could lead my mind astray from the path of truth. Now I saw plainly enough the fallacies and shallowness in their reasonings, and no amount of plausibleness in what they call the scientific method of treating religious truth could longer shake my conviction, based on the experimental knowledge of my own Christian life.

I tell you, my friends, when you have once tasted how gracious is your Lord, how real and true is his personal presence, and how

sweet are his words, yea, "sweeter also than honey and the honeycomb," no destructive criticism, and no evil teachings of New Theology, can disturb your faith in the absolute divine authority of the Bible, as well as in the perfect deity of Jesus Christ our Lord. It is only when we have no such experimental knowledge of spiritual truth, when our minds are not enlightened from above, and our faith is cold, formal, and lifeless, that the crafty arguments of the enemies of the Gospel can shake us. Just as when our bodies are weak and our vitality is low, we are apt to be attacked by disease, so the best precaution against this disease of the soul, and the most effective remedy for the pestilential doctrines of the present day, is the spiritual health and strength gained by a vital knowledge of God and the unseen world. Thus returning to my old simple faith in my Saviour and Lord, I became the preacher of his cross, and God has wonderfully blessed my work.

## CHAPTER IV

### THE SERVANT REAPING

**I**N JAPAN I am known as the man of one sermon, because I preach the same sermon everywhere. This sermon consists of three parts,— God, Sin, and Salvation. In fact, I try to give all the fundamental doctrines of Christianity in one sermon. To preach it, therefore, requires three hours. Its English translation, published by Fleming H. Revell Company of New York, is called “The Three Hour Sermon.” But though this sermon consists of three parts, in reality it is on one subject. The first two parts, God and Sin, are like two posts on which rests the cross of Christ as the climax of the sermon. Thus I became literally a preacher of one sermon, on the cross of Christ.

When I am engaged in an evangelistic campaign in any one place for several nights, sometimes a week or two at a time, I repeat this same sermon night after night. I tell my congregation each time that I am going to preach this same sermon every night:

“Therefore you who have heard it to-night need not come again. Your part now is to decide whether you will accept or reject this offer of salvation through Jesus Christ. But in this place there are many people who have never yet heard this Gospel message. Perhaps such may be found in your own homes, or among your own friends. Why can't you send them, or bring them here to-morrow night, and let them also have the opportunity of hearing the Gospel? And if you don't wish to stay, you may go back, leaving your friends.” Thus I change my congregation every night, instead of changing my sermon, which amounts to the same thing. I need not be troubled about getting a new audience every night, since I have sixty millions yet to preach to.

However, though I preach the same sermon, I usually have large congregations. I do not preach now in the churches. Our church buildings are too small to hold the large crowds which come every night to hear this one sermon. I am obliged everywhere to rent theaters for my meeting places. The largest ones hold from three to four thousand, and they are packed every night.

Since the fall of 1915 I have conducted

evangelistic campaigns in all parts of Japan, and also among the Japanese in the island of Hawaii, and on the Pacific coast of America. I will give you here the exact figures of these campaigns, by which you can judge for yourselves the present situation of Christianity in Japan.

#### PACIFIC COAST CAMPAIGN

*From September, 1915, to February, 1916, Five months*

Places visited .....	64
Evangelistic meetings held .....	142
Churches which took part in campaign .....	67
Denominations or missions co-operating .....	9
Total attendance .....	30,000
Number of decisions for Christ .....	2,400

#### CAMPAIGN IN JAPAN PROPER

*From September, 1916, to June, 1919,  
Thirty-three months*

Cities and towns visited .....	204
Evangelistic meetings held .....	577
Churches which took part in the campaign ...	404
Denominations or missions co-operating .....	23
Total Attendance .....	270,000
Number of decisions for Christ .....	43,370

#### HAWAIIAN CAMPAIGN

*From July, 1919, to October, 1919, Three months*

Places visited .....	32
Evangelistic meetings held .....	82
Churches which took part in the campaign ....	18
Denominations co-operating .....	3
Total attendance .....	10,000
Number of decisions for Christ .....	2,080

## SECOND PACIFIC COAST CAMPAIGN

*October, 1919, Half a month*

Places visited .....	5
Evangelistic meetings held .....	11
Churches which took part in the campaign ...	14
Denominations co-operating .....	5
Total attendance .....	3,400
Number of decisions for Christ .....	488

### GRAND TOTAL

Number of months engaged in campaigns ...	42
Places visited .....	305
Evangelistic meetings held .....	812
Churches which took part in campaigns .....	502
Denominations or missions co-operating .....	40
Total attendance .....	313,000
Number of decisions for Christ .....	48,338

In Japan proper I have already visited forty provinces out of the forty-seven. I have held evangelistic campaigns in more than two hundred cities and towns. Everywhere people flocked to hear the Gospel. They are hungering and thirsting for the saving power of the Gospel. Their old religious beliefs have been shattered and destroyed by the light of modern civilization, and they are looking for the true religion which can satisfy their spiritual need.

As I have said, Christianity in Japan was strictly forbidden for many centuries, and people had very poor ideas about it. When



the missionaries first came they found the ground so very hard that it seemed almost impossible even to sow the seed; but for the last fifty years they have been patiently working on this hard ground, plowing the field and sowing the seed, yet without being able to see the longed-for fruits. Now the harvest has come. The time of ingathering has arrived. Throughout the whole country, from the highest to the lowest, all people are ready to receive the message if you preach the Gospel of Jesus Christ in its purity and simplicity. From the figures just given as a result of my four-years' campaign, you can easily see how receptive the minds of the Japanese people have become to the Gospel message. But as an example of the great awakening in my country, I wish to tell you about the largest campaign I have ever had thus far in Japan.

In the spring of 1919 I conducted an evangelistic campaign for six nights in the city of Tokyo, the capital of Japan. This campaign was undertaken by a Presbyterian church in Tokyo which is one of the largest and strongest Japanese churches in the country. The pastor of the church is one of the greatest Christian scholars, as well

as one of the most thoroughgoing orthodox theologians, in Japan. The total membership of his church is about a thousand, but those members who are living in and around the city of Tokyo are not over five hundred. The campaign was conducted in the large auditorium of the Tokyo Y. M. C. A. building, which holds from eighteen hundred to two thousand. For a whole year this church was earnestly praying in preparation for this great campaign. When the time drew near, for five successive Sunday mornings the services were turned over to me, that I might train the whole church for the coming campaign. Before beginning on such a campaign I had to instruct the Christians on the following points: First, how to prepare for the campaign; second, how to work during the campaign; and third, how to follow up later the work of the campaign. Unless the churches taking part in the campaign are thoroughly instructed on these points, it cannot be a successful one.

When the first preparation Sunday came, almost the whole church gathered for instructions. At this time I set up two objectives for the Christians to attain. First,

they must try to get a total of ten thousand unbelievers,—not Christians of other churches,—to attend our meetings. Second, out of this number they must try to get at least fifteen hundred decisions for Christ.

The first thing needed was money. Where could we get it? War means money. Without money you cannot wage a successful campaign. I said to the congregation:

“I don't know how much this campaign will need in all, but I think we must have at least fifteen hundred *yen* (\$750) to begin with. It will be cheap indeed if we can save fifteen hundred souls with fifteen hundred *yen*, which means only one *yen* a soul. Now for this fifteen hundred *yen* you must not look to anybody else but to yourselves. This is your campaign, and you must pay for it. This morning at the beginning of the preparation I ask every one of you to give as much as you can for this campaign fund. If there is any one among you here who says he has no money to give, I advise him to sell his clothing and buy a sword, as Christ told his disciples on the eve of a great conflict.”

Then I distributed paper and pencils among them, on which to write the amounts which they were willing to give. When those

papers were gathered up and counted, they brought the result to me, and I found exactly fifteen hundred and four *yen*.

Then the people said, "This is not the work of man, but of God."

To attain these great objectives the next thing was to advertise the meeting in various ways. Newspaper advertising was, of course, the first, and then many big advertising boards were set up in the crowded quarters of the city. Besides this, three hundred and fifty thousand posters or handbills were printed, and each member of the church distributed five hundred of these during the campaign days. Even the Sunday-school scholars, numbering over three hundred, were enlisted in this work. Each of the younger children distributed one hundred posters, and the older ones three hundred. Last of all, every church member was requested to find twenty unbelievers who would promise to attend the campaign meetings. These we called the "pledged hearers." This plan of finding the "pledged hearers" before the campaign opened worked out very well, as the church people were thus brought into direct personal contact with most of the people who came to our meetings.

With this training and these objectives we began the campaign February 5, 1919. But unfortunately we failed to attain our first objective. There were two reasons for this: One was that on the very first morning of our campaign all the city papers made a public announcement from the headquarters of the Police Department, strongly advising the people not to attend any kind of a mass meeting on account of the terrible influenza, which was then raging throughout the whole city; the other was such a big snowstorm on the fourth night that all the city trolley cars stopped running.

But in spite of these hindrances about eight thousand people came during the six nights. Of these about two thousand were Christians, so the unbelievers, who were the real object of the campaign, numbered only about six thousand, a little over half of our objective.

We had the most unexpected success in attaining our second objective. From the six thousand unbelievers we had three thousand and sixty-one decisions for Christ. More than half of the unbelieving portion of the audience decided to accept Christ. This was a great surprise. No one ever dreamed of such a great result as this. Moreover,

唯いの神のめくのをあつて  
 心をすもつすのてひれをけひ  
 するとつかく十ギあの信ると  
 事教てりひ字りら罪じ眞り  
 ををキ死に架スたをおのの

心 決	
名 姓	所 住
決心者は左に御名前と御住所（現在の）とを御記し下さい。	

### Mr. Kanamori's Decision Card

Translation of upper section: "I believe in the one true living God; I repent of my sin; I accept salvation through the Cross of Jesus Christ; I follow Christ even unto death."

The two large characters signify "Heart" and "Decision." Then follow instructions and space for writing one's name and address.

this audience of eight thousand people was made up of all classes. Among them were high government officials, members of Parliament, professors of universities, teachers of all kinds of schools, students from the universities, as well as high-school boys and girls, merchants, bankers, and business men; in fact, all classes of Japanese society were represented in this audience. But the greatest surprise of all was that out of the three thousand decisions we found about two thousand were all educated young men and women, the essence of the rising generation of Japan. Here are the exact figures of the campaign.

	Total Attendance	Chris- tian	Unbelieving Portion	Deci- sions
First Night .....	1,000	250	750	390
Second Night .....	1,200	300	900	394
Third Night .....	1,300	300	1,000	429
Fourth Night <sup>(big</sup> <sub>snow storm)</sub> .....	500	150	350	267
Fifth Night .....	1,600	350	1,250	690
Sixth Night .....	2,200	450	1,750	891
Totals .....	<u>7,800</u>	<u>1,800</u>	<u>6,000</u>	<u>3,061</u>

But I must tell of the "follow-up work" of the campaign. We began immediately. For the five nights following the campaign we had meetings for the new converts, during which I preached the practical

side of Christianity, such as consecration, prayer, Bible reading, and so on. A little over sixteen hundred out of three thousand converts attended these after-meetings. Then for a whole month the pastor and his associates conducted special preaching services every night, just for the purpose of educating and training these three thousand converts. After that about fifty Christian homes of the church were thrown open for district meetings for the converts living in that district. And lastly, the names of the new converts were all printed on one big sheet and distributed to all the church-members, so that every one of these new converts should come under the care of some member of the church. To each member were assigned from three to ten names, for whose spiritual training he would be responsible. In these ways we carried on our "follow-up work" after the campaign. God wonderfully blessed that campaign.

Immediately after this a Congregational church carried on the same kind of an evangelistic campaign. In this we had two thousand decisions. After these two big campaigns we had twenty smaller ones in and around the city of Tokyo, conducted by



twenty churches, in which a little over five thousand decisions were made. So that the whole number of decisions during the three months' campaign was 10,440. Of these converts about one thousand were taken into the churches of their choice before the summer of 1919.

Thus you can easily see how mightily the Spirit of God is now working among my people. And it is not man's work, but the work of God himself. In the presence of such fire from heaven man must take off his shoes and praise the Lord only.

In this connection I must tell you one secret, if it can be called a secret. In that big campaign in the Tokyo Y. M. C. A., if it can be said that I had any part in it, it was not by my preaching so much as by my praying. This I say to the glory of the Lord, and not my own. Though I made fifteen hundred decisions the objective for the church, I had my own secret objective, which was three thousand decisions. For the last three years I had been conducting my evangelistic campaigns all over the country, except in Tokyo, the capital. And now at last God had led me to this city of about three million people, to conduct a campaign on a

larger scale than I had ever attempted. Surely the result of this campaign must exert great influence all over the country. So I prayed to God that he would pour out his Holy Spirit in this campaign as he did at Pentecost in Jerusalem, and show forth his power and glory, and let all people know that our God is a living God.

So I prayed for three thousand decisions, the same number as at Pentecost. For ten days of the campaign I left my own home, which is in the same city, and retired to a private room on the fourth floor of the tower on the Y. M. C. A. building, and there spent a quiet time in prayer and fasting. It is my usual custom during these campaigns not to see any one in the afternoon. After lunch I always retire and engage in prayer. When I preach my three-hour sermon to an unbelieving audience, I never take my evening meal. I lose my appetite as I feel the burden of my message to those thousands of unbelievers, whose eternal destiny is now in my hands. If they accept my message and believe in Jesus, it will be life eternal to them, but if they reject it the result will be just the opposite. Who can feel equal to such a great responsibility as this?

When I was once asked, half jestingly, why I do not take food before I preach, I answered, "Could you sit at your table, eating and drinking, laughing and joking with your good friends, and in this manner spend the last critical hour just before you appear before thousands of souls in the attempt to settle their eternal destiny?"

No, I cannot do it. I always feel that the only place from which I can go to my pulpit is "the mercy seat." Thus I prayed and fasted for this blessing of getting three thousand decisions, and God answered my prayer, and gave me exactly 3,061 decisions. Is not this a real Pentecostal outpouring of the Holy Spirit? God is working mightily through his Holy Spirit throughout the length and breadth of my country.

This condition is not confined to the large cities alone, but in more than two hundred places where I conducted similar campaigns we found the same conditions. Of course there are some differences in the results of the campaign. From my own experience I can say the result of such a campaign almost entirely depends upon the pastors and churches which have undertaken it. I always tell those pastors with whom I work that the

work of the evangelist is like that of a woodman who goes to the forest and cuts down the trees big and small, and brings them to the shop of the carpenter. There the woodman's work ends, and the carpenter's work begins. Now the carpenter must work upon this raw material which the woodman has furnished him. He must cut and saw and plane, and make posts and boards and build the house. But if the carpenter does not work, and lets the timber lie piled up outside his shop, the rain and frost will come, and the timber will surely rot and decay. Who is responsible for the rotting of the timber? The woodman or the carpenter? When I had faithful pastors and working churches I have always seen fine results.

I have received a printed report of the result of my five-months' campaign on the Pacific coast. Out of sixty-four places on the Pacific coast where I worked during five months, fifty-six churches have sent in a report, one year after the campaign. There are two churches which have received on confession of faith all converts within one year, three churches took all but one, and thirteen churches have taken in more than half of the converts during the same period.

Altogether, out of 1,773 in these fifty-six churches, 625 persons were taken into their respective churches within one year of this campaign, and 382 persons were still under probation. So that altogether 1,007 decisions should be regarded as the fruit of that campaign.

And from Hawaii came another report, which is as follows: Out of 2,040 converts during a three-months' campaign 245 persons were taken into the different churches on confession of faith. I think these figures show how sound are these decisions, especially when you remember that the large majority of my audiences hear from me the Gospel of Christ for the first time in their lives.

In many parts of America I have found great misunderstanding and also gross misrepresentation of the present situation of the Christian work in Japan. I hear even voices of discouragement. But I hope by these statements out of my own experience those misunderstandings and misrepresentations may be already cleared up. I can say now with a good conscience and a firm assurance that a great time has come for the evangelization of Japan. Indeed, "the fields . . . are

white already to harvest." Or, to change the figure, the iron is so very hot that if you strike it at once you can make anything you like out of it, but if you do not strike the iron will cool off, and you can do nothing with it, so, you see, the evangelization of Japan must be brought about quickly. And I believe it can be done if we do our part; that is, if we, obeying the last command of Jesus, preach the Gospel to every creature in the country. My experience shows that if six persons hear the Gospel, at least one will accept it. Then, if the whole sixty million can hear the Gospel, there will be a possibility of gaining ten million souls for Christ at the present time in Japan.

Seeing that such a wonderful opportunity presents itself before us, I cannot help making a desperate effort for the salvation of my people. So I have resolved, the Lord willing, to reach the whole nation of sixty million with the Gospel of Jesus Christ within the next ten or twenty years. But the question is, how can I reach so many millions within so short a time? Of course, I cannot expect to do it through preaching alone, and so I have decided upon another way; that is, through the printed page.

For this purpose I have written a book in Japanese called "The Christian Belief," which contains twelve chapters: First, The One True God; second, The Heavenly Father; third, The Sinfulness of Sin; fourth, The Divine Judgment; fifth, The Reality of the Future World; sixth, The Deity of Christ; seventh, Salvation Through the Cross; eighth, Christian Consecration; ninth, Prayer; tenth, The Life of Trust; eleventh, Bible Reading; twelfth, The One Soul Campaign.

If any one will read it through, he may be able to grasp at least the outline of Christian doctrine, both theoretical and practical. Though this is a small book of about two hundred pages, when I wrote it, four years ago, I spent five months over it actually upon my knees and fasting. And God has wonderfully blessed it. Within three years after its publication over 150,000 copies have been printed. I call these books my "printed preachers," because they are doing the same kind of work of leading souls to Christ in their own quiet way. And now what I call the new plan of evangelization is this,—to put this book in the hands of every Japanese, so that every soul in my country shall have

the opportunity of hearing the Gospel. And as the book is written in such easy and simple language that even a child can read it, any Japanese can read and understand it.

Very fortunately for the free distribution of this book, my Japanese publisher, who is himself an earnest Christian, has kindly promised to let me have it at five cents a copy, which, in these days of the high cost of printing, is a great sacrifice on his part. So now, if I have one nickel in my hand I can give away one book, and one man can hear the Gospel message. And if I have sixty million nickels for this purpose, I can send out at once sixty million "printed preachers" throughout the whole Empire of Japan. This I think is the quickest way at the present time to preach the Gospel of Jesus Christ to the whole nation,



## CHAPTER V

### SOWING IN THE EVENING

**I**N THE Student Volunteer Convention at Des Moines, Iowa, there was a motto set up high on the platform: "The Evangelization of the World in this Generation."

When I saw that motto I said to myself, "This is the very objective, so far as our country is concerned, we are now determined to attain."

We cannot wait until the next generation, which will have its own work to carry on. The evangelization of the world must be the work of this generation, and I believe that if the church of Christ at the present day is really resolved to accomplish this great object, it can surely be done in this generation. You have heard from the missionaries returning from all parts of the world what wonderful openings there are everywhere on the mission field. Not only in Japan, but in China, in Korea, in India, in Africa, in South America, and in all other heathen lands the doors are widely thrown open for

the Gospel message. The call from the heathen lands for missionaries is now so loud and urgent that, if the churches will really awaken to their opportunities and responsibilities, they cannot help making a desperate effort for the immediate evangelization of the whole world.

You have already heard those loud and urgent calls from the foreign field through your own missionaries. Of course, they can represent to you satisfactorily the condition of the heathen land where they are working themselves. But if you could hear directly from the heathen themselves, their need and their cry for your help, you would perhaps get a better and keener idea of the urgency of such calls. You know I come from a heathen land. And at one time I was a heathen myself, and am still the subject of a heathen country. So I ought to be better qualified to represent the heathen people, and to furnish you with first hand information about the real situation of the heathen world at the present time. And moreover, I believe I have a right to represent not only my own heathen land, but also the whole world. Because, though I love my own country very dearly, yet my Christian heart

is a little too big to confine itself to my own country alone. I love China, I love India, I love Africa, just as much in regard to the salvation of their souls as I love the salvation of my own people. I always feel that if God wants me for a missionary in Africa, I am more than ready to start at once. In our Christian love there are no national boundaries or racial distinctions.

Thus representing the whole heathen world, I wish to make my humble appeal to my Christian friends in America. Now may I be permitted to speak plainly, freely, and unreservedly, though in deep humility, how we of the heathen lands feel about foreign missionary enterprises?

While thanking you from the bottom of my heart on behalf of my heathen brethren for what you have already done, and are now doing, for the evangelization of our benighted land, yet I cannot refrain from asking, "Why can't, or why won't, you do more for the evangelization of the whole world? Do you think that you have done, and are doing, enough? Are you satisfied with the result you have already attained? Are you really trying to fulfill the last command of our Lord, 'Go ye into all the world, and preach

the gospel to every creature,' according to your ability or talents given from above? Are you earnestly endeavoring to carry out that idea of 'The Evangelization of the World in this Generation'?"

Suppose in the last great European war America had sent out only a few hundred thousand soldiers to France to fight with the Germans,—do you think you could have beaten that country and saved the world? Though the American soldiers may have been ever so brave and gallant individually, yet what could a few hundred thousand Americans do against millions of Germans and Austrians? But you sent two millions, and were going to send more millions, to fight the Germans. You not only spent a few millions of dollars, but several billions. You not only gave up your men, but you gave up your white bread and butter, your meat and sugar. You deprived yourselves of comfort and luxury. You did not think any sacrifice too great for gaining your object. In a word, you made the beating of Germany and the saving of the world the supreme effort of your nation. This was doing the work according to its magnitude, and you gained your object.

Now turn your eyes to the work of your foreign missions, which is the same as conquering the heathen lands for Jesus Christ. Do you think conquering a whole heathen land for Christ is a smaller work or easier task than conquering Germany? What is the heathen force of the world at the present time? Taking the whole population of the world as sixteen hundred millions, only a little less than six hundred millions can be counted as the Christian population, and that, of course, including several hundred million Roman and Greek Catholics; and the rest, more than one billion, are among the so-called heathen population of the world. In Japan and Korea we have eighty million heathen; in China, four hundred million; in India, three hundred and thirty million; in Africa, one hundred and fifty million; and in all countries taken together the heathen population of the world is over one billion. Now your foreign mission work is to evangelize this heathen world. For this purpose, how strong an army of Christian soldiers have you despatched? How many missionaries have you already sent out? Are you doing this work of world evangelization according to the magnitude of the task?

I know your missionaries. They are brave soldiers. They are gallant fighters individually, and they are faithful even unto death for the cause of their Lord. But what can this handful of a few thousand missionaries do against the gigantic mass of a billion heathen? Do you think they can evangelize the whole world in this generation? No, no; this is not doing the work according to its magnitude.

I know the American people, and I love them, because I was converted by the ministry of an American teacher, and was brought up by the American missionaries. I regard America as my spiritual fatherland. I feel perfectly at home in this country. Moreover, I admire the true American spirit. When once that American spirit is roused up, and you are determined to gain any object, you always get it. Why won't you send out, not only a few thousand, but a few hundred thousand, Christian soldiers throughout the length and breadth of the whole earth to fight with the Devil? Why won't you sacrifice once more your boys and girls, for this great conflict of Christ and his enemies? In this war girls are just as good a fighting force as boys, if not better. Why won't you

once more give up your white bread and butter, your meat and sugar, and deprive yourselves of your comfort and luxury for the cause of Christ? Why don't you spend, not only a few millions, but billions, or tens of billions, of dollars for this great work of world evangelization? In a word, why won't you make this foreign mission work, which is the fulfilment of the last command of Jesus Christ, the supreme effort of the Christian churches in America, instead of treating it as a mere appendix to your work at home?

America is blessed in every way. Yours is the strongest and wealthiest, most intelligent and most enterprising, country in the world. No country on earth can compete with you. But do you think, my American friends, that God has blessed you so abundantly for your own sake, for your own comfort and luxury, for your own enjoyment and satisfaction alone? Do you think that God has so wonderfully blessed you because you are his only favorite among all the nations of the world? No, no; God has blessed America wonderfully, not for America's sake alone, but for the sake of the whole world. He has blessed America to make her a blessing to the world through the power of Christ.

Since I have come to this country your people call me by various names, such as the Moody of Japan, or the Billy Sunday of Japan, and so on; but I don't like to be called by such great names. I am not such a big man. I know I am a small man, not even worthy of being called a minister of Christ, because I have backslidden and forsaken my Lord for many years. Not only for such reasons, but also because I have my own name I prefer to be called always by that name, even though it be an unknown one. But if you insist on calling me by any other than my own, I have one name by which I should like to be called. That is, a Macedonian. I am like the Macedonian in Paul's vision. He came from heathen Europe to Asia, and I came from heathen Asia to America; but the object of the coming of these two Macedonians is the same, namely, to implore the help of the Christians for the heathen lands.

Won't you come and help us? Won't you, my young American friends, take up the sword of the Spirit, and march out from your own beloved land into the sin-stricken, desolate heathen lands and lay down your lives for the salvation of the



billion heathen souls? Do you realize that these billion heathen are all in need of salvation just as much as you were? Don't you know that the least of these is, in the sight of God, just as precious as the soul of your own mother or father, brother or sister? Do you think that God wants the salvation of your kinsmen only, and not the salvation of these heathen? Oh, I beg and entreat you, my dear American friends, to look upon this billion of heathen souls with the eye of your heavenly Father and the heart of your Lord Jesus Christ, who loved them and died for them. Then you cannot help making a desperate effort for their salvation.

And I believe that if you American Christians will seriously and earnestly take up the great work of evangelizing the world in this generation, and will do the work according to its magnitude, God on his part will surely bless you and your work, and the day of great victory will be at hand.

“Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord of hosts.”

THE END

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