

JAMES CURTIS HEPBURN AT EIGHTY-SIX

The Missionary Review of the World

Published by Funk and Wagnalls Company (Isaac K. Funk, Pres., A. W. Wagnalls, Vice-Pres., Robert J. Coddifhy, Treas., Robert Scott, Sec'y),
44-60 E. 23d St., New York

Vol. XXXIV. No. 12
Old Series

DECEMBER, 1911

Vol. XXIV. No. 12
New Series

SIGNS OF THE TIMES*

THE CHINESE CALDRON

The rebellion in China has become a revolution with astonishing success and rapid progress for the anti-Manchu faction. This uprising is radically different from the Boxer riots eleven years ago. Those were anti-foreign and reactionary. The leaders were uneducated, superstitious fanatics. This rebellion is anti-Manchu and progressive. Protection is promised to foreigners, and the aim is to throw off the Manchu yoke, which the Chinese have been wearing for nearly three hundred years, and to establish a modern representative government—some say to be modeled after that of the United States. The rebellion has been skillfully planned and financed, and proves that the Chinese have awakened and desire progress. The leaders are educated and capable and are carrying the masses of the people with them.

The uprising first showed itself in Cheng-tu, the capital of the far-western province of Sz-chuan. It gained strength as it advanced down the Yangtse Valley, driving the government troops before it or inducing them to desert to the rebel standard. The capture of Hankow and the neighboring cities was the signal for other uprisings in various provinces, until Fuchau, Nanking, Canton and other

large centers came into rebel hands. The alarm of the Government and the inability of the officials to control the situation has led to the suggestion of a compromise with the revolutionary leaders, including the appointment of progressive ministers and viceroys, the immediate institution of a national elective parliament (perchance even with woman-suffrage) and other progressive reforms. Yuan Shih Kai, who has been in disgrace, and is a Chinese, not a Manchu, has been called to take charge of the government forces, and appears to be in sympathy with the revolutionary ideals. Word comes by cable that a constitution has been granted for immediate operation, and that other sweeping reforms will be immediately instituted.

It is too early as yet to definitely predict the outcome, but China is a force to be reckoned with more than ever in the future of world politics. Missionary work has been temporarily interfered with during the disturbances, but the missionaries and Christians have not been molested. There is no indication that a success of the revolutionary party will be detrimental to the progress of Christianity; in fact, except in so far as materialism increases, there is reason to expect in-

* The editors seek to preserve accuracy and to manifest the spirit of Christ in the pages of this REVIEW, but do not acknowledge responsibility for opinions expressed, or positions taken by contributors to these pages.—EDITORS.



THE TEMPLE WHERE DR. HEPBURN FIRST LIVED IN JAPAN, 1859-1863

JAMES CURTIS HEPBURN
PIONEER OF SCIENCE AND RELIGION IN JAPAN

BY REV. WM. ELLIOT GRIFFIS, D.D., ITHACA, N. Y.
Author of "The Mikado's Empire," "Verbeck of Japan," etc.

The Japan which Dr. Hepburn saw and wrought mightily to transform was one of which the present generation of Japanese know nothing. To the Mikado's 65,000,000 subjects (who in Hawaii and the United States number about 140,000 of the 150,000 away from home, in the Occident), the period 1858 to 1868 is as unknown, except by vague tradition, as are the days of Peter Stuyvesant to the average dweller on Manhattan. Nevertheless that era, in which both society and population were virtually as stationary as they had been for a hundred years previous, was what the writer actually saw. Such judicial proceedings as the burning of the paricide and incendiary, and the public processions in which phallic symbols were openly displayed and made use

of in the most obscene manner imaginable, had, by the year 1870, yielded to the pressure of foreign opinion.

In those days probably every third person in Japan was pitted by small-pox, and adults and children with open sores moved among the populace, tho the babies usually had on a yellow cap as a mark of possible danger. Infectious diseases of the most horrible sort were far from uncommon. On the highroad beggars were both numerous and clamorous. It was not customary to help a human being of this class when he was drowning, or likely to rid society of the burden of his keep, or to listen to his prayers if in danger; to cut him down as a dog was not uncommon. Then human life was considered of very little worth outside of the armed classes. The uni-

versal wearing of swords by samurai boys and men, who paid no taxes or tolls, reminded one of the medieval customs of our forefathers. The propensity of the sword to leave its sheath was evident in the bloody faces and the bodies of many a dog on which



MRS. JAMES C. HEPBURN

the sword-owner had tried his skill,—with more or less success. The vendetta, the sword duel, the tempering of arbitrary government by assassination of obnoxious officials, the common sight of dead bodies lying in the high road, with certain unmentionable popular habits, formed part of the recognized order of society.

All foreigners were looked upon with suspicion and hostility. Concessions of land for the formation of settlements at the treaty ports, however authorized by diplomacy, were suspected to mean their ultimate possession by foreigners. As for missionaries, they were almost universally supposed to be the emissaries of foreign governments and sent out to facilitate the conquest of the country.

In a word, modern and ancient ideas were daily at war. To keep the peace required wisdom at Yeddo and self-control on both sides.

Into such a land, in such an era, James Curtis Hepburn, M.D., came with purpose, consecration and equipment. He was one of the first and most potent of men to hurry into oblivion things uncanny and brutal, to banish diseases, wide-spread but too vile to be named in print, and to usher in the day when Japan, as one of the Great Powers of the world, should lead in public hygiene, in successful surgery and in breaking all records in saving the lives of the wounded in war. Not one public hospital was known in the empire in 1859, whereas to-day there are over a thousand, and, without costing half as much as those in America, probably do as good work. When China went to war with Japan in 1894, she had no hospital corps or provision of surgeons or medicines. Happy was the soldier killed outright, for terrible were the sufferings of the men who crawled off to die or lived with unextracted balls in agony for years.

Young men of the Japan of to-day may sneer at missionaries, boast of their country's progress, and wonder whether those of us who tell of these things that they saw with their own eyes are not drawing the long bow, are jaundiced by race pride, or are dealing with fiction. Yet the writer was not only familiar with the sea-port life and that in the capital during three years, but, even more than Dr. Hepburn, saw the interior of the country during many journeys and a life of one year in Fukui, away from the foreigners.

Probably no sights are visible to-

day such as those which I beheld many times in the doctor's dispensary at Yokohama. In a room able to hold about a hundred persons, in which, during fifteen years, from twenty to seventy-five gathered daily, stood this quiet, forceful man. Without fuss or visible emotion, tho not without real sympathy and profoundest pity, he did his work of relief. Around him were from five to fifteen young men, young Japanese M.D.'s of the future, who were preparing medicines, assisting in surgery or with bandages, dressings, or in preparation of the patients, they helped the doctor in one way or another, while themselves learning. In the company, waiting their turn, human beings of every condition, age, and sex showed the marks of sin, misery, accident, or infection.

Here was an old man, hoping for relief from some chronic disease, and perhaps only too ready to show the limb or organ that needed the attention of science and skill; here were mothers holding their sick babies in beseeching inquest of the doctor's face for a ray of hope—the eyes, it might be, of the little ones eaten out with smallpox, or even a worse disease; while the maternal eyes were “homes of silent prayer.” I can never forget those piercing looks into the doctor's face. Too often their piteous petitions were of no avail. Disease had gone too far and death was prompt and merciful. Happy, indeed, was the doctor himself, when by a pinch of powder, a bolus, a lotion, a dressing of salve, or a surgical operation, he could bring joy and hope. One need not go into the detail concerning what was at first a chamber of horrors, in which every sense was offended, but which became to the ma-

ajority a palace of delight into which memory loved often to reenter. Around the walls were comforting passages from the Book of Books, rich promises, words of hope and ten-



IN OLD JAPAN

One of Dr. Hepburn's New-Year Callers in the Seventies. (A Boy and His Servant)

der consolation, messages from the Great Physician, so that waiting time and fruitful opportunity made this room often the very gate of Heaven to souls, whose ransom from the power of guilt, suffering and darkness began here. Yes, that dispensary was a Bethel to many Japanese. Dr. Hepburn's problems were not geographical, ethnic, or philosophical, but immediate and human.

Intensely human himself, out of his heart flowed streams of sympathy, help and healing. He and his wife

made their home one of abounding hospitality. Under his roof, whether they were lovers beginning, or lovers mated during long years of mutual burden-bearing, inquirers or visitors, scholars or common people, children



A JAPANESE BEGGAR

Dr. Hepburn ministered to many of these in Japan

or the aged friends of missions or critics and enemies, all who came felt the power of his sympathy, whether given by look, or word, or by the application of science and skill.

surely did Dr. Hepburn do anything in the line of duty, but that a cilitat^y sympathy went with the doing.

You might disagree with him and he with you. Questions of policy might arise when discussion was warm, but no man could be an enemy to Dr. Hepburn unless he was himself a lover of enmity and strife. Whether for individuals or the nation, Hepburn's work, in quality, was that of a master. It is no exaggeration to say that for the Japanese born, since 1880, he, under God, made of this one a different world.

Who was this man? Physician, lexicographer, translator of the Bible, friend of beggars and emperors, and—oh noble task!—conciliator of missionary and merchant—he was always referred to in Japan as "kunshin"—the righteous and noble gentleman, and in East Orange, N. J., for nineteen years as the sunny elder of the Presbyterian Church. He was a pioneer of American science and Christianity in Japan, and the leader of that group of four mighty men of faith and valor, of whom Verbeck, Williams and Brown were the other three, who for twelve years, from 1859 to 1871, had the mission field of Japan pretty much all to themselves. These men were almost forgotten at home during our Civil War and were obliged perforce to send their letters by way of England, because the *Alabama* was sweeping American commerce off the seas. Some of them were compelled for a while to earn their own living. They were the wisest of the wise in that they sought not to call the noble and the mighty first to the Gospel feast. Going out into the highways and hedges, and taking hold of the boys, they helped to make the better kind of a Japan of which none of the native philoso-

phers, seers or political martyrs—and these were many—ever dreamed.

James Curtis Hepburn, M.D., LL.D., wearing the decoration of the third degree in the Order of the Rising Sun, from the Emperor of Japan, and forever enshrined in the hearts of the Japanese people, was born in the village of Milton, on the Susquehanna River, in Northumberland County, Pa., on March 13, 1815. As one might almost suppose from his name, his parents were Presbyterians, and when his father, a lawyer, eager that his son should be a lawyer also, sent him to college, it was Princeton to which, at thirteen, the lad traveled in a stage coach.

Pleading at the bar would require some oratorical power, and this the Hepburn boy or man never possessed. He distrusted himself then, and, even in later years, when American Christians were hungry for news from Japan and the prospects of the kingdom's coming were very dark. When this watchman, visiting at home, was asked "What of the night?" he, after having been, almost by main force, induced to enter a pulpit to speak, he rose trembling and succeeded three times in getting as far as to say "My dear friends." Then he retreated, and sat down, refusing to get up again. Nevertheless, having but five talents instead of ten, he buried none. As teacher, in council, and where speech, not of an oratorical, but of a deliberative kind was required, Dr. Hepburn always spoke with force brevity, clarity, and to the point. He reminded me of John Hall in council, whose every word seemed to weigh a pound.

Choosing medicine as his future profession, Hepburn, the college grad-

uate, entered the medical department of the University of Pennsylvania,—Ben Franklin's noblest monument. In the university he openly professed Christ and made a real consecration of himself to the Master. Of all the men with whom I have come in contact, none more signally illustrated the dictum of Carlyle, "Blessed is the man that hath found his work, let him ask no other blessedness." This was what sustained Dr. Hepburn through his unwearied and ceaseless labors. No matter which way his tastes ran, his sympathies were always in the line of his duty; and, because it was his greatest pleasure, he seemed to dignify that work. It is true that some thought him cold-blooded, because he kept himself so unremittingly and systematically at toil; but, probably, these were the most frivolous and those whom the world could most easily spare. Certainly Japan became gradually better because, from 5 A.M. to 10 P.M. through those thirty-three years spent on the soil of Nippon, Dr. Hepburn kept to his work with the tenacity of an ivy vine to a wall; tho in the human hearts of which this servant of Christ was Master, his name was as fragrant as a cherry-blossom.

In the hands of the Almighty Disposer of Events, two fellow students at the University were as the rudder to this life-ship, directing its course. One was the father of General Samuel Armstrong, long the president of Hampton Institute and an early missionary to Hawaii. The other was Matthew Loard, who went out to Africa as a missionary and gave his young life for what is to-day the Continent of Hope. But, back of all influences, invisible, like the energy



THE JAPANESE DOCTOR OF THE OLD SCHOOL (OR NO SCHOOL)

that does not depend upon wires or poles for transmission into messages of light, was the influence of his mother. At the head of a band of women who prayed for the coming of the kingdom, she did not fail to let her son know her own heart's desire concerning him.

These were the days of Harriet Newall. No illustrations of the power of spirit over matter appeal to the writer more than the fact that, before he was born, many American young women, his mother among others, were filled with a desire to carry Christ's gospel abroad, because of that beautiful life laid down so soon in Burma, where she was the helpmate of Judson. Many a woman who could not herself go, prayed her son into the work because of Harriet Newall.

After graduation the young doctor practised medicine for three years, and in October, 1840, married Miss Clara M. Leete. This partnership of love and mutual service lasted fifty-five

years. It is very difficult to put down in cold blood what Mrs. Hepburn was as host, friend, presiding spirit at the table, the home and in social life at Yokohama in "the seventies." In those days, when American ladies in Eastern lands were few and far between, she was often spoken of, on our war ships, as "The Mother of the American Navy." Many a young officer was saved from folly, impurity and dissipation by her kindly words. In the new settlement she was Dorcas, Martha, and Mary in one. Not a few homesick and heartbroken men were set forward in life, with a new song in their hearts. Not only was she kind to the Japanese, tho most of the new comers to the new seaports in the sixties were hardly of prepossessing appearance or of winsome character; she also may truly be called the beginner of female education in Japan. She collected and taught a class of native girls, and when Miss Kidder (Mrs. F. Rothsay Miller) came out from America

to do this special work, Mrs. Hepburn turned over her school to this lady, so eminently fitted for the work. Out of that class came the star pupil, most excellently trained to assist, when the Government itself woke up to the necessity of uplifting one-half of Japan, and Miss Margaret Clark Griffis and Mrs. P. V. Veeder began what has since developed into the Tokyo Normal School. The first textbook for this school was Hepburn's Dictionary, and until teacher and pupil had made some mutual progress it was the delight of the girls to commit to memory many columns of this kind of a lesson-help, new in Japan. Delightful it certainly was, in the freshness of novelty, for the maidens of Nippon in 1873 considered it something wonderful to see both their *kata kana*, or popular script, and the dignified Chinese characters set cheek by jowl alongside of English words

and phrases which the American ladies used.

We are not exaggerating when we say that Mrs. Hepburn was as the hidden cistern of oil that supplied the ever-trimmed and brightly burning lamp of a mighty man of God.

Having now "an helpmeet for him," Dr. Hepburn turned his back on a successful medical practise and accepted a call to be missionary physician in Siam under the American Board. They made the voyage in a slow sailing ship and arrived July 12, 1841, at "the lion city" Singapore, the capital of the British Straits Settlements. He was detained at this place because sickness among the missionaries required his presence. He utilized what proved to be a golden opportunity by engaging in work for the Chinese there, until the Middle Kingdom was opened to the Gospel. He thus laid a foundation of knowledge of



A WARD IN THE NAVAL HOSPITAL AT KOBÉ, JAPAN

the Chinese language which equipped him for later work both in China and Japan. When the new field opened, after what is called the "Opium War," Dr. Hepburn changed his plans and chose the city of Amoy, whence the tea ships of the East India Company, laden with material for the revolution, sailed for Boston in 1773. Landing at Amoy in October, 1843, he opened a dispensary for Chinese patients. His companions were Rev. W. H. Cummings and the Rev. David Abeel of the Reformed Church, who may be called the father of woman's work for woman in Asia and the inspirer of women's missionary societies.

The climate and the water were severe on the missionary women, and within a few months four of the six died. Of the men two were drowned, one of whom, Walter Lowrie, was thrown overboard by the Chinese pirates, who long infested these waters. Dr. and Mrs. Hepburn were not spared, and when they had become reduced in health by malaria, they were obliged to return home, arriving in New York March, 1846. In one of his letters Dr. Hepburn spoke tenderly of the little baby which he had to bury in Asia's strange soil.

Thus, the doctor's first missionary experience, lasting five years, seemed almost a total personal loss as well as a great disappointment. No other opportunity for missionary usefulness presented itself, and it seemed as though he must spend his life as a medical practitioner among his fellow Americans. Opening an office in New York city, he soon had an honorable and lucrative practise, and for twelve years was an active citizen on Manhattan Island. Twice he passed through epidemics of cholera and won golden

opinions by his success. He was active in church work and the future seemed to open to him all that a physician and a Christian layman could desire.

But in 1853 an event took place by which the Government of the United States more powerfully impressed the world than by any other act since the Declaration of Independence. Yet Japan was not opened to commerce and missionaries by Commodore Perry, but through the skilful negotiations of Hon. Townsend Harris, president of the Board of Education in New York City. A convocation of three men at Nagasaki, held probably on the deck of the United States steamship *Minnesota*, influenced mightily the future development of the unborn Christian church in Japan. Mr. Donker Curtius, the Dutch envoy, whose signature on a treaty of commerce with the Japanese was still fresh, mentioned to Dr. S. Wells Williams, secretary to the American legation in China and then visiting Nagasaki, that Japanese officers had told him that they were ready to allow foreigners all trading privileges "if a way could be found to keep opium and Christianity out of the country."

Dr. Williams was much impressed by this statement and saw the meaning of it. "Christianity," to the Japanese, meant political peril and foreign intervention. It really was this, when it was orthodox in Spain and Portugal to believe that the world, as divided by the Pope, meant that it belonged to them, their sovereigns and the Inquisition. Dr. Williams, calling together his two fellow lovers of his Master and of the Japanese, Rev. E. W. Syle, sailor's chaplain at Shanghai, and Chaplain Henry Wood, of the

Minnesota, the three talked the matter over. Making up their minds that the Japanese had no clear idea of what true Christianity was, they agreed to write, each one to his own board, the Episcopal, Reformed, and Presbyterian, urging them to be very careful in the choice of the right kind of men, who should win the Japanese and teach the people what true Christianity was. Undoubtedly the Holy Spirit guided the mission boards when they sent out such men as Williams, Verbeck, Brown, and Hepburn to the land of promise. As Dr. Williams wrote, "We had the satisfaction of seeing within a year the agents of these three societies in Shanghai."

When the call came to Dr. and Mrs. Hepburn it was as the breath of the Holy Spirit upon the smoking flax. Instantly a candle was lighted that has steadily illuminated humanity in the Japanese Empire to this day. The voyage in a sailing ship had lasted 146 days, when they reached Kanagawa, the designated treaty port on the bay opposite Yokohama, where they were to live four years. Nothing had been said in the treaties about missionaries, as such, tho we must never fail to give credit to Townsend Harris for arguing the matter with the Japanese at Shimoda, so that missionaries could not be kept out, and thus opening the way for the preaching of the gospel. Mr. Harris, in his diary, wrote on Monday, June 8, 1857, summarizing his points made after eight months of negotiation: "No classes of Americans are named in the second article so that missionaries may actually come and reside in Japan."

The American consul, in 1859, was not specially friendly, not being gifted with prevision as to the want or need

of such persons in a trading settlement, but, after consulting with the Japanese Government, Dr. Hepburn was registered as physician to the consulate. An old temple, probably still standing, having been rejected by the Dutch consul as a stable, was made habitable after a little carpenter work for the new missionaries' residence, and then they began the unpacking of boxes. Sharing the temple with the Hepburns were Rev. Dr. Samuel Rollins Brown and wife, old friends, who also had been missionaries in China.

These were the days of feudalism, when servants and commoners prostrated themselves before the men of privilege and office, who wore two swords. Usually attired chiefly in their loin cloth, they awoke strange and not altogether pleasant feelings to gentlemen, and especially to ladies accustomed both to clothing and the usual upright attitude of free citizens of a republic. As a rule, American ladies, on their first view of such vast areas of cuticle, nearly fell into nervous prostration, while the male republicans actually felt like using boot leather, not for kicking but for assisting to elevate these groveling specimens of humanity and telling them to stand up like men who lived under the Stars and Stripes. As for meat, bread and potatoes, the doctor's wife had to depend for many months upon the ship captains. For one thing alone, Japan might well raise a monument to the Hepburns, for they taught the Japanese the meaning, the use, and the manufacture of soap. True, we gladly bear witness that in their persons, in the generous use of the bath, and in care of their houses the Japanese are among the cleanest people in the world. Yet as a foreigner long in

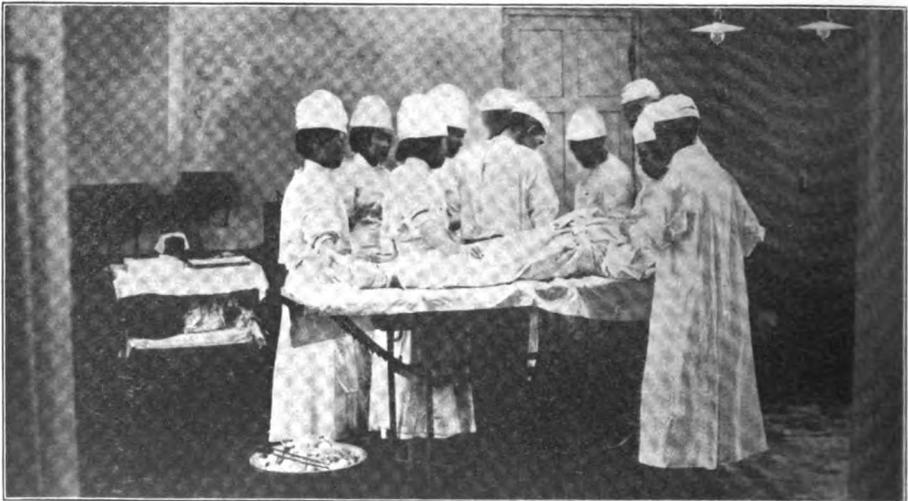
the Far East declares, "the Chinese wash their clothes and the Japanese their bodies." In some respects, next to Christianity, soap seemed to be the desideratum.

A missionary's daughter, who was ushered into the world under the doctor's supervision, writes in these later years, when her own daughters are graduated from college:

"If the friends, the pupils, the parishioners, and the patients and the

marsh, and Kanagawa was a port of the country, ruled, as report said, by two kings. In the large temple yard no untidy blade of grass which struggled up was permitted to remain. That is not *comme il faut* in a Japanese temple yard."

After four years the Hepburns moved to Yokohama, where they built a house on the main street, one story high, with an attic. No chimneys were then known in this earthquake country,



JAPANESE DOCTORS AND NURSES IN THE HOSPITAL AT ZENTSUJI

mere admirers of Dr. Hepburn could each bring but one flower as a symbol of their regard for him, their indebtedness to him, and their love for him, his house would not be big enough to hold the fragrant blossoms. Do you accuse me of prejudice? Then look through my spectacles. Imagine, at the close of the Civil War, in newly opened-up Japan, a Buddhist temple, looking like a one-story bungalow, propt on stilts, well set back from the streets in the town of Kanagawa, for Yokohama was then a mere strip of fishing shacks in the midst of a

so the sheet-iron stovepipe jutted up through the roof. In those days "foreigner haters" abounded, and swords were easily unsheathed. Saké, the strong rice liquor, with the fusel-oil still kept in it, at the cheapness of which Commodore Perry was alarmed, filled the stomachs of many of the swashbucklers, and life was held very cheap. Almost all foreigners went about armed when on the highways, and rarely without the protection of government guards. One fellow took employment with the doctor for the express purpose of assassinating him,

but after a few weeks, seeing what kind of people the missionaries were, he gave up his plan. No teachers could be obtained but those who were known to be spies.

Personally the writer never understood what the scripture meant which speaks of "leaping over a wall" until he tackled the Japanese language.

Japanese affairs. I carried into the far interior, in 1871, the first translation of the gospels made by him, in manuscript, and had the honor of teaching the first Bible class beyond the jealously guarded line of the treaty ports.

The doctor would rise every day at five o'clock in the morning, and in cold



THE OLD TIME NATIVE JAPANESE APOTHECARIES

Even then he had the help of a grammar and dictionary, tho his teacher was at first like a pump-stock, from which information was extracted only after severe labor. Dr. Hepburn, the pioneer, went at the language with next to nothing, but he leapt over the wall into the world of Japanese thought and the garden of her literature. Then began thirty-three years of systematic daily toil, glimpses of which I had the honor and pleasure of seeing when enjoying the boundless hospitality of his home, discussing

weather make his own fire. He worked till breakfast time, and then, after family worship, would go into the dispensary, usually for an hour, but sometimes for three or four hours. Returning, he worked on his dictionary, or reading in Japanese literature, and in later days making translations, until dinner at 1 P.M. In the afternoon he would take his exercise and visit foreign and other patients. His helper for years was the scholarly Okuno, who became a Christian and until eighty years of age was pastor,

evangelist, poet and hymnist of the church. No wonder that he was able to get out, in 1867, the first edition of his great dictionary on which all others are based. Three other editions followed, with still others in abridged forms. The work of printing and proofreading had to be done in China, at Shanghai. Dr. Hepburn wrote and published the first Christian tract in Japanese. From 1872 to 1879 he was busy with other scholars on the New Testament, and on the Old Testament until 1888.

The work in which the doctor took the greatest pride and joy, because it was wholly his own, and he knew it would do an endless amount of good, was his Bible Dictionary, in 1882. This was the then only help to enable Japanese to enjoy intelligently the Scriptural allusions and references that lay outside of their mental world. Better yet, such a work helped to show that the Gospel was as much for Japan as for England or America.

When out of the chaos of paganism Japan unfolded the glory of the new Christian life and the demands of education were for masters, as well as field laborers, Dr. Hepburn was made the first president of the Meiji Gakuin (Hall of Learning in the era of enlightened civilization). This is the college of the Reformed Churches holding the Presbyterian system in Japan, and is situated in Tokyo. To this work he gave not only his time and talents, but he secured from his friends large gifts of money for the dormitory, professors' residences and what others insisted on naming Hepburn Hall. He secured the erection also of Shiloh Church edifice at Yokohama,

then the best and most costly in Protestant Japan. Not a few of the dollars for these buildings came out of his own pocket. It seems a sort of mystic antiphon or requiem that, probably at the very hour of the passing of the great man's spirit, Hepburn Hall went up in fire.

It is hard for one to say which was the greatest of the triumphs of Doctor Hepburn's labors. Some may put their finger on this, others on that, but to my mind one of his greatest successes under God was in his winning the sympathy of the mercantile community and in bridging that unfortunately deep, perhaps unnecessary, gulf between missionaries and merchants, which exists on foreign soil.

On his return to America, in 1892, when the burdens of active life seemed to justify his retirement, the doctor made his home in East Orange, N. J., and from 1892 was an elder and faithful member of the local church. His home was near enough for visits to the graves of his "three beautiful boys." Only one son, who bears the name of his father, survives the doctor. On his ninetieth birthday the Japanese ambassador brought him the token of the Emperor's appreciation of his services to his people. Of Dr. Hepburn it may be written, as was said of his Master, "He saved others." On September 23, 1911, at the age of ninety-six, his spirit took its flight homeward.

I have said little or nothing of the doctor's habits of prayer, or Bible study, or his intense spirituality. Why should I? By his fruits we know him. He rests from his labors; his works do follow him.