

A few days earlier I had something like the following conversation with an officer:

"Can you speak English?"

"Yes, a little."

My wife then handed him a Christian paper from Canada. "Thank you," he said, heartily. "We are very glad to get reading matter to pass away the time. I am a graduate of a mission school in Tokio. My name is Koma. I am a nephew of Count Hirofuma. I've been here about three months. I've lost a leg," and he showed us a very short stump. "But I am nearly well now, and will soon be out."

"What mission school did you graduate from in Tokio?"

"The Azabu Toyo Eiwa Gakko, connected with the Canadian Methodist Mission."

"Oh, indeed! We are Canadians and Methodists, and know that school very well. Did you know Dr. Cochran?"

"Yes; and Mr. Large, and Mr. Whittington, and Mr. Saunby." And we found that he was a faithful Chris-



MISS SATO, A JAPANESE NURSE.

tian—good fruit cultivated by noble men who were wont to sow beside all waters.

Most of the Russian prisoners are not far away—at Matsuyama, in Shikoku. They are well cared for, and



ARMY AND HOSPITAL SURGEONS AND NURSES.
The nurses are both American and Japanese.