

avenue the mighty Shoguns were borne by their retainers when they went to Nikko to worship the gods and to make their offerings to the spirits of their ancestors. There are tens of thousands of those noble trees about the grounds. They lift their massive trunks a hundred feet or more into the air. It is a most glorious vision. We stayed there a day longer than we expected, because we heard that some friends were on their way to Nikko to see us.

Our next stop was at Hanobuchi. The Garst family were spending a few weeks there. Miss Alice Miller and W. K. Azbill were visiting them. We had a warm welcome. The house in which we ate and slept and talked cost only sixty dollars, but we were as comfortable and as joyful as if we had been in a palace. Several missionaries from Sendai and the region round about were spending their vacation at this place. They asked me to speak to them on Sunday afternoon. After the service we walked over to a Shinto temple and some shrines in a grove about a mile distant. This temple is said to be two hundred and fifty years old. In one small shrine there is a wooden horse. His worshipers have thrown in beside him about fifty pairs of straw shoes. The rice placed in his manger supplies the mice and rats with food. On the way home we walked through the village. The people are fishermen and farmers. The children ran about the streets naked. The men and women wore scant clothing. The dogs barked at us as if we were intruders. On our return we canvassed the situation. It was agreed that Mr. and Mrs. Garst should go with me to Akita and the adjacent towns. They had lived in the north, and knew the people and the roads.

Monday morning we were off. That night we reached the point where we were to leave the railroad. On reaching our hotel, a policeman called to inspect our passports. He had hardly gone when the hotel clerk came in and asked permission to record the same. He spent twenty minutes examining the outside of the envelopes; not finding what he wanted, he touched the floor with the top of his head and asked if he might examine the contents of the envelopes. He asked our ages and caste. He was told that we belonged to the heavenly caste. After an hour or so he took his leave. About midnight he was back again. He begged to see our passports once more. The names of the Garst children were on both passports and the children were not present. That fact must be reported to the authorities in Tokyo.

The next morning we were in our jinrickishas at six. We reached our destination a little after midnight. We made fifty miles that day. We had two men each, and changed men eight times. Most of the day we were climbing the mountains. The scenery was as fine as can be found in West Virginia. The roads are well made. The bridges are narrow and slight. No heavy loads pass over them. At one town, on the way, we met two believers and had a service with them in the hotel. One was a travelling merchant. They were urged to be ready for every good work. Opportunities are constantly presenting themselves, they were taught to be prepared to make the most of them. The day was the Shinto "All Saints Day." It was the day for making offerings at the graves of their ancestors, and for feasting, and for attending the temples. Such a day usually ends with a general spree. For this reason we found it difficult, toward evening, to get men. By patient and persistent effort, we succeeded. We reached our hotel a little weary, but thankful that no evil had befallen us, and that this was the point for which we started. On Wednesday we left Yuzawa for Innai, a town twenty miles distant. We visited the public school of this place. One of the Akita Christians teaches here. When she was studying the claims of Christianity, she sat up late on winter nights without any fire; her father asked her why she did so, she said she would go to sleep if she was warm, as long as she was cold she would keep awake. There are seven teachers and four hundred pupils in this school. As long as we were in sight the children yelled with all their might. Probably we were the first Caucasians they had seen. Our visit was an event in their lives. We were introduced to the principal and to several of his assistants. He smoked his pipe and drank his tea and paid very little attention to us. He bowed very slightly when we entered and when we left. He feels as large as the Mikado. Perhaps he is. Innai is a mining town. Kudo San is the evangelist. Besides preaching, he has a school of seventy scholars. The audience, at this point, was made up mostly of young men, they were really fine looking fellows. The address was based on the words; "I have written unto you, young men, because ye are strong, and the word of God abideth in you; and ye have overcome the evil one." In the midst of a

rough population, these young men live, so that their lives commend the gospel to the people. As one result, the community is becoming more favorable to Christianity. As another result, believers are being added to the Lord. We were told that the church is made up of young men because the young are more easily won than the old. It is made up mostly of men because no Bible woman has been here to work among the women. After the service we returned to Yuzawa and had a second service there. The teacher whom we saw in the morning came back with us. She travelled forty miles that she might join in this service. There are two or three believers in this place. They meet to break bread. Yuzawa is a dark place. The believers are exhorted to let their light shine. The next morning we were on the road before sunrise. We wanted to make fifty miles, but fell short five. It was election day and the politicians were about. Many of the men were still drunk and we could not go so far as we wished.

On Friday we went to Arakawa. The church in this place has quite a history. A Christian from Akita went there to work in the mines. By his zeal and devotion, he led another to Christ. These two won others. They built a little chapel. The owner of the mine is a zealous idolater. He is a plutocrat and owns the place. They were obliged to build outside the gate. The most zealous of these men was dismissed on account of his preaching. He was gone a year, but is now back again. We had a service here. The address was based on the words, "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life." That evening we left for Akita, reaching it about 9:00.

On Saturday morning we visited the school and spoke a few words to them. In the afternoon we went down to the seaport of Akita and spoke in the chapel. The audience was large. Noto San is the evangelist. He is a baker and lives near by. On the way home we visited the cemetery where Mrs. Josephine W. Smith is buried, and scattered some flowers over her grave. The saintly woman was born in Nova Scotia and died here. In her life of purity and devotion we see the best imitation of the Christ. In her case

"Love took up the harp of life
And smote the chords with might
Smote the chord of self that, trembling,
Pasted in music out of sight."

At night the church gave us a reception.

The next morning we went to Sunday-school. Afterwards we had a preaching service. The sermon was suggested by the text, "Be perfected;

be comforted; be of the same mind; live in peace, and the God of love and peace shall be with you." There was a meeting for women in the afternoon, led by Mrs. Gaust. In the evening Mr. Gaust preached. At both services I spoke briefly. We had a good day. Akita was the place in which our work in Japan began. Here the first church was organized. Here the children built the Josephine W. Smith Memorial Chapel. From this point the work branched out into other centers.

Monday morning we took our leave of Akita and started for Honjo. Our road was between the mountains and the sea of Japan. The country is poor; the people are chaff, fishermen. Part of the day we rode in an omnibus. The horse was enaciated. A boy went along to hold his head steady and to help him up hill. We walked most of the way. This outfit is inspected and approved by the government every month. We were over four hours making twelve miles. We saw this horse feed. His dinner consisted of dirty water tinctured with meal. The owner does not know that a horse cannot thrive on a cold bath and on such thin gruel. If this company could see a horse at its best estate, and know what he is in strength, in speed and in beauty, they would not send out such animals as they now have to distress their patrons. In Honjo, Tashiro San is in charge of the work. He is a man of good repute, and deservedly so. The church here has had some trouble. An evil-minded man sought to get possession of the property. He was defeated in the courts, but the fact that a suit was brought damaged the work. The believers were urged to hold fast the beginning of their confidence unto the end. We were assured that a better day is dawning. It took us a day and a half to reach Shonai. Here we had a service in the chapel. Here the Garst family spent four happy years. Their former friends were delighted to see them. The work at this point received a great impetus from the conversion of a drunkard. The people said that a religion that could work such a change must be true. It took us two days more to reach Sendai, and one day more to reach Tokyo. In my next I shall have some more things to say of this trip.

Don't Tobacco Spit or Smoke Your Life Away,

Is the truthful, startling title of a book about No-To-Bac, the harmless, guaranteed tobacco habit cure that braces up nicotineized nerves, eliminates the nicotine poison, makes weak men gain strength, vigor and manhood. You run no physical or financial risk, as No-To-Bac is sold under guarantee to cure or money refunded. Book free, Ad. Sterling Remedy Co., 374 St. Paul street, Montreal.

THERE IS NOTHING LIKE **K.D.C.**
FOR NERVOUS DYSPEPSIA
HEADACHE, DEPRESSION OF SPIRITS, ETC.
FREE SAMPLES, K.D.C. AND PILLS. Write for them.
K.D.C. CO. LTD., Boston U.S., and New Glasgow, Can.