

On reaching anchorage in the harbor of Yokohama, several steam launches, followed by a score of *sampans* (clumsy concerns propelled by long sculls, operated by men or boys who had come out in such a hurry that they forgot their clothes), came to meet the ship, in hope of securing passengers and baggage. On the foremost launch I was delighted to see Dr. Macdonald. He had come from Tokyo the night before, and hearing in the morning that a steamer had been signalled, he waited to see if it would prove to be the *Abyssinia*. His presence greatly expedited matters, so far as I was concerned, and soon we were landed at the Custom House wharf. The officials were courteous, and the search of our baggage by no means "searching," so we soon got through. Yokohama shows signs everywhere of a foreign population, and the first impression of a stranger is—"Japan in Transition." This is seen on every hand, both here and in Tokyo. The foreign houses the streets, the railway, the large coasting steamers, the street cars in Tokyo, above all the changing dress of the people, all proclaim that

"The old order changeth, giving place to the new."

The changes in dress are striking, and sometimes amusing. As might be expected, the bulk of the people still wear the national dress, but in many cases there is a partial, and in many more a complete change. Here you may see the national *kimono*, or robe, surmounted by an ordinary straw hat, or a "Christie stiff." There this slight innovation is emphasized by a pair of foreign shoes, instead of the native *gaeta*, and perhaps a pair of foreign-made trousers, which somehow have an odd look in connection with the native *kimono*. Yonder the native costume has been utterly discarded, and the foreign adopted in its stead, and this is the prevailing tendency, especially among the young men.

After lunch I had my first experience in a *jinrikisha*, and very comfortably I found it. You have only to imagine a covered gig cut down to about one-third its ordinary size, and made proportionately light, with a man in the shafts instead of a horse, and you have a *jinrikisha*. The way the men trot along with a two-hundred pound passenger, and the way they will keep it up mile after mile, is astonishing. But there is another side to it. I am informed the work is so severe that the average life of a *jinrikisha* man is only about five years. In the afternoon we took train for Tokyo. The station is built of stone, two stories high, in foreign style, as are most of the public buildings. Railways here are built after the English pattern; but while the roadbed, platforms, station buildings, etc., are good and solid, the cars are very inferior. In this particular there is room for

great improvement. The officials are uniformly courteous, the conductor considers himself your servant, not your master, and does not regard it as part of his duty to be impertinent or abusive, as seems to be the case on some American roads. Officials of all kinds dress in foreign fashion. Policemen wear a blue uniform till the first of June, when they change to white, no matter what the state of the weather. They all carry a sword instead of a baton.

A cordial welcome to Dr. McDonald's hospitable home was very delightful, and gave good promise of pleasant days and weeks to be spent there. Our original mission property in Tokyo is located in Tsukiji (pronounced Skeejy), the part of the city assigned to foreigners. It consists of three lots of good size, with three comfortable houses built in foreign style. The walls are frame, covered with tiles and plastered; the roofs also are tiled. In front is a smooth gravelled road, some thirty feet wide, bounded by a dyke, two-and-a-half or three feet high, and immediately beyond that is the river, a stream of perhaps two hundred yards in width, covered with all kinds of native craft, chiefly junks. These junks are often towed out of the river by small boats—*sampans*. The boatmen, when working the long, heavy sculls, often drop the loose robe which seems to form their only clothing, and with the exception of a very meagre loin-cloth, stand up in "naked simplicity." From the waters of the bay a network of canals extends through the city, affording ready means of transport for goods to the various business centres. Tokyo is a large city, with a population of nearly a million and a half, and is one of the quietest and most orderly cities it has ever been my lot to visit. During my stay I traversed its streets, "highways and byways," at almost all hours of day and night, but never witnessed any disturbance, very rarely saw an intoxicated person, heard no shouting, brawling, or other sign of rowdyism. If there is a "dangerous class," as is quite possible, they keep quiet and out of sight, and I incline to think the statement made to me, that a lady might traverse the streets of Tokyo alone at midnight in her *jinrikisha*, without fear of insult, is not exaggerated. This result is due chiefly to the efficient police system.

On the day following my arrival in Tokyo work began. The first engagement was a meeting of the Mission Council in the school building at Azabu. This involved a *jinrikisha* ride of three miles through the heart of the city, and gave me a foretaste of the new and strange scenes to be witnessed in this new and strange land. Azabu is "beautiful for situation." The buildings are on a high bluff commanding fine