

These few words from Mrs. Large will be welcome :—

AZABU, Aug. 16th.

Home once more, and to no one can what that means be understood but to one who has been tossing around from here to there, weak in body and lonely in heart. True there is not all that goes to make home, even here, for me, but all that I can ever have is here ; there is rest in the thought that I am home, though the loved one's voice is not heard, nor his form seen, and I can resume once more the work that we enjoyed together.

Though the weather was not stormy, I was really more seasick than when going to Canada last year. There were about seventy cabin passengers, nine of them missionaries, the others nearly all tourists.

We anchored in Yokohama on the 12th about 7 a.m., and arrived here in the evening, finding quite a number assembled to welcome us. It was so good to be in the midst of the old faces and familiar scenes, and so near were the supporting arms that I dare not fear. I had feared what effect the returning might have ; so far, all is peace, whatever comes is because He knows best and permits it.

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