

Daughters as they quickly got ready a suit of clothes for her. The father comes every Monday morning with five sen towards the payment of his debt, and the 15th and 30th of each month he brings his 50 sen for his child's support.

Just about this time Yoshida San heard of a widow with two children of eight and three; the elder one the mother was said to "hate," and was trying to sell her. Yoshida San visited the woman, found she earned her living by gathering rags and broken glass, that one hand was withered, and that the elder child was not, apparently, very much loved. Here, again, was a case where the lambs must be fed and kept from the paw of the wolf. We had one child, could we not take another. We decided to do so, the King's Daughters again promising to clothe another.

This one had to undergo the same treatment as the first and the following Sunday the two appeared in church, one with a dress made out of a blue and garnet striped petticoat of Miss Cartmell's, the other with a coat made from a piece of an old print dress of mine; while their other articles of clothing were donated by different ones in the school—petticoats were made from a cast off night dress of Miss L——'s, while both had sashes made out of the velvet border of Yoshida San's bed quilt; but I can assure you they both looked well and comfortably dressed. It was not long before we found that in Fumi, the child of the widow, we had gotten a Tartar, and we began to understand why the mother was said to "hate" her. She was too much for San and his wife, and I had to come in to lay down the law; by laying it down frequently she can be kept in some kind of order. She is a bright child, stands best among the children of the King's Daughters' school for ability, but she is just as bad as she can be. Her influence on the other child is not good, but there has been marked improvement in her during the weeks since we took her in, and we are hopeful for the future.

But the strangest and most encouraging part of my story turns to the mother. The night she brought the child here it seemed to me that she was about as hard a specimen as I had ever come in contact with, and Sentaro said. "I know that woman, I have heard her talk, she is a pretty hard