



PERHAPS you would like to see what kind of a house Miss Cartmell lived in when she first went to Japan. Well, here is the picture of it—small but very neat and pretty. There was a parlor on one side of the hall and a dining room on the other. The largest room in the house was on the right of the dining room, and was called the chapel. Only a few of the first members are on the church roll now; but the scattered ones have nearly all proved faithful.

There was a very small kitchen and some little pantries and closets at the back. Upstairs, over the parlor was the study and over the dining-room the bedroom.

From the windows of the upper rooms could be seen the waters of the bay; across the garden, belonging to the larger house, since occupied by Dr. Macdonald, beyond the wide roadway, flowed the Sumida River. Could your eyes have seen the junks that floated upon the river, the nearest single mast, fluted sail and high stern would have held your attention long enough to make a lasting impression. These boats were built forty years ago, and are very clumsy, though picturesque. The open sterns make it unsafe for them to venture far from shore, and whenever a stiff breeze blows they hoist and fly for shelter, always glad, like the chickens, to get their tails turned from the wind. It is a pretty sight when the river is full of these, packed closely, with bows turned to meet the waves, and at night their lamps add to the beauty.

The view of the street from the lower windows was almost hidden by the fences of Dr. Meachan's garden and lawn, thus making the little house quite secluded. The walls of the rooms were covered with very pretty Japanese paper, blue, with a white sprig in it, for the study and bedroom; the hall was white; the dining-room green, the parlors a neutral tint, very pretty. The floors were covered with fresh matting, and the furniture, though second hand, was in good condition.

The carpenter who had been putting the house in repair made her a present of a nice little sett of shelves to hang on the wall, and when Miss Cartmell had put up the lace curtains and lambrequins that she took with her, and the various little knickknacks and photos that reminded her of home, we can imagine how snug and cosy the little house looked. There was a flower plot in front to delight the eyes, and a nice organ in the parlor, which must have been a source of real pleasure to lonely missionary, who had left home and friends so far away. Here she studied the difficult language, here she taught the coveted English, and here she sowed, as opportunity offered, the seed of the kingdom.

Walking down the Jurikisha road from her house to the street and across that, one stood on the stone embankment of the Sumida River, where it entered Yedo Bay. When she first went there, at high tide, there was a broad expanse of waters; at low tide a green rush-



MISS CARTMELL'S HOUSE IN JAPAN.