

finished by the time we reached Otzu. Our English-speaking fellow-traveller was inclined to be social. He informed us that he and his friend were on the way to Osaka to start a newspaper, of which the friend was to be editor-in-chief. Then, with a view of making the most of his opportunities, and getting into practice, he proceeded to "interview" Dr. McDonald:

"Gentlemen," said he, "what may be your business on this journey?"

"Oh," said the Doctor, "we are simply travelling to see the country."

This seemed to surprise our Japanese friend a little, and he looked incredulous, but soon returned to the charge.

"What is your religion?" was the next question.

"We are Protestants," said the Doctor.

"Yes, but what denomination? You know there are many kinds of Protestants."

"We are Methodists," said McDonald.

"Methodists?" was the reply; "these must be people who live methodically." And I fancy it would have puzzled a theological student to give a better definition.

"I am a Radical," was the next piece of information volunteered. Now, I had heard of a small political *coterie* known as "Radicals," and thought this must be one of them, although he lacked their characteristic of long hair; but it soon appeared he had used the word in an ecclesiastical sense, for he further explained by saying, "I'm a Unitarian." Whether he knew what Unitarianism meant is a question; but it was something "Western," and that goes a long way in Japan just now. Then followed some questions as to Dr. McDonald's opinion of Mr. Gladstone's scheme of Home Rule, and other questions of like nature. But the climax was reached when he asked,

"How long have you been in the country?"

"Sixteen years," said the Doctor.

To which our Japanese friend responded, in the most agreeable and cheerful manner,

"You speak a lie!"

Next morning we took train for Kobe, passing Kioto on the way. Kobe, in some respects, may be called the Liverpool of Japan. It has a fine harbor, where flags of many nations were flying, and the town—the foreign concession especially—gives token of commercial push and enterprise. Here we spent a pleasant hour with Rev. Dr. Lambuth, of the M. E. Church South, and talked over the proposed basis of union. By afternoon train we returned to Kioto, passing Osaka on the way, where a large number of new factory chimneys shows the transition that is going on in Japan. Kioto was formerly the capital

of the nation and had a population of half a million, but now has probably not more than half that number. The American Board of Missions is strong here in school-work, but I could not learn that much impression had been made by evangelistic effort. Kioto impresses one as a place that "has been" but will not be again. Much of the city has a "run down" look, and it is just the kind of place where resistance to the new order of things is likely to be strong and stubborn. If anything is undertaken here by Methodism, it ought to be by the agents of the M. E. Church South, who have a good centre at Kobe, not very far away.

The "Yaami" hotel, at which we stopped, is very comfortable. The restaurant and a large new building adjacent are in foreign fashion, and as the whole occupies a beautiful site high up the mountain-side, the view is very fine. But if the comforts are foreign, so are the charges—\$2.50 for supper, bed and breakfast; but as this represented only \$1.87½ in gold, things might have been worse. Before leaving the town at noon, we got lunch in a native restaurant, but cannot say I relished it. Fried fish, native soup, made of fish and sea-weeds, rice and tea, were the staples; no bread, no vegetables. But they knew how to charge; \$1.25 for the three of us, ultimately reduced to \$1. To natives the charge for the same meal would have been about 45 *sen* for three, or less than half a dollar.

We reached Otzu by train about two o'clock, and again embarked on Lake Biwa. The wind was fresh from the north, and we had quite a sea, but reached Nagohama at 6 p.m., and at once took train for Nagoya, where we arrived at 9 p.m. Here we found a good native hotel, part of which has been fitted up in foreign fashion. On asking if we could get some supper, we received a courteous answer in the affirmative, and in a short time a bill of fare was brought, written in good English, and we were informed that everything advertised was at our service. I brought away the list as a curiosity, and print it here, *verbatim et literatim*:

DINNER BILL OF FARE.

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| 1. Mock Turtle Soup. | 7. Boiled Potatoes. |
| 2. Boiled Fish. | 8. Grilled Chicken. |
| 3. Beef Cutlets. | 9. Roast Beef. |
| 4. Stewed Beef. | 10. Ice Cream. |
| 5. Tomatoes. | 11. Fruits. |
| 6. Mushrooms. | 12. Tea and Coffee. |

Such provision for the comfort of foreigners in this interior town was quite a surprise, and when we found the cooking and service was quite equal to the promise, Dr. McDonald complimented the house by saying to the girl who waited on the table, "You have everything very nice here;" to which she instantly replied, "Ah, sir, it is only ~~in~~ intention we do well; our per-