

Early next morning, just as the sun was rising, we slipped out to view the scene. What a change had taken place!

"The summer dawn's reflected hue
To purple changed Ontario's hue;
Mildly and soft, the gentle breeze
Just kissed the lake, just stirred the trees,
And the pleased lake, like maiden coy,
Trembled and dimpled, not for joy."

All around us were signs of the night's destruction. But few of the seventy tents were standing. Some were levelled and almost covered with sand. Everything was wet. All along the Beach, knots of people were chatting, or exploring the ruins, while some were hurrying around from one group to another, eagerly enquiring for lost articles, from a boat to a pillow, or a pair of trousers.

Passing on, we saw great branches hanging by a strip of bark, or whole trees snapped off at the root and lying across our path.

In the bay, many sail-boats had been injured and some were almost total wrecks.

Gratefully we heard that no lives had been lost. Though word came at different times during the day, of the loss of the occupants of certain boats, still all such rumors proved to be false.

Afterwards we could laugh at some of the things that happened. Hens were picked up and thrown with their coop against the fence; some luckless or lucky ducks, were lifted bodily from the water and blown some distance over the fence into the garden of their owner; some little boys, whose clothes were drying after the morning's rain, saw them sailing away in mid-air out over the lake; one hapless young man had taken a new suit down the day before, and it was his much regretted contribution to the collection taken up by the wind; yachtsmen came into the house arrayed in the most grotesque costumes, some of them not owning one thing they had on.

That day saw the departure of many of the tents for the city. The campers who remained, spent the day in recovering lost articles, drying, cleaning and mending their possessions, and restoring order and comfort to their summer homes.

In thinking of the events now, the feeling uppermost in our hearts is one of gratitude that the worst was over before the darkness came on, and that the storm was on Sunday instead of the Saturday preceeding, when thousands of people were at the Beach, to see the Hanlan-Race, and when such a storm would surely have occasioned much loss of life.—*L. Murray.*

Japan Work.

TOKYO, February 8, 1892.

This morning we laid one of our men-servants to rest in the Aoyama cemetery, beside old Sakuma who died a little more than three years ago. His name is Tokizo, he came to the school while I was away. Some years ago he was a very bad man, making his living by robbery. He had two children, but had no love for them, and knew not even where they were. Being caught in a theft, he was put in prison, and while he was there, heard the glad news of salvation through Christ, from the keeper of the prison, one of the members of the Shizuoka church. So good was his behaviour that he was released before his time was up. He accepted Christ, and great was the joy that filled his heart. His was no outward washing, the blood of Christ had cleansed him from all sin; and from that time he was ever about his Master's business. To all who came in his way he was ever talking of the light that had come into his own life, and entreating them to walk the "Narrow way." The policemen who were on guard last winter, became so interested that they asked for Bibles to be given them. At the beginning of the new year we hired a new servant to take the place of Sentaro, who was changed to the charge of the cooking department. The new one was not here ten days before Tokizo had him reading his Bible, and was urging him to learn all he could of this One who had changed him into a new creature. Two weeks ago to-day he was unable to attend to his work. Three days later we sent him to the hospital in which our girls support a bed (a private Christian hospital, where the Bible is taught daily). We had no thought of his dying; the doctor said he would be around in about two weeks. But he was very weak, and when the suffering ceased he had no strength with which to rally, and quietly passed away Saturday night. Mr. Hiraiwa spoke so earnestly to those present this morning to be also ready. We shall miss him here, but "the Master had need" of him, and we know, he, though dead, yet speaks.

The little girls have just been in collecting money to buy some flowers. They went to Miss Munro last night and asked if they could not buy flowers to send to Tokizo's funeral, but Miss M. did not think it wise to

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