

We had a long two hours' ride, shaded by wax-trees as we skirted the range, when, in a village embosomed in trees, we suddenly turned up a steep hill in the narrowest of lanes, under deep shade. At an opening among the trees we got out, and in front of us was a pretty wooden church, with its solid roof and neat porch, in an enclosure ornamented after the fashion of the country with large boulders, brought and arranged with no slight labour: and by its side a picturesque little parsonage of two stories, standing in its garden, very like a Swiss chalet. The church, which will hold three hundred, is tastefully furnished, and, like the parsonage, was built by the people themselves. The catechist, whose wife had been for ten years a pupil of Mrs. Goodall, a benevolent missionary at Nagasaki, and speaks English well, entertained us with tea and cakes. We then climbed by a narrow path to the house of the chief man of the village and the first Christian. Near his house was a natural platform, a little grassy knoll projecting from the hill-side, where the people often assemble to sing hymns. From this spot we had a striking view of the slopes and the village below. Every house is isolated, and the brown roofs peer here and there amongst a dense mass of foliage, the flat tops of the wax-trees.

The story of this village is very interesting. Four years before my visit there was not a Christian in the place; we were here in the centre of Xavier's labours. It is marvellous how, in spite of persecution and isolation, a tradition of Christianity had remained.