

sympathy that runs like an electric cord from heart to heart. Yet, as we have the promise of a return, if even after many days, we feel that it was not in vain. Just at my right hand were four or five boys, whose eyes scarcely left my face. They were an inspiration that somewhat lightened the burden, which seemed almost too heavy. On the way home we had to cross a river on foot (a plank bridge). Just beside it were a great number of men working at a road. While we were there they had evidently heard of our object, as they were quiet going, but on our return they were very noisy and insulting, and I would have been rather alarmed had I been alone. The hate that arises from lack of knowledge was so plain.

On Friday I was very tired, but went out to a small meeting in a private house. The women asked a good many questions about Christianity, and seemed much interested. On Saturday afternoon Miss Preston, Mrs. Sabashi and I started for Yahata, a village about eight miles distant from Kofu. We reached there at about two, and, as the meeting did not open till three, had time to look about us and get settled for the night before going to the village in which it was to be. How shall I describe Yahata, quite a large village, with scarcely a decent house (beside the preacher's) in it? The roofs thatched, and in the last stages of decay. The school like an old barn, and the children having a glorious time. It was the most dilapidated place I ever saw. As there was no decent hotel in the place, we were taken to Kusakabe (grass wall) village, about half a mile distant, and where there was a very good small hotel. From there we went on half a mile farther to —, another village. There is only one Christian in that village, and he has opened his house for religious services. Judging from its size and furnishings, I should say he is a wealthy man. There we found upwards of seventy people assembled, and had a good meeting.

After it was over, Miss Preston went back to Kofu, as, being passportless, she could not stay all night. Mrs. Sabashi and I went back to our hotel, and after supper, on to Yahata, to Mr. Yuki's house, where our evening meeting was to be. There were fully sixty people there, and at 8 p.m. we opened. Mr. Yuki spoke for about forty minutes, and then I read my talk. The people at both meetings were very quiet and listened very attentively. Next morning we went over to Katsunuma, about four miles from Yahata and ten from Kofu. But before I tell you about that, I must tell you about Saturday night. Between our room and the next were sliding doors with no locks, and in that room was a drunken man, who yelled and made things lively generally. Having no matches, we decided to leave our lamp burning, and so, after turning it down, we got into bed. After lying for a few minutes we heard a slight noise, and on looking up, there was that man opening the doors and peeping in on us. I was not much afraid of him, for I knew it was just curiosity, and so ordered him to shut the doors. He slipped away, and we closed the doors. I resolved to remain awake till he had gone to sleep and did so; but it was hard work, for I was very tired. Mrs. Sabashi told me next morning that she was so tired she just prayed and then went to sleep. I could hear her praying to herself.

At Katsunuma Miss Preston met us, and the meeting was held in the house of a physician, which is larger than the church. About sixty were present, and a floating audience of about twenty more listened throughout the meeting. After that was over we had our dinner, and then went back to Kofu. Found Mr. Saunby there; he had arrived the night before.

Next morning early we left for Kajikazawa, where we intended to take the boat and descend the Fujikawa River.

However, the wind was so high that we had to turn back and come home the way we went. That day we travelled fifty-six miles by basha, and at 8 p.m. reached our hotel, where we got to bed as expeditiously as possible and slept soundly till morning. How tired we were that night no one knows, unless he has travelled in something as awkwardly uncomfortable as a basha.

Next morning we were off by seven a.m., and reached home at a little after one p.m., tired in body, but glad that the privilege to visit these places had been ours. Mrs. Sabashi stood the journey well, and it was certainly the most enjoyable two weeks she ever spent. She was very much excited when trying to talk to large audiences, but what she did say was short and to the point. Her eyes are very poor at night, and I had to help her all over. She would insist on telling everywhere how, though old, she had come on that long journey to tell them about God; and that she was not afraid to go anywhere with the Lord and with sensei. The first was all right, but the second (sensei, myself) made me feel strange; it made me feel so responsible to think she leaned on me so. Of course, she could not have gone alone, for she is too old, but she did not seem to understand why I looked after her and helped her over hard places—seemed to feel as if she ought to do it for me, instead of the obligation being the other way.

On Monday evening (14th) she talked very nicely to the girls in the school, telling them that, though old and white-haired, she could trust God for anything, and that they would find what a helper God is if they only would try Him. There were not enough girls to frighten her, so she talked easily and naturally. She is in very truth like a little child, and has perfect trust in God. Her face is a picture that in itself must carry an influence for good. She seems to see God in even the most trivial circumstances and accidents of her life.

We have arranged for meetings to be held in Kofu weekly, in three places bi-monthly, and in four places once a month. Other places are to be visited from time to time, as the opportunity occurs.

Now about my thought of the work in Yamanashi ken. Patient, earnest, prayerful, trustful work is having its sure reward, and the cause of God is moving on there. I will give you one example of zeal. At Ichikawa, a town about ten miles away, there are only sixteen Christians, yet these sixteen pay the pastor's house-rent, church-rent, running expenses and three yen a month on the pastor's salary. To be sure, these expenses are not large, but neither are the means of the people. I was introduced to nearly all of them, and I felt at home among them. I seemed to realize there, more than any place else, that it was indeed my Father's house, and that my Father was present in very truth. But my letter is already unpardonably long, so I must close.

Yours, in the Master's service,

HANNAH LUND.

WHOEVER heard of a man freezing to death while hard at work? It is the idler in the Church that gets cold; and when one gets cold himself, he is apt to think that every one else is in the same condition, and begins to murmur and complain, and to blame others

A BRAHMIN is said to have written to a missionary: "We are finding you out. You are not as good as your Book. If your people were only as good as your Book, you would conquer India for Christ in five years."