

the missionary about the case. He knew all the circumstances, and when we asked him if such an outrage could not have been prevented, he said, "Yes; if they could have made room for her they could have kept her, and prevented the marriage." Her sad face followed us for days. When we arrived at the mission house we were cordially welcomed by Mrs. Tate. They have in their home, which is only a moderately-sized parsonage, nine children—six girls and three boys, aged from six to twelve years—and six or seven children who come for daily instruction. After tea the nine who live in the house came in for prayers. They had their little hymn-books, and sang very nicely. They appeared intelligent and bright, and during our stay we talked with all of them, and enjoyed their ready answers to our questions. They are being taught the rudiments of an English education. They each showed us their knitting and sewing, for they help to make their own clothes, and assist with the housework as far as they are able to do so. Mrs. Tate is kept very busy looking after them, and attending to her other duties. She has a young assistant, but takes the responsibility herself. She told us they could have fifty children under their care if they had room, but until a building is put up they cannot take any more. They were compelled to take those they now have; nothing else could be done for them. On Sunday we went to the regular service in their comfortable little church. After the sermon (which, of course, we did not understand) we had a fellowship meeting, and about twenty spoke, some with great fervor and zeal, others plaintive and sad. Mr. Tate translated after each one spoke, and to them after we had spoken. At the close of the service we all shook hands and felt with new force the meaning of that passage, "One is your Master, even Christ, and all ye are brethren." We left Chilliwhack on Monday morning, and arrived in Victoria in the evening the following day. We went to see Miss Leake and the Chinese Home. There were six girls under her care, one only eleven years old, who have been rescued from terrible slavery. They seem to be very much attached to her, calling her mamma, and appealing to her with such confidence and affection, and from her manner to them we thought her wonderfully suited for her position, earnestly and faithfully laboring to teach these less favored sisters the way to the Saviour, often in the midst of much loneliness and discouragement, but in earnest faith that the bread cast upon the waters shall be seen before many days; indeed, she told us of fruit she had already seen, which had strengthened and encouraged her. We met Mr. Gardiner, through whose earnest efforts to help the Chinese the Home was first started, and who now has a class of one hundred Chinamen to whom he is teaching the old, old story. His interest in the Girls' Home is unabated, and as Chinese is his native language, he often assists Miss Leake in her difficulty in this respect. Rev. Mr. Starr is also greatly interested in the work. He went to the Home with us. We also went to the new house which Dr. Sutherland has just bought, and it seems to be all that could be desired, more commodious than the old one, where they lacked many things that were essential for the carrying on of the work. Miss Leake told us that the girls were so thankful to get into the Home, where they are well guarded and lovingly cared for, they rarely go out, only occasionally for a walk with herself, as they attract so much undesirable attention. It is an unusual thing to see a Chinese woman on the street. The Chinese question is becoming a difficult one in this country. Building their joss-houses and following their heathen practices in the very centres of our Christian civilization is one of the apparent disadvantages of our liberal institutions, but this is too weighty a question for discussion here, and as this letter is already too long, we draw it to a close.

*Letter from MISS MORGAN, dated JO GAKKO, April 14th, 1888.*

MY DEAR SISTERS,—While it is fresh in my memory I'll tell you about our picnic on Thursday. We started about a quarter after seven, twenty of us in ten jinrikshas, some of us having two men, when we got out to walk up the hill we made quite a procession. Miss Wintemute said that a year ago when they went to Count Yamao gardens there were a hundred jinrikshas. The ride through the city was lovely, for a mile or two the places we passed were familiar, but after that everything was new, the attractions at Mukojima (a part of Tokyo) where we were going are the cherry-blossoms and gardens. In about an hour we came to the river, and crossing the bridge, rode along the left bank for over a mile, it was a most beautiful sight; there were dozens of small boats on the water, and I am sure we must have met hundreds of people along the road. On the right were rice fields covered with about a foot of water, then we passed rows of small stores with the goods displayed in front, then a hundred small houses, all huddled together. Presently we came out on a beautiful broad road bordered on each side with trees; just here about thirty soldiers on horseback passed us. Then the road became narrower, and trees, one mass of white blossom, almost met overhead. Away in the distance we caught a glimpse of the gardens we were coming to, but a turn in the road hid them from us, and then such a novel sight as this was; we were still riding under the trees, and on either side were small stores or stalls, where things of every color and description were sold. It is so different from things at home that I am at a loss to tell you about it. Well, after winding along this lovely road under these beautiful trees, we came to the gardens and, getting out of the 'rikshas we went inside, after paying two sen each. Around the garden were two rows of trees all in blossom, the first row white, the second red; we just stood still in breathless delight and one and another exclaimed, "Are we not in fairyland!" I will send you two views of the gardens, but they will not give you a true idea of its beauty, for the chief charm of the Japanese gardens is the irregularity of things. As we stood on a little knoll at the entrance there appeared to be half a dozen small ponds, but on walking round we found they were all connected; here and there were little bridges spanning the water between the islands. On some of them were ducks, on others white geese, which occasionally gave vent to their feelings in a very noisy manner. In the background was a Japanese house; you will see it in one of the pictures, more plainly than the other. I wish you could see the inside. We stood and looked in for minutes without speaking (the thoji were drawn back, so we could see right in), and then exclaimed, as we had many times before, "Oh, it's no use, we could never make them understand what it's like." The ceiling of polished wood, the posts holding the todana (cupboards) just as natural as before they were hewn from the tree, here and there great knots, two or three inches in size, but beautifully finished; the floor strewn with cushions, and near the wall, under the todana, handsome vases filled with flowers; on the walls a handsome kabremone (panel). You can see in the picture how very low the trees are. I wish you could see how some hang over the moats, poetically speaking they almost kiss the water. We walked around the garden for about an hour, wishing we could stay all day; then sat down under one of the trees, which was trained over bamboo poles to look like an umbrella, and were served with tea. I did not care for any; to me it has a bitter taste. It was then time to go, and all standing near the gate, we sang two English hymns, and ended with the doxology in Japanese. By this time there were other visitors coming, and on hearing the singing they all turned and watched us. Just as the