

most difficult and well nigh impossible. This tremendous obstacle is being overcome through the labors of female missionaries. The century-barred gates are opening, the veil is being lowered, the light is reaching the Zenana.

Man civilized desires civilization for his family, and the Christian civilization introduced by our missionaries is dispelling the blindness of heathen men to see woman in her true position; and woman is being enlightened and educated, and Christian motherhood implies a mighty hastening of the day when Christ's kingdom shall be established throughout the earth.

It is the time of the morning. The mists of the dawn are lifting. The day is growing. The Sun of Righteousness is rising with healing in His wings. It will soon be noon.

We sometimes think of our cause as a rising tide, the progress of which is almost imperceptible at first. Gradually it creeps up the sands, overcoming one obstacle after another, until it reaches the shore. Bold and arrogant men have seated themselves upon the beach, like Canute of old, forbidding the advance of the waters, but have been obliged to get out of the way or be submerged. Such has been the course of our cause. Beginning small and slowly advancing, it is gradually increasing, and a few more tidal waves like the Women's Missionary movement, will sweep us on to the flood-tide.

Perhaps our cause might better be described by the growth of a river. Beginning in the little spring in the mountain and fed by little rills on the way, it gradually increases in volume until natural and artificial barriers are overleaped, and with the song of victory the river rushes to the sea. Let us be encouraged. Let us be in earnest. Our's is a winning cause. Heart within and God o'erhead, victory is sure. The barriers must give way, the mountain must become a plain.

"O clap your hands all ye people; shout unto God with the voice of triumph. For the Lord Most High is terrible; He is a great King over all the earth. He shall subdue the people under us, and the nations under our feet."

#### LETTER FROM JAPAN.

(Continued from p. 42.)

WE were soon off, and by a little after 9 a.m. reached Tukurōi, from which place we were to take 'rikishas to Mori, five miles off. Secured our 'rikishas without trouble, and away we went over a good road, leading through rice-fields for the most of the way. Reached there at about 10.30, and found Mr. Rondo awaiting us. A great religious matura was in progress, and so we could only have our afternoon meeting. About twenty gathered, and as each one came with Bible and hymn-book, you can imagine how homesick it made me, it was so much like common worship. We had a very good time; Mrs. Ushioka and I both taught, and after the meeting was over, they asked if they might come to see me in the evening. I invited them all, telling them to bring hymn-books, and I would teach them a hymn. In the evening they came, and we had a regular old-time practice. Before we left off they could sing the hymn through without me, and not make a mistake. Whether they could do so next morning is another question, but they certainly have a musical ear there. We then had family prayer and separated for the night, Mrs. Ushioka and I both going to bed with full hearts, and I, at least, with aching limbs, not all the result of travel.

I must not forget to tell you that we were entertained by one of the church stewards, and that made our stay there very much more pleasant. Next morning we were up and off by a few minutes after 7 a.m., and after a rather

rough ride, because of the abundance of imbedded stones, leading through three tunnels, the longest of which was about a dozen rods, reached Futamata at 9.30. Part of the way our road lay along the bank of a large river, and so the view was lovely. There we took Mr. Tsuchiya, the evangelist, by surprise. He had not expected us till eleven, and so was cleaning up house, and mending the shoji, when we walked in. He took us all over the town before dinner, and then one of the church members brought in Mrs. Ushioka's dinner, and rice for me. Futamata is a veritable country town, in air, with lovely, clean streets, and large, but rather plain, houses. By 1.30 about sixty people, old and young, had gathered, and we began our meeting. Such a good time as we did have. I never had such a good time before, and the people listened to every word. Then Mrs. Ushioka spoke, and I never heard any one more earnest, and besides being earnest, she spoke to the point, and, though between us our meeting lasted one hour and a-half or nearly two hours, they all seemed sorry when we stopped talking. Hurriedly saying good-bye, we wended our way over the hill to the river—a half mile off. There we took a ferry, and, taking 'rikishas with us, were ferried across. From there to Hamamatsu the road was level, but stony, and when, after a ride of about fifteen miles, we arrived at Mr. Hashimoto's door we were tired out, and glad to be taken to our hotel, where we were to pass the Sabbath. But I must get ready, as our train will be here directly.

November 13th, 1889.—Well, I have never had a chance to write at this again till now. I see I left off at Mr. Hashimoto's door, but I forgot to tell how the people of Futamata helped us on our way and saw us safely across the ferry ere they left us, waving a God-speed-you to us from across the river. Well, we rose early on Sabbath morning, and were off for church in good time, but when service opened there were only two people besides those of us, who were not supposed to swell the numbers. Ere Mr. Hashimoto finished there were over twenty in all. In the afternoon at Sunday school it was a little better, as only half were late. We had a small woman's meeting, and afterward they gave us all cake, etc. That made me pity them more than ever. How I did wish ten times the number had come out, for then I could have enjoyed their kindness; as it was I was more grieved than rejoiced at it. On Sunday evening the people were as late as usual, but on Monday morning more—five times over—were at the station to see me off than were at the opening of service either morning or evening. The Bible-woman there, for numerous reasons, I found I must drop, and that was another grief to me. The new church will be completed in two weeks, so we can only pray that its opening services may be the beginning of a gracious revival in Hamamatsu. We took the 9.45 train back, and in a few minutes were at Nakaizumi, where we were met by Mr. Cassidy, who had come on the down-train. We walked to Mitsel—one mile—and there had a good, though short, meeting. Met some people who seemed anxious to learn about Christianity; but as time for private conversation could not be had, I could only advise them to read the Bible and come regularly to church on Sabbath and on Wednesday. From there we took 'rikishas to Tukurōi, and there also had a meeting. About sixty in all (outside and in) listened, and if Mr. Cassidy and I had done nothing else but draw the crowd, the Bible-woman's earnest words must bear fruit. From there we hurried off to the station, escorted by most of the people, and found we had not one moment to spare for the train. Hasty good-byes, and we were off to Kakegawa. Miss Morgan had joined us there, and went on to Kakegawa with us. At Tukurōi, the chief of police (I think) is a Christian, and, as he is universally respected, his influence for Christianity is great.