



MISS CANADA IN JAPAN.

WHEN Miss Robertson (our St. John Missionary to Japan) went back to that country after her year's rest at home, she took with her a large number of dolls, skillfully dressed and kindly donated by one of our young ladies.

We have permission from this young lady to give you part of Miss Robertson's letter, written to her in acknowledgment of her kindness.

Our picture this month shows you girls of the Japanese school in Kofu; one of them has the doll "Miss Canada," on her lap. The letter gives an interesting description of this doll "You are waiting to hear about the dolls, so I shall tell you about them first. If I could really let you know what a comfort they have been you would feel amply repaid for all the trouble you took in providing them so beautifully with

clothes. Soon after I came in this fall I gave two receptions for them in my room, to which I invited half the girls each time. Each doll found some one to admire her above all the rest, but, on the whole, Miss Canada was the general favorite. Afterwards when the girls came on my visiting day, Tuesday afternoon, "to play" they would ask for her, so I thought I had better adopt her for my own. I took off her hat and coat, so that she might look more at home, and set



her on a chair, where she spends much of her time. She has grown very dear to us all—I, also, liking to see and hold her occasionally. Two of the students care for my room, and often when I go upstairs I find her in the most interesting positions. Sometimes she is gazing steadily at one of my photos, or she will have in her arms a smaller doll, at which she is fondly looking. At times her face is turned up, her arms stretched out, beseeching one to take her. One day I found her reading one of my letters I had left on

the desk; another time she was enjoying a flower. Her joints are so easily turned, her positions so interesting, that to take her from my room would deprive some of the girls of much pleasure. When the girls are sick they ask for her, and many a comforting visit she has made. The girls call her "Sensei's baby." Her hair is a little the worse for the petting she gets, but otherwise she looks the same. Japanese girls are much more gentle in their

touch than Canadian girls. At Christmas time the kiddied doll dressed in heliotrope, went to comfort the heart of a little girl troubled with spinal weakness. She wears a plaster jacket all the time and is deprived of the joys that gladden the childhood of other children. She welcomed her little Canadian playmate with great joy.

Little Miss Red-dress went to another little maiden in Shizuoka who wrote her first letter to me, saying, she was