

city of Romulus and in several places large portions of his wall 753 B. C., may still be seen in wonderful preservation. The palace ruins were very interesting, but what struck me most was an altar, built of travertine, with an ancient inscription of 390 B. C., showing that it had been dedicated to an "unknown God," who had foretold an invasion of the Gauls.

On Sunday we went, in the morning, to a Methodist Episcopal Italian church, but it was such an effort to try to follow the Italian that we did not get as much good as might have been expected. In the afternoon we went out to St. John Lateran, which we liked. Quite near is a building containing the Scala Santa, and this impressed me very much. The stairs, 28 steps, were brought from Pilate's house by the Empress Helena. As the front door opens you see in front of you the Scala Santa, with white marble statues of Christ in the garden at either side,—one with the kiss of Judas. The steps themselves are of white marble covered with wood, but plainly visible,—some of them worn down to a great hollow. Here and there in the steps are pieces of glass let into the wood over the blood stains of His feet. These the devout kiss as they painfully ascend the steps on their knees. Each step secures them a nine years' indulgence, or helps their friends out of purgatory. At the top is a chapel, where they were celebrating mass. The whole thing was very touching to me.

But I must not weary you. This little Alpine rosebud came from the Rigi, and the maidenhair from the Palace of the Caesars, on the Palatine.

M. M. N.

Child Life in Japan.

Not long ago I sent to a little girl and boy at home, two of the pretty paper balloons that the Japanese children play with here in the spring time, and wrote them at the same time about the bright-colored kites in the shape of birds and fishes, etc., that were then flying about on every side whenever we went out on the streets. The paper balloons cost only a cent or two a piece, while the kites can be bought for half a cent and upwards. I spoke of the little that they cost when I was writing but did not think more about it. When an answer came to my letter, however, a few weeks afterwards, there was one sentence that set me thinking. After thanking me for the balloons, and telling me what fun they had playing with them, they said: "We think it would be lovely to live in Japan, and that the little Japan-

ese boys and girls must be the happiest children in the world, with so many beautiful toys to play with." When I read that I said to myself: "If that is all the children at home know of the life of a child in Japan, it is my fault for telling them only one side of the story." So as I have been asked to write the girls and boys in our Mission Bands something about the children here, I want to tell you first some reasons why Canadian children should be glad that they live in Canada and not in Japan.

The children here do have plenty of toys to play with it is true, but you would very soon tire of them, for it is their bright coloring only that makes them attractive. They are made mostly from paper or from very poor material so that they are soon broken or torn, and though the cost would seem very small to you, it means much more to the children here, for their parents, many of them, work hard all day to earn ten or fifteen cents, so that if a child has a half cent to spend on a toy he is rich indeed. We have children in our poor schools here who are glad to come and work all day at making match boxes, to earn from one half cent to two cents a day, and the little food they can buy with this money is often all they get to eat, though it is not enough to satisfy their hunger or keep them healthy.

It is among children like this that we have our poor schools and orphanage, in which they are helped to make a better living for themselves, besides being taught about Christianity and the one true God. But I imagine I hear some of you saying: "But that is only the very poor children who have such a hard time as that." Yes, it is true that those whose parents are not poor do not suffer in that way, but there are so many in Japan who are poor, that we cannot but think and write most about them. But even the children of wealthy parents in this country lose much from their lives that even the poorest children in America have to help them to be happy and good.

Have you ever thought what it would be to live in a country where there is no Sunday—no Christmas—no Eastertide, with its beautiful story of Christ's resurrection, with all the precious meaning that it has for us? Where there is not even a Saturday night as an end to the week, but where work goes on from day to day with no rest to mark one week from another. No Bible, no churches, no Sunday schools to go to, for though there are plenty of temples and very many gods of all sizes and kinds, yet the "God of gods" is not among them.

Some other time I want to tell you what the children here are taught about the gods that they serve, and also to tell you of the brightness and hope that come into their lives, when Mission Churches, Sunday schools and other schools are opened among them, so that you may see how much good the money you are helping to raise at home, is doing here.

V.

Kanazawa.