

hardly believe the question came from one whose whole knowledge of Christianity had been gained from a single reading of the Scriptures. However, it opened another field which I was glad to enter, and I did not fail to press the point that the truth of Christianity, especially in regard to the power of a Divine Saviour and the reality of the Holy Spirit's work, was a matter that could be experimentally verified. Of course, our conversation extended far beyond the limits indicated in the brief outline here given, but I have recorded it for the purpose of showing that among the educated and thoughtful in Japan there may be many who, like this man, are "not far from the kingdom of God." The nature of the questions asked may also indicate that it will not do to send imperfectly trained men to Japan.

In Kofu there are two large public schools, one for boys, the other for girls. The first has over one thousand pupils, the second over nine hundred, and there is one Principal over both. On the day before my departure from Kofu, this gentleman, Mr. Gonda, called and took me to see the institutions under his care. We first went to the boys' school. The buildings are plain and cheap, but suited to the climate. The school system of this country is modelled after the German pattern, and military routine prevails. It was amusing to see at the entrance gate a boy of fourteen, or thereabouts, with a wooden gun, who gravely saluted the Principal and strangers as they entered. The school is regularly graded, according to the advancement of the pupils. When we entered a room a sharp, ringing, military word of command brought the scholars to their feet with the precision of clockwork; at a second order they bowed profoundly and gracefully to the strangers, and at a third resumed their seats. In a room occupied by very young boys we found the teacher, a young man, seated at a cabinet organ, and it was amusing to hear the scholars shouting the words of a Japanese song, at the top of their voices, to the tune of "Auld lang syne." In rear of the buildings was a parade ground, where the older boys were being drilled in true military style. By this means Japan will have a well drilled army in a few years.

Passing over to the girls' school, in another part of the town, we visited the various rooms; after which the teachers—all females—were assembled in the reception room, and, at Mr. Gonda's request, I gave them a short address. I have elsewhere spoken of the universal custom of offering tea. At this school it has been discontinued, and they offer a little hot water instead. As indicating the degree of attention paid to education, I may say that in Kofu, with a popula-

tion of about 2,000, there are over 2,500 pupils in the schools. Mr. Gonda requested that, if not trespassing too much upon my time, I would also address the male teachers, who would come to the hotel for that purpose. At one o'clock we had a small room well filled, and I spoke on the importance of the teacher's work, the necessity of being themselves constant students, and of studying their pupils as well as their textbooks; above all, the importance of impressing the moral nature of the child.

My work in Kofu was now ended, and we prepared to return. Our plan had been to go down the Fujikawa river, thus avoiding the long stage journey; but the heavy rains had greatly swollen the stream, and we were warned that the route would be difficult and dangerous. The Fujikawa is a mountain river, with a swift current and dangerous rapids, especially after heavy storms. It is navigated by large, flat-bottomed boats, which make the run of forty miles in a few hours; but it requires several days to tow the boats up again against the stream. We finally decided to return by the way we came, and it was just as well we did so, for we subsequently learned that a day or two later a boat with thirty passengers went on the rocks, and only ten persons got safe to shore.

At about 7.30 a.m. on Wednesday morning, July 9th, we started in a pouring rain. The Sasaga Toge had again to be crossed on foot, as no mountain basha was available, and to ride in a kago was worse than walking. On we trudged in a pelting storm, and at last reached a village on the other side of the pass, but thoroughly wet. A hasty change of garments made things more comfortable, and we resumed our journey by basha, reaching Inchio at 5.30 p.m., where we remained for the night. On the following morning we pushed on over bad roads, though the rain had abated. Had a stiff climb over the Kogo pass, and by the time the summit was reached our horse, though pulling an empty vehicle, was pretty well played out. Fortunately we got a better horse and a better driver, and descended the pass in rapid style. Signs of the storm were everywhere apparent—land-slides, stone-slides, wash-outs in abundance. Driving rapidly on a downgrade our horse stumbled and fell with a shock that sent the driver, like a stone from a catapult, away beyond the horse and into the middle of the road. Providentially no one was hurt; some breaks in the harness were speedily repaired, and we were soon on the way again. We reached Hachoji in good season, but found that beyond that point two bridges had been swept away by the freshet. To economize time we changed from basha to jinrikisha, and took short cuts across fields. On reaching the banks of the first