

lations of our own favorite hymns set to the same familiar tunes. The amused curiosity with which we had noticed the innumerable wooden soles left in the porch by the natives who had preceded us into the sanctuary, instantly vanished when the service began and we observed the intent earnestness of the worshipers, who by their devoutness made us feel like taking off our own shoes, so holy seemed the ground whereon we stood.

The congregation, rising to its shoeless feet, read responsively a passage from the scriptures, and there issued from all parts of the building such a volume of sound as betokened pretty universal ability to read; which in Japan, believe me, signifies far more than it would in Canada! In China, as you are aware, it is the lower orders that are more easily influenced by the Gospel; but in Japan, exactly the reverse: there the educated classes are being wonderfully reached, but little access has been gained to the confidence of the coolie.

When the first hymn was started, a polite Japanese deacon handed us a hymn-book opened at the place; and though the characters were hieroglyphics in our eyes, we received incalculable benefit from the tune, which readily lent itself to words in our mother tongue. "what a Friend we have in Jesus." Ay, *what* a friend! so graciously to meet us in that foreign clime and draw us into closer spiritual friendship with those whom heretofore, perhaps, we had but remotely thought of as our brothers and sisters united in Himself.

It did seem so homelike, too, while the native pastor was reading the lesson for the day, to hear a

JAPANESE BABY CRYING

in a remote corner of the church. Japanese children do not often scream or cry, even at play upon the streets, so that this incident is not unworthy of note. It recalled to my mind the remark of a London waif newly come to Montreal, who had been watching some people on the street, and on being informed that they were French, expressed incredulity, "well any-

how," she said, "if they're French, they don't *laugh* in French, for I was a listen-in' to them!" And she was right. Common expressions of joy and grief are much the same everywhere and in my heart I blessed that crying urchin of Japan for sending my thoughts eight thousand miles away to the Mission House on Nazareth Street. Even though it *was* Japanese, it didn't *cry* in Japanese— not a bit of it! It was the very same infantile disturbance that we grew so accustomed to in our Sabbath evening services in Griffintown.

The native Pastor proved to be a man of extraordinary eloquence. We could see from merely watching him. His text was, "I pray not that thou shouldst take them out of the world, but that thou shouldst keep them from the evil," and we were afterwards told by a European missionary who had been able to understand him, as well as listen, that the treatment was characterized by a choice spirituality. No wonder the church was thronged and seats needed in the aisles. We were also told afterwards that the congregation is imbued with a very strong missionary spirit and has branched out in all directions through the city and the land. This is but one of the many hopeful signs in the missionary outlook in Japan.

Half an hour after the native service, we attended an English service in the same edifice. Altogether our first sabbath in a heathen land had been a most remarkable one. Like some of old, we were "amazed" and said, "We have seen strange things to-day."

COMMENCING SCHOOL-LIFE IN CHINA.

When the Chinese boy is six or seven years of age he is sent to school. The father who is very particular in his choice of a school-master, having finally made up his mind, arrangements are entered into, the master is invited to dinner, and then it only remains for the fortune-teller to consult the boy's *pal-tsz* and fix upon a lucky day for his first attendance. In