

more study, and then to bed. From our Bible-class, held twice a week, and attended by Mr. Yebara, three of the teachers and a few students, I anticipate good results.

My interpreter is one of the two teachers who desire to be baptized. On Saturday afternoon I give him my text, and drill him on the sermon, for his knowledge of the English is so small, I could not possibly get along without this preparatory work.

Suppose ten o'clock of last Sabbath morning has just come. About an hour ago some began to gather. Now, 80 or 90 persons are here. The Principal and teachers and a few beside take chairs. Mrs. Meacham or Miss Moulton is at the organ. I am standing at the table and my interpreter by my side. The rest are sitting upon the floor. Many are students who understand a few words of English, clad in the graceful Japanese dress. Scattered through the crowd are adults, a few Buddhist priests, who do not belong to this temple, one of whom is even taking notes. Mothers are here with their babies. We have ten hymn-books distributed among us all. We give out "I am so glad that my Father in heaven." The organ strikes up. The ladies lead in singing. As many as can get hold of a hymn-book—five or six looking on one—sing at greater or less speed, and at a greater or less remove from the right key. We kneel and pray, and with deeper feeling, because for the first time in the morning since we came, there is a Buddhist service going on simultaneously with ours, not twenty feet away. The gongs are sounding, and the priests and people are singing in a peculiarly plaintive tone, that seems to express the sadness of hope deferred—"Ah, num-num-i, num-num-i, num-num-i," &c. I do not know what this means; but if I were to interpret it by the feeling which it seems to be labouring to express, I would say it meant—"They have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid Him." Oh! that the great

Master would reveal Himself to them, clad in His crimson vest, and tell them all His name. We next read the Scriptures, sing again some cheerful song of Zion, and I give out my text, which my interpreter explains in Japanese. After a few words of introduction, I expound Scripture, strive to fasten truth upon the conscience, appeal to the heart, and wind up with an earnest entreaty to my hearers to give themselves to their loving Saviour. Of course, whenever I make a point, I give opportunity to my assistant to explain to the congregation.

I may say that I never felt more at home in Canada in preaching than here, and never had I better attention, though the poor creatures, many of them, know not one word I say. And, as I gaze down into the upturned countenances and eager bright eyes of those before me, and feel how little I can do because of my ignorance of their language, I wish, but oh, how vainly, for the ancient gift of speaking with other tongues as the Spirit gave them utterance.

I pour out my heart in a final prayer, and when I close, I could fancy myself in a Dundas prayer-meeting, surrounded by all the pillars of the Church, for "all the people"—at least a large number, and with evident feeling, too—"say Amen."

We are unspeakably thankful to be for the present, at all events, in Numadzu. Yet, you will not wonder if I say that, amid a people in dress, language, customs, and style of thought, so utterly different from ourselves, we are the subjects, frequently, of strange sensations. Such was that which we felt when Bro. Cochran left us *alone among heathen*, so utterly unfurnished for our work. Dr. McDonald had been a year in Yokohama before he went to Shidzuoka, and knew something of the language; but here were we, with only a few words, and our nearest Christian neighbour—nay, the nearest of all foreigners, Christian or otherwise—being Dr. McDonald, 37 miles away. Yet no language can express