

yes, you look very strange to them, and perhaps they may follow you and call you names.

But we are hungry and cannot stay here, so I'll engage carriages and we'll hasten on. Yes, this is your carriage, though it only holds one and is drawn by a man instead of a horse. He can run well, but you need not be alarmed if he does not keep just with the rest of us. He'll neither run away nor lose you.

See the odd little stores, about the size of good large shop windows, without any fronts in them, and the men and women sitting on the floor inside. They do not use chairs here, so you must learn to sit on your feet too.

Of course you noticed that there are no sidewalks, but everyone walks in the centre of the street. The boys yonder are fishing with tiny nets, in the sewers that line both sides of the street. Just stop a moment and see what they are catching. The sewer is full of wriggling red snails, which they catch, prepare for food and eat. But that need not make you afraid to stay at a Japanese hotel, for they have very few articles of food to which you would object as unfit to eat, although many of their dishes may prove unpalatable.

That is a strange procession ahead of us! Men dressed in white, bearing huge bouquets of flowers, followed by four men carrying a square box on poles. It is a funeral and the box a coffin, for it is the custom to bury the dead sitting instead of lying down, and hence the strange shape of the coffin, which is almost a perfect cube. Had we time to follow it on to the burying ground we would see little square graves, completely covered by the tombstones.

Here comes a man with a bamboo pole over his shoulder, and a pail, with holes in the bottom, suspended at either end. These are filled with water, and this is their method of sprinkling the streets, except where some more ambitious shopkeeper dips the water from the sewer and throws it across the road.

But here we turn into the park, and not at all sorry, for the day is so warm. Our jinrikisha men seem to appreciate the shade even more than we do, and no wonder, for the poor fellows are dripping. Our road winds in and out among the trees, and seems quite a favorite resort, judging by the number of jinrikishas we meet.

That red gate to the right, which looks like a house with a carriage drive through the centre of it, leads into the temple grounds, and the old man who kneels beside it, rubbing his hands together and bowing as we pass, is a beggar asking for alms. We had better not heed him though, or we'll have all the beggars in the district running after us.

But here we are at our destination, at last, and right glad of a rest. See our hostess bowing again and again, until her forehead touches the floor. She is saying you are welcome. Take off your shoes and leave them at the door, for they would spoil the pretty straw matting, and besides, it is not polite to wear your shoes in a Japanese house, nor indeed would it be comfortable, when you sit on your feet, for there are no chairs here. Of course I could have taken you to a foreign hotel, but I was anxious to let you see as much of Japan as possible.

You are too tired after your long journey to look at either house or grounds this evening, so we will get our supper and go to rest at once. The whole wall seems made of sliding doors, and softly drawing one aside, the waitresses enter, bearing trays, and kneeling, they place one before each of us.

You see I ordered eggs and rice and tea to night, because I thought you could all eat that. The rice is boiled in water, with a little salt, and must take the place of bread, for the Japanese do not eat bread. Break your egg into the rice and you'll find it won't taste bad, and now pick up your chop-sticks and begin. Why what's the matter? You didn't expect to get forks or spoons did you? Take both chop-sticks in the one hand and after you become used to them they are almost as dainty as forks.

The tea is very pale, but is much stronger than it looks. You can't get milk though, for they don't use milk here, and the sugar is such dark looking stuff I hardly think you'd care for it.

And now that the trays have been removed, we will go to bed, and be ready for to-morrow's sight seeing. How softly the girls move about as they spread the quilts on the padded floor! We'll probably sleep five or six in a room. Now all is ready, I'll say good night, and hope you will rest well in your strange beds, and be ready for a ramble with me to-morrow. MARJORY.

#### HYMN.

Tune--Greenville, or "Oh how sweet to trust in Jesus."

Now a cry of deepest sorrow  
Comes across the waters blue,  
"Ye who know salvation's story  
Haste to help and save us too!  
Shed, O shed the gospel glory  
O'er the darkness of our night,  
Till the gloomy shadows vanish  
In its full and blessed light."

For these poor benighted millions  
We can give and work and pray!  
And our gifts and prayers united,  
Sure will speed that happy day  
When, no more to idols bowing,  
Jesus only shall be King,  
And ten thousand voices ringing  
Shall His praise victorious sing.