

JAPAN.

From Mrs. Large.

(Letter of last month continued.)

Now I must turn from these two encouraging stories to tell you of the other side, and we have that, too. Last spring we obtained permission from the mother of one of Yoshida San's Sunday School boys to use her house once in the week and on Sunday for an hour or so.

The father was a jinrikisha driver, the house was only about 9x9, the walls were broken and the winds whistled in, the girls gathered up old papers and took them over for the woman to paste on the walls. We soon found that the father drank hard, often for days not bringing home a sen for his family of five; that there were days when they went without any food at all; that on other days they were fortunate if they had a sweet potato each.

Yoshida San gave the husband some strong lectures on intemperance and succeeded in getting him to give up drinking; this he did for some time, and though he never went back to what he was when she first saw him, he did at times use up all his earnings for liquor. We wished to make some return for our use of the house, so undertook to pay a share of their rent. Later we found that the wife was somewhat of a shrew; she tormented the old man enough to drive him out of the house. One day Yoshida San sat three hours between them to prevent a fight.

In summer, while we were away, one child and the father fell sick; they had no money to buy food or get a doctor, so we asked that they might be put in our bed in the hospital. The boy was afraid of such a big place, but the father was taken in and remained there until his death, in September. The lessons taught in the hospital touched him, and he expressed sincere sorrow for his past life and his resolve, by God's help, to do better (at the time he expected to recover), but liquor had done its work, and at the last his death was sudden, he passed away without a word. While he was