

## FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

LETTER FROM MISS ALCORN, TOKIO, JAPAN.

OUR welcome here was unique. The Japanese Christians, with those teachers who are left, had been praying to God to send some one to help them in the school, and the girls too had been praying. Last year the work was hindered by lack of workers. So as I rode up the lane in my jinriksha Miss Munroe came running, crying for joy. Nearly all the workers have passed through Tokio since I arrived, so I have had the privilege of meeting them. Miss Preston has been here sick, also Miss Crombie. Misses Blackmore, Munroe, Belton, Hart and myself live in the school. Miss Belton is an earnest, spiritual Christian. She is in the evangelistic work, also Miss Hart. Then Miss Munroe, Blackmore and myself fit into the school work. As I expect to be in the evangelistic work, I am studying hard at the language. My daily "Bible class" understand English, so between studying and teaching my time is fully occupied. For the first year the older ladies advise great care, until one has grown accustomed to the climate. I can feel the change. We cannot walk here as at home, the air is enervating. Everything goes like clock work in the school. The girls are all very agreeable, and are all one in the interests of the work. And to know of Mrs. Large, you would have to be in the school. There are girls here who pray every day that she may be sent back. Every day unfolds some new quality in the discipline—in the wonderful foundation of this W. M. S. work here. It is Christian to the core. The teaching of the Bible is compulsory. Every girl who enters is taught Scripture, and girls come here four, five, and some six years. Every graduate from the school has been a Christian. Some have criticized our ladies for making Bible study compulsory. They have thought there would be more girls in attendance if this were not enforced. But Mrs. Large said, regarding this school, *quantity* was not the point, it was *quality* we wanted. So the home workers may know what they are making sacrifices for. In the morning and evening at prayers, attendance is compulsory. The girls read in turn with the teacher. The girls of the school are doing good work by going out as Bible women and interpreters. I have not been here long enough to see any of the work done outside in the city; but I hear them speak of a school called the *poor school*. It seemed to me I never again could really get into a work as I did at Sackville, and I often wondered how it was. I was haunted by this thought, until I left it. But I find myself settling into the work here and loving it. Once, the sense of utter loneliness came over me, but after a struggle I thought, God leads and cares for us every step of the way. He is a satisfy-

ing portion—and thus I rest. We need to pray. We also need the prayers of the home friends, for the darkness is oppressive. We hear Japanese sermons, Japanese prayers, and the mind wanders —.

I have been at several temples, and it gives me a queer feeling to see those stone images, worn smooth by being worshipped. The nose of one of them was almost rubbed off, the people having worn it away by washing the face of the idol to cure their headaches. But I must close.

## COQUALEETZA INSTITUTE.

MY name is Louie Taylor, and I am 14 years old. I have just been here one year, and when I came I did not know anything about Jesus or anything about the Bible. It was Miss Burpee that first told me about Jesus. I was so glad to come to this nice Home, because I have no home; I am an orphan, I have no father or mother. My mother died when I was a little baby, and my father died when I was 8 years old; so it was pretty hard for me out in the wide world, and not knowing anything about Jesus. But now I am so glad that I know a little about him, and he showed me the way, so that I am fully trusting in Him and I want to grow stronger.

I think it is so good of you people, sending out teachers to teach us the right way. I like our teachers very much, they are so good to us, and I am trying my best to do everything to please them. Miss Burpee teaches our Sunday School class, and she is very good to us. Miss Smith leads our class-meeting. There are quite a number of girls who are trusting in Jesus.

We had a very sad home not very long ago; one of our dear little playmates has gone to heaven to live with Jesus forever. Her name was Eliza. She was such a dear little girl. The day she was dying, she said to me, sing "I am Jesus' little lamb," and I sang it for her. Afterwards I said to her, "Are you Jesus' little lamb?" and she said, "yes". When she said that, I felt as if I ought to be drawn nearer to Jesus, so that I could do more for Him.

On missionary Sunday every one of the children gave something. I didn't have much, but I gave all I had. I wanted to give all, for I knew that I was giving it in Jesus' name.

I am going to tell you friends a little about my work. For this month I have been in the sewing room. I was making a shirt, but I finished it, so I guess Miss Burpee will start me at something else. This is our last week in the sewing room, and next week we will change our work, and then I will be a laundry girl, or perhaps a kitchen girl.

I am in the second reader, and I like to study. I am going to study hard this winter and see how far I can get on with my books. I have often thought to myself that I would like to be a school teacher, and I think it is going to be my trade.

We have ninety-two children in the Institute, and I think it is quite a large number for an Indian school. I think I will close my letter now, as I can't think of nothing else. May God be with you all, so Good-bye from your

Truly friend,

Chilliwack, B. C., Oct. 14, '96. LOUIE TAYLOR.