

Mr. Moffett ; many others told of the numbers who had given up devil worship in their villages. When Mr. Moffett told them that I was going to write this letter, they gave what I can only call a unanimous *shout*, and then one man offered earnest prayer for its success and asked that winds and sea might bear it swiftly.

As I looked on those lighted faces, so different from the ordinary apathy of the Korean expression, and on some now "washed and sanctified," who I had been told were among the vilest of men in that vilest of cities, I felt that the old and oft-decried Gospel of Love, judgment to come, atonement and forgiveness, has lost nothing of its transforming power ; but that it is still "the power of God to salvation to every one that believeth." May He whose Spirit is so manifestly stirring those dry bones in Korea, stir the hearts of your Board and Church, for "now" seems indeed "the day of salvation."

Japan the Beautiful ; Japan the Needy.

Osaka, the great metropolis of Japan, the heart of the nation, the centre of commerce and trade, the city of canals, impresses the traveller first with its ugliness, then with the beauty of its usefulness. One wanders about the city and looks in vain for the variety of Tokyo and the beauty of Kyoto.

The Japanese have a charming way of worshipping at the shrine of nature. Certain seasons of the year draw them to certain places. The third of April is a national holiday and the people of Osaka devote it to a picnic at Sumiyoshi on the shores of Osaka Bay. Here is one of the oldest shrines of this part of the Empire, and the moss-covered stone lanterns, grassy thatched temple roofs under the shade of lofty and well-proportioned *keyaki* trees, and the gnarled and fantastic pines may well provoke a sense of beauty in the most careless observer.

May is the favorite month for visits to Nara, the ancient capital and one of the most interesting cities of Japan. Here acres of land are covered with a "sacred forest" of grand old trees. Many are giants in height and girth and, besides, are wreathed with wistaria vines whose trunks try to rival those of the trees they embrace. It seems almost too much to believe that a vine can look so like a well developed tree. The grassy lawn beneath, with no ragged undergrowth to break the view, is a favorite grazing place for a hundred or more tame deer. The purple and white blooms of the wistaria mingling with the vivid green of the *keyaki*, the sunlight flickering through upon the sward, constitute a picture, once seen, never to be forgotten.