

members engaged in games of various kinds, and the elder in conversation. I sat for some time by the side of a venerable-looking old man, who in his youth had lived in the house of one of the great court nobles at Kiyoto long before the Emperor had come to his own, and while he was still living in seclusion. The old man had many interesting stories to tell of the life of those days, and of the great changes he had witnessed in the life of his country, and none greater than that the once hated religion should now enjoy a perfect toleration.

The next morning (Sunday) we had our early celebration in a little room which Mr. Kennedy has fitted up as a chapel in his own house. The number of communicants was of course very small, but the fact that we were so gathered together, a little band far away in the heart of Japan, surrounded on all sides by the heathen world, gave us a sense of oneness in the great Body of Christ which might be weaker under more favored circumstances. Later on in the day we had services in the regular preaching station, and addresses intended more especially for the "hearers" and the heathen. The work seems very hopeful, and is ideal in its character—a little body of Christians gradually gathering to itself those whom God calls and leads to the truth, and showing forth to the heathen around them new ideals of life and duty, of love and justice and truth; the little leaven mysteriously working out into the lives of others until the whole lump be leavened.

After two days more spent in Matsumoto, I took leave of Mrs. Kennedy and Miss Pater-son, a lady connected with the Woman's Auxiliary of Canada, who, no longer young, has with great self-devotion come to Japan to work among the women, and who for the present is making her home with Mr. and Mrs. Kennedy. In company with Mr. Kennedy and Mr. Kakuzen, I made a day's journey across the plain to the town of Omachi, lying at the base of the lofty Hida mountains. The mission hopes to begin Christian work in this town before long, as at present there is no resident worker of any denomination. The people do not appear, however, very well disposed towards Christianity, and it is remarkable that in this whole district there is very little religion of any kind. Buddhism has never obtained any hold on the belief or the affection, of the people, and one sees hardly any temples. This is the more remarkable as in the same province, and only a day's journey away, there exists a very celebrated temple dedicated to Shaka (Amida), and the people are devoted Buddhists. The next morning I took leave of my companions and started on the last stage of my journey over the mountains to Nagano, the capital of the province where Mr. Waller is working. This part of the country is *par*

*excellence* the highlands of Japan, and more lovely scenery I have never met with. The hills at this time of year are bright with the many colored autumnal foliage, the crimson and scarlet of the maple predominating, while as a background, in wonderful contrast, at a few miles distance, rose up the snowy ranges of the Hida mountains, dazzling in their brilliancy. The road in the higher ground was very good, but, when towards the late afternoon I got down nearer the river, I found the same story of damage by the floods. The river is one of the most considerable in Japan, and during the floods it had risen thirty feet above its normal level, sweeping the road clean away, and having little else than bare precipice among its banks. In a bend of the river I passed the spot where, now some years ago, the whole side of the mountain had been shaken down by an earthquake into the bed of the stream, thus banking up its waters to an immense depth, and, when a little later on the dam burst, the waters spread out over the whole fertile Nagano plain, causing terrible destruction and the loss of thousands of lives. This year, too, has been an eventful one in Japanese history. Never before, at least in modern times, has there been such a succession of calamities, tidal waves, earthquakes and floods.

I received a very warm welcome at Nagano from Mr. and Mrs. Waller and the Japanese workers, followed by the "feast of welcome." Mr. Waller has now been living at Nagano for several years, and has gathered about him a considerable number both of workers and converts. The difficulties of Mission work among the people of the place are very great. Nagano being, as I have mentioned, the seat of the worship of Shaka (Amida), the founder of Buddhism at the great temple of Zenkoji, a large portion of the prosperity of the place depends on the number of pilgrims who visit the shrine, which therefore stands in much the same relation to the town as the temple of Diana did to Ephesus. The converts are drawn for the most part from those who have come to Nagano from other parts of the country, and not from among the natives of the place. Still, the opposition to Christian teaching is steadily decreasing, and insults and acts of open violence to which Mr. and Mrs. Waller have been subjected are becoming rarer. The Governor of the Prefecture, who lives near the Wallers' house, is distinctly friendly, as are some of the chief inhabitants. One of the agencies of the Mission is a training home for nurses under the extremely able management of Miss Smith. She has made a name for herself already through the whole district, and is continually applied to for aid by the various hospitals of both town and country. I found my young charges from our Tokyo orphanage