

would find some very fine old Japanese houses beyond them, but it is the custom in Japan to always build the houses with the kitchen and rough buildings next to the street, while the parlor opens out at the back into a beautiful garden, entirely concealed from the gaze of passers by. For this reason Japanese cities are very unattractive in appearance, and to me all look very much alike.

We are now passing a building, however, that is quite different from those around it, and you say it looks like a Canadian house, being two stories in height, with chimneys, and a green lawn in front. This is the school building of the Presbyterian Mission, and here several of the children of the Orphanage come to school, this being a privilege conferred on them only after they have proved diligent and studious for some time in the Home. Our road has many turnings and at this next corner if you should go to the right you would go wrong, for the left road leads us to our destination. The right road, however, would not be far wrong, for it would take you out to our Industrial School at Kawakami, which I think you would enjoy visiting, but we must leave that for another time. A few minutes more and we are at the Orphanage gate. You are probably disappointed at its appearance, for it looks more as if we were entering a wood shed than a dwelling house, but please wait until you get inside before you form any impressions, and in the mean time let me remind you that the rent for this house is less than three yen a month, or about a dollar and a half of Canadian money. We step into the little entrance, which has a mud floor, and then a little wooden platform or step leading into the house, and at the foot of the step the shoes must be left, or you cannot step in on the straw mats. As you put down your shoes you will notice seventeen other pairs ranged neatly along by the step, but they do not look much like shoes, being of wood, fastened over the toe with a strap, and you will see they are of all sizes, from the six year old's up to the matron's. I said there were seventeen pairs, but there must be only fifteen, for here come the two little boys of the house in at the gate, carrying a large bundle between them. It is full of paper, cut ready to be made into envelopes, which they have just brought from the Kawakami school. This envelope making is part of the work that the children do during the day to help earn money to provide for the expenses of their food and clothing. They cannot earn much by it, but it teaches them to be industrious at least.

We call "gomen nasai" which means "excuse me" at the door, for there is no bell and you cannot knock on a thin paper door, and a voice inside says "yes" and in a moment the door slides open, and the pleasant faced

matron greets us and asks us to come in. As we step up we see through a door at our right into a rather gloomy looking kitchen, where is a well, a mud stove and various odd shaped pots and dishes. The most attractive object in the kitchen just now is a young girl of about sixteen, busy in preparing the rice, fish, etc., for supper. This is Hisashi San, the eldest girl in the home, who is proving a great help to the matron in caring for the house and little ones.

The matron just smiled at us at the door and asked us to come in. She did not say "how do you do?" or say she was glad to see us, and you are perhaps disappointed that she did not make a low Japanese bow as you expected she would; but we follow her into a bright room opening into another still larger, and brighter because of a row of smiling faces that look up at us, and then she drops on her knees, puts her hands on the matting in front of her and bows her forehead till it touches her hands, and says, "How do you do," "You are very welcome," "Are you quite well," and several other polite things as the custom is, and if you have been long enough in Japan to get the stiffness out of your back bone, you bow the same way in return, and murmur the polite responses that you have been studying with your teacher, and wonder in your heart if you have said them correctly and if you look as awkward as you feel.

After bowing to the children and receiving their greetings, let us look about us for a few minutes and see what they were all so busy over when we came in. Two of the older girls are working at their embroidery frames, for it is now four o'clock and all are home from school. Some of the others are sewing; two are busy with slate and pencil over a writing lesson, while even little O Mika San, the baby and pet of the house, who spends her mornings in the kindergarten, has had her work in ripping an old dress, several of which the matron herself is busy over, planning how a little new dress, without holes, can be made from a big old dress in which holes have appeared. There is a good deal of such work to be done, for the children are growing and clothes will wear out, but the little ones do not seem to mind having bigger folks' clothes passed down to them, and everybody looks so happy and contented that it is a pleasure to go in among them. I want to tell you a little story about one of the children in particular, but will have to leave it till another time as I have been talking too long already.

V.

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 "More things are wrought by prayer
 Than this world dreams of."

For so the whole round earth is every way
 Bound by gold chains about the feet of God.
 TENNYSON.