

management of his funeral was entrusted to Richard Gardiner and Thomas Wolsey, both of whom were destined to play an important part in English history. He was buried in Canterbury Cathedral, but all trace of the spot, once marked by an inscription, has disappeared.

"HOW THINGS ARE IN JAPAN."*

IT is two weeks yesterday since I arrived here, and I am still staying with the Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Waller. It seemed as if it would be impossible for me to get a house, and I was almost in despair, as the cold weather is coming on, and I am anxious to get settled for the winter. The other day we settled on a place, not such as I should have liked, but the best that could be procured. The house is much too large, and very much out of repair—of course it is a Japanese, there being no other kind in this place. There are about eight rooms, but I shall at present only furnish three, dining-room, sitting-room, and bedroom; the two latter will be upstairs. I will have a servant, and the Bible woman, my teacher, will live with me. Her name is Ya-ma-mat-ta San, and she is a dear little thing, but does not know a word of English, so you may imagine we have some fun making each other understand, but I will try, while taking my Japanese lessons, to teach her some English. I rather dread taking up house-keeping for myself, for I shall have so many callers, and there is so much ceremony to be gone through, so much putting of one's nose to the ground, so many polite expressions, so much pressing to be done before anything is accepted, that I know I shall break their code of etiquette at every turn, but all those that I have met are so polite and good-natured, that I shall get along all right, I trust. The native Christians say that when I get into my house, they are coming to see me very often. Mr. Waller thinks that this may interfere with my hours of study, so he is going to write a notice to be put on my door, that I will receive callers from three to four; this is really quite necessary, as, if it were not done, I could never count on a moment, as the Japanese think nothing of time, and come from early morning till late at night, staying for hours at a time. I have begun my lessons in the language, and find it very difficult; it will take some months of study before I am able to talk or understand much. At present I am just learning the tones, as there is so much in the pronunciation. I am greatly pleased with the work that has been already done here, and when you see the meetings here night after night, principally composed of young men, some just beginning to get interested, others preparing for baptism, and watch their

faces, and the deep interest with which they seem to listen, your heart grows glad. I have wondered if, in the city of Toronto, we could get young men, night after night, to come together to listen to the teaching of the Bible. On Sunday, twice a month, we have communion in this house, at nine o'clock; only the baptized come to this—then at ten we have the morning service with sermon. The evening service is held at seven in the preaching station, and is open to all, Christian and heathen; these services are generally taken by the catechists; the attendance is generally very good; how I wish I could understand what is said, but of course, all is in Japanese. A few nights after my arrival, Mr. Waller invited the Christians to a social evening, to be introduced to me. Kakuzen San was there, and made a speech, telling them all about my past work, then Mr. Waller followed, and then I was asked to say a few words; this I did, with Kakuzen San as my interpreter. Refreshments were then handed round, in the shape of tea, *Japanese* cakes, etc.; you were supposed only to eat a few of them and carry the rest home! Games were then got up, and to see these men and women, forty in number, enjoy themselves like overgrown children! I cannot take time to tell you of their games now. Mrs. Waller says that when they first came here she sent out invitations for an afternoon, and only *one* person came, and to see the crowd the other evening shows the way that they have made into the hearts of the people. . . . There is a *great*, a *grand* work before us here. God has given these people into our hands and it will be our faults, if the little ones who swarm in the town are allowed to grow up in heathen darkness, and oh! what darkness is there; little savages, most of them are, in behaviour far worse than our Northwest Indian children, doing and saying things that I cannot yet bear to *think* of, let alone talk of. I am helpless to take any part in drawing these little ones into Christ's fold, until I can take them and teach them, therefore my time, for some months to come, must be given up to study and little else. . . . The country around here is very beautiful but the walking is very hard for city-bred feet. As there are no sidewalks or side-paths, you must always walk on the roads and they are very stony. Mrs. Waller is a good walker, but when we go out we are always followed by a crowd and the noise of their gata (wooden shoes) makes it most difficult to carry on a conversation. . . . If you want to know where the foreign women are, all that need be done is to look for a crowd.

There never was a day that did not bring its opportunity for doing good that never could have been done before, and never can be again. It must be improved then or never.

*From a letter written by Miss L. Paterson, Nagano.