

## FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

— JAPAN. —

WHEN you looked from the north window that fine day early in May, you thought it strange to see a field of barley, yellow and ripe, waiting for the reaper, while all around the trees had on their pretty spring dresses of tender, bright green, with here and there trimmings of pink or white blossoms. You thought the soft bright greenness a strange contrast to the ripe grain, and then I told you how it was planted late in the fall and the shoots came up several inches above ground, but the frosty weather coming, nipped its leaves and discouraged its growth, till the balmy air of spring, bringing a better influence, awakened its hidden strength, and sent up those tall stalks now bending with the "full corn in the ear." Next to it and on two other sides of us are fields of tea plants, where, every spring, women and children bob about under their big hats, pulling the newest leaves while making a merry sound in the early sunlight as they gossip to each other.

What do we see when looking from the same window this chilly day in October? The tea field is the same, but its neighbor is now a field of buckwheat in full bloom. In the moon-light it reminds one of the first fall of snow. Many of the trees have lost their pretty dresses and stand bare and lonely. We do not notice them much, for many are green all through the year; one over the way is getting its new leaves now.

As we look across the plains to the hills surrounding it on three sides, we find much that is pretty. We know there are streets of dingy houses close together, built so low that little or none of heaven's sun-light enters them, but we see only the tile roofs peeping among the trees, for everywhere, no matter how poor the house may be, one sees some green thing growing near it.

A few steps brings us to the outer moat of the old castle grounds, whose heavy stone walls are crowned with veteran pines.

The mountains are our greatest delight. A ten minutes walk brings us to the low green hills near by; they rise higher and stretch off farther, range after range, till they are softened into mere shadows in the far distance. Away to the north rises old Fuji, once a sacred mountain no woman was allowed to touch, but now his scoria tracks are traversed alike by men and women whose ambition it is to say they have been to the top of the highest point in Japan. Every day in winter his tall head is snowy white; often little clouds play hide and seek up and down his sombre sides, but he, himself, is always majestic, cold and

grand. Through the summer he withdraws mostly into cloudland, sometimes never showing so much as his crown for days, what he hears there we never know till he comes out some day in the fall with a beautiful new cap on. Of all we see from our windows he is the grandest, a daily reminder of Him whose strength is everlasting and sufficient for every needy child.  
M. A. R.

## WHAT JAPANESE CHILDREN READ IN THEIR PRIMERS.

- "Girls must sew coats.  
Boys must read books."  
"Wise girls like to cut and sew.  
Lazy boys do not like to read books."  
"Good play comforts the heart.  
Bad play injures the body."  
"The boy flies his kite in the fields.  
The girl bounds her ball on the piazza."  
"Girls must not play rough plays."  
"Rice is for food."  
"You must not eat too much food."  
"Foreign houses have windows made of glass.  
"Japanese houses have paper windows."

## MISSIONARY SKETCH.

EXERCISE FOR CIRCLES AND BANDS.

A Scotchman born in Blantyre, in 1813, who thanked God that his parents were poor and pious; commenced working in the mills as a piecer, at ten years of age—was then advanced to the position of spinner. Worked in the factory from six in the morning to eight at night, allowing only intervals for meals. Self-educated. With his first wages bought "Rudiments of Latin." Says himself, studied until twelve o'clock at night or later. Became a Christian at nineteen, and resolved that he would give the cause of Missions all that he might earn beyond what was required for his subsistence. He was led to offer himself as a missionary. Chose China as his field of labor. It was ordered otherwise. Died in 1873; found dead on his knees. His remains lie in Westminster Abbey. The black slab bears this inscription:

"I can say in my solitude is—may Heaven's rich blessing come down upon every one—American, English, Turk—who will help to heal this open sore of the world."

Give this missionary's name and field of labor.

J. H.

— God will not give us any more truth than we are willing to live.