

Official Letter from Japan.

SHIDZUOKA, October 11th, 1893.

DEAR SISTERS AND FRIENDS OF THE W.M.S.—This letter should have been written two or three weeks ago and sent by the last mail, but it seemed impossible to get it done before this week.

I left home on August 12th, and reached Vancouver on the 25th. The British Columbian Branch meeting of the Woman's Missionary Society began on the 26th, and as the steamer did not sail until the morning of the 29th, I had the pleasure of being present at some of the sessions.

At Vancouver I met our missionaries for China—Dr. Hare and Mr. and Mrs. Endicott, also Miss Crombie, who was to accompany me to Japan. We reached Yokohama on Monday, September 11th, and were met there by Misses Blackmore, Robertson and L. Hart. I was surprised that Japan appeared so different. Everything seemed to be on so much smaller a scale than when I left a year before. We went by train from Yokohama to Tokyo. In driving from the Tokyo station to our school, I found the air so close and destitute of life—very different from our fresh Canadian air. The streets appeared narrow and badly lighted. I could not enjoy being driven by a man instead of a horse. There seemed too many people, too many little children, many of them not much more than babies themselves, but still carrying babies on their backs. By the time I reached the school I was pretty homesick. When I entered the school, I asked what they had been doing to the halls, they appeared so much narrower than a year before. The dresses, too, of some of our ladies wanted making over badly; they were decidedly not in style. One of your missionaries was reduced to the state of having no hat, and for some months had been wearing a cap which I had discarded two years ago.

I found that I had been appointed to Shidzuoka, my first home in Japan. I waited in Tokyo for a week for my passport. I enjoyed these days at our Tokyo home very much, for Mrs. Large makes it very homelike there. Of course, there was a great deal of talking done to all together, and to each one separately. I had been at the homes of most of our ladies, and every little thing I could tell them was so intensely interesting. Our friends cannot realize how dear the home land and the homes appear to those in Japan. The night before I left, I had my talk with little Kate Large. Her mother was banished from the room; the others had all had talks with me alone, so she wanted me to herself so we "could have our talk." She had had a sleep in the afternoon, and so could sit up and have a talk with me in the evening. She is a very winning child, and I thoroughly enjoyed my "talk" with her.

We had some cool weather while I was in Tokyo, but when I reached Shidzuoka it was very hot, and continued so for two or three weeks. The nights even were not cool; the mosquitoes were troublesome, and the Shidzuoka spiders were so large, and I disliked them even more than I used to. Everything was mus'y, for Shidzuoka is rather damp in summer. But the great heat, mosquitoes and spiders have passed away. The sun and cooler air have freshened the rooms and furniture, and we are now enjoying lovely weather. I have settled down to my regular work, and my love for it and for the Japanese has all come back. For the first few weeks I longed so for home and for a Christian country. It seemed to me as if I never could get reconciled to the thought that I must live here for seven long years.

Six years ago the school was started in Shidzuoka. I cannot tell you how it has strengthened me to be able to see some of the results of the six years' work. At the beginning there was only one Christian in the school; the matron was a Christian woman. During the six years, many have gone forth from the school carrying Christ with them. The first graduates left the school last April, all Christians; they have gone to homes where it may not be possible to speak for Christ, but where, we feel sure, their lives must witness for Him.

Evening prayers are conducted by the girls themselves, nearly every girl in the school taking her turn in reading and leading in prayer. Can you imagine how it touched me to hear girls who, four, five and six years ago, knew nothing of Christianity, now praying so earnestly to "Our

Father, who art in Heaven." Six or seven of the girls teach in Sunday Schools on Sunday. Miss Robertson helps them prepare their Sunday lesson on Saturday morning. The first Saturday morning I took the class, I remembered the time when three, who were then present, could speak no English and knew nothing of Christ, and it was good to be able to talk with them in English of the best way of presenting the Saviour, whom they had learned to know and love, to the little children whom they manage to gather into their Sunday Schools from Sunday to Sunday.

My work is chiefly evangelistic. I teach only four hours a week in the school. We have work among the women in several towns in this province. I expect to visit five of these towns twice a month; four of them are reached by railway and one by jinrikisha. I am assisted in my work by two girls who have been trained in our Tokyo school. One of them is the first graduate of the school; it is nearly four years since she graduated, and she has been engaged in Christian work ever since. I doubt if any Christian school in any country has sent out a pupil better disciplined or better prepared for good Christian work. The other girl will graduate next year; she is helping with the work this year, as help is so much needed. I have thought so often, how much Miss Large and the Tokyo school have done for those girls! One of them was speaking to me the other day of one of our Shidzuoka Church women. She said, "She is such an earnest worker, and I have watched her the past few months and have noticed how she is growing." I thought it was lovely for a Japanese girl to be watching for *growth in grace*. So far I have visited only three towns; at one we had a women's meeting, six women being present; at the second we had five at one women's meeting, and managed to gather twenty-seven children in from the street to listen to the singing—at this town we hope to have a children's meeting once a fortnight in addition to our women's meeting. At the third place we had eight earnest, intelligent-looking women present at our meeting. So far, I have only been visiting the places and seeing some of the results of the work done in this province by Misses Hargrave, Robertson and Hart.

It helps me so when I think of the many consecrated women who are holding up our hands in prayer in the dear home-land. Pray this year that "the beauty of the Lord our God may be upon" each one of us. We feel more and more the necessity of having our *lives* witness for Christ.

Sincerely yours,

M. J. CUNNINGHAM.

In Memoriam.

MONTREAL (St. James Church Mission Circle).—The angel of death has again invaded our mission circle, and another of our number, Miss Ida Graham, has been promoted to higher service. For over two years Miss Graham had been laid aside from active work, but she was not idle or useless, for her bright testimonies cheered all who saw her. She was very patient, though the poor, tired body longed to be at rest, and she often expressed the wish that God would send for her soon. Not long before her death, some one said to her: "Do you not fear the water of the river of death?" With a sweet surprised look, she answered, "Water! Why there will not be any water! I shall just fall asleep and wake up in heaven." And so it was, for when God sent for her, in July, without a struggle she quietly fell asleep in Jesus.

At our annual meeting the following resolution was adopted:—That our Mission Circle has learned, with deep regret, of the death, during the summer months, of another of its members, Miss Ida Graham. From time to time we have heard, at our meetings, from our President, how patiently, and with what Christian courage and fortitude she bore her long illness, always resting her own weakness on the almighty strength of God, testifying that all was well, that "to die was life everlasting through Jesus, her Saviour," and at last, when the flowers and sunshine of summer came, joyfully went home to that summer-land

"Where the pearly gates will never, never close,
And the tree of life its dewy shadow throws,
And the ransomed ones in love repose."

We desire to express our sincere sympathy with the family