

we made our preparations for starting. We left at nine o'clock, together, with Mr. Elliott and Mr. Yamanaka; travelled all night and all the next day, walking about ten miles through the mud, on account of the roads being so bad that the "bashas" could not run part of the way, and reached Hachioji at night, two hours too late for the last train. There we saw the Saturday papers from Tokyo, and learned some of the details of the murder, and that Mrs. Large was wounded also. It seemed as though we could not wait for the morning to come. The first train brought us to Tokyo about ten o'clock, and forty minutes later we arrived at the school.

At Hachioji, when we found out from the papers that Mrs. Large was wounded, we thought that, with the shock and all, she would be completely prostrated, and that probably no one would be allowed to see her except those who waited on her. But when we got there, and the ladies met us at the door, they said, "Mrs. Large has been waiting so anxiously for you." I was simply astounded to hear that she was able to see people and talk with them all the time, and until they assured me it was all right, I could hardly think of going up to her room immediately, although I was just longing to see her. She told us the whole story herself—all that happened that terrible night; how brave the ladies were, how kind all the friends had been, things Mr. Large had said and done shortly before, and how she felt about it all.

But we cannot but be thankful that the tragedy was no more horrible than it is, and there is even a bright side to it all, that it would take pages to tell—the story of Mrs. Large's bravery and of the way she has been sustained through it all. Oh, what a lesson it has been to all who saw her, both foreigners and Japanese. Letters of condolence and tokens of sympathy poured in from every side, from Japanese as well as foreigners, but they were as nothing compared to the comfort wherewith she was comforted of God Himself. Truly, indeed, "He maketh sore, and bindeth up; he woundeth, and his hands make whole." I don't believe there was one who went into that room but who went out of it again strengthened for work, and a step nearer God. Mrs. Taneda said to her, "Oh, Mrs. Large, I hope you do not think all our people are so cruel." She was so afraid that the Japanese would think she might have hard feelings against them on account of it, that even during all those trying days she allowed a great many of them to go up to her room to see her.