

by train. The railway by which I travelled passes through the centre of the island from one sea to the other, and, leading as it does past one of the largest Buddhist temples of Japan, is much used by pilgrims to this famous shrine—one would imagine a rather incongruous method of performing pilgrimage. My fellow-travellers by the railway were a merchant and an invalid who, accompanied by his wife and son, was on his way to visit one of the numerous mineral baths which exist in the mountains of Japan. The invalid was very ready to dilate on his sufferings, and the way in which he spoke of the cause of his attack is a good illustration of the weakness of the feeling of moral responsibility which is, I think, so often to be observed in Japanese character, and I suppose in all character where Christianity has not had its work of deepening and strengthening this feeling. "I am," he said, "a very hot-tempered fellow. The least thing has always made me fly into a violent passion. It was this that was the immediate cause of my paralysis. If I had been of a calmer disposition, it would never have happened." There was no sense of any moral principle being involved, but he spoke just as if he were describing some peculiar physical formation of his body. My companion, the merchant, was extremely polite, insisting upon spreading out his rug for me to sit upon and refreshing me with fruit. I was puzzled at first by his conduct at the various stations through which we passed. He would leave the carriage, and rushing excitedly up to the guard would beg him to do him the favor of posting a letter which he gave into his charge. After having disposed of several letters in this way, he confided to us that he had purchased \$500 worth of the new postage stamp struck to commemorate the war with China, and had in the course of his travels been posting letters with them to his own address ever since, the date and post-mark on the stamp giving it an enhanced value. So has the Japanese intellect refined on the stamp-collecting craze of Europe! I had also in charge the matron and two girls from our St. Andrew's Orphanage. The latter are survivors from the disastrous earthquake of six years ago, and have been educated in our orphanage. One was now going to be trained as a sick nurse by Miss Smith, the excellent nurse of the Canadian Mission, and the other—dare I tell it?—to be inspected by a young man whose father had entrusted the Mission with the task of finding a Christian wife for his son. We parted at Uyedu, at which town I was to spend the night, and they to go on to their various fates to Nagano, where Mr. Waller, of the Canadian Mission, was to meet and take charge of them. They are sweet, good, earnest girls, and will, I am sure, do us credit. The one confided to

us that she would like to study and become a real doctor! From the other we kept quite secret the object of her journey, in case for any reason she should not prove satisfactory.

A night in a Japanese inn is not altogether the pleasantest or surest method of obtaining rest. The partitions between the rooms being only of thin papers, there is very little quiet to be had. The floors again are covered with thick straw matting, which forms an admirable lair for hordes of fleas, against whose attack one is powerless. Still, considering that for the two meals, attendance, and the night's lodging a sum of from sixpence to a shilling is all that is asked, one's hopes should not be set too high. The next morning, bright and early, I set off in a jinrikisha, drawn by two men, for a long day's journey through the mountains to Matsumoto, the town of second importance in the province, and one of the stations of the Canadian Mission. Very soon after leaving Uyedu, traces of the disastrous floods which have visited Japan in the past summer were met with. The bridges everywhere had been entirely swept away, and in many places every trace of the road had disappeared and the stream had taken its place, in the bed of which we were obliged to walk, the men dragging or carrying the light vehicle as best they could. The road lay over a mountain pass between four and five thousand feet in height, and amid very beautiful scenery. From the summit for some miles another stream had entirely taken possession of what was once a road, and travelling was very difficult and wearisome, so that at one o'clock we were all very glad to rest at a little hamlet for our mid-day meal. The people were very friendly, but the only food they could provide was boiled rice and some soup made out of a species of fungus. On resuming my journey after lunch, I found that Mr. Kennedy with his Japanese teacher had walked out from Matsumoto ten or twelve miles to meet me, and had for the last hour been waiting for me at a more respectable inn in the lower end of the village. Mr. Kennedy, with his young wife and little child, leads a very isolated life within the almost impassable barrier of these mountains, over which there are no roads worthy of the name. But both he and his wife seem most happy in their work and devoted to the Japanese by whom they are surrounded. Their life is an ideal one from a missionary point of view. It is worth recording, too, that nearly a quarter of a century ago, when Mr. Kennedy was but a child of six years old, he said to the writer of this paper that when he grew to be a man he would join him as a missionary to the Japanese. The fulfilment of this promise after such a length of time and in the face of many difficulties is certainly a signal instance of