

"DUTY FIRST, PLEASURE AFTER. WARD."

"A disagreeable old saw," did you say? Perhaps it does seem so when the pleasure is very inviting and the duty very irksome by contrast; and yet I doubt if any one ever made a success of life who turned the "old saw" and tried to make "pleasure first" the rule.

It is said that a rich man who was poor when a boy, was asked how he became rich. He replied, "My father taught me never to play until my work was finished, and never to spend money until I had earned it. If I had but one hour's work in a day, I must do that first; after that I was allowed to play. Then I could play with more pleasure than if I had an unfinished task. I formed the habit of doing everything in time. It soon became easy to do so."

LETTER FROM JAPAN.

In my last letter I told you about some Japanese schools, and I believe I promised to tell you about the Sunday schools.

They don't study the same lessons that you do in America. There is one question-book that is used by the very little ones, but the others all study the Bible without any lesson-leaves. In some chapels there are benches, and in others the people all sit on the soft mats. If it is cold, they sit around the bowl of ashes and coals, and warm their hands.

The doors are left open on the street, and a man who can talk well and draw in passers by has his class near them. As only the Christians stop working on Sunday, crowds often gather by the door: nurses, and the children on their backs; errand boys; peddlers with their packs around their necks; the men who draw the carriages; cobblers with their kits of tools and string of old shoes; men selling vegetables, with baskets suspended from the ends of poles over their shoulders; soldiers with their swords and uniforms,

and men who have nothing to do. They stand and listen a little while, and, though a few come in, most of them are driven away by an invitation to come and sit down.

The children learn the Ten Commandments, and they and their parents are very much pleased when they stand up on the platform, before the close of School and say them so nicely as to receive a card, and hear the old men say, "Ah, that was remarkably well learned!" They sing some of the very hymns that you do; but the words are so queer that you could not guess what they were singing about, unless you could tell by the tune. But mamma says that



NURSE AND CHILD.

God understands them just as well as He does you and me, and is just as glad to have them praise him.

In our Sunday school there is a blind boy about twelve years old. He has no father, and he and his mother try to earn their rice by rubbing the bodies of sick people. The mother too is blind, or nearly so. He carries a staff with a tiny bell on it, so that people will not run into him when they hear its tinkle. His clothes are not very clean, for he cannot see when