

from ten A.M. to five P.M. At the last one about seventy people came to the house, and I kept passing wafers and tea in tiny Japanese cups until dinner. The house was bright with flowers; the chrysanthemums and roses were from our own garden. Illustrated books and photographs were on the tables, with maps and fresh Japanese newspapers, and were enjoyed until dinner time. At about noon we went to our school next door, which is arranged in eight classrooms, with movable partitions, Japanese fashion; the partitions were removed and left a long room, where the little dinner-trays were set out with everything on but the soup. The guests were seated in a row around the wall and in a double row, back to back, in the centre, so that the rows faced each other. It would never do to put them in two rows all around the room, for one would be sitting in front of the other.

"A regular Japanese meal was served—soup, fish and vegetables, rice, cold stew (of potatoes, meat, chestnuts and carrots, all cut up in mouthfuls), raw fish sliced thin, with Japanese turnips and radishes shaved into small strings, and boiled yellow chrysanthemums—these last three were eaten with soy sauce, and were what we liked the best of all. They were laid on a long strip of pine, as thin as paper and doubled over; the soy was in a tiny cup in the centre, and the other things in bowls. Wafers and some sliced orange (sliced skin and all), and slabs of sweet bean paste (very good if well made), and boiled lotus-root cut in strips were on pieces of paper laid on the mats in front of the trays.

"When all were seated, some of the school girls brought in the little covered lacquered bowls of hot soup. When all were served, Mr. Curtis asked the pastor to pray, and afterward, bowing to the guests, said, 'This is exceptionally poor food; but please to eat.' All, bowing in return, said, 'It is an honorable feast.' We then all removed the covers from the soup and took up our chop-sticks and fell to. The rice is boiled very dry, and is so sticky that one can soon learn to pick up little or much and carry it to the mouth. The fish soup was very nice, and must be eaten with the chop-sticks. Three girls were kneeling on each side, holding trays and waiting to refill the emptied rice bowls, which they did repeatedly. After all were satisfied with rice, the tea cups were refilled time and again. When eating the raw fish, one takes a nice thin piece between the chop-sticks (which are both held in one hand), takes up a little of the turnip radish with it, dips them into the little cups of soy

sauce, puts it on the rice, and takes up a mouthful of the rice, fish, etc., all together. The rice bowl is held in the hand and brought even with the lips, while the rice is pushed into the mouth by the chop-sticks, which can be done very daintily. Soup and all liquids are sipped from the bowls with a sound like drawing the breath through the teeth. This sound is much heard; in sipping tea, and even in making polite observations or returning thanks, it is usual and polite.

"After dinner, most of the people wrapped up the bean paste and lotus in the paper on which they were laid and put them in their flowing sleeves, as is customary. (*Always* take home what you can't or don't eat, for it would be *rude* to leave it.) The guests then scattered about and took part in games indoors and out; there was singing in Japanese and English, after which all gathered together for games with forfeits, as they always do, with great merriment. The pastor, for his forfeit, had to sing and dance a sword dance with a ruler for a sword. It is a stately affair, and he did it well; he used to be a warrior in the time of the revolution. About five o'clock they all dispersed to their homes."

*Educational work* is one of the most successful and interesting departments of missions in Japan. Doshisha University, at Kioto, founded by Joseph Hardy Neesima, has now graduated nearly 300 young men, among whom are many pastors and Christian workers, 130 being from the theological department. Over 2000 have attended without graduation; and last year there were in attendance 556 men and women. The education of women is rapidly becoming a recognized feature in all schools, and the governmental Minister of Education has recommended higher education of women in all departments. A "ragged school" has been started by the Friends this year at Sapporo. "It is attended twice a week by from 25 to 70 boys and girls ranging from six to sixteen years old. Many come regularly, rain or snow, when the red lantern hangs at the door. They make excellent progress in their studies and in their habits, and were it not for lack of funds to keep the school open regularly, much more might be accomplished."