

whom we suspected had been doing this as he was quite wet, kneeling in front of the temple, apparently in a wretched state of mind, wringing his hands in what seemed to us a frenzy of despair. Such sights make us very sad, and bring to my mind Whittier's beautiful lines:

"Across the threshold of that door

None knew the burden that she bore
Alone she left the written scroll
The legend of a troubled soul
Pray for me."

We walked down through the village of low houses with thatched roofs, and along the sea-shore. We sat down on a log lying by the road side and talked what little we could to an old woman who told us she was 70 years old. She was very friendly, and our visit seemed to do her good. She was very shabbily clad and evidently poor. The road lays for some distance along the sea-shore, then sweeps through an opening in the bluff and winds through the rice fields, which look like black mud with stubs and straws sticking up a few inches here and there. Then we climbed up the bluff again and came home. We saw many very stylish turn-outs. The occupants were foreigners generally very richly dressed, and there were always foot-men, who ran at the horses heads up hill and down and at other times sat on the seat behind. This is the custom here, and the very narrow streets in part of the city make it necessary that some one should run ahead and clear the way. These foot-men are called bettos. They usually wear dark blue tights, straw sandals, a cape thrown around their shoulders and coming to their waists with half thrown back and a hat like a shallow wash-basin inverted, the color being either black or white. They are what I call *cute*! They run with wonderful grace and ease, keeping up with the horses at a fast trot some times.

New Year's day is a great one among the Japanese. They call, and on that day and three days thereafter they have a grand holiday. The streets are crowded, and every one has on his or her best. There are wisps of straw hung thick along the awnings of the houses forming a fringe about a foot deep. In the middle, just over where the front door would be, if there was one, is a piece of char-coal, a bitter orange and a crab. The name of this variety of orange signifies from generation to generation; the name of the char-coal means to endure,

and the crab is a symbol of old age. Placing them there in this manner indicates that the inmates of the house are desirous of enduring from generation to generation even to extreme old age. The children look very gay and festive and unusually clean. Every one, young and old, plays battle-dore

and shuttle-cock, and flies kites. The kites are very curious affairs, highly creditable to the ingenuity of the makers. You see it takes no palace with gilded walls and sumptuous table to constitute a festive day for this simple hearted people. This holiday time is called Mats-ri-bi.

Hearing that the Mikado was to visit Yokokama about two months since, we determined to see the ruler of these bonny isles, who attracts much attention of course as kings usually do. We laid aside our books and started to the depot in ample time. We particularly remarked the perfect stillness which reigned, and which formed such a striking contrast to the noisy demonstrations of America on similar occasions. There was a quiet bustle about among those who had the arrangements to make. When the carriage arrived which was to convey his majesty from the depot, it was all that could be desired. It was a closed barouche, the outside as shiny as finest lacquer, and the coach-man's seat a marvel of rich white drapery with gold and scarlet trimmings. Mrs. S. and I who were determined to see all we could, quietly insinuated ourselves into a place which afforded a fine view of the inside through the windows. The attendant, who was feigning to dust the polished surface, grunted a mild reproof, not however before we had satisfied ourselves that the interior was richly upholstered with white brocaded satin or silk richly embroidered with gold. The carriage was covered until just before the arrival of the royal car, with a handsome brocaded fabric of bright green. The horses were unusually fine, of a bright bay handsomely caparisoned. After what seemed to us a long time of waiting, standing, as we were, on the cold stone floor, the whistle sounded and the train rolled into the depot. The Mikados suite alighted first so that there were a number of dignitaries to make their obeisances to him as he came out. The crowd stood uncovered bowing to the earth. The Mikado looked not to the right or

left but entered the carriage and was driven away before we could satisfy ourselves as to what he wore or how he looked. He was in full uniform. I think the body of his suit was dark blue. The trimmings were white and silver. His special car was very beautiful, being upholstered much as the carriage was. The outside was highly polished wood ornamented with great brass carysanthemums which are the Mikado's coat-of-arms.

I am wondering how best to tell you about the dress of this peculiar people. Men, women and children look almost exactly alike to the unpractised eye, the manner of dressing the hair and wearing the girdle or belt (*obi*) being almost the only difference. Their chief and almost only visible garment is a sort of dressing gown, usually a dull blue or brown for adults, colors that are bright only being admissible on children, made without gore or shoulder seam with a place hollowed out for the back of the neck. The front of the neck is much exposed, the kimono, as it is called, being crossed at about the middle of the breast. Sometimes it is finished around the neck by a broad band of black satin. The sleeves are the most conspicuous part, are much like dolman sleeves, but very large, reaching nearly to the ground with the women and children. They are sewed up part of the way and used as a pocket for the paper handkerchiefs. The sleeves are just sewed into an opening in the straight seam. The belt or *obi* is a very important part of the female attire and the manner of arranging it a vital branch in a girl's education! It is a broad sash folded to about five or six inches in width, is wrapped twice around the waist and tied in an immense bow behind. The bow is made up with stiffening in it and is any thing but aesthetic. In fact, the entire dress is most ungraceful. The kimono is very scant and pulled as far as possible to the front, and this, together with the immense bow give the effect of extreme top-heaviness! The hair is quite elaborately dressed in bows and horse-shoes, and ornamented with a variety of pins, which are almost the only jewelry worn. A hair-dresser arranges the hair about every four days and the unhappy victim sleeps with her neck on a wooden pillow like a log, so as not to muss it. It is always combed back smoothly from the face. Beau-

tiful necks, ears and hands are very common among the women. They use a great deal of paint and powder and the faithful wives are supposed to black their teeth so as to look unattractive. There are perfect swarms of children in the street, almost always very dirty and children from four to twelve years are seldom seen without a baby strapped on their backs. They are nearly always playing, and seem very happy. They are very kind to each other too, the result perhaps of the example set them by their parents, as I have noticed that they are always gentle and affectionate. However, the statement made in an article I heard read in America, that Japanese children were seldom, I think it said "*never*" were heard to cry is a great mistake. They do cry, and cry lustily. They behave dreadfully in church. I am sure some of our prime little American ladies and gentlemen of diminutive proportions would be shocked. There is a mission school in our back yard, I mean the one next door, and it is amusing to hear the children studying. The teacher says a few words and the children repeat it after him in a sing song tone. The confusion seems dreadful to any one accustomed to a perfectly quiet and orderly school room. The Japanese are not at all fond of cold weather, and no wonder. Their only heating apparatus is the *hebachi*, which is about a foot square and high with a handful of charcoal in it. When the weather is severe they throw a comfort or *futon* over it, thrust in hands and feet and sit all doubled up in a hard knot, and that is the way they get warm. They have very poor ideas about wholesome food. An egg is an egg to them as long as it is whole, and some of the fish we see sold looks perfectly putrid. They eat any kind of fish, shark, sword and what not. Their mackerel is shiny as tin and poisonous to foreigners.

But I had almost forgotten about the earthquakes. There have been five since we came, and two of them were quite lively ones. They are very terrifying and one dreads them more the more experience he has. The din of creaking walls and straining timbers and rattling windows is awful. It is truly a dreadful sensation to feel that dear old mother earth is, after all not solid, and Mr. G. says every time there is an earth-quake, there is a