

Home Letters  
OF  
Gertrude Cozad,  
MISSIONARY OF THE AMERICAN BOARD  
AT  
KOBE, JAPAN,  
TO HER FATHER  
Justus L. Cozad,  
OF  
Cleveland, Ohio.

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Cozad, Gertrude

Home letters of Gertrude

Cozad, missionary of the

Gertrude Cozad, on her return to Japan, writes as follows :

KOBE, September 23, 1897.

I think Japan has impressed me much as it would a new-comer this time. It seemed to me very miserable and cold and squalid, as I passed through the native quarter in Yokohama. There were various types of women to be seen on the streets. The well-dressed, placid, aimless, emotionless women, and among the poorer dressed women very rarely a happy face. They seemed either dull, or crushed and unhappy. That is the way the people on the street impressed me. But when I saw the girls who came down to the boat to meet Kajiro San, (A young Japanese girl who has just graduated from Mt. Holyoke, and returned to Japan with us,) either students or teachers in the girls school, all of them with bright, animated, purposeful faces, I felt the power of a Christian life, of an education, of an enlarging and widening of thought and view.

The life the missionaries live here does not seem very luxurious to me ; not so much so as it will after a few months, when I have been off touring awhile. I am sighing for the flesh pots of Egypt.

The miserable Japanese fruit is a mockery to the name. The butter smells so I wish it might be left off the table. The milk has no more taste of milk than so much rice water. I used to feel when I told about those things in America, as if I must be stretching it, but really the half has never been told. There is everything in getting used to things, though, and they will seem different after awhile.

Our school is going to open up in three weeks. It is small, but when there is such demand for workers from our school, and so many of our graduates are doing such excellent work, we feel as if we must do all in our power to supply the demand.

Word has just come of the death, by cholera, of one of our most beautiful and efficient workers, one who entered the school the first year I came here.

I am to have the privilege of doing what I have longed to do, teach the Gospels. My teaching has been the Old Testament heretofore.

We had Mr. Makino, one of the young evangelists, here to dinner yesterday, and I was glad to see him. When I went away he was just going to Kochi, a very hard field in a very un-get-at-able place. The church was in such condition it then seemed almost unwise to send a young inexperienced man there, but they had twenty-two additions to the church last year, eleven this spring and four more are waiting to be baptized.

There is a great deal that is hopeful and encouraging in the evangelistic work, and the schools are opening up well. Down in Matsumura they have a school of 130. Four years ago they were down to twenty pupils, and it has only been kept up at an immense sacrifice on the part of a few Japanese people.

Fifty thousand dollars couldn't have saved that school, but the earnest, self-denying work of six-people, four Japanese and two foreigners, Miss Judson and Miss Gunnison, has done it. Miss Harwood is doing good work there now; she is teaching 31 hours a week and has been considered a semi-invalid for some years.

I firmly believe that if we would do Christ's work we must do it as he did with suffering and sacrifice. While the spirit of self-sacrifice continues the work goes on well.

Oh, there is so much to be done, I am glad I am here to do it, but deary me, I realize on what a small pattern I was cut out. If I can only make Paul's words true though, "Not I but Christ," I shall not mind about the pattern.

October 5, 1897.

It hardly seems possible that only one week has passed since my return.

I find it very easy to slip right back into the same work, and find my hands full from morning till night. To-day I attended the educational meeting, teachers' institute, or whatever it may be called. All the teachers in this part of the

country are in attendance for three days. They have the largest theater in the place, and it is packed full at every meeting. People speak of an "ice pack" and a "cool pack," but to know what a *human* pack is you have to go to a Japanese theatre and sit on the floor crowded in with a couple of thousand people.

Mr. Osada invited me to go with him, and he had my shoes checked with his own, and then took me in and seated me with the women, who are always tucked off in one corner, and then disappeared with the check for our shoes.

For about two hours I sat there on the floor in perfect agony with my feet, and how I longed to get my shoes and go home. But no, I was obliged to sit it out for four hours, during six long addresses, before relief came. I sat next to Kajiro San; she was suffering almost as badly as I was. I could not help thinking of the meeting which she addressed in Fargo, Dak., on our way out, where she told how soft the floors were with the straw mats, that thick, (holding her hands six inches apart.) They had grown softer in the four years she had been away from them. That Saturday she sat there from 8 to 12 and 1 to 5 and 8 to 10, ashamed to acknowledge what agony she was suffering.

I could not help comparing the surroundings with meeting places at home. The building was divided into sort of stalls, into which the people were packed. The attendants, young boys, make their way in and out among the people, bringing the tobacco trays with all the smoking paraphernalia, or trays of tea in little tea pots, or boxes of luncheon, to those who wished it. The furnishings were a strange admixture of Japanese and foreign. At the back of the stage were plain gilt screens, which made a pretty background for the beautiful vases with flowers arranged in the queer artistic way, the study of which is part of the education of every accomplished woman. At one side was an eight day clock, which with a loud whizzing strike marked the hours and brought hope to my soul that sometime the agony would end. There was an organ, sadly in need of the superfluous vim of

the clock, and a grand piano, which was anything but grand in tone. Then there was the Buddhist shrine at one side, which is a necessary adjunct of every theater. I was not impressed with the breadth of thought or eloquence of the first three speakers, though it may have been broader than I knew, for they used such scholarly language that I appreciated the fact that I wasn't in it. When the fourth speaker began, one felt that a man of power was speaking. He impressed one as being a man of beautiful character, frank, straightforward, clearcut, true and kind. I was sure he must be a Christian, and sure enough he turned out to be a deacon in one of our churches in Tokyo. When Christ is in the heart, the face and manner are changed.

The next speaker I enjoyed so much; a gray-haired man of the old type, which is, I am sorry to say, passing away. So courtly, so gentle, so lovable; none of the aggressive and pompous ways of the men of new Japan.

After dinner I started right off for a meeting held in my honor by the young married women and girls of the church, and though it meant sitting for two hours more on the floor, still it was most kind of them to have this meeting of welcome so soon after my return.

I hope they will form a King's Daughters' circle. I have had a most cordial welcome from the church. It makes me feel very humble to come back here and see the great opportunities for work which some people would step right into, but which it seems so hard for me to take advantage of. I do realize that if any good comes of my work it will be Christ working in me and not my work. There is work to be done all around in the touring field, but I am so rusty in the language that I cannot go out yet. Perhaps the best thing would be to brush up on the language by continual speaking.

KOMATSEE, SHIKOKU, JAPAN, November 8, 1897.

DEAR ONES ALL :

I have rejoiced ever since I came back, that America and American ways seemed natural, and Japan and her ways unnatural. But alas! America is receding into the foreground of pleasant memories, while Japan has become the real thing and I a part of it. I ought not to say "alas," for that is the very thing to be desired ; but one does like to feel that he belongs in his own land.

I have only been away from Kobe five days, but those five days have brought me down to the hard realities of life in Japan. I have enjoyed those five days though, and would not exchange the life I am to lead here, even for the pleasant life we had at home. The contrast between the two ways of living, and ways of thinking and acting, is very sharp now.

Here it seems as if it were one continuous series of stories of sin and sorrow, until the heart is sick, and you beg for a cessation of those stories, and for something bright and encouraging. If only the sin were all outside of the church it would be most delightful to turn to the church for comfort and encouragement; but alas! it is the backsliding of the Christians that is depressing.

I have just spent four days in Saijo, a seaport town on the west coast of Shikoku, and am now at Komatsee, which is the mother church of this region. Saijo is a wide awake place and one where there ought to be an evangelist, but evangelists are not made to order, and many places where one might work well are left with no one to help them. Here in Saijo they have had no one for five years, and it is not strange that people just out of paganism should not all stand the test of being left without help for five years. But it is discouraging, if not surprising, to see the work of many years dissipated through neglect.

But it is not all dissipated, by any means, and there were some Christians who were a real comfort and inspiration. One young man has been gathering the Christians together to

explain Pilgrim's Progress to them twice a week, and has been a great help to them. There is no one there who seems qualified to teach the Bible. The older Christians seem to have lost their grip on it, and the younger ones do not feel qualified to teach the older ones. The first half of Pilgrim's Progress has been translated into Japanese, and the Christians have read it. The second half has not been translated, and this young man reads English and is qualified to explain it to them. Having thus got in the habit of meeting together, I think now he will teach them the Bible.

I have a book of short biographies of eminent missionaries; Judson, Duff, McKenzie and Makay, that I think he can make very profitable and interesting to them in their Wednesday night meetings. If I can I shall come down and spend the month of December with them. I do not know, though, whether I shall be able to be away from Kobe as long as that, but I hope to do so. If I do come I will hire a house all ready furnished; that is, having four walls, with mats on the floor. Will bring a cot, perhaps, may be a chair; if I want to live in luxury, a farina kettle and something to cook in it, and a spoon, and shall be able to set up house-keeping. The Bible woman will live with me, or I with her. There is not a decent hotel in the place. I use the word decent, advisedly, for I speak from experience. I have had more of a glimpse of the lower regions in Saijo, in my various visits than in all my experience in Japan. Every room in the hotel was in use, but I know that none of the inmates of the house, or the guests, were there for any good purpose, except the Bible woman and myself. The waitresses at the hotel were all geisha, and we saw a good deal of them. The first evening I was there two gaily dressed girls flounced into the room and sat down to be talked to. I had not an idea what I could say to them and tried various things only to find that such things had no interest for them, and at last it occurred to me to sing one of the songs in the Japanese hymn book. As soon as we began to sing every one in the house, guests and all, came in and we found ourselves with a meeting on our hands. Seed



sown in such a place seems to be sown by the wayside or in stony places, but who knows but what some of it may drift into good ground. This morning before leaving the hotel I had a long talk with two of the young girls there. Those girls are much more to be pitied than blamed. They have been trained from infancy by their parents for this life. One of them had been rented to this house for five years. She is now sixteen, a sweet, pretty, ladylike girl, who, if she were in America, would be an ornament to some pleasant home, and a delight and a comfort to her parents. Her parents are both living. At the end of the five years she will be free from her present engagement, but will only be fitted for another engagement of years.

TAMBARA, November 10, 1897.

While waiting for the bill to be brought in before starting on, I will write what I can. I have only been away from home eight days, but it seems eight weeks. I have seen so many people and heard so much of the changes and the pleasures and disappointments of each one, that it seems as if I had been here months. At Komatsee I had a very pleasant time. The hotel there is the old daimyo hotel, that is, it was built and fitted up for the entertainment of the daimyos passing through. It belongs now to a farmer who adds the hotel keeping business to his farming, and a queer combination it makes. The imposing separate gate and two pretty gardens belonging to the three daimyo rooms are a strange contrast to the rest of the house, with the smoke and dirt and piles of straw and implements that belong to a farmer. I always feel quite distinguished when I stay at that hotel.

The Christians in Komatsee are a great comfort and an aggravation. They are as faithful and true as rock, and as immovable. The church was founded about sixteen years ago with seventeen members, and not one of that seventeen has been unfaithful. But though they seem so faithful there is not one of them now who seems to think he need do any other work than hug his own faith to himself. We had a

very nice meeting though, at the house of one of the Christians, who has a very beautiful home. It was thought some would come there who would not go to the church. There were about thirty-five present, and I was so glad to see some new faces among those that I have known before. The evangelist here is doing real good work.

HADEBA-SHIKOKU, November 12.

We had a pleasant day on the 10th, going out in the morning to see a sick man, of whom I wrote you. We went in kurumas to the river near which the sick man lived. There was no bridge so we had our kuruma men take us on their backs. It was quite a wide river, and I kept slipping off the man's back until my feet touched the water, then the man would stoop clear over and slide me back into the proper position. We took dinner with the sick man and then walked about two miles to the next house where we were to call. We then took kurumas for three miles over very bad roads, reaching Tamba too late for a meeting that evening.

We went to the house of the governor of the county and spent the evening. He and his wife and daughter are much interested in Christianity, and it is very pleasant to talk with them, but like many others, they are waiting for a more convenient season before taking a stand for the Master.

From Tambara we walked about four miles to Komatsee and then took kurumas for the copper mines. But no more now.

Good bye,

GERTRUDE COZAD.

IMABARI, SHIKOKU, JAPAN, November 15, 1897.

DEAR ONES ALL :

Have just returned to Imabari, where they have such a model church, and I find the model church is doing quite the model thing in having a series of meetings, with two of the leading pastors here. Mr. Tomioka was for years prison evangelist in the Hokkaido, and has recently returned from a three

years' stay in America, where he has been studying prison reform. He is the pure gold kind of Christian ; so true and earnest and spiritual, and unspoilable by flattery, by success, or by a stay in America. He, with another young man, is making a tour of this field. The other man I believe I told you about in the last letter. He is the one who has got to wait three years for one of our Bible women, or else get someone else.

To go backward in my story, I have had four pleasant days at the village at the foot of the copper mine, and one at the shipping station of the mine. I have been entertained at the house of two most delightful people. Mr. Harumi has a very fine position in the mine, as superintendent of certain departments of the work. The mine belongs to a family by the name of Sumitome, and has been worked for two hundred and fifty years. It now has an output of \$800,000 a year. It has been very interesting to me to see the condition of the miners, and the relation between the employer and employes. The employes look upon the Sumitome family almost as gods, and there is the greatest reverence for them and everything belonging to them; and they consider themselves very happy to be in their employ. The whole country in that region belongs to Sumitome; the mountains, the valleys, the plains, houses, farms, and I was going to add the people themselves. I suppose there are about three thousand men employed there, in the mines and the works. The employes receive good wages and can lay up more money there than in most places, if they are inclined to be saving. In addition to their wages they have many favors from Sumitome. For example, he furnishes rice to all laborers at five cents a sho, (about two quarts,) and wheat at half that price. Rice bought elsewhere costs seventeen cents a sho. Not only rice but every necessity of life is furnished by Sumitome at much less than the ordinary price. So, you see, here in Japan, the miners can become money lenders. They ought to have compensation though, for it is a dreadful life they lead. But it is not nearly as hard as the life of such people in America, I fancy.

Perhaps you would be interested to hear something of the trip up; though the whole experience was indescribable. From the shipping station up to Hodeba where the Harumio live, there is a cunning little railroad, with trains running four or five times a day, a distance of seven miles.

Way up on the side of the mountain above Hadeba there is another railroad of four miles. The starting point is seventeen hundred feet right above Hadeba. The ore and goods of all sorts are sent down or up the mountains in baskets attached to an endless revolving rope. A great deal is also sent up by carriers. The road is three miles long, zigzagging up the mountains, and it is pitiful to see the scores of people, old and young, going up that steep hill with burdens on their backs, little girls of thirteen, not as large as Rosamond, carrying up forty pounds, and others, according to their strength, carrying burdens up to 200 pounds. We knew if we walked up the hill we would be too tired to enjoy the sights, and so I went up in the buckets. It seemed dreadful to look at it, for in places the rope hangs three hundred feet above the ground and the space between the posts is very wide. There are often stops, too, so you hang suspended in the air for five minutes or so. When we came to ride up though, we found it was not as frightful as it seemed. I did wish I had my camera to take a picture of the evangelist and Bible woman who went up with him. At the top we found a little mite of an engine and two little cars waiting, one for freight and one for passengers. The passenger car was five feet by seven feet. They can not have more than three such cars in a train, because the curves are so sharp and so frequent, a longer car or a longer train, could not go around them. The road is only four miles long and everything is on a small scale. But it is wonderful that a road could be built at all in such a place, and it makes one dizzy to think how the men who laid the foundation must have risked their lives in building the road. At the top we were transferred to a little platform on four little wheels, (there was room for only two to ride), which was pushed by a man through a tunnel a mile long. It is one of the old avenues of

the mine, and there were transverse avenues leading off in different directions.

The scene as we emerged from the tunnel was one never to be forgotten. It seemed as if we were looking upon one great seething caldron, with here and there high smoke-stacks, looming up out of the smoke and steam, while all around arose the steep cliffs of the mountains, thousands of feet above us. Bare, naked, rocky masses with tilts and strata so unexpected and so marked that I am sure they would have won the heart of a geologist. Not a spear of grass or a green leaf to be seen anywhere, though here and there the bleached trunk and branches of some mighty monarch of the forest of old stood as a monument in memory of the forest that had covered those rocks with verdure before the stifling smoke and odor of the mines and works wrought their work of death. All around on terraces built up of rock, the houses of the employes stood. Barren and forlorn, I noticed that they all had glass instead of paper windows to keep out the odor. I cannot tell about the mines very much, but it was very interesting and instructive to see them. There was one building in which there was an engine turning two great wheels with coils of rope around them. The rope went over a pulley very high up and then down an inclined shaft to the very foot of the mine, about 3,000 feet, and the ore was hauled up by this rope. There were eleven places under the ground from which the ore from different parts of the mine were brought by men and horses to be hauled up. I saw another place where the engine was used in breaking up the rocks a half mile below, and which was worked by compressed air. Another engine was used to send fresh air to all parts of the mine.

It would only weary you to have me tell of all that I saw there of the process of getting the pure red metal out of the gray rock, so I will desist. I was very favorably impressed with the appearance of the employes. They were dressed comfortably and lived in as good houses as other people and were well fed and comfortable. Sumitome has

good schools there, kept up at his expense, and everything is done to make the people comfortable. It is an awful place to live in, and I should think people would go insane living down in that hole beneath those terrible rocky cliffs. For the most part, the people who come there expect to stay only a short time, and when they have made their little pile go away. But after they get used to it, they are very apt to stay, and in time come to think that it is a very natural and desirable way to live, and quite look down on the poor mortal grubbing away on the farms below or living in the cities and eating rice at seventeen sen a sho.

There was one thing that struck me as essentially Japanese, and that was that no one seemed to be pressed with work. I hardly saw anyone working, or at least, if I did occasionally see someone working, as soon as they caught sight of me, hands and tools were dropped at their sides, and until I moved on they stood gaping at me. There were anywhere from twenty to sixty people standing stock still and watching me all the time I was there. These people all work twelve hours a day and seven days in the week, but they always have time to stop and chat or smoke or gape, and there is no one around apparently, to tell them to go to work.

Another thing was essentially Japanese, and that was the kindness and courtesy we received. They fixed up the ore buckets with coarse, pliable matting, and then put in blankets so we should not get our clothes soiled, for the buckets were greasy. While we were going up they were very careful to run the thing slowly and evenly. A man was sent with us to see that every attention was shown us. He went up ahead to get the passenger car ready, and all day long was most thoughtful and attentive. Not a cent did the whole outing cost us, except our dinner at the hotel. Of course, much of this kindness was due to the position of our host, but if we had gone as strangers they would have done much for us. Mr. Narumi is very busy putting in a new electric plant which is to replace the old endless rope system of portage and could not take time

to go with us, but he went up in the bucket and met us at the train as we returned, and walked down with us. The three days spent in their home was a great delight. It is an ideal Japanese home; no, I can't say that, but it is an ideal Christian home. They have imbibed some foreign ideas to good effect. They have a stove in their bed room, and a foreign bed, and an organ and a rug in the parlor, and two rocking chairs on the front porch. Mr. Narumi drinks milk and would keep a cow only there is hardly room for her to stand on the mountain terraces. They have a garden and Mr. N. goes out and works in it, just for pleasure. They also have a green-house, or at least a little room with glass windows facing the south, where they keep their plants. The delightful part of it all was the pleasant relationship between Mr. and Mrs. N. He is a busy man and a man of authority, and in his own home he is the master, but he respects and appreciates his wife, and not once did I hear him use the derogatory form of the word you. He used the familiar short forms of verbs instead of the longer polite forms she used to him, but his language had not the insulting tone that the language of husband to wife almost invariably has. She appreciates his kindness to her, and is all the lovelier to him because of the privileges she has. If only Japanese husbands were all like him, this small portion of the world would be a very different place, and the husbands would be happier as well as the wives.

He is a very earnest Christian and has won many people to an earnest study of the Bible. Though, of course he does not try to unduly urge them, for he does not want to gather round him a lot of "rice" Christians. He is evidently loved by the people under him and appreciated by those above him. He receives every new year a goodly present of money from Sumitome and always gives it away, dividing it among orphanages, schools and needy people. They have no children, but always have a house full of people whom they are helping; girls who are in danger of being forced into a hard life, young men who are liable to yield to temptation, and wayward children who need careful training.

I have found many earnest, faithful Christians during this trip, and it is such a pleasure.

Must close in haste. Will tell the rest in another letter.

GERTRUDE COZAD.

IMABARI, Nov. 18, 1897.

My last letter was brought to a sudden close, so I will begin this just where I left off.

It is such a pleasure to find wherever I go that there are one or two or three Christians in the place. We called on a Christian woman living up in that awful town at the mines. Poor woman, she was the only Christian in a non-Christian family, and was married to a non-Christian, and her life is a pretty hard one. She is evidently very lonely there. When we spoke of the ever present Comforter her eyes filled with tears, and it was very evident that though her life was filled with so many hard things, that she had not lost her one and only comfort.

At Nuham, the port of the mine, we found one earnest wide awake Christian who is doing all he can to keep the light burning there. We had a meeting in his house in the evening, with about thirty-five present. That was the day after our trip to the mines, and we were a lame, weary set of people.

We got to the hotel at three o'clock and had futons brought out to have a nap, but a day nap in a Japanese hotel is almost an impossibility. The people in a hotel always think people deaf, and the running and screaming are anything but reposeful. We had had our nner at one-thirty, and at four-thirty, while we were all three lying pretending to sleep, the maid brought our supper in and squatted down to serve the rice.

It was with great difficulty that we persuaded her that we couldn't eat so soon, and that if we ate at four-thirty and attended a meeting till eleven, we would have to have another meal. She finally desisted in her attempt to force us to eat and left the dinner there on the floor for us to eat when we



could, which we did two hours later. We had to get up at three o'clock in the morning and take the boat for Imbari.

When we reached here we found that Mr. Tomioka and Mr. Matsui were here. It has been like a breeze from home to see Mr. Tomioka. He is such a hearty, happy, inspiring man. I'm so sorry, papa, that you did not see him when he was in America. He went to Cleveland and visited the work-house and the jail, and if I had only given him your address he could have called on you.

When he was a boy he went as an adopted son to a certain family with the expectation that he would become the husband of the daughter previously adopted. The family had no children of their own. When he was seventeen he became a Christian and his father was very angry. He tried in every way to make the boy give it up, but could not. His father took him out to a store-house, like the little model you have, and kept him shut up there in the dark and damp for three days without food, but he wouldn't give in. Then the father in his rage tied him up and was going to kill him, but neighbors interfered. At last the daughter managed to effect his escape, and he came here to Imbari, where he was protected and cared for by the Christians. He became a pastor, and married this same girl. She had no training, though, so he sent her to our school for three years before their marriage. Finally an end to their troubles came. She graduated from our school and was married the same day, I believe, and the next Sunday the father and mother received baptism. Mr. Tomioka hasn't been back here in Imbari for many years, so it has been a great pleasure to him and to the people to meet once more. They have had splendid meetings with the church packed full. We all went up to Hashihama for a meeting, but the rain poured all the time we were there, so we could not have much of an audience, but I don't know but what the few who were there may have been helped, and believe that the meeting was not in vain.

Hashihama is the place where the little church was closed for three years, except for the meetings held there every Sun-

day by two women, mother and daughter, At last in answer to their prayers, and on account of the lift at the wheel, given by faith and efforts of the pastor and Bible woman at the next town, Imbari, the debt was paid, and meetings are being held there regularly. The dear old lady is still polishing away at her light and I can assure you it burns brightly. When we got to the place we found that she with two or three others were over at the church scrubbing, and the floor was clean enough to eat off of.

It isn't much trouble to keep the windows clean, for there is hardly a pane of glass left in the windows by the naughty boys of the town. She had been out with a spade also trying to bank up the earth round the church so the water would not run under it. The people of the town will not come to the meetings much yet, though there is one young man who has been brought to Christ there recently. The children though are most faithful attendants, and they will bring the older ones in time if the faith and patience of the Christians hold out. Mr. Tsuyuun, the pastor at Imabari, and the Bible woman Kanokugi San, and one or two other Christians walk over three miles from Imabari, every Sunday, simply for that Sunday School of dirty clamoring children, and for the Bible study with five or six people.

Mr. Tsuyuun doesn't know the word discouragement, and he inspires all those about him with his own zeal more or less. On Monday night he and one or two others go in a row boat over to an island several miles away where there is another little company of Christians. Morning, noon and night, seven days in a week that man keeps at his work with unflagging energy, pushing the work where others would think the way was closed. The Bible woman, one of our graduates, and such a lovely woman, is earnest and hopeful and patient as he is, though she has to fight against great physical weakness.

We had a very nice meeting with the Christians the morning after the meeting at Hashihama, and then all of us came back on the roof of one of those little house boats. You have

the picture of one, you know. It was a beautiful ride among the islands of this wonderful inland sea.

At Imabari I have been most hospitably entertained at the home of a young doctor, an oculist. It is a great trouble for the Japanese to entertain a foreigner, for they will not let us sit down and eat with the rest, but bring our food to our own room, if they have a separate room to give, as in this case. They make themselves perfect slaves to our comfort, and it troubles me to have so much done. It is very pleasant and restful, though, to be in such a place. A meeting had been planned for a gathering at the house of this doctor, and I found when I reached Imabari they had already printed invitations to it, announcing my subject. I was very much alarmed to hear what elaborate plans had been made for the meeting, for I dread speaking in Japanese very much. The subject was "Home Training." I found this time, as at other times, that if I can lose myself in my subject and forget whether it is Japanese or English, that I can hold the attention of the hearers as well in Japanese as in English.

TAKAMATSU, Nov. 23.

The last day of this trip, and I am glad to go back home for a little while. I have never had an easier trip in some ways, and I think it is because I am so well and rested by my trip home. The Japanese food has not troubled me at all. In fact, I rather think it has agreed with me better than the home food since I came back.

The one trial is the sitting, but there, too, I am much better off than I expected to be, for my ankle is much stronger than when I left home. I think much walking is strengthening it. I don't attempt to sit properly even a moment, for it is simply agony to that ankle, but by putting my feet out at one side a little I manage to keep the refractory member in fairly good humor.

We had such a nice meeting last night, not very large; perhaps twenty-five sitting down and twenty more standing in

the entry to hear. I know the Holy Spirit was there, and a few more chips of this great wall of heathenism were broken off.

Sometimes it seems as if I were tongue-tied in the meeting and in calling, and again it seems as if I wasn't even trying to speak, but the words came of themselves, and those are the times when they seem to reach the mark.

At Marugarue we had four pleasant days, coming on here yesterday. The church there is a women's church. Almost all the women are faithful, earnest Christians, but of the five or six men only one is in earnest, and he is a thorn in the flesh and a great stumbling block to others. I reminded the pastor there of the Lord's commission to Peter to "feed my sheep—feed my lambs, feed my sheep."

The command to feed the sheep had to be given twice, because it is no easy matter to feed the sheep, black and white, and the old bucking ram. Mr. Higashi speaks English and in our conversation we referred to the young man as the "bucking ram" to avoid use of names.

Another man used to be such an earnest Christian, but he is in a business now where he can not carry out his Christian principles. He is in the employ of a man who has made himself rich by furnishing supplies to the army and navy and building war vessels, and the whole business, I infer, is a nefarious scheme. Mr. Takano is only one of hundreds of employees, and has to do as he is told even though he knows it is wrong. His conscience troubles him and he is very unhappy about giving up his Christian life. He knows that his continuing in a Christian life is incompatible with continuing in that business, but he has a wife and five children and nothing else to do, so he thinks he must keep on.

Papa, perhaps you remember my telling you about an old man, a scholarly, fine man, who had refused to accept Christianity for years, but whom I was instrumental in helping to look at it in a new way. I have many times had expressions of gratitude for what I *did not* do at that time. This young man is his son, and he came to the hotel after the Sunday evening meeting and sat down and almost challenged me to

help him in his present difficulty. We talked till twelve o'clock, but he knew as well as I did that there was but one way to put his troubled conscience at rest.

Here in Takamatsu there is a family I have been interested in since I first saw them three years ago. The adopted son, who is now the husband of the daughter in the family, is a Christian, and the young wife, mother and grandmother used to be much interested, but lost their interest. Two years ago when I was here the wife and mother did not see me when I called, and the grandmother, such a dear old lady, seemed to be so over-borne with her own troubles that she could not think about Christ. She had recently almost entirely lost her eyesight. I have been praying for her ever since, and it was a pleasure last night to learn that the Lord had heard our prayers and before he took her home, about two years ago, he gave her new light and joy even in her blindness.

KOBE, Nov. 26, '97.

I am sitting by our blazing sitting-room fire as stupid and comfortable as can be imagined, and becoming so used to home luxuries that I fear it will be pretty hard next week to tear out again and go down to Shikoku for another three weeks.

I had a dreadful time getting home from Shikoku. The mail steamer was to leave at five o'clock and I thought I would take that and get home at midnight. I went down to the landing before five, three young men going with me, all of them young married men, and there we sat at the little tea house, from five o'clock till three-thirty the next morning, waiting for our boat and talking all the time. Those poor young men had not had their supper, and I had not money enough left to buy any for them. I kept urging them to go home, but they did not like to leave me alone there, so they stayed on. The aggravating thing was that at seven o'clock another steamer went, but it was of a line not patronized by that tea house, and so they did not inform me

of it. Finally another boat came and we were under way a little before four. I came second-class, and the compartment was way at the stern of the boat. There was no room on the floor, for the people were lying as thick as they could be wedged in, and so I lay up on the ledge at the very back of the boat, where I could get all the motion there was to be had, and we had a plenty, and I was sick, I can assure you, and by the time I reached home at twelve o'clock, I felt about as thick as as kinny fish. It seemed almost like coming to heaven from a place unmentionable.

Our house no longer seems dull and plain. It is lovely to me, and every time I come home after an absence of some time I want to kiss the shiny yellow pillar on the front porch. I don't do it though, for I should feel terribly to be that silly even by myself.

The Standfords are still here, and may be for some time. Mrs. Clark is also here resting up after six weeks nursing of four sick children. They have all four been very sick with bronchitis, pneumonia and influenza. The other sick people are all doing well except Helen Davis, who is having another serious relapse.

We had our Thanksgiving at the Atkinson's yesterday with dinner at 6:30, and such a jolly time after it till eleven o'clock, and then we broke up reluctantly. One of the Atkinson girls is engaged to be married to a young Englishman here.

Among many other causes for Thanksgiving I felt like giving thanks because my missing baggage has turned up. I found such a lot of mail here when I came, among other things there were twenty cards from papa.

Must close with ever so much love to all.      GERTRUDE.

I find the mail went out last night instead of to-night, as we supposed, so this letter will not reach you as early as it should. Am so sorry. Am sending some maple leaves to show what delicate lace-like leaves we have here. They are wonderfully pretty on the tree.

KOBE, JAPAN, December 5.

My time at home here in Kobe this year is going to be very short. I have been here three times for a week or ten days, and am ready to start off in two days for another three or more weeks. I am very much attached to our home and hate to leave its comforts every time, but am glad the work pulls me away from this life in Kobe. It is simply impossible to accomplish anything at this—shall I call it—hotel. We have company all the time. It is very pleasant but decidedly antagonistic to good work.

My next trip is to Myazaki, in the province of Huiga, on the island of Kinshiu. My object is to visit the different stations in that field and help what I can in the women's work there. Miss McCandish goes with me to get an idea of the work. She has just come out. Poor girl, I am glad I am not at her end of the work. I sometimes wish I were at Miss Dudley's end--(near the last end)--of it, not very often though, for I enjoy the work as I go along. And I have faith that it is a work that is going to pay.

The straight journey down to Miyazaki will take me three days, one by boat and two by jinriksha. It is disastrous to my work in Kobe to be going about like this, but I think I shall do more touring than teaching, as formerly. After my hard trips it is so nice to come back to my homy room here where I have papa's picture on the wall and Olive and Jennie's family groups of children, and the painting of the little white house in which I was born, so nicely arranged, with my new book case and the photos about. It is sometimes dreadfully distracting and sometimes makes me feel kind of homesick, though not often. I can never tell you what a joy the memory of that year at home is to me.











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