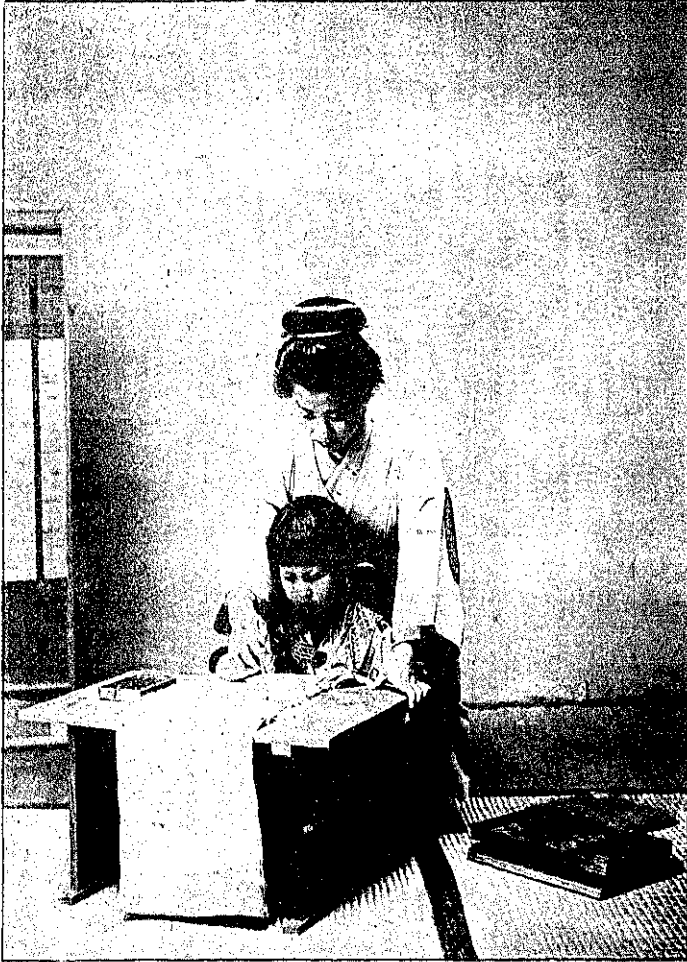


He is their white priest linking them to heaven. Look at these lively, happy, bowing, chattering, singing crowds in the streets. What a good-natured, high-spirited people they are with their sparkling black eyes and courteous manners! How motley, too, with their blending of New Japan with the Old!—a moving mass of blue with

customers out and in. Pit-a-pat, pit-a-pat, the wooden elogs ring on the stone pavement, while stall-keepers and trotting pedlars bawl the merits of their wares in every key, and street singers in strident tones accompany their guitars. Nondescript 'bus conductors, with a hungry look of importunity upon their faces, keep hailing pedestrians from the



TEACHING WRITING.

here and there a flash of pink from a girdle and petticoat, and here and there a touch of brown or green or black or other quiet colour, men in European dress, men in Japanese dress; men in a mixture of both, women happily in their own inimitable dress, which so well accords with their charms. The shopkeepers, squatting on their matted floors open to the street, are bowing

steps of their conveyances, or leap down, and, walking by the side of some one they have marked out, eagerly pour into his ears the advantages of taking a 'bus, until the distance between themselves and their conveyances has so widened that a violent run has to be made to overtake them again. An occasional phaeton passes, driven by its owner, while the groom with his light pants