

PEEPS FROM A OKAYAMA WINDOW.

BY MRS. ELLEN M. CARY, JAPAN.

Hearing the sound of merry voices this morning, I hurry to the door to find that the *Mission Dayspring* boys and girls have come to visit us in Okayama. [See *Mission Dayspring* for July and August.]

we can easily watch the passers-by, in whom you will find much to interest you. From morning until night, there is almost constant passing, a few riding in *juwikishas*, but the most of those whom we see are on foot.

There goes a company of men, whom you recognize by their dirty white clothes and the boards on their backs to be pil-



JAPANESE BABY-CARRIAGE

You are, indeed, very welcome; and, although the home may be a little small for so many people, still we must have such a good time together that we will not mind being crowded. As you have been on the little steambot all night and must be tired, perhaps we would better spend one day indoors. You have already noticed that our house is on a low hill around the foot of which runs the road, so that

grims, such as you saw on the steamer. When they reach the foot of that long flight of stone steps, you will see them clap their hands, bow their heads, and, if you were near enough, you might hear them murmur a prayer, for they are worshipping the gods in the temple at the top of the hill.

What are you now looking at that amuses you so much? O yes! I see; it is