

I walked home with the women part of the way and enjoyed the exercise, as we had sat on the floor more than two hours. I enjoyed, also, the conversation with the women. What a barrier this language is between them and us, and how earnestly we strive to overcome it; yet, to be able to understand them clearly and to say satisfactorily what we want to say requires a great deal of time and hard study. I am happy when I find I understand, or can make myself understood, even in a short conversation.

May 8th.—To-day our three Sunday Schools—that is, the church Sunday School, the one here in the school, and another in another part of the city—had a picnic. We went to Sengen, a beautiful place quite near the school, and it was a pretty sight to see the children playing among the trees, as happy-looking as they could be. There are famous temples there and a park, and one can go right up the side of a low mountain from the park; indeed, the mountain is really part of the park.

The wisteria is in bloom now, and when I get under a trellis covered with it, I think I must have got into fairy-land. Our roses are just out, and make the front yard look very pretty. What a land of flowers Japan is! Since New Year we have had the plum and peach blossoms; then the cherry and camellias; then the azaleas; and now wisteria and roses.

I have heard about the mosquitos of Shizuoka, but as they are just beginning, I cannot say what I think of them yet. But we made the acquaintance of those huge spiders, which come uninvited and unwelcomed to make their home with us. I have seen only three yet, and so am not quite accustomed to them. The other evening I saw one here on my writing-table when I came into the room. I am not very