

after vacation eager to repeat the experience and happy to be allowed to do so. This does not mean that we have become superior to social enjoyments, or that lonely times, when the sight of loved faces would not mean to us more than I can express, never come, but it does mean that we love our work and the days pass far too quickly for all we want to do. More than this, it means that our Best Friend is with us, and that we in Japan as well as you in the Homeland find "to do His will is rest."

I can hardly believe that the year is so nearly gone. Next week, pupils and teachers will be separated and the school will have taken on the dreary aspect usual to schools in holiday time. It would be gratifying to know that the girls were carrying in their hearts to their homes all the good things they have heard within these walls during the year. Some must go, we are sure, and with this we will have to be content. Even the forgotten lessons are not altogether lost, I believe.

A thought came to me from somewhere last winter that has been quite a bit of comfort to me. It may amuse you, but here it is. In filling a bog, many cartloads of sand or stones are lowered which sink out of sight and are apparently lost, and yet the bog could not be filled without them. I think sometimes that my work is like those lost loads of stones. In my women's meetings this winter, even when I have talked as simply as I possibly could, I know some women have not understood. They have not grasped the meaning, though the words were plain. Yet, though these talks are apparently lost on them, it helps me to believe that because of them the women are a little nearer understanding by and by. When we are at home, we are apt, I think—or at least I was—to imagine the people as feeling their need of Christianity, and as eager to embrace it after hearing about it. Such is not the case. They do not feel the need of it, and when they first hear, too often it seems but an idle tale. Of course, there are exceptional cases. Then, too, the minds of the women in general are so untrained—so little used to thinking—that new ideas enter slowly.

This, however, will be better by and by. The importance of educating their women is being felt by most Japanese to-day, and already, from an intellectual point of view, there is a great difference between many mothers and daughters.

As you know, the older girls in our schools go, two by two, on Sunday afternoons to different parts of the city to teach the little street children.

Last Sunday I went with two of them. Just as O Tomo San began to teach, a big, stout woman with a loud voice—a woman