

Some of these meetings were held in the "valley of dry bones" truly, for the people were so indifferent; some were like family gatherings, and in some the people seemed filled with astonishment. While there I attended the opening of Katsunuma church. They have a much-needed, nice, new little church, 18 x 30, I should judge. It was well filled on the opening day, and while the service went on heart-felt prayers arose that it might be the birthplace of many souls.

The spring closing—also the close of the school year—of the Kofu school took place on April 3rd, and it was my privilege to be present at it. It was held in the same building as the formal opening of last year. The pupils all did very well. The older girls, seven in number, aided by Misses Wintemute and Preston, sang the 23rd Psalm, in Japanese, to the tune "Portuguese," and did it so well that there was not a flat note rendered. One of the older girls recited "Courage, Brother." Her enunciation was so clear that every word was intelligible, and it was not without accent or emphasis, though she was a *large* girl who had only studied English one year.

Miss Kanako, one of the teachers, gave an address on women and woman's work. Miss Wintemute, who followed her, seemed to take up the thread where Miss Kanako dropped it. That their remarks struck home is plain from Mr. Shinkai's remark, "We have heard so much about women to-day that our ears pain." How much the addresses were needed will be clear from the fact that though seventy women had been invited, only *four* came. There were about seventy well-educated men there—and at a girls' school closing—but the mothers were at home. The school, then numbering fourteen, has since increased to twenty-four at least, perhaps more. With their present quarters they will be almost more than full.

But news of Mr. Large's death called me home, leaving three days' word in Yamanashi, and seven in Shizuoka ken, till such time as I or some one else can visit them again.

The whole seems like one troubled dream, and not a reality, yet He who knows the end from the beginning will one day make all things plain. Till then we wait and watch and pray.

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From Miss Preston.

710 NIKKO, August 8th, 1890.

I am again taking my summer rest in this delightful retreat. The wheels of time have rolled another year into the past.