

Now, it is just one year since the last farewells were said at Union Station, and the train steamed out, taking me daily farther away from the scenes and faces of the past, towards a future of which I had then but a hazy conception. For the last few days my thoughts have naturally turned homewards again, and many contrasts present themselves, when comparing scenes and faces here, with those which surrounded me one year ago.

On Sabbath, glancing around at the little company of Chinese women assembled in our dining-room for afternoon class I could not but recall the last hour spent with my Sabbath school girls in the bright little classroom in Westminster Church. Then, there were before me ten young girls, all of whom had come from Christian homes and been taught to worship the one true God from their infancy, but now, seven women and a few children, who have come from heathen homes and have from infancy been instructed in the worship of idols, and all the superstitious forms and ceremonies connected therewith.

Two of these women have been in regular attendance at this class for about a year, and are quite familiar with all the exercises, but to the rest everything is new and strange, and much curiosity is exhibited. As the organ sounds out in the opening hymn at once all are interested. Even one old woman of seventy or over, whose face before had been lacking in expression, now looks up in astonishment, and half rises from her seat to see the wonderful musical box. The singing over, the leader announces that we are about to pray to God, and in a few simple, earnest words tries to explain what that act implies, but the faces of most express only wonder, which gradually deepens to bewilderment as they see us assume the kneeling posture. After receiving sundry directions from others they finally kneel too, but it can easily be seen that they are ill at ease and far from comfortable. It is with a look of relief that they rise again when the