

knelt and asked the Divine Friend of the friendless to come in and hallow each room with His manifested presence and love, and to make it a birth place of precious immortal souls.

Everything looked so clean and bright and cosy as they separated for their various homes. But while they slept "the sleep of the righteous" that night, a water pipe in the upper story burst, and all night long a torrent of water poured through ceilings, walls and floors. Imagine the picture of desolation which awaited them Christmas morning! To reach the supply tap in the cellar they had to wade through six inches of ice cold water and make their way through a beautiful cascade which dashed down the cellar steps, carrying with it bakepans, brushes, and other useful and ornamental articles. It was a scene never to be forgotten. The stoves which had been left so beautifully shining and bright were covered with white-wash, and ornamented with a fringe of icicles; the carpet in the reception room was completely submerged, and it too had its share of whitewash.

Surely, never did a work receive such a baptism of discouragement and opposition. It seemed as though all the forces of evil combined had arrayed themselves