

There were thirty-five children present and quite as many parents. My heart was rejoiced to see so many, and to see them listen so attentively to all that was said. Compared to our former building this is a little palace, and yet everything is exceedingly plain. The glass windows which let in heaven's free sunshine are such an improvement.

The average at the Sunday School has been 25, at the day school 21. When I look back and recall the wild, uncultivated little ragamuffins who came to our first Sunday School, I can see an improvement after the six months' training in this school; however, there is yet so much to prune I do not feel like saying more here.

You will remember the sewing teacher whom I visited last year. I have had seven meetings at her house this fall, with an average attendance of six. She and her daughters have decided to become Christians. She has been opposed by her husband and her relations, and has withstood it all.

It would make your heart rejoice to hear her tell how she would try to tell them the story of Jesus when they began to expostulate with her about becoming a Christian. They have given up persecuting her now that she is so decided, and her sister-in-law has asked if she may come over and join the meeting. She said her mother would not allow her, but she would make some excuse out and come over secretly. I have been invited to go and meet the husband when he returns on his Christmas vacation.

One place where I have visited twice a month has been at the home of a blind man. We first learned of him last winter through his son, who came to our house to sell paintings. He had been sent by one of our Christian women. The father was then in the hospital being treated for his eyes. The mother was trying to give this son a course at the Art School, as he was their only future dependence.

When I returned this fall and found the father had left the hospital almost completely blind, I went to visit them, and arranged to go and teach them about the Bible every other Saturday. They have attended the morning service and Sunday School quite often, and are anxiously seeking the truth.

The poor father carries a very heavy heart on account of his affliction. The mother told me the last day I was there that he could not sleep for more than an hour at a time, and