

the children from the various Sunday Schools in our charge come here for a Christmas treat. More than one hundred were gathered together in the school-rooms below. We had all the desks taken out of the rooms, and tatami (mats) brought down from the dormitories and put on the floor. I gave the management of affairs into the hands of the older girls who teach in the Sunday School, and they planned it very well. They arranged the tatami very nicely so that all had sitting room, and left spaces for small tables to be placed before them, when the "gochiso" (refreshments) came on. At first there was an appropriate Christmas exercise, after which I hoped the children might have a more comprehensive idea of the birth of the Saviour and what the celebration of His birthday means for us. Hiraiwa San told the Bible story in simple language, and from the way she held the children's attention I know they were much interested. When the programme was ended teachers and children went out to the playground for games, or stayed in the school-rooms to look at pictures, while some of us got ready the treat. The girls thought white cloths would make the tables look much better, so we looked up all that would answer for that purpose. It looked very nice, though to a foreigner's eye the table drapery might have seemed a little incongruous. When they were seated and had been served, they looked so busy and happy, one could easily see how much pleasure the little hearts were receiving. In one corner, by the stove, out of harm's way, sat the old blind woman who has been attending regularly for some time. The poor eyes closed forever to the light of this world, but gradually, I believe, opening up to the light of the life beyond; her head a little to one side, intently listening to all that was being said, and a happy look on her face, as she seemed to *feel* the gladness about her. When a familiar hymn was sung she joined in too. I remembered the words she said once to Miss Morgan: "O, Sensei, I am gradually understanding Christianity better; I understood all of Marno San's prayer on Sunday." And I prayed that she may become a true Christian and partaker of the inheritance prepared for her. How much she loses that we enjoy, and how great will be the pleasure when the sightless eyes, no longer blind, will behold the King in His glory! Her face has such a subdued, patient look.