

It was planned, in the beginning, to have the public opening on the third of November, the Emperor's birthday, and also the anniversary of the *first* opening of the school; but as it was found to be quite impossible to have the building ready by that time, it was postponed until the twenty-third, which is also a national holiday—the in-gathering of the harvest. As the twenty-third fell on Monday, preparations had to be made on Saturday. Miss Wintemute, Mr. Yamana and Mr. Shinkai had a busy day (Miss Preston and I both had meetings in the country). The sliding-doors between the three school-rooms were taken out, making one large room. Then the seats and desks were all taken away and the room filled with chairs, which were lent for the occasion by a banking company, of which one of the founders is president. Chairs, facing the platform, were arranged for the accommodation of about two hundred guests; the organ and chairs for the teachers and pupils occupied the left, and seats for the more distinguished guests the right of the platform.

Monday morning was dark and cloudy, and before noon it was raining steadily. But in spite of this the room was comfortably filled. Shortly before the time appointed for the commencement of the exercises, the Governor of the province and his Secretary arrived. Then came the Mayor of the city, the President of the Provincial Assembly, and the Principal of the Normal School. These were received, and entertained in our sitting-room until two o'clock, the time for opening. When the guests were all seated, the girls formed in line in the hall upstairs, and marched down, and through the room to their places, Miss W. playing a march for them.

Miss Wintemute has translated the programme for you. I wish you could have seen it carried out, I am sure you would have enjoyed it. The girls did their parts well. But what impressed one most was the way in which Christianity was stamped upon every part of the exercises. Many of the guests probably seldom hear or think much of the religion of Christ; but they surely could not help being impressed by the singing of the hymns, the prayer, and the strong Christian sentiment of the addresses. Number seven was responded to by the Governor reading an address, and several others left their written congratulations. The founders had provided tea and cake for all, which was served at the close of the programme, while the *distinguished guests* had cake and coffee in the foreign part. Every one was invited to go through the building, and many were the approving remarks made as they went from room to room; but what excited the greatest wonder and admiration was *the foreign kitchen*. To see foreign appliances for cooking was a thing altogether new. The guests departed, evidently well-pleased with their afternoon at the school, and we felt that our school had had a most satisfactory opening.

The last half-year has been to Miss Wintemute a time of much hard work, but I am sure she feels more than repaid in the result—the tasteful and convenient building which we now occupy. To bring about this result, has been no light task. It has required the most unceasing watchfulness, and she has had every part of the work under her own constant supervision. May the blessing of God rest upon the work here as in the past.

A POOR Chinaman came to a missionary to ask for baptism. When asked where he had heard the Gospel, answered that he had never heard the Gospel, but had *seen* it. He then told of a poor man, at Ningpo, who had once been a confirmed opium-smoker, and a man of violent temper. This man had learned about the Christian religion, and his whole life was altered—he gave up the opium, and became loving and amiable. "Oh," said the candidate for baptism, "I have not heard the Gospel, but I *have seen* it."

#### SKETCH—PLANS FOR WORK.

WE take the liberty of presenting the following sketch by Miss Dickson, of London, to our readers. It was written for and published in the *Quarterly* for Mission Band service, but it contains so many good hints applicable to Auxiliary work that we feel sure it will be acceptable.

ON a Saturday the inhabitants of Westville usually discussed with some energy the probability of their busy town assuming the proportions of a city. When Monday arrived, with its accompanying peculiar quiet, aspirations for city fame lay dormant for another week.

"Good morning, Mrs. Robson." The speaker was a tall, clerical-looking gentleman. "Rather a cold day to be obliged to wait on a corner for a street car; if it were Saturday morning, when our country friends make the town so lively, there would be one in sight."

The pale-faced, scantily-clad woman addressed, answered in a tone of cheerful content, "I am so thankful to be taken the long distance I have to go for five cents that I do not mind the waiting."

Two girls standing directly in front of her, upon hearing the reply, involuntarily glanced toward each other. The taller of the two said to her companion, with a comic air, "Proves the statement, Marge, that 'contentment consists not in great wealth but in few wants.' Let us decently bury those visions of dogcarts and Gladstones and attend their funeral this afternoon, with the intention of being thankful for small favors in future—even a *street car*." The last sentence was delivered in a tone of melancholy resignation. A shadow of disgust flitted across the pretty face beside her: "No use trying to be content in this stupid town, with nothing to do and no place to go."

"May I suggest something to do and some place to go for one evening this week?" It was the minister of their church, who had heard Marjorie Grey.

As the girls had only lately returned from college, they were surprised their new pastor should recognize them. After shaking hands cordially, he looked expectantly at Marjorie for an answer to his question. Imagining his appointment would prove to be a week-night prayer-meeting, a service of which Marjorie had very vague and uncertain ideas, she answered cautiously,—

"You may, if you wish, make the suggestion."

"Thank you. I trust you and your friend," turning with a pleasant smile to Helen, "will accept it. To-morrow evening the Young Ladies' Mission Circle will hold their regular meeting in the church parlor, at half-past seven, and if you attend I can promise that a hearty welcome awaits you."

"A Mission Circle!" thoughtfully. Then as the idea dawned upon her, "Why, I suppose that is a kind of Society for the well—I mean—to or for—the improvement of the heathen," she ended desperately, after a beseeching look at Helen, who was vainly endeavoring to conceal her mirth.

"If so, that is the place for us, Marjorie," and Helen Livingstone laughed heartily.

"You promise to be there?" eagerly from Mr. Dowling, for the jingling car bells sounded very near.

"Yes, thank you; we shall accept your invitation," answered Helen.

"That is a bit of news for Janet," said the plainly-dressed woman as if to herself, picking up her basket and entering the car that was now standing before them. The girls followed, then the minister, silently praying that the bright, heedless couple before him might be led to devote the energy and inspiration of their youth to the Master's service.