

3 ranks since we last met, making eight or nine in all. One woman told how she could do so little outside her home duties because of her children, but that since we had talked one day she had come to the conclusion she could serve God in every act she did. She sends her children regularly to Church and Sunday-school, and both of the girls, who have reached an age of accountability (one not more than ten), are Christians, and the boy is a mere baby. The little girl is in my Sunday-school class also.

Then Mrs. T. — told how she had gone with her husband and children to Osaka and had hoped to do Christian work while there, but that she had been deprived the privilege by the prevalence of cholera in the city.

Another had been passing through temptation from outside. She has been a Christian for years, but latterly her eyes have become bad. Her friends constantly kept at her, saying: "It does no good to serve that God; your eyes do not get better." She said: "All I could say in reply was, 'I do not serve God to get Him to cure my eyes, but because I love Him, and I want eternal life.'"

They all seem almost too full for utterance. Mrs. Inomata, after reading a statement of the membership, etc., went on to say that she had looked around for some special work to do, and had found that the Church hymn-books were mostly in a dilapidated condition and so she mended them all. I wish you could have seen them, they were so neatly done. No less than seven had entirely new covers, while whole pages of torn and missing hymns had been copied and inserted.

Mrs. Hiyama has been ill, and was telling me that the women of the congregation had many of them come to her to be taught, when she could not go to them. They seem to have unbounded confidence in her.

Poor Mrs. Toyama has her cup full in her husband's illness, but she keeps up bravely. He is just a little better. The poor man worked too hard over in Shitaya, where his pastorate lay, and consequently broke his health.

Mrs. Sabashi has gained access to four or five new homes, and is as full of trust as ever. How I do love those women; old and all, they seem almost like my children to me.

Shemada San has gone with Miss Cunningham to Kanazawa and will soon be hard at work in her new field. She went willingly, but, of course, cried a good deal at parting.