

the rest. The walls were broken and dirty; the girls took newspapers to them with which they covered up the holes. Here on Sunday afternoon the numbers have reached to 38—the father has been led to decide to keep half of Sunday as a time of rest; he makes one of the Sunday School pupils; the wife also lays aside her work to listen. In visiting in this district with the woman of the house where the Sunday School is held, Yoshida San found a poor sick woman who told her that for three years her child had been attending the Azabu Sunday School; that from this child she had heard the Gospel, and she recounted the stories of Christ's life that had been carried to her by her child, of how she had been led to trust in this God, and that she could lay her down in peace to sleep at night, feeling sure that God, the everlasting God, was watching over her. I believe some of us will be surprised when we get to heaven at the proofs we will have that nothing is allowed to be lost that is done in God's name and for His glory. Last Thursday I attended a meeting for women in this house. The father, mother, two women from the neighborhood, four girls of from 15 to 17, as many boys of like age, with a score of smaller children, made up the company. I listened to the lesson one of our girls taught, clear, simple, and suited to the hearers. I had no part to take, and rejoiced that our school had the honor of training such a worker to carry the news, better than any foreigner can ever do it to the people of this land. And just here our policy is proving itself as without question the very best—our missionary women "training" the Japanese, and then *they* going to prepare the way for entrance into the homes, rather than for us to tramp the streets from door to door seeking for admittance into the homes, thereby outraging every rule of Japanese etiquette, and prejudicing the people with our boldness and impudence. The second Sunday School is in the home of a small shopkeeper and luncheon man. Here two more of our school girls are in charge, as in the one just told of. The attendance here too has grown from 12 to 36 during the month. As no record of time is kept by people of this rank, the girls start out in time to walk around the district and announce to the children in the streets that the time has come for another meeting. Last Sunday they met a mother as they neared the house, who said, "I've just taken my five, I'll be after them