

THE FAWN FEAST

BY YATES STIRLING JR.

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Ta-Li in her flower laden balcony gazed wistfully on the muddy waters of the great West River.

The Chinese maiden's thoughts were not upon the shifting scenes before her, but backward through countless ages, it seemed, though scarcely a moon had passed, to that day on which the had set sail upon this endless river from the mission school at Hong Kong.

Then had come the terrible crash as the two vessels came together, the thunder of cannon and the shriek of the cries of fear mingling with the shouts of triumph.

When the junk of the victorious pirates had been swallowed up by the night, carrying with them a rich treasure of silver, the proceeds from the sale of many cargoes of old Cha Tung's silk, the wolf had gone with the rest of his pack.

Ta-Li's heart yearned during many moons for the young sea wolf, and her eyes searched the water craft as they moved incessantly on the river, but alas! he had never come! His lith, well knit frame and bronzed face she ever compared with the wizened form of old Cha Tung.

Why does the fawn come with the python? he cried. Thou art too young and fair for such a fate.

Then a shrill call hovered on the night air. The man at the helm spun his wheel quickly around. The straining ropes and creaking of blocks sounded in the maiden's ear. She would have clung to the youth for protection, but he had leaped into the surrounding gloom.

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After the highly spiced viands were set to cool among the samchus was brewed and standing in huge jugs against the arrival of the bibulous guests it was then time for Ta-Li to retire to her own room and be arrayed in the gaudy finery of a Chinese bride.

The sun was as yet high ere Ta-Li, decked in her embroidered bridal silks, her luxuriant black hair caught up haphazardly and moulded into the coiffure worn but once by a Chinese virgin—the day of her sale to her future master.

Under the mellowing influence of wine he conversed cordially with the young pirate whose wolfish clan had robbed him these many years even to the half of his immovable profits of the English account.

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On hearing the peaceful words of the dreaded pirate Cha Tung's fear left him and he beckoned the youth to his chair. Filling himself a great draught, he held it toward the stranger.

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YET THERE STOOD THE YOUTH, HEROICALLY DEFIANT TO THE LAST.

THE HEALTH MINISTRY OF THE CHURCH--THE EMMANUEL MOVEMENT

(Hamilton Times.) In St. Mark's church yesterday, the pastor, Rev. Canon Sutherland, M.A., sub-dean, preached on "The Healing Ministry of the Church--The Emmanuel Movement." He based his remarks on St. Mark xvi. 18: "They shall lay hands on the sick, and they shall recover."

present rector, Dr. Worcester, formerly professor of physiology in Lehigh University, and his curate, Dr. McComb, who has a medical degree. They do not claim to accomplish anything new; only to revive in a practical way some of the healing powers committed to the church.

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