

A CHINESE WEDDING.

“THEIR men labored, and ye have entered into their labors.” This passage was brought forcibly to my mind on the evening of the 12th Dec., when in our Chinese church in New Westminster, B. C., I saw Dr. Lin’s baby boy baptized (Gershom), and Lee Sing, one of our highly esteemed Chinese Christians, married to Martha Nong, from the Home in Victoria. Mrs. Chan, the missionary’s wife from Victoria, was present, also Gertie Tom, our energetic and successful missionary from Nanimo, and some heathen women from this city and Vancouver, to the latter of whom it was no doubt a revelation, the interest taken in their fellow countrymen by some of the leading society ladies in Westminster. A large number of Chinamen, in and about the town, watched the ceremony with most absorbed and eager faces.

Lee Sing has been a most exemplary Christian for some years; he has been a domestic in several leading families, some of whom were present at his wedding, and the reception afterward, and showed their appreciation of his worth by numerous, and in several cases, handsome presents. Out of his earnings he had saved some hundreds of dollars, with which he has bought and fitted up a neat cottage in true American style; carpets, lace curtains, pictures, etc., etc., making it look an ideal home for a newly wedded couple.

Martha appears to be truly converted, and her influence may be helpful for good among her people in this town. This Chinese marriage was interesting, not only as a prophecy of what is yet to be, but as an assurance that those who, amid many discouragements, worked on, with few to help or sympathize in their labors for the Chinese, were not laboring in vain. The work here among these people who, without any doubt, have been impelled to our shores by a Divine impulse, has a measure of encouragement. The field is most promising, the laborers, alas, are very few. A school is kept open four nights in the week, but this year a paid teacher is employed where, if we all had the true missionary spirit, there would be enough voluntary unpaid workers to supply each man with a teacher, as should be the case. The same state of affairs maintains, for the most part, throughout the Province. To my mind it is the most enduring and interesting branch of missionary work in this Dominion. China, if evangelized at all, or within a reasonable number of centuries, to say the least, must see this work accomplished through the agency of her own people. One converted, enthusiastic Chinese woman like Gertie Tom, now at Nanimo, will do more than several average white missionaries. They listen to their own people as they do not to us. Their words and experience have a weight which ours can never have.

BESSIE COOPER'S SELF-DENIAL MEETING.

MARGARET E. EVANS.

“SAY BESS!” cried Frank Cooper, bursting into the room where his sister was putting on her wraps ready to start for Band, “I say, the skating is fine and there’s a whole lot out on the pond; hurry up and get on your things and come.”

“Oh dear!” sighed Bessie, “I have to go to Mission Band.”

“Never mind to-day,” coaxed Frank, “this is the first ice of the year, and it’ll be a splendid chance to try those new skates Uncle Tom gave you Christmas.”

“I know it will. I wonder if Miss Crosby would mind very much if I didn’t go just this once. I’ll tell her that—”

“Bessie dear,” interrupted Mrs. Cooper, at the door, “here is Jennie Green called for you to go to Band; are you ready?”

“I am not going to-day, mother. Frank says the skating’s so good, and I guess they’ll get along all right for once.”

“But, my dear; you are the only one that can start the singing!”

“Oh bother!” exclaimed Bessie impatiently, “they can go without singing.”

“Wont you come out skating too, Jennie?” Bessie asked her friend a moment later, as they walked down the road together. “You can have my old skates, they will fit you, and you know I got a new pair on Christmas.”

Jennie hesitated a moment. She was thinking how the Band would get along without the ‘Field Study’ which she had undertaken to read. She mentioned this fear to her companion. “Oh, they’ll get some one else to read it, like enough,” answered Bessie unconcernedly, “will you come?”

“Well, yes, I suppose so!”

“You just wait here then, and I’ll run and fetch my other skates!”

Bessie reached the gate, but there stood stock-still. “What was she doing?” she asked herself, “not only staying away from the Band meeting herself, but getting another one to, and the membership was so small, even *two* would be greatly missed.—

Bessie’s cheeks were rather red when she ran into the house, laid the skates down and caught up the hymn-book.

“I’m going to Mission Band, mother,” she called upstairs, “perhaps there’ll be time for a little skate afterwards.”

As Jennie stood where Bessie had left her, she too, began to have a few doubts as to whether she was doing right in staying away from Band,—so when Bessie came running down the road, she cried:—

“I’m going to Mission Band, Bessie Cooper, I’m sure Miss Crosby’ll not like us staying away!”—and she started off at a run.

Bessie caught up to her just as she was entering the church door, and the two panting, breathless girls went in together, to the great joy of Miss Crosby.

Bessie was afterwards heard to remark that her ‘self-denial’ meeting, had been one of the most interesting she had attended.

Hampton, N. B.