

## 教 TO PREACHER 士

he knew it well. In fact Cheng and I had more than once called on him and urged him to give up the abominable business.

Cheng one day told me the following episode concerning her: Her morning's work had detained her—opium smokers do not rise till late in any case—and she had come to church the entire distance alone. When she arrived, she found that the meeting was already well begun and that the outer gate had been carelessly closed. Fearing to disturb the service to admit just a woman, and footsore from the long tramp, she knelt outside the gate on the ground. There she kept on her knees and worshipped as best she could for perhaps an hour. Who knows the longings that arose in her sad young heart? How could she rise to the sweet, pure life that filled Cheng's Sunday morning message?

When service was over, Cheng found her and brought her in. How our hearts ached for her! So eager to learn—but how was she to come to a knowledge of the truth? Her husband was an opium sot, her home an opium den, herself fast losing her youthful freshness through the withering in-