

that comes to me so much is, 'Every place that the sole of your foot shall tread upon shall be yours,' and I believe it." The journey inland to Fuh-ning, travelling in chairs and cramped little house-boats, must have been fatiguing in the extreme, but Elsie's letters describing it contain no complaint, though she quaintly exclaims when it is almost over: "It will be lovely really to get to our destination after four days' knocking about, and eight weeks living in boxes and bags!" With characteristic earnestness she adds, "We are just longing to get to work!"

The first year in China was spent in Fuh-ning learning the language, in which Elsie made remarkable progress, passing her first year's examination in six months, and the second examination, which qualified her for regular work as a missionary, in a little over twelve months. Speaking of her rapid grasp of the language, an experienced missionary pronounced it "a miracle," and another said: "I do not suppose any one did so much work as she did in so short a time. God just gave her the language."

As a little girl, Elsie Marshall was remarkable for her bright, sunshiny disposition, and this brightness and sunshine never left her, but proved during the added years to be the never-failing sunlight of God's love in her heart. Her home letters are fairly running over with happiness and the joy of service. A very few weeks after her arrival in China, Christmas came—that lonely season for those so far away from home. But of that first Christmas in a strange land, Elsie writes: "I had a very, very happy time; I found out that the joy of Christmas is real true joy, that does not depend on circumstances, but on Christ. The joy of exchange was very great, having given up home and

friends and all that they mean for the sake of telling the 'glad tidings of great joy which shall be to all people.' There is joy to tell the story, and there is no joy which can be compared with it. On Christmas morning there was nothing but joy left, and the first words that came into my heart were, 'Glory to the new-born King!'"

Then follows a description of her manner of spending the day—picking evergreens, helping to decorate the school, putting up texts in Chinese characters in red paper on a cotton-wool ground, etc., till "it all looked so pretty,"—a strange picture of Old England Christmastide planted in the midst of a crowded Chinese town. The Chinese Christians had a feast. "We went and were invited to sit down with them," Elsie writes. "We were presented with chopsticks and a bowl, and were invited to pick out of the general bowl in the middle. The polite thing is to take things out with your own chopsticks and feed some one else with it. This is what they did to me. Some of the things were 'rather nice,' some 'not very nasty,' the others I won't try to describe! I struggled through as many things as I could, and then I asked some one to tell me the word for 'I have had enough,' and said it most vigorously when fresh courses appeared. There were about eighteen altogether."

Just before the following Christmas, Elsie received a huge box from the Daybreak Working Party. "My heart is full to-night," she writes on December 21st, "I hardly know how to write. I feel quite overwhelmed. Now that my things have come, we are going to have a Christmas tree—the girls will be so pleased. Besides giving to the Fuh-ning girls, we are able to give dolls to twenty little girls in the village school. I