

was called to England to be dean of a great school of tropical medicine, when he received honours from medical colleges and societies the world over and a knighthood at the hands of his sovereign, those who knew him often thought of the day when he was refused appointment as a medical missionary in the little North Formosa Mission. And they wondered.

But Dr. Sinclair was not thinking of that then. He had been showing his bride the great building her father had erected, for she had arrived from England only the evening before and had not found an opportunity to see it. Together they walked on the deep, cool upper verandah and looked out over the glorious prospect of city and harbour, mountain and sea. Side by side they stood under one of its arches, her hand resting lightly in his.

"It is all so fairy-like," he said, "that even yet I can scarcely persuade myself that it is not a dream."

"It is a dream, Donald, the loveliest dream one could wish. But what is best about it is that it is a dream of delight which does not vanish with one's waking."

"To me the strangest thought of all is the way it was brought about. I left home not knowing where I was going, with only a vague idea that I might find a place to do good somewhere. I have been given an appointment beyond my fondest imaginings. What is more than all beside, I have been given you."

Behind the lattice-work which sheltered one end of the verandah from the rays of the sun and from the gaze of the inquisitive, her head rested on his shoulder, her lips were lifted to his.

"Donald," she said softly, "my story is even stranger than yours. I came to the East with little