

ways are best. If your God makes men like you, then is he the best God I know. Yes, sahib; I shall be boatkeeper here so long as I may.'

Dr. Graylie's eyes moistened as he grasped the man's hand.

'You should call your craft the "Life Boat," Kach Cha,' he suggested.

'No, sahib; the boat is already named. It is the "Ruhn-l-lah."'

'The "Ruhn-l-lah!"' Dr. Graylie's hand was resting upon Kach Cha's shoulder now, and his voice was low and thoughtful.

'Yes, that is a better name, Kach Cha,' he said. 'Assuredly it is the "Spirit of God."'

The Heroine of the Siege of Peking.

(By Rev. James Webster, in 'Women's Missionary Magazine'.)

Some may remember that, during the siege of Peking, the Chinese Christians, to the number of 2,000, found refuge within the grounds of the palace of Prince Su, a large enclosure quite near the British Legation. Their conduct during the siege was the praise of everybody. Even Ministers Plenipotentiary declared that but for their help the defence of the Legation would have been impossible. Many have heard how the ladies of the Legations gave their damask curtains and table cloths to be made into sandbags, and how the Christian refugees worked, the women cutting the curtains and sewing them up, while the men and boys filled them with sand and built them tier above tier all round the Legation walls. They were ever ready and willing, always except once, and that was the opportunity for an act of heroism on the part of a Chinese Christian woman which I now wish to relate.

The brave little Japanese contingent, under the command of Colonel Sheba, was in charge of the defences of the palace of Prince Su. Throughout the siege these defences were the most difficult to hold, and the most hotly-contested of all the defences. And there came a day when the attack was desperate, when it seemed as if the brave fellows could hold out no longer, and as if the garrison would be overthrown. It was necessary that a communication should be conveyed beyond the lines, and the conveying of it involved the danger of the messenger falling into the enemy's hands. Colonel Sheba called for volunteers from among the men, but knowing the serious risks, no one was forthcoming. The Colonel told them, that if no one was prepared to carry that message, he would not guarantee to hold the palace. Then a woman came forward, and offered to go. Attiring herself in a beggar's garb she sallied forth, basket on arm, bearing the message.

She fulfilled her mission, the message reached its destination, Colonel Sheba was able to hold out to the last, and covered himself with glory. But that Christian heroine never reached the palace again. On the way back she met a man who recognized her, and on the pretence of guiding her to the hiding-place of her husband, led her to the headquarters of the Boxers, where he received 10 taels of silver, and she was beheaded. All the world has been told of Colonel Sheba's gallant defence of the ramparts in front of the British Legation, and of the heroic part he played in warding off a general massacre. But the noble—the Christlike act of this

humble Christian is known only to comparatively few.

This is no carried story. The particulars I got from many who heard her make the brave offer and who saw her go forth, and what took place afterwards I heard in confession, on the morning of his execution, from the man who betrayed her to the Boxers. So died the heroine of the siege of Peking. She was a Christian, and, like Christ, in some small way, she gave her life a ransom for many.

Good Example to Follow.

(Helena H. Thomas, in 'Michigan Advocate'.)

'Where were your eyes, Ralph, when we met that attractive young lady? She seemed on the point of bowing to you, but you did not give her the opportunity.'

'When?'

'Just at the crossing an instant ago.'

'Well, then, I can account for my eyes,' was the laughing rejoinder, 'for if you will give a backward glance you will see an old man staggering under the weight of a burden, as well as years.'

'But what is he to you, Ralph?' queried a recent acquaintance. 'He has every appearance of being a tramp.'

'He is a perfect stranger to me,' was the rejoinder, 'but he is old and evidently poor, and so I gave him the smiling greeting that you thought due elsewhere.'

'Well, I must say that you are one of a thousand. Do you make a practice of bowing to every old codger you meet, Ralph?'

'Yes, I should seem to see the rebuking face of my dead father, were I to do otherwise.'

'What do you mean?'

'I will let you into the secret of what seems strange conduct, by telling you one incident of my boyhood, which is so burned into my memory that it is impossible for me to indifferently pass one who is poor and infirm.'

'It was a broiling hot August day, in the long ago, and tired from play, I had thrown myself upon the grass under a shade tree, and, with my hat over my eyes, was about to take a snooze when I heard:

"Can you tell me where I can find a drink, bub?"

'And looking up I saw an old man with a bag of grist upon his shoulder. He often passed that way to and from the mill, and many a time I had given him a lift when he was going my way, and had more than once proffered him a drink, unasked. But that day I forgot my training, and said, "There's a pump around the corner."

'The poor old man hobbled off and an instant later I heard the squeak of the pump-handle, and I smiled to think how dearly he would have to pay for his drink, for that was the deepest well for miles around, and it was no easy matter to draw water from it.

"Uncle Jake," as he was familiarly called, halted when he returned, with the hope, doubtless, that I would offer to lighten his burden up the hill, but I pretended to be asleep, and with a sigh, he passed on.

'I fell asleep in spite of a guilty conscience, and when I awoke there was a great commotion, and I soon learned that the deaf old man, bending under his burden, heeded not the approach of a runaway team as he climbed the hill, and that he was knocked down and instantly killed.

'Yes, he breathed his last a few moments after he left me,' continued the speaker,

with a long-drawn sigh, and I loathe myself when I think I, a robust boy, denied him the sunshine of a cheery word, as well as a cooling drink.

'That night, after father had returned from Uncle Jake's poor home, he called me to his side, and, in a tremulous tone, said:

"I saw you, my son, and God saw you when, in the heat of the day, a poor old man, carrying a heavy burden, passed by your side. I did not hear what he said, but I saw the motion of your hand, and I saw the feeble creature lay down his load and start for the pump. But I was there before him, and mine was the privilege to give him a cooling drink, and by kind words bring a smile to the face of the weary man. But my heart is heavy when I think that a son of mine could be so heartless."

'I could bear no more, and sobbing aloud I rushed off to the barn and, throwing myself on the hay, I wept as I never have since. And I then made a vow which I have never, knowingly, broken.'

'Don't say another word, Ralph,' said his listener, heartily. 'I honor you all the more for being blind to pretty faces when there are those in sight who are bending under the burden of poverty or years. There would be fewer aching hearts in the world if all acted on your principle.'

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