

about the boarding school at Tung-cho and began to long to go there, that he might get still more knowledge of Christ. Again and again he prayed that he might be sent to Tung-cho, and the prayer was answered. He went through the preparatory school and theological seminary, having decided to devote himself to preaching the "good news" to his countrymen. After a while it seemed as if the time had come for getting him a wife, as he could not easily go out to preach among the heathen unless he had a home. Goo day the house-mother said to him, "Literary Forest"—for that was the English of his name—"would you like to be betrothed?" "Just as you think best," was the reply. Her Western blood tingled to punch the young man. But she knew the Chinese way was for others to arrange such matters and ask no questions of the parties concerned; but she knew the Christian way should be at least to get their approval. So she told him of Hannah, who was the first of all the girls to unbind her feet at Tung-cho, and then of Jennie, Mrs. Li's daughter, in Peking, for whom Miss Chapin wanted a Christian husband. Everyone says, however, Hannah is just the one for him. She closes by saying: "Now, go away and pray about it. God will surely tell you whom to choose. If these are not either of them His choice He will tell us."

The next day the young man sauntered into the house-mother's room. "Have you decided?" she asked. "Yes; I want her"—so loth are the Chinese about mentioning a woman's name, for it seems to them indelicate. "I suppose you mean Hannah," she said. "No," was the answer, "the other one. Just as soon as you began telling me about the other one yesterday my heart gave a great leap, and I knew at once that she was the one. I did pray about it. I have been praying about it ever since."

It wasn't very convenient for the house-mother for the decision to come this way, but the necessary go-between was chosen, and word was sent to Jennie's mother, who reluctantly gave up the tempting offers for the one whose only qualification was that he was a Jesus man, and was soon to be a preacher. Jennie was, of course, first asked. She was told that "Literary Forest" would be sent into the country, to some villages away from other Christians, among the heathen to preach, and her position might often be one of hardship, and not a little persecution. Sweetly came the reply of the girl, "Yes, I am willing. It may sometimes be hard for the flesh, but it will surely be good for the spirit."

In due time the eight characters—two each for the year, the month, the day, and the hour of the birth—were exchanged. Soon the bracelets and hair ornaments were sent, and the betrothal was thus completed. Then the house-mother set to work making the bridal clothes—the green wadded trousers, the bright Turkey-red wadded upper garment, the nice, long, blue overgarment, prettily trimmed with satin and flowered silk braids. The marriage took place in the autumn, just at the beginning of Literary Forest's last year in the seminary. Very early in the morning Jennie was escorted in the richly embroidered bridal chair of red, accompanied by the inevitable musicians, who by their lively strains announced to all the joyousness of the occasion. Two elderly women, with the relationships all complete, received her into the bridal chamber, arrayed her in her bridal robes, and pulled out all the hair necessary to give it a square appearance, and thus prove her married.

When completed the young man came in and lifted the heavy red veil and saw his Jennie for the first time. Together they went to a large room, escorted by groomsmen and bridesmaids, all of whom were married, and there the wedding ceremony was performed, and henceforth, for better or for worse, they were man and wife.

Nearly fourteen years have elapsed since that autumn morning. The scene has changed. It is summer. At the "Western Hills," not far from Peking, our Jennie lies dying. For seven months she has been very ill. She had come in from their home, forty miles away, to the hills, hoping against hope to get rid of the malarial poison which had used up all her vitality. The house-mother, when beside her one evening, said: "It seems, Jennie, as if the Master would soon come for you now." "Yes," she said, "I've never been sick before but God has given me a hope to recover, but this time I have no hope. But God has given me peace instead." "Have you any wish about your children that you would like to speak of before you go?" A tear crept from out her eye and rolled down her pale cheek—for God had given her three beautiful children: Phoebe, whose house name was Little Happiness; Paul, called Great Grace; and the little three-year old Dorcas, whose baby name was Precious Pearl. She answered, "I can only say I trust them to God. He has led me to feel that the same God who has moved hearts to do for me so lovingly all these years, will surely move hearts to do for my children."

Jennie, in one of her sweet confidences, had told me how beautiful her husband had been to her, how kind all these years. "And now that I am so sick," she said, "not once has he ever murmured, but nursed me, oh! so gently." And who, watching this husband day after day, Chinaman though he was, could have imagined greater love, greater tenderness? How tenderly he watched for any sign of discomfort, so that he might be quick to relieve it! What was it not worth to see what Christ's love in the heart could do. He not only loved, but dared to show his love, which, to one unacquainted with our Bible and its teachings, would have seemed unmanly. Once when a dear missionary who was much by that bedside said to him, "You must be weary," he replied, "Oh, no! It's love's work, and that doesn't tire."

Two days before the end came, relieved somewhat from pain, Jennie was able to have a long talk with her husband. They prayed, and thanked God for their happy life together since they had learned that the secret of happiness was self-sacrificing love on the part of both. When we heard of this conversation, a remark of our Chinese teacher came to us: "Of all the married people in our church who live up to the duties of man and wife, these two stand first."

Jennie told her husband how at first she had prayed that God would restore her to health, not only for his sake and the children's, but that she might go back to their home in the "Level Valley" to labor for the women there a few years more. But He had said to her that such was not His will. They prayed for each child, especially renewing their desire before God that "Great Grace," their only son, might be a minister. And had they not chosen Paul as his baptismal name, hoping that something of Paul's consecration and devotion might be his? The children came. To Little Happiness she gave her Testament, to Paul her Bible, and to Precious Pearl a treasure dear to her. The three children knelt on