

For years Ruth was care taker and burden bearer, the stay of her mother's hand and heart. It was to Ruth that the brothers went with their wants and woes, and we used to wonder that her back did not bend with the burden of baby after baby which she carried about lovingly while her girl friends were having a good time.

Naturally fond of study, we never heard an impatient word when the sickness of the mother or a multiplicity of babies kept her out of school week after week. She was thankful when she could sit three hours each day in the school room just across the street and rest the tired arms and feed the hungry brain. Here she was the same unselfish, loving-hearted maiden as in the home circle, the one to pick slivers out of dirty little hands, to witch away frowns from cross little brows, to change angry voices to the accents of love.

We all rejoiced with Ruth when her mother decided to send her to the Bridgman School in Peking, fourteen miles from her Tungchow home. "Will Ruth know how to study without one baby in her arms and another beside her snatching at her book?" we asked. She soon showed she did know how to study, and though not a brilliant student, by her faithfulness and diligence she was ranked as the first scholar in her class. To know her was to love her, and she had a warm place in the hearts of both teachers and schoolmates. She could not have told you the time when she became a Christian, for the growth of her heart-life and spirit-life was just as natural a process to her simple faith as the growth of the body. For she was born in the midst of Christian surroundings, and knew little more of heathenism than you do.

It was always a happy day when Ruth came home to spend two weeks at the Chinese New Year, and for the long summer vacation. "Ruth is the sweetest of our Tungchow girls," we said one Sunday when we stood looking at the fifteen or twenty maidens who had just come back from Peking. Her face was not noticeably pretty, like that of some of her school mates, but the beautiful soul shone through it, a timid modesty tinged her cheeks with a faint blush when she spoke, and the dark eyes kindled with varying expressions.

Last January came a proud day for Ruth's friends when with sweet dignity she stood on the platform and delivered her class valedictory. With her affectionate disposition, farewells were not easy to say, and only the discipline of long years of self-control enabled her to quiet the waves of emotion which trembled in her voice and filled her eyes with tears. Had the girl graduates been able to look into the future, well might the significance of the farewells have overwhelmed her. Of the three teachers who sat that day on the platform, Miss Chapin is now in America, Miss Haven is now Mrs. Mateer, with her home in

the province of Shantung, and only Miss Sheffield remains in Peking. Of the schoolmates gathered in the chapel that day, some are numbered with "the noble company of martyrs." The chapel which was so prettily decorated in honor of the occasion is now an unsightly mass of charred ruins.

Ruth had not many weeks of rest in her Tungchow home before she started on the long journey to the scene of her martyrdom. Far away in Shansi were girls who had not enjoyed Ruth's privileges. There was no boarding school for girls in our Mission there, and could not be until some well-educated Chinese woman could be found to assist the missionaries. To find such an assistant they turned to the Bridgman School, and the call came to Ruth to leave home and kindred, to take the long journey of two or three weeks over the mountains into Shansi, and there to assume a burden which might prove a heavy weight to the young shoulders. When we heard that home-loving, timid Ruth had consented to take up this new work among strangers, we knew that the call had come to her as one from the Master whom she loved.

In the early spring days Miss Partridge came to escort Ruth to her new home in Li Man, a village eight miles from our large mission station of Tai-ku. Soon over twenty girls were gathered in the boarding school, and Miss Partridge's heart was filled with joy over the new work and the new worker. For Ruth won her scholars' hearts at once, and as teacher, friend and planner proved her rare worth. The school was close by a mountain, and Ruth often climbed it with her scholars. So passed two happy months, then storm clouds gathered. Encouraged by the Governor of the province, the Boxer society spread like wild fire. One after another of the school girls were taken to their homes by frightened parents, and soon Ruth found a refuge with the Tai-ku missionaries. There she heard of the slaughter of scores of missionaries and numberless native Christians in the capital city of Tai-yuan-fu, while from north, east, south and west came sad tidings of the wiping out of mission stations.

The Tai ku official was friendly, but he could ward off the storm only for a time. The native Christians scattered like hunted deer, many fleeing to the mountains, some seeking shelter with heathen relatives. The little band of missionaries were almost forsaken. For them there was no hiding place, but they were glad when Ruth fled with seven others to a mountain cave ten miles away. Here they concealed themselves for a time, one of the men going occasionally to some neighboring village to buy food. Then the amount of food purchased aroused suspicion and under cover of darkness the poor fugitives started back to Tai-ku. They did not dare go by the direct road through villages, lest barking dogs call attention to them, so the ten-mile journey was lengthened by detours and wanderings through grain