

How Hitty Was Met

home for some weeks and took with her enough sewing to keep her busy all the time. But when she returned to the hospital, we found her work had scarcely been touched. We soon found out the reason why. When she went home, her girl friends came to see her and asked her about the foreign hospital. She told them about the hospital and the patients, and told them, too, about the gospel, and how she had learned to read. They begged of her to teach them, and so her sewing was laid aside. And then the women came to hear and to be taught also, and the men came, as well, to listen to the new story of their Saviour. So all day long, and often long into the night, did little Cheu Shin work with her pupils.

Not long afterwards, a missionary on his tour came to the village, not knowing that Cheu Shin lived there, and was very much surprised to have the whole village turn out to welcome him. They set apart a large room for a preaching hall while he was there, and many men came, both by day and by night, to hear more of that wonderful story. And all this was the result of the work done by one poor little crippled girl, whose heart the love of Jesus had touched and who could not keep from telling the good news to others.

Hwai King Fu, Honan, China.

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"Lynnmore!" called the conductor.

The train stopped with a bump. It had done this just three times, and every time Hitty had grasped her bag and looked inquiringly at the conductor. Each time he had shaken his head, but now smiled invitingly, and said, "This is your station".

Hitty hopped off the seat and straightened her skirts, waiting in the aisle for the train to pull to a full stop. She felt quite important, for she had written to Aunt Anna that she was coming to stay three days, and she was to be met at the station. It was very nice to be met, Hitty thought, and she wondered if Aunt Anna would drive over in the pretty phaeton.

When she came down the steps with great dignity, she was surprised to see that there was no one there. Perhaps Aunt Anna had to go to the village, and would come later. Hitty

was so sure of this that she went to the side of the little building and sat down in the shade.

She saw the station master lock the door and go down the street, because that was the last train for the afternoon, and then Hitty was a little lonely.

The shadows grew longer after a while, and the lonesome frogs round the brook began the song they sing in the evening. Surely Aunt Anna meant to come!

Then she began to wonder about the letter she had written so carefully. Her mother had read it over and said that it was all perfect, and she had carried it to the post-office herself. Why—suddenly she thought that she did not remember posting the letter. Could it be that she had done such a careless thing? She felt more lonely and frightened than she dared to say even to herself.

Just as she had reached the point where the tears were very near the surface she saw a great dog running past the station. "O Shep! Shep!" she called, for she knew the old family dog, and he seemed now like the dearest friend.

Shep instantly stopped running, and wagging his tail in a friendly fashion, came across the street. Hitty ran and put both arms round his great neck. "Take me home, Shep, please take me home!" she cried.

Shep seemed to know the situation, and began to trot off down the road, looking back invitingly. Hitty followed, and as she went along, although her bag was heavy, her spirits began to rise. They had walked about a mile when the sound of wheels behind her made her turn, and there was dear Aunt Anna coming along in the phaeton. She had been to the village and was on her way home, with no thought that her niece was anywhere near. Shep began to bark joyously, and the old horse stopped.

"I am being met at the station," said Hitty, feebly, and then, just because she was so tired, she began to cry. "I have been careless again!" she sobbed.

Aunt Anna, knowing all her penitence, stepped out into the road and gathered her up in her arms, while good old Shep tried, by wagging his tail, to make all necessary explanations.—Selected