

of whom were growing despondent through long residence amid discouraging scenes. He, as others, had hoped much from the promised reforms of the young Emperor, but all in a few short days, these plans were overthrown, and the chief workers and sympathizers with the reform movement beheaded or fled into exile. The church had been first to feel the shock, because of the renewed hostility toward foreigners. Many of the old church members feared to attend the services, while the partially converted fell away altogether. Affairs were less hopeful than for years. Oh, there was much to be prayed for, but body and soul were weary, he would rest a little, then rise for further supplication. He threw himself dressed upon the bed.

An hour later he awakened suddenly with the impression of having overslept. He lay quietly, wondering how long it had been. Gradually he became conscious that he was not alone in his room. He heard the faint rustle of papers on his desk, the sound of a drawer stealthily drawn out and the accidental shuffle of bare feet on the straw matting. By intuition, he knew that the thief was moving away from the desk. Father Paul felt suddenly strong. Without a word, he sprang forward in the direction of the open window. But what did he touch? Something warm, slippery, human. His hand slipped from the object. Again he grappled, again the creature jerked lightly from his grasp and sprang through the window. Father Paul followed. The moon was rising and the old minister saw that he was pursuing the naked figure of a man. Tsui Ching it was, and his garment he had left behind him. With a few agile bounds, he cleared the courtyard and started to scramble up the wall. But Father Paul was after him. He jumped and caught the thief's foot, dodging Tsui's frantic kicks for freedom.

Father Paul clung like grim death and called lustily for help. Again and again he called, but it seemed that the whole compound was asleep never to awaken. Tsui Ching placed his hope in the natural cowardice of his countrymen, nor did he reason without cause. The servants were just appearing in trembling fashion, when Tsui gripped the top of the wall with renewed strength—gave a desperate, mighty kick backwards, which sent Father Paul to the earth, and then he was away.

Down the street he fled, past the sleeping watchmen, dodging into corners. Thus he reached his own court in the same garb that he had worn upon his entrance into the world.

His wife was still rolled up by the boy, asleep, he thought. Cursing under his breath, he hurriedly scrambled into his padded winter garments, gathered up a few belongings, tied them in a square of blue calico, then gave his wife an ungentle knock in the head. She roused and stared stupidly at him.

Clutching her by the throat and shaking her frowsy head from side to side he fairly hissed: 'I tell you I'm caught—my garment is up there at the devil's mission. To-morrow they'll be after me. I'll be put in the yamen and tortured to death. Lie about me—do you hear! Some day I'll come back for the boy. I may come back at any time—and don't let me find you with a book. Until then, look out for yourself, you worthless one—you vile disgrace to ancestors!'

With this pleasant farewell he departed. His wife fell back gasping for breath. But

even then she thought, 'Tsui is gone! Tsui is gone!' The man who had forced her to such depths of vileness and self-abasement! Her married life had been but a succession of beatings and abuse. If Tsui only spoke the truth. Now for a time at least she was free from persecution: 'Free,' she shook her head slowly from side to side, denying the possibility of it ever to herself.

Meanwhile Tsui—where was he? Lurking about the great South city gate, waiting for the break of dawn when he could get out and flee to the open country. Yes, he was there and the massive iron gates had barely swung open until he squeezed through and was off.

Three hours later, with truly Chinese procrastination, the Tingers, of mounted police, went galloping over the city in search of the thief. No trace of him could they find. Out in the open country a desperate fugitive hurried on and on. He was possessed with unreasoning terror. The awful day of his first punishment was upon him. The brand it seemed, must burn through his garments. Unwittingly he reached the railway. He reached it, walked upon it, but in his fright failed to recognize the object at which he had railed and cursed so often. Suddenly he felt the earth quake beneath his feet. An unearthly shriek pierced through the air. He looked back over his shoulder. Horrors! What gigantic monster was that pursuing him? Nearer and nearer it roared, he could almost feel its fiery breath; it hissed into his ears. He started to run,—in the agony of his fear keeping to the track. Again the monster shrieked forth its warning. Faster he went, stumbling, gasping, with arms outstretched for help.

Once more he glanced backward, his torn sandal caught in the ties and he fell, with face upturned. The engine shrieked with escaping steam. The long train creaked and rumbled. Just as well, perhaps, for it drowned Tsui Ching's death groan and the sound of crunching bone.

The thin blue garment with its peculiar sleeve bands was brought after a few days to Mrs. Tsui for identification. She was not punished, however, for her husband's misdeeds. The officials wished to hold her as one having knowledge of the criminal's whereabouts, but Father Paul recognizing her as an infrequent attendant at the mission was convinced of her innocence, and succeeded in persuading the yamen authorities to drop the affair. She repaid him a thousand fold by dropping at his feet, begging permission to attend his services and accept the 'Jesus doctrine.' She showed to him the fragments of the gospel which she had read with such difficulty and under persecution. Good Father Paul, much moved, took her case before his helpers, and Mrs. Tsui and her boy were removed to the mission property and she was given work sufficient for self-support.

Of Tsui Ching she never heard, nor did any others, for his crushed and mangled body was beyond recognition, and was thrown into a shallow grave.

For many months she waited in fearful expectations of his coming. Happily for her, the 'hai tsi' was a good child and the new order of cleanliness and contentment worked wonders with him as with his mother. Often in their new home, when the day was finished and the boy lay fast asleep upon the kang, Mrs. Tsui busied herself studying out the characters in her

beloved gospel of John. She never did so but the sound of a passing footstep would cause her heart to beat fast in terror. Involuntarily she would thrust her book into the bosom of her garment, as in the days when Tsui beat her for her study of the Jesus doctrine. But the footsteps invariably passed on and died away in the darkness and distance. She often longed for some special opportunity to prove her allegiance to Christ and this desire prepared her for a worse persecution than Tsui Ching's—it prepared her for the terrible massacre of 1900—when she with thousands of other Chinese Christians laid down their lives for the sake of the Master.

(The End.)

(For the 'Messenger'.)

### A Memorable Sacrament

The bright sun streaming through the manse window cheered the heart of the old minister. He knew crowds would attend the services. His oldest elder said that never had he seen such a large gathering at the 'sacrament' as they had had the two previous days, and Sunday, if fine, was always the climax. He had been disappointed in getting any of his brother ministers to help him, and his only assistant was a theological student. He was a strongly built athletic young man, with a fine open countenance, in which could be seen courage and determination. He was well liked by the people and was to preach the English sermon in the tent, while the pastor gave the Gaelic sermon in the church. Such was the custom in the Gaelic speaking congregations.

In their expectation of a large crowd they were not disappointed. The church and tent were filled and many could not get in at all. The student seeing this, decided to preach in the open air. The people seated themselves on the green sward in the shelter of the grove that grew near the church. In his discourse he pictured life as a voyage across a sea abounding in shoals and hidden rocks, when great care and vigilance was necessary to get safely into the desired haven. His prayer was singularly beautiful. In it he used these words, which the people practically noted and afterwards remembered: 'Grant that we may save some who are shipwrecked and thrown on our shores at our very doors.' He hesitated, did not finish the sentence and went on to a new thought.

By the afternoon a strong wind had sprung up and was increasing to a gale. The sky threatened a storm. A vessel was seen off the coast, steering as though making for the Strait of Canso, but suddenly she changed her course, in order to make some harbor before the storm became too severe. The people of N—L—, P. E. Island, watched her. It was soon clear that she was making into that harbor.

It was the fishing vessel 'Minnie May,' with eighteen men on board. Young Capt. H— was at the helm. He had never been in that harbor before. The only old sailor on board was 'Old Sol,' as he was called. He knew the harbor well. 'Keep her off,' he roared to the captain, for they could scarcely make themselves heard. 'Keep her off; when you see the sea "cobblin" up there is a sand-bar that runs out.' 'So does your tongue run out too far,' replied the captain, angrily. 'I