

THE WEDDING OF A BLIND GIRL.

A Missionary in China, in writing home, tells the story of a blind Chinese girl, named Tunchiech.

Tunchiech's father was, at one time, a successful Chinese merchant; and the family, for awhile, were in very comfortable circumstances. They were all heathen, and in their house stood the copper idols to which they prayed daily. But the father, never very strong, became ill with consumption, and could no longer attend to his business. Native physicians were summoned, but they seemed powerless to aid the sick man in any way. Matters went from bad to worse, until at last they heard of Dr. Atterbury, and resolved, as a last resource, to carry the merchant to him. So, hopeful yet doubting, the son took his dying father on his strong, young back, and carried him to the Dispensary, begging the doctor to cure him. But it was then too late. Care and kindness freely given, availed but little, and Tunchiech, and her brother and two sisters, were left fatherless.

The poor widow did not know where to turn. Had she not prayed to her gods day after day, and how had they answered her? Her husband was dead and her money gone. In her distress she turned to those who had been so kind to her, and asked for her three girls' admission to the boarding-school. They were received, and for three years were there as pupils. At different times all the girls had complained of trouble with their eyes, but Tunchiech, the oldest, was the greatest sufferer, although no one thought of possible blindness.

Two summers ago, cholera raged in Peking, and poor Tunchiech, at home for the vacation, was seized with the disease. All the Chinese medicines were used without effect—again the copper idols sat silent and deaf to the piteous entreaties of mother and daughters. Tunchiech was rapidly sinking. It seemed that every moment she must die. Then, according to the Chinese custom, kind friends prepared for her burial, a robe of bright pur-

ple cotton cloth. But God was going to use this heathen girl for His own wise plan.

Her illness came to the ears of the missionaries, and some medicine was procured for her. Soon she began to grow better, and when at last she was able to speak, she turned to her mother saying, "It was not those copper images that saved me; it was the true and living God. Mother, let us cast away these, and worship God."

The thankful mother, full of gratitude for her child's recovery, and full of doubt of the gods who were deaf in the time of trouble, consented, and carried her copper idols to those whose care had saved her child and aided her husband, and now they stand stored away like any other useless thing, in a closet.

Tunchiech regained her strength and returned to school. Her Sunday gown was her purple burial-robe, which, according to a strange Chinese custom, she wore for a year. But her severe illness had left its trace. Gradually her eyesight failed, until at length, she realized the bitter truth that she must give up her work and submit to sit in darkness all her life. This was a hard trial for her newly-learned faith to bear, but she was very patient, and after awhile she was taught to read the raised letters, so that now, at the day when the letter comes which tells us of her life, she can both read and write.

As yet only a few volumes, printed in the raised letters, have been prepared—two of the gospels and a few Christian books being the principal ones.

But there was a work and a place for Tunchiech, although her life seemed then such a useless thing.

The son of the Bible-woman in Peking, a strong, industrious young man—and an earnest Christian, confessed to his mother, that he loved the blind girl and wanted her for his wife. "We were at first shocked at the suggestion," says Miss Lowrie's interesting letter, "but he said he would rather have her without eyes, than a heathen with clearer vision." His