

derful to Dr. Dwan than the last, everything was a wonder, but what especially aroused his admiration and astonishment was the school-room where the missionaries' children—*girls* as well as boys—were at their lessons. All he saw made a deeper impression on his mind than the missionary or even he himself at the time realized.

Some days later when in conversation with one of the missionaries something like the following took place:

Dr. Dwan, looking intently at the missionary, suddenly said with deep feeling, "Do you know what people are saying about you all?"

"Yes, I think we do," returned the other, with a little laugh. "At least we know quite enough."

"Then I cannot understand how you can stay and do what you are doing with my people."

"My friend," replied the missionary, drawing his chair nearer to the other and speaking from the depths of a full heart, "It is like this, Jesus Christ left His home in heaven to suffer and die for us—for me. The love that made Him do that He has given to me and those with me. It is this LOVE that makes us do all this for your people."

"You mean then that you are just following in Jesus Christ's steps—just doing as He did?"

"Yes," came the answer quietly, "just that. Will you follow Him too?"

There was a firm and set purpose in Dr. Dwan's face as, after a moment's pause, he said gravely:

"Yes, I will, I will follow the Lord Jesus."

This man counted not the cost; he simply saw the Gleam and faced for it. Little did he dream how short and stormy the path would be that led from the Gleam to the Glory beyond.

Part II. FROM GLEAM TO GLORY.

"The Son of God goes forth to war
A kingly crown to gain;
His blood-red banner streams afar:
Who follows in His train?
Who best can drink his cup of woe,
Triumphant over pain,
Who patient bears his cross below—
He follows in His train."