

教 TO PREACHER 士

. . . and I shall meet Koh, who, though not baptized, has gone before. I am old now, teacher, I will be there waiting for you ; yes, yes, waiting for you."

There were no intruding eyes. What if I pressed his bearded cheek to my own, as in close embrace love found expression too deep for words ?

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In northern Hunan between the lake and the Yang-tse, among the people of that wide and populous plain, with the grace of God resting richly upon him, Cheng still labors on, his joy to do the Father's will.

"It is the way the Master went ;
Should not the servant tread it still ?"

