

he shrine of Jagganath, and she decided to accompany them. She was deterred in her purpose however, for a king in one of the provinces heard of her through her refusal to partake of his charity as did the other fakirs (devotees), and commanding her to his presence was impressed by what she had done for her gods. He invited her to become a member of his household; and here she lived in luxury for seven years and until she was twenty-eight years of age. So holy was she considered that the queen, twice a day, bowed before her in worship. At the expiration of this time however, having found no rest nor peace in her religion, she decided on another pilgrimage.

And then followed three years of bodily torture, self inflicted, that almost surpasses human understanding. The first thing she did was to besmear her hair, cover her body with ashes, and paint her face red and white. This done, she joined a party of fakirs—becoming one of their number. We cannot dwell at length on the many cruelties she endured at her own hands for her religion, but will mention two of the most appalling.

One was to sit on deer skins in the sun all day for the six months of the heated term and with five fires burning about her. At night she stood on one foot from sunset to sunrise. During the winter nights she sat in a pond of water up to her neck and counted her beads. All this proving unavailing to win for her favor from her gods, she grew doubtful, but was not fully denuded of her faith until she caught two priests in the deliberate acts of fraud.

Then it was while her soul was sick within her and her heart crying aloud for a God that, through one of Christ's own, the blessed truths were whispered to her. She heard—she heeded—she believed, and with a rapture which passeth understanding and with peace sublime she gave herself to her Saviour. Then think you she was satisfied to keep all of the joy of the true God closed up in her heart? Not she! Forth she started, going from door to door, from village to village, repeating again and again the blessed gospel. That was thirty years ago, but at sixty-five Chundra Lea is still the same zealous, untiring, successful laborer in the fields blessed by Divine love and approval. Her eyes are dimmed a little to worldly sights, but daily, visions of heaven bloom in her soul and she looks forward with joy sublime to the time when she will be gathered to Him whom she hath so faithfully served.

When we see the glorious results of one heathen soul redeemed, does it not make us long to give additional aid to those brave hearts, who forsaking country and friends heed Christ's command, "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature."

MRS. JOHN E. MILES.

## A TRIUMPHANT LIFE.

REV. WILLIAM M. UPCRAFT, YACHAU, CHINA.

"Teacher, teacher, Yang kway woo has passed over," the boy shouted, bursting into my room.

"What? Who?"

"Yang kway woo passed over at daylight on New Year's morning."

As the full import of the hasty message broke in upon me, I knew the little church at Yachau had lost one of its pillars.

Yang kway woo was born fifty-five years ago in the large market village of Tsaoba, ten miles from Yachau, where for the last thirty years he has had a position of influence as public vaccinator, Yachau being in this respect ahead of many other towns. When the mission was begun he was among the first visitors, coming for medical help in an eye trouble, but he made no impression on us then.

Two years passed, and a Chinese brother went to Tsaoba to work in the gospel. Yang kway woo came and took him home to lodge. In due course Yang came to Yachau and was introduced to the missionary. From this time his visits were frequent, and his zeal in learning and witnessing quite remarkable. Being fairly well off, thus having a good deal of leisure time, he made great progress and soon we began to hear from one and another of the new doctrine that Yang was preaching. In his family, too, there was a great change. Christian tracts were posted up about the house, the boys and girls were taught Christian truths, and family worship was made the rule. One morning when there were visitors in the house, and all much interested in talking of the gospel, his little son came and pulled his father's sleeve, saying, "Daddie, don't you know what time it is? We haven't had worship yet."

Many a time when he has been in the city on business, he would take opportunity to speak in the evening meetings, and it was a joy to hear the clear ring of his testimony, though it might become necessary to put an arm about him in order to help him to stop.

His oft-repeated note of praise would be couched in something like the following terms: "To think of God's great grace in sending the teachers all the way from America to tell us this good news! Oh, but it is wonderful! wonderful! My poor countrymen, they don't know! they don't know! If they knew they would never persecute this great Saviour's disciples," the utterance of a great longing for other souls.

His one standing regret was: "Ah me! Ah me! to think that I never heard this before! It has come so late, my strength is gone and my eyes are weak; I can't see and I can't walk to do the work of witnessing such