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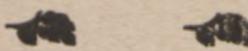
BREAD UPON THE WATERS

A MISSIONARY STORY

BY

MRS. T. B. BRANAN,
Stockbridge, Ga.





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Mrs. T. B. Branan,
STOCKBRIDGE, GA.



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DEDICATION.

TO the dear Savior first,—and to the young ladies of my acquaintance, with the prayer that this may inspire them to a higher Christian life, and to all who may read, I dedicate this humble effort.

MRS. T. B. BRANAN.



BREAD UPON THE WATERS.

A MISSIONARY STORY.

SOME years ago a beautiful and accomplished young woman, who had been reared in a home of luxury and refinement, in New York City, with a burning zeal in her heart to go and carry the glad tidings of our risen Lord to her less fortunate sisters in the heathen land of far away China, bade her loved ones farewell and went aboard a Union Pacific Railway train to San Francisco, where she took passage on the steamship Olympia, and after a forty-five days' voyage landed in Hong Kong, China,

She left two very dear friends in New York, an elderly gentleman and lady, Mr. and Mrs. Halsby, who had, through their godly lives and teachings, impressed her to this act of self-sacrifice.

Mr. and Mrs. Halsby lived alone in their

large stone mansion on Fifth Avenue. No children had ever come to bless their union. Mr. Halsby was a business man, yet he did a great deal towards the uplifting of his fellow man, as did also his dear wife, who went about among the poor, relieving their hunger and suffering, and ever telling them the sweet story of Jesus. They were members of one of the large, fashionable churches of their city, which they attended regularly; yet their wealth and high social standing did not hinder, but only enabled them to be of assistance to the poor of their city that they saw starving for the actual necessities of this life, and for the bread of eternal life.

Miss Agnes Holmes had been laboring in the missionary field three years. She wrote her friends occasionally. Mrs. Halsby read these letters with much interest, and how her great warm heart would rejoice when these messages came to her, of what Miss Agnes was doing as a missionary, and how anxious those benighted people are for the light. These letters aroused in Mrs. Halsby such an interest in behalf of the heathen, that she decided at once to abandon the idea of going to Europe for pleasure, choosing rather to go to China on a mission of love, to see, be with, and encourage their "missionary," as they lovingly called Miss Holmes.

It is now near Easter Sunday, and we find the leading character of this story down in China. It was a delightful occasion for Miss Agnes that beautiful spring morning, when she went down to the pier to meet there her friend, Mrs. Halsby, who had a lot of messages and little tokens of friendship for her from friends and loved ones at home. After a few days' recreation on Mrs. Halsby's part, she went around with Miss Agnes and assisted her all she could in her work. They also visited many places of interest, the missionary always interpreting for her visitor. Late one balmy afternoon, they went down near the water's edge to view that portion of the town on water—as thousands live in little boat-huts, arranged in streets on the water, like houses in a town. They were on their return to their boarding house, Mrs. Halsby was going to leave on the following day for her home in New York, they were talking as they walked leisurely along, of the many pitiful scenes they had witnessed, one especially which touched Mrs. Halsby's kind heart, was the way the Chinese women and girls bandage their feet, and the sufferings they endure for pride's sake, when suddenly they overtook a little girl about eight years old, hobbling along on her tiny painful feet, trying to endure the excruciating

pain without murmuring; but when she saw the ladies, she could not refrain from pouring out the anguish of her little burdened soul to them. She told how her parents and brothers ill-treated her, and how they despised her because she was a girl. She did all the drudgery for the household, and received nothing in return for her labor but unkind words and "knocks and cuffs" from her loved ones. She loved them even if they didn't love her. She had a sweet disposition, if she had only had any encouragement; yet her home folks could not see any good in her at all. She had been sent out to gather up little bits of wood for her mother to cook their evening meal with; hence this interview with the Christian ladies. Mrs. Halsby's sympathies went out to the child; they asked her name, and where she lived, and told her that they would like to see her mother. This pleased little Yalu exceedingly, for Yalu Ling is her name. She also told them that her father was a fisherman, and they were very poor, but she would be glad to show them the way to her home, and that she hoped her mother would be glad to see them. As they followed the little hobbling girl along the way to her home, Mrs. Halsby asked her if she would not like to go to America and live in a big stone house, and have

a kind mama and papa. Yalu's little black eyes beamed with a radiant joy, when she replied, "Me thinks me would, but must ask my mama." Ere this, they had reached her home, and after they had talked awhile with her mother, Mrs. Halsby related the proposal that she had previously made to the little child. So the father was sent for, and they talked the matter over, and both consented willingly, as they were only too glad to have poor little Yalu out of the way.

Chinese parents have such a disgust for girl children that oftentimes they are given no name; but this one was favored enough to be given a name. Her parents thought they had honored her quite highly in naming her for the great Yalu river.

Mrs. Halsby appreciated the gift of this precious little girl very much, though she was a typical heathen: but, by the help of God, Mrs. Halsby did not intend for her to be in darkness many more years. Her mother packed her few clothes, and gave her what little things she possessed in the way of play things, and father, mother, and brothers bade her good bye very formally, not even manifesting the least emotion on her departure. Her hungry little heart felt this bitter sting, knowing that they did not care for her leaving, though going, she knew not

where ; but oh ! how she could cling to this kind, sweet lady who had promised to be good to her.

It was almost dark when they reached the hotel. Supper soon over, little Yalu being so tired, Mrs. Halsby put her to bed. How happy the child was to-night to have a mother put her to bed—one that could say such kind, soothing words, and kiss her so affectionately, and make her feel so comfortable. This was a new experience to little Yalu, for oftentimes she had sobbed herself to sleep after being driven to bed with abuses, with not even a good night from her own mother, much less a kiss and a few kind words.

Before Mrs. Halsby retired that night, she carried this little heathen to the throne of grace and dedicated her to the Master, to be one of his servants, and promised by his help to make a bright, sparkling jewel of this little “diamond in the rough.”

Early the next morning they took passage on the great ship that was to carry them safely across the “Father of Waters.” This lady and child were a source of much wonderment to the other passengers on the boat. When they were away out on mid-ocean a fearful storm arose. The angry waves would roar and splash, and

the ship would sway and rock. Excitement reigned supreme amongst all the passengers except this lady and little girl. Yalu did not know enough about a storm at sea to be excited, and Mrs. Halsby, with the child, had retired to her berth, where on bended knees she was petitioning the great God of heaven to say to the angry waves, "Peace be still." Little Yalu did not understand those petitions from her mother, she thought she was worshiping, but as she did not see any wooden or stone images before her, she asked simply. "Were you worshiping, and what?" Mrs. Halsby replied, "My dear little heathen, I was worshiping the only real God, who is in heaven above. We can't see him, but must worship him in spirit and in truth."

The servants of the Halsby mansion were in a fever of excitement over the expected arrival of their mistress, who had been away a long time, it seemed to them; as they all loved her, for she always seemed to realize that they were flesh and blood, even though they were only servants. In a short time the coachman drove around to the carriage house and announced to the other servants that their "mistress" had arrived with "Sho nuff little Chinee from Chineeland." Great was their astonishment when they went in to greet their mistress, and found

there this little "Chinee," sure enough, with dark yellow complexion, black hair and chinkapin eyes, dressed in a short gay skirt, and a kimona of different colors, and such "awfully small" feet. They thought it nice to have such tiny feet until they saw her disadvantages in trying to walk, not to speak of the pain she suffered.

The next day after their arrival was Sunday. Mr. Halsby asked his wife what she intended doing with the little heathen until they could attend church. She replied, "I intend giving the members of our church a missionary sermon to-day in this object lesson of heathendom." Yalu expressed much joy in being allowed this privilege, yet she did not really know what attending church meant, but she knew that she would get to ride in their nice carriage behind those beautiful horses. Mrs. Halsby carried her to church in her oriental dress, with those cruel bandages on her feet, and she proved to be an object lesson indeed; as she was the center of attraction and an object of pity to that large audience, arousing them to new energies in the foreign missionary cause. On reaching home Mrs. Halsby immediately unfettered the child's feet, which was such a surprise and delight to her, that she threw her

arms around her mother's neck and showered her with kisses. It was many days before she could romp and play as our little girls do,

Mr. Halsby and Yalu were becoming really devoted to each other, the child being always glad when office hours were over, so that she and her new papa might go walking or driving over the city. Sometimes they would stop at some of his friends' places of business, and her father would have her talk with them. Mr. Halsby did not at first approve of his wife's action in bringing this child home with her, but he was beginning to think, now, that they had a little jewel in this new found treasure, as they noticed how eagerly she grasped every opportunity for information, and how under the instructions of the noble lady into whose hands she had fallen, her once narrow mind was broadening and developing each day with astonishing rapidity.

Mrs. Halsby withheld her from the public schools until she could get her better acquainted with the English language. She also had her instructed in her native tongue, by a civilized American-Chinaman. Mrs. Halsby kept this object in view—never to let her forget her native land, and loved ones at home who were living in sin and darkness. One of Yalu's little errands was to carry her father's laundry to the

Chinaman around the corner, several blocks away. She enjoyed this little duty, as he was a kind hearted man, and would listen so attentively when she would tell him of her dear parents who worshipped a real, true and loving God, how different they were from her own parents in China, how happy they seemed to be, and how happy she was to be their little girl. On one occasion he gave her some Chinese sacred lily bulbs, and related the familiar legend of them to her. She carried them home and tended them carefully, and soon they rewarded her for her kindness with a profusion of fragrant, snowy-white blossoms. On her twelfth birthday Mr. Halsby gave her a maltese cat and a spaniel puppy. The former he named Hong Kong and the latter Teinstein. Yalu, Hong Kong and Teinstein were jolly friends, and did much to enliven the once quiet home.

One Saturday afternoon, shortly after their accustomed drive, Mr. Halsby was stricken violently ill. They had the most skilled physicians in attendance, who did all they could to relieve him, but old age and a dreaded disease caused this faithful "soldier of the cross" to lay down his "arms" and step into the higher ranks. These were trying times for the devoted wife who had shared his joys and sorrows for thirty-six

years, but this chastening from her Heavenly Father only drew her nearer to him, and made her feel more and more her need of him, and as she would look upon that cold, peaceful face, she would say, "Father, thy will be done, soon I too shall pass over, where there'll be no more tears, no more farewells."

Poor Yalu's grief was pitiable to behold, as this was the first sorrow of this description she had ever experienced. She loved her father devotedly, and the thoughts of him being gone forever from them was more it seemed than she could bear. She wondered why her mother could take his death so calmly, but could not yet understand. This great sorrow was just the dawning of the bright day in this girl's life. She was so willing and anxious now for the sunlight of heaven to break in and shine forth and dispel the darkness of her broken heart. She would spend many hours in reading her Bible and praying, her mother constantly reading for her, also secretly petitioning the Savior to have mercy on the dear girl. They attended church one Sabbath and the preacher took his text from John 3:16, "For God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." He made it so plain

that Christ died for you, me, or any person of whatever character or nationality, and that if we would only repent of our sins and believe in him we should not die, but live forever, Yalu felt that he was preaching direct to her, and that the dear Savior had died solely for her sake. At the close of his sermon she hastened to the altar for prayer, where almost immediately the blessed light of heaven, for which she had been earnestly seeking, broke in and shone out, and she was made a new creature in Christ Jesus.

Mrs. Halsby and Yalu were very lonely since the death of their loved one, but in a short time they resumed their labors in the Master's vineyard, Yalu always accompanying her mother, after school hours, on these errands of love to the poor, administering to their needs, and ever telling them the sweet story of Jesus; of how he came to save a sin-cursed world from eternal damnation. They were workers in the Missionary Society. Yalu was always ready to lend a helping hand in singing, as she was a gifted singer, or anything she was called upon to do. She was nothing now to be despised, if she was once a little heathen, brought from far-away China, where their principal diet is rice, served from bowls with chop-sticks, for she was now a

young lady, almost, with an enlightened mind and a good understanding of what is meant by possessing culture and refinement. Yet she was not spiritually what she desired to be; she could see that her mother experienced a fulness of God's love, and an abiding peace at all times that she did not possess. They went down into the poor settlement of their city one Saturday morning to carry some articles of nourishing food for a sick woman, and also some shoes and clothes for her children. Before they left, she told them of a stranger that had visited her and prayed with her and had said so many kind, comforting words to her. She did not know his name, but said he was an evangelist, conducting a series of revival meetings on Ninth Street, she hoped they would attend some of his services, which they promised they would do. Several days later they went, and on entering the tabernacle they felt that the Spirit of God was there. The large audience was held spell-bound under the preaching, yet the evangelist was no great theologian, but a plain man, expounding the Bible truths with wonderful power. His text was, Matt. 5:6, "Blessed are they who do hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled."

His sermon was a soul-feast to Mrs. Halsby,

but for Yalu it only intensified her hunger for righteousness ; it made her very uncomfortable spiritually. When at the close of his sermon he gave the invitation to all those hungering and thirsting after righteousness and the indwelling of the Holy Spirit, to come to the altar for prayer, Yalu went with a consecrated heart and life, to tarry until this fulness of God's love came in and filled her hungry soul. She did not have to agonize long in prayer, for by faith she was filled to overflowing with his blessed fulness. This was indeed a happy day for her mother, for she felt sure, now, that her object in bringing this little heathen to her home, and having devoted so much time and attention to her mental, as well as spiritual training, would not be in vain. She had anticipated the things that had occurred to-day, for a long while, and had been working for this purpose.

Yalu had many friends in New York. She wielded an influence for good over all her associates. Many Christian women of New York to-day acknowledge these two women as being guides for them to a higher life, and a brighter Christian experience. Once a week the young ladies prayer meeting (instead of a card party) would meet at Halsby mansion; also the Mis-

sionary Society found it a delightful place to hold their meetings.

It was after one of their missionary meetings that Yalu's heart was so burdened for lost souls that she agonized in prayer for God to save the dear ones in sin and darkness in her native country. She received about one letter a year from her parents in China, as they did not entirely forget her, and since she had grown to be such an enlightened young lady, as they would hear through Miss Agnes, they wished very much to see her. The postman has just delivered a letter, post-marked Hong Kong, China. Mrs. Halsby breaks it and begins to read, Yalu sitting near by an interested listener. Mrs. Halsby suddenly paused. Before she could begin again, Yalu had asked seriously, "What is it mother, I hope nothing serious?" "No," replied she, "but something joyous. Your own mother has accepted Christ as her Savior through Miss Agnes' teachings, and is now an active helper to her." This was indeed glad news to Yalu, and she felt spiritually stronger, because she knew her prayers had been heard, and answered to some extent. She liked to talk of Miss Agnes' missionary labors, and how grand she thought it was for one to give their life to the Master's cause. Mrs. Halsby often

noticed of late how enthused Yalu would become when talking on this subject, but she felt that she could not let her dear old mother, who would be so lonely without her, know of this desire in her heart to go back to China and tell of this dear Savior she had found. She thought she ought to stay with and comfort her mother in her last days, and try to repay her, as best she could, for what she had done for her.

Though these were times of much prayer on Yalu's part, in trying to remove from her soul this burning impulse to go into her native land and carry the message of what the Lord had done for her, it was not because she wished to shirk from duty. But how could she leave her mother alone in her last days? Yet this thought would come to her, "Why, she has Jesus as her companion. She would not be so lonely without me." If she had only had courage to have related this matter to her mother, the burden, like a mist, would have rolled away. But in trying to withhold this cup of sorrow, as she thought it to be, from her mother, she was only adding thorns to the crown of her dear Lord.

They had not traveled or seen much of the South since Yalu had been in the United States, as she had been in school most of the time, trying to prepare herself for some purpose, she

knew not exactly what (but one thing she knew, she would not be a "lady of leisure.") One day her mother suggested that they close their home in New York for the winter, and go to Florida, which delighted Yalu. The servants also were glad to have a vacation, and as they had been so faithful, Mrs. Halsby donated each a nice sum above their wages, and they promised to meet them there in the spring when they returned.

On the first of December they left New York and traveled via Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Danville, Charlotte and Atlanta, stopping over a day or two in each city, to visit the places of most importance, when near the middle of December they reached Jacksonville. It was a decided change for Miss Yalu, as she had been accustomed to such cold winters, with sleet and snow, to reach this land of sunshine and flowers. Mrs. Halsby had spent two winters in Florida a long time ago, so the scenes were nothing new to her. As it was near Christmas, she was very busy making a lot of little presents for the little poor children at home.

One of their young lady friends insisted on Mrs. Halsby allowing Miss Yalu to go with her down to Tampa to spend a week, which request she granted, though it was the first time they

had ever been separated for any length of time in nearly twelve years. While in Tampa they attended a Bible conference that was in session. They heard many eminent divines discuss various topics. One which impressed Yalu most was a missionary discourse. Some passages of scripture which he quoted were, "Lift up your eyes, and look on the fields; for they are white already to harvest," "The harvest is truly great, but the laborers are few." Yalu thought when they left New York, that possibly she might be relieved of the great burden of her heart for her loved ones in China, but these passages made her very much more uncomfortable. She would repeat, "The harvest truly is great, but the laborers are few," and say, "Yes, I must tell mother that I can't stay with her longer—my dear, sweet mother, how can I tell her? I do trust that she'll be submissive. She was so submissive to God's will when He took father, and I'll pray that she may be when He takes me to labor in His fields that are now white to harvest." She told her friends that she must hasten back to Jacksonville, as her mother needed her assistance in packing some Christmas presents she intended sending to New York. Along with the large box of goods, went several crates of oranges for the poor children of their

acquaintance, with Christmas greetings from these two dear friends in Florida.

On Christmas eve, Yalu went to her mother and put her arms her neck, and said, "Mother, I have something I must tell you. I have borne the barden as long as I can, and do hope you'll bear it as best you can. It was for your dear sake that I have withheld from you what I can no longer keep."

"Why, speak on, my dear girl, what has been troubling you so much?"

"I am going back to China. mother, to be a missionary." To Yalu's great delight her only answer was:

"Glory to Jesus! This is such glad news. I am so thankful to have lived to see this blessed day; this is the full realization of my purpose in bringing you here, and as for me, don't hesitate one moment, but go and do the Master's bidding. My time in this world is far spent—my pilgrimage is nearly ended, and how sweet 'twill be to leave you in His service, a laborer in His vineyard."

"And how sweet 'twill be for me to go when the
Master calls,

If my work is well done.

How sweet to rest when the day is past,

If that rest has been fairly won.

How sweet to stand on the river's brink,
So close to the other side,
That you see the loved ones who are coming
down
To cross with you the tide."

The Halsby mansion is open again, much to the surprise of the servants, who were notified to be on duty one month before their vacation ended. The news of Miss Yalu's decision to be a missionary spread rapidly among their many friends. Some of her most intimate friends were not surprised to know of her intentions, as they had often heard her relate her impressions.

These were busy times with Mrs. Halsby and Yalu, as there were a great many little necessary preparations to be made before her departure. They also made a lot of calls and received many, who came to see Yalu and give their words of encouragement in this noble undertaking. Twelve years in America, and the religion of the Lord Jesus Christ had made a truly wonderful change in this once little heathen girl, who had now grown into womanhood of the purest, sweetest type. Yalu would say to her friends, "How different will be my journey back to China, compared to the one coming here. At that time I did not know there was a real, true and living God. When away out on the ocean,

when the storm arose, mother was imploring the great God of heaven to calm the sea. When in answer to my inquiry as to what she was worshipping, she told me of the true God whom now I understand 'we must worship in spirit and in truth.' Oh, how happy I am to know what a wealth of jewels I can carry back! 'The pearl of greatest price.' How anxious I am to go to carry this news home, of how the poorest, even a little benighted soul that didn't know of the source from which these treasures are come, can become abundantly rich." But, turning to her mother, she said, "How can I repay you, mother, for what you have done, and are doing for me?"

"By doing what you are now anticipating. Just continue to tell the simple sweet story of Jesus who came into the world to save all who would repent of their sins and believe in him. Always endeavor to impress this important fact upon their minds, that mere formality is not religion, but that they must be 'doers of the Word and not hearers only,' though I trust you will not see so much of American formality down in China. And another thing I want to remind you of, don't be troubling about how you are to repay me for my kindness. Consider that as no more than my duty as a Christian, but keep *this*

ever in view, 'how am I, and what must I do, to recompense the dear Savior for what he has done for me?' 'I beseech you, therefore, that you present your body a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto the Lord, which is your reasonable service.'

"Then gird thine armor on,
Nor faint then by the way,
Till Hong Kong, with all China's sons,
Shall own the great Messiah's sway.

Salvation, oh, salvation !
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nations
Have learned the Savior's name.

What if to heathen lands
The word of life we bear,
In that high work of sacrifice,
Still woman hath her share.

"Your profession is a grand and noble calling, my dear Yalu, and I will pray the dear Father to ever encourage and sustain you, and grant you many souls for your hire as you labor in his fields."

After exchanging many expressions of love, these two ladies, mother and daughter of different nations, said "good-bye," never again to meet in this world. Neither of them cherished the hope of meeting again in this world, yet

both felt the "blessed assurance" that by and by they would meet where there'll be no good-byes.

About twelve years ago Miss Agnes Holmes, a missionary in China, went down to the pier in Hong Kong, to meet an elderly lady who had come from New York on a mission of love and to pay her a short visit, but on this occasion she met a native of heathendom—a fair young lady, gifted with mental talents, and, last but not least by any means, possessed of a "pure and undefiled religion," and the power of the Holy Ghost, which enabled her to be willing to leave our enlightened land of North America, and go to the benighted land of her early but miserable childhood, and be one of Christ's witnesses. She had received the wonderful gift of God's love we read of in Acts 1:8.

The arrival of Miss Yalu Ling Halsby in China was a source of great comfort to Miss Holmes for now she had a companion and helpmeet, which she had wished for these many years.

But an old lady in the city of New York sat in her drawing-room this bright spring morning, thinking over her past life, and of the many blessings she had received, also some of the trials she had undergone. This morning, in

her loneliness, she thought of her dead husband who had some years ago "crossed over the river," and of the dear girl who had recently gone away to China. She was humble and submissive to God's will in all things, yet since Yalu left she felt that her useful days in this world were past on account of old age and a very feeble body, and she now longed to be with her loved ones. She would say, "How long, Father, till I, too, shall come?"

Weeks and months went by; she heard from the "missionaries" occasionally. Yalu wrote that her Chinese mother was kind and affectionate now, and so different since she was converted, and that she had asked God to bless the dear American woman and her child, who, though so far away, yet seemed so near, and she loved them so much. And now she had her dear child back with her—such an enlightened woman! How could she ever thank her enough for what she had done for them.

As Mrs. Halsby would read these letters of how these two women, besides many others, were blest through her instrumentality, she thought of the directions for charity, "Cast thy bread upon the waters: for thou shalt find it after many days." It had been many days indeed, since she had first begun to observe these

directions, yet many a wholesome loaf had drifted back to her. Old age and feebleness had caused her to take on lighter duties. She could not go around now administering to the poor, yet her doors were open to them, and they did not hesitate in going to her in their troubles.

On the 21st of October this noble lady answered the Master's call. Her funeral occurred at the large church of which she was a member. The church was packed with the fashionable audience, her servants being allowed a pew as true mourners, and outside an immense crowd stood awaiting an opportunity to view the remains of their beloved friend. They showed no eagerness to hear what the D. D. had to say of her and her life, for they very well knew that, he could not pay her any higher tribute than they could. The floral offerings that covered the casket were extremely beautiful, but one especially must be mentioned; it was a very large heart, the outer edge formed of big snowy white chrysanthemums, with the inscription in the center, "From the Poor," interwoven in smaller white flowers. This was borne in and placed on the casket by two small girls in their simple, unpretentious way, after which they im-

mediately withdrew from the church to join the procession outside. Many were the pitiful scenes after the audience inside had viewed the remains, when the throng from the streets were allowed to pass in by the bier and cast a farewell glance at that dear familiar face.

Her will was left in the hands of one of the stewards in her church, a devout Christian and a close friend to the family. One half of her wealth she bequeathed to be equally divided between two worthy charitable institutions of New York city, the remaining half to go to the missionaries in China—Agnes Holmes and Yalu Ling Halsby.

The following clipping from the *New York Times*, was sent them by one of their friends:

“Within the last week the body of one has been laid in her native earth, whose lovely presence will long be missed in New York. Mrs. Eunice Louise Halsby went out from among us in the balmy October days, and the places which have known her so long and so pleasantly, will know her, save in memory, no more forever. She was a gentle Christian woman. I have never yet found words rich enough to tell all that such a woman is—my pen lingers long and lovingly upon her name. I would fain say something of her who now lies beyond the need

of all human praise, that would make her example more beautiful and enduring to the living, for she excelled in profound intellectual development, resulting from wide culture and large opportunities. Are we in no danger of losing sight of those graces of spirit which have exalted her, and must remain to the end the supreme charm of woman? There is nothing in all the universe so sweet as a Christian woman. As she who has received into her heart, till it shines forth in her character and life, the love of a divine Master, such a woman was Mrs. Halsby in this gay city."

The hearts of the missionaries were very sorely grieved on receipt of this sad news, yet through her tears Yalu triumphantly exclaimed, "Glory to Jesus! When we meet again we will be of one nationality."

FINIS.



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