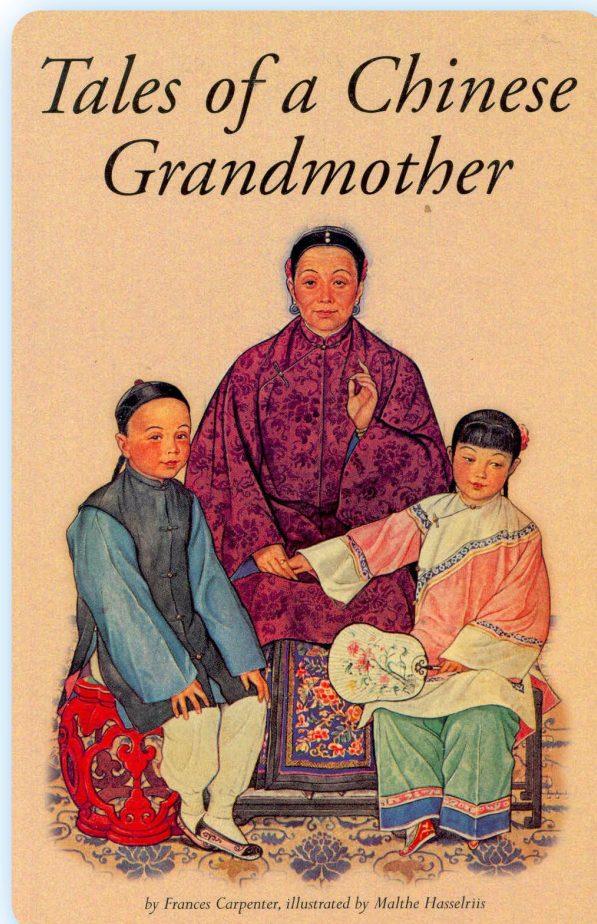


The Story Of The Red Shoes

The Betrothal Of Young Seng With Maiden Yen Chun

-The Enchanted Parrot Carrying the Yen Chun Maiden Red Shoe to the Young Seng from the Book “Tales of a Chinese Grandmother”-





*Con mis Infinitos Agradecimientos respetuosamente de todo Corazón a Nuestra
Apreciada y Querida Hermana del Alma de Nuestra Querida Comunidad por
haberse Ofrecido en forma Completamente Voluntaria y Espontánea para
Realizar la Traducción del Español al Inglés de mi Trabajo “La Historia de los
Zapatos Rojos”.*

Between yesterday, December 28th and today, December 29th, I have been reading a very interesting story of Traditional Stories from Ancient China, where it is narrated about "the Festival of Ascension to High Places", "the Ninth Day of the Ninth Moon", "the Day in the Hills in the neighbourhood of their city", "... the Day of Climbing to High Places...", the Story of the Maiden "Yen Chun" "Daughter of a Mandarin", of the Young "Seng", of the Magic Parrot, of the Maiden's Red Shoes, and their Happy Wedding at the end of the Story.

I have found this story called: "SIMPLE SENG AND THE PARROT", in a search related to the "red shoes" mystery, because in this December 28th early morning, the "Day of the Saint Innocents", in my Astral Body I was shod by a Noble and Distinguished Maiden with a pair of new and beautiful "Red Shoes"...

With a very Young profile, youthfully dressed, I was walking through the high green hills of a very beautiful, spring-like place, where there was a neighbourhood of a small town or village located at the top of those hills....

I entered a large, well-lit room, very clean and tidy, with very ample spaces, and an atmosphere of great Peace and Serenity... While I was walking around looking for something, a very beautiful and distinguished Young woman came up to me, took me to a shelf and handed me a pair of New Red Shoes.

She told me to put them on my feet. I saw myself wearing my Red Shoes... then a very Beautiful Young Maiden approached and shod me the shoes, which this time were of a Golden Color...

More than 4 years ago I had another experience with the Red Shoes:

Wednesday, August 31, 2016.

I arrived accompanied by my beloved wife GLORIA MARIA and with an old lady here to Our Home. I saw that seated and leaning on a Column was a Young man who looked like an Arab, Hindu or Chinese. The Young Man had a very serene countenance and was silent. He began to speak with Strength and Energy and at the same time he took out his Sword which was very long, thick and shiny.

He then stood up and became invisible, only his shoes could be seen, that were of a red color.

The Elder lady approached him with a Rod of Reed that she held in her right hand, and she touched the invisible body with the tip of the Rod telling him to reappear. In those same instants, I walked towards the place where the red shoes of the invisible Young Man were.

The "Red Shoes" represent the Royalty of the King, "The King Flower" ..., The Mystical Rose of the Great Work, and an announcement of the future Mystical Marriage with my Spiritual Beloved.

This Investiture with “Red Shoes”, Regal, Spiritual, Real, Esoteric, is the Sacred Counterpart of the Words: “Take off the Shoes of your feet...”

In the occult language of the Torah, “The Feet”, and therefore “The Shoes” symbolise the Beloved Wife, both in the Physical as well as in the Spiritual part. The golden Shoes represent the Intimate, Interior Christ, Crucified on his Cross, with His Crown of Precious Stones, His Royal Red Robe, and His Golden Shoes, everything symbolic to the Philosopher’s Stone. These are Announcements for a Future, with the Help and Mercy of God Al-Láh of the Processes of the Living, Risen Christ, in this “Poor Musician” (as well as this poor and “Simple Seng”), in The Edenic Nuptials with my Spiritual Maiden, on The Third Mountain.

The legend of the poor musician and Divine Mercy.

Do you know this legend has been told for over 400 years!? It features a golden slipper.

There is a legend connected to the painting of Christ on the cross (1605) by Kasper Kurcz hanging in the Romanesque Church of the Holy Saviour in Kraków’s Zwierzyniec. It portrays Jesus in a long, red tunic and golden shoes, of which one is dropping towards a poor fiddler playing at the foot of the cross. The painting replaced the old Romanesque crucifix, which was rumoured to be a gift sent from Moravia to the first Christian prince of Poland. The crucifix, presenting Christ naked, received the royal tunic, a crown studded with diamonds, and golden shoes to add to its reverence.

There was a poor fiddler who came frequently to praise the Lord with his music at the foot of the crucifix. God, seeing the poverty in the home of the pious musician, decided to help by removing one of the precious shoes from the figure of Christ, and casting it to the feet of the fiddler. Afraid that someone may accuse him of stealing, the boy asked God to place the shoe back on Christ’s foot. The next time the fiddler turned up by the crucifix, he saw a crowd of people. When he began to play, the golden shoe slipped off Christ’s foot again and fell at his feet. This time, nobody could doubt the honesty of the musician. The crucifix was moved to Italy in the 17th century and was replaced by a painting showing Christ and the fiddler, which to this day reminds us of divine grace, mercy, and generosity.

There are words and phrases that identify some of the sources of the beautiful and marvellous story of the “SIMPLE SENG AND THE PARROT” with the “CHUNG YEUNG” festival, celebrated since ancient times in the Ancient China:

The name of the Maiden “Yen Chun” (“Flower of Spring”) is similar, but in another order of letters, to the name of the “Chung Yeung” festival (“Double Ninth Festival”) also called “The Festival of High Places” celebrated on the “ninth day of the ninth lunar month...” a festival that has similarities with the “Ching Ming Festival” in the Spring.

The Young “Simple Seng”, who aspired to marry the beautiful maiden “Yen Chun”, had an imperfection in one of his hands, for on his left hand he had six fingers. Since the Beautiful Maiden, Daughter of the Rich Mandarin, did not wish to marry a man who had six fingers, then the Young “Seng” removed his sixth finger with a knife so that he could aspire to pretend the Beautiful and Charming Maiden.

This procedure of the Young “Seng” is symbolic and has similarities with the ancient tradition of the People of Israel, of the Circumcision...that represent “The New Alliance Pact”, the Real Chastity Pact, The White Tantrism Practice, the White Sexual Magic.

The parrot (like the Enchanted and Magical Parrot of the Young Seng that also accompanied the Maiden “Yen Chun”) had a very Sacred meanings and traditions in Ancient China:

“A parrot is often associated with the deity “Guanyin”, “the word parrot could also mean a young girl”

The “death” of the parrot and its resurrection due to the incorporation inside of the Spirit of Young Seng, who was in a state of catalepsy caused by the pain of the initial rejections of the Maiden “Yen Chun”, and the subsequent return of the Spirit of “Seng” inside the young man who was lying as if he had been dead, to be married later, already resurrected, with the Beautiful Maiden Daughter of the Rich Mandarin, allude to the Processes of the Resurrection of the Inner Christ, and His Glorification.

The return of the Spirit of the Young “Seng” to his body, thanks to the Spells and Magic invocations of the Village Priest, waving his Rod in which “The Wheel of Prayer” was spinning, and the appearance, later on, of the Enchanted Parrot bringing one of the Red Shoes of the Beautiful Maiden “Yen Chun”, has similarity with the young man who “rose up and became invisible”, to whom “only his red shoes could be seen”, and with “The Elderly lady” who approached him with a Rod of Reed that she had in her right hand, while touching with the tip of the Rod his invisible body, telling him to reappear...”,

moments in which “I walked towards the place where the red shoes of the Invisible Young Man were.”

11 years ago, on September 10, 2009, my Divine Mother Kundalini, delivered to me Two Red Doves.

“In Alchemy is always spoken of the TWO DOVES OF DIANA.”

“It is said that ‘she always receives the embraces of Venus’, and this is something of great value...”

“Very notorious is that after the Seven Days of Purification, Mary and Joseph present the Child in the Temple, carrying- as a present- two doves or two doves’ squabs. (alchemical symbol, extraordinary, marvellous)". (*Venerable Master Samael Aun Weor*).

“You all see, and I emphasise this point again, that Joseph and Mary present the Child in the Temple and on the Seven Days of purification bearing, I repeat, as a present, two doves”.

“Because that child, in itself, is the Philosopher’s Stone; that is obvious”.

"As for Joseph and Mary, they represent the Father who is in secret, and the Divine Mother Kundalini..." (*V.M. Samael Aun Weor*).

“Those who think that the Philosopher’s Stone can be elaborated with only one Mercury, contradict the Christic Gospel, because it was not one dove that Joseph and Mary presented when they took the Child to the Temple, but two, and on the Seven Days of Purification.”

“Let us consider that God made the world in six days, and on the seventh day He rested and blessed it...”

“If HE “laid down” Six Days or periods, we shall have to “Lay down” as many; and if HE rested on the seventh, we also have to rest on the seventh (the SEVENTH DAY OF PURIFICATION).”

“The eighth it’s always the Resurrection, and this must be understood...” (*V.M. Samael Aun Weor*”).

The two doves represent the Final Purifications at the end of The Second Mountain, that is, on THE SEVENTH DAY OF PURIFICATION, before the Esoteric Resurrection of the INTIMATE, INNER CHRIST, which takes place on the EIGHT DAY.

Asunción, Paraguay, September 10, 2009.

In my astral body I saw myself inside a house. The house was Old and with wide corridors. Everything was clean and tidy. In a small room I was accompanied by several gentlemen. I began to feel that my death was close...

I knelt down with my arms stretched out in the form of a cross and a little elevated to Heaven, I prayed to my Father who is in The Heavens and said to Him:

“Father of Mine, may Your Holy Will be done and not mine! Into Your hands I commend my Spirit!”

One of the ladies who was the main one among them stood in front of me and said to the other ladies:

“Yes, he is already beginning to feel the processes of agony, of death! We must help him!”

The ladies approached me and while they accompanied me, they assisted me in the processes of agony.

Then my body remained dead...I saw a doctor coming to check me...I saw afterwards many flowers that had been brought for my burial...

Then I saw myself walking through the city and arrived at a place where the doctor who had examined my dead body was waiting for me, he showed me the analysis he had done in which he diagnosed that it had been due to several viruses and diseases...

Then the doctor took me to another place where there was an electronic incinerator device...I saw that the doctor placed inside the electronic incinerator the viruses and diseases that had caused my death, and disintegrated them, incinerating them completely in those very moments...I was totally and completely free of the viruses and diseases that had caused my death...I felt clean, pure, completely cured...

Afterwards, I saw myself walking through the same city accompanied by my Beloved Wife Gloria Maria and we arrived at the entrance of an old colonial house...

A very young lady, dressed in red, and who was in front of the house waiting for us, said to us:

“I have two red doves and I’m going to give them to you!”

And she invited us to enter the house. The lady came in and we followed her. The house was very tidy, clean, lit up entirely and with the doors and windows open.

We went into a small room a little further inside and the lady handed us the two beautiful white pigeon squabs, each one inside a little red cardboard box, vertically elongated with a small window in the upper part, through which the beautiful white doves looked at us...

The lady told us that these were the first pigeons that she was delivering, and that she was giving them to us, because the total number of pigeons she was giving was twenty, and that she was going to give the others to other people later...

When we received the white pigeons we saw that they were very beautiful and looked at us tenderly with their little eyes...I caressed them very gently with tenderness and delicacy, at the same time I said to them:

“Don’t worry, be very calm that we love you and we’re going to look after you a lot!”

The two little white pigeons felt very happy and placidly sat down in the cushion, very close to each other with movements and signs of feeling joyful, full, protected, and secure...

Once they had settled very well on the cushion, very close to each other, they both raised their little red paws crossing each other and formed two beautiful little ruby-colored hearts, which throbbed, widening, and shrinking, as they gave off little flashes of ruby-colored light...

The two white doves represent the Esoteric Processes of the Inner, Intimate Christ Resurrection, at the end of the Second Mountain.

The ruby color is the PHILOSOPHER'S STONE COLOR, which is THE INNER AND INTIMATE CHRIST, RESURRECTED.

Kaifeng City in China is closely associated with the celebration of the “Chung Yeung” festival.

“On this day, Kaifeng is full of chrysanthemums...”

“Chung Yeung 2020 - *the Ninth Double Festival*... the daily life of the people and the landscape of the capital, Bianjing (actual Kaifeng) during the Northern ‘Song’ (Dynasty).

“In the Northern ‘Song Dynasty’ Jingshi Kaifeng, the Chongyang Chrysanthemum is very popular, there are many kinds of chrysanthemums at that time. After the Qing Dynasty, the tradition of enjoying the chrysanthemum was particularly prosperous, and it wasn’t limited only to September 9, but was still the most prosperous before and after the Double Ninth Festival”.

“Traditions of Chung Yeung”

“The festival of Chung Yeung commemorates a legend from the Han Dynasty (BC 202- AD-220) which states that a soothsayer advised the Moon King to take his family to a high place for the entire ninth day of the ninth moon”.

“When the King and his family returned home, they found all the townspeople who hadn’t gone to a high place had died”

“It is now considered good luck to travel to a high place on the ninth day of the ninth moon, the Chung Yeung festival.”

“A traditional custom on this day is to fly kites...”

In this year of 2020, the “Chung Yeung Festival” was celebrated on Sunday, October 25, and Monday, October 26, on our birthday dates and on the dates when the Beautiful and Cute Hummingbird Babies were born, in the Nest that their wonderful little Hummingbird Mother built in our flowering Jasmine Tree branches...

In Bianjing, (now Kaifeng), a city in China’s Henan province, located on the Yellow Riverbanks, Jews have been settled since ancient times.

During the ‘Song Dynasty’ Kaifeng was known as Dongjing or Bianjing.

“Three steles with inscriptions were found at Kaifeng. The oldest one dates from 1163 and commemorates the construction of a synagogue in 1163 (which bears the name 清真寺, QīngZhēn Sì, a term often used for mosques in China). The texts says that Jews came to China from India during the Han Dynasty (between the 2nd century BC and the 2nd century AD). It mentions the names of 70 jews with Chinese surnames, describes the audience they had with a certain emperor ‘Song’ whose name is not mentioned, and lists the transmission of their religion since Abraham to the prophet Ezras. The second tablet, found in the ‘XuanZhang Daojing Si’ synagogue and dated in 1512, details their Jewish religious practices. The third, dated 1663, commemorates the rebuilding of the ‘QīngZhēn Sì’ synagogue and repeats information that appears on the other two steles.”

In ancient Hebrew Rabbis stories, it is narrated that some of them, in the beginning were considered “simple”, but once they studied and learned the Holy Torah, they ceased being “simple” to become “Sages”, as well as the young “Seng” who in the end stopped being called “Simple Seng” to be called “Seng the Sage”.

During these Two Days of December 28th and 29th, 2020, we have had and continued to enjoy a Great Feast of Songs of our Holy Birds (Thrushes, Ringdoves, Messenger Pigeons, Hummingbirds, Parrots, Tile Birds, Nightingales, Siriries, Cardinals, San Franciscos, Turtledoves, Piritas, and other Holy Birds, the Songs of our Sacred Little Sisters Cicadas, the Joyful dances and approaches of the Sacred Kuintru or butterflies and Dragonflies, of the joyful Little Golden Bee Sisters and the Cute Little Angelic Bees...

We love all Beings, all Humanity.
Every Human Being is also the Humanity.

I finished writing this study with the help of GOD AL-LAH During the 29th
and 30th of December 2020.

“May all Beings be Happy!”
“May all Beings be Blissful!”
“May all Beings be at Peace!”

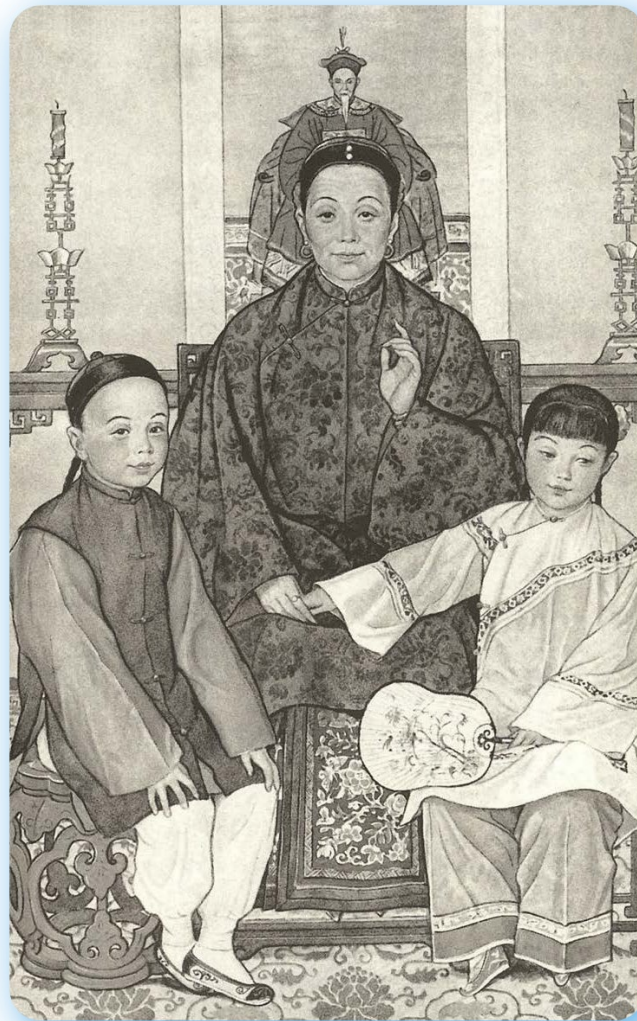
With all my Heart, for all Poor Suffering Humanity

Luis Bernardo Palacio Acosta Bodhisattva of V.M. Thoth-Moisés.

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SIMPLE SENG AND THE PARROT” (From the Book: “30 Traditional Tales from China” “TALES OF A CHINESE GRANDMOTHER” “Frances Carpenter”).



AH SHUNG! Ah Shung! Where are you, Bear Boy?" the Old Old One called to her grandson, as if he were out in the courtyard rather than in her own room. The boy was sitting on a low stool, gazing out of the open door at the white

clouds that floated across the clear autumn sky. There was an absent look in his eyes, as if his thoughts were upon something far, far away.

"Excuse me, please, Lao Lao," he said with a start. "I was just thinking of our picnic for the Festival of Climbing High Places."

Ah Shung was looking ahead to the Ninth Day of the Ninth Moon when the Lings, like their neighbours, always spent the day in the hills in the neighbourhood of their city. "And I suppose your spirit was already out on the mountainside above our family grave mounds," the old woman said, smiling down at the boy. The Lings believed that their souls often left their bodies. Each night when they slept and when dreams filled their minds, they thought they actually made voyages to far places and even to the Heavenly Kingdom itself.

Grandmother Ling would not permit the nurses to move any of the children after they had fallen asleep, for she feared that their spirits might not be able to find their bodies again if they were not just where they had left them.

"It is not well for our souls to stay too long away," the Old Old One said thoughtfully, "but, at the same time, good often comes of the journeys they make. That was so with Simple Seng.

Have I told you about him?"

"No, Lao Lao, we do not know that story," Yu Lang replied.

"Well, it is a strange tale, and I will tell it to you now, so that Ah Shung shall not long too much for the hills. In ancient times there lived a young man who was both well schooled and well mannered. It was only because he believed everything that was told him and because he took jesting words so seriously that his friends often nicknamed him 'Simple Seng.' He was timid and shy, especially when womenfolk were about, and when his girl cousins spoke to him he would blush fiery red.

"Now, in the same city where Seng lived, there was a rich mandarin who had a daughter, Yen Chun, who was known far and wide for her beauty and cleverness. But she was known also as being very particular. She was quite old enough to be married, but her parents could not seem to find a husband that pleased her.

"Simple Seng was the subject of many a joke among the young men at the city teahouses. They found pleasure in the serious manner with which he received every word of advice, no matter how absurd it might be. One day, as they were

discussing the beauty of the mandarin's daughter, they said to Seng, 'It is time you were married, good brother. Why do you not ask for the hand of lovely Yen Chun?' And they laughed among themselves at the thought of how that clever maid would receive a proposal from such a simple fellow as Seng.

"As usual, the young man took their words as if they had been spoken in earnest. He persuaded his father to send a go-between to ask for Yen Chun as his bride. But Seng was not rich and for this reason the mandarin quickly refused his request. Just as the go-between was leaving the guest hall he came upon the mandarin's daughter herself.

"Flower of Spring,' he said, bowing low, 'my errand inside your gate was to ask your hand in marriage for the excellent young man, Seng, of whom you may have heard. He is a good youth. He knows well the sayings of the ancient scholars. He is handsome to look upon, his only blemish being a sixth finger on his left hand.'

"Now Yen Chun had heard of Seng. She knew he was shy and she did not think he would please her. So she dismissed the go-between with a jesting reply, 'Tell Seng,' she said, 'that I could never wed a man with six fingers.'

"The go-between repeated the maiden's words to Simple Seng, who at once called for a knife and chopped off his sixth finger.

When the wound had healed nicely, he sent the man back again to the mandarin's house.

"Again Yen Chun made an excuse to the go-between. 'Tell Seng,' she said now, 'that I could never marry a man who took a joke so seriously.'

"This time the poor youth understood that she had been making fun of him, and he comforted himself by thinking that she would probably not have made him a good wife at all. But it happened then, as now, that on the Ninth Day of the Ninth Moon each family went forth to picnic on the hills and to tidy their grave mounds. In the crowds on the highway Seng and his brothers caught a glimpse of the lovely maiden, Yen Chun. So great was her beauty that the youth fell more deeply in love with her than ever.

"While the other young men were exclaiming about her raven-black hair and her skin fair as a flower, Seng said not a word. He gazed spellbound at her graceful figure that swayed like a young bamboo as she walked over the fields. He grew more and more thoughtful, and into his eyes there came a faraway look such as yours had just now, Ah Shung. When the day was ended, he had fallen

into such a deep trance that his brothers had to take him home and put him to bed.

"For many days Simple Seng lay lost in slumber. He did not open his eyes. He seemed to hear nothing. When his mother tried to rouse him for his meals he would murmur, 'Pray go away. I am with the lovely Yen Chun.' For it seemed to him that, instead of returning home on the Day of Climbing High Places, he had followed Yen Chun. With her he had entered the mandarin's gate and had been received in her apartment.

"Indeed, so it seemed also to Yen Chun, my little ones. Each night dreams came to the maiden, and in them she met a handsome young man with a serious face who told her his name was Seng. But she said nothing to anyone, for it was not seemly for a young maiden like her to think so much about a young man.

"As the days went on and Seng did not rouse himself from his sleep his parents grew worried. 'Our son's life is in danger,' his mother said to his father. 'His soul drifts halfway between the earth and the heavens. We must send for a priest to call it back to his body.'

"From the name of the maiden, which the young man kept muttering his father knew where Seng's spirit might be, and he asked the mandarin for permission to send the priests into his courts to call it forth. 'How can your son's spirit be inside our wall?' the mandarin said. 'We do not have the pleasure of the young gentleman's acquaintance. We have not even seen him.'

You see, my dear ones, he knew nothing of the meetings of Yen Chun and Simple Seng in the world of dreams.

"But the mandarin gave his permission, and the priest wrote out his prayers and placed them inside a round metal box which was set on the end of a stick like a wheel on its axle. He twirled the prayer wheel around and around. It made a clattering noise which the gods could not fail to notice, and as it spun the priest called the name of the youth again and again. Yen Chun who had heard of the priest's coming, had no doubt but that the young man for whom his prayer wheel was turning was the one she had been meeting in the land of dreams, and her heart was moved.

"At the priest's call, the spirit of Seng returned to his body. He awoke. He rose from his bed and went on about his duties and pleasures. But he took little interest in anything save his thoughts of Yen Chun. His only wish was to see the fair maiden again.

"The youth finally bribed the mandarin's gateman to tell him when Yen Chun would go abroad in the city, and one day when she was on her way to pray in the temple he stood by the highway to see her pass. Through the peephole in the side of her sedan chair the young maiden's eyes fell upon him, and she even dared to lift the corner of its curtain the better to see him. When she found that this handsome youth was the Seng of her dreams, her heart beat with joy.

"Again and again Seng tried to send his spirit to visit Yen Chun as before. But the dreams did not come. Then one day, as he lay on his couch thinking of her, his small brother brought into his room the body of a parrot which had only just died. At once the young man thought to himself, 'If my spirit could enter the body of this bird, how easily I could fly to the court of Yen Chun.'

"And, quick as the thought had flashed through his mind, he fell back on his bed and the parrot moved its wings. The bird rose from the floor and flew out of the window. Straight as the string of a kite borne on a strong wind, my children, that parrot flew to the window of the lovely Yen Chun. It lit on her wrist and caressed her hand with its beak. The girl was delighted with the tame bird, and she was about to fasten a little chain round its leg when it began to speak.

"'There is no need to chain me, Spring Flower,' said the parrot. 'I am Seng, whose only wish is to stay here with you. It was I who sent the go-between to ask you to marry me. It was I who stood by the roadside to see your chair pass.'

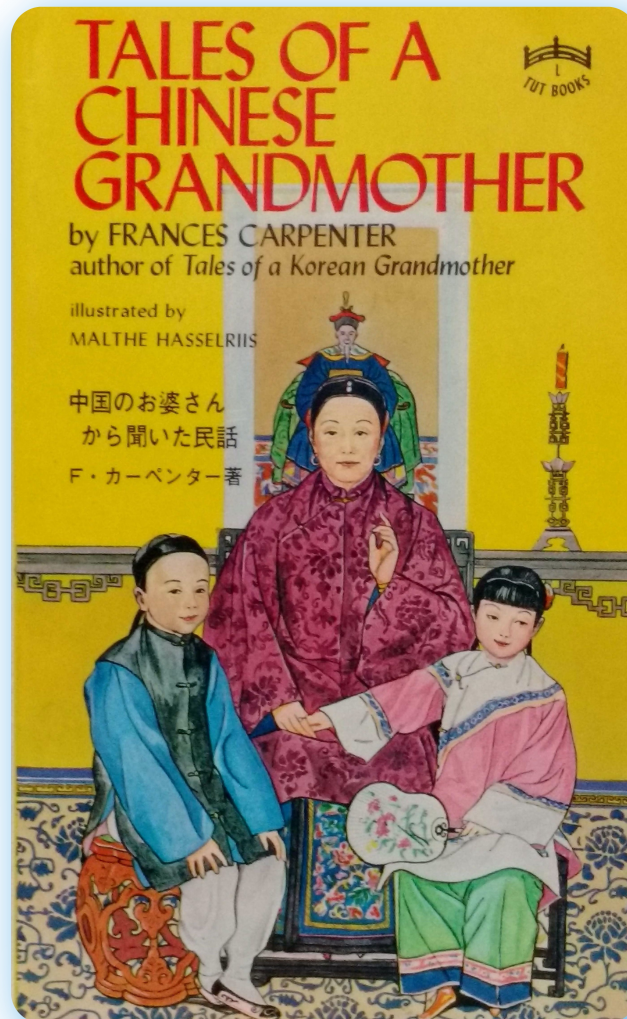
"'Your devotion has touched my heart, O Elder Brother,' the maid said politely. 'But since you are now a bird, how can we be wed?'

"'It would be enough for me to spend my days by your side,' the parrot replied. 'I do not ask for more.'

"Yen Chun fed the parrot from her own hand. He perched on her shoulder and he slept at her feet. The maiden became so fond of the bird that she was unhappy away from him. Indeed, she loved him so dearly that she wished that he was not a parrot at all. She greatly desired that he should become once more the handsome young man she had seen from her chair on the way to the temple.

"The girl sent one of the servants to the house of his father to ask whether Seng was living or dead. The man brought back word that Seng was sleeping as though in a deep trance. His life, the servant reported still hung between heaven and earth. Then Yen Chun lifted the parrot up on her finger and she rubbed its smooth feathers.

"Go back to your own body, O Splendid Spirit,' she said. 'Become a young man again and I vow I will wed you.' The parrot cocked its head first on one side, then on the other, as if it were thinking. Then it swooped down upon one of Yen Chun's tiny red shoes that lay on a chair. Holding the bit of embroidered satin in his beak, it flew out of the window. The maiden called to the bird to bring her shoe back to her, but it did not listen.



"In the house of Seng, his mother and father, his brothers and sisters were all gathered about the young man's body as it lay on the bed. They were weeping because Seng did not move and because he would not speak to them. Suddenly, to their surprise, a parrot flew in through the window, lit on the bed, and fell over dead. And a tiny red shoe which the bird had held in its beak dropped to the floor. At the same moment the body of the young man stirred. To his family's great joy, he sat up and spoke.

The maiden called to the bird to bring her shoe back to her, but it did not listen.

"Just then there came a knocking at the gate. It was the maid of Yen Chun, come to ask if her mistress's red shoe was there. 'Go back to your mistress,' Seng said to the servant. 'Tell her that the red shoe stands for a promise. When that promise is kept she shall have her shoe back.'

"The lovely Yen Chun told her parents of the strange dreams and of the enchanted parrot, and she vowed she would wed no husband but Seng. Her father, the mandarin, did not want to give his daughter to a young man who had so few coins in his money box. 'But that is not the worst, my daughter,' he said. 'This young man is not only poor. He is simple besides.'

"Simple he may be, but he is the one I will wed,' the maiden declared. 'If you refuse I will throw myself in the lake and you will see me no more.'

"There was nothing for her father to do then but consent. The lucky day was chosen by the fortune teller and the wedding took place. So happy was Seng, with Yen Chun for his bride, that he learned how to laugh. He could jest with the merriest, and from his wedding day on no one thought of calling him Simple Seng.

So clever and wise did he become that they spoke of him instead as Seng the Sage."
