

LIGHTS AND SHADES OF MISSION WORK.

THE MASTER'S CALL.

CHAPTER I.

IT was a beautiful evening in August 1885, when a young girl, just budding into womanhood, stood thoughtfully at a shop window watching the sea of faces which, like a swelling tide, passed down Sparks street on a Saturday evening, and then receded only to return. What a sight ! What a study ! To her it was overwhelming. In the swelling, surging mass were hundreds of young women with pale, careworn, unsatisfied faces. What a blessed release it must have been from the crowded, ill-ventilated work rooms in which many had toiled through the long, hot, weary hours of the day.

With all the diversities of character, endowments and capabilities, both physical and mental,—with thoughts, imaginations and aspirations all on different planes,—she