

"What shall I do with no remedies in the house?" She sought as best she could the feverish little sufferer.

She could no longer leave her baby with Mamie when she went to her work (for work she must, how else could she and the children live?) so she carried it with her and laid it on a mat on the side of the field. At night, to avoid her husband's anger when she failed to keep Baby quiet, she often went out and where the white moonlight cast its peaceful shadows all about her. She always unwound a part of her own garment to wrap about Baby, but the night mists fell with a chill upon her uncovered shoulders.

Unremitting toil, insufficient food and broken rest had told sadly upon her, and there came a morning when she was unable to rise. The old mat, more ravelled and ragged than ever, became her sick-bed. Shivering and burning, she loathed the porridge that was the regulation diet, but drank eagerly the stale water that poor, little Mamie found it so hard to bring from the distant well. "Oh, what will become of my children!" was the burden of her secret sigh.

Her nights grew delirious, and she moaned and muttered. "It is an evil spirit," said Mr. Workwell. "We must have the sorcerer to drive him out and then she can go to work."

"Oh, I cannot bear it! I cannot bear it!" pleaded the sick woman.

The sorcerer came. His hideous contortions as he danced about her wrought upon her disordered nerves; the harsh sound of his drum and the clash of his cymbals seemed, for hours, to resound upon her throbbing head. At last she shrieked aloud in her agony. "The spirit has gone out," said the sorcerer.

"Yes, at last I may at least suffer in peace," said Mrs. Workwell. But she felt that the end drew near; that the waste shell could not much longer hold her in its clasp. But what was she going to? Thick darkness shrouded her. Her sins rose before her like a cloud. It was so long since any human voice had uttered a word of Christian faith or hope in her hearing that the memory of God and her Saviour seemed like something of a former existence. Strange visions of serpents, of evil spirits, of the cruel gods of which she had heard so much seemed to float before her. "Oh that I knew where I might find Him," was the cry of her disordered soul.

But no Christian friend was near to lead her wandering thought by word of prayer or hymn. She was alone, alone in the rayless night. "My God, my God, hast Thou cast me off for ever?" she moaned in agony.

A noise grated upon her ear. It was her husband's key in the front door. "Are you tired, little wife? You seem to