

by her cruel mother-in-law. Or think of the many thousand child-widows, robbed of all their jewels, their beautiful hair shaved from their heads, clothed in the coarsest garments, and made to eat only one scant meal a day; never to expect a kind word, or even a smile from a more favored sister lest the curse of widowhood should fall upon her also. But even these temporal sufferings could be endured if the restless hearts had found rest in their Creator. Alas! These little sisters of ours, never heard the loving Saviour's words, "Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." The missionaries visit the dreary zenanas to carry the Gospel message, which if believed will give a peace to these aching hearts which no outward change of circumstances can.

A missionary tells us of one old woman who wanted to learn to read that she might see for herself the precious text, "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish but have everlasting life." But her mind, so long unused, was unequal to the effort. So after many attempts she gave it up, saying, "At least let me touch the verse that means so much to me. Put my finger on it that I may touch every word!"

Another old woman hid this text in her heart as her most precious possession, repeating over and over again the wonderful words "God loves me! God loves me!" Then she exclaimed "I have worshipped idols all my life in fear of their curses on me. I have made many vows and *poojahs*, but these gods were always angry with me. The priests said more prayers were needed, more offerings, more sacrifices. Now you tell me of a God who loves me," and her whole heart was full of love for the One who had so loved her. Bitter trial and persecutions came to her lot. She was banished from her home and loved ones, but bore it all in meekness, saying, "Jesus Christ shed His blood for me."

Do you know what it means for one of these women to come out from heathenism, and give up all for Christ? She is counted as dead, her funeral ceremony is held, and her nearest relations will no longer recognize her. Sometimes her children are taken away from her, or taught to despise the mother who bore them. These women are tied up in one corner of the home, kept from food and drink which is shown to them, but placed just beyond their reach until the craving for them seems more than human nature can endure. Or a helpless infant, who needs its mother's care, is brought within her sight that the pitiful cries of her child for the help which she only can give may make her

promise to give up the new religion of Jesus Christ, and once more worship the gods of her fathers.

Another true story of a woman who lay dying in one of India's huts. She had learned to read and love God's Word as her dearest treasure. The priest came to give her a dying powder without which her friends told her she would be doomed to endless misery. She refused to take it, and like the poor woman who crept through the crown to touch the hem of Christ's garment, she cried, "I have touched Him!" and placing the Bible under her head she entered into life.

Perhaps you will tell me that these were all converts from heathenism who knew nothing of civilized life or its necessities for enjoyment. Well, go with me up into the Himalaya mountains and there we shall see a cultured, refined, educated American woman who is spending her life among the most loathsome lepers, bending over them and with her own hands binding up their dreadful wounds while she whispers sweet words of the Great Physician who alone can cure sin-sick souls. In some unknown manner she herself contracted the dreadful disease and must live and die among these unclean outcasts. And is Mary Reed satisfied with her lot? When asked this question she quoted a favorite hymn:

"No chance has brought this ill to me,  
'Tis God's sweet will, so let it be!  
He seeth what I cannot see.

"There is a needs-be for each pain,  
And Christ will one day make it plain  
That earthly loss is heavenly gain."

We know that Mary Reed is only one of a host of earnest, consecrated women who are glad to spend and be spent for the Master in the lowliest service that He may be glorified.

"I'd rather be the least of them  
Who are the Lord's alone,  
Then wear a royal diadem  
Or sit upon a throne."

Then if we look forward to the future life we can say as David did "I shall be satisfied when I awake in His likeness." When these days of restlessness and striving against sin are over; when we are clothed in the spotless robe of Christ's righteousness, when we see the King in His beauty, face to face; when Christ shall present us faultless, before His Father's presence with exceeding joy, without spot or blemish, accepted in the beloved and welcomed to all the joys of an eternity with Him, we shall be satisfied, "It doth not yet appear what we shall be, but we know that when He shall appear we shall be like Him, for we shall see Him as He is."

But as we rejoice in our own salvation in this Christian land with all its blessed privileges, let our loving sympathy, our prayers and our offerings be given to our sisters in heathen lands whose lives are so barren of all that makes ours so glad. "Freely ye have received, freely give."

SISTER BELLE.

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