

answered. "But if he has no money he cannot pay for them," said Mr. Mao, "and as we Christians do not believe in quarrelling, I shall take them back again." "Well, you 'Jesus religion' people have no strength whatever," said they. "Last market-day, at Tang-kung, you made good profit on them, and to-day the same, and both times the persons have brought them back, and you just take them without saying a word. You will never make a living in this way."

About a week after this Mr. Mao and the other cloth-sellers went to the market at Ta-t'ang, fifty li from Tung-keo, Mr. Mao still being in possession of those unfortunate bed-curtains, which were fastened on the outside of his load. Upon reaching Ta-t'ang, and before they had time to unfasten their goods, a man came up and began to examine the curtains, saying he wanted to buy a pair. Mr. Mao requested him to wait until they had taken some breakfast, but the man, who was in a hurry, paid down tael 1.30, and took the curtains. Mr. Mao's companions were looking on all this time with much astonishment, and when he had preached to them on patience and trust in God, they could only say, "Your God does certainly help and protect you when you trust Him." The curtains were the one topic of conversation all the way home the next day, and about all his companions could say was, "The God of the 'Jesus religion' does help those who worship Him," and "if it had been us we would have abused the men who brought them back, and perhaps have lost both curtains and money."

What One Girl Can Do.

REV. DR. SMITH, of Trenton, New Jersey, writes: We are living in an age of mammoth combinations. More and more the individual seems to be unimportant. I desire to show the possibility of well-directed personal effort. It is the story of what a plain, unassuming, unknown girl has done. There are obstacles to her work which, to others, would seem insuperable. She is so deaf that it is with difficulty that conversation can be carried on with her. She is lame, a fall through a hatchway some years ago having dislocated her thigh and left her a cripple for life. Her general health is frail; frequently she is tortured whole nights with pain; and she has no means of her own. And yet, despite these hindrances, she is the most indefatigable and most successful worker in the cause of missions I have ever known. She is a member of my church, and the statement that I am about to make I know to be true:

About eight years ago the promise, "Ask of me and I will give thee the heathen for thine inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for thy possession," was strangely impressed upon her mind. It greatly perplexed her. What could it mean? Was God really speaking to her? She took the question to Him. Shortly after she read this alarming statement: "There are one thousand five hundred counties in China without a single missionary." She fell upon her knees with the cry, "O Lord, send me!" She soon saw that a literal answer to this prayer was impossible, and yet she knew that God's voice had summoned her into the vineyard. Four years after, as she was kneeling in prayer, the thought came: "If you cannot go yourself, why not support a Bible-woman there in your stead?" While waiting before God in prayer it occurred to her that if she should interest fifty persons in the work, and they should each give two cents a week, the amount would be raised. But fifty seemed to her so many. How could it be done? Again she went to God for light, and under the inspiration of His promise she exclaimed: "Lord, I'll do it!" This was in the summer of 1888. In the following December the first quarter's remittance was sent.

Shortly after this she says, "I read about India. We thought it pretty well supplied with missionaries, yet the fact is, that out of the one hundred and fifty millions of women in India and Malaysia, one hundred and forty millions have never yet heard the name of Jesus." A two cents a week and a prayer circle was started for India, and in the following June the first quarter's remittance was sent for a Bible-woman there. Thus two Bible-women were now in the field supported wholly by her efforts.

In the evening of Easter Sunday, 1890, while kneeling in prayer, she says: "I saw clearly it was God's will that I should form a society to support one of the deaconesses to be sent to China." To do this it would be necessary to secure one hundred contributors who would give four cents each per week; but this required time. Her impetuous and fiery zeal could not brook delay. Other plans were devised. She bought large sheets of paper at the printing office, and cut them up into small sheets and envelopes, and sold them. Star books were made, then bird books, story books and do-without envelopes were prepared and sent out. These, with the offerings and contributions, enabled her to send off the first fifty dollars for the support of the deaconess about the close of the following August.

Shortly after this, Miss Emma L. Brown, of Dansville, N.Y., having heard of the efforts of our young friend, wrote to her, suggesting that she should have Scripture texts printed on ribbon for book-marks.

This was a happy thought. Hundreds of dollars have been brought into the fund from this source. Many persons from different parts of the country have become her co-workers, and dispose of these book-marks to any who will buy.

She has recently undertaken the support of another deaconess, and she has already sent \$200 for this purpose. Thus, through her efforts, four laborers are now in the foreign field, and \$610 has this year been sent by this frail girl for their support.

The question naturally presents itself: How has all this been done? The answer is simple: First, she is afire with missionary zeal. It is a passion that consumes her. She makes everything tend to her one purpose. She imparts her zeal as a contagion to all about her. And then it has grown. To use her own illustration: "Plant an apple seed in the ground, and the result will be a tree for its inheritance." Every week this circle widens, some new heart is touched, and a new worker is enlisted in the Master's service.

The work of Mary Ashton is a revelation. It shows us what might be done if the Church was thoroughly consecrated to the work of saving the world. I give it this publicity hoping that it may be an inspiration to some who are now at ease in Zion to "come up to the help of the Lord, the help of the Lord against the mighty."

Wouldn't Have Said It.

ONE night in a crowded sleeping car, a baby cried most piteously. At length a harsh voice called out from a neighboring berth, "Won't that child's mother stop its noise, so that the people in this car can get some sleep?" The baby ceased for a moment, and then a man's voice answered, "The baby's mother is in her coffin in the baggage car, and I have been awake with the little one for three nights; I will do my best to keep her quiet." There was a sudden rush from the other berth, and a rough voice, broken and tender, said, "I didn't understand, sir; I am so sorry; I wouldn't have said it for the world, if I had understood. Let me take the baby and you get some rest." And up and down the car paced the strong man, softly hushing the tired baby until it fell asleep, when he laid it down in his own berth and watched over it till morning. As he carried the little one back to its father he again apologized in the same words, "I hope you will excuse what I said; I didn't understand how it was." Ah, if only they understood, those dear Christian women? If they understood what it means to be a heathen woman in China, India, or Africa! If they had any idea of the frightful sin and consequent suffering of five hundred millions of these sisters of ours; if they understood what it costs to give up home and parents, and children and health, to do this necessary work; if they dream of the agony of leaving lonely graves in those far-off lands; if they knew how the unkind criticisms and indifference of the home workers grieve those who have given their lives to this work; if they understood that it is for this Christ came; that He instituted and commanded this work, and taught us to pray, "Thy kingdom come," it would all seem so different!—*The Mission Gleaner*.