

"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 wasted shell could not much longer hold her in its clasp. But where was she going? 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, the memory of God and her Saviour seemed like something out 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 forever?" 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 be having a nap." She opened her eyes. The lamp shed its rays upon the pretty table spread, and here was her husband—not a harsh and cruel heathen, but just his kind, cheerful old self. She hastened to the bed-room to see if Baby really *was* all right. Yes, she lay in her cosy crib; her pink cheek resting on her soft, white pillow.