

ONE WOMAN'S STORY.

The day was hot, a crowd of curious gazers had gathered about in the little room in a native house, where the missionary lady was spending a few days.

As the circle thinned out, the teacher noticed one woman lingering. On being asked how she came to know and love the truth, she said:

"When I first heard the Jesus doctrine, I was a very devout worshipper of many gods, went often to the temples to burn incense and prostrate myself before the images, and at home was regular in such rites. My heart was never at rest. I was always afraid I had neglected something which I should have done to appease the spirits, and so I was always dreading some disaster and trying to avoid it by such offerings as, in my poverty, it was possible to make.

"I liked, from the beginning, to listen to the helper when he preached, and to his wife's teaching, but it was months before I thought, 'Perhaps this way of getting forgiveness and help is for me, and Jesus will take away my fear of the gods and evil spirits.'

"I began to pray to Him, and very soon my heart was at peace.

"But there were the paper gods on the wall, and the little mud one in a shrine outside the door! Dare I take them down and destroy them? What would the children's father say? I had not courage to touch them, but I burned no more incense, and tried not to look at them, while I prayed early and late to the Heavenly Father and begged Him to make me willing to do whatever would please Him.

"One day the children's father came in and asked me roughly why there was no incense before the shrine and no offering of food for the feast day.

"My heart stood still, but I prayed silently, and answered: 'I do not worship those gods any more; they are all false. The God of Heaven is a spirit and does not want offerings of food.'

"The words were scarcely out of my mouth before a blow from his fist knocked me down, and as I crouched on the floor, he beat me until I was so lame and sore I could hardly crawl up on to the kang.

"As I lay there bruised and faint, a great calm came into my heart, which had always been so restless and uncertain before, and I said, 'Oh Lord! I will never be afraid again, I will take down the gods in the house, which are mine, and never look at the one in the corner which I did not put up, and so cannot destroy.'

"When the boys' father came home next day the paper gods were all gone. He looked at the bare wall, and as I dropped on the floor picked a brick from the edge of the kang and pounded me with it until the blood ran from wounds in my head, but I was not frightened or angry, and then I knew that the Jesus religion must

be true, and that it surely was the great God who helped and comforted me.

"I was always stupid, and never learned to read much, and I cannot teach or help other people like Mrs. Chia and Mrs. Chang; but for these seven years I have had Jesus' comfort in my heart.

"I prayed so long I almost despaired, for my boys' father.

"He stopped beating me after a few months, but he reviled me and the Jesus way whenever he was angry, and I thought he would never change, but Mrs. Chia told me how wrong it was to doubt when I prayed, so I just said: 'I do believe, but give it to me quickly, Lord!' and after two or three years he too gave up his evil ways—the man was a profligate gambler—and now he is a colporteur, going about selling books and teaching the Jesus doctrine.

"My daughters have been in school in Peking, and I hope they will be brighter than their mother, and do more than I ever can to help others."

How many hungry, longing souls, just waiting for someone to bring them the "Bread of Life"!—*Mission Studies*.

SACRED MONEY.

Some years ago a gentleman heard two children talking earnestly about their "sacred money." The expression interested him, and he learned, upon inquiry, that these children were in the habit of setting apart at least one-tenth of all the money which came into their hands and using it for Christian work. They each kept a purse for this fund, and an account of all that was put into it and paid out of it. Their father said that they invented the expression, "sacred money." They would often give much more than a tenth to this fund, but never less.—*Ex.*

THE DEBT IS PAID.

Henry Clay was at one time considerably embarrassed by a debt of ten thousand dollars due to the Northern Bank of Kentucky. Some of his friends in different parts of the Union, hearing of his condition, quietly raised the money and paid off the debt.

In utter ignorance of what had been going on, Mr. Clay went to the bank one day and said to the cashier, "I have called in reference to that debt of mine."

"You don't owe us anything," replied the cashier. "A number of your friends have paid off that debt, and you do not owe the bank one dollar."

So overcome as to be unable to speak, Mr. Clay turned and walked out of the building.

This is a faint image of what Jesus has done for us. He has met our obligation to God's law. He has purchased eternal life for us. We cannot express our sense of the greatness of his love.—*Forcard*.