

the lights of salvation amid the darkness of Burmah, and scores, yea hundreds of women unknown on earth who have given water to the thirsty, and bread to the hungry, and medicine to the sick, and smiles to the discouraged. Woman's work—Does it pay?

Did it pay the people of these United States, yea, of the whole world, that Frances Willard, of immortal fame, laid down her life upon the altar of consecration and devotion "for God, and home, and native land," the cause she loved far dearer than her own life, only that she might find it again in that land where she now fully realizes "how beautiful it is to be with God."

In a public school in New England, many years ago, a faithful teacher was building better than she knew when she spoke very earnest words to the children about the people living in heathen countries in connection with a geography lesson.

Her earnest words made such a deep impression upon one little girl, but eight years old, that her life purpose was then and there formed. This little girl was Miss Eliza Agnew, the devoted missionary to Ceylon. She had to wait until she was thirty years of age, because dear ones were dependent upon her for care and support. This loving trust she faithfully kept, until God called her loved ones home. During all these years the resolution formed in her youth was an incentive to faithful service in her home, and to her loved ones. When she was no longer needed at home she went to Ceylon as a missionary teacher in a girls' boarding school. Forty-three years she toiled without once going home, and when friends would ask her whether she was not going home for a rest, she would reply, "I have no time to go home to rest, the work is too urgent." At her death, she was called "the mother of a thousand." Hundreds of girls were converted while under her influence. Think you, my friends, that her work has not paid?

Hannah Marshman, the first woman missionary ever sent out, went to India in 1790 and died there in 1847, having labored 48 years. She wrote, "I was enabled to leave all and cheerfully give up myself to the work and have never repented." Miss Hartwell, writing from China, says, "It is such a privilege to have a share in this noble enterprise of Christian missions." Miss Hopkin, from far away Micronesia, two years ago, said, "It is seven years since I left my own home for foreign shores. Seven happy years they have been. Happy does not half express the blessedness of them. Such as she might fitly quote these lines:

Oh! there are moments when we half forget
The rough harsh grating of the file of time,
And I believe that angels come down yet,
And walk with us, as in the Eden clime.

As some flowers seem to thrive best in a dark lane, and in the shadow, so God appoints to most womanly natures a retiring and unobtrusive spirit.

God once in a while does call an Isabella to the throne, or a Miriam to strike a timbrel at the front of a host; or a Marie Antoinette to quell a French mob; or a Deborah to stand at the front of an armed battalion crying out, "Up, up! this is the day in which the Lord will deliver Sisera into thy hands."

And when women are called to such out door work, and to such heroic positions, God prepares them for it.

But these are exceptions. Dorcas would rather make a garment for the poor boy. Rebecca would rather fill the trough for the camels. Hannah would rather make a coat for Samuel. The Hebrew maid would rather give a prescription for Naaman's leprosy. The woman of Sarepta would rather gather a few sticks to cook a meal for famished Elijah. Phoebe would rather carry a letter for the inspired apostle. Mother Lols would rather educate Timothy in the Scriptures.

"Oh, consecrated, Christian women! Does your work pay? It does; not only do you reap your reward here in this life, but in that life to come, you shall have a crown of unfading glory:—crowned heirs of everlasting salvation, through Jesus Christ our Lord.—*Missionary Messenger.*

Work Abroad.

ROMANCE ON THE MISSION FIELD.

The third day after we arrived in Ramachandrapuram, our ayah told Mrs. Davis that Miss Hatch's servant had leprosy. Miss Hatch at once took him to the native hospital assistant and had him examined, and found that he was not only a leper, but that the disease was pretty far advanced. She immediately dismissed him, but helped to support him, as he was unable to do any hard work.

This leper had been her trusted servant for three years, washing her dishes and handling all her food. The question is, how did she come to employ him? Surely some of her Bible-women or some of the preachers would tell her? The explanation is, that Prakasam the leper owed one of the Bible-women a debt of about thirty rupees, and if she could get some work for him before the disease disclosed itself in his hands and face, she might recover the money. Accordingly she persuaded Miss Hatch to dismiss another servant and employ the leper.

The people here think if they get leprosy, it is their fate, and if not—it is not their fate to have it; so they make no effort to keep it from spreading.

Nine months have passed since Miss Hatch dismissed this leper, and he has now passed up to his reward. After leaving here the disease spread very rapidly and he was an awful sight to look at. So it was a joy to us to hear that the Lord, in His mercy, had taken him to the better land.

Miss Hatch has not taken the disease, and so the Christians probably think it is not her fate. Such is life on the mission field. Full of romance to those who live thousands of miles away, but all too real to those who are face to face—not only with horrible bodily diseases—but with souls destroyed by the leprosy of sin that only Christ can heal.

Ramachandrapuram, Oct. 11th, 1898.

EXTRACT.

As the days go by a thought keeps recurring to me, to which I frequently give expression. It is—Miss Simpson is a capable woman. What with her medical work, Caste Girls' School, Zenana work, housekeeping and entertaining, besides the loving and practical interest she took in the servants employed in the houses of the English gentlemen of the place, her hands were full enough. I fear some of these irons have grown cold, though my duties have been much lighter.

A. M.