

Canadian Missionary Link

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There is nothing like a great purpose or devotion to someone or some thing outside of self to make us strong and forgetful of minor ills. Read this: The servant of a lady of high rank in China bought a poor little girl waif and brought her to his mistress. The lady was not a Christian, but the child was, wherever she had been taught. An effort was made to make her worship the Chinese idols, but with no result. She was steadfast, but at the same time so good and winsome that the lady ceased to trouble her about her faith. Then came the Baker trouble, and a proclamation was made that any who had those of the hated faith in their homes must give them up. The lady had a kinsman in a high position, and thinking that both the little girl, whom by this time she dearly loved, and herself, would be safe with him, they went to his home. No safety there. A second edict declared

that any who sheltered Christians would share their fate. Then this noble Chinese woman resolved to run any risk rather than betray the girl. Disguised as beggars with stained hands and faces the two slipped away in the night to walk, begging their way to a distant town where the lady felt sure an uncle would protect them. The missionary to whom the story was told, looked wondering at the tiny feet and questioned how she could possibly have walked those many miles, she who had always had a carriage for the shortest distance. "But there was no other way," the lady simply explained. She told how they made the journey and found safety, but it had cost agonies of pain. "It was hard," she said, "but I saved the girl." Loss, danger, suffering, were not counted. Think what the experience meant to her new life and character.

Adapted from "Missions."