

The environment of the missionary subjects him to peculiar dangers. The enervating tendency of tropical climates is well known. Its torporific and deadening influence on all enterprise needs no proof. This insidious foe, the missionary must daily, hourly, fight with a determination that increases as his physical strength is undermined.—*The Missionary Monthly*.

### A REASONED SOUL.

MARY PORTER GAMEWEL.

A motherless child was sold by her own father before she was ten years of age. She was brought up for the market and resold into a large house of ill-fame, at the age of fourteen, and there passed five terrible years. Then, at the age of nineteen, deprived of all the sweet freshness of childhood and girlhood, and diseased, she was brought to the Elizabeth Sleeper Davis Hospital, by a man who called himself her uncle, and who threatened her with violence in case she should tell the truth about her condition.

She was unclean, within and without, and the dull smile on her heavy face, her lounging attitude, her listless manner, the tone of her voice, and her words, all told the story—sadder than death—of a life that had never known self-respect.

With the other patients, she heard in the hospital, of the Deliverer, and one day she responded to the Bible-woman's urging with a dull "No use in my hearing or believing your doctrine, for I have got to go back to what I came from."

The words indicated the beginning of interest within this soul, that never before had been brought into contact with anything clean and pure. As the days went by she aroused enough to tell her story fully, and finally to hope for rescue.

The women of the church and in the training school became much interested, and Sai-na, once one of our dearest school girls, now a preacher's wife, said, "If we do not save this girl from returning to her life of death, what shall we say for ourselves on Judgment Day, for we shall have to meet her there?"

The first step towards saving the girl was to buy off the parties who owned her, body and soul. Once bought off, what then? Where could shelter be found for a life that had been bred in uncleanness, that it might grow strong in the way of pure living? The Chinese are a people rich in expedients. If there is anything that they can do better than another, it is to manage affairs—to devise ways and means of bringing things to pass. But here was a life to redeem. The sphere of their operations was shifted to spiritual grounds, and the difficulties in the way were as a high wall before them.

The Bible-woman, the training-school women, some of the church women, the preacher, the preacher's wife, and even good, old Mr. Lee, in the boys' school, talked and counseled together, but were at their wits' end. Baffled, perplexed and empty of suggestions, the women began to pray. They promised the Lord to do their part as He should show it to them, however difficult it might be.

Every day they prayed. As they prayed, doubt and trouble gave place to faith and trust, and a waiting for God's moving. Probably it was the first time that any of them had come to God so empty of self and sug-

gestions—the first time that they had let faith do its perfect work in them.

Negotiations for the girl's release were interrupted by many tricks and dodges of the owners, who were loth to loosen their clutch on the girl's life—all the more loth since they would thereby lose the opportunity to revenge themselves upon her, for bringing them into trouble by revealing the true state of affairs.

One day, when negotiations were in progress, the girl had occasion to step into the hospital gate-court. She had just reached the shelter of her own room, when the gate-keeper rushed in and warned her to keep out of sight, as the old woman who wanted to catch her had just passed into the hospital waiting-room. The gate-keeper was not in the gate when the girl came out, nor when the old woman passed in. If they had met in the gate, nothing could have prevented the old woman from whisking the girl out of the gate, into the cart and off, before any one could come to the rescue.

The girl, realizing her narrow escape, was violently agitated. In a great fright she flung herself upon her knees and cried, "True God, save me—True God, save me!"

A soul black as night had at last turned to the source of Light. It was faith born of desperation, but the girl's regeneration began in the moment of that desperate cry. And now God's answers gathered rapidly. Money bought the girl's release. A profligate young man, who had been recently converted, asked for the girl in marriage, and proposed that they begin together to live the new, clean life. Missionaries paid her ransom and provided her with a wardrobe; and one evening the lamps were lighted in the training school schoolroom, and our young preacher stood up to pronounce the two redeemed souls man and wife.

The bride goes in and out among the church-goers now, with a light on her face that transforms it beyond possibility of recognition as the face of the girl who lounged, so listless, inert and unclean, through those days, that were the beginning of the end of the days of her bondage.

God brought things to pass by ways that were past the imagination of the women who prayed so faithfully. By ways that they knew not of, He redeemed a life, saved a soul, set two lives on a course of mutual help, and taught a company of praying women a lesson on faith and prayer, that advanced them, in Christian experience, beyond anything they before could know.

The women speak among themselves of the wonder of it all, and, with sober smiles, whisper one to another, "God did it."—*Womans' Missionary Friend*.

### THE IDEAL MEMBER OF A MISSIONARY SOCIETY

In the first place this Mrs. Ideal is a very busy woman. She looketh well to the ways of her household. Her children are the objects of her tenderest care and sympathy. Her ministrations reach out to the poor, the sick, the lonely ones. We often wonder how she accomplishes so much, but she has let a few of us into her secret. It is hard for her to attend the meetings. Many would say they were tied at home, but she says a great deal can be done by a little careful planning; that things must have system, and by hurrying up this piece of work and putting off that, she finds on the afternoon of the