

went. She declined invitations to social parties that she might be free to devote her time to the Lord's work. She might be bearing a sorrow that would have crushed another woman, but no one would ever suspect it behind that cheerful face. She was one among the people with whom she was identified. There was no sign of conscious superiority. Into the prayer-meetings and missionary circles and Dorcas gatherings she went, just as though she had no high blood, nor social rank, nor ample purse. Everybody loved her. The poorest work-women would drop everything and go at her call or her beck as though they were serving a queen. Her last act was to rise from her dying bed, as her disease suddenly developed fatal symptoms, and write out checks to cover various benevolent expenditures, and among others a contribution to the church of which she was a member, and which just then was making heroic efforts to cancel a large mortgage debt. She wrote her checks with a clear firm hand, and went back to bed to die. When the news of her decease came like a thunderclap from a clear sky, a hush fell on the entire people as though the ground were trembling with an earthquake. They could scarcely speak to one another. The prayer-meeting turned to sobs and tears.

We talk of missions. There is no trouble in reaching souls, but it takes *a soul to do it*. When we are in dead earnest—when all else is practically trampled under foot in our intense desire and determination to bring souls near to God—when self-indulgence gives way, and even self-love, before the burning, consuming flame of devotion to Christ and those for whom he died, we shall sweep earth as with a conflagration! One Paul, in thirty-three years, made a journey afoot over the greater part of the known world west of the Golden Horn and bore the gospel into the regions beyond. Give us a

score of such men and women as this and we can close up the slums in our great cities, build a chapel in every forsaken quarter, put a missionary in every remote hamlet, and girdle the globe with a zone of missionary labor. We are scarcely sincere when we talk of insuperable obstacles in the way of evangelizing the cities or the world.—A. T. P.

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LIVINGSTONE at first had no thought of being himself a missionary. Feeling that "the salvation of men ought to be the chief desire and aim of every Christian," he had made a resolution that he would give to the cause of missions all that he might earn beyond what was required for his subsistence. The resolution to give himself came from his reading an appeal by Mr. Gutzlaff to the churches of Great Britain and America on behalf of China. It was "the claims of so many millions of his fellow creatures, and the complaints of the societies of the want of qualified missionaries," that led him to aspire to that office. From that time, apparently his twenty-first year, his efforts were constantly directed toward that object without any fluctuation. David Livingstone said, "I am a missionary heart and soul. God had only one Son, and he was a missionary."—A. T. P.

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ONE of the most pathetic stories of missions is that of Maria Mathdotter. As she followed the reindeer over the silent hills around her father's house, the needs of her people seemed to call her. She wept and prayed for the ignorant Lapps until their condition forced her to decide. Their need was the voice of God. It took her three years to learn the Swedish language. Then, clad in otter and reindeer skins with the Lapland skidders on her feet, she walked in winter 600 miles to Stockholm. It was a long journey over the dreary mountains and dismal forests. But success crowned her efforts. The Lord