

for shall the heathen receive another religion when they are very well satisfied with their own!"

I am wondering if the King's Messengers hear these many questionings about foreign mission work, and if I may not be able to help them a little in making reply.

The very first and best reason why we should give to foreign missions is because our Master tells us to. If we are good soldiers of Jesus Christ, we understand that our first duty is unquestioning obedience. Our Captain said, "Go ye into all the world." We have plain marching orders. Pick up the musket, then, and move on, or help send a good substitute.

Said a gentleman to me a few weeks ago, "There are poor people in Brooklyn who have no decent clothing or comfortable bed; do you think I am going to give money to foreign missions! Charity begins at home."

This is one of the "what fors" to be looked into and answered.

Poor people at home! Yes, there will always be poor people while there is intemperance and indolence and misfortune and sin and death. We have a duty towards these, specially to help them to help themselves.

But let us not forget that the work of foreign missions is not cold victuals, old clothes, rent, and coal sort of work at all.

When we have drunk of the cup and tasted of the break of life, we want to pass it right on to some one else. There are thirsty and hungry souls in Japan and China, India and Africa, ready to take this bread and drink of this cup, and then they, too, will pass it on. Come with me to the Tokaido, that long and beautiful avenue between the political and sacred capitals of Japan. Let us join the pilgrims who are journeying to some favorite shrine or temple in Kiyoto.

Watch that eager-faced old woman as she prays. She gives her money freely, too. Idolatry costs money, and time, and effort. For hours she prays for relief from evil spirits, when a friend joins her with the word that the foreign people have brought a new idol to Japan, the Jesus God, who has power to destroy evil spirits. That is just what she wants. Down to the mission home we will follow her, as she eagerly seeks the new shrine.

As the old, old story of a God who loves and died for her is told, the face brightens, and tears trickle down the wrinkled cheeks. Patting her breast, she exclaims, "That's a good doctrine; give me more, and then I must go to Hakone and tell my people."

Come over to China with me. This high wall shuts in a beautiful home, with carved chairs and lacquered tables and costly porcelain. The silk dresses, the dainty silken embroidery, and many jade stones show no lack of money. The tablets of the dead ancestors are plentifully supplied with food and spirit money. The kitchen god and god of wealth and Kwanon seem well looked after. There is no need of clothing or food here. But a young mother is passing from time to eternity.

She clutches her Buddhist rosary, and tries to make up for past neglect. Her passport is not ready, her stock of merit small. Oh, the agony of that face as she thinks that her soul will return as a low animal, and then pass on and on into other animals! Such a long, long transmigration before she can come back as a man, and thus reach at last her heaven - annihilation! Oh, the burning soul thirst! Pass to her the cup of life. How cool and refreshing the words, "I am the way," "In my Father's house are many mansions."

A missionary in a very remote Chinese village finds himself delayed over a Sunday in a little market town. As he sits on the Kang at the inn, the crowd file in and out, gazing at the strange piece of humanity. One of

these curious men, as he turns away, meets an old friend. "Come, come!" he exclaims, catching him by the arm, "you must surely see this monkey of a man in tight clothes, and his mouth full of Chinese."

It required much urging, for the wealthy Chinese friend was a literary man and quite above going to ordinary shows.

As they passed by the missionary, they heard him talking a new doctrine. The crowd of sight-seers pushed them on, but the wealthy philosopher came in again and again, and at last seated himself beside the missionary and asked questions. It was not long before he turned to the preacher, and with earnest voice said, "My soul has longed after such doctrine as this. It is good. I will study it more. What shall I do?"

To-day, in Shantung, that wealthy Chinese man, who did not need our food or clothing, but who did long for our doctrine, is at work for the Master he loves. He is passing on the cup of salvation - *The King's Messengers.*

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