

could come here twice a day and be fed and gently treated. She did not know what Christianity was; but she knew that its effects upon her were good.

Behind the others, in a drooping posture, with her grievous young face bent down, sat a widow with her child. To the people of her own race and creed she was an accursed thing, to be used like a dog. She had survived her husband, and now any man who deigned to touch her uncleanly worthlessness might dispose of her at his pleasure; she had no rights. Her very child, should it live long enough to comprehend her position, would turn from her with contempt. The curse of thousands of years weighed her down, and she believed in its justice as much as did any of them. She could not understand why these Christians treated her with so much kindness. She dared not raise her face to theirs. She sat as if expecting that of a sudden some punishment would fall on her. Incidentally, she was on the brink of starvation; and her baby—it was too late to save that, and she doubtless knew it.

The children, who had no fathers or mothers or that they knew of, squatted in a silent, immobile, apathetic group. One of them, fearful to look upon, had been picked up lying in the shade of a rock in the jungle, abandoned and all but dead. In an hour or two more the jackals would have been at it. I cannot describe the face of a child which is the face of a skull: there are no words for it, and it resembles nothing else—dull, grim eyes, staring amidst parched skin and grinning bone—the ravages of a long lifetime of suffering concentrated in the features of a babe.

"There cannot be much else as bad as this in India," I said.

"I brought you here," replied the missionary, "because the group there before you now is the type of what is to be seen in the villages all over India; they represent millions upon millions. You wanted to see famine; there it is. And remember that we've been doing all we could for these creatures for days and weeks past. Think of the hundreds of villages where no white man ever goes."

"If I could bring those people there to New York," said I, after another long look at them, "and could put them down in Madison Square, just as they are, for New Yorkers to see, I would engage to have money enough in twenty-four hours to save a million lives. But no one can believe this who has not seen it. Photographs themselves are incredible—we don't believe them. But no human being could look on that spectacle and resist it. I shall disbelieve in it myself when I get home."

As to that, however, I was mistaken. I almost wish I had been right; for that group of figures, in the sunny front yard, rises before me vividly still, with their dull eyes as if to remind me of something I must do to help them. I see them when I am chatting with pleasant people at table or in the club: or they come between me and the blue sound, as I look from my study window. I cannot be free from them.

Before we left, the missionary, looking gravely and kindly upon his audience, said a few words to them, telling them who Christ was, and what He had done; and then he prayed. It was very primitive and simple—the elements of what good a Christian may do to others. The native Christians joined devoutly and affectionately—I cannot find a fitter word—in the prayer. Then we returned to the railway station and took the train again.

THE POSITION OF WOMAN IN THE NEW TESTAMENT CHURCHES.

We are told that the change effected by Christianity in the position of woman has been of the most marked character. This is daily exemplified in heathen countries, where the power of the story of the Gospel is being felt.

Previous to New Testament times a woman held a place much inferior to that of her husband, having no voice in public affairs, nor, legally, in the government of her own household.

From cover to cover of the New Testament very few words are expended on the "gentler sex," but those few indicate Christ's broad outlook and tender regard for them; and they also express, in a measure, the necessities of the time, and the narrower vision of the churches of that age.

That women share equally with men all the privileges and responsibilities of being Christ's disciples, members of His church, is shown in Gal. iii. : 28, "There is neither Jew nor Greek, there is neither bond nor free, there is neither male nor female, for ye are all one in Christ Jesus."

The wonderful mystery of the Incarnation showed emphatically to the world that God honored His female creation.

We believe in the inspiration of the Bible. The New Testament gives a place to the inspired songs of Elizabeth and Mary, side by side with that of Zacharias. Also, when the "Holy child, Jesus," was presented in the Temple, the aged Anna shared with devout Simeon, the privilege of prophesying over the head of the infant Christ. With these examples in our minds, may we not certainly draw the conclusion, that when the Holy Ghost inspires man or woman to utter praises of the Lord, the sacrifice of praise to God, that is, "the fruit of our lips," is equally pleasing to Him?

We shall glance briefly upon a few positions that women hold to-day in churches, and see if such are authorized by the New Testament.

I. *Women as public teachers or speakers*—

Much discussion has for years prevailed on this subject. St. Paul in I Cor. xiv., forbids women to speak in the congregation. Some divines hold that this prohibition was intended to apply only to certain conditions, others, that it was intended to be for all time. Those who hold the former view have the best support, it seems to me, from the lips of the same author, when he in I Cor. xi. : 5, 6, gives directions concerning the dress of "every woman that prayeth or prophesieth."

Peter quotes Joel ii. : 28, 29, declaring it to be a part of the Pentecostal gift, that the daughters of men should prophesy as well as the sons, and that God would pour out His Spirit on His handmaids.

Public speaking, preaching or prophesying (as you