

city, with you extend my hand to the hands of that woman of dishonored breast and give her another chance. With you go to the man of ruined life and give him another chance. Now my philanthropy is broader than yours. It stops not at my city, my state, my country ; but all over the round world, and knowing no distinction of race or color, whether white, red, black or yellow, wherever sin has gone debasing. I will go to lift up. *Wherever* there is suffering I will go to cheer. By just so much as a tribe or nation is degraded and down, all the more because it *is down* it has a right to be lifted up, and on you and me rest the duty to lift it up ! I went to Africa more than thirty years ago, in the flush of youth, expectant, hopeful, not knowing what was before me. (Thank God we do not know the future ! Perhaps if we did we would sometimes turn back appalled.) In those years I have travelled a long and weary way. Thorns in the path have pierced my feet, thorns have pierced my soul ; but in the presence of the degradations of heathenism, especially as those degradations crush down women and children, I protest to you, sirs, to-day, that in the name of Philanthropy alone I could again tread over that weary, thorny road, if for nothing else than the pity for the life that now is, to lift up heathen women and children. I know, indeed, that some of the cruelties of heathenism are equalled in the slums of our American cities ; I know that women are here sometimes fearfully outraged and children suffer dreadfully ; but I must say that at its worst for that woman, when worst comes to worst, and she can no longer find tolerance or affection for the heart of the human brute who had sworn to protect her, but whose hand is now her oppressor, there are police only a few rods away to whom she may appeal, and law that will protect her ; and for the child, beaten and outraged, there is a society for the prevention of cruelty that finally steps in to save ; and for the starving and the unclad before the

winter's cold, there is not many squares away the soup-house and charity organization. I say these victims of civilized brutality have a possible escape or appeal to civilized law and order. But the hopelessness of women in their status of heathenism, as against the oppressions of power or mere might and right of possession, is indescribable in its depth and extent. My poor heathen woman has no avenue of escape, no redress, no tribunal of appeal. She is simply hopeless !

And now I fling aside the covering of Unchristianity, which I cast over you and myself, and emerging from this shameful hour, gladly again open this blessed Bible, joyfully read again the Redeemer's great command, and appeal to you as Christians.

"Is it nothing to you, O ye Christians ?

Oh, answer me this to-day !

The heathen are looking to you ;

You can go or give or pray.

You can save your soul from blood-guiltiness,

For in lands you have never trod

The heathen are *dying* every day,

And *dying* without God !

Is it nothing to you, O ye Christians ?

Dare ye say ye have naught to do ?

All over the earth they wait for the light !

And is *that* nothing to you ?"

It *is* something to me ! And in obedience to that command I return to Africa, taking with me this Bible, that better than commerce, science, civilization, or mere philanthropy can bring the fallen back to God. A Bible, perfect in every page ; not a fragmentary Bible, or one for any of whose utterances I need apologize, but in its entirety, the Word of God !

Cyrus Hamlin.*

BY REV. C. W. CUSHING, D.D., WELLS-BOROUGH, PA.

Dr. Hamlin tells us that he was not a promising child — was pronounced "weakly," and with "a head too big." When very young he hated babies, and

* "My Life and Times," by Cyrus Hamlin, Congregational Sunday-school and Publishing Society, Boston and Chicago.