

women—even the professed Christians—are so “at ease in Zion,” with a self-pleasing, world-conforming style of popular Christianity, that they cannot do much for the suffering millions of Asia. True, they may “cast in of their abundance” for the support of a few missionaries. But do you believe that more than one in a hundred of America's Christian women really deny themselves, in the New Testament sense, in order to serve their heathen sisters?

During the past year I have gone about these States giving addresses on India's wants and God's commands about it. Often have I spoken clearly as to the condition of the women of India. Often I seem as though ground between the nether and upper mill-stones,—the cruel sufferings of the women of Asia, and the cruel selfishness of the women of America. In my soul I seem to hear the groans of India's degraded women, and the clanking of their tyrant chains,—and also the giddy mirth, and the clinking of the jewelry, and other fashion-trappings of our Western ladies; and a harsh discord it makes.

Christ is the great lover of womanhood. He longs to send to India's down-trodden daughters the sweet salvation which America enjoys. He wants His daughters here to pray, to give, and to go with His precious message of love and life, of peace and joy. A great responsibility rests on you who read this. You hear India's poor women crying, “Come over and help us,” you hear God's command, “Go teach all nations.” What will you do about it?

“If thou forbear to deliver them that are drawn unto death, and those that are ready to be slain; if thou sayest, Behold we knew it not, doth not he that pondereth the heart consider it, and he that keepeth thy soul, doth not he know it? and shall not he render every man according to his works?”

Pause,—pray,—look to your crucified Saviour, then answer this question of the searching spirit. “Who then is willing to consecrate his, or her service, this day, unto the Lord?”—*Heathen Woman's Friend*.

THE WOMAN'S ROAD.

Extracts of a Letter from Miss Hatch, Samulcotta Seminary.

I have had, as you know, many spiritual experiences since I came to India, but none has equalled this.

It seems as if the prayers and labors of years were culminated in the divine out-pouring. Excessive joy I would say, but excessive joy conveys no meaning. And how shall I write it! Have you not felt disheartened at times, when you have been painting a picture which is to convey some healthful meaning, and some one who is no student of art, and without in the least trying to see the picture as a whole, looks at it and criticizes, making remarks which are in no way pertinent to the thought you had in mind when you painted the picture?

But, on the other hand, when the true artist comes and looks at your work, you happily await his approval, for you know you will have it if the picture is worthy. He has been through the same experiences. He knows how you have striven to bring the lights and shades into their true harmony, and you rejoice in his criticism.

It is so in mission work; and as I write this I feel that there might be some who would criticize and wonder wherein consisted my peculiar joy, or why my heart

should be so full as it is. But those who have labored for the same end, those who have striven for the same purpose to accomplish what is a most difficult task, will fully understand and heartily rejoice with me. . . . And where shall I begin? Let it be at our “Foreign Mission Committee.” . . . Our meetings are held once a month, and we decided to invite Mr. Davis to speak to us on “Self-support among the Karens.”

Saturday morning came, and at eight o'clock we all gathered in our chapel, about ninety of us. Jonathan, who had come with Mr. Davis, read and prayed, then introduced the speaker. . . . Mr. Davis rose. He began by saying he did not know whether what he was going to say would be to their taste or not, but he knew one thing, that whoever was zealous for the Lord would have joy, for he was going to relate what God Himself had mightily wrought among the Karens, a people to-day numbering 10,000 Christians, having 70 churches, all but four of which supported their own preachers and teachers, a people who built their own school-houses and chapels and churches. A people who, a quarter of a century ago, were called the “wild tribes of Bassein.” This people have been planning to raise a subscription to bring a missionary—or rather professor—from home, paying all his expenses that he might teach Greek and Hebrew in one of their colleges. And so the speaker's heart warmed to the theme, and he spoke for an hour and three-quarters, without an interruption, without a break.

As he spoke I wondered what was going to be the outcome, for he spoke with great power; the Spirit seemed to rest upon him. And as he spoke of work there, and what had been accomplished, he said he believed that their great success was due to their following the Lord's plans.

Their first preachers having received their education from foreigners, and being fully equipped for the work, had gone out unshackled, following the Spirit's leading, and preaching among their own people, had looked to their own people for support. Was not this the Lord's way. The twelve had gone out receiving help from their own people. The seventy were thus sent; the laborer was worthy of his hire. “Who goeth a warfare at any time at his own charges? Who planteth a vineyard and eateth not the fruit thereof? Or who feedeth a flock and eateth not of the milk thereof? If we have sown unto you spiritual things, is it a great thing if we reap your carnal things?”

We as missionaries had not used this power over them; our own people whom we represented became responsible for us. But they, they had the right, for the Lord had ordained that they which preach the Gospel should live of the Gospel.

He reminded them of what he knew to be the case, that as long as they received foreign pay the most of the heathen would look upon them as hirelings; that he knew they had often heard them say, “(1) this is the Englishman's religion, it is good for him, and if he will give us pay we will preach, too.”

When the speaker had finished, closing with an earnest prayer, the room was silent. Mr. Stillwell rose, and I thought he was going to propose a vote of thanks, but better than a thousand votes of thanks was the result of what he said. He asked how many of them were ready to go out as the Karen preachers had gone out, depending on no missionary for their salary, but under the Lord looking to their own people for support? No one responded. He asked if they understood the proposition, but they did not, so he spoke again, and they understood. And we waited for volunteers. Then Mr. Davis spoke of