

ing these lines, will not you pray for these disciples, and not for these only, but for all in heaven lands; pray for them and send them *the Light* which is life forevermore.

At the close of our missionary year last April, when the words went forth from our rooms in Boston, "No debt," how our hearts bounded with relief and joy! We said the words over and over again, No debt! no debt! Was ever music half so sweet? For six months the missionary workers at home had carried a burden of anxiety, which in the last three months had amounted almost to agony, for our treasury. Your board held their meetings, read your missionaries' letters, looked into the treasury, and sorrowfully said, "We must not grant any requests or make any appropriations, except where the sums are small and of absolute necessity." Is it a wonder, then, that when the year closed and our pledges were met, we did not stop to scrutinize closely the opportunities that had gone by and the impotunities we had warded off? Lighthearted we went to our annual gathering. We greeted one another joyously. *No debt* was the undercurrent of our joy. Quite comfortable in mind, we sat down to review the past and to look forward. Some of our beloved missionaries were there; their hands had been full of work, and more than full, there had been so few to help, and their hearts were weary with the love and longing they had for their dear people. When our missionary to the Kachins told us of the work among that people so recently reached with the gospel, when she told us of the ravages of war and their own narrow escape with their lives, we were deeply moved; but when she told us of the school they had gathered, in which some had been converted, some were inquiring, and all were growing interested in the truths pertaining to eternal life, *broken up, broken up* for the want of a few dollars a month, there flashed into my soul a flood of light upon the events of the past year that I could not contain; I had to speak out. I remembered how request had come again and again for an appropriation for that school, and the reply had been, "We cannot grant it, the state of the treasury will not warrant it." Are we not in debt to those Kachins? Do you know what the breaking up of such a school means? The members are scattered to their jungle homes, one Christian in one village, another in another, far apart. Can you think what it is to be the only Christian in the place? No Sunday service, no prayer-meeting, not even one to kneel with you and claim the promise, 'where two are together in My name'; not even one to whom you can speak of the things dearest to you without receiving scorn and persecution instead of sympathy in return. Do we owe nothing to those young solitary disciples in the midst of darkness that may be felt? More light! more light!

Other ungranted requests came up before me. I remembered the Karen missionary who wrote, asking for a small appropriation that he might secure two native teachers and a grant in aid from Government. We could send him only half he asked for, and so he lost the grant in aid and had the pain of feeling all through the year, "I could do so much more for this people if only the disciples in America stood by me." I remembered our dear missionary in India who had only a small house, built for a native, to live in, and coconut trees owned by others had so grown up around it as to make the sleeping-rooms almost suffocating. She had asked for money to enlarge it, but our treasury was empty. When we heard from her later, she was ill with fever and obliged to seek refuge upon the hills from the terrible heat of the plains. When she said to us, "Here

am I, send me," did we not promise to stand by her and make her just as comfortable as we could, and furnish her with facilities for her work?

"I thought of Japan and the disciples who are asking, 'What shall we do with our girls?' We have a school for boys and a kindergarten for our little ones, but nothing for our girls." A neighboring missionary had said, "I think the disciples in America will send you a missionary to live with you and teach your girls." She wrote us twice about it, but there is no one there. Another missionary wrote us, asking for a small appropriation so that she could have a native assistant and a preaching place which should be even as a candle in a dark night. We could only grant a part of her request. — Do we owe nothing to Japan?

I thought of China, that mighty crowded empire, and only two missionaries of our own to struggle with its darkness. Is that all we owe to China, where "a million a month are dying without God?"

O my dear sisters, are we not heavily in debt? When we wrote so exultingly, "No debt," did the recording angel write "Repudiated"? *What are we to do?*

When twenty dollars will not pay for the costume, or the summer trip, or the wrap that we want, we give more. When one dollar will not buy the pair of gloves of just the shade of color, of just the number of buttons, of just the finish we want, we give more. Shall it be said of our missionary service alone that we say, "I give two cents a week, and that is all I can afford," and proceed to make it a little less by giving one dollar a year? Shall we be like the little girl who saw some barefooted children in the cold street, and when she knelt for her evening prayer said, "They have no shoes and their feet are cold, but that is none of my business, is it, Lord?" Nay, my sisters, nay! We will "give more." As we have given two cents a week, "and have not felt it," let us now give one cent a day, or rather, as we have given pennies, let us now give dimes and dollars.

Before this we have had a self-denying week, let us now have a self-denying year. A great blessing attended our day of prayer last January. We were conscious of enlarged faith, of quickened zeal, and we were helped in devising plans.

Shall not every day this year be a day of prayer, and shall not one petition daily be, "Show me, O Lord, what wouldst thou have me give and do for thee?" Let us hear the words of the prophet who comes nearest to the gospel day: "Bring ye all the tithes into the storehouse, that there may be meat in mine house, and prove me now herewith, saith the Lord of hosts, if I will not open you the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it."

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WOMEN WITHOUT THE GOSPEL.

THE Mohammedan's scorn of women is the logical outcome of his religion, which refuses to recognize their claim as human beings deserving of respect. As they are of use to man, they are worth food and shelter, but they are not in the least entitled to standing ground at his side. The Countess Cowper, in "A Month in Palestine," gives an instance far more telling than any sermon, of this dreadful state of things:

I was told by a Christian in Cairo that he was once walking with a well-to-do Mohammedan with whom he was in-