

to foreign missionary work. In calmer hours that impulse has invariably faded away, in view of other claims which seemed to me all-important. The result is that I find myself to-day asked to urge upon you a consideration of obligations which I myself have never fully recognized. It may be that my position is not a peculiar one. It may be that an honest attempt to account for it will bring the truth nearer to us all.

I have often asked myself the question—I wish to ask myself now—do I really believe that millions of my fellow beings are doomed to everlasting misery? Do I believe that their one hope of salvation is in the Gospel which only we can give to them? If so, and I remain inactive, what can measure my guiltiness in the sight of God and men?

It seems to me the most astounding thing in the world that we can be so calm over the matter. The stories of the sufferings of martyrs wring our very hearts. We have not yet done weeping over the victims of the French Revolution. The shudder which ran through the crowd when the head of Charles the First of England was lifted up, still creeps along our veins as we read. But we can listen to the account of twelve, or twenty, or a hundred millions of everlasting deaths, without moving a single muscle. In the school-room of the Bloor Street Baptist Church, there hung not long ago, a chart, representing the relative extent of the different religions of the world. They were all marked off in squares, so many millions to a square, so many squares to a row, the rows laid together in solid blocks of colors, one for each religion. Heathendom of course was done in deepest black, Protestantism in white, while Jews, Roman Catholics and other semi-Christianized bodies were toned off in all the intermediate shades. Two-thirds of the chart was hopelessly black, only one-thirteenth white. You have all seen similar ones. We hold a missionary meeting, sing and pray, thank God that we were born in a Christian land, ask Him to send forth laborers to the harvest, put ten cents, or perhaps twenty-five, on the collection plate, and leave the room cheerful and happy while two-thirds of the human race, our brothers and sisters, are perishing body and soul. It seems to me past belief that we can sit and gaze at such a terrible chart as that and not feel ourselves called upon to give ourselves and all we possess to the work.

We must not, however, confound *belief* and *realization*. To our utter failure to *realize* the situation, must be attributed our comparative indifference; we must *believe*, as we believe in the truths of Christianity, that the need is as great as it is represented, and that we are responsible for meeting it.

But the world cannot be conquered in the mass, even for Christ; we have to deal not with groups of figures, but, with individual souls. Looking with a woman's eye at that chart of the different religions, I see one half of those squares take on a darker hue; for if black so aptly pictures the condition of the heathen world as a whole, then should the condition of its women be represented by a still blacker black. The men of China and Japan, and the Brahmins of India, are comparatively enlightened and progressive. The latter especially, in intelligence, in scholarship, in social accomplishments, in refinement of mind and person, are said to compare favorably with the best types of University graduates in England. The wives of these heathen gentlemen are almost as degraded as the dogs that skulk about their doors. They are absolutely shut off from every means of enjoyment and develop-

ment and must endure countless physical ills for which there is no remedy. They suffer all the woes of humanity, and enjoy not one of its blessings. Some of you have attended boarding-schools and colleges for women, and no doubt thought it very hard to have limits set for the daily walks. Let the walks be stopped altogether, the doors of the house shut and double-barred, as far as you are concerned; not even the whole of the house free for you to go and come; your room narrowed down to a mere cell, with even the window removed; let your piano be taken away, your books, your writing materials, all that could yield you pleasure or profit, and your mind reduced to zero; let there be a husband over you who would allow you the inestimable privilege of cooking his dinner, but with whom to eat at the same table would be horrible sacrilege; let the other girls of the school be reduced to the same condition, and the same kind of husbands, all of you spending your time in quarrelling, with heart-burnings and jealousies innumerable, over the narrowest and meanest of trifles, and finally let the worst mother-in-law you can possibly imagine spend *her* time in scolding and beating and starving you, and you will have but a faint picture of the reality. Contrast with this our own lives of pure home joys and delights, of broadening interest in the outside world of thought and action, and of free scope for the development of the highest powers of our being. This elevation of our womanhood is directly due to the teachings of Christ. Woman without Christ is the most degraded of human beings. Here then, lies the special obligation of Christian women to their heathen sisters. On the one hand is a pressing deadly want; on the other, an overflowing abundance. We are responsible for bringing them together, for supplying the want out of our fullness. These three, the need, the conscious ability, and the surrender of ability to need, should be as inseparable as the sun, the earth, and the light which flows from the one and the other. If the sun were human and chose to hide himself under an immense bushel, he might use a human argument and say: "Oh that wretched dark little earth is so far away, I'm sure my light can never reach it or do it any good. Let some of those other suns try it, They've more light than I." And he would go on storing up light and burning himself out to no purpose. The sun is made light in order that it may *give* light; a song is put into the throat of a bird that it may sing; in all nature the constant reason for *having* is *giving*. So with us, the sharing of gifts of mind or heart is the condition of their possession. Deny our responsibility and we deny our *power of doing*, the very thing which is the end of our education.

Some one has said that a wise man seeks more opportunities than he finds. A wise woman, intent on the spread of the gospel, will find more opportunities than she can possibly grasp. For instance, the Zenanas of India are full of women unspeakably ignorant, wretched, hopeless, sinful; none but women can gain access to them, to teach, to comfort, to inspire hope, and to point to the One who died to save them. Physical healing, too, can only be brought to them by women. How easy it is for us when we have a headache, or a sore throat, or a fever, to call in the doctor! But for a Hindu woman of the lower classes such help is unavailable, and for those of high caste it is simply out of the question. This is emphatically woman's special opportunity for missionary labor. At home there are still many obstacles in the way of her successful practice of medicine; but in heathen lands, as a woman ministering to women who would else die, she