

Through a woman came the curse on all mankind ; through a woman must come redemption from that curse. We say "In Him the tribes of Adam boast more blessings than their fathers lost," and fail to recognize the full extent and meaning of this boast. When Christ came to remove the curse and open the Gate of Heaven to all believers, included in that mission, also, was the restoration of women to the place assigned her by God in the creation. "For this purpose the Son of God was manifested, that He might destroy the work of the Devil."

Women have borne the curse of the fall to its fullest extent, and hardly dared to rejoice in or failed entirely to comprehend the fact, that by the Incarnation of the Son of God, they have been raised again to their first estate. What has been the meaning of Mary's song to Protestant Christian women, during the past centuries, "For He hath looked upon the low estate of His bond-maiden, for behold, from henceforth, all generations shall call me blessed." What has that meant to you and me, and to the whole generation of women of the present day? How have we been recognizing Mary's claim to this title, and what share have we had in the tribute of blessing, which succeeding generations should accord? Does not Mary's claim for Christian women and for universal womanhood, lie in the fact that through her, God's curse has been removed from them, by Him who bore the curse for us; the bondage of servitude, broken by Him who ascended up on high, leading captivity captive; and bearing up to the Throne of God, as trophies of His victory over the enemy, the new nature, which our conquering King of Glory, bore, by virtue of His human mother; and the new name, before which every knee shall bow and every tongue confess the name of Jesus, which His human mother gave her baby boy in the lowly manger on the hills of Bethlehem.

Remember, we are looking at this question from its social side, as the curse of God has affected woman in her social capacity, with the purpose of seeing the meaning of Jesus' command to those women who first saw their risen Lord, and also all that was implied in that command.

Centuries before the Psalmist beheld in prophetic vision, the glorious triumphs of the Church, when "God should arise and His enemies be scattered," and as a distinctive feature of that time, and of the means used for the spreading abroad of the news of salvation, He declares that "the women who publish the tidings are a great host." Of their share in the victory He also assures us, for, while kings led forth their victorious armies, "She who tarried at home should divide the spoil."

Through all the ministry of Jesus, see His tenderness, His compassion, His appreciation of those women who were brought under His notice. How graciously He revealed to the woman of Samaria, His ability to satisfy her longings, to fill her soul with joy, and to give to her that "living water," which should "spring up" within her poor, parched, restless, longing heart, and flood her whole being with the wonderful "peace of God." To the woman whom Simon despised, the loving Lord gave His blessed forgiveness of sin; and the Word tells us that He loved Martha and Mary. His care for His mother, even in the agony of death, shows His thoughtful love for her.

At length, in fulfilment of that ancient promise made in Eden, the bruised heel of our Immanuel testifies to

the serpent's enmity to Mary's Son; but the third morning dawns; and those women who ministered to Jesus in life, and mourned and wept as the Saviour hung upon the cross in death, come "very early in the morning," to pay the last tribute of their love, when to their awe and wondering eyes comes the vision of their Risen Lord, and His voice bids them, "Go, tell the story of His Resurrection." Out of that "other garden," fly the eager feet to tell the wondrous story of the triumph of the "woman's seed." The "serpent's head" has been crushed beneath the Victor's "heel," and the bitter yoke is broken from off the neck of woman!

The "enmity of Satan" remains the same, as is fully proved by the condition in which women are held by all those who are the servants of Satan, and who have no knowledge of God; but it is the enmity of a conquered foe; and with the knowledge of the truth comes freedom and uplifting and the fullness of life.

All through the history of the Church women have been the messengers of Christ. We hear of Phœbe and Priscilla among others of whom Paul wrote, as, "those women who have labored with me in the Lord," and when, on the lonely Isle of Patmos, to the beloved disciple was granted the wonderful vision of the glory of the Church triumphant, the crowning splendor of that glowing grandeur, was when the "Second Adam," our Lord from Heaven claimed His Bride, the Church of the living God; redeemed at such infinite cost, from every kindred and tribe and tongue. Here we see fully revealed the beauty and the glory of which we catch hints and shadows in the earthly Eden, with the added assurance that no evil serpent can ever enter the Paradise of God.

The voice of Jesus sounds to-day, as it floats across the centuries, from that garden wherein was Joseph's rock-hewn tomb, and the message comes to you and me, Go tell the story that the promise is fulfilled, and the enemy has been conquered by Mary's triumphant Son.

Truly woman's voice should be the first to tell the story of her deliverance; to proclaim the power of His might, who came to set at liberty those who were bound; to redeem from the curse those who had graven so long beneath its load! Oh, women: slow of heart to believe all that the prophets have spoken, Jesus, born of a woman, by that Incarnation has raised you to your place again, out of your ruin and your wretchedness. To you the commands come. Go, tell! Go, tell those dark eyed sisters in the harem and the hut, the story of their redemption, Go, tell it out where the child widows weep, in hopeless misery and abject despair. Go to the outcast and the fallen, and tell of the blood that can cleanse and the love that can cover all the sin. Go, tell it out, where the toiling woman slaves as a beast of burden under the Tropics sun. To India, and Africa, and the Islands of the Sea, tell it out that Jesus saves! Go, tell the daughters of Eve, that their burdens are lifted off their shoulders by the strong Son of God!

The habits and customs of centuries bind them down by their relentless force, and no one has told them of Him who came to save and bore the curse and paid all the price of their full release. The wail of suffering womanhood is borne on every breeze that blows. In every country and in every clime where Jesus is not known, women are the slaves and the burden bearers still. The command of Jesus is the authority on which we rest. His voice is sounding still. Can you not hear it? "By whom shall I send to these poor, suffering,