

willingness—true, honest, loving willingness to do the Lord's will in this particular. Oh, if the willingness were equal to the ability, how soon—and very soon—would that old paralysis of a living death, which still binds more than three-fourths of our sin-stricken race be removed, and the millions now prostrate beneath its benumbing power leap into the joy of a new and immortal life. But so it is—we are not willing. Christ gave himself willingly unto death for us; many who profess to love Him are not willing to put forth any effort in order to make known the tidings of that love to others—not willing to give ever so little of the bread with which their own souls have been fed, in order to alleviate the starving agony of souls that are perishing with hunger. How strange, and yet it is true; and Christ knows it, and His spirit grieves over it continually.

There are two classes of needs that press upon our Foreign Mission work. One rests upon the heathen themselves, and one upon us. The great need of the heathen may be summed up in these words: *They need knowledge of the way of life, and opportunity to obtain that knowledge.* The other need—and that which rests upon ourselves—is, as has been already said, *willingness to give them that knowledge and that opportunity.*

The heathen are burdened and oppressed by the consciousness of a need which they are still unable to define; and, in their sorrowful and unaided groping, they conclude that it is merit—*merit* that vague something which they think will commend them to the favor and approval of their gods. So, deeply conscious both of guilt and of danger, they endeavor, by means of what they consider *good works*, to lay up such a store of merit as shall at once deliver them from punishment, and secure to them the favor of their gods. But oh, what a task! So slowly does this hard-earned merit accumulate, and, when once accumulated, so easily is lost that, even according to their own judgment, uncounted ages must pass with the vast majority of them before it can become sufficient to raise them by ever so little. And yet, this accumulating of merit is their only hope! Think of their fasts, their feasts, their offerings, their gifts. Think of their self-denial, their self-torture, their pilgrimages, their penances and austerities of various kinds; and yet, in the majority of cases, even the best fall far below their own ideal; while through it all their sense of need is not lessened, but presses them down, down from the cradle to the grave, until the darkness of their poor, burdened life ends in the deeper darkness of eternal night.

Volumes upon volumes might be written—indeed have been written—upon the need of the heathen, their ignorance, their superstition, their cruelty, and their vices; the deplorable condition of women, the iron bondage of caste, the joylessness of their present and the utter hopelessness of their future. But it all comes back to this—*they need the knowledge of the way of life, and opportunity to gain that knowledge.* Thus their need is pressed back upon us with overwhelming force—a force that is ever increasing as our own ability to meet and supply it is increased; and thus we are, once more set face to face with that portion of the need of our Foreign Mission work which rests upon ourselves, namely, downright, simple-hearted willingness to supply the need of our brothers and sisters in heathen lands. And here let us ask what was it that availed for us, when we were as dead as they in trespasses and in sin, and without which we should be groaning under the same burden as they? Was it not the knowledge of the way of life?—the personal finding and learning of the Saviour, through whose merit and atoning sacrifice alone anyone can stand accepted before God?—that Saviour who alone was able to

release us from our awful burden of dead works, and give us rest in His all-sufficient righteousness? And if their need is precisely what our own has been, and if the remedy which availed for us is the only one that can avail for them, who but ourselves—God's favored and uplifted ones—can supply their need, and bear to them the tidings of great joy—the words of this life?

But how can this be done, except through the living teacher? and how shall the living teacher go, except he be sent? and how shall he be sent, except there be those who are willing to send him? Scores of men and women are already willing and anxious to go; who of us—how many of us—are willing to send them? Shall God find the blood of perished ones on our skirts. Shall the Judge have to say to us in the reckoning day that is fast approaching—You knew your duty, but you did not do it; you heard the cry of the perishing but you did not heed it; you knew their ignorance, their blindness, their need of the light of life; you *had* my light, but you did not hold it high, that others might see; you kept it hidden—hidden under your bushels of selfishness, worldliness, or indifference; you had my word, but you withheld it from them; you knew of me—how able, how willing I was to save them—but you did not tell them of it; you knew of a hell from which only I could deliver, of a heaven to which only I could uplift, but you kept back that knowledge from others. You *had* influence, but you were not willing to exert it in behalf of those for whom I died. You had money with which you might have helped to send the living teacher, but you would not give it; or, if you gave at all, it was mostly the odd cents: the substantial dollars and pounds you spent on fine houses, fine clothes, and rich ornaments; or locked them away in your coffers for yourselves and your children. I saved you just that you might help to save others—have you done it? Have you *tried* to do it? Did you use your influence with your fellow Christians to induce them to help in this matter? did you speak to them? did you set them an example? How much did you pray for the heathen? and, after you prayed, did you *do* anything towards answering your own prayers? It is a vain thing, and dishonoring to God to ask Him to do the things He commands us to do ourselves. It was for the joy that was set before Him, the joy of saving men and women from ruin and raising them up to be sharers of His own glory, that Christ died; have we no longings to be partakers of that joy? We have said, in effect, that the wants of the heathen might be met by giving them the living teacher, armed with the living word, and indwelt by the living Spirit. *This is our work.* The Spirit is ready and waiting. All Heaven is watching and eager. All Earth is a boundless harvest field white for the reapers. God's voice calls incessantly "go, go, go! preach, pray, give, labor!" The word of life is already in our hands—millions upon millions of Bibles in almost every language spoken among men. Barriers to our progress are everywhere broken down. Every region of earth is accessible. There is scarcely a nation now whose doors are not open, and whose hands are not outstretched. So much for the preparation. But this is not all. Teachers—men and women—are ready, waiting, longing to go. Who, oh, who will send them?—who, where are the willing, the obedient, the loyal, loving souls who, while they cannot in the nature of things say, "Here am I, Lord, send me!" are still ready and willing and more than willing to give, and labor, and pray that others may be sent, in order that so the heathen may learn of Christ, may be brought to Him, and thus His kingdom be extended throughout the world?

Let us each take home the thought of our own *indivi-*