

Whose heart was it that so throbbingly responded to the call? Why! our own, dearly beloved pioneer missionary, Miss Cartmell. For sometime previous her thoughts had been led along missionary lines, but being of a retiring disposition she had in no way given expression to these thoughts, and during this address and that of Rev. Dr. Sutherland she was moved to tears and deep longings that God, sometime in the future, would use her in this great work of "the women of the world for Christ," little thinking that He had already marked her for His own and shown to others her fitness for this work.

Early in December of that year a committee waited upon her and asked her to go to Japan, but only after much prayerful consecration could she consent, not that she was unwilling for the work, but oh! was she fit, was she chosen of God? These past eleven years of rich abundant harvest in the Master's field have given an answer like unto a benediction from on high.

It was not till nearly a year had passed that arrangements were perfected for her journey to and residence in Japan, but every step was made clear and smooth by her Father's hand.

Her arrival was hailed with delight by the three missionaries of our church then in that land, Rev. Dr. McDonald, Rev. Dr. Meacham and Rev. Dr. Eby, for they had been thoroughly convinced that women alone could succeed with the work amongst the women and children, but to their surprise the Master had even more than that work for his hand-maiden.

After earnest entreaty Miss Cartmell consented to teach a class of young men English twice a week on condition that they attended her Bible Class on Sunday. What was the result? They were all converted before the end of the year, won to the Saviour by this quiet gentle woman, whose great love for Him and for the women of their land, had led her to make her home amongst strangers in a strange land to tell them the story of the Cross.

Her women's meetings were well attended, their influence felt and acknowledged as will be seen in the following extract from a note of Rev. Dr. Eby's. "Isujii has declared itself a self-supporting church to-day. This is the direct outcome of my lectures and Miss Cartmell's women's meetings and Bible Class. . . . This is a step in the right direction and we rejoice that the first missionary of the Woman's Society had a share in bringing it about."

In her first letter home she said "I already see that there is more to be done than one can accomplish," but nobly she toiled on, looking wistfully at the "open doors" on every side, ministering to the sick and dying, gathering the children into her home as a school with native Christian teachers under her supervision, visiting the women in their homes, telling of the beauties of the life in and through Christ. More was accomplished through these means than we can ever know or thank her for, the foundations of our work were surely and truly laid for all those who have succeeded her.

Reinforcements were sent in 1884, but to those to whom she ministered there was, and is, no one like Miss Cartmell, her personality was of that kind that while she won them by her gentleness she held them by her faithfulness in *all things*.

It was not till one school was well established, the evangelistic work which was her direct charge

bearing rich harvest, that her strength gave way and she was obliged to return home, but ah! her heart was with the people to whom she had given her strength, and in her public addresses she made you feel the same ardent desires for them and the work, that had so sustained her.

After three years rest in Ontario, during which she visited many auxiliaries much to their profit and addressed several public meetings, Miss Cartmell was asked to go to British Columbia to assist in the work amongst the Chinese women and that of our Rescue Home in Victoria. Her strong determination to do battle for the right, resting in the numberless promises of the Father, made her a power in the rescue work, while gentleness and full consecration to the work of winning souls for her Master gained her an entrance into the homes of the women in China town, a work much the same as the Zenana work. Here she laboured for two years when there came a strong call for her return to Japan, and once again leaving her native land she crossed the Pacific to what has indeed been to her the "Flowery Kingdom," rare flowers of blood washed souls springing from the seed sown by her loving gentle faithfulness.

God's ways are mysterious yet plain if we could only see the end. Just five years before when she had been obliged to yield her work to another equally well suited for the winning of the hearts and souls of our Japanese sisters, Miss Lund, and just when that dear one is returning for her much needed rest God strengthens Miss Cartmell to return and take up the threads of this most important work.

"What have you written this imperfect sketch of one of God's chosen hand maidens for?" you ask as you glance at it carelessly or carefully, as your heart is in the work, and I answer prayerfully, "Not for Miss Cartmell, but for you personally, each one, every one." "She hath done what she could" have you?

Very timid, trusting much in the love of others, gentle almost to a fault, conscientious in the highest degree, apt to undervalue her own abilities, yet willing to trust one whom she called "my Father in Heaven" even so far as to go alone and begin in a strange land, with a strange tongue, the battle of winning the women and children from the darkness of heathen superstition, from depths of sin and misery that we cannot comprehend to the light of our glorious gospel.

Did I say "alone," no not that, but surrounded by an innumerable host of witnesses, under the command of One who is more than all that can be against us.

The work is easy now to what it was then, but oh! where are the workers? Are there not some—a score are needed—who read this sketch that have had the call but put it off for another time, giving it over to some one who is stronger, braver, more self-reliant, more fully consecrated while the harvest is ripe, waiting for the reapers?

What would have become of the Japanese stars in Miss Cartmell's heavenly crown if she had done as you are doing? What kind of stars are you winning for your crown?

The harvest is white, the open doors are many but where are the labourers? Dare you answer "I do not know?"