

We have in this country 43,000 ordained ministers. If we were to be treated as we treat the heathen, we should have but 220 workers for the United Kingdom, of which number seventy would be women. In China alone we have but one missionary for half a million of people, as if we were to have one minister for Glasgow, or Birmingham, or Manchester, or one of our large cities. I think we may say that to us indeed belongeth shame for this, our neglect. The Moravians, as perhaps most here know, have one missionary out of every sixty of their members. We have but one out of every 5,000 of our members. Theirs is an example that we can follow. Were we equally impressed with love and obedience, we should have 200,000 missionaries, and our contributions would be £20,000,000 a year. What an object this is to arouse the sleeping conscience with! We spend £140,000,000, or three guineas a head, upon drink; we smoke £16,000,000, and we hoard £240,000,000, while our whole contributions for the conversion of this miserable world are but one and a half million pounds, or ninepence a head. These statistics are dry enough, but they are filled with meaning, and an awful meaning if we would only dwell upon them, each one of us to-night in our own heart in the sight of God.

I think that we are getting into a sort of milk-and-water view of heathenism, not of African heathenism alone, but of Buddhism, Hinduism, and Mohammedanism also, which prevail in Asia. Missionaries come home, and they refrain from shocking audiences by recitals of the awful sins of the heathen and Moslem world. When traveling in Asia, it struck me very much how little we hear of, how little we know, as to how sin is enthroned and deified and worshipped. There is sin and shame everywhere. Mohammedanism is corrupt to the very core. The morals of Mohammedan countries, perhaps in Persia in particular, are corrupt, and the imaginations very wicked. How corrupt Buddhism is, how corrupt Buddhists are! It is an astonishment to find that there is scarcely a single thing that makes for righteousness in the life of the un-Christianized nations. There is no public opinion interpenetrated by Christianity, which condemns sin or wrong. There is nothing except the conscience of some few who are seeking after God "lest haply they might feel after him who is not far from every one of us." And over all this seething mass of sin and shame and corruption hovers "the ruler of the darkness of this world," rejoicing in the chains with which he has bound two-thirds of the human race.

Just one or two remarks as to what these false faiths do. They degrade women with an infinite degradation. I have lived in zenanas and harems, and have seen the daily life of the secluded women, and I can speak from bitter experience of what their lives are—the intellect

dwarfed, so that the woman of twenty or thirty years of age is more like a child of eight intellectually; while all the worst passions of human nature are stimulated and developed in a fearful degree; jealousy, envy, murderous hate, intrigue, running to such an extent that in some countries I have hardly ever been in a woman's house or near a woman's tent without being asked for drugs with which to disfigure the favorite wife, to take away her life, or take away the life of the favorite wife's infant son. This request has been made of me nearly two hundred times. This is only an indication of the daily life of whose miseries we think so little, and which is a natural product of the systems that we ought to have subverted long ago.

It follows necessarily that there is also an infinite degradation of men. The whole continent of Asia is corrupt. It is the scene of barbarities, tortures, brutal punishments, oppression, official corruption, which is worst under Mohammedan rule: of all things which are the natural products of systems which are without God in Christ. There are no sanctities of home: nothing to tell of righteousness, temperance, or judgment to come, only a fearful looking for in the future of fiery indignation from some quarter, they know not what; a dread of everlasting rebirths into forms of obnoxious reptiles or insects, or of tortures which are infinite and which are depicted in pictures of fiendish ingenuity.

And then one comes to what sickness is to them. If one speaks of the sins, one is bound to speak of the sorrows too. The sorrows of heathenism impressed me, sorrows which humanitarianism, as well as Christianity, should lead us to roll away. Sickness means to us tenderness all about us, the hushed footfall in the house, everything sacrificed for the sick person, no worry or evil allowed to enter into the sickroom, kindness of neighbors who, maybe, have been strangers to us, the skill of doctors ready to alleviate every symptom.

All these are about our sickbeds, together with loving relations and skilled nurses; and if any of us are too poor to be nursed at home there are magnificent hospitals where everything that skill and money can do is provided for the poorest amongst us. And, besides, there are the Christian ministries of friends and ministers, the reading of the Word of God, the repetition of hymns full of hope—all that can make a sickbed a time of peace and blessing enters our own sickroom, and even where the sufferer has been impenitent, He "who is able to save to the very uttermost" stands by the sickbed ready even in the dying hour to cleanse and receive the parting soul. In the case of the Christian the crossing of the river is a time of triumph and of hope, and "O Death, where is thy sting? O Grave, where is thy victory?" sounds over his dying bed.