

THE URGENCY AND IMPORTANCE OF FOREIGN MISSIONS.

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THE need for this work is indescribable. It comes back to haunt me in the watches of the night. In the Anglo-Saxon world we have one Christian worker for every hundred people. In South America there is one Christian worker—that is, in the sense I understand the word—to over 38,000. In Japan I was told there are 100,000 Buddhists and Shintoists to every individual Christian. In China I was reminded that there are nine hundred walled cities, with a population of 10 millions, as yet without a missionary. In China I have discovered only one medical missionary to 1,000,000 people. Taking every letter in the Bible to represent a human soul, it would take sixty-nine Bibles to equal the population of the world, and of this only a little more than the letters in the Book of Isaiah would be equal to the number of Protestant Christians in the world. When we state that there are 200 millions of Hindus and 60 millions of Mohammedans in India, nobody claims that they are Christians. How little statistics can explain the depth of need. In the Levant, where Christ worked, and His disciples labored for so long, there is only one Christian worker to 100,000 people. In Africa, a vast section, including the Soudan, with a population of 60 to 90 millions, is left with only a few scores of Protestant missionaries.

An eminent Bishop said to me one day that there were on the earth 200 millions of people who lie down every night hungry in body. At the time I doubted whether he was correct, but now I believe that to have been an understatement, and that sociologists accept it. But, sadder than that, let us remember there will lie down to-night 1,000,000,000 of people without God—without Jesus Christ—and without these the soul is not fed. Let us ponder this afresh. Think of those people living in darkness, steeped in idolatry and superstition, living under a burden of sin and sorrow, of shame and gloom, as they pass on to the tomb. And notice this part of it, that they do not have the power of resistance that we possess as the result of Christian environment and hereditary Christian ideals. They are fighting a losing battle. Without Christ, I say they are without hope. Men have asked, "Are not the non-Christian religions adequate to bring them home?" I used to think so. I honestly believed that these non-Christian religions had saving power, but I want to say to-night that,

having studied these religions at first hand, I have been disillusioned. I have now no doubt in my mind upon that subject. I notice these religions are losing ground; judging them by the only proof that Jesus Christ has given us, by their fruits, they are a ghastly failure. In the provinces of Asia, Africa, and in Australasia as I visited many, many monasteries, shrines and temples, as I talked with priests and native students, and the devotees of these religions, as I beheld with my own eyes the injustices, the cruelties, the abominations practised by their adherents, deeper and clearer became the convictions that without Jesus Christ these nations are without hope. Without the law of God, these religions cannot nourish the soul nor satisfy the mind, therefore they are doomed. Christianity is not a religion, it is the religion. It is not going to share the world with Islamism, Shintoism, Buddhism, Confucianism; it is destined to prevail from the rivers even unto the ends of the earth.—From an address made in England.—The Foreign Mission Journal.

A CALL FROM A KOREAN PRINCESS.

A CALL from a princess in actual life, not part of a fairy tale, is surely worth recording. The reader's princess may be anything he pleases, but mine is real and quite as wonderful as any that ever appeared in a story book.

In Korea it is not proper for ladies to go calling, and to call on a gentleman is unheard of; but everyday rules do not apply to princesses. This one would call. I was given only a few moments' warning, and it was already nine o'clock at night. A ghostly runner appeared suddenly, dressed in Korean garb, with face worthy of the occasion, saying breathlessly to me, "The Princess is coming." My door was wide open. Who would not in this age of mediocrity welcome such a caller from the fabled Orient?

Out of the shadows, soft-footed and silently, came the procession. There were several people, but I saw only one, dimly, however, for there were no lights burning. Fancy, here she was before me. I took her by the hand and helped her to a seat, while all the others stood, three men and four women. She wore no veil or head covering, so I spoke to her face to face. Beautiful? Yes. Her hair was dark, and her cheeks were pale and delicately outlined. She wore white figured silk, im-