

this distressing effect, viz., disobedience to our Lord's specific, farewell command. All our churches, to greater or less extent, are possessed by the demon of self. We all know, by a sort of intuitive ratiocination, that selfishness is the most easily grown of all vices. Do nothing and the thing is accomplished, quickly, surely, satisfactorily. "Me and my family," says the individual, and if he goes no farther, he'd as well chop off his and their heads for all the spiritual force they are going to be in the world. Have you never entered so-called Christian homes where the self-poisoned atmosphere made you cry with the poet: "I faint in this stifling air!"

The same is true of self-evolved and self-revolving churches. "Me and my church," says the pastor, instead of "The world for Christ, through me—a servant of His church."

How chilling is the narrow, selfish policy pursued! To attempt to worship God with such a church is like trying to take a bath in the green slime of a pool of stagnant water. You will come out worse than you went in. There can be no ultimate soul-elevation, no permanent heart-purifying, through such an avenue. A self-centred church breeds the cobra of its own sure destruction. It may have the handsomest edifice in the city; it may have the Apollos of America in its pulpit; it may have the elite among English-speaking people in its pews, but for all that it is dead—dead because not Christ-centred.

The most pervasive and insinuating form of evil is the unsuspected. It is so easy for the baby cobra to hide in our infant churches. "Is it not a little one?" Mother churches, you are responsible for the growth in the right direction of the children you send forth. What a lesson for infant churches at home is found in the inspiring example of a handful of disciples plucked from the surging waves of heathenism in Zacatecas, Mexico! Brother McCormick knows the true way to develop his native church—he sets it to work for *Foreign Missions!* From pole to pole, from sea to sea, "go thou and do likewise."

Let us remedy this crying evil in our churches in the surest way. There is no use in putting salve on the finger nails to cure congestion of the liver. The patient will die, and speedily, under such vain manipulations. So with our churches. "This kind goeth not out but by prayer and fasting." A revival of selflessness is the supreme need. Having dethroned "Self, that black spot in our sunshine," we will be ready to adopt the motto: "Serve thyself last." Let us be Christ-like in service. If our churches will but touch Calvary's throbbing, bleeding heart, the end is attained. The God-man is the world's Saviour. To touch Christ is to touch humanity. Says Dr. Jno. A. Broadus: "Whenever we see a need we see a neighbor." Dare we shut our eyes to the needy neighbors in India, China, and Japan, in Italy and Africa, in Brazil and Mexico—dare we?

While sympathy is the result of an inflow, the result of sympathy is an outflow. Ye whose hearts are stirred, stir another heart, and still another. Wheel into line all be people. Where do ye stand, churches naming the name of Christ? Step to the front and hasten the day when the "kingdoms of this world" shall become "the kingdom of our Lord and of His Christ."—*For. Miss. Journal.*

FIVE words, says Dr. Pierson, describe the biography of women in Eastern lands. Unwelcomed at birth, untaught in childhood, uncherished in widowhood, unprotected in old age, unlamented when dead.

THE WORK ABROAD.

Bible Women's Work.*

BY MRS. B. GARSHIDE.

This work of women evangelists must enter largely into all missionary effort in India. It is a land whose customs debar its women from free intercourse with the outside world. While the husband freely goes about to his work, or to the bazaar, and hears and talks of many new things, the wife only fetches her water, pounds her rice, fastens in her jewels, or braids her children's hair in the one little courtyard of her house. The most exciting variation of this dull round is the marriage of her baby girl, or the yearly festival, when she offers to the gods fruits and flowers in the hope that they may not send small-pox or cholera to her home. She knows well the stories about these gods, and tells them to her children—false tales of false gods. Into this dense darkness no light breaks. Sometimes possibly, when with pipe in hand she passes through the crowded street, buying here and there her household necessities, she sees a crowd listening and a man speaking; but she hurries by, for they are all men. Then the speaker breaks into song, and she stops for a moment to listen—but suddenly remembering herself she is gone. She cooks the evening meal for her husband and children, and wonders what the song could mean. Her husband would know, for he is a man, and men know everything, but she is a woman, and he might beat her for listening to a man in the street. So she thrusts the scene from her thoughts, and sweeps and pounds and worships her husband as a virtuous Hindu woman ought.

Just here is where the Bible women's work comes in. Into this woman's court they may go, or sit upon her veranda, and tell her true tales of a true God, of a God that is so great we may not look upon His glory, of a God that stooped so low that the lepers felt His touch; and thus into the very centre of this country's strength, the heart of its social life, its most sacred seclusion, all dark and foul with idolatry and ignorance, is brought the word of God, the message of salvation, the way of life.

Thoroughly to preach the gospel in this strange land, the Bible woman is as necessary as the street preacher. Seated with a group of her dark, jewelled sisters around her, she expounds to them, or sings to them the same blessed story as the man in the street to his crowd. Some listen, some laugh, some dispute hotly and even violently, but the seed is sown. Perhaps a good deal falls by the roadside or upon the stony soil, but "My word that goeth forth out of my mouth will not return unto Me void." "Cast thy bread upon the waters and it will return unto thee after many days." That it may indeed be His word that goeth forth, the Bible women must be instructed and converted. Only those women are wanted who partake in some degree of the spirit that brought Christ to earth, who know somewhat of the yearning of heart for their land that He felt for His when he exclaimed, "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, how often would I have gathered thy children together as a hen gathers her brood under her wing, and ye would not." Even though these women are poor and humble, yet if they have a meek and quiet spirit, and the voice and manner of women who have a work to do and know how to do it, they will get a respectful hearing from women far above them in social position. These heathen women will look for their coming, and (as has been observed more than

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