

CARRY ON.

(An Address given in Queen's Hall, London, to V.A.D.'s and other workers, by K. J. Saunders, Y.M.C.A. Council.)

There is a striking American poster, which depicts a bright field of poppies dotted thickly with wooden crosses. A girl is standing by one of them, and the words which she seems to hear ringing in her ears are these: "We shall not sleep unless you carry on." This is the theme upon which I am to speak to-night. Let us imagine that we are standing on one of the great battlefields either at Ypres, where 500,000 of our best Englishmen lie buried, or at Verdun, where three-quarters of a million of France's noblest and best lie guarding the heights they defended so nobly.

What would be the message that came to us from these great fields of death? Would they not ask us to see that the great task to which they had put their hand was not allowed to remain unfinished, that the great principles for which they died should be established for ever on the earth?

What are these principles except the great principles of what we so strangely call "Foreign Missions?" Let us think of them one by one. There is first the determination to put an end to war, to establish peace and goodwill. Is it not true that these men died that their children and grandchildren might not suffer as they have done? Secondly, the war was a great stirring of the human spirit towards freedom and democracy. They felt it intolerable that any autocratic power should be free to impose its will upon others, however weak and small. It was for international righteousness that they died, and they lie buried in Belgian soil as a great protest that there are no contemptible little nations, and that all have their right to a place in the sun. Then, again, the war was a great and shining example of human service; we are our brother's keepers, and for the joy that is set before us we may well endure the cross, despising the shame like that great leader of the world's youth, who has been called "The Young Prince of Glory." So they died for the sake of those at home, and those abroad—a great victorious army.

Now I think that whilst women are doing their part at home and on the field, many of them, perhaps most of

them, longed that they might have the privilege of sharing to the full the suffering, and so, to-day, I think these men would say to us all: "There are these principles still infinitely worth living for, and they are the principles for which we have died. You may yet claim your share in sacrifice."

These are the central principles of what we call "Foreign Missions." May we not say that our men went to France on a great Foreign Mission, to proclaim the principles summed up in the Premier's phrase, "Everybody's World?" The world is one; the only race is the human race. Those who do not believe in Foreign Missions do not really believe in international righteousness, or in the rights of the smaller peoples, or in the great brotherhood of man, or in the essential goodness of human nature. What is far more dangerous, they do not really believe in Christ or in His Church. To those within the Christian fold who would say to us: "The Church has failed at home, why should she throw out her outposts into Asia and Africa?" I would reply in the words of that great man of faith and vision, Marshal Foch. In April, when the cause of the Allies seemed lost, they came to him and told him, "Marshal, we cannot hold on." "I cannot hold on," he cried, "then I advance." And so it is with the Christian Church; assailed by a storm of criticism, cursed for not having prevented the war, blamed because she has not spoken with one clear voice during the long years of the world's agony, she replies: "I cannot hold on, then I advance." It is only in proportion as she has faith to see the world's need as a whole, to do her part in helping the devastated countries and the great needy continents, that she will get the vision and strength to solve her problems at home, and the fire to cleanse our slums and rookeries, of which we are so ashamed to-day. We cannot really set out our own house in order unless we have a world wide horizon, and a passion that no race should be left outside the Kingdom of God.

We are realising every day that the world is one world; an opium scandal in a London den reminds us of our guilty past in our relationships with China; we find that what we do 10,000 miles away reaches at the heart of the Empire; a glance at a French town shows us how men have come together from all the ends of the world—white, red, brown, yellow, black men

—from all continents. We see there that the inferior races have been good enough to help us in our hour of need; that tens of thousands of brown men and yellow men, not called by Christ's name, have given their lives for a great Christian principle, and we see dawning the vision of a world unified and made new by the spirit of Christ. Let us think of some of the great needs of the world as they call upon us to come and help them. Think of the women and children of Armenia, for example, where a million have been killed in cold blood. Think of the virile, attractive peoples of Arabia and Mesopotamia. Under Turkish misrule, the population of these lands has dwindled from 11 million to less than a million, and children die like flies. Again, are not Russia and Serbia calling to us to help them? Poor Russia! Or there is the great continent of India, where to-day women are coming into their own, where ambition and the longing for service is stirring in them so that the Women's Colleges, newly started, are full to overflowing. What a call for leadership there is from the women of India, and they ask us in the words of one of their women poets:

"When the terror and tumult of hate shall cease,
And life be refashioned on anvils of peace,
And your love shall offer memorial thanks,
To the comrades who fought in your dauntless ranks;
And you honour the deeds of the deathless ones,
Remember the blood of my martyred sons!"

There is attractive and fascinating work for the young girls of India now open to such movements as that of the Girl Guides. India is to-day rising to new heights, seeing new visions, filled with new longings, asking for new friendships. She has a glorious past; yet she is poverty-stricken and in need. She asks for men and women of the West to come out in no spirit of patronage or of dominance, but as servants and friends. When one thinks what women have done under the Red Cross, and realises that only 5½ million of India's 300 million people get proper medical attention, one thrills with the thought of a great Expeditionary Force of skilled doctors and nurses from the West going out in the name of the Great