

imperfect service. You may be called to be an artist or to serve in the kitchen, you may be ordained to be a preacher, a teacher in the Sunday School, or a quiet saint speaking to men by your life and gentle words, but rest assured that you are called to some sphere, and in that place you are expected by your Master to do your best to commend Him to sinners, and magnify the grace which has saved you from sin.

The majority of men live obscure lives. The rank and file greatly outnumber the officers of the army. A few are leaders, many are followers. Look into the faces of the people passing one another in the streets of a great city, and you will see how large a proportion of them live in obscurity. It is the same in a large congregation—the majority plod along their cheerful way, happy in the love of their Saviour. God stamps obscurity with His seal. The great unknown multitude in the world are like the bolts and small wheels in an intricate machine. They are all necessary, and though they make little or no noise, they are doing their share of service as really and truly as the fly-wheel or the steam which drives the whole. God hides many of His beautiful things where men seldom see them. The Mammoth Cave in Kentucky contains many of those wonderful things which