

somewhat discouraged at the aspect of affairs. As for the sunflower, it was noticed that he bowed his majestic head more and more until his face was well nigh to the ground. The passers-by wondered and said, "Some blight has come over the garden. What can be the difficulty?" By and by the flowers made up their minds that they would have to have a second convention, and with considerable more feebleness than before, and with tottering steps and struggling gait, gathered once more at the call of the sunflower. With feeble voice the sunflower said, "Someone please state the object of this meeting." And the rose said, "Mr. Chairman, we are dying; see, my leaves are almost gone, and as for fragrance, I have almost none left; I move you, sir, that we give what little we have left, perchance we shall not die utterly;" and the little violet said, but oh, in such a feeble tone, "I second the motion." And the chairman said, "All who are in favor of the motion signify it by saying 'Aye';" and a gentle wail of 'Aye' passed over that convention. Then they went to their places and once more were rooted as they were before. But the sun saw it, and soon said to the breeze, "Blow, breezes, blow." And the sun said to the clouds as they came up, "Rain, ye clouds; rain on that garden; they have reconsidered their evil motion and are giving according to the extent of their ability; rain. And when ye have rained and the breezes blown upon that garden, then I will clear my face and shine upon that garden, and we will give, since the garden has begun to give." And lo, the rain fell and the breezes blew and the sun shone upon that garden, and everyone said, "The garden is living once more, the blight is past, the flowers are giving and all nature seems again to smile." Is not this allegory for us? We are the Lord's people. "There is that scattereth and yet increaseth, and there is that withholdeth more than is meet but it tendeth to poverty." He who gives not gets not; he who scatters not gathers not; he who labors not is not strengthened; he who is all the time giving out—giving out of the treasures God has given him in his heart—he it is who is gathering strength for the battle and wealth for the glad bye-and-bye. Here then is our comfort, here then is our glory, that we are permitted as workers in the vineyard of the Lord to be outputters of strength and power,—for thus we ourselves gain all and lose nothing. I congratulate you, therefore, Sunday-school teachers; I commiserate with all you here to-night who are doing nothing directly for the Master. I pity you from the bottom of my heart, for the joy and very sweetness of life is denied to you because you retain all your power and give none to others. Oh, brothers, we have a glorious calling. People sometimes say to me—I am a city missionary—"Aren't you tired of that work of yours among the tenement houses?" "Tired of it?" I say; "the longer I am at that work the more I like it, and the more it repays me personally." It is glad work; I would not exchange the missionary church and school for the richest church in all Christendom, because of the juice and joy that comes out of the work. For the rich