

akin to the love for the Master we serve. The hearts that are open to me are warmed by the Gospel I preach, and the homes which I share are gladdened by the Bible for which I plead. I give the best expression of my regard when I turn from the welcome that awaits me elsewhere, at the voice of your invitation. And I give my most emphatic testimony to the importance of your enterprise, when I say that, although the cause in which I have been willing to spend and be spent still demands my solicitude, I am willing to labor with you; and, should this prove the last service of my old age, I shall consider it well and worthily bestowed.

I need not remind you how unavailing my endeavors will be unless the Lord shall add his blessing. "Brethren pray for us." Nor need I remind you of my need of your zealous coöperation, your forbearing love, your kind consideration and sympathy, "that I may rejoice in the day of Christ, that I have not run in vain, neither labored in vain."

We cannot penetrate the darkness which broods over the future of this earthly pilgrimage. One who has crossed the bourne of threescore years and ten, may not boast of what shall be on the morrow. But in such a cause as ours, we may well, with hopeful diligence, give ourselves to present duty; remembering the words of the preacher, "In the morning sow thy seed, in the evening withhold not thy hand; for thou knowest not whether shall prosper, either this or that, or whether both shall be alike good." I cannot but cherish the assurance that blessed results will yet be reaped from what we are now sowing, though we may not live to witness the harvest.

Though clouds and darkness envelope the immediate future—the future of sense, there is a future beyond it—the future of faith, which is radiant with heavenly light; like the mountains on which the sun shines beyond the valley that is shrouded in mist. Thither I look, with a gaze not less clear and steady because these bodily eyes wax dim; and there I behold glory and joy—the true fruition of Christian toil—the gift of Sovereign grace. My pilgrimage cannot stretch far into the darkness, and I enter it without fear. But to its close, be it near or remote, Christian responsibility follows us; and I go with this word in my heart, "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life."

In this blessed hope, I subscribe myself,

Your servant for Jesus' sake,

ARCHIBALD MACLAY.