

gestive, practical, hearty, *warm* speeches, wherein it is obvious that the man has something to say, not that he has to say something and wants to say something grand. The addresses that made the most impression, and the most lasting, were those that had least of the smell of midnight oil and of the savor of excessive mental toil. The *uplift* was what was needed, and that comes from the spiritual side rather than the merely intellectual. We yearned for such utterances as Carey himself would have given had he been there.

The missionary addresses—those by missionaries—were especially enjoyable and profitable. As the representatives from India, China, Africa, Jamaica thrilled the vast audiences, one could not but remember against what odds and oppositions Carey himself wrestled as he went forth the pioneer of British missions. To think of the six thousand men and women from Christian lands, and the seven times as many converts from heathendom, now laboring for a world's evangelization—how like the five loaves and two fishes among the five thousand seemed the little band of missionaries among whom Carey stood a leader! And how that “thirteen pounds, two and sixpence” of 1792 has multiplied over one hundred thousand times in 1892! In fact, how has the world opened to the Gospel since Carey had to seek Danish protection in India! Where now can we not go? How grandly like Pentecost's tongues of fire is that multiplication of the translations of the Bible into at least six times as many languages and dialects as when Carey began translating! One of the main blessings of these gatherings was this, that the contrast between 1892 and 1792 was made vivid and almost visible as the missionary laborers told of the wonderworking of God. The very antithesis of history was a provocation to love and good works, and compelled one to feel ashamed at the lack of modern enterprise for God.

The interest of this great anniversary had, of course, three centres—Nottingham, Leicester, Kettering—because in a different way Carey and the work of missions was linked with each place. At Nottingham, May 30th, 1792, in the old Baptist chapel, Park Street, Carey preached that great epoch-making sermon from Isa. 54 : 2, 3. That chapel stands and is as it was, save that the pulpit and pews are removed and part of the gallery. The baptismal font is to be seen, though used now as part of the appurtenances of a pharmacy. As one stands in that sacred room, which may be fifty feet by thirty, and remembers what took place there, the conviction takes shape involuntarily that it ought to be still a place of worship, or at least a museum of missionary relics, sacred to the memory of Carey and his work.

At Leicester the interest gravitates toward Harvey Lane Chapel, where Carey preached, and the little humble home opposite, where he dwelt. It fell to me to preach the sermon at this hallowed place, and, like Dr. Glover in London and Dr. Clifford in Nottingham, before me, and Dr. Landels at Kettering after me, the old text of Carey was still the theme, never more needful than now as a signal-bell for missions. That gathering