

he keep this continent *veiled*, until the Reformation in Philosophy and Religion had prepared the church for the occupation of this land? Why did He by a flight of paroquets direct Columbus to the West Indies, and so preserve this land from papal domination? How came it that, in the early struggles for supremacy, He turned the scale in favor of cross and not crucifix; and in our late four years' war gave the triumph to the Union armies, having first rid the land of slavery? God has evidently designed that here republican institutions and Protestant Christianity shall have a great theatre for the prosecution of the work of world-wide evangelization. We are made a spectacle to the world, to angels and to men. We are on the corridors of a vast coliseum. On the east side, toward the sunrise, Norway and Sweden, Denmark and Prussia and Russia and Austria and Germany and France and Italy and Spain and Portugal and Great Britain are looking down upon us; on the west, China and Japan, Siam and Burmah, India and Persia, and the Islands of the Sea intently watch our history. Our only hope is a pure, aggressive, missionary Christianity. We must put the gospel in every destitute district; we must keep pace with population; our missionary force must be multiplied tenfold, and our missionary contributions in proportion.

We must look after the *common people*. Some say there is always room at the top; but that is just where there is no room. Society is a pyramid; there is but one capstone, but the stones of the foundation are myriad. There is plenty of room at the bottom; and there all missionary work must begin. The base of the pyramid must be strong enough, broad enough, firm enough, to sustain all that is above it; a defect there is a radical, fundamental defect, imperiling the whole. In other words, the condition of the common people is the condition of the commonwealth. It is a fact fraught with tremendous meaning that the churches and the common people are growing apart, the gap between them becoming a gulf which we seem helpless to bridge. We find churches, situated amid the densest masses of our population, that used to be places of assembly thronged with the people, that are now mere stately mausoleums, where defunct church organizations may have a decent burial, and the preacher seems preaching in an empty vault a funeral sermon to a few mourners. Shaftesbury said at the anniversary of the Open-Air Mission in Islington that only two per cent. of the working classes in England attend public worship.

We must, as a matter of self-preservation, carry our Christian effort down to the least and the lowest. The health and wealth of the highest are bound up with the lowest. Robert Peel gave his daughter a superb riding habit on her eighteenth birthday, and proudly rode by her side in the park as she wore it. She came home, sickened with malignant typhus, and after a few days died. The poor seamstress who wrought the rich embroidery of that garment lived in a wretched attic,