

your master a Christian?" "Oh no," replied the negro, "he's a Presbyterian." The man then asked the negro if he himself was a Christian. The negro quietly replied "O yes, I'm a Methodist." The poor negro had evidently no idea that any but Methodists were Christians, and there are unfortunately too many like him. But when we got working together in some such Association as this, then we see eye to eye, then we recognize in each other, brother soldiers in the great army of Christ, although marshalled in different regiments. When I went to England I felt cold at first, but I soon broke through the ice, and when I got at the hearts of the people there I found them so warm and loving that I've felt homesick ever since I left there. My subject to-night shall be—To every man his work. We have all got a work to do in this world. I cannot help feeling that away back in the councils of eternity a work was laid out for you and I to do, and that if we do not do it, it will be left undone, and we will have to answer for it in the day of judgment. Nobody can do our work for us, you can't do my work, and I can't do your work, but each of us can do our own work. Some people have the idea that it is enough to have Christ in the pulpit, and that he should not be brought into our places of business or our places of pleasure. The Jews of old had the same idea when they shut God out of his own temple. But that idea is exploded. We must have Christ everywhere. It is this idea of confining Christ to the pulpit that makes men spiritual dwarfs. I know men to-day who use the very same prayers that they used fifteen years ago. They are God's dumb children. They do not allow themselves the use of their limbs and it is no wonder that they grow up helpless cripples. God does not allow us to warp up our talents in a napkin and hide them in the earth. We must use them for his service. God has not promised to do anything for us that we can do for ourselves. He has given us these gifts and he expects us to improve them. It would, if I may be allowed the expression, be extravagance in God to do anything for us that we can do for ourselves. It will not do for you to say that you have no learning and cannot speak for Christ. God often chooses the weak things of this world, strong in faith, to confound the mighty. When he wanted to choose a successor for Elijah, he didn't go down to Jericho to the school of the prophets, he went and took an old farmer from behind twelve yoke of oxen, and to him entrusted the unfinished work of Elijah. And when he wanted to choose a leader for the Israelites he didn't go to the eloquent among the people, but he chose Moses, a shepherd in the wilderness. That was God's choosing. If we had been choosing we would have sent an eloquent man, it is altogether likely we would have sent Mr. Punshon to do the work. Some are afraid to speak for Christ because they feel themselves alone; but I tell you that one man with the love of Christ in his soul is a majority wherever he is. I once went a hundred miles to form a Young Men's Christian Association and found only a man and two boys in the Hall when I got there. My companion wanted to go home feeling that it was no use trying to do anything in that place. But I told him I was not discouraged so he went with me into the street and we began singing "Jesus of Nazareth passeth by." We soon attracted a large crowd and to them we told our message. We were not long in forming a Young Men's Christian Association there. And the work went on and prospered. One judge got up and said, "I have stumped this county twice in a political canvass; and I am going to stump it once more—this time for Christ." The leading men of the town joined with him in the work, and the cause there goes bravely on. I have lately been down in Vermont, and it would seem as if the footsteps of the Almighty were heard upon those green mountains. I tell you, friends, that we live in the morning of a glorious day. The shadows of night are departing and the glory of day begins to crown the East. Men are everywhere giving up their business to get time to tell their fellow men of Christ. You may think the day is long of coming but it is coming nevertheless. A dying

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