

churches there are still the great Judahs and the little Benjamins, and it is all right that it should be so. Some churches have their big monied men, men, too, noted for their large givings, ten-thousand and five-thousand and two-thousand dollar men, and they put forward these, and they say: See what we are doing! Look at our man with his big stone for the heap!" Others again have no stalwarts in wealth. They are poor people, and they feel handicapped in this monument-building, and are ready to say: "We are overshadowed; we are not in it. Small stones are of no account in this memorial crossing-cairn. Big boulders or nothing!"

Everybody a Stone in the Heap.

I have shown you one picture, the picture of the twelve tribal stone-bearers, each with his great stone on his shoulder laboring up the bank on the other side. But I want to show you another picture, and it is one no less interesting picture of everybody with a stone for the heap. That is the picture we are trying to give shape and color to in our million dollar memorial.

Look at the picture. Let us suppose, that, instead of the twelve tribal men each with his stone for the crossing cairn, we should see all the people, the two millions or more; each with a stone. I see that picture. I see the priests, the princes, the strong men of the tribes, the ordinary people, the mothers and maidens, the young men with eager steps, the boys and girls with their bright happy faces beaming with the light and promise of the coming years, and they bear each a stone from the river-bed for the cairn at the crossing. I see them depositing them together in a heap, little and big. I see the heap growing and growing. I see it getting wider and taller, until it is like a mountain. I see that picture, and the thing that fills me with wonderment is not so much the value of the few great stones in prominent corner places in the heap, but the tremendous power of accumulated littles.

That, my friends, is the idea we want to give shape to in our million dollar memorial, and then it will be a splendid success. How easy for the two millions yonder, as they cross the river-bed filled with stones, their feet stumbling over them, to take one! Nothing so easy. No hand need be without its stone, large or small, for the cairn.

And who cannot bring something, less or more, to put into the million dollar memorial heap at the crossing of the centuries? Let the men of wealth come with their thousands. Let the great tribal churches lead the way with their large givings. But if we want to know what can be done, let one and all throughout the whole church bear a hand and bring his stone. Then we will have a mountain for a monument, and across its face we will see these shining words—"Glory to God for His mercy."

Something like that is the idea we want to see worked out. And so the great churches of the great cities are not going to have it all their way. The banner church will be that church, whose every member and adherent, old and young, the minister at the head, with every one of his people down to the very babies, backing him up, will contribute its full quota to the memorial heap at the crossing of the years.

The Working out of the Idea.

Is it, we might first of all ask, an idea worth entertaining seriously? Is there anything in it? Perhaps it is a foolish idea, a bit of sentiment rather than sense. Pride may have more to do with it than Christian privilege. We want to have something to brag over, and so the bigger the heap the bigger our boast and brag. And, before we are through with it, it may be a take-down to our pride as a people, a miserable fizzle that we will want to forget as soon as we can.

And then practical people are asking what the crossing of the years is anyway? Why should we, after all is said and done, make more of next year because it happens to be the opening year of a new century than of any other year? You have no dreams about it. You expect to have to work as hard then as now. You expect to be as hungry for your dinner, and perhaps there may be less to put on your table. You expect to shiver in its cold and swelter in its heat just as in the years of this nineteenth century. The thing as you look at it, is another of the many humbugs. And so you will have nothing to do with it, no hand in it.

But I want to ask here, if the twelve-stone heap at the crossing of the river Jordan yonder was all a humbug. I suppose there were those who thought it very silly to carry stones from the river-bed and