

have no need of thee," or even, "I can exist normally without thee." What are the special contributions that shall be made to the development of the Body of Christ by the Japanese, the Koreans, the several races of Africans, the central Asiatics, the natives of Alaska, it may not be possible to say. Their functions in the Body of Christ cannot be accurately determined, can hardly be surmised, so long as they are without the Body; but it is certain that they are absolutely essential to the full development of that Body, and to the best interests of every individual in that Body; and it is altogether conceivable that the least promising of those constituent members may do more for the interests of the whole than any present member. Audacious as the thought may seem, it is entirely possible, though, of course, not probable, that the assimilation by the whole Body of the Church of the elements that Japan may contribute to it will do more for its corporate life than Anglican Christianity is now doing.

It is an easy step from proof of the necessity to full catholicism of the Church that all nations should be Christianized, to showing that the means for promoting that end are Christian missions.

It has pleased God that through the foolishness of preaching, that is the apparently inadequate ordinary agencies of the Church, men everywhere should be brought to the feet of Christ. Sometimes the result seems near. It is vastly nearer than appeared to be the case a generation ago, because within this generation a beginning has been made in nearly every region of the earth, and because large numbers of men have come to grasp the gigantic thought that it is possible to claim the world for Christ at once and completely. Hope has therefore sprung up among the lovers of missions and workers of missions. That far-off Divine event has loomed into their ken, and their attitude from now on is that of the Master, "from henceforth *expecting*."

But the end is not very near. Neither you nor I shall see it with these dimming eyes of the flesh. Certain it is, however, that all creation waits upon that consummation. No individual Christian is so good a Christian while any other man that he might influence is unchristian, while any other man whomsoever is unchristian. Apparently, indeed, perfect sanctification of any one person is not possible aside from that of any and all others. We are in the fullest sense "members one of another."

Besides the imperfections of individual life, the problems of society in even the most advanced countries wait upon the coming of the new blood, new brain, new means of appropriation of the gifts of the Holy Spirit,

always present but always to be discovered, that shall be revealed through the more complete catholicizing of the Church.

What manner of men should we be, brethren, but such as are "looking for and hastening the coming of the day of God"?

Your presence here to-day, your identification with aggressive Church work near and far in years past, speak for your loyalty to the great ideal that I have tried to hold up before you as an incentive to still greater exertion.

Let to-day's Communion be for you a true *Sacramentum*, taking the oath of fuller fidelity to that ideal and faith in its realization—the full catholicizing of the Church.

Then men everywhere, "speaking the truth in love, may grow up in all things into Him which is the Head, even Christ; from whom the whole Body fitly framed and knit together through that which every joint supplieth, according to the working in due measure of each several part, maketh the increase of the Body unto the building up itself in love."

What reward shall I give unto the Lord for all the benefits that He hath done unto me?"

Thy life was given for me,
Thy blood, O Lord, was shed,
That I might ransomed be,
And quickened from the dead;
Thy life was given for me;
What have I given for Thee?

Long years were spent for me
In weariness and woe,
That through eternity
Thy glory I might know;
Long years were spent for me;
Have I spent one for Thee?

Thy Father's Home of light,
Thy rainbow-circled Throne,
Were left for earthly night,
For wanderings sad and lone;
Yes, all was left for me;
Have I left aught for Thee?

Thou, Lord, hast borne for me
More than my tongue can tell
Of bitterest agony,
To rescue me from hell;
Thou suff' redst all for me;
What have I borne for Thee?

And thou hast brought to me
Down from Thy Home above,
Salvation full and free,
Thy pardon and Thy love;
Great gifts Thou broughtest me;
What have I brought to Thee?

O let my life be given,
My years for Thee be spent;
World-fetters all be riven,
And joy with suffering blent;
Thou gav'st Thyself for me,
I give myself to Thee. *Amen.*

—Hy. A. & M.