

upon the homes and haunts of all this poverty and misery is Consecrated Capital.

Our *rapid development* is our peril. Few of us realize the amazing growth of new cities in our great West. In 1878 I went to a new settlement in Wisconsin. Eighteen months before an iron mine had been discovered and the first tree felled for a human habitation. There was then a population of twelve hundred men, and twenty grogshops, with gambling saloons and other accompaniments, and one church just organized! The advancing wave of civilization sweeps westward thirty miles a year, and the centre of gravity swings westward so fast that, while it was east of the Alleghanies before the Revolution, it now hovers near the Mississippi!

These new villages are becoming *strategic centres* of population and influence. The gathering of these hordes makes necessary the railroad for travel and traffic; then cross-roads are built, until new settlements become railroad centres. There the opposing forces of Christ and the Devil meet and clash in conflict. There we ought to put our strongest men, competent to organize the forces of Christ and the Church and lead them on to victory and turn the tide of battle. What are we doing? We are so crippling our Board of Home Missions that *they cannot* man these strategic centres as they ought. The home missionary gets but a pittance from the Board, and the local church cannot sustain him. He retires to other fields where he can command a support, and the consequence is that some of the most important posts in the Grand Army of Christ's Church are left *ungarrisoned* or with a weak, insufficient, inefficient force.

Nehemiah was the model organizer. He acted on three great principles: division of labor, co-operation and concentration. When the trumpet sounded it was the signal that at some weak point in the wall the enemy had made an assault. One weak place in the wall exposed the whole city. And so, when the trumpet sounded, every workman left his own place and rushed to the assaulted point. I think I hear the signal of distress from the weak points in the wall.

God has a plan in the ages—and in every age a special providential purpose. Prince Albert used to say to the young men of his day, "Find out God's plan in your generation—and then beware lest you cross it, but fall into your place in that plan." We may, toward that plan, hold ourselves in one of three attitudes—either apathy, antipathy, or sympathy. We may yoke ourselves to God's chariot, and while we seek to bear it on be borne on with it; or we may cross its path and be crushed beneath its wheels, or we may simply lag behind in listlessness and indifference and be left behind in its onward progress. But we must quickly decide. While we deliberate the crisis is upon us and the opportunity is gone!

Can you doubt that God has a plan in our history? Why, then, did