

navies, while those other and more menacing armies of the homeless and naked darken the streets of their cities. And to-day the fairest garden spots of England, countless acres of them, richly freighted with the promises of golden harvests, are not permitted to feed the hungry because they must be preserved to adorn the palaces of the rich. We have a peculiar right to lay claim to our tenets on these subjects and we have unanswerable reasons to advocate them, knowing through two centuries of experience the virtues that flow from their observance. This, I think, is our especial work, set apart obviously, from the very nature we uphold, for our hands to do. How much, or may I not rather ask how little is now being done in this field of effort?

Returning, for a moment, to the Macaulay sketch, there is quite another picture which might be placed beside it, if only by way of contrast. A story is told of Lorenzo Dow, an eccentric travelling preacher, probably a relative of the great temperance advocate. On a dark night he ran through the main street of a certain town shouting "fire" at the top of his lungs. Soon all the inhabitants were aroused from their beds, inquiring very naturally, "Where is the fire?" And when he had become assured that all were awakened and attentive, the preacher pointed to the ground beneath them and exclaimed, in a voice of thunder, "It's right under your town, and I have come to show you a way to escape." There may be a lesson for us in this story as well as in the other, not to neglect our opportunities and always to be fruitful in devices for good ends. But between these two extremes, as illustrated by Macaulay and Lorenzo Dow, can there not be chosen a happy medium wherein we shall pass over the world's great highway, leaving, perchance, a blessing by the way? May there not be awakened in some hearts, now too little given to seriousness of purpose,

a fresh hope, fresh courage, fresh zeal in the work of life? Let us watch as well as pray, for such a result.

When in some quiet hour the heart of man meditates upon all this fretting, feverish, unsettled ocean of humanity that is forever heaving around him and beating itself to pieces too often in angry waves on inhospitable shores; how he is thrilled to the very roots of his being with the contemplation of all the dying efforts, and stifled longings and perishing hopes that are being daily and hourly cast upon the bosom of this mighty sea.

There are so many souls groping for the light and falling into the darkness just for the need of a warning voice or a helping hand. Our little lanterns might shine in upon them and glimmer on their way. Let us, at all events, keep them trimmed and burning. Do not be too much afraid of jostling people. Indeed, the world is often the better for a healthy shaking up. Do not think that this or that piece of work is not ours. If it is most visible to our eyes it is altogether likely to be our work. Humility is a virtue, but when it becomes an excuse for timidity the virtue is negative. There has been too much stress laid by Friends on the propriety of keeping aloof from the world and its struggles, as if we had no part in them and no sympathy for them. We must have sympathy if we are human. In this pilgrimage of ours there is no private road for anybody. There is just the one highway, broad and straight. We must mingle in the life of the world if we would know its needs. And let us always keep in mind the unmistakable language of the Master, in his last solemn invocation: "I pray not that thou shouldest take them out of the world, but that thou shouldest keep them from evil."

Time is very short my friends. It may be shorter for you and for me than any of us now think. Whatever is left of it for any of us must be far, far too little for all there is to do. The sunset