

was not evolved, but revealed. The natural man lives to be ministered unto—he lays his imposts upon others. He buys slaves that they may fan him to sleep, bring him the jeweled cup, dance before him, and die in the arena for his sport. Into such a world there came a King "not to be ministered unto, but to minister." The rough winds fanned His sleep; He drank of the mountain brook, and made not the water wine for Himself; would not use His power to stay His own hunger, but had compassion on the multitude. He called them He had bought with a great price no more servants, but friends. He entered the bloody arena alone, and, dying, broke all chains, and brought life and immortality to light.

Here is the perfect altruism; here the true appraisal of men. Ornaments of gold and gems, silken robes, houses, lands, stocks, and bonds—these are tare when men are weighed. Where else is there a scale so true? Where a brotherhood so wide and perfect? Labor is made noble—the King credits the smallest service. His values are relative; He takes account of the per cent. when tribute is brought into His treasury. No coin of love is base or small to Him. The widow's mite He sets in His crown. Life is sweetened; the poor man becomes of account. Where else is found a philosophy of life so sweet and adaptable—a philosophy of death so comforting?

The men who, like Paul, have gone to heathen lands with the message "we seek not yours but you," have been hindered by those who, coming after, have reversed the message. Rum and other corrupting agencies come in with our boasted civilization, and the feeble races wither before the hot breath of the white man's vices.

The great nations have combined to suppress the slave trade. Is it too much to ask that they shall combine to prevent the sale of spirits to men who, less than our children, have acquired the habits of self-restraint? If we must have "consumers," let us give them an innocent diet.

The enemies of foreign missions have spoken tauntingly of the slowness of the work, and of its great and disproportionate cost, and we have too exclusively consoled ourselves and answered the criticism by the suggestion that with God a thousand years is as one day. We should not lose sight of the other side of that truth—one day with Him is as a thousand years. God has not set a uniform pace for Himself in the work of bringing in the Kingdom of His Son. He will hasten it in His day. The stride of His Church shall be so quickened that commerce will be the laggard. Love shall outrun greed. He exacts faith. He will not answer the demand to show a course of stone in His great cathedral for every thousand dollars given,

But it may be justly asked that the administrators of our mission treasuries justify their accounts; that they use a business wisdom and economy; that there

is no waste; that the workmen do not hinder each other. The plowing and the sowing must be well done. These may be and should be judged; that is men's part of the work. But the care of well-planted seed is with God. We shall have reports from the harvesters showing that He has given the promised increase—some thirty and some an hundred fold. Gifts to education are increasingly munificent. University endowments have been swelled by vast single gifts in the United States during the last few years. We rejoice in this. But may we not hope that in the exposition of the greater needs of the educational work in the mission fields, to be presented in this conference, some men of wealth may find the suggestion to endow great schools in mission lands? It is a great work to increase the candle-power of our educational arc-lights, but to give to cave-dwellers an incandescent may be a better one.

Not the least beneficent aspect and influence of this great gathering will be found in the Christian union that it evidences. The value of this is great at home, but tenfold greater in the mission field, where ecclesiastical divisions suggest diverse prophets. The Bible does not draw its illustrations wholly from the home or the fields, but uses also the strenuous things of life, the race, the fight, the girded soldier, the assault. There are many fields; there are diverse arms; the battle is in the bush, and the comrades that are seen are few.

A view of the whole army is a good thing; the heart is strengthened by an enlarged comradeship. It gives promise that the flanks will be covered and a reserve organized. After days in the brush the sense of numbers is lost. It greatly strengthens the soldier and quickens his pace when he advances to battle, if a glance to right or left reveals many pennons, and a marshaled host moving under one great leader to execute a single battle-plan.

During the Atlanta campaign of our civil war the marching and fighting had been largely in the brush. Sometimes in an advance the commander of a regiment could see no more than half of his own line, while the supports to his right and left were wholly hidden. To him it seemed as if his battalion was making an unsupported assault. The extended line, the reserve, were matters of faith.

But one day the advancing army broke suddenly from the brush into a savannah—a long, narrow, natural meadow, and the army was revealed. From the centre, far to the right and left, the distinctive corps, division, brigade, and regimental colors appeared, and associated with each of these was the one flag that made the army one. A mighty spontaneous cheer burst from the whole line, and every soldier tightened his grip upon his rifle and quickened his step. What the savannah did for that army this World's Conference of Missions should do for the Church.—*Missionary Review.*