

of sickness and the days of sickness of those dear to us, what illness means for those millions who are without God in the world, and go from this meeting resolved, cost what it may, to save them from these woes and to carry the knowledge of Christ into these miserable homes! What added effort can we make? The need for men and women is vast, and I see many young men and women here who perhaps have not yet decided upon their life work. Then go. Young Christian friends, here is the noblest opening for you that the world presents. A life consecrated in foreign lands to the service of the Master is I believe, one of the happiest lives that men or women live upon this earth. It may be that advancement in the professions at home may be sacrificed by going to the foreign field; but in the hour when the soldier lays his dented armour down, after the fight has been fought, and the hands which were pierced for our redemption crown his brow with the Crown of Life, and the prize of the high calling of God is won, will there be one moment's regret, think you, for the abandoned prizes of the professions at home?

Our responsibilities are increased by our knowledge. We pray God to give the means to send forth labourers. Has He not given us the means? Have we not the means to send forth the missionaries? Have not our friends the means? And when we pray God to give us the means, may we not rather pray Him to consume the selfishness which expends our means upon ourselves? Dare we, can we, sing such hymns as
 "All the vain things that charm me
 most,
 I sacrifice them to His blood,"

and yet surround ourselves with these "vain things"—the lust of the eyes and the vainglory of life? Our style of living is always rising. We are always accumulating. We fill our houses with pleasant things. We decorate our lives till further decoration seems almost impossible. Our expenditure on ourselves is enormous; and when I returned

from Asia two years ago I thought that the expenditure on the decoration of life among Christian people had largely risen; and I think so still, and think so increasingly. Now we have many possessions. We have old silver, we have jewellery, objects of art, rare editions of books, things that have been given to us by those we have loved and which have most sacred associations. All these would bring their money value if they were sold. May we not hear the Lord's voice saying to us in regard to these, our treasured accumulations, "Lovest thou Me more than these?" It is time we should readjust our expenditure in the light of our increased knowledge; and not in the light of our increased knowledge alone, but that we should go carefully over our stewardship at the foot of the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, in the light of those eyes which closed in death for our redemption.

In conclusion let me say that the clock which marks so inexorably the time allotted to each speaker, marks equally inexorably the passing away of life. Since I began to speak two thousand five hundred human beings at the lowest computation have passed before the bar of God. "The voice of thy brother's blood crieth unto Me from the ground?"

The fields are white unto harvest, but who is to be the reaper? Is it to be the Lord of the harvest, or him who has been sowing the tares ever since the world began? Let each of us do our utmost by any amount of self-sacrifice to see that it shall be the Lord of the harvest. And may the constraining memories of the cross of Christ, and the great love wherewith He loved us, be so in us that we may pass that love on to those who are perishing. "We know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that though He was rich, yet for our sakes He became poor," and we hear His voice to-night, ringing down through the ages of selfishness and luxury and neglected duty, solemnly declaring that the measure of our love for our brethren must be nothing less than the measure of His own. May He touch our hearts with the spirit of self-sacrifice and love.