

compassion for the lost! Unless we keep such thought fresh in our minds we may imperil sincerity by a slow process of inconsistency; we may become possessed with a spirit contrary to the Gospel we propagate; we may become soulless machines—dynamos working in the dark to provide light only for others; pose as physicians and infect our patients with new diseases, such as the eruption of inflamed partyism; of the itch of skin-deep novelties that give no rest for the healthy growth of true knowledge; and even of a professionalism that deadens the functions of the soul, so as to make it fester with corruption in the sight of God.

This is to proclaim salvation and neglect it. What then? What!

A very dreadful thing once happened. It was during physical weakness and consequent despondency, which God forbids to prevail, and therefore it vanished as swiftly, even more swiftly than it came:—"What if the heathen whom we prepare for heaven search for us hereafter to acknowledge their debt to us; look for us there and never find us, because the door is shut and we outside—cast-aways!" Was that a morbid idea? Yes, I hope it was. But the very flashing of such possibilities across the mind should be startling.

We stand before God. Precious souls trust to us. Eternity will witness against all worldliness, selfishness and levity in the fulfillment of our ministry and service. It is a solemn undertaking to maintain due respect for the wonderful capacity of immortal souls, even for our own, as we call it, though we are not our own, and we are entrusted with both theirs and ours.

But if this responsibility be great and the labour toilsome, thank God, every part of both may be a means of grace to us all. This is God's gracious compensation for us. If we miss much that others count essential to their souls' development we receive something instead measured out by love divine in a cup large enough to satisfy us.

We have to strive to so use God's special mercies as to become more fruitful in service. As lilies among thorns—the more for being bruised—we must pour fragrance out for those who would tread us down but for the protecting thorns. Trials shelter as well as overshadow the soul.

God has given us gems to polish, not to call our own yet we may wear awhile, as the mark of our calling, the crystal dust ground off by our labours. The workmen may now sparkle with the atoms cut from the golden vessels, entrusted to us by their owner and our Master to cover with the bright designs of Redemption. Perhaps our present labours may be worked into the many crowns on the head of the King of glory. O splendid ambition to let our loving service shine from His head!

Woe be to him who sets no value on Christ's purchases. What if at first they are rough and rude. Let pity grow. A walk through a ruined town must make men sad: who would not compassionate a ruined soul, a lost world? Then comes the joy of restoration and its great reward.

I have lately sailed on a ship with **With us but thirty-two** other delegates to the New York Missionary Conference. Eight men were Churchmen, the rest from various denominations of Christians. Prayer united us, and we soon forgot our differences, which yet remained, and must remain I fear. What I felt was that it was a duty to avoid exaggerating the differences, and to fix the heart on the unity pervading the diversity. If jarings arise in our work, as they will, because of the diversity, we must see they do not overcome the real unity. Let us ever try to honestly avoid collision.

We are citizens of the world as well as of heaven and have our mutual duties arising from relationships. Compromise is a naked shivering wretch we need not give the best lodgings to, but his whispers about giving and taking deserve some hospitality. We cannot always choose what materials we build with, but whatever it be we have to stoop to lift it to its place in the building. This means humility as well as thankfulness. As we uplift souls we also rise, and they are seen to be precious stones—some clear, some flawed, but no two alike. Perhaps the temple will be more beautiful for the varying hues built in.

Remember God *builds* in his builders and their work. Their diversity may not mar His complete work; but if we cannot see it now we may not cease building on that account. We shall have better sight and more refined taste when we have seen the topmost stone laid amid the praises of eternity. *Then* the light will be virgin whiteness *now* our joy must find beauty in the prismatic hues.

Glorious things are spoken of our **Missions and Jerusalem.** What we look forward to **Ourselves.** is not the extension of Christendom as the end of heathendom, and then the making of Church history like the past, and so go on for ever. The future is with God and it will be worthy of Him. The climax will be the complete triumph of the coming King, not the dead level of the half reclaimed wilderness of the common Christianity we are familiar with.

Our ambition is resolved on preparing for the splendour of our King. We are weaving souls into the fringe of the Bride's apparel all glorious within.

We may have long to labour outside the walls, to weep over our Jerusalem, but not over its ruins;