

church that made the largest offering was counted the prosperous church, whether souls were saved or not. The preacher that most exceeded assessments was counted most useful, though there was no advance on any other line. Not that money was of equal value with souls in any man's eye, but the production of money was proof tantamount that all other lines were equally advanced, though no signs thereof were visible to the eye. "Woe worth the day" when such proofs pass muster in the Church of God. For a thousand years they have passed in the Romish Church, and the money thus raised has planted their banners over the habitable globe. Tetzels song was the key-note among them:

"When the money in the box doth ring,
The soul right up to heaven shall spring."

No wonder good men held their breath as the sound of these very breakers fell upon their ears in Conference assemblies, and in Church papers. Thank God, the tide is turning. Money is put last and least in importance, though not in quantity. When it is not, it is an offence to God. Listen: "I will not reprove thee for thy sacrifices and thy burnt offerings to have been continually before Me. I will take no bullock out of thy house, nor he-goats out of thy folds. For every beast of the forest is Mine and the cattle on a thousand hills. If I were hungry, I would not tell thee: for the world is Mine and the fulness thereof. Offer unto God thanksgiving, and pay thy vows unto the most High." Here were material offerings put before the sacrifice of a broken heart, and here was God's infinite scorn of the whole thing.

The liberality of the Church in Macedonia has been handed down the ages by the Holy Ghost, and He has been equally careful to tell us the spirit in which it was done: "They first gave their own selves unto the Lord." There were rich men in the days of the Master, who brought great bags of gold and cast them into the treasury; and there was a poor widow that brought "two mites which make a farthing," and He said she "cast in more than they all"—MORE, because bathed and baptized in the ful-

ness of her love. Their greater gifts did not show greater love—in His eye. Her small pittance, anointed as it was with the perfume of her piety, is felt in the throb of the Church to this day. There is a sorer need than money among us to-day—pressing as that need may be. There is a louder call than the one for additional men in missionary fields—piercing as that call is. The crying need of the Church is a "tongue of fire" on the ministry at home and abroad. True, indeed, we have not money enough. But alas! alas! our lack of power in the Holy Ghost. A lack which no diversion of attention can hide—which no financial exhibit can relieve, and which no parade of numbers can atone for. How soon would all else be right if this were only supplied!

We have a great Church, a great history, and a great mission. The things that made the Church great, and these alone, can keep it great. The doctrines, the experiences, the labors, and above all the "anointing," which have made up its history—these and these alone can fulfil its mission. He that sees no deeper into that history than its money and its bigness, needs an inspiration from above. He that wants new doctrines and customs, to meet the demands that are upon us, is as much a stranger to the animus of the Church as he is to that of the world. We need "an upper-room" in every Church; we need the "one accord" and the "one mind" that were there; and above all we need the "other tongues" of Pentecost, to shake this world of sin. The conclusion is irresistible, that we need them, at least, as much as the men that had three years' personal training and communion with the King of Glory.

"The Church stands on its knees. It has marched around the world on its knees." Its greatest battles and its greatest victories have been won on its knees. It needs no other mode of warfare in this day. It will not need any other, so long as "the race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong." There was no display of human wisdom, and not one touch of rhetoric or science in Peter's sermon at Pentecost, but there were red-hot bolts of thunder from the