

times perhaps by sorrow, or wondrous rescue of soul or body; through joy's glad teaching, or the straitening of with-held gifts—in some supreme hour of self-sacrifice, or through slow years of self-suppression—but ever for His work He makes ready His workers. And we, you and I, have we no part in this matter? Ah, I think we have, whether we will or not! As we more nearly or more remotely follow our Lord Jesus, and keep the law of love, so must the standard of the ideal missionary rise or fall—as the missionary society, so the coming missionary. You are all, I presume, familiar with the official requirements for missionary candidates. [Refer to requirements as cited in the Annual Report of the W. M. S.]

To the woman presenting herself for service these questions and requirements must be soul-searching, yet, knowing as we must how life's standard varies with the individual view of it, is it not possible for one to conscientiously fulfil these preliminary obligations, and yet—to mistake herself! For one must not weigh carelessly the natural qualifications, the personality of the candidate. This must always be of vital importance the strong, well-controlled will, the sensitive temperament, the tranquil bravery which endures, the tactful courage which dares, and that patient perseverance which waits to obtain. For myself, I think there should be, in any life dedicating itself to this work of Jesus, two great dominating impulses—1. Unbounded confidence in the power of the message one is to carry. 2. The impelling influence of a steadfast conviction that one is SENT.

To souls possessed of these two currents from the fountain of Life, I think the carrying on of the work is possible of beautiful fulfilment. Yes, there are cravings for home, the slow waiting, wearing excitement, common place drudgery, the weary tension of being surrounded by alien eyes and hearts, even the soul-sickening sense of personal failure that besets so often His nobler children—all this and the awful impotence of unsteady hands, "heavy" for lack of some Aaron, or some Hur to "stay" them! Yet, hear St. Paul's triumphant cry: "I can do all things!" May I give you a quotation from a last letter of General Gordon's written in Khartoum: "There is not the least doubt," he says, "that there is an immense virgin field for an apostle in these countries among the black tribes. But where will you find an apostle? A man must give up everything, understand—*everything*! No half or three-quarter measure will do. He must be dead to the world, have no ties of any sort, and long for death when it may please God to take him. There are few, very, very few such, but what a field!"

Ah! Whom shall we send? Who? "Who is sufficient for these things?" It was while the Church at Antioch "ministered to the Lord and fasted" that the command, which was also a definite direction, was given, "Separate me Barnabas and Saul for the work whereunto I have called them." And do you remember our Lord's choosing of the twelve as told by St. Luke? "And it came to pass in those days that He went into the mountain to pray, and He continued all night in prayer to God. And when it was day, He called His disciples and chose from them twelve."

So He chose! He the world missionary, who divested Himself of the Home-land, glory-garment and speech, and beauty, and "took upon Him the form of a servant." How constantly He rested on the power of His Father! How often with wistful assurance He re-iterated that golden "sent." "Sent of the Father." The divine Missionary, Who emptied Himself of that wondrous "form of God," that He might show us the Father! "And His means to that end was Love! Through the thirty-three years of His earth-life, Love dictated every step of the way." Love's patience, Love's forgiveness, Love's humility, Love's stern denunciation of sin, Love's with-holdings, Love's absolute truth—it was, it *is* His law of life; And it must be that of any other Missionary who would follow in His steps." And this is the measure of that love—He gave *Himself*, He "so marred more than any man."

"To make, you must be marred,
To raise your race must stoop,
To teach them aught must learn
Ignorance———"

I have striven to trace roughly the outlines of the missionary character as its ideal has grown in my thoughts; there is need of erasing and altering from wiser hands, I know, and the daintier touches and colorings I leave wholly with yourselves.

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Speak a shade more kindly
Than the year before,
Pray a little oftener
Love a little more,
Cling a little closer
To the Father's love,
Life below shall liker grow
To the life above.

— The prayer that does ^{**}not bring us closer to God takes us farther from Him.

— There are no promises in the Bible for people who are not in earnest. ^{**}

— We are not made rich ^{**}by what we can get, but by what we can't lose.