

that these efforts are as futile as the attempt to stay a stream by scattering on its bosom a handful of autumn leaves. Said one to me: "I have lived in China. Your missionaries are good men; but in one place, after much labor, they made but two converts, and one of them got into jail." It is easy to point to failures, and we can also point out conspicuous successes. Chinese literature, its ethics and classics, have been translated into modern tongues by the missionaries. They have there and everywhere enlarged the sphere of knowledge. It is one function of Christianity to reverse the curse of Babel. Pride scattered men, and the humble in Christ are united to all others by means of the Gospel in every land and language. The missionary is loved and honored by those who have been blessed by his work. That work will be successful. The Gospel that has lifted Germany, and England, and America, will not crack under the strain of the world. To it we may trace the blessings already enjoyed, and from it greater still may flow. Our Magna Charta, our Bill of Rights, our United States Constitution, we may trace to the leaves of the Bible brought to England by a pious monk from Rome; and this Gospel is to fill the earth. Our Lord has said that all power in heaven and earth is His, and that He will be with us always to the end. What audacious blasphemy, if He be only man! Either this is a celestial voice, or that of one who is foolish and insane. There is no room to doubt. The same power that subdued Rome and evangelized barbarian Europe, and has ennobled our own civilization, will go on from victory to victory! You may believe it or not; it will make no difference. The papers may sneer at the missionary cause, but it will make no difference. The Gospel is to conquer the earth!

Now the question is, Will you take part? Not in this agency alone; but will you co-operate with God himself? You do that when you turn coal to gas, and water to steam; when you make iron to swim and wire to talk; but in a

grander sense you strike hands with God when you undertake work for Him in the field which is the world. This service makes life noble indeed. Nothing I saw or heard at our recent Long Meadow Centennial impressed me so much as the sight of an elderly lady and her sweet voice, as she bore loving testimony to the gladness of her service for Christ during many years in the Ottoman Empire. Before her friends, those who knew her in girlhood, she affirmed that there was no life so beautiful and precious as that of a missionary—a missionary woman amid Moslem or pagan civilization.

Animated by such an exalted, intrepid, heroic consecration, life will be illuminated with the brightness of immortality. Power will be glorified, and money itself will take on something of the beauty of heaven, shining, as it were, like bits of the golden pavement in the city of our God!

LOSING THE SOUL.

By JOHN R. PAXTON, D.D., IN WEST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, NEW YORK.*

What is a man profited if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul? or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?—Matt. xvi. 26.

This text has seen its best days. It is now quite out of fashion. It has quickened saints and terrified sinners; but now you rarely hear a sermon from

* Our reporter preserves in this abstract much of the realistic and dramatic power of the preacher's rhetoric. A Wall Street business man, who had not been a church-goer, said, after hearing Dr. P., "Yes, he preaches, not for the ninth, but for the nineteenth century." An eminent critic and Christian scholar says that, though "his voice is not distinct, and his manner is abrupt and even uncouth, Dr. P. is, to my mind, one of the half-dozen most eloquent preachers I have ever heard. His devotional services struck me as singularly unreserved and infelicitous, uttered in a tone of unintentional familiarity, if not dictation." One utterance is a sufficient example: "Duty is difficult. Sin is easy. O God, don't be hard on us!" During the rebellion, Mr. Paxton saw active service, and his military life has left an abiding impress upon his style, in which strength predominates over beauty, and everything is subordinated to immediate, practical effect.—Ed.