

unified ; mountains tunnelled and channels bridged : we drink the tea of China, Japanese skill adorns our rooms, Turkish hands weave our neckcloths, Chinese wear English garments. "Who is my neighbor?" is receiving its true answer in the development of the world. The same spirit that awakens our sympathies for the poor of our town, bids us bind up the wounds of the Norwegian at our door ; dry the tears of the poor Italian boy on board the train to San Francisco, or seek, by missionary effort and personal self-sacrifice, to abate the miseries of the coolie in Trinidad. It is the spirit of *enlightened humanity*—the spirit of Christ. You hire me to come here and preach Jesus Christ. Why? Not that I might preach alone to *you* or *your children* ; but that throughout this whole community the sound of the gospel might be heard from this pulpit. If not, then "ye love only your own," and "what better are ye than even the Publicans and sinners—do not even they the same?" A great network of veins running through Asia, Africa, America, Europe and the islands of the ocean, make us all of *one blood*, the creatures of one God, the children of one father. Paul felt when he looked on a man, be he Parthian or Mede or Elamite or Mesopotamian or Jew or Egyptian or Roman, "I owe that man the gospel!" A band of missionaries in the Indian Archipelago were debating whether to establish a mission on a neighboring island, and were told that the natives were savages and cannibals and giants. "But are there men there?" "Yes." : "Then that settles it ; wherever there are men we must go." This is the spirit of Christ, of the Apostles, of missions.

*V. Because it will do us good.* This may seem selfish. It is scriptural, for it says "Grow in grace." Only as waters *move* can they keep from *stagnation*. Selfishness is opposed to missions, and says "Am I my brother's keeper?" Selfishness is opposed to Christ, and it is only when we can say in desire and in character, "Less of self and more of thee," that we are becoming Chrislike. In the debate in the Senate of Massachusetts on the application for a charter for the "Foreign Mission Board," it was objected that "we had no religion to spare." "Ah, but," was the response, "religion is that kind of a commodity that the more you export, the more you have left for home consumption." Brethren, this is true. "The liberal soul shall be made fat." "There is that scattereth, and yet increaseth ; there is that withholdeth more than is meet, and it tendeth to poverty." Only as the stream of life flows into the great ocean of misery and sin shall we ourselves be carried forward with increasing momentum and swiftness. Examine the physical life. We *live* when and because the heart sends out the blood to muscle and nerve and tissue, in foot and hand and eye and hair and nails. So we live *spiritually* when and as the life blood of our spiritual life beats in Hindu, or Chinese, or Hebrideesian, or Mongolian, or Turk. Brethren, if it impoverished you, I could not, would not say, "up and at them," but when it *doubly blesses*—"blesses him that gives and him that receives, then I say "arise in this thy might, for the Lord is with thee."

I shall close with one more reason, which, to a sincere follower of