

that we should readjust our expenditure in the light of our increased knowledge; and not in the light of our increased knowledge alone, but that we should go carefully over our stewardship at the foot of the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, in the light of those eyes which closed in death for our redemption. There can be no arbitrary law about giving. If we readjusted, by our increased knowledge, personal needs and Christ's needs at the foot of the cross, each one of us here to-night would be sure, I think I may say, to do the right thing. Let us be honest in our self-denial, and not think that we are carrying the burdens of this great, perishing, heathen world by touching them lightly with our fingers, but let us bear them till they eat into the shrinking flesh, and so let us fulfil the law of Christ. Let us entreat Him, even with strong crying and tears, to have mercy, not on the Christless heathen, but on the Christlessness within our own hearts, on our shallow sympathies and hollow self-denials, and on our infinite callousness to the woes of this perishing world, which God so loved that He gave His only Son for its redemption.

In conclusion, let me say that the clock which marks so inexorably the time allotted to each speaker marks equally inexorably the passing away of life. *Since I began to speak*—and it is a most awful consideration—*two thousand five hundred human beings at the lowest computation have passed before the bar of God.* And though the veil of the Invisible is thick, and our ears are dull of hearing, can we not hear a voice saying to each of us, "What hast thou done?" "The voice of thy brother's blood crieth unto Me from the ground."

The fields are white unto harvest, but who is to be the reaper? Is it to be the Lord of the harvest, or he who has been sowing tares ever since the world began? Let each of us do our utmost by any amount of self-sacrifice to see that it shall be the Lord of the harvest. And may the constraining memories of the cross of Christ, and the great love wherewith He loved us, be so in us that we may pass that love on to those who are perishing. "We know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that though He was rich, yet for our sakes He became poor," and we hear His voice to-night, ringing down through ages of selfishness and luxury and neglected duty, solemnly declaring that the measure of our love for our brethren must be nothing less than the measure of His own. May He touch all our hearts with the spirit of self-sacrifice, and with the inspiration of that love of His which, when He came to redeem the world, **KEPT NOTHING BACK!**
—*The Missionary Herald.*

Alexander Duff, in one of his addresses before going to India, said, "There was a time when I had no care or concern for the heathen; that was a time when I had no care or concern for my own soul. When by the grace of God I was led to care for my own soul, then it was I began to care for the heathen abroad. In my closet, on my bended knees, I then said to God, 'O Lord, Thou knowest that silver and gold to give to this cause I have none; what I have I give to Thee—I offer Thee myself; wilt Thou accept the gift?'"