

churches are prone to say, "I am rich and increased in goods and have need of nothing," and they know not that they are poor and blind and spiritually naked in the sight of God; whereas our poorer people know that they have nothing, and are inclined to open their mouths that they may be filled with whatever you have to furnish them; and therefore, I say, it is a joy and a grand privilege for any man or woman to be permitted to work away down in the depths of society, for we see the largest results of our work and are crowned with the largest measure of success. The sculptor rejoices when he sees the rough piece of marble before him,—not in its roughness, but in its possibilities. "I see an angel in that marble, and mine shall it be to bring the angel out of that shapeless mass." The musician rejoices as he has some conception of melodies and harmonies marvellously combined. He revels already by anticipation in the thought of the great orchestra that shall one day be in front of him obedient to the slightest motion of the baton. And shall the sculptor, and shall the painter, and shall the musician rejoice in the possibilities of their labor, and its results, and we not rejoice? There was never a piece of sculpture so priceless as that boy of mine in my Sunday-school class. God bless his dear soul. One day that boy will shine with a lustre that will outshine the brightness of the noonday sun. There never was anything so pure as that girl in my class cleansed by the renewing blood of Christ and sanctified by the Holy Spirit. She shall shine forth as the redeemed and ransomed of the Lord. We are the ones that should sing the live-long day, because God has put us in this place and given us this privilege. There is an invalid lady to-night living in the city of Denver, and there is in New York city a Christian young man studying medicine in the Twenty-third Street College. They are 2,000 miles apart; they may never meet again in this world. Once they were together in the mission church I have the pleasure of serving, and the young man was the thorn in my flesh. Oh, he was one of those young fellows who love to stand on the corner dancing the double shuffle and getting off a little negro minstrel joke. If a girl went by he would say "Ahem," and if she said "Ahem," he would join her and go up the avenue. Many was the time he came to my meeting and behaved so that I said, "George, go out of the meeting." There are some people we cannot get hold of, and I could not of him. I tried and tried and I could not do anything, but this lady worked for George. He had a bad home, a godless father, a worthless mother, and an infidel brother. He was being not brought up. As a man once expressed it to me, he was being "kicked up." When this lady got hold of George she wanted to see where his weak side was, that she might assault the weak side of that impregnable fortress; and she even found it was—poetry! Would you believe it? One day she had him in her room and read him an extract from "Milton's Paradise Lost," and George pricked up his ears and said, "That's fine; where did you get that?" She said,

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