

Gethsemane she has grown into the five hundred millions who, with the trampling of unnumbered regiments, are moving on to the bloodless conquest of the world. There are times when, in our small places, we lose sight of all this, and grow faint in our supposed isolation. But our meetings here and there in the missionary interest restore our weakening confidence. A few weeks ago I stood in the corridor of the White House at Washington and gazed on the strong face in portrait of the eminent Presbyterian elder, the late President Harrison. And out of his remarkable career as Christian and soldier and statesman this stood out vividly to my mind, namely, the night when he on the platform of the Ecumenical Missionary Council in New York recalled his experience in war. He said there was an occasion when, in advancing through the woods, it seemed as if his immediate command was very much alone, but suddenly they came out into a clearing and away to the right and left they saw the long line of their comrades in arms. Our missionary gatherings take us out into the clearing and on either side we see the line of the Church extending out to the uttermost parts of the earth. We have no reason to be discouraged.

There was never a time in the history of the world and certainly never a time in the history