

measure of the power of any man to save the world is the measure of his power to save the community in which he lives. No new machinery is needed, but a wise and vigorous use of the appliances which are found in every evangelical church. Take the Methodist Church, for example. Its membership is divided into classes which meet weekly for the free and familiar expression of religious experience and thought. Each leader should be a director of work as well as of religious thought and feeling; and each member should give a weekly report not only of what he has felt but of what he has done. Suppose that each leader were to address his class in such words as these: "Good friends, you have all described yourselves to-day as sinful dust and ashes. Good roads are sometimes made with cinders. It would be a great proof of your sincerity if you would mend the roads of this world a little by turning yourselves into serviceable dust and ashes. Zacchæus gave half his goods to feed the poor: I do not demand from you this proof of conversion, but I ask thought and effort. Alms are comparatively useless without loving thought and work, and therefore it is written, not, blessed is he that feedeth the poor, but 'blessed is he that considereth the poor.' Here is a map of a certain district in this city which I have made with great care. Every family in that district is registered. You, my sister of the sunny countenance, have told us that you possess the joy and peace of the kingdom of God. The kingdom of God is indeed joy, but not joy that separates you as by any strange favor from your fellow-creatures, exempts you from their toil, or indulges you in time of their distress. Take your broad-shouldered class-mate as an escort. Go to Gin lane: visit Bill Sykes and Nancy, who are fighting and knocking one another's teeth out in their garret, and report the result next week here.

"And you, my brother of the sorrowful figure, have spoken of your trials. I know they have been sore; but the Captain of our Salvation was made perfect through suffering, and we cannot become strong without trouble, nor sympathetic without sorrow. Sorrow is God's ordaining hand laid upon your head,