

and stringing together gems from so many sources, would have required more labour than the duties of a city charge would admit of. I therefore offer a few suggestions as they have occurred to me on this fertile theme—"Paul as a Missionary."

I have seen it noticed somewhere that the aloe tree in its growth and fertility is a good representation of the development and progress of communities. Summer after summer does it wave its healthful foliage in the breeze, but it is only *once* in a long century that it yields fruit after its kind. In the same way, it is said, do nations after a long interval, produce one remarkable personage who gives a complexion to his age, and then passes away. Following up this idea, an eloquent living Divine indulges in such fanciful and pretty language as the following:—"Modern France developed in one Frenchman the concentration of a people vain and ambitious, restless and rapid, brilliant in sentiment and brave in battle, and having flowered the *fated once*, the Gallic *aloe* can yield no more Napoleons." I rather apprehend however, that it would be truer to say that their Age was made to make such great ones. With an ever-watchful eye God sits at the helm of His worlds, and moves them as He wills. And thus we find men rising up, unknown before, who voluntarily buckle on an armor, supplied them in view of the circumstances of the case. A man may be born with the bent of his mind in direct antagonism to that course which he shall pursue: he may be timid and retiring, but a mission of arduous difficulty is allotted to him, and thus he becomes bold, decisive and daring. He may rule circumstances by and by, but in his training, circumstances, by a curious process, overrule him. That justly renowned missionary to India—Carey—did at last wield certain events to suit his great scheme, but it was the state of his age, the dark circumstances of the world that wielded him, and compelled him to struggle on amid many a difficulty and *drawback*, until a kind Danish Captain gave him a passage over the seas, to evangelize benighted India. And but for the degradation into which the church had fallen in the sixteenth century; but for the rampant intolerance of the papal throne; but for the vices in which ecclesiasticism was steeped at that time, I do not know that we should have had Martin Luther standing head and shoulders above all men of his age. The Age was made to make him. And thanks even to Intolerance and Popery both for being the unworthy tools by which such a noble man was reared, burnished, and immortalized for the honour of Christianity and the lasting demerit of religious error. Had he lived in the milder days of that creed, I have no doubt but he would have lived and died an inhabitant of the monastery, and a warm worshipper of God, after the faith of his forefathers. And if you will permit me another every-day illustration: had that Corsican not sprung up, he who threw around France a halo of awful respect; who stretched out his arms and conquered wherever he went; who sped around Europe, a dazzling comet of fear, travelling in the greatness of his strength; and who at last sank down ingloriously on an islet of the ocean: had he not arisen I know not that our countrymen could this day boast of him who restored peace to the then troubled continent.