

THE GOOD NEWS.

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SCENES IN MISSIONARY ENTER-PRIZE.

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Strange as it may seem, it is not very long ago since *Missionary Enterprise* was looked upon with an eye of scorn, associated as it then was in the minds of men with all that was childish, feeble and contemptible, as an undertaking beneath the notice of statesmen, philosophers, aye and even of certain learned divines. But the times are greatly changed, and blessed be God they are changed for the better, and if there is one feature of these changes more auspicious than another, it is the significant fact, that rich and poor churches and states in many lands are groping their way in the direction of *Missionary Enterprise*. Now, we should endeavour to disabuse our minds of those crude and narrow views which from childhood we have been accustomed to entertain, limiting our ideas and efforts in the missionary cause to an annual collection, or the perusal of a monthly magazine descriptive of the trials and success of missionaries abroad, without realizing the great though oft forgotten truth, that we are ourselves missionaries upon a smaller, but no less important scale, and in this sense every man, woman, and child on earth is a missionary to himself, the church and the world.

This subject being so extensive in its nature, let me merely exhibit a sort of diorama or huge picture of it:

FIRST.—AS SCENES AROUND THE HEARTH.

In casting your eye with a comprehensive glance over the face of the globe, you are struck with the fact that the largest portion of it is covered with the waters of stream, lake, and ocean, which at one time

displays the foaming surge adequate to founder the mightiest ship, and at another, the calm when sailing is impracticable.—Now, however numerous our sea-faring population may be, and, however desirous of naval enterprise and exploits as even to spend the greater part of a lifetime on the bosom of the deep, yet the thought is never entertained for a moment, that they should there seek and obtain a home. The sea with its varied occupations is to the mariner only the means of securing a competency for life, and when this is obtained, he retires to spend the years of old age amid the scenery of his native place, and enjoying the society of early friends.—There are no sanctuaries on sea, no sealing ordinances dispensed, few Sabbaths sacredly kept, and few Bibles carefully perused, and the sea with its floating population is an affecting scene of spiritual destitution rising up before the Christian's eye, loudly soliciting the prayers of the Lord's people for the conversion and salvation of outcast but precious souls.

But in turning your eye from the seaward to the landward portion of the globe, you are met with another striking fact, that many of those inland regions are dreary wastes, neither tenanted nor cultivated by the hand of man, but left in the condition in which the corroding tusk of time and the operation of the laws of nature have left them. There the wild beasts of the desert roam, and have their lairs in the bush, thence to sally forth to the chase as the shades of evening begin to darken the landscape. Not a few of those dreary and barren wastes possess neither soil nor climate suitable to sustain human life or reward human industry, but would seem to be spots of the earth specially appointed by God in His providence, as a covert for the noble and fierce animal creation, the works of His hands, and the manifestations of His adorable wisdom; but we ap-