

again been dyed in blood. The wild tribes of America, the once flourishing Hottentots and Kaffirs, the noble Maoris of New Zealand, the native tribes of Madagascar, degraded, perishing, are appealing to us in wrath and supplication. We have cursed all India with our drink and our drunkenness, and at this moment, after so short an occupation, we are cursing Egypt with them, too. We have outpoured upon these nations the vials of this plague of ours, this vice of our people, this bane and leprosy of our civilization: are we not bound to give them the antidote? There is only one course which can hush the voices which, louder and louder, are pleading, trumpet-tongued, to God, against this nation, and that is to give them the blessing and the antidote. That is the only course which can avert the omen of our crimes.

I might dwell on many more reasons, but above all the apostolic succession of heroic personalities inspired by the Spirit of God whom missions have called forth—men who even by themselves, like St. Paul, have won the purple crown of martyrdom, and shown us that there may be something higher and more heroic in religion than our religious symbols and ceremonial routine; but this only I will add—that whenever a cause is noble and is necessary, and calls for self-denial, it always evokes a mushroom crowd of epigrams expressing the wit of selfishness and of close-fisted greed. Do not be misled by the plausible hypothesis that we have too much heathenism at home to trouble about the heathenism abroad. We have heathenism at home, God knows. When long ago a member of the Massachusetts Legislature said: "We have not religion enough at home, and cannot afford to send any abroad," a wiser and sincerer man than he answered: "The religion of Christ is such that the more you send abroad the more you have at home." Millionaires in criticism are paupers in charity, strong only in selfishness and the advocacy of greed. They never do really give or intend to give anything, except their cheap and empty criticisms. We ask no aid from them. To such we say, in the words of the Apostle: "Thy money perish with thee." They who have been most in earnest in evangelising the heathen abroad are they who have been most earnest in evangelising the heathen at home.

To the spirit which has led to missions I look, in conclusion, as the main hope for our British rule and for our British religion. For our British rule because the Christian thought, the Christian tradition, the Christian society, is the true secret of imperial thought and tradition and society for all mankind. And for the British religion because it may be that the purer and simpler truths of a missionary Christianity—of Christianity in her simplest and most persuasive guise—will come back like a vernal breeze into the exotic luxuries of a more complex and pompous Christianity.

"For while the tired waves vainly breaking  
Seem here no painful inch to gain,  
Far back through creeks and inlets making  
Comes silent flooding in the main.  
And not by Eastern windows only,  
When daylight comes, comes in the light,  
In front the sun climbs slow, how slowly!—  
But Westward, look! the land is bright."