

diated salvation, developed it. The principle cannot have been selfish and inert; it must have been hallowed, energetic, mighty, under God, to give Christianity the altitude it reached, and that era a pre-eminence, a renown, a halo, beautiful and imperishable. In my "*Primitive Christianity*," printed "*at ye Rose and Crown in St. Paul's Church Yard, 1673*," the historian speaks of the Christians as a "happy fraternity;" but "they acknowledged the very Heathen to be brethren, though otherwise little deserving the name of men." And one of the earliest Missions we read of was founded by Chrysostom, patriarch of Constantinople, who maintained many labourers in Phœnicia, instructing the Heathen in the Christian Faith, aided by voluntary liberality; an inspiring example for posterity.

The principle—the passion, is pre-eminent in the Nineteenth Century. It has quickened earnest men's avidity to learn more of the Gospel's affluence of truth, and kindliness, and influence. It has consecrated the profoundest intellects and the most brilliant talents, and bestowed exuberance on sanctified poetic imaginings. Its trophies are better than rubies. It has, by the surrenders and bravery it has prompted, given to the affectionate names of father, mother, son, daughter, exquisite beauty and tenderness, to the praise of Him who died for all. Since the "Second Reformation" by Wesley, as Robert Hall manfully styles it, the principle I extol has been replenished, and taken its supreme place in the Churches; and it has planted its sanctified machinery, and built its unfading memorials of beneficence in both hemispheres, in the remotest territories, in deserts, torrid and frigid, on continents and islands, on mountain tops and in valleys, among the idolatrous, the cannibal, the obscene, and the brutal. It has furnished some of the rarest manly ministerial, and womanly displays of fidelity, and, as Dr. Chalmer's said it, of "hardihood," the world ever witnessed. Would that there could be found an eligible standing-place, and a ken keen enough, for a survey of the Christian Missions of the earth! How vivid would the light of true Churches appear—how untrammelled their zeal, how sublime their aims, their labours, their isolation, their privations, their conflicts, their triumphs! What we cannot see at a glance, we see in the enchanting Missionary periodicals, libraries, and museums of the day; and to see these is to shout our praises to God, if astonishment will let us.

I must not—though it would be a catholic act—enumerate the great Societies and their Agents, which have, at an immense annual and increasing expense, given truth and holiness, services and sacraments, bibles, schools, and printing-presses, and peace, charity, and honour to many barbarous countries: they bear numerous denominational designations; but Christian is the one name which distinguishes them, and the smile of God