

ic, but the awful reality of this great seldom strikes the mind with its pro- force, when we contemplate it only through the light of personal experience. It only when we consider the matter more fully, when we subject it to the cold details of common arithmetic, that we are compelled, whether we will or not, to acknowledge the universality of the "grim monarch's" empire, the extent of his power. The Persian was not wept, when he saw his mighty army, counted by millions, spread out before him; he wept, as the thought passed across his mind, that in 100 years not one of that host would be in the land of the living. Upon the common mind this terrible truth makes but a faint impression, if an impression at all. Every year 33 millions of human beings cease to live, a number equal to the population of France or Austria, rather than that of Great Britain or the United States of America. Every day more than ninety thousand pay the debt of nature; every hour nearly 4000: with every beat of our pulse one human life passes away. No mathematical truth is more firmly established than this, that however uncertain may be our knowledge, there is no manner of doubt about our death. But how do we die? How many of this vast multitude we have just mentioned have ever heard the glad tidings of a risen Saviour? Let us view the matter for a few moments statistically. It may be said, speaking in round numbers, that there are 250 millions of nominal Christians in the world. We fear that we make far too large an allowance, when we suppose that 100 millions of these have heard the truth as it is in Jesus; and even of the latter, how large, how very small a proportion, alas! who value it little and regard it less. It is said that not fewer than 600 millions of our fellow creatures still lie down to stocks and stones—three-fifths of the human race. More than 100 millions are followers of the false prophet Mahomet. Five millions of Jews are scattered over the length and breadth of the globe. There are at least 140 millions of Roman Catholics, who see the light darkly, if at all, and at least millions of the Greek Church, buried in ignorance and the grossest superstition. The Protestant Church, in point of numbers, is but a remnant; but in knowledge, in influence, in civilization, in all the essentials that

make up that grand aggregate, power, power for good, they are foremost and alone.

The Mission field, then, is wide as the world itself; takes in every climate and every tongue, every race and every color under the sun. The vast empire of China, with a population greater than that of Europe, lies before us. The nations of India, the great continent of Africa, reproach us for our lethargy. The field is everywhere, the exigency is pressing; but how feebly is it answered! The moral wilderness lies before us in all its desolation, but we can see only a spot here and there, and at distant intervals, timidly cultivated. This waste has to be reclaimed; it will be watered with the dews of Gospel truth, it will be shone upon by the Sun of Righteousness; and we, the chosen, the highly favored, have been the appointed instruments for this great work. The day of our opportunity will soon pass away, the place which now knows us will soon know us no more, but the duty is the same. We are enjoined to make known to others the glad tidings preached to ourselves. Have we done so, are we doing so, to the best of our ability, or, indeed, scarcely at all? Alas! no. We are wrapping ourselves up in our own fancied security, doing little for ourselves, almost nothing for others. What is the value, we would ask, of mere nominal Christianity? Will an idle and barren profession render us in any manner of service? No, no. Better, infinitely better, the honest ignorance of heathen superstition; better to live in darkness, than to mock the light, and turn our backs upon the Giver. One may say, I should rejoice to see the heathen converted, and my heart bleeds to see so much of the world lying in wickedness; but I cannot help it. I cannot go into heathen lands; I have ties and obligations at home; I know little of their ways, nothing of their language, and possess neither gifts nor inclination necessary for success. This may be true; but my friend, this is not all. There is something which you can do, something which will be acceptable to God, and, could you bring your mind to it, profitable to yourself. You can give the cause your prayers, and whenever you begin to do so, in earnestness of spirit, you will do something more. These prayers, depend upon it, will be answered, by a gracious God, opening your heart, and opening