

gences of home; instead of boldly daring, though at an immeasurable distance, to tread in the footsteps of apostles, and prophets, and martyrs. Not that I would have such loiterers to join our storming ranks. Far otherwise. If for one would wash my hands of the guilt of appending such drags to the chariot wheels of the conquering Messiah. The grand evil is that such persons should exist at all, arrayed externally in the garb of the heralds of salvation. How often have our ears been regaled with the music of eloquence, echoing the songs of Divine chivalry, and the battles of the faith? But, all the while, have we not been left in sorrow to exclaim,—Where the rushing crowd of champions clad in armour of light? Where the continued toiling, and struggling, and fighting, which form the certain prelude to decisive victory? Alas! alas! if without an effort, without a struggle, and without a sacrifice, imagination alone could conquer all difficulties, then, with the ease of some potent spell, and the rapidity of some inexplicable enchantment, might we behold every howling waste converted into gardens of delight, and golden palaces starting from every barren shore.

Such sentiments and expressions may be deemed by many over-severe and not a little uncharitable. If so, I cannot help it. What I feel strongly, I express strongly. How then could I in consistency, after such decisive expression of my own feelings, reconcile myself to the resolution of throwing aside my weapons of aggressive warfare, and timidly shrinking down into the shrivelled form of a comfort-seeking time-server at home? What a plausible corroboration might thereby be given to the base calumny, that few or none go forth to heathen climes, but such as have been unsuccessful and disappointed candidates for office in their native land,—the only merit allowed them being the ignoble one of making a virtue of necessity? What a triumph might be furnished to the thousands who stoutly call in question the sincerity of those who profess their willingness to submit to sacrifices for the sake of Christ?—And with what shouts of derision might

any appeals of mine, on the subject of personally engaging in the toils of Missionary labour, be responded to?

No, no; whatever else may be said of me, I am resolved, through God's grace strengthening me, it shall never be said that I basely flinched in the hour of temptation, or traitorously relinquished the post of danger,—thereby throwing a stumbling block in the way of my brethren and fellow-labourers in the east and in the west. I am resolved, with the blessing of God, to prove that it is possible for his grace to embolden even a poor, frail, worthless worm of the dust as I am, to court the privilege of sacrificing ease, and comfort, and friends at home, for the sake of advancing his glory, by endeavouring to extend the triumphs of the Cross in foreign lands. And much as I have already suffered in the attempt, I bless God that he has put it into my heart to be cheerfully willing to suffer again,—to persevere in the divine work of scattering the "indestructible seed" in the face of all difficulties,—to water the seed so scattered with my tears, ay, and with my blood too, if required in fulfilment of the purposes of an all-gracious Providence.

5. In writing in such a strain, I beseech you not to suppose for a single moment that it arises from a desire to glory in any thing which I may have been enabled to do, or may yet do, towards advancing God's glory in the world. The Searcher of hearts doth know that such desire is most alien to the entire current of my thoughts. For after we have done our best,—and our best we are in duty bound to do,—what are we in His sight but unprofitable servants? My meaning simply is, that, so far and so long as God, in his great and undeserved mercy, bestows upon me the least ability, I am prepared, in this or distant lands, with heart and soul, and strength and mind, to spend and be spent in his blessed service.

Two causes only would induce me to relinquish my present position. 1st. Such a degree of ill health and consequent debility, bodily and mental, as would palpably unfit me for the arduous labour. Or, 2d. The offer of the per-