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A BULLET IN A MISSIONARY COLLECTION.

On a recent occasion, when the contributions of a congregation were emptied on a table for counting, among the gifts to the cause of missions, there was a bullet. What was the purpose of the donor of that bullet? Do missions and bullets coincide? We have heard that in the times of the early settlement of Kentucky, while the fires of hate and strife yet raged between the settlers and the Indian tribes, that an appeal was made for missions and the box sent round, when man after man deposited a bullet, bullet after bullet; thus telling plainly the spirit these men cherished, and how they stood prepared to act. There could however be no feeling like this at work in the case we mention. It was alone, a solitary bullet. Thank God, that as an emblem of hatred and a threat of death, that bullet had no voice. It has spoken nevertheless. There are sermons in stones, and why not in bullets? Probably it found its way into the Lord's treasury, because its owner did not wish to appear to give nothing. To keep up appearances in this world men do strange things. This has full sway in the fashionable circles, but the principle rules far and near: hence comes the disgraceful practice of placing in a missionary box pieces of tobacco, buttons, marbles, and such like, anything that is at hand, to save appearances. It would be a more manly action by far, if in an extremity a collector be allowed to pass, than thus to disgrace a good cause for which liberality is asked, and blunt and wound our own sense of propriety. The spirit in which we give requires close watching. To be seen of men is the moving cause of many an action which may seem fair at the time, but the day of reckoning comes, when every secret thing shall be revealed. The Master's eye rests now on the gifts cast into his treasury, while each has his blessing or his frown, according to the spirit which animated the giver.

We have not done with that bullet. It is so cold. What fitter emblem of many a heart—as cold as lead! If any theme rouses into action the tenderest sympathies, it is surely the perishing condition of men. The sinking and desolate state of the world may well move to ardent feeling; leading to action and prayer. The Saviour's heart was filled with love. That love is crowned in his death. There was no coldness there to the necessities of sinners. Love fired his heart, and made him choose to die. Up then, O redeemed of the Lord, to help forward the great cause of saving a world. The mighty result of bringing the nations to the feet of Jesus, can never be reached by cold words, cold prayers, cold gifts, cold deeds. An all-consuming fire of