

who can change it into the baptism of infants? If he has commanded them to be immersed, who can change it into pouring or sprinkling?"

### THE MOST EFFICIENT MISSIONARIES.

BY MRS. EMILY C. JUDSON.

Among the various opinions which prevail with regard to the qualifications most desirable in a missionary, care must be taken that the "tithe of mint, and anise, and cummin" do not occupy too prominent a position, to the detriment of the "weightier matters of the law." Devotion to Christ and love to man are, after all, the great qualifications.

Some seven or eight years ago, there came to Maulmain a fine old British officer, who had, in the dawn of his career, served in the Peninsular wars, and brought away a French love-token, in the shape of an honorable scar, from the battle of Salamanca. He was an earnest, active, fearless sort of a man, and yet not particularly gifted with anything, except the life living influences of the Holy Spirit. In his regiment he was a sort of dissenting chaplain; in the little English church he was the first in every good word and work; and in the prison and hospital he was like a ministering angel, until forbidden by his superior to degrade his office by familiar intercourse with the common soldiers; and then he submissively took his stand in the doorway, and read and preached the gospel to the sick and friendless within. Thus much for his own countrymen—but that was not all. His association with the American missionaries opened a new field of usefulness, and in spite of jeers, reproaches and expostulations, he entered upon it manfully. By the help of a Burmese Christian, who had been taught the English, he went up street and down, preaching the gospel to all he met, and distributing tracts from the ample satchel of his interpreter. He also stood in the *zayat* by the way-side, assailing every passer-by; he entered the lowly doors of the lowliest natives; and in the monasteries he boldly opposed his own commission to the lofty pretensions of the proud proprietors of the shaven crown and yellow robe.

Now that is the sort of man, whatever his other qualifications may be, most needed in the great missionary work. The command of the Lord Jesus Christ, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature," was not addressed to ministers alone, and is no more restricted to a particular style of man, or a particular set of qualifications, than it was to the twelve disciples. The commission includes every man, woman and child who loves the Saviour. It is addressed personally and distinctively to each one; and whoever evades it in this enlightened age, should at least be prepared with reasons to present it at the bar of God. Every converted soul has a duty to perform to his fellow-men. If he cannot do—if he is sure, positively sure, that he has an excuse which will stand the searching light of eternity, let him stay at home, and help others to go. But if he has not that excuse, he is disobeying the last positive command of his ascended Lord. And though, through the sufferings of that slighted Saviour, he may be forgiven as not to prove an outcast from the realms of bliss, just so sure as "one star differeth from another star in glory," will he be crippled for his remissness throughout the never-ending ages of eternity. I am advocating no wild theory; I speak the words of truth and soberness. And in doing so, I appeal to conscious hearts. Are there not hundreds—aye, thousands of truly converted men in our American churches, who dare not—*dare* not enter the closet, and there, making an unreserved consecration of self, solemnly pray for light on the subject of personal duty? No; I will make no such general appeal; but *you*—you who hold this paper—*dare* you do it? Have you ever done it? Will you do it now, or do you fear the result?"

"I have an extensive business."

Ah! "I have bought five yoke of oxen." That is it.

"I have a family."

"He that loveth son or daughter—" Take care!

"I am approaching middle age."

And therefore should make the greater haste, remembering at the same time for your encouragement that, "they received every man a penny."

"I believe the conversion of the world is to be a gradual thing." It is to be feared that it will, until persecution scatters the church, which is hedging herself round with worldly comforts, and forgetting the noble purpose for which she was raised up. And there are things in the political and religious horizon, which foretell a day of persecution, now not far distant.

But I am wandering from my subject. While the great mass of Christians are waiting to be driven out, while one only in thousands will go or can be sent, should not that one be of the very choicest kind? Yes; as has been often said, the church must yield up her jewels, her richest and brightest. But what is it that constitutes the brightness of the Christian jewel? What was it that made the face of Moses to shine when he came forth from communion with God? Yes, let the church give her best men—men of the warmest hearts, the strongest faith, the most prayerful spirits—men who think meanly of themselves, and feel that they are honored in being permitted to engage in this Christ-like work—and not that their poor weak intellects, and paltry accomplishments confer honor on the cause. This is what is holding back the chariot wheels of God. Wise men think they stoop, they condescend, when they become missionaries. Well, let the wise men—the Pharisees and Sadducees—go their ways. Take the humble, zealous, faithful fishermen of Galilee, and God will use the weak things of this world to confound the mighty. Men whose hearts are overflowing with the love of Christ, in whatever walks of life they may be found, will always make the most efficient missionaries.

### THE SET TIME COME.

A minister of the gospel, in one of our northern cities, some years ago became deeply impressed with a desire for increased usefulness. He thought much upon the most probable means for the accomplishment of this object. The ordinary opportunities of access to his people, by pulpit ministrations and customary pastoral visits, did not satisfy his soul. He longed to lead his flock even more directly to Christ,—to witness a greater degree of spirituality among them. With this view he resolved to visit every family, and, as far as practicable, to ascertain the spiritual condition of each of its members, by personal conversation upon religious experience. At an appointed time he commenced his labours of love. He called on one and another of the families of his people, had every household gathered, and with affectionate concern, spoke to them of the necessity of living each day for God and for eternity. His own soul was comforted, and he felt that his labours were not in vain in the Lord.

A day or two after he had commenced this employment, he called at the house of one of his most pious and influential members—a man of wealth. The father was absent at his place of business; but the mother, an amiable and pious woman, was at home. On making known to the latter his desire that she should summon her family to the parlour, and acquainting her with his design to speak personally to them—to admonish, exhort, or encourage, as they might need—the mother thanked him with tears of gratitude, but said, "I have one request to make of you, sir."

"What is that?" said the minister.

"It is that you will say nothing to my daughter, Mary, on the subject of religion. I have prayed for that child for years. I have talked to her again and again; but her heart is set upon vanity, Fashion and the world are predominant in her af-

fections. She has become, of late, exceeding sensitive to reproof or admonition. Respectful in every other relation, she will not permit me to speak to her on religious subjects, without returning a violence of language entirely unbecoming a daughter. I have determined, therefore, to refrain from any direct appeal to her, until she shall give evidence of a greater docility. You will please, therefore, say nothing to Mary, whatever you say to the others. I should be sorry to have your feelings injured, as well as my own, by the manner in which I am too confident she would respond. May God bless your admonitions to the rest!"

In a few moments the family was gathered in the presence of the minister. Mary sat among them. She had entered, with a respectful courtesy, and taken her position at a window looking upon the street, apparently more interested in what was going on without, than attentive to the conversation within. The minister spoke first to the mother, of her responsibilities; then to a son, a youth of intellect and promise; then to a younger daughter; and so on until he had administered his kind and fatherly instructions to all. I mean all except Mary; to her he said nothing. He seemed to be unconscious of her presence. Tears of tenderness flowed freely from all who participated in the delightful interview, while Mary sat at the window, playing idly with the tasselling at the silken curtains, her proud spirit refusing the least intimations of sympathetic feeling. The brightness of her eye was undimmed by any gathering tear,—the loftiness of her carriage was not, for a moment, relaxed by the affecting scene before her; and when the minister said, "Let us pray," she arose not from her seat, but remained still in her position of scornful unconcern, her delicate fingers toying with the silken fringe of the drapery before her. The minister poured out his soul in a fervent address to the throne of grace. Oh, how earnestly did he commit that family to the guardianship of heaven—referring to them in his supplications individually, and appropriately presenting them to the mercy of the Father, through the merit of the Son. But he offered no prayer for Mary. Unconcernedly and proudly, she still played with the silken toys. The prayer ceased—the good man arose. Taking each by the hand, he affectionately gave a parting admonition and invocation; and bowing coldly to Mary, who as coldly returned his civility, he left the room, and made his way to the entrance of the dwelling.

He had scarcely passed the threshold, when the words of the Redeemer, "I am not come to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance," flashed upon his mind. Suddenly pausing, he said to himself, "Shall I refuse exertion for any soul, to save which my Master came down from heaven? Nay, God being my helper, I will return."

Again he stood in the parlour. The family sat just as he left them, musing upon the things he had spoken. Mary was, to all appearance, still cold and unmoved.

With a courage imparted by the Holy Spirit, he walked to where she sat, and taking her hand in his, said, "It is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners. Shall he save *you*?"

The rock was smitten! The waters gushed forth freely and fully! Mary, proud and scornful as she seemed to be, needed only the word of invitation, to bow, and weep, and pray. Then was heard the bitter cry, "God be merciful to me a sinner!" Angels hovered over that little assembly, and ere the descending sun gave place to the gathering twilight, the shout of conversion ascended to the throne, and there was joy in heaven over the sinner that had repented.

It is many years since the above was related to us, and we do not know that it has ever been in print before. Its lesson—which is two-fold—is borne upon its very face. Mothers may learn from it never to despair, and ministers may learn from it never to falter.—*Methodist Protestant.*