

ful. But perhaps his greatest work may be found in his literary achievements for the world, and in the deep and abiding influence he exercised in our lands, particularly England and America. His translation of the Scriptures into the Burman language might stand as the crowning work of any life, however long; and his Dictionary of the language can be ranked as second only to that.

Few missionaries have endured so much for Christ as these two. At length, after unparalleled suffering, and more than heroic courage, the gentle wife went away to her rest; and the lonely and heart-stricken missionary toiled on for a considerable time alone. But other helpers were raised up, and when, on the 11th of April, 1850, he went away to his rest and his reward, it was to leave behind him a field upon which others might enter with comfort and success, a record of most fruitful work for Christ, and thousands in all lands to call him blessed.

Practical Consecration.

A Question for Christian Parents.

BY MRS. H. GRATTAN GUINNESS.

Friends! are any of you withholding your *best treasures* from God? Are you deliberately keeping back a gift which, if laid on His altar, might do more to advance His work on earth than all the contributions you ever gave, or can give? Are you robbing God by refusing to render to Him in one most essential form the tribute that is His due? Christian fathers, Christian mothers, *what are you doing with your Christian children?* Have you given your sons to God, and to His work in the world? Have you devoted your daughters to Jesus and to His service?

Ah, your hearts quaver! Anything, you say, anything but that! We will doubt our contributions, treble them, if we can, but to make *our own children* missionaries, surely we are not called to that! Dear friends, I have only one answer: "*God so loved the world that he gave His Son.*" Oh, mark it! HIS SON, nothing less! No one less! HIS SON. Yes; *He* gave that only-begotten and well-beloved One that dwelt in His bosom from all eternity! And *He* gave Him, not to be a missionary—ah, no!—but to be a murdered victim, to be *sin* for us, to be a curse. *He* gave Him to shame and spitting, to blows and to blood, to crucifixion and to death. And that Son gave *Himself* to all this, and delighted to do so for our sakes. And we—oh, shall we grudge Him our sons and our daughters? Where is our gratitude, where our love? Do we know what devotedness means? How can we talk of "the higher Christian life," and be bringing up our converted children to live lives of ease and idleness, or to labour merely for their daily bread, to seek food and raiment, to live as if there were no heathen world perishing for lack of the bread from heaven?

I solemnly believe that one great cause of the low tone of Christian life, over which the Church mourns so often, is the *lack of missionary zeal, the non-cultivation of the missionary spirit in Christian families*, and that the first symptom of a really "higher Christian life" will be a revival of this spirit. It has been so in the past. The revival of spiritual religion in our land in the last century was the birthday of missionary enterprise. Its growth has kept pace with the extension of such enterprise, and its increase, if such is to come, (and God grant it may), *must be accompanied by a great increase of missionary efforts.* In the nature of things this must be so. In the physical world we have first life, then food, thereby growth, and with growth, *exercise*. But given life, food,

growth, and *no exercise*, disease and decay must ensue. If the Christian Church would thrive, she must have exercise, and her Christ-appointed exercise is the *evangelization of the world*. The Church ought to be one great missionary society, and each of her children, directly or indirectly, a missionary.

But what is the fact? A few individuals take a real interest in this great work. They influence others to help; but the mass of believers remain comparatively inert. *Have we not thousands and tens of thousands of Christian families, no one of which ever contributed one single labourer to the heathen field?* Have we not parents who have reared six, eight, or it may be ten sons and daughters, and seen them by grace converted to God, and who yet never trained, or attempted to train, one of them for a missionary to the heathen? Is it not a standing reproach to our Christianity that so few, so very few, gentlemen and ladies of independent means, ever consecrate either themselves or their families to the service of Christ among the heathen?

O friends, lay the facts of the case to heart, I do entreat you! On the one hand, the world lying in darkness, and heathendom especially in gross darkness, contrary to the express will of Christ; on the other hand, Christian parents training up their families to anything, to everything, *save and except the one work commanded by Christ*, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature." What a mournful spectacle for the angels to weep over! And what is the result? Not only that the heathen perish, but, O Christian parents! you and your children, those very children whom ye would fain spare suffering, *suffer, suffer most materially* from this very thing.

Father, what makes your heart heavy this day? "Ah," you sigh, "our precious boy, whom we thought to be converted years ago, has gone right into the world; we see no sign of grace in him now. We pray, and weep, and hope against hope, but we seem to have no influence over him." Ah, father, whose fault is that? What did you do with your boy when full of his first love? You sent him to a public school, perhaps; you sought great things for him in this life; you exposed him to temptation for the sake of mammon, it may be; you led him to seek *first* this world and its interests, instead of the kingdom of God and His righteousness; you never attempted to use your mighty parental influence, to lead the ardent youth to consecrate his life to preaching Christ to the perishing heathen. You never gave him a Christian object worthy and likely to fill his heart, and mould his life, and engage his affections, and ennoble his aspirations, and extend his views out into eternity. Your son *might* have been a Brainerd, or a Livingstone, had you acted otherwise; but he is—well, you know what he is!

And you, mother, what saddens your eye, and sinks your heart? Your daughters, have they turned out as you could desire? "Alas! no," you sigh; one of them is worldly, though perhaps saved; another is a confirmed invalid; another, who is a decided Christian, has gone over to the High Church, or perhaps even entered a Romish convent. You are disappointed in them, and as a Christian you ought to be. Ah, mother, whose fault is it? Those girls were Christians when young; they had talents, affections, health, leisure, ardour, spirits, real knowledge of the truth, and a good education. *What missionaries they would have made!*

Had their compassions been drawn out, the self-sacrifice, natural to every true disciple, called into play; had had they been prepared for and early introduced to the mission-field, what blessed helpers in the gospel they