

A voice from the camp of the enemy who has declared perpetual war against the Christian Church, calls upon us to equip ourselves and take the field. A voice from multitudes of our fellow-countrymen, wallowing in sin and pollution under the galling chains of the worst of slavery, calls upon us for their emancipation. A voice from many feeble and declining churches without Pastors, planted amid the toils and tears of the sainted Fathers, calls upon us to give them the ministration of God's Word and Ordinances.

The voice of the sainted Bentley who fought bravely and fell on the field, and who "though dead yet speaketh," calls loudly upon us—not to rear a splendid monument over his quiet resting place—not to enroll his name on the pillar of earthly fame,—but to fill up the vacancy occasioned by his fall and press on to victory. A voice is heard from the dark mansions of the departed, and in deep sepulchral tones, warns us that "there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge in the grave," whither we are all hastening. And above all is heard the voice of the Great Head of the Church in all its richness, bursting forth from a soul full of compassion for a lost world. It is heard in the midnight pleadings—in the agonizing prayer in the garden—in the groans of Calvary. It is heard in the great commission, "Go teach all nations baptizing in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Spirit." Let nothing short of the fulfilment of that great commission be our aim.