

the spring of their action, what the motive that has separated them from all earthly associations, and made them such a wondrous power in the world? Who is it that has spoken his commandment in their ears? Is it an Alexander, who conquered the world? There is not a man on the globe who cares for any law that Grecian conqueror made. Is it a Cæsar, who ruled the mightiest empire of his age? Who cares for a Cæsar now? Is it a Charlemagne, with the iron crown of Rome on his brow, or a Napoleon, with obedient myriads at his feet? These men are dead; and from their tombs there comes no voice of authority, no whisper which even a child would fear to disobey.

By whose command, then, are these men of varied nationality, character and station, controlled? Whose word is it which severs every tie, and speeds them on their mighty errand? At whose direction do they brave the fury of the ocean and endure the terrors of the storm? Who bids them to cross the steppes of the desolate north, and the burning deserts of the south? Who sends them threading their paths through tropical jungles, or climbing snow-clad heights amid the grind of Glaciers and the thunder of avalanches? At whose word presses forward that thin, wavering, bleeding, skirmish-line of heroes, who only fall to make room for others as noble and heroic as themselves? Have they a commander? Do they acknowledge and follow a leader? Who can it be? It is a Commander whom they have never seen; a Leader whose voice they have never heard. And who is He? One who had neither wealth nor prestige; a poor, despised Jew, trained in a carpenter's shop at Nazareth; a man whom no mortal eye has seen for almost two thousand years; a person whose existence is doubted, whose authority is denied, whose words seem to many as idle tales; but who promises poverty, who foretells reproach, and who sets the *loss of all things* as one of the conditions of fellowship with him. Standing on the slope of Olivet, nearly two thousand years ago, he said to a few poor fishermen and lowly toilers, "All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth. Go ye therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost: teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you: and lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world." Matt. xxviii. 18-20.

This solitary command, uttered ages ago, is the obligation, and warrant, and encouragement of this mighty fraternity. It is this command which has held the elect of God steady in their allegiance, and devoted to their Master's service. It is, to doubters and scoffers, the mandate of a dead Jew, the word of an impostor who has not been seen for nearly two thousand years;—a dream, a fancy, an idle tale. But somehow

*that word has power.* Millions of men who never saw that Leader, are ready to-day to peril life itself to obey his commands. No emperor that had ever lived had a sway so grand and glorious as that of the lowly Nazarene.

How is it that every great conqueror of earth has gone to the grave of forgetfulness, and no one heeds his wishes or his words, while this man, without position, without power, without authority, without law, or force, or wealth, or fame, has yet issued commands which are respected in every quarter of the globe, and which will live when nations die, and have a force which the decrees of monarchs never had? What manner of man is this, whose secret whispers are heard through all the ages, and whose mandate, spoken in the ears of a few lowly disciples, rolls its reverberations down to time's remotest hour, penetrates the heart, convicts the conscience, controls the judgment, and rules the lives of unnumbered myriads of the sons of men? Surely, a power like this must have a higher than human source. Surely, one whose words are mighty as these words are, must be clothed with an unearthly energy, which demonstrates him to be not merely like the first man, "of the earth earthy," but like "the second man, the Lord from heaven."

Not long since, three little children, a boy of ten years, with his two little sisters, one seven the other four, living in Klum, in Eastern Prussia, wished to go to Sedalia, in the state of Missouri, to join their parents who were already settled in America. None of their relatives were so situated as to be able to accompany them, and hence they were under the necessity of taking their journey alone. An aunt in Berlin furnished each of the young travellers with a little book, on the first page of which she wrote the name, age, birthplace, and destination of the bearer; writing below in large letters, in German, and English, and French, a *single sentence* taken from that book. And she told them whenever they found themselves in any trouble or difficulty, to just stand still and open *those little books*, and hold them up before them.

The children started from their German home, travelled until they reached the seaport, embarked on board the steamer, crossed the great Atlantic, landed in America, travelled by rail more than a thousand miles westward into the heart of Missouri, showing their little passports when needful, to all with whom they came in contact; and in no case did they fail to obtain every kindness, tenderness, and protection which could be given, every heart warming with love, and every hand being stretched forth in helpfulness to the little ones who were thus cast upon the kindness of passing strangers whom they had never seen before and would never see again, but through whose kind assistance they safely reached the far-off home of their grateful and rejoicing parents.

What little book was this, which proved to