

ever heard of a Moravian appealing to public meetings, or a public press, to organize armed relief-expeditions, or avenge their slaughtered brethren: They took death and the spoiling of their goods joyfully; they had a quiet constancy which no hardship could exhaust; there were, and are, no Exeter Halls to trumpet their praise; in their church there are no rich men to subscribe annual thousands, and yet they have left a mark on the world which no time can efface. Their types were, singleness of purpose, simplicity of bearing, self-consecration, and contentment with a little. If I wished to praise a missionary, I should say that he is worthy of being a Moravian. Many societies have done well, but this has excelled them all, for it has most nearly approached to the ideal church, formed after the pattern of the Founder—first and foremost in the great battle-field, yet seeking the last and lowest among the ranks of men. "I was a stranger, and ye took me in: I was sick, and ye visited me; I was in prison, and ye came unto me." The blessings of those ready to perish have accompanied, and still accompany, the gentle footfall of the Moravian brethren, as they tread the soil of distant and inhospitable climes, unknown, unpraised, but not unrewarded,

The mode of conducting missions must be heroic also. We have but one life to keep or lose: how can we spend it in the best way? If souls are to be won to Christ, it must be by men or women whose souls are overflowing with love to Christ. We ask not for ascetics, nor adopters of the native dress, nor the turner of the formal prayer-wheel, nor the daily celebrant, but such an expression of character on the countenance, such a mode of utterance, such a voice, thoughts that move, words that burn, as display earnestness and that the soul of the missionary is on fire. All human talents are only so far profitably employed, as they are used to save souls; all human knowledge is of no avail, unless it conduces directly or indirectly to the extension of our Master's kingdom: the simple gospel outweighs it all, so simple that all can understand, so profound that no one can get beyond. The great heroes of whom I have spoken, and the great missionary band of Moravian heroes, differed from each other essentially, but they had formed the same conception of Christ, and of their duty; they looked over the human fences of churches, and saw the awful vision of the face of Christ only; they had a burning desire to carry His message face to face, mouth to mouth, in its naked simplicity; they thought nothing of chapels, and altar-cloths, stoles, music, painted glass and decoration; they took the living Word to dying souls, teaching the poor heathen to live decent, holy lives in this transitory world, and through faith to inherit eternal life hereafter. There was no necessity for hair shirts or flagellations, for long ceremonies or retreats; theirs was the daily round of holy duty, whether steering the mission-ship, building the mission-school, or preaching the mission-sermon, until the very hour that they are called away, which is the best proof that their allotted task was done. I would have you realize the dignity, the greatness of the office: it is not a romantic or sentimental employment, such as discoursing with Brahmins under a tree, or gathering sweet little children in a school; there is much that is distasteful, and humbling, and sometimes a feeling of despair.

The hero must not be cast down, must not be diverted from his purpose, must not change his ground. We can admire the perseverance of a bad man in a bad cause, how much more of a good man in a good cause! The famous Las Casas had a fixed purpose to protect the poor natives of America, and he is reported to have done something every day of his life to advance the one