

cheerfully *all* trials and privations—to feel and to exclaim with the apostle Paul, “*for me to live is Christ.*”

But why should a missionary possess such a love? I answer, the nature of the work demands it. He is called to labour among those, who *for ages sinking*, have sunk, into the *lowest depths* of pollution—the most consummate state of degradation and *unblushing* sins and vileness—far beyond the power of human genius to describe, or the imagination to conceive. (Look at their character as portrayed by the apostle Paul in the first chapter to the Romans. Read the whole chapter, but especially the conclusion.) How awful, to be placed in such a society? The feelings, of one nurtured in the lap of civilisation, virtue, and religion, must naturally turn away from such beings with deep *disgust* and loathing.

Again, as he looks upon the heathen in all their defilement, he must be in danger of becoming disheartened—conceiving that they are sunk below the *possibility* of salvation. Then it is, that the missionary needs to think and to feel, what he was—what he would still be without the constant supporting influence of the Spirit—the nature of that fearful pit from which he has been saved—*how* his salvation has been effected—and the nature of that glorious inheritance to which he has a sure title. This fitness, only, can bear him up and enable him to continue in this work with constant confidence of success, comfort, delight, and heart-felt satisfaction. Thus he will experience, that, in proportion, to the degradation and disgusting character of the heathen, will be the strength of his love and sympathy for them. O! what a pleasure,—how sweet—for such persons to be engaged in such services of their Great Master—to toil under privations and the loss of all near and dear to them,—in order to bring glory to God in the salvation of perishing heathen: This will be their all-absorbing thought. The lap of *ease* and luxuries, honours and *social pleasures* with all their rounds of *fashion*, have no charms to draw them away from such a work: nay, their souls, even, loathes them. No place is so sweet and beloved as the land of the heathen. There they yearn to be—there they delight to “*spend and be spent.*” But if not thus qualified, dislike to the work—dissertion—injury to the cause—dishonour to God—loss of souls, are the certain results. It would be pleasing to continue these remarks on this subject of love; but both time and space forbid