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Number 16

ALONE IN THE TWILIGHT.

Alone in the twilight, the shadows are creeping,
Widely fingers are tracing strange shapes on
the wall,
The old cottage clock seems a drowsy watch
keeping,
Scarce breaking the silence nor brooding o'er
all.

Alone, but not lonely, for fancy has taken
Me back to the scenes of the dear long ago;
Again, as from dream-land, a child I awaken,
A child among children: O can it be so?

Even now hand in hand with a chosen I'm ranging,
And plucking the blossoms from woodland and
lea,
Ne'er heeding that spring-time to autumn is
changing,
Ah talk not of letters to spirits so free,
The form and the feature so gracefully mould-
ed,

I see once again, now our rambles are o'er,
In snowy ground lying, with lily hands folded;
My idol is broken, my playmate no more.

I weep, but another, with eye calm and truth-
ful,
Is smiling upon me in hours of repose,
Combining the wisdom of years with the youth-
ful:

Of boons heaven granted, the rarest are those.
She sits, she goes, but a dwelling I enter,
Anon to the firs, my footsteps I bend,
With brow mildly radiant I know in the centre,
The light of that circle, the face of my friend.

Tall brothers are mine, and the laughter is
ringing,
Again in the cottage so lonely and brown;
Full seven in glory to the home-nest are cling-
ing,

A trio of sisters each claims for his own,
O hours all too golden, how soon are ye shaded
out!

I look for the nine, but I walk among graves;
And lo! 'mid the perfume of flowers that are
fallen,
A requiem floats—'tis the murmur of waves.

Is this I around me? O may I not linger?
Is not the soul real? Why wanes it so soon?
All else becomes vague, and a beckoning finger
Lures back to the present; the vision is flowing,
The darkness is deep and the embers are dying,
A yearning is left for the days that are fled;
Without, seems the night wind, all mournfully
sighing,
Of hopes disappointed, joys withered and dead.

The burthen is heavy, my feet have grown
weary,
I tire of the discord, the clamor, the strife,
Of still plodding on in a desert so dreary,
And warring a warfare to end but with life,
The future will bring but the same care and
toiling,
Tomorrow, repeat the routine of to-day;
Heart-tainting I cry to be free from the moil-
ing,
For fierce is the conflict, and dark is the way.

A voice from the gloom whispers 'Peace troubled
spirit,
My grace is sufficient, my promises sure;
All who overcome shall my mansions inherit,
And dwell in a noon-tide as changeless as
pure.'

Light bursts and arises, the form of a mother,
With countenance placid, and silver hair;
A many-faceted band, and amid it another
Of summers soon told, a brow arched and fair.

I 'look on' and 'love them,' the burthen is
lighter,
Still borne to my ears those cadences sweet;
The dove folds her wing as faith's vision grows
brighter,
"For these I would have thee work longer and
wait,
Clouds come not, without me, nor talkest a
sparrow,
Thy past tend to memory legaced, be,
While patiently treading the path straight and
narrow;
Thy present to duty, thy future to Me."

Oh, Friend of all others! hushed be my re-
pinning,
Though only faith sees thee, I know thou art
near;
Even my doubting soul, on thy bosom reclin-
ing,
Can trust in 'love perfect,' that 'casteth out
fear,'
The morning has broken, but weary no longer,
Earth smiles, and my spirit looks cheerfully on,
In one hour for a life-work made stronger,
The hour that I missed in the twilight alone.

Vermouth, March 18th, 1872.

THE RESURRECTION.—No. 2.

He rose, He rose, He burst the bars of Death,
And triumph'd o'er the grave! Shout earth
and heaven.

This sum of good to man! whose nature then
took wing, and mounted with Him from the
tomb.

Man, all immortal, hail!
Hail Heaven! All lavish of strange gifts to
man!

Thine all the glory, man's the boundless bliss!

The resurrection of Jesus Christ affords
a confirmation and illustration of His own
teachings respecting a future state, the resur-
rection of the dead, and a general judg-
ment. By His resurrection He conquered
death in death's own domain, and inscribed
in illuminated characters over the gateway
to the tomb, "I am the Resurrection and
the Life; he that believeth in Me, though
he were dead, yet shall he live." In the
Hebrew Scriptures glimpses were given of
the life of heaven, so that the saints of old
had some anticipation of the fullness of joy
in God's presence. Job was comforted in
his accumulated trials by the hope that in
the latter day he would see his living Redem-
pter. Isaiah gave an intimation of belief in
the resurrection of the body, when he said,
"They that dwell in dust, shall be raised up
with my dead body shall they arise. Awake
and sing, ye that dwell in dust; for thy dew
is as the dew of herbs, and the earth shall
cast out the dead." But it was reserved
for the ministry of the great Prophet to

shed light on these topics, and to thrill the
heart of man by His sublime teaching of
relation to the future state; and then He
opened up and confirmed those doctrines,
and gave them living power before the
world by His own resurrection from the
tomb, thereby counterworking death, and
bringing life and immortality to light.
When Jesus on one occasion announced the
everlasting life of those who believe in Him,
that the dead should hear the voice of the
Son of Man and live; he added, "Marvel
not at this; for the hour is coming, in the
which all that are in the graves shall hear
His voice, and shall come forth; and they
have done good, unto the resurrection of
life; and they that have done evil, unto the
resurrection of damnation." Thus we are
assured there shall be a resurrection of the
dead, both of the just and of the unjust.
He shall come again to be our Judge, in
the glory of His Father with His holy
angels. Upon the fact of His resurrection,
and the awfully solemn expectation of His
second coming, is founded the call to penitence
and newness of life.—"The times of ignorance
God winked at, but now commandeth all
men everywhere to repent, because He hath
appointed a day in the which He will judge
the world in righteousness by that man whom
he hath ordained; whereof He hath given
assurance unto all men, in that He hath
raised Him from the dead."

The resurrection of Christ has an impor-
tant bearing upon the character and privi-
leges of the Lord's people, and is to them
a great constant hope. The great
spiritual change characteristic of believers
in Christ, is a death unto sin and a new life
unto righteousness; dying with Christ in
His death, buried with Him in fulfillment of
our baptismal vows, and raised with Him
in His resurrection's power; planted in the
likeness of His death, and also in the like-
ness of His resurrection. Great is the
privilege of the Christian in dying unto sin,
that it shall have no more dominion over
him, being able humbly, yet confidently to
say, "I am crucified with Christ, neverthe-
less I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in
me;" but not greater than every true
christian may enjoy. To this grace we are
called, to apprehend and exemplify in the
exercise of a living and powerful faith in
our crucified and risen Saviour, the privi-
lege to reckon ourselves dead indeed unto
sin, but alive unto God through Jesus
Christ our Lord. There is thus a principle
of conformity between the Saviour and His
saved people; and the relation of the re-
deemed to Christ shows the propriety of
such conformity. He is the vine, we are
the branches; He is the head, we are the
members; and it is His will we should be
conformed to His likeness here, that we may
be sharers of His glory on high. Again, as
our life is a matter of interest to
Christ, so is our death; it is sleeping in
Jesus. This idea was a favorite one with
the first Christians, and during the early
centuries, as is evident not only by the new
Testament references to this effect, but also
by the inscriptions in the catacombs. The
figure of sleep was chosen to represent the
state of the pious dead; not as indicating
spiritual unconsciousness; but because it
was expressive of the calmness with which
they could meet the last enemy even amid
the agonies of martyrdom, and because it
signified their cherished hope of a restora-
tion from the dust of death. The Lord
Jesus by His resurrection has become the
first fruits of them that sleep in Him. The
first fruits were presented by the Israelites
before the Lord, and then came the harvest;
so is Christ the first fruits of His people,
being the first raised from the dead to die
no more. The first fruits were a pledge of
the harvest that was to follow; so is Christ
to His people, and His resurrection from the
dead, a pledge of the resurrection of all
the kind of harvest; so is Christ's
glorious body in heaven a representation of
the glory of the heavenly bodies of His
saints as they shall appear on the resurrec-
tion day.

The resurrection of the human body at
the last day, is not a question of doubt or
conjecture, but one that is established with
great certainty as the resurrection of
Christ Himself; and the teachings of the
New Testament as to the glorious resurrec-
tion of the Lord's people are of most
comforting assurance, filling their hearts
with joyous hope and confidence. That so
wonderful an event should be involved in
some degree of mystery, is not at all sur-
prising; including as it does a state of be-
ing widely different from the present mode
of existence. Yet we are not without in-
stances, constantly recurring before our
view, of great transformations in nature,
wrought by the same power that shall bring
forth the dead from their graves, and af-
fording illustrations of the doctrine of the
resurrection. In some familiar objects of
the lower forms of animated existence, we
mark surprising changes transpiring, in
some degree analogous to that which shall
take place in regard to the body by the
resurrection. From the chrysalis of a lowly
 grub comes forth a higher and more
beautiful form of insect life. But how
small is that transition as compared with
the transformation through which the Lord's
redeemed shall pass, when from the nature
they possessed on earth there shall arise
glorious bodies, and when this mortal shall
put on immortality. We have periodically
in the trees of the forest, in the fruits of the
field and in the flowers of the garden, an
other illustration of the doctrine of the
resurrection. We look around us during
the frosts of winter, and how dreary and
death-like is the picture which the vege-
table world presents; but in a few short
weeks, spring opens once more, and all na-
ture bursts forth in new life, robed in bloom
and beauty. Our blessed Lord employs
this figure of vegetable death and life, to
show that His own death was necessary to
bring forth much fruit in the salvation of
the millions of our race; and the Apostle
uses the same illustration, to show that
the decomposition of the body there will
come forth a glorious form of life, and
to every seed his own body. As organic
changes take place in the germination of
seed in the earth, by the decomposition of
the outer covering enclosing the germ of
life, so shall the corruption of the tomb
prepare our body for its future form of
beauty.

Yet the analogy is not a complete or per-
fect one. Our Lord and His Apostle em-
ployed the figure as an illustration merely,
and not as affording an entire resemblance.
In the changes going forward in vegeta-
tion, and in all the processes of vegeta-
tion, life is uninterrupted. It may be tor-
pid or latent, but it is there. The seed
must die in its external coating, but the
germ of life is preserved. The life in the
butterfly did not pass through death. The
life in the waving harvest was transmitted
from the seed grain, by the process of re-
production. In all these processes life
was continued; so that in these there is
really no resurrection. But in the case of
our bodies deposited in the earth there is
positive, absolute, total death; and there
can be no life again by any natural process.
It is true that the same power necessary to
effect the resurrection, is in operation in na-
ture; but in the one class of instances we
have omnipotence at work in connection
with established laws, whereas in the re-
surrection of the dead the divine working
will be manifest in opposition to nature's
laws. By grounding our hope of the resurrec-
tion on the great power of God,—the
mighty working whereby He is able to sub-
due all things unto Himself—we are just
ified in the inquiry, "Why should it be
thought a thing incredible that God should
raise the dead?"

The question naturally arises, In what
consists the identity of the human body?
A question more easily asked than answer-
ed; nor is there much additional light af-
forded by the reply. Human identity con-
sists in sameness of personality. Each one
knows himself to be the same person that
he was ten or twenty years ago. We know
our immaterial nature to be the same as in
other years, and that the union of the soul
and body is the same that it was in our
early existence. We know these things by
personal consciousness. In a certain sense
we may say also, we have the same body
that we ever had. Yet we know that this
body has undergone very great changes;
that it is constantly changing; that it is pos-
sible we do not see an object twice with the
same eyes, or speak two sentences with ab-
solutely the same lips and tongue; and that
we are totally changed from what we were
a few years ago. Portions of our body
may be removed by amputation, but our
identity remains unchanged, and we speak-
ingly the same persons; and we peacefully
truly, when we say, these are the same
bodies. Our bodily identity then does not
consist in the idenitic and numerical par-
ticles composing our bodily structure at any
one period of our mortal life; and if not
these in life, then certainly not of these in
death. In what it does consist, we know
not; it is enough that God knoweth; by
His power and wisdom, through all the
mutations of matter, that identity shall be
preserved, and He will raise it up at the
last day. This body shall rise again; these
eyes shall look upon our living Redeemer,
whom we shall see for ourselves and not for
another. In our view it is necessary that
the essential unity between the body and
the spirit which subsisted during this life,
should be resumed at the judgment, when
rewards and punishments shall be distrib-
uted, that every one may receive, in his
entire nature, his just retribution for the
things done in his body, according to that
he hath done, whether it be good or bad.

But what sort of body shall be the resurrec-
tion body of the saints? "It doth not
yet appear what we shall be; but we know
that when He shall appear, we shall be like
Him; for we shall see Him as He is."
Doubtless the heavenly body shall be widely
different from our present corporeal or-
ganization. Perhaps our present body re-
sembles to our present form, or be suffi-
ciently similar to serve the purpose of re-
cognition; but O, how gloriously changed!
Incorporeal, and without deformity, or
defect, or imperfection; no more a clog to
the spirit, or a subject of pain, weakness or
weariness; but in perfect strength and
youth, and beauty. The spirit speaks of
the body in the grave as the natural body,
but raised from the grave a spiritual body;
using the term spiritual in a comparative
and accommodated sense; for the essential
differences now existing between matter
and spirit shall, no doubt, continue. The
body raised will not be composed of the
gross materials of flesh and blood, but of
matter refined and glorified, warranting the
expression, a spiritual body.

Without any undue exercise of the imagi-
nation, the body that will be raised may be
regarded as differing in various important
particulars from our present corporeal na-
ture. In that world there shall be neither
male nor female; for there they neither
marry nor are given in marriage, but are
as the angels in heaven, "they shall be
as we are." Here our life is dependent
upon the air we breathe; but there we may
dispense with the organs of respiration.
Here the wasting, changing body needs un-
derminement for its repair and support, hence
the organs of digestion and of circulation
are essential, the stomach, the liver, the
viscera, and that wonderful machinery of
the heart and blood vessels; but there these
processes will not be required. Here we
are pent up, and restricted in our move-
ments, by our limited capacity for locomo-
tion, and by the force of gravitation; but
there, without muscular energy, by the
mere exercise of the will, we may be able
to transport ourselves with the rapidity of
thought. This body of our humiliation
shall be changed, vastly changed, and fas-
hioned like unto the glorious body of Jesus
Christ.

"Subject then to no decay,
Heavenly bodies they put on,
Swifter than the lightning's ray,
And brighter than the sun."

The material glory with which the saints
shall be then invested, will, however, be
but as an outer type of inner glory; when,
with faculties enlarged and perfected, they
shall know as they are known, shall be fill-
ed with unutterable joy, and shall rise
higher and still higher elevations of holiness
and love. The rapture of the redeemed
shall rise to ecstasy, as they dwell upon the
meritorious cause of all their blessedness
and glory,—the matchless love and grace
of Jesus. This shall be a theme of wonder,
love and praise, through never-ending ages.
The glory of all they then shall be, and of
all they ever hope to become, shall be as-
cribed to Jesus! These prospects, how full
of comfort are they to the Lord's people
in this present world of shadows, of
temptations, of sorrow. Our hearts are
often here weighed down; our infirmities

abound; the tenderest earthly ties are sun-
dered, and we ourselves are hastening to
death. But the grave has been blessed to
the Christian believer, since the body of
Jesus has lain there; and through His re-
surrection power shall we be glorified with
Him.

"Sweet truth to me,
I shall arise,
And with these eyes
My Saviour see!"

M.

MISSIONARY SPEECH. BY REV. CHARLES BRUCE FITZALD.

At Exmouth Street Wesleyan Church, St.
John, N. B.

My resolution recognizes the past liberality
of the church towards the mission cause.
We like to think of the liberality of the
church to think of the £70 sterling raised by
the ministers of the Conference one hundred and
thirty years ago, and of the £6,000 raised princi-
pally by the immortal Coke, fifty nine years
ago, and also of the nearly \$150,000 raised
during the past year. Thank God for past
liberality. Our society has had missionaries
in Africa for about twenty six years—in Asia
for about fifty eight years—in the great Island
Continent of Australia for about fifty seven
years, and in other parts of the earth for over
half a century, and these missionaries have
been kept there by the past liberality of the
church. To-day we have about one thousand
missionaries, speaking in about forty dialects
who require to be supported by our present
and future liberality. We will do our duty.
So long as the heart of our church beats true
to herself, and true to her God, the missionary
cause will have her mercy, her sympathy, her
prayers.

We like not only to think of the liberality of
the Wesleyan church, but of the liberality
of all Christian churches. Sydney Smith
did not see far when he sneered in the Edin-
burgh Review about the £15,200 with which he
said the "Consecrated sabbler" (Carey) was
going to convert the millions of Hindoos. He
was ignorant of the spirit of the missionary
liberality that was sleeping in the churches.
That spirit has been waking ever since so
that now the majority missionary societies that
are in operation to-day, raise about ten million
dollars. It is cheering to think that the mis-
sionaries who are supported by that money,
preaching Jesus in about fifteen thousand
places in heathendom. They are preaching
Jesus amid the uplands of Sierra Leone and
the jungles of Kaffra—within the wall of
China and beneath the Hoang-Ho—along the
shores of the Bengal Bay, and the strands of
the Indian Ocean—upon the slopes of the grand
old Himalayas—upon the banks of the flow-
ing, winding Burrampter—amid the Cinnamon
groves of Ceylon and the myrtles of Fiji—
beside the boiling springs of Iceland and ar-
dore the forests of the west. They are preach-
ing Jesus at the feet of great idols, under the
shadow of gorgeous mosques, beneath the frown
of the trembling Vatican. They are preaching
Jesus the sacrifice for the world's sins—the
light for the world's darkness—the balm for
the world's sores—the gladness for the world's
sorrow—the rock for the world's feet—the
crown for the world's brow, and the home for
the world's soul.

We like to think of the GREAT THINGS AC-
COMPLISHED, through past liberality. Great
things have been done since Paul, the mis-
sionary, carried the gospel to Italy and Greece
eight hundred years ago; since Augustine
carried the good news of salvation to Britain
seven hundred and fifty years ago, since Luther,
the towered giant, with the battle cry of "Sal-
vation by faith" and since Carey seventy-two
years ago, his first convert into the Ganges.
Great things, Britain has long ago exchanged
his wicker idol for a Father God, his Druid
temples for the temples of Emmanuel. Within
the memory of some here the Polynesian group
have come up from cannibalism to civilization
—from a cannibal house to a palace. The island
of Ceylon has come up from barbaric night
to stand in the sun. Madagascar, that resisted
the gospel for thirty years, has shaken off its
chains, and bared its head for a diadem from
Jesus the King. The isles of the sea are be-
ginning to lift their forehead towards heaven
for the benediction of the Father. They are
knocking at the door of grace with their finger
upon the knocker. They are stretching up
their hands to pluck the grapes that hang over
the bastions of glory. They are carrying their
chalices to the springs of 'living water.' They
are down by the river listening for the music
of the harpers on the other shore. Their eyes
seven hundred and fifty years ago, shook the
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MY RESOLUTION CALLS FOR INCREASING
LIBERALITY. More money wanted! Money
wanted to send more missionaries to preach to
the waiting millions. They are waiting all
the way from the Esquimaux countries that lie
along the coast of Baffin's Bay, on, on, on to
Patagonia. They are waiting for the gospel
all the way from the Sundera Sea, on to the
Isthmus of Isthmus, waiting all the way from
Kara, waiting all the way from Liberia, on
to the Persian gulf; waiting all along the island
groups of sunny Oceania. Waiting! waiting!
There are about eight hundred millions scattered
over Asia, Africa and her islands, waiting
to hear about the Shiloh. But there are few,
few to tell the story. Even in India, that
land of missionaries, while there are three gods
to every person, there is only one missionary
to every million, and there are lands where not
even one missionary is found. No Jesus
preached in Tibet, a large province north-
west of India, governed by the Grand Lama
who is worshipped by the people as an in-
carnate god. No Jesus preached in Corea a
peninsula between China and Japan. No Jesus
in Cochin-China a large state in farther India,
belonging to the empire of Anam. No Jesus

could behold in the writings of Confucius
in the Bible of Henry Martyr, the Per-
sian can discern a pathway to manhood and the
skies, such as he never could see in his loved
and lovely Zend Avesta. In Carey's bible the
East Indian can find a way to nobleness, free-
dom and Paradise, such as he never could
be found by the Hindus in his Shaster, by the
Brahman in his Vedas, or by the Mahomedan in
his Koran. What stories that Bible which
has been translated into two hundred and
seventy four languages, is telling in the night
wrapped lands. What stories it is telling about
the Three One God who straggle the stars, and
wove the upholstery of the skies—who upplid
the mountains, and spread, rich, green damask
cloths upon their table lands—who scooped out
the oceans and rimmed them round, here with
gold or silver sands, and there with rock of
granite or coral, as it pleased Him and set
bouquets of islands among the waters, some to
bloom in ceaseless summer, and some to look
drear enough among the ice of an eternal win-
ter. What stories that Bible is telling about
men, who has broken his harp, flung away his
psalm and lost his Eden, and lost his Eden, it is
also telling about Jesus who died on a tree in
Palestine, that he might string and tune the
broken harp again—that He might open a
gate of another Eden for the banished gar-
den—that He might offer a more dazzling
crown to the captive king. Its story is, Jesus
the only way to the Father. It says to the
followers of the false prophet—"No path
arise to the Alsatir to Paradise." It says to
the Ganges or Indus to purity; no way under
the wheels of Juggernaut to pardon and
blessedness." It says to all,—"No way
to heaven but Jesus." It points to Calvary
and cries, "that is the way ye go in it."
Through the Bible Jesus himself cries to the
dwellers in the night—"I am the way, the truth
and the life, no man cometh unto the Father
but by me," while we thank God and rejoice
that the Bible has been translated into so many
languages we should not forget, that this work
could not have been achieved without the past
liberality of the Church.

We like to think of the POWER OF THE
SPOKEN WORD. How earnest speech often thrills
and convinces man. What wondrous stories
have come down to us about the great Ath-
enian orator baring his words, like barbed
thunderbolts, against the Macedonian king, Uni-
til Philip, cried, "I have no enemy but De-
mosthene's." What stories we have read about
Cicero flashing his eloquence against Cataline
the great orator warrior. What stories fill
the world about the golden words of Chryso-
stom of Syria—about the words of "living thun-
der" uttered by Edward Irving, before the elite
and literati of London—about the words of
magic and converting might, that enabled George
Whitefield to shake the two continents. God
has always had his men of mighty word power.
He has them still. They are not confined to
Christendom. Among the four thousand mis-
sionaries in heathendom, there is doubtless
many a consecrated Cicero and inspired White-
field. In Burma about eighteen years ago,
Quala, a converted Karen began to preach.
Within the first year he added eight hun-
dred to the Church of Christ. Within three
years he formed thirty churches, comprising
nearly three thousand members. Victory! vic-
tory! Few of our great revolutionists have done
that. Many others have done, and are doing
great things among the heathen by a spoken
gospel. Now, while we thank God and rejoice,
because of the conquest that has been in the
spoken word, among the people of the Christ-
less lands, we should not forget how much it
has done since the Christian liberality.

We like to think of the PRESENT NEED OF
LIBERality OF THE MISSIONARY LIFE. We can
tell of the influence of Judson in Burma, of
 Moffat in Africa, of Lee in New Zealand,
 of Lawrence in the Friendly Isles, of Ellis in Mad-
 agascar, of the thousands of godly men who
 have been and are scattered throughout heath-
 endom. These men have not lived in vain,
 their influence must be felt. Material influ-
 ence even, however insignificant, are never un-
 felt or vain. The weakest and weariest
 flower that ever bloomed on the skirts of the
 Caucasian mountain snows did not live in
 vain. The tiniest rill that ever trickled from
 the spring of some lone oasis in Saba-
 ra, did not flow in vain. Every star-ry that
 ever shimmered down the night must make
 itself felt through space. Every wood-bird's
 hymn, must sing on forever. God lets no mate-
 rial or moral force ever be lost. The toils of
 the tears, the blood, the prayers, the life of
 the missionary can never be lost. Never! These
 men have sown their life-gems; these gems
 must yet yield a harvest. They have dropped
 their pebbles into the sea; the rings of these
 pebbles must ripple on, and on and wash some
 precious things upon the shore. The lives of
 the missionaries have spoken: the voice of these
 lives must echo down the years. Now, while
 we thank God and rejoice that these men have
 lived among painted, tattooed savages, or among
 Christless sages, we should not forget how
 great their being there has depended upon the
 liberality of the Church.

MY RESOLUTION CALLS FOR INCREASING
LIBERality. More money wanted! Money
wanted to send more missionaries to preach to
the waiting millions. They are waiting all
the way from the Esquimaux countries that lie
along the coast of Baffin's Bay, on, on, on to
Patagonia. They are waiting for the gospel
all the way from the Sundera Sea, on to the
Isthmus of Isthmus, waiting all the way from
Kara, waiting all the way from Liberia, on
to the Persian gulf; waiting all along the island
groups of sunny Oceania. Waiting! waiting!
There are about eight hundred millions scattered
over Asia, Africa and her islands, waiting
to hear about the Shiloh. But there are few,
few to tell the story. Even in India, that
land of missionaries, while there are three gods
to every person, there is only one missionary
to every million, and there are lands where not
even one missionary is found. No Jesus
preached in Tibet, a large province north-
west of India, governed by the Grand Lama
who is worshipped by the people as an in-
carnate god. No Jesus preached in Corea a
peninsula between China and Japan. No Jesus
in Cochin-China a large state in farther India,
belonging to the empire of Anam. No Jesus

preached in Arabia, in Central Asia, in Central
Africa. Why? One of the principal reasons is,
the lack of money. True enough, it might be
death to the missionaries to go these lands.
They might be killed by the people. What of that!
There are consecrated men ready to go; that
the societies were ready to send them. A little
over one hundred years ago, when Ledyard the
traveller was asked when he would be ready to
start for interior Africa, he replied, "To-mor-
row morning." "To-morrow morning" has been
the answer of different men since then. "To-
morrow morning," would be the answer of
some consecrated Christians now. When the
plague raged at Marseilles, Dr. Guyon was so
devoted to science and philosophy, that when
the physicians were consulting what could be
done, said,—"To-morrow morning, I will per-
form a dissection." He did his work and died.
Hercules' men of blood and powder are
heroes compared with him. And to the hon-
our of Christianity be it spoken, there are men
so devoted to Jesus and to souls, that they
would go to preach and die in any kingdom,
on any peninsula, on any island, and on any
continent. If the Missionary Committee had
the money, they could get the men. More
money wanted! "How much wouldst thou
Lord," for this palace home in which he has
placed thee? His huge rocky pedestals were
sculptured by His chisel. Its walls are hung
with pictures painted by his pencil. He treas-
ures its ceiling with cloud, and auras and
star. His looms weave its carpet of white and
green, and vermilion, and purple and gold.
He pours aroma upon its rich banquet, and
supplies its larder of field and air and sea. He
tunes its cascade-organs, and strangle its forest
lyres. He wakes odes in its orchards, and
epics on its sea, and ballads in its brooklets,
and choirs in its summer mornings. What a
home for a person with an eye, an ear, an imagi-
nation, a heart in which to dwell. How
much for it?

"How much wouldst thou," for the Bible?
It alone can tell you of your origin—your slav-
ery—your emancipation—your eternity. It
alone tells you of a palace home, where the
freescenes never fade, and the love-scenes never
fade; where there is aroma, and pictures and
music for the soul. It alone warns you of a
dungeon down in hell, where day-light never
dawns; where there are no beauty-scenes, and
where joy-scenes are never sung. What a
book! Who would quarrel with the historian
for recording its history to outline that of
Herodotus, or Xenophon, or Gibbon? Who
would quarrel with the philosopher for pro-
claiming its philosophy to be superior to that
of Plato, or Descartes, or Bacon? Who would
quarrel with the poet for singing of its poetry
as grander than that of Homer or Milton? We
ought to be anointed with the Bible, and we
tell of its biographies better than anything
interesting than those of Plutarch and Boswell.
We could say amen, to the orator were he to
speak of its orations as more weird and stir-
ring than those of Demosthene's, or Cataline, or
Vergnaud or Burke. As Christians we know
and declare its words to be full of wounding
and healing; its manna to be satisfying, and
its springs to be unexhausted; its Jesus to be our
friend, and its heaven to be our home—our
home of rest beyond the journey—of peace be-
yond the battle—of calm beyond the storm.
How much for the Bible and its prospects?
THE CALL IS ALSO FOR MORE FERVENT PRAYER.
FOR WANT OF FERVOR MANY OF OUR PRAYERS
HAVE BEEN USELESS. The prayer mills of the Mo-
guls, or the speaking machine of the great
English exhibition, might say prayers as ac-
ceptable as many of ours have been. Few of
us know how to pray. Our arms are short.
Our wings are weak. May the Lord enable us
to try the mightiness of fervent prayer.

Our wings are weak. May the Lord enable us
to try the mightiness of fervent prayer.
We will pray more earnestly for the
missionary enterprise, when we remember it
OBJECT to an SOUL CONVERSION. Soul makes
man what he is, the most precious thing on
earth. It is soul that makes the Christian
more precious than his hundred and thirty
forests, his marble quarries, and the magnets
found in his iron mines. It is soul that makes
the Siberian more precious, than the black fox
and ermine that hunt his wilds. It is soul
that makes the Arab more precious, than the
balm of Gilead and the sphenoid of his cul-
tivated lands, and the zebra he lassoes in
his wide, wild desert. It is soul that makes
the new Guinea Islander more precious than
the birds of Paradise that make his frond-
ed bread fruit groves all a-flash and gorge-
ous. It is soul that makes the Hindoo more
precious than all the diamonds ever brought from
Raolcanda, the famous mine in the kingdom of
Golconda. It is soul that makes the Persian
pearl fisher more precious than all the pearls
ever fished from gulf or sea. Yes, it is soul
that makes man precious. Now, the grand ob-
ject of the missionary work is soul conversion.
What are all other objects and achievements
compared with this? What were the victories
of Zingis Khan, and Tamerlane and Charle-
magne compared with the triumphs of the
gospel in Polynesia, and the great island home
of the Madagascari Queen. It was easy enough
to build the pyramids, or to muzzle the thun-
derbolts, or to weave the sunset splendors into
the fibres of the canvas, or to chisel the snowy
marbles into grand architectural forms, com-
pared with the converting of a wandering Tar-
tar's soul. Man can chisel and paint and build
and crush and kill; God can alone convert.
But the Church upon her knees, with her hands
of faith and prayer stretched through the
skies, can bring down the converting power.
Church of God, down upon your knees. Prayer
has omnipotence in it. Archimede's said, it had
a fulcrum for his lever he could move the world.
He never got such a fulcrum. The Church of
God has got both fulcrum and lever. Prayer
is the lever; the promises of the Eternal
the fulcrum. A praying Church must move
the world. "Whosoever ye shall ask in
my name that will I do;" put your lever
upon that fulcrum and move Christendom.
"Ask of me, and I will give thee the heu-
rthen for thine inheritance;" put your lever
upon that fulcrum, and move heathendom.
Oh! that the Church would learn how to use
this lever and fulcrum. She will yet know how
to go upon her knees, and putting her lever
upon the islands of the sea lift them God-
ward. She will know how to put her lever

upon Africa, and move it upwards towards the
Jesus of the cross, and the crown. She will
yet know how to put her lever under Asia and
lift it up towards Paradise and the Father.
Church of God dare the improbable, the im-
practicable, the impossible. True prayer is
daring. In Elijah it brushed the rain clouds
from the sky, and at the end of three years
brought them back again. In Knox it cried,
"Give me Scotland or give die." He got Scot-
land. In John Hunt it knelt on the snow