

dors; men who loved their toil,—it was for Jesus; men who smiled at danger,—“the love of Christ constrained them;” men whose convictions were positive,—“Woe is me if I preach not the Gospel!” Their eloquence was rude, but it was earnest. Their preaching was simple, but it was full of “the mystery of godliness.” Their system of theology was the Bible; their instructor, “the Holy Spirit of promise;” their Council Chamber, “the Throne of Grace.”

These are the holy men of God,—the fathers in Israel, who have borne the burden and heat of the day; the Elijahs and Johns of the past and passing generation; whose clarion notes woke the echoes of the forest and the wilderness; these the heroes in many a battle against the powers of darkness.

We would honour those whom God has honoured. We almost covet their toils and their privations, for the Master has smiled approval on their self-denying labour. THEY ARE TRULY GREAT—great in faithful effort and holy living,—“great in the kingdom of Heaven.” They are among earth’s benefactors, above the heroes of the fight. They are the peers of philanthropists, the bravest of the brave. O, weave for them your richest chaplets; crown them with the greatest honours. Soon their warfare will be over, and their last victory won; soon will they rest from their labours, and their works shall follow them.

CADET.

Save the Children.

THERE is probably no sphere of Missionary labour fuller, either of hope for the future, or of blessing in the present, than that of those who are striving to snatch little children from the slums of filth and hot-beds of vice