

to prevent its recurrence. No she said, "if I bear it, that may soften them." But he replied, "if you do not take this step, it may encourage them to severer measures to shake your constancy; or is it that you intend to give up serving God?" "Never," she answered, "while I live." And she kept her promise. Until her death, an example of unshaken fortitude, out of much tribulation she has entered the kingdom of God.

The record of the faith of Christ's people in Madagascar deserves to stand side by side with the highest triumphs of ancient martyrdom. For seventeen years the English Missionaries were allowed to labour on that island; during that time completing and publishing a translation of the Scriptures. At the end of that time they were banished, and the profession of religion forbidden under the heaviest penalties. But there were fifty christians on the island, and the translated Scriptures, not easily to be blotted out. Among those christians was a wealthy woman, privileged to become the first martyr for Christ. She was imprisoned and her house given to plunder. It did not move her. She was renounced by her family. It did not move her. She was loaded with irons, and beaten. She continued to sing her hymns to Christ. She was led to execution. She said, "I care not if my blood be shed, so that the Word of God shall thereby prosper in this country." At the place of execution she knelt calmly down, and prayed. The queen forbid her to pray; but she continued to pray, and preached Christ to the crowds that surrounded her, until her constant soul was dismissed to heaven by a soldier's spear. Many were compelled to drink poisoned water. Some hid themselves in caves and forests. Some escaped to other lands. In 1840, sixteen who had been concealed were discovered. On being questioned, they replied, "we are not banditti or murderers: we are the praying people: this is our answer for life or death." Nine of them were slain. But christianity was not destroyed. Let any one who is doubtful of the result of preaching a pure gospel among the heathen look at the history of the church in Madagascar. After only thirteen years instruction, left absolutely without a school, a teacher, a minister, or a sacrament, with nothing but the Bible and a living faith, persecuted, cast out, reviled, more than half of them slain, yet through sixteen years that diminished band retained their love for Christ, and their devotion to him. At last the son of the queen herself, the heir to the throne, was converted under the powerful preaching of these martyrs; and happier days have begun to reward their constancy.

Is the spirit of prayer the true filial spirit of the Gospel? A missionary of the Christian Missionary Society writes, and it is only a specimen of what is constantly occurring elsewhere, that the catechists in neighbouring villages meet regularly once a week, by themselves, for study of God's word and prayer. And our own missionaries in Africa often record this evidence of the real christianity of those whom they have led to Christ.

Is a desire for the conversion of our own relatives a strong mark of true faith—faith working outwardly? A missionary in Madras relates that when he first preached, only one of a family or two of a village received the Gospel. But these became missionaries to their households, and ceased not to labor until all were brought in. At a baptism it was deeply touching to see a son or father bring forward his relatives, and count them carefully as he placed them before the minister. Three families of seven; five of six; two of four—in all eighty at that baptism. Among them one aged woman, baptized with her great-grand-

children, whom her son had brought; the last of his family, an offering to the Lord. Where in this christian city will you find such home work?

Is the sending forth of missionaries a proof that the heart of a church is right towards Christ? The converted heathen give that proof abundantly; for from every quarter of the foreign missionary field where christianity has been preached long enough for its principles to become active in benevolence, do we see this token of a true zeal. Asian, African, Indian, Islander, all alike are earnestly spreading the knowledge of that truth which has taken hold on their own affections. It was the turning point in our own missionary work on the African coast, when the native converts gazing sadly on the coffin of a missionary whom they dearly loved, and asking themselves for what is this sacrifice of white men's lives, suddenly resolved "it is our duty to preach the gospel to our brethren." From that moment our work has gone on bravely, and the christianity of the converts has showed itself pure and fixed.

Or is it a great advance in an individual christian or a christian church towards the true standard of christian love, to discover that giving abroad enlarges the capacity of the heart, and enables the individual or the church to approach more nearly its measure of duty in supplying home wants? They have discovered that secret in some of our missionary stations. As their souls expanded under active love towards brethren still in heathen darkness, they suddenly became conscious of ability to support their own missionaries; and without diminishing foreign charities, became efficient in domestic. They have learned the expansiveness of christian love sooner than some christians who were born in a christian land. Never—I speak it with deliberation and as the result of some experience—never will a christian comprehend the fulness of Christ's love to himself, until his soul has been expanded, to love, and to pray for, and to labor for, the salvation of that whole world for which Christ died. A true domestic missionary spirit grows up with, and never apart from, engagedness in the foreign missionary work. And that Church will ever be most active in cultivating its own parochial field which has most fully learned and practised a world-wide beneficence.

Is it an evidence of real love for Christ to give for his glory what costs us something, what we feel in the giving, to give conscientiously and systematically? Then I can show you congregations of southern servants who regularly bring eggs from their little poultry yards every one of which costs them a luxury, to be placed in the missionary basket at church. I can tell you of a district in India where it is the general custom for the head of the household each day to take a handful of rice out of the principal meal of the family, and set it apart as an accumulating contribution for the native missionary society; a daily gift, systematic, conscientious, of that which costs something to every member of the household.

And then do we fairly judge of the vital godliness of a church, by its earnestness in spreading the gospel among those who have never heard of it? Is the missionary contribution of a people a fair standard of the estimate in which Christ and his great salvation is held by that people? Let me set before you two facts side by side. The communicants of the Protestant Episcopal Church number 120,000. They have given this year for Foreign Missions a little over \$90,000. The communicants gathered by missionaries of the Church Missionary Society of England, people who were poor heathens a few years ago, Indians, Africans, or Red men of the Pacific, number 18,438. They contributed to missions through that Society a

year ago \$45,000. The members of the Protestant Episcopal Church giving for Foreign Missions an average of 75 cents for each communicant, the converted heathen averaging \$2.40.

I come to these conclusions: That the work of the gospel on the human heart is the same every where. That the conversion of men is equally real, exhibiting the same features on the Atlantic border, beyond the Mississippi, beyond the Rocky Mountains, on the plains of India, on the rivers China, among the mountains of Syria, on the dry sands of Africa. That the conversion of the world is no longer a mere possibility. That under the instrumentality of the Anglo-Saxon race, with the blessing of God, with the outpouring of His Spirit, and His own time, it is a certainty. That while the footstaps of God were slow-paced when preparing for this work through eighteen hundred years, they have become increasingly rapid during the last fifty years, especially during the last year of grace, 1859; and that now, every thing indicates that the mighty God is quickening his footstaps, and that his time is at hand.

Majestic is his march. Slow-paced it has been. But as his stately tread among the events of time is hastened, nations tremble; ancient customs disappear; old time seclusions vanish; barriers which national pride, prejudice, mistaken interest, superstition had erected—barriers cemented by blood, consolidated by ages—fall as in a night. The whole world is this day open to the free intercourse of nations; and not a barrier, except that which exists in human hearts, now prevents the preaching and reception of the gospel in every land and by every people on whom the sun shines.

God's working during this past year, to produce this result, has been marvellous, beyond all belief, did we not see it with our eyes. Have you not marked how strangely he has been peopling our Western territories: in Kansas, by political troubles; in Utah, by preparations for war; in various quarters at once by feeding the hunger for gold, as in Jefferson, in Washington, in California; in Arizona and New Mexico, by opening veins of silver. How wonderfully God has provided for emigration. The deserts and the mountains are pierced by trains and roads. A steamboat ascends the Missouri and its branches, seven hundred miles beyond any previous navigation, to within sixty miles of the head waters of the Columbia, which from the Rocky mountains empties into the Pacific ocean. At the same time, but without concert, another steamboat ascends the upper branches of this Columbia river to within a comparatively short distance of the Rocky mountains on the Pacific side; so that it is demonstrated that there remain but six hundred miles of land carriage between the Atlantic and Pacific oceans. The army which was sent to Utah for other purposes is suddenly released from that task, and enabled to devote itself to guarding new roads from the Indians; and, immediately a mail route is opened, and post coaches run across the wilderness and through the mountain passes to the western sea. Missionaries follow. Eighteen clergymen from different parts of the country have offered to settle in California if they can be sent. A congregation in New Mexico is petitioning for a pastor. Minnesota nobly arrays herself in the ranks of our Dioceses, with a Bishop elected. Kansas has strength to organize. And a minister of our church has preached the gospel in the Mormon temple to three thousand souls.

Beyond our own country, applications for missionaries have come to the Foreign Committee from residents in Panama, in Bogota, Brazil, Peru, the Sandwich Islands, and Hayti