blest wounds there shall stream forth fount .ns of salvation, and the fair and the dark races shall kneel before one altar, and become as one in the love of that Redeemer who has bought them with His precious blood.

"*Growing.*" In the island of Madagascar, one whom I remember as a boy, the worthy son of a most worthy father, prebendary with myself of this cathedral, was lately confirming seventy-four native converts, and ordaining a native pastor, on the same Whitsun-day that I was ordaining the son of the old Pitcairn Missionary to the children of the mutineers in the *Bounty,* and likewise was ordaining a Danish teacher to minister to a body of emigrants from Copenhagen. Truly the Gospel of Christ supplies a gracious Nemesis. The memory of old deeds of hate is repaid by new deeds of love. Mutiny is changed to bounty; and ravages of fire and sword are repaid by sending to the descendants of the Danes the tokens of a fresh and lasting peace. For when in that emigrant room in the wilderness, adorned with boughs, and fresh flowers gathered from the forest, I confirmed the children of the Danes, the first names announced to me were Canute, Eric, and Olaf. We sang the old Danish hymns; we offered our Litany in the Danish, and responded in the English tongue; and the little band, now members of our own Church of England, knelt around one Altar, over which the cross of the Danish flag formed its simple but appropriate ornament. "For He has made us one by the blood of His cross." The history of Missions is indeed a mingled record of toil and journeyings, peril and constant service, of disappointments, of contentions, of shortcomings and fallings away, of many prayers and many tears: but sum them all up, gather them from every age and every land, and they are not so precious as one drop of the