

Monthly Messenger.

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FOREIGN MISSIONS.

A few weeks ago we were favoured with a visit from the Rev. J. Fraser Campbell, missionary of the Canadian Presbyterian Church, on his way to his field of labour in Madras. Our devoted brother is well and favourably known in this country, and his short stay was improved by him in pleading the cause of Foreign Missions before the Presbyterian and Congregational Churches in the capital and Harbour Grace, and in organising associations to assist the parent society in carrying out its important work among the female population of India. Mr. Campbell was eminently successful in obtaining pecuniary aid, and in reviving the missionary zeal of many, and awaking an interest in most of his hearers, in the noble enterprise in which the Church of Christ is engaged.

Our beloved friend leaves behind much that is pleasing to the flesh. He was a most acceptable minister, and had very tempting offers to remain in Canada. God has signally owned and blessed his labours during the past six years. But he heard the Master's call, and cheerfully, joyfully, thankfully, he left the green pastures of Canada for the arid deserts of India. Not position, wealth, nor ease did he seek, but the approval of God and the salvation of the souls for whom Christ died. He is ambitious, but his is a noble ambition—to make known the Gospel of God's grace to the foolish wise men of *India*, for his mission is specially to the educated classes speaking our own language in India. "He has left much," but we only speak the language of the world when we say so. What can we leave for Jesus, who left the glory which He had with the Father, and became obedient unto the death of the cross for us. "He has left much," and he may have much to endure. But what will his gain be when the monarch's crown and the miser's gold have perished; when the glory of the world has passed away for ever; when its mad laughter is hushed in the stillness of the grave, or the silence of the judgment day. What will be the faithful missionary's gain? Who can estimate his joy, his gathered harvest of redeemed souls, his crown of rejoicing? What a rich reward for toils and dangers past! Will the benediction of the Saviour be—"Come, ye blessed of my Father, enter into the joy of thy Lord." Go, then, highly honoured servant, sail over unknown seas, tried the burning plains of India, assail its God-dishonouring, soul-destroying superstitions. By patience, meekness, long-suffering, be a true witness for your Lord. Commend His Gospel to every man's conscience in the

sight of God. The day of India and the world's redemption draweth nigh. But what shall we do? Look on, admire, or wonder. As you sally forth to your gigantic work from that solitary chamber, with the eternal roar of the bay in your ears, and the revolting sights of a great heathen city before your eyes, what do you expect from highly-favoured Christians on this side the globe?—that you will be daily remembered before the Throne of Grace; deep, heartfelt sympathy with you in your heaven-imposed work; and something more—earnest efforts to augment the resources and increase the labours of the Missionary Society. You will not be disappointed.

THE DYING TESTIMONIES OF CHRISTIANS.

Sin is bitter. I bless God I have inward supports.—M. Henry.

I expect my salvation not as a profitable servant, but as a pardoned sinner—John Howe.

Our God is the God from whom cometh salvation. God is the Lord by whom we escape death—Martin Luther.

Live in Christ; live in Christ, and the flesh need not fear death. Knox.

Thou, Lord, bruise me; but I am abundantly satisfied, since it is thy hand—Calvin.

The best of all is, God is with us; farewell, farewell—J. Wesley.

I shall be satisfied with thy likeness—satisfied, satisfied—C. Wesley.

It is safest to trust in Jesus—Bellarmine.

Blessed be God; though I shall change my place I shall not change my company, for I have walked with God while living, and now I go to rest with God—Dr. Preston.

More praise still. Oh, help me to praise him. I have nothing else to do; I have done with prayer, and other ordinances—John Janeway.

Oh, come in glory! I have long waited for thy coming. Let no dark cloud rest on the work of the Indians. Let it live when I am dead—Elliot.

The battle's fought—the battle's fought; the victory's won—the victory is won for ever. I am going to bathe in an ocean of purity and benevolence and happiness to all eternity. Faith and patience hold out—Dr. Payson.

If He should slay me ten thousand times, ten thousand times I'll trust. I feel—I feel—I believe in joy, and rejoice. Oh, for arms to embrace Him, oh, for a well-tuned harp—Rutherford.