

instructions, upon people who are unwilling to receive them, and when they find the door closed in one sphere, the plain course of duty is to go to another. We may here observe, however, in regard to mission work in the South Seas, that none should think of going out there as missionaries, who are not prepared to be placed in circumstances where even life itself will be in danger.— This will be more especially the case, if they should ever have made such progress, that the people should be in a state of transition from heathenism to christianity, and satan have great wrath, because he sees the downfall of his kingdom. The church is unworthy to take her part in such a work, unless she is willing to send forth men in this way, trusting in the words of the great commission of our Master.

Only for a sense of duty to the church and the mission would have induced us to pen these words, and we have done so with inexpressible pain. But the mission which has hitherto been our glory we have too much to fear, our pride and our boast, has now a stain upon it, which will injure it, not only in the eyes of the heathen, but of the christian church, and which we fear will not soon be wiped away. Besides a great principle is at stake. For sixty years missions have been conducted in the South Seas, by men who relied for success only on the power of the gospel, and trusted for protection only in the power of the living God. The result has been an amount of success, which has rendered those missions the glory of modern Christianity. An attempt has now been made to inaugurate a different system by calling to the aid of the gospel, the power of ships of war, and the church must fully consider the question, and if it lead her and her agents to more unreserved reliance on the power of her great Head, the results will be most favorable for future.

"MY NATIVE LAND."

BY REV. THOMAS CUMMING, SECRETARY OF THE HOME MISSION BOARD.

The Scottish bard touches a tender chord when he sings:—

"Breathes there a man with soul so dead
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land!"

Every person of a rightly constituted mind dearly loves the land of his nativity. His heart-strings cling around with a fond tenacity; its name rings like melodious music on his ear: its hills and dales and streams make an indelible impression on the tablets of his memory. As a necessary consequence he is deeply interested in its welfare. When the bright sun of prosperity smiles upon it, gladness beams in his eye; and when the dark cloud of adversity lowers over it, the hot tear of sorrow trickles adown his cheek. When the enemy knocks at its gates he hastes to the rescue; and when the pennon of victory floats in the breeze, he helps to swell the grateful psalm which burst forth from his nation's lips. He is ever ready to exert himself to the utmost of his capacity in advancing its interests. He cheerfully lends his aid in establishing and upholding institutions and instrumentalities which have for their object the enlightenment and edification of his countrymen. He is no mere dreamy sentimentalist whining over existing evils without exerting himself for the removal of them; but the true-hearted patriot who—were there necessity—would do for his kith and kin what a Howard would do for the human family. Many whose eye may glance over these lines recognize this remote portion of the globe—Nova Scotia—as the land of their nativity. Their parents may have come from beyond the deep wide sea to seek a livelihood in this fertile colony. To them this is the land of their adoption, not of their nativity. Their hearts' affections still go forth fondly to the dear old Fatherland. We can scarcely expect that they will be so deeply interested in this, the land of their adoption, as will be those who have been born beneath its sun, cradled among its hills, reared up under its clear blue sky, and educated at its