

my brow than the coronet of any earthly patented nobility. The missionary is, if possible, higher than the highest in the ranks of the servants of God, pre-eminent where all are honored. The Rev. Mr. Elliott spoke of the feeling of the missionary when leaving the joys and comforts of home. [After some further remarks on the self-denying labors of the missionaries, and an emphatic testimony to the fidelity of our own men in the North-West, the speaker proceeded]:—When Dr. Coke, of world-wide missionary fame, was about leaving for India, an uncle of mine, the Rev. Mr. Clough, was one of those who accompanied him; he was then a young man of eighteen, ardent and sensitive. They were driving in the doctor's carriage from London, on their way to Portsmouth, to embark on their long voyage. A feeling of melancholy took possession of the young man's mind as he thought that he was leaving, perhaps forever, the dear hedge-rows of his native county, his friends, sweet Christian Sabbaths, and the sanctuaries where he had been uplifted and blessed, and he turned to the doctor with the words, "I wonder if we shall ever see all these scenes again?" "Excuse me, dear brother," was the doctor's reply, "I am dead to all things but India." "Well," my uncle thought, "there's not much sympathy here. I must look into myself, and to my God." And rallying his spirit and his faith, he broke out into hearty singing, feeling a pang of not unnatural melancholy, and then driving away the evil spirit from his heart, as David did from the unhappy Saul, with a burst of sacred song.

"Gladly the toys of earth we leave,
Wealth, pleasure, fame, for Thee alone;
To Thee, our will, soul, flesh, we give;
O take! O seal them for Thine own!
Thou art the God, Thou art the Lord;
Be Thou by all Thy works ador'd."

It is difficult which to admire most, the heroism of the veteran who had so completely triumphed over the world, or the conduct of the impassioned, generous youth. Mr. Macdonald, in his description of the effect produced upon the Indian on first seeing the beautiful church at Winnipeg has, happily for me, not completed the description; the poetry of it he has left me the opportunity of

attempting to describe. As the Indian first beheld the stained windows of the church, he remained, Indian-like, for a time in silence; and then in rapture exclaimed, "Sagastao!" "The sun rises." Meet and beautiful is it not, and emblematic of our work in these regions beyond? It is a time of promise, the shadows vanish, the darkness is under our feet. The sun rises not to scorch and consume as with the "blast of the terrible ones," but with healing in His wings, and with light like the path of the just, showing brighter and brighter unto the perfect day. It is said that Humboldt, when travelling on the southern part of this continent, suddenly heard a sweet refrain from voices ahead. It was from his negro guides, who were guiding him through the forest: "Past midnight, for the cross bends," referring to the constellation of the southern cross in the heavens. It is now, thank God, past midnight for the nations, because the true cross bends. It bends towards all, that it may save them. "For I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me." Our object is to point to this bending cross, and to proclaim the name of Him who is lifted on it, and who is able to save to the uttermost all that come unto God through Him. Now, in reference to this work, have we the right sort of faith in our cause, or have we thought only of the adaptability of the gospel, or been impressed with a vague impulse of benevolent feeling? Let us ascend the mount and view the land—not Mount Ebal, that is the mount of cursing and bitterness; you won't find a Christian lingering on the slopes of that; but to the summit of Tabor, and then above the region of Swamp Shadow, in the clear light and in the bracing air. Look upon the cause, the need, the sorrow, the conflict, the triumph, as they are known to God. Then, surely, as William Carry said: "We shall attempt great things for God, and expect great things from God." Thank God, we believe in a living Christ. Some one quoted the passage to Dr. Alexander, of Princeton, when he was dying: "I know in whom I have believed." "Not so," said he, "I know *whom* I have believed. I cannot have even a proposition between me and my Saviour." Have