

The Missionary Call.

(The following is the text of the hymn as originally written by Dr Nathan Brown, the veteran missionary to Japan who died a few weeks ago: It is generally printed in abridged form.)

My soul is not at rest. There comes a strange
And secret whisper to my spirit, like
A dream of night, that tells me I am on
Enchanted ground. Why live I here! The vows
Of God are on me, and I may not stop
To play with shadows, or pluck earthly flowers,
Till I my work have done, and rendered up
Account. The voice of my departed Lord,
"Go teach all nations," from the Eastern world
Comes on the night air, and awakes my ear.

And I will go. I may not longer doubt
To give up my home and friends and idol hopes.
And every tender tie that binds my heart
To thee, my country! Why should I regard
Earth's little store of borrowed sweets? I sure
Have had enough of bitter in my cup,
To show that never was it his design
Who placed me here, that I should live in ease.
Or drink at pleasure's fountain.

Henceforth, then,
It matters not if storm or sunshine be
My earthly lot—bitter or sweet my cup,
I only pray, "God fit me for the work,
God make me holy and my spirit nerve
For the stern hour of strife." Let me but know
There is an arm unseen that holds me up.
An eye that kindly watches all my path,
Till I my weary pilgrimage have done,
Let me but know I have a Friend that waits
To welcome me to glory, and I joy
To tread the dark and death-fraught wilderness

And when I come to stretch me for the last,
In unattended agony, beneath
The cocoa's shade, or lift my dying eyes
From Afric's burning sand, it will be sweet
That I have toiled for other worlds than this
I know I shall feel happier, than to die
On softer bed. And if I should reach heaven,—
If one that has so deeply, darkly sinned—
If one whom ruin and revolt have held
With such a fearful grasp—if one for whom
Satan has struggled as he hath for me,
Should ever reach that blessed shore,—Oh, how
This heart will glow with gratitude and love!
And through the ages of eternal years,
Thus saved, my spirit never shall repent
That toil and suffering once were mine below

Sketches of the Modern Missionary Movement—No. I.

BY MRS. J. C. YULE.

The Church has had various seasons of special activity, in regard to the conversion of the heathen, all of which have originated with, and in their progress developed, men of great earnestness and devotion, men to whom no sacrifice or trial seemed too great to make for Christ, and the effects of whose self-denying labors, patience and zeal still live and bear fruit for God.

About the beginning of the eighteenth century, Protestant Missions began to take definite shape; and though for about a century, there were no very great or surprising results, yet there was accomplished a vast amount of preparatory work, the magnitude and importance of which cannot be estimated or measured.

The men of those days labored, and we, of the present day, have entered, are entering, into their labors. Indeed, it is but little that we can realize now, in the midst of the enthusiasm that prevails throughout the religious world in regard to the spread of the gospel in heathen lands, of the terrible cost at which the devoted men of the last century, who took the initiative in Protestant Missions, undertook and carried forward their work. But we must not think of this self-denial and toil, as being unshared by God's people who remained behind. Never has He sent any one down into the deep pit of heathenism, who has not left some warm hearts behind to sustain and strengthen him by their sympathy, their prayers, and their gifts.

These have, indeed, in many cases, been few and weak; but in proportion as this has been the case, have they drawn the more largely upon the Divine strength, and the results have been such as to demonstrate that the triumph was not to the many or the few, but to God in whom they trusted; and that what has been done cannot be set to the account of the missionary alone, but belongs also to the church in proportion as her own life and energy have found scope and expression through him.

Our hearts are often deeply moved by recitals of what the missionaries of our own day are called upon to do and bear for Christ, even with the great sympathetic army of supporters at their back; the strong and thoroughly equipped organizations under whose auspices they go out; the hundreds of printing presses that are constantly at work multiplying Bibles, Testaments, Tracts, and Christian literature of every kind; and the great number of languages into which the Scriptures have been translated.

But their trials and privations appear slight in comparison with those of the men who began this work, men who had to break the ground, as it were, and that with absolutely no precedent in the conduct or management of missions for their guidance; with an utter dearth of helps of any kind; with the sympathy of few, and the avowed hostility of many both in the church and out of it; with the opposition of Governments; and the altogether inadequate support that was meted out to them. Such were some, but far from the whole, of the difficulties that the men who went out to foreign fields from the beginning of the eighteenth, to almost the middle of the nineteenth century, were called to endure for Christ. The story of those men is one long, sorrowful record of cross-bearing and self-denial that will bear favorable comparison with that of Apostles and Martyrs. It was, most literally, a period of sowing the seed in tears, and often of watering it with their blood. But they laid broad and deep the foundations upon which men of the present day are building and worthily building, too, in the main.

The Danish Missionaries, Ziegenbalg and Plutschau, who began the work in India in the beginning of the eighteenth century, were men whose lives and character bear many marks of apostolic zeal and consecration. And theirs was a lonely and trying work. They had not only to endure the utter loneliness and privation of strangers in a strange, unfriendly land, but the hostility of Europeans, their own countrymen, who should have been their succorers and friends. They had not only to begin, single-handed and alone, an untried work among a heathen people, but to begin it with no idea of suitable and approved methods, feeling their way step by step, and learning as best they might, the hard and often painful lessons of experience.

They had, not only to learn the language of the natives