

the mission continuing as hitherto, both Ajawa and Wanganga will unite to turn their faces against slavery, and to combine their interests for mutual welfare."

The same high authority does not admit that the climate is really unhealthy; or that it is dangerous to Europeans, if moderate care and precaution be taken.

All things are in God's hands. He orders all things well. His will be done. But too soon, to our short sighted apprehension, the mission has received a great check. The fall of its leader has exposed it as far as we can see, to great danger. I can but glance at the sad events of the last few days of its history. It is scarce six months since the second party, at the request of the Bishop, proceeded to join the mission. Circumstances led to the boats of one of our men-of-war carrying up a portion of them to the very landing-place of the mission. While grateful for the kindness and gallantry which led to this act of service, we cannot but see how great its moral and political consequences may be. This is at least patent to all engaged in the slave-trade, whether natives or Europeans, that they are not beyond the reach of English power—that that power can, and, if needed, will, be exercised to cut off the supply for the slave market at its very source. To meet the expected party the Bishop, and one of his priests, went forth, the one to welcome a sister, and the other a wife, whose presence was greatly needed and longed for, for the instruction of the women gathered in great numbers around the station. One canoe was with difficulty obtained; but men accustomed to its management could not be procured. In the night it was upset, and all their medicines were lost. Arrived at the island where they were to meet Livingstone, they found that, through the grounding of his ship, he had left but a few days before. Apparently, though both of them ill, they thought it better to remain there, and await his return, than to follow him, or to seek to retrace their steps.

Their sickness grew upon them, and the Bishop sank under it. With the aid of the three faithful Makololo, that devoted priest buried his chief under a tree by the river-side where he fell, with his head to the west and his feet to the east, that, when on the morning of the resurrection the Sun of Righteousness shall arise, he may catch the first rays which shall announce His coming, and go forth to meet Him. Having performed the last offices for his chief, that undaunted man, who had but just "completed a journey of 300 miles, undertaken in a canoe lent by the Portuguese, without knowledge of the country or language—sleeping in any place—living on any thing—a feat which elicited the warm admiration of Livingstone"—set forth on his journey back to the mission station. After two days' journey he was unable to proceed, and was carried in a litter made of branches by the Makololo. He reached his brethren but to die. In the cemetery of that first mission lies the devoted man, who, silent about his own consuming sickness, did all he could for others and then sank to his rest.

We look eagerly for tokens of the thoughts and feelings of such men, under such circumstances. An unfinished letter, and the journal of the Bishop, are all that remains to us. These show how he lived in prayer. Each step he took, each hour of his life, amidst the great difficulties of his position, he asked counsel of God—sought to be guided into the right way. The Christmas Day before his death, while in the jungle with his companion amidst the heathen, he delighted in the thought, while celebrating the Holy Com-

munion, that he was having communion, through the body, with all whom he loved on earth, as well as with the Lord whom he loved above all earthly loves. A few days before his death, he says, "I read to Burrup, this morning, the Keble for the 25th Sunday after Trinity. I do so admire the verses." He did not then see how appropriate they were to his own circumstances:—

These in life's distant even  
Shall shine serenely bright,  
As in the autumnal heaven  
Mild rainbow tints at night;  
When the last shower is stealing down,  
And, ere they sink to rest,  
The subeams weave a parting crown,  
For some sweet woodland nest.

The promise of the morrow  
Is glorious on that eve;  
Dear as the holy sorrow  
When good men cease to live.  
When, brightening ere it die away,  
Mounts up their altar flame,  
Still tending with intenser ray  
To heaven, whence first it came.

Say not it dies; that glory—  
'Tis caught unquenched on high,  
Those saint-like brows, so hoary,  
Shall wear it in the sky.  
No smile is like the smile of death,  
When, all good musings past,  
Rise wafted with the parting breath,  
The sweetest thought the last.

The very last words of his letter, are, "Burrup is very low, and we have no medicine. Of quinine, which we ought to be taking every day, there is none. But He who brought us here can take care of us without human means. If we should both be down at once, Charlie (the Makololo) will take care of us. The texts in Greek which we have learned day by day lately have been Rom. ii. 28-9, 'He is not a Jew' Rom. iii. 21, 'But now the righteousness of God, without the law, is manifested, even the righteousness of God, which is by faith of Jesus Christ, unto all, and upon all them.' Rom. vi. 13, 'The wages of sin is death, but the gift of God is eternal life through Jesus our Lord.' Rom. vii. 24-5, 'O wretched man,' &c. Rom. viii. 38-9, 'I am persuaded that neither death nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature shall be able to separate us from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus.' Good-bye for the present." These are his last words on record. Glorious words to be imprinted on the mind, engraven on the heart of the dying servant of the Lord. With such convictions, with such a faith, with consolation drawn from the very Word of the living God, the man may be envied, who lies down to die in the hut of an untutored heathen, amidst every bodily discomfort and suffering, and weighty anxieties and responsibilities. Yes, "blessed are the dead which die in the Lord," wherever they be, whatever their outward circumstances, "for they rest from their labours, and their works do follow them."

May He in whose hands we all are, grant that the words wherein he bids us farewell may prove true—that the good-bye is but for the present; that our parting is but for a brief moment; that ere long we may join him before the throne of the Eternal, and with him, and many of the converts of this mission thus planted in sorrow and in death, sing the new song, "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honour, and glory, and blessing;" "for Thou wast slain, and hast

redeemed us to God by Thy blood, out of every kindred, and tongue, and people, and nation; and hast made us unto our God kings and priests."

Shall this be the blessed consummation of our present life? That is the question, brethren, for us to-day. Everything depends upon whether we are in Christ or not—living to and for, and in him; or living to ourselves.

We have seen in the life and death of these men that the Gospel is not less in these days than in apostolic times; that the love of Christ constrains men now, no less than then, to give up the world and face danger and death, to make known the glad tidings of salvation to those sitting in darkness and in the shadow of death. Excitement, the love of adventure, the praise of man, the desire for distinction, it is true, will lead men to incur great risks and hardships; but there is no room for such feelings in the daily routine of a mission station. Week after week—month after month, in the persevering endeavour to teach the first rudiments of learning to minds utterly debased and dull for want of exercise; amidst sickness and the absence of all the accustomed comforts, and at times the necessities of life; away from all home associations, and the possibility of hearing from those we love.

It is not to brave deeds, and the entire surrender of all we hold dear, that Christ has called us. But He has told us that unless we are prepared to take up our cross and follow Him—unless we love Him above all earthly loves—unless we have an advancement of His kingdom—the spreading of His truth—the propagation of the faith be very near to our hearts; unless the life which we now live be a life of faith in the Son of God, who gave himself for us, we are none of His, we cannot be his disciples—shall not enter on the purchased possession.

How is it with yourselves, my beloved brethren? Let the sad tidings which have reached us lead us to consider what our state before God is; whether we are prepared to die, whether, if cut off like these brave soldiers of the Cross, in the prime of life, the vigour of manhood, we should follow them to the heavenly rest, and hear, as we doubt not they have heard, the glad welcome, "Well done good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." The time is fast approaching when each one of us shall pass away; it may be as suddenly and unexpectedly as they have done, and our place shall be filled by others. Oh! make sure of heaven while you may. Now is your accepted time, now is your day of salvation. Your great temptation in the midst of this commercial city is to live for self and for the world. Be on your guard against the deadening circumstances around you. Try to live unto God. Try to live above the world. "Work while it is day, the night cometh in which no man can work."

This widowed, bereaved mission needs, brethren your sympathy and your prayers. The body is without its head upon whom the chief cares and responsibilities of the work were thrown. Pray that they may be strengthened for the new duties to which they are called, amidst dangers and difficulties not yet overcome. Pray that they grow not weary in well doing; that their courage fail not; their faith fail not. Pray that the Lord will be with them to uphold, guide, comfort, bless them during the many and weary months which must elapse before another chief can go forth to them to share their toils and responsibilities, and direct their labours. Pray that the Lord of the harvest will raise up another new and faithful pastor, equal to him whom He has removed; abounding, as he did, in the graces and the gifts needful for his high calling; and pray, too, that