

one so well qualified as Mr. Beatty, to the Christian fidelity of the Indians. Mr. Beatty, in speaking of the Indian chief, whose consistent fidelity was so remarkable, had omitted one interesting fact, viz., he had no way of keeping count of the lapse of time but by making notches on a stick to mark the Sundays, in the style of Robinson Crusoe. Another Indian, who by some mistake or misrepresentation had been deprived of his ticket of membership, had paddled his canoe one hundred miles to have the matter made right. The Indians are rapidly passing away. Let their last days be brightened by the rays of the Sun of Righteousness. The Missionary cause exalts every one who sincerely engages it. The Missionaries, before they engage in the work are ordinary men; but the work lifts them up into a higher plane of moral and mental being. John Hunt was a plain farmer's boy, thought deficient in courage and enterprise when at home. He caught the Missionary spirit, and it transformed him into a hero, whose unselfish consecration and burning zeal rebuke our indifference, and kindle the admiration of all who read his heroic story. God takes care at some time or other to let developing circumstances touch every human life. Circumstances apparently dark and discouraging may be charged with the grandest purpose, as the darkest cloud emits the most brilliant flashes of lightning. It took the Sepoy rebellion in India to bring out the heroic faith of God's saints, and to bequeath the names of Havelock and others as a legacy to the Church. It was when the young Missionaries, who went out with Dr. Coke, had committed their intrepid leader to his grave in the Indian Ocean, that they rose to the dignity and moral grandeur of the emergency. They thought that all was lost when he was lost; but they were only delivered from all confidence in man, and cast upon the fatherhood of God. They were braver for that bereavement, and in the strength of God they went forth and laid the foundation of a great work in India. And the sad event, which they so much deplored, only shined their cause more deeply in the sympathy and affection of the churches at home. It was when the ill-fated *London* was sinking in the angry and piti-

less waves that the calm faith of Daniel Draper shone forth with the brightest lustre; as amid scenes of frantic confusion and dismay, he calmly prayed for and pointed his perishing fellow-passengers to the sinner's only Saviour. It took the Red River rebellion to bring out fully the heroic fidelity and godly zeal of our own George Young, whose unremitting labors at that time will long be remembered in connection with those dark scenes through which he passed. His conduct and spirit in those trying times will doubtless vindicate his claim to confidence, and increase his influence in the future. The greatest cause of apprehension to the Missionary enterprise is not opposition, but indifference. This is the chief source of peril and failure. If Laodicea be the type of the churches, no wonder the world sneers and perishes. If our religion be clad in silken sheen—a patronized and fashionable thing—a sort of armorial bearing for which men pay small duty either to God or man—is it any wonder that men are heedless, or fall into the drowsy monotony in which the messengers dream away their lives? The poison trees in the field are but little harmful. They are uprooted as soon as they are found out. The barren trees which cumber the ground and mock the delusive hope of the husbandman are the curses of the vineyard and the field. But, if we are idlers, we shall be the only idlers in the universe. Everything around us rebukes our lukewarm and traditional piety. Nature is in earnest. Suns are tireless in their shining, and rivers in their flow. The spring trips up the winter. The seed-time hastens to the harvest. All nature's forces are activities, and falter not, any one of them, in the fulfilment of the purpose of their being. Error is in earnest. Pagans are self-devoting. Mohammedism has resolute and valiant sons. Popery compasses sea and land to make her proselytes. Infidels walk warily and constantly, scattering the seeds of unbelief. Society is in earnest. The sons of enterprise do not slumber. Warriors hail the clarion, and rush eagerly to the war. Students consume the oil of the lamp and the oil of life together. Mammon's votaries are not, the laggards in the streets. All these forces are lashed into unwonted ac-