

may be known of all, thanks be to God, here in happy England, our own dear home—the home of some of us no more.

“Brethren, pray for us.” What mean we by this exhortation? Judging from the discouragement often cast in the way of those desiring to go forth, from the low estimation in which the missionary work is too often held, we should expect many to suppose our application for your prayers implies, that we look for some commiseration to be mingled with your prayers. Far from it. We ask you not to pity us; no, that is not to enter into your prayers. We ask you to pray for us for far higher reasons. We affect not to deny that there are crosses in our paths, or that ties to be broken are strong, or that country and friends are dear, very dear. We are flesh and blood, and are not insensible to all these things, but we remember to our joy that great is our gain.

We seek *safety*. There is more safety in the life we must lead. Here in England you have ease, and luxury, and prestige, and flattery, and wealth. These are sad snares in the ministerial path; and many, alas! are, it is to be feared, caught in the world’s net in this artificial age, and so perish. The missionary’s life must necessarily be one of more exposure, and hardship, and loneliness, and watching; but that is a safer life, and has louder calls to depend upon God, and follow Him who bore His Cross, and had not where to lay His head.

Again, *rewards* are ours in a special manner. “Though I preach the Gospel, I have nothing to glory of; for necessity is laid upon me; yea, woe is unto me, if I preach not the Gospel; for if I do this thing willingly, I have a reward.” The reward of the Apostle, which he accounted vast, was the happiness of bringing the Gospel of Christ freely to the people he visited. But our blessed Lord declared, not only to His disciples, but, generally, to the faithful of all ages, “Every one that hath forsaken houses, or brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother, or wife, or children, or lands, for my name’s sake,