

him, that he is for the last time. To enter the vessel destined to carry him to his far off and laborious destination, rich in nothing, and provided with little either present or prospective, beyond an humble faith, an earnest zeal, and a resolute spirit. Churches nowadays are more careful of the wants and comforts of their missionaries. They give him something more than a Bible, a scrip and staff. They remember generally, the position of our common ancestor, and conclude that is not good that a missionary being a man should be alone, and they allow him to provide himself with a helpmeet. A sufficient salary is agreed upon—benevolent individuals cluster around the pair and load them with all the comforts and conveniences that experience or forethought can supply—the luxuriant cabin of a first class steamer carries them across the sea, and they enter on their new field of labor with a not very unreasonable hope, that one day they will again visit their native land, and be gladdened by the welcome of familiar voices. This is no doubt a great improvement upon the old plan, but somehow, we must confess the results are not commensurate with the effort, nor at all to be compared with those of earlier and ruder times. St. Augustine came to the shores of England, and found its pagan inhabitants in the full possession of a bloody and cruel faith, which placed its trust in human sacrifices and other such abominations; he came armed with nothing but the cross and an ardent missionary spirit, and he reaped as his reward the conversion of an entire people. To some extent the same might be said of St. Columba in Scotland, and many other worthies in these early times. They had no committee to look to for their quarterly salary, no books or magazines or missionary boxes, came to comfort them in their solitary avocations. Instead of these, they were called on to encounter cold and hunger and nakedness, to tread weary and footsore over wild and barren stretches of country—to minister and pray and preach among rocks or in caves, or wherever opportunity offered, and not seldom to make some hard stone, sheltered by an overhanging tree their protection by night from the elements. They were roughly nursed and cradled, but they had counted the cost, and no doubt or despondency ever seized their minds, their whole

heart and soul were in a work which was to terminate only with their lives. And so they lived, and the great world without knew nothing of their labors, they died, but no glowing obituary sounded their praises through the world. That was not the reward for which they labored, but on the other hand, the fierce savage was taught to lay aside his ferocity, to break from his idols, to believe in a risen Saviour, to love and live at peace with his fellow men, and vindicate the dignity of an immortal being. Oh! there was a moral grandeur in these old saint heroes which we miss sadly in these later times. Sometimes even now, something of the old devoted spirit will break forth and with not unlike results, as in John Williams. But let us not be cast down, nor lose heart, because so much remains to be done, and the work proceeds but slowly. We are in the hands of God, and each one of us is an appointed instrument for some duty. There is a world lying in wickedness. The prowling savage who never heard of God or Salvation, still wanders on the banks of the Columbia, and in many a wild track of this western continent. The infidel Turk—the proud and fanatical follower of Mahomet, still possesses some of the fairest countries on the globe, and in point of numbers, is not far inferior to the nominal disciples of Christ. Africa is almost an unknown wilderness, on the outward fringes of which Christianity has sat down and can look on countless myriads of beings formed in the image of God, bowing to stocks and stones, stained with habitual deeds of the darkest and most degraded cruelty. Hundreds of millions on the wide continent of Asia, and on the countless islands of the Pacific Ocean, are living and dying like the brutes that perish. The ocean of darkness and ignorance and unbelief is wide and deep, yet shall we despair? Nay, is not the fact rather calculated to rouse to further effort and greater sacrifice. Are we doing our duty? Amid the many Churches of Christendom are we taking our due share in this great and responsible work? Most emphatically we answer No. We cannot say we are doing what we can, no Church can say that, but we are not, and we say it with a feeling of deep humiliation, doing nearly as much as others around us. We must not lay the unction to our own hearts, that we have ignorance and