

seemed *accidents*, the instances of noble missionary consecration in which the Church of the Middle Ages abound, when men in whom dwelt the Spirit of the living God went forth, asking for nothing, caring for nothing, save the one thing—earnest work for Christ, and perfect dedication to His purpose for the regeneration of the world. What faith was there! What chivalry for the Master! And so I came to long and yearn for some field, where—not in the comforts of home, family, and friends, but in foreign lands, and where men were unblessed by a knowledge of Him—the love which He had made to burn might be manifested. Why should I remain at ease as a mere carpet-knight, whilst millions knew not the name into which I was baptized, and in which I place my hopes of a blessed immortality? Why should Christian soldiers be but laggards whilst His name was unproclaimed and His cross unhonored? Christ has more need of me in heathen India than in christian Nova Scotia. I was a sworn servant of His; why should I linger when He called? And so I prayed the prayer of one who describes himself as led unto a like dedication: “Here, at last, after a life of selfishness and sin, I yield my will to Thine, and dedicate all that I am, all that I can ever be, supremely to Thy service. . . . I empty out my worthlessness, and pray Thee to come in and fill me with Thy rich presence. I adore Thy love; I seek for Thine approval; I worship Thee the Excellence supreme. And if Thou hast for me some work, some humble task for Thee or those Thou lovest, reveal it to Thy sad repentant child. I ask it for the sake of Jesus Christ, henceforth my Master.” Thanks be unto God for leading me unto this end. I trust to Him to “feed and fire, to fill and furnish me,” and out of my own weakness to make me strong in Christ. I go, because He has called; I yield, because “who am I that I should strive against God?”

Your token of remembrance I shall dearly prize. It was not needed to link you in remembrance unto me. Each one of you is already bound by a very dear tie to my heart. You who are teachers have been zealous in your unselfish coöperation; you who are scholars have been attentive and obedient; and I think it would be difficult to point to any Sabbath School where greater harmony and love have prevailed. To the Superintendent especially my grateful thanks, and the thanks of the congregation, are due. God knows I have tried to bring unto your minds love to the dear Saviour and zeal for His service, and He has been pleased, I rejoice to believe, to bless what has been done. Oh! dear friends, cling closer to Him—live near Him—be blessed by Him—seek life in Him. To His care I commend you. May His grace reign in your hearts, and His power protect your lives, and make you blessings in the world.

Your pastor and brother in Christ,

(Signed)

CHARLES M. GRANT.

ADDRESS FROM THE HALIFAX SABBATH SCHOOL ASSOCIATION.

The following is the Address referred to in last No. :—

TO THE REV. CHARLES M. GRANT, B. D.

Rev. and Dear Sir,—We, the office-bearers and members of the Halifax Sabbath School Association in connection with the Church of Scotland, have heard with deep regret of your intended departure from amongst us for another field of labour. We had indulged the pleasing hope that the future of your life would have been spent in our midst, and that we should long have continued to enjoy, by the mercy of God, that social and Christian fellowship so auspiciously commenced. Although but two short years have elapsed since your settlement in our city, your truly Christian deportment, combined with great zeal and activity in your heavenly Master's service, together with a kind,