

which Scripture reveals, as the object of faith: so that in those emergencies, to which the missionary is so liable; in those trials he is called upon to endure; in those self-sacrifices (some the most trying which can be conceived), which he is called upon to make; and in those labours and difficulties—to appearance insurmountable;—or, in a word, tho' all things appear against him, he may, at once, establish himself on the Rock of *safety*, and be enabled to say, “it is well.”

To the mind which has a just conception of the *real* nature of the work, in which the missionary is called to engage, it must, at once, appear evident, that it is necessary, that this grace should be thus developed in order to fit him or her for its duties, trials, toils, and privations.

The missionary's love should be *all-absorbing*. Deep—never flickering—ever flowing. But there are certain characteristics, for which, a missionary's love should be distinguished. It should be an enlightened love—enlightened as to the *grounds* for its exercise. The first thing to be observed in this enlightenment, is deep, heart-felt sense of man's state by nature—to feel that he is a being—noble, glorious, God-like;—but *now* a sad, awfully pitiable pile of ruins. A work indicating consummate skill, wisdom, power, and beneficence;—but a work defaced—laid in ruins. A mass of ruins without a *self-rectifying* principle, which thro' direction and culture, may effect a restoration to former position and glory.

Hence, as far as, his deliverance is left to himself, his condition could not be more helpless and desperate, than it is.—But it is still farther necessary, that there be a just sense of the nature of this fallen state—to feel “How much more filthy and abominable is man, who drinketh up iniquity like water:” to feel “that the whole head is sick, and the whole heart faint—from the sole of the foot even unto the head there is no soundness in it.” Farther, to feel, that in this miserable condition, there was implacable hatred against the only One who could possibly bring deliverance; that, there was *no* disposition, to be reconciled to God; no true dissatisfaction with sin; but a glorying in shame—rolling sin as a *sweet* morsel under the tongue—hugging with delight the very chains which held in bondage. Shocking—mournful spectacle!

Combined with these views of man's state by nature, there should be a just conception of the *real* nature of that horrible