

means as you have, and feeble hands like yours can provide, to invade the strongholds in which the god of this world has so long held in bondage the precious souls of your brethren. The great conqueror who already triumphed over principalities and powers will go with you: "I will be with you alway, even unto the end of the world." He asks none to engage in this enterprise but on this sure and express condition. To Him must be given the part of going before, as the breaker up of the way, to remove every obstacle and hindrance, and rebuke the rage of every enemy. Let these obstacles be as gates of brass, as deep gulfs, or impassible mountains, His presence will open a broad and sure path for you to travel. Over the great deep He made a highway for Israel, and they walked in safety with the pillar of cloud going before. The same guide will be yours, and wherever he leads you may follow, and not be afraid. Much has been said regarding the perils of missionaries, and greatly have been exaggerated the dangers to which they are exposed. While it is true that a missionary's life has, more than once, been sacrificed to the rage of the savage, or cut off by accident on sea and land, it is, at the same time, a fact which cannot be denied, and which the history of missions abundantly verifies, that the providence of God has wonderfully, and in a striking manner, watched over the safety of those, His devoted servants. Worldly men, with no dependence for protection but on their own strength, will go to the most distant lands, and encounter the most formidable dangers, when the prospect of gain invites. Why, then, should the ambassador of Christ be discouraged? His Master is with him at every step. Asleep and awake, the eye which never sleepeth is watching over him. Believing this, you may well dismiss every anxious fear—you are safe in His hands—your body and spirit and labours are His, and no enemy shall have power to injure, until your labours are finished and you are called to receive the promised reward—the eternal crown. While thus you walk by faith, looking unto Jesus, and committing yourself and your labours into His hands, you have the certainty,—and that certainty as undoubted as the sure promise of God can make it,—that your labours will not be in vain. Never, in the history of the world, was one sincere effort in His cause without its rich reward. You will require to keep a firm hold of this precious truth. You will need it to sustain you, when, as it may be, your patience will be tried by failure and disappointment, and by fading hopes which you formed suddenly and cruelly snatched from you and crushed. Such trials have frequently been experienced by the missionaries of Christ. But the history which records this, records, further, that such failures, so far from being final, have commonly been followed by the most signal triumphs. The bonds of the apostle turned out for the furtherance of the Gospel; and the same thing is abundantly manifest in the history of modern missions. You have thus the experience of the whole noble band of Missionaries who have gone before you, testifying to the sure promise of final success, however many and discouraging may be the apparent failures. For many years the first missionaries to the South Seas laboured, as they thought, in vain. At length their courage failed, and they sadly came to the resolve of abandoning the island on which for years they laboured. Two of them had occasion to remain for a few days after the others had gone. Walking out very early one morning, one of them heard some sounds proceeding from a clump of bushes which he happened to pass. Surprised at this, and wishing to ascertain what it was, he drew near, and, to his unspeakable joy, he beheld a poor native on his bended knees, with hands clasped and eyes uplifted to heaven. He listened, and heard that poor native plead to God for mercy to his perishing soul. The other missionaries returned on receiving intelligence of this. It was at length the drops preceding the mighty shower which descended to refresh the parched waste, and make that desert bud and blossom as the rose. For twelve long and dreary years the noble Moffat laboured alone in the wilds of Africa. He was insulted and subjected