

Articles Contributed.

Departure of Mr. Annand for the New Hebrides.

The above mentioned minister and his lady leave on Tuesday, the 10th November, to labor in the New Hebrides Mission of the Presbyterian Church of the Lower Provinces: and as we have a mission there, too, the event merits more than a passing notice from this Journal. One of the common phrases on the political dialect of the day is: "A new departure." The departure of a missionary to the opposite side of the world to do a missionary's work far away from the scenes of his youth and the sight of our eyes is, of far more real interest than any new manœuvre upon the barren battle-field of party. It ought to smite the waters of bitterness as with the healing staff of a man of God, and make the fountains of our social and religious life sweet and refreshing. It ought to impress us, like the coming down of an angel of God, into our sour and stagnant Bethesda, to impart healing virtue to the waters which sin and selfishness have bereft of their savour and their power. It ought to make us feel that breath of God of which we "hear the sound, but cannot tell whence it cometh nor whither it goeth." For he goes not to promote a party, but to improve mankind. He goes not to raise himself, but to raise other men. He goes not in the interest of a narrow selfishness, but in the interest of a broad and boundless love. He goes not in the interest of time only, but also and mainly in the interest of that eternity which, though to the diseased and blinded vision of most it seems far away, is an ocean whose waters are ever washing the dwellings of men, waiting the command to carry them away. Compared with the departure of a missionary, even one missionary, the success of a party, which is sure sooner or later to fall, or the filling up of an office which is sure not to beg long for an occupant, is a small matter; though the world may treat missions now, as the great and foolish world viewed such

transactions in the history of the Acts of the Apostles. For men have never known a great event from a small one till long after. God never tells us when he is about to do a great thing. Let us hope that, though the passions of the hour may blind our eyes to the real and well-proportioned value of things, the solemn and sublime farewell of another of Christ's soldiers to our shores, and his going forth into a scene of conflict, where the mighty have fallen, and heroes have been slain in their high places, may recall reason to its throne and teach us truer views, purer feelings, and healthier and more abundant endeavours.

It was the fashion of the monkish orators in the middle ages to arrest the attention and concentrate the feelings of their hearers by producing a piece of rotten wood or rusty iron, or musty bone or mouldy rag, dignified with the name of a relic over which shrines were built, to which pilgrimages were made, over which sentimental tears were shed and foolish vows were uttered, and all this was done to crush men under a yoke more terrible than that which, in imperial Rome, broke in pieces and devoured the residue of men. But here we have more to quicken our sympathies and inflame our devotion. We have a young man in the full bloom of youthful prime, equipped by long years of painful study, with all the resources of sacred learning, ready for any charge at home amid the intellectual coteries of a city, or the deep and more contemplative population of one of our Presbyterian settlements, abandoning all the round of employments and enjoyments of Christian civilization, leaving in the distance faces which have grown dear year by year with a long record of kindness, the charming haunts and homes, the silver streams, the green fields and verdant mountains of his native land, the temples of his God, and all dear and familiar things, and giving himself up to go to the dark places of the earth to save savage men and oppressed women and little children from the devourer, and present them as pure and precious trophies unto the Lord Jesus Christ.