

such a state of things calls for deep searchings of heart! Has the command of Christ been revoked? Has the whole world been converted?—earth's teeming millions owned allegiance to King Jesus? Have Buddh and Brahma fled?—Mahomed yielded to Christ?—Popery been annihilated?—the Beast and false Prophet been slain? Have the “waiting islands received his law?” Have the dwellers in the wilderness all bowed before him, and his enemies licked the dust? Alas! no! The great work is scarcely begun. And as Baptists we need not to be taught the theory that a Church truly Scriptural and Apostolic is essentially and of necessity a Missionary Church—not theoretically, merely—not coldly, idly so—but really, practically, heartily! It may be that we have got our hands so full of earth that there is no room for Heaven;—so much to do for ourselves just now that we have neither time, nor money, nor men, nor hearts for Christ and his cause. If so, then let us take care! Let us hearken to the burning admonition which says, “Repent and do thy first works, or else I will come and fight against thee with the sword of My mouth.”

Let us remember that if we are indifferent, Christ is not—if we forget, Satan does not. Juggernaut has more missionaries than Christ has ministers. Seven hundred millions of immortal men have never heard of the fragrance of Jesus's name.

Few persons have any adequate idea of the number included by that expression. To count one million—simply to *count*—is the labor of a fortnight—and more than eight hours must be employed in the business—at the rate of one hundred every minute!

Every minister in this Association would need to labor till our next annual meeting in simply telling over the count of seven hundred millions!

With all our means and facilities at command, and the wealth of all heaven and earth, we talk of being able to support one missionary—one returned missionary—and sending a few pounds to another, our esteemed brother Crawley! Oh! where is our zeal—our faith? Where are our young men? Where is our College—our Academy—our revivals? Oh, what does Christ think of us? What does Satan think? How must angels weep at our apathy and indifference! Why not do our duty in this matter, and do it at once? Our Convention, which has this enterprize under its control, will meet