

and brought forth from its ignoble surroundings before it can be cut and polished so as to radiate heaven's sunlight from the hand of beauty or the queenly brow, and so, the Church must search for and discover these lost jewels—these immortal souls; yea, she must search for them, with an unwearying solicitude, unto earth's remotest ends, in order that she may beautify and prepare them to deck the royal diadem of Him who is Lord of all. Paganism may produce intelligence in a favored few, as well as lead to grand achievements in the realms of literature and art; an apostate Church, even, may content herself with evolving stupendous creations from the human brain, such as we see in the majestic cathedral, and the scholastic philosophy of the dark age, but the Christian Church, true to her fundamental principle, explores dark continents—Livingstone-like—in order that she may *save lost souls*.

Again, the Church is a *self-perpetuating* organization. Not by natural generation, like the plant or the animal, but by a generation of faith. The sons do not always take the place of the fathers, in the pulpit, the session-room, or the pew. To be a son of Abraham is not necessarily to be of the faith of Abraham; hence, the Church as a self-perpetuating organization must of necessity reach forth her branches and plant her seeds in distant lands. This is her highest wisdom, gathered from the history of the past.

Where are now the once famous churches of Jerusalem, Asia Minor, Macedonia, Greece, Rome, Carthage? And where would we find the "pillar and ground of truth" in our own time, had not those once fruitful vines sent forth their shoots to the islands of the sea, and "from the rivers to the ends of the earth" before they themselves had become decayed to putrefaction? When France strangled Protestantism and Philip the Second of Spain placed his heel on the neck of truth, England with her ocean bulwarks cherished the holy seed which to-day bears fragrant fruitage from the rising to the setting sun.

We have had, thus far, two thoughts, viz., that the *fundamental* and *self-perpetuating* principles of the Church are *essentially missionary*.

The next thought is, that the Pastor is the *living exponent* of both principles; more than this, he is the leader and representative—he is chosen and commissioned by God and the people to carry on the work of saving lost sinners. No man properly taketh this office to himself, and who is there that would dare to assume the responsibility without an irresistible necessity being first laid upon him? We suppose, therefore, an ideal pastor, educated in the truest sense of the term, qualified to think for the thoughtless, to feel for the unfortunate, to weep with the sorrowing, to lift up even the Magdalenes to a position like that occupied by her who bore the spices to embalm the entombed body of the Saviour. We have such a pastor, not on the platform, nor behind the sacred desk, but *in his study*. What is his duty there to foreign missions? *Duty always arises out of, is of the nature, and is measured by the relation*. The pastor's study is his stronghold, it is to him the very holy of holies. His time, talents, books, the very atmosphere of the room, all are or ought to be sacredly devoted to the principles of which we have seen him to be the exponent. Healthfulness and prosperity are the results on the mission field when his life throbs responsively to duty's call. This of