

your hand, in the cause of missions. Be not deceived, you can do much; only pray for the spirit and the wish to be enabled to do.

The history of missions is not a history of the efforts of the rich and powerful, though they, no doubt, can do much. No missionaries have been so successful as those who went forward to their duty with nothing but their staff in hand, and the Spirit of the living God in their hearts. Armed thus, their progress has been one continued triumph, and their death generally the greatest triumph of all. We allude not particularly to the career of Paul and Barnabas, and the other Apostles. The truth holds good, as much in the present day as it did then, though not, of course, to the same extent. No success has ever been obtained without earnestness of purpose, without devotion of heart and soul; with them, failure is almost impossible. We might illustrate our position by hundreds of examples drawn from history and observation. We will mention only one, and a recent one. A young English student, we regret that at this moment we cannot remember the name, carried off the highest honors at the University of Oxford, was accomplished, highly connected, and universally beloved. He made up his mind to enter the Church; he did so, and so brilliant were his talents, so numerous his friends, that he might have had almost anything he liked. The very best of the rich and tempting livings of the Church of England were within his reach; but without a sigh or a regret he turned from them all, and resolved to follow as a missionary his friend Bishop Selwyn to New Zealand. He gave up the amenities of civilized life, the attractions of refined society, and perhaps, to such a nature, the greatest sacrifice of all, the pleasures of literature and literary associations, and for what? To show the fierce and untutored savage the way of salvation. Here was, at least, one instance of the true missionary spirit, devoted entirely and exclusively to his Master's service. How great and complete his success was, may be faintly indicated by the closing scene of his young but noble life. The ways of Providence are inscrutable. Consumption seized him in the midst of his pious and self-sacrificing labors, and he lay down quietly to die, in the midst of his savage converts. How completely he had won their hearts, may be noted from the fact, that dur-

ing his illness they kept watch around his house by night and day—for what? The passer-by might disturb him, even by the sound of a too heavy tread; they gave him the dying couch of their best friend with unceasing care, and an affectionate attention which touched every heart, trusting in his power to speak only by signs, and were rewarded when they found he had enjoyed the relief of a short repose. He had his reward, he had done the work that was given him to do, and no more affectionate hands could have closed his eyes, unless, perchance, in the arms of a fond weeping mother. Such incidents do indeed cheer the heart of a desponding Christian, and amidst the deadness and difference which surround us, afford refreshment to the soul, like the spring in the wilderness to the faint and despairing traveler.

Let us venture to cite one other example, which has already been alluded to in some of our former numbers, in a beautiful and touching manner by our Scottish Correspondent. A clergyman of our Church, like the friend of Selwyn, in the midst of tempting prospects and a bright future, turned away from the ease and elegant competence of a Scottish manse, to wear in a distant land the armor of a Christian missionary, and fight under the banners of the cross. He, too, had gained high honors at his native University—honors eagerly sought for by many, but to be gathered in by but a few—but with a heart full of anxiety and piety, he preferred the wilderness to the crowded city. Alas! the bowl was broken even before it reached the cistern, and the course was closed in the midst of his youth, which no tongue or pen shall ever describe. Yet the example which he set cannot be wholly lost; he being dead yet speaketh, and the great resolve and lofty principle of the young and accomplished student shall live and animate others, and to cheer the world with the proud conviction, that the worth and earnestness may yet be found, and in greater abundance than the world dreamt of. Yes, it may be, that the Rev. James Stewart, in his death, has preached a more stirring and convincing sermon than he could have done in his life.

When we look on the great world around us, and see how little has been done in so long a time—with such ample means and opportunities, we are apt to despair, and