

succumb. Once her crescent-bannered armies made all Christendom tremble; now the mutual forbearance, or rather mutual jealousies, of Christian nations keep the only great Mohammedan nation from falling to pieces.

Soon, very soon, perhaps before we expect and before we are ready to enter in, the crescent will go down before the cross, and then many more of the dark places full of the habitations of cruelty shall open for the blessed light of the sun. Haste, happy day, day so much desired and so often prayed for, and for which we toil, when the Sun of righteousness shall shine upon every portion of the world polluted and darkened by sin, but bought with the Redeemer's blood!

“ And shall not I, at God and duty's call,
Fly to the utmost limits of the ball,
Cross the wide sea, along the desert toil,
Or circumnavigate each Indian isle?
To torrid regions run to save the lost,
Or brave the rigors of eternal frost?
I may like Brainard perish in my bloom,
A group of Indians weeping round my tomb;
I may like Martyn lay my burning head
In some lone Persian hut or Turkish shed;
I may like Coke be buried in the wave;
I may like Howard find a Tartar grave;
Or like a Xavier perish on the beach,
In some lone cottage out of friendship's reach;
Or like McDougall in a snow-drift die,
With angels only near to hear the dying sigh.
I may—but never let my soul repine:
'Lo, I'm with you alway!' Heaven's in that line.
Tropic or pole, or mild or burning zone,
Is but a step from my eternal throne.”