

SERMON

BY

REV. ALEXANDER MCKENZIE, D. D.

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REV. WM. M. TAYLOR, D. D.

DELIVERED AT THE ANNUAL MEETING

OF THE

AMERICAN MISSIONARY ASSOCIATION,

AT

NORWICH, CONN.,

OCTOBER, 1880.

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Ex. ii : 9. "Take this child away, and nurse it for me, and I will give thee thy wages."

Africa has always been interesting to us for different reasons. It was interesting in our childhood because there was almost nothing to be known about it. The school boy, when he was bewildered as he had wandered over the map of Europe, and had tried in vain to make out—what we have scarcely made out to this day—the mysterious and ever-changing boundaries of its States and coasts, and when he had become confused in the vastness of Asia, in the effort to keep in mind its divisions and their lines and the unrememberable and unpronounceable names of its mountains and rivers, and still more as he brought his studies nearer home to be disturbed by the feeling that he ought to know his own country, the length of its rivers, the area of its lakes, the boundaries of its States, their capitals, and the various interests which commend themselves to us as members of this nation; the boy, bewildered and distressed by this demand upon his thoughts, turned with relief to Africa. There was something which could be grasped. He readily ran up and down its coast, seeing hardly a gulf which would elude his reach, and scarcely a promontory which would thrust itself upon his notice. The few settlements scattered along the border could be counted upon the fingers of his small hand, the northern part was conveniently taken up with a great desert, and the southern part was marked "Unexplored." Such was the geography of my boyhood. To that we always turned with a special hopefulness.

But Africa grew more interesting to us, as we came into closer con-

tact with it, than any other part of the unknown world. A Chinaman was a rarity indeed; a Japanese we seldom or never saw; but the African was always here—in our streets, in our homes, entering even into our boyish politics and into the ardor and hope of our young manhood, until we came to engage in that irresistible conflict which now draws slowly toward its close. Africa became more interesting yet as it opened itself before us when we were old enough to appreciate the tide of exploration which was flowing into it, and to follow the various discoverers as they passed inward from the sea-coast, from lake to lake and from mountain to mountain. We found so much novelty and incident attending their efforts that there was no study more interesting than this, which they laid before us that we might learn it leisurely and thoroughly at their hands. Africa became again more interesting as we came to think of its prophecy, and to see that it had arisen out of the sea not in vain, but that this great people which had been brought into the closest political relations with us had come at last into our ecclesiastical work and life, and was coming to be one of the great factors in those great problems which civilization and Christianity are trying to solve.

To-day, with all this increased knowledge of Africa, and with the rising of this great power which cannot be put aside, the great question comes, What are we to do? Nothing that I recall so well illustrates to my mind our position as that incident which the words which I have taken for my text bring to your notice. A king's daughter by the banks of the river; a slave-child in an ark of bulrushes hidden among the reeds, brought suddenly and unexpectedly to the notice of the princess; then that solemn question, "What shall I do?"

There are certain moments which are inexpressibly solemn. There are very few moments in the history of the world more solemn and more profound in the depth of their significance than the instant when Pharaoh's daughter paused above that weeping slave-child to determine what she should do. Shall she thrust him back again that he may take what fate may bring upon the tide of the great river? Shall she give him over to those who have placed him already under sentence of death? Shall she take him to her home and bring him up with all the possibilities that may be wrapped in this infant mind, and the manhood that shall come after it? On that turned more than turns on any dynasty of kings, or any school of philosophers which the world has seen.

Upon that African woman's answer concerning that child turned the destiny of kings and philosophers and of mankind with all its

interests. If she decided wisely, she was to give to the world its greatest law-giver, one of its greatest statesmen, one of its greatest reformers; she was to give a man who was to take a horde of fugitive slaves and fashion them into a state; who was to make the first written constitution which the world had; who was to govern and guide this people through forty years of an instructive pilgrimage; who was to go up the mount of God and receive the law for all nations,—the man, who, more than any other man who was only man, was to be the teacher of men, the head of colleges, the head of governments, the head of civilization, until his word should be law—law and gospel in the churches and Sabbath-schools of the world. Those tiny hands lying in their helplessness before her, were to be lifted above a nation, were to take from the hands of the Almighty the tables of stone which were to express so long as time shall be, the duty and the glory of man. Whether this should be, turned upon what this African woman might decide in the moment when she settled with herself and with humanity and with the ages, the question whether her foot should thrust the ark of bulrushes upon the tide, or her hand should take the outcast child to her palace.

So Africa lies before us to-day—the nation prostrate, enslaved, ignorant and helpless, under sentence of the world's neglect and scorn; hidden in the ark of bulrushes, daubed with slime and pitch and concealed in the reeds by the river's bank. Africa has come up to sight, and lies where the river touches the land; and the king's daughter,—the wife of the king's son, the Church, which is the Lord's bride,—looks down upon this child weeping in the bulrushes, to repeat again the question of the Egyptian Princess to herself, "Shall I thrust him back? or shall I bring him to the palace and give him to the world?"

I need not remind you how that great, solemn question concerns us; how it has come to enter into our politics and to affect the permanence and honor of our Republic; how it has come to be the great question for the nations to solve, as a new continent and a new people come into the light. This great coming-up of this slave-child at the feet of the King's daughter forces upon us to-day as serious a question as the world has to consider. Nothing, probably, that our civilization will have to pass upon, or our Christianity will have to decide, shall surpass this: What Pharaoh's daughter shall do with the child Moses,—what God's daughter shall do with the child Africa.

How much we know of Africa, of her history, of her territory! How much has been brought to our notice! I said just now that it was easy for us to compass it and to follow it leisurely along until we

grasp the whole of it. I thought so until I turned my mind more particularly to it, thinking that I could get in a book or two substantially all that had been written upon Africa. I found that the immense library open to me had "Africa" scattered through it, and that it was not the work of a few moments, but of months and years, to come to even a tolerable knowledge of this country. I said then, We know so much that we must do more than we have done in making this knowledge a power. The people know so much, so much is written and laid before them, that it does not fall to me to describe Africa.

And yet what is this country? We look upon it as it lies yonder over the seas and here with the millions of its sons at our very doors. We look out over the waters; there lies the great continent with its sixteen thousand miles of coast line, with scarcely an indentation; a land stretching five thousand miles north and south, five thousand miles east and west—a country with all varieties of condition, from the place of destroying cold to the place of consuming heat; from mountains to plains; from forests to jungle and morass; from healthy regions to malarial tracts; from all that can give the rich and ripe products of the earth to all that can destroy the man who ventures within its reach.

What shall we say of the African products? Still the same thing. Nearly everything is there. Run through the list in your price-current in to-day's paper, and almost all can be found in Africa; cotton and coffee, oil and oats, wheat and barley, rice and rubber, sugar and spices, wools and woods, gold, iron, diamonds, ivory—fifty thousand elephants, they say, dying in a year, to give us their strength and beauty.

What shall we say of her people? More than two hundred and five millions—nearly one-seventh of the population of the globe, are there. Many kinds of people, some tall and well-developed, some small as pigmies, some black and some yellow, some with the coarse, black hair, some with the ideal curly locks, and some with yellow wool; some stout and sinewy, others loose jointed, shuffling along their path; some with the features of manhood and living like men, in villages and towns, even in walled cities, with governments of their own; some sunk into the deepest degradation, herded together like beasts, and like beasts creeping into their kraals.

What shall we say of their manners and customs? I do not know that I can answer the question better than by quoting the report made once to the British government by a naval officer sent to explore the country, and, among other things, to describe its manners and

customs. His description of at least one place he visited was this: "They have no manners, and their customs are very disgusting."

What shall we say of their religion? There is little to be called by that name. There are feeble remnants of decayed churches. There are the countless multitudes under the degrading sway of Mohammedanism, and the rest are pagans, with not even the poor mitigation of the Moslem abomination. There are degrees of degradation. But ignorance, superstition, cruelty, tyranny, are everywhere. There are vague traditions of a Great Spirit, a more intense realization of the devil whom they worship; undefined ideas of some powers around them; more definite confidence in the fetish about their neck. They are cruel, savage, killing their own children, eating their enemies, showing as low a form of life as the world is able to produce. Their own traditions along the Gold Coast tell that the Great Spirit, when he had made three black men and women and three white men and women, in his preference for the blacks offered them their choice between a calabash and a sealed paper. The bow held gold, iron and the best products of the earth. The African chose that, and has been of the earth, earthy, ever since. There was nothing left to the white man but the paper, which taught him knowledge, and he has known and ruled ever since.

This is Africa in a general way—vast in its territory, swarming with people, with these varied capabilities, but with this common baseness of a common paganism, with its ignorance and cruelty, with its polytheism and polygamy, with all that marks the depths into which men can descend. This is the child that lies at the feet of the king's daughter to-day. What shall we do with the child? Fortunately, in the hurried times in which we are living, we have not that question to consider. The general principles which must be framed into a practical answer are plain. What shall we do with Africa? Africa certainly is included in that great world which God has made and Christ has redeemed, and to which he has bidden us go that we may preach the Gospel to every creature.

At one time in our war, when the government at Washington was greatly perplexed and the people were sad and fearful, I heard the admiral of our navy say, "I have one advantage in this business; I have only to go where I am sent." That is the work of the king's daughter to-day—to do what she is told to do. There is said to be some doubt whether Wellington ever referred the man who asked his opinion of foreign missions to his marching orders: "Go preach." I do not see that it is any consequence whether the great Duke said it or not. I could not do what he did in India, on the Peninsula, at

Waterloo. But I could have given that answer. Any intelligent boy who has read the Gospel of St. Matthew could do that. It was in Africa that Cyprian answered the Proconsul who bade him consider the Emperor's command that he should offer sacrifice: "Do what is commanded thee: in a cause so just no reflection is needed."

To preach the Gospel to every creature is a duty to be done, not a project to be considered. If we pass from this command, may we not think that our Lord in his pity for the poor and the oppressed has a very strong compassion for Africa? May it not be a special compassion and desire? This Jewish boy never forgot that his father Abraham went down into Africa for bread, and that Jacob and his sons were fed in Africa. He never forgot that Moses was born in Africa and nurtured there. He remembered that his mother had found shelter and safety for him in Africa. Perhaps even the separation of this land and people from our sympathies may commend them the more to him. I love to remember when I think of the strictness of the Hebrew race, its willing isolation from all who were without, that in our Redeemer there was a strain of alien blood. Even as pertaining to the flesh Jesus was not a pure Jew. In the line of his ancestry was a daughter of the accursed Moab; and by all the blood of Ruth that ran in the veins of Jesus, there was something in which his sympathy could flow to the Moabite and the Ammonite and the stranger in all the earth. "I am not sent," he said, "but unto the lost sheep of the house of Israel," and yet, pressing far north, he wrought his miracle of might and mercy for a woman of the heathen coasts of Syrophœnicia. "I am not sent but unto the lost sheep of the house of Israel;" yet in despised Samaria, to an outcast woman who sought the secrecy of noon-day that she might hide her shame, to a Samaritan with whom his people had no dealings, sitting on his father's well, he talked in mercy and declared the sublime truth that God is a Spirit, and to be worshiped only in spirit and in truth; and uttered that divine confession, which all the Gospels elsewhere do not surpass in clearness: "I that speak unto thee am he." So when I think of our Lord's descent, and of his love for the despised Canaanite and for the hated Samaritan, I cannot but think that the down-trodden of our day, the neglected, the outcast, even the despised nation, may lie close to his heart of boundless sympathy and boundless sacrifice.

We have the command; have we not more than this? Does not this great people appeal to our sympathies? We think of them as not knowing God. What shall be too much that we may tell them of God? They never knew that Christ died for them. What if we all

died to-night that Africa might know that? Never shall there come a better cause to die in, though we give up our life upon our beds, than if we laid down our lives that Africa might hear the story of him whose infancy was cradled upon her soil.

The people of Africa appeal to our sympathy if we only look at them in their temporal destitution. If we can make a man stand up who creeps upon his hands and knees; if we can make a man clothed who walks in his shamelessness; if we can make a man kind who is cruel; if we can teach him the rights of his fellow-men and his own rights; if we can establish a good government over him, it is worth all that we shall do. If we can give woman her place, carrying in those implements even of our agriculture, which shall supplant her servile work! You remember the African chief, who, when first he saw an American plow tearing its way through his ground, rubbed his hands and laughed, "Ah! that is good; that will save me five wives." Is it not worth while to do that? For every cent of the money which in thirty-four years has been poured into the treasury of this Society, it were a recompense that should satisfy every giver if nothing whatever had been accomplished save to bring African women from the plow into the home. Yet more than that. How much can be done for the children, too, to make them safe, to give them childhood, with its hope and its opportunity.

No sooner do we begin to do the useful than we begin to do the ornamental. No sooner are necessities supplied than luxuries come following in their train. It is a little thing, perhaps, to mention, but in the church whose minister I have the good fortune to be, there is an association of young ladies which was working at one time for Africa. They were making garments for the Zulu children—simple bags, I thought; pieces of cotton sewed together. I happened upon them one day as they were pursuing their work, and I saw how their cunning fingers had put beauty here and there, and when I expressed surprise, the leader answered: "Why, the girls wanted to put the ruffles on." Well, they always will. Friends, I think we might come up out of the dry-as-dust practicalities of life. It would be too much to say, perhaps, that all this money had been wisely expended if it had produced nothing but ruffles, but there is many a thing beside the eternal salvation of these men and women which would be a recompense for all the money that we have spent. Think of them in their degradation, their suffering, their peril, their ignorance, and dying like the rest. What shall we do for them?

Then how they appeal to our sense of justice. Are we not very much in their debt? Call to your mind the fifty millions of Africans

who had been torn away and carried into slavery—five hundred thousand perished in a year, they said, at one time. For every one who was absolutely taken away; four or five died in the process of capture and removal. Our prosperity as a nation is due very much to their unrequited labor. Who have sustained your great cotton factories? Africans. Whence has come much of the luxury that has been upon your tables all these years? From African labor. Who helped fight the battles that kept the Union safe? Africans. Who are doing our work to-day in so many honorable and useful places? Africans. We owe them something—we always have—this nation of servants, so long servants.

When the nations of the world combined to crucify the Lord of glory, all the three parts of the world bore their portion. Asia gave the wood he died upon and the men who should pursue him to death. Europe gave the sentence under which he was crucified and the soldiers who nailed him to the cross. Africa took her own place, the servant's place. She took the cross and carried it on her back. Do you think the Lord has forgotten that? Asia profited; she had her own way; priest and scribe felt more secure when he was dead. Europe had her profit; she divided his raiment, and cast lots when she might not tear the seamless robe. What fell to Africa? For eighteen centuries to be bearing the cross, carrying it where

“There is a green hill far away
Without a city wall,
Where the dear Lord was crucified,
Who died to save us all.

“Oh, dearly, dearly has he loved,
And we must love him too,
And trust in his redeeming blood,
And try his work to do.”

We must in our measure do his work for the cross-bearer and all the poor; his work of sacrifice for the guilty and the dead.

How it appeals to our compassion and our thankfulness. It appeals to our heroism, because of the difficulties and perils of the undertaking; it appeals to our love of adventure; it appeals to our desire to be of service in the world. All that is noble and manful and good and true within us is enlisted when this child, born a slave, looks up into the face of the king's daughter and weeps because he cannot talk.

But if we pass from these considerations to the side of encouragement in this work, we come still upon certain practical things which may help us the more to fasten our duty and privilege upon our conscience and upon our will. In this that we shall do for this child here,

among us, there, in his own land, think of the great encouragement that comes from this fact: that the missionary does not go alone into this country which lies before us for our service. Business is already there. That little corner where Moses was born, in the last year sent out into the world sixty-eight millions of dollars' worth of goods, and took in from the outer world thirty-one and a half millions of dollars' worth of goods. Think of the steamers running up and down the coast, and penetrating as far as they can up the rivers. Think of the explorers and men of science pressing within, and the men of business going with them; with business already so well established that it has reached that mature state in which it can begin to defraud; and Englishmen stamp their goods with the American name, and cheat Africa as Africa has been cheated through the centuries. I think when business gets so far settled in Africa that it is willing to forge a trade-mark, we can say that it will be likely to hold its place. Now, where business goes the Church can go. The Church has always gone along the roads the merchants have opened. The early apostles traveled the Roman highways. We have long sent our missionaries out in merchant ships—missionaries above and rum below.

We send them by those avenues that are opened for worldly purposes, availing ourselves of these openings that God gives to us that we may carry his Gospel to all those who are without. We have a legitimate right to avail ourselves of these openings made by business, not only in the fact that man has a common right to travel upon a highway, but in the fact that the missionary has so often been before the business man. Missionaries have been pioneers the world over. This new opening of the Dark Continent has been largely due to the daring work of these Christian explorers. Business enters where they have prepared the way. It should be for the common advantage. It means much for the missionary. He no longer goes where no other man will go. He no longer stands alone and unprotected. Wherever there is a missionary there is a merchant with his store, and they band together to defend each other. Behind the merchant is his government, with its ships, with its armies, with all needed means of defense; and along the lines of this enterprising and protected mercantile spirit the missionary can go as he has gone before.

Now let us add certain other considerations; this, for instance: that this missionary work has succeeded already in places as difficult as this. I do not know how we can grade Paganism very well as higher and lower; but to men as degraded as any in Africa the Gospel of God has gone. The sign that the Jews sought after would not avail; the wisdom that the Greeks desired would not serve; but the

cross of Christ, the wisdom of God, and the power of God, have wrought over the world, in many places, the very works that need to be repeated in Africa.

We have these past successes; shall we still say these pagans are too low? Is it strange that they are low? An evil is not a very great evil when you have come to an intelligent apprehension of the cause of it which you can remove. What is the cause of the degradation in Africa? Why has she been so long kept in her place?

A venerable clergyman who walked with me this evening told me a little incident which has the secret in it. There was a meeting among the negroes of the South, where the minister proposed that the persons present should relate their religious experiences. Among them arose a black man who began to describe some dream or vision. "But stop, my brother," said the preacher, "we don't care for your visions; we want experience." "But, in old times, didn't God speak to people in visions and dreams?" "Oh, yes! He did then because they had no Bible." "Well, we have no Bible." It seems to be all there. What makes Africa ignorant? Because nobody ever taught her. What makes Africa down? Because there is somebody over her. What makes it night there? Because we have closed the shutters to keep in the sun to lighten the places where we have been playing live.

Then let us think again that this bar of separation, this "color line," is only a temporary thing. How long are these national distinctions to last in the face of that Gospel which knows neither Greek nor Jew, barbarian, Scythian, bond or free? There was in my old parish in Maine a colored woman; and one night when the meeting was breaking up and all were going out, the impatient sexton turned off the gas too soon, and all were left together; and this witty woman, congratulating herself, said: "Well, we are all alike in the dark." Yes, woman, we are all alike in the light, too. When the day dawns, when the Day Star arises in our hearts, we are all alike then.

We come to this work with experience which we have gained elsewhere, and by which we can profit. It is not without reason that Africa, most difficult, perhaps, of all lands, has been left among the later fields of our work. We have experimented in making men Christians, and can show results. The work has had so much delay and deferred hope elsewhere, that any delay in Africa cannot dishearten us. We are still so far from a nation of Christians, though we have had the Bible all our days, that we need not wonder if it be long before all of that somber continent is peopled with men of God.

Our observation may give us courage as we still pursue our work, and it may give us wisdom as we carry it on to its end.

Let it be noticed as another point of encouragement that the Church goes out to-day with great strength. Turn for a moment to the early Christian missions. Look at the first attempt of Christianity to force its way into the world.

See it in the city of Rome; a few despised, ignorant foreigners, many of them slaves; dependent on the very government beneath which they sought to do their work; conquered people, serving a leader who had died in ignominy on the cross—poor, persecuted, helpless, they enthroned Christianity in the Roman Empire, and established there the light which, though the fogs have gathered around it, has never ceased to shine. Think of the Church as it goes out in its missionary work to-day. It goes forth, not a handful of Jews, but with an immense multitude out of all nations; it goes out not poor, but rich; not foolish, but wise; it goes, not cast down, but triumphant; it goes, not from a subdued, but from a victorious nation. The life of civilization, the strength of government, the power of literature, the influence of humanity—all that civilized man values most, is behind the humblest minister of the Gospel of Christ as he goes into the dark regions of the earth to preach that which he has learned himself. "I claim, my hearers," he might say in Africa or in India, "that you should listen to me. This Gospel that I preach to you makes the religion of every civilized nation in the world. This is the religion of every nation that has science, art, good schools, good government. This is the Gospel of every nation that has a home and honors the woman, and the mother, and blesses the child." With this immense advantage of all civilization behind him, how mighty is he compared with the earliest preachers of the truth, the disciples of one who had died at Jerusalem at the hands of this very power, which said, "If you preach this Gospel you shall fall in the arena."

The whole Roman government was opposed to the first Christian missionary there was; the governments of the civilized world now stand by every missionary there is. In Abyssinia not long ago a few missionaries and German Bible-readers were imprisoned, and the British army hastened to deliver them. Magdala was burnt, King Theodore committed suicide, and the British general was raised to the peerage as "Lord Napier of Magdala." Was there any such protection to the first missionaries? But they conquered paganism; they forced their way into the Roman Empire; they became an element in Roman politics, until they gained the throne and reached their fingers out upon the sceptre which was stretched over the world. How glorious, how grand it is! Whose heart grows faint? If any

man doubts, if any man's spirit quails, let him read the Acts of the Apostles, let him read the history so recently and so admirably written of the "Conflict of Christianity with Heathenism," and say if the despised Christians could make Christians out of pagan Romans, cannot honored Americans make Christians out of pagan Africans?

With this great success, this great encouragement, this great profit of experience, this great power of all the governments behind us, surely with this we may push on through our country and through the world. I have not yet said—what is the greatest of all—that this redemption of Africa enters into the thought of God, into the purpose of God, as touching this world. Africa is of the nations that are to be given to him who died to redeem all men; not the son of Joseph, but the Son of Man, mankind; who shall see of the travail of his soul in Simon, the cross-bearer, and be satisfied. Among the people which are to be the trophies and reward and crown of his redemption shall Africa come to have her place, and the sons of Africa from near and from far. This is our prayer—the prayer we offered at our mother's knee, when scarcely comprehending the words: "Thy kingdom come, thy will be done." The words have grown as we have grown, until now we apprehend more fully what it is for the kingdom of God to come. While our prayer has grown, the kingdoms of men have come up till we can mark how the prayer is matched by the opportunity. Our childhood's prayer has become our manhood's toil, and our infant faith our sturdy confidence; and, with the widening of the petition and the widening of the world, we still pray, "Far as the sun shines, far as the waters roll, far as the wind blows, O Son of Man, thy kingdom come, thy will be done." It shall come. The might of the Lord is in it; the word of the Lord has spoken it.

It is not the work of government upon government. It is not a work that denationalizes and despoils. We do not seek to make Americans of the Africans; we do not care to clothe them in our cumbersome attire; we do not ask that they shall have all our literature and all our manners; but that they shall know God, and Christ, the Son of God, and that they shall have churches of their own, ministered to by their own men, self-governing, self-supporting, self-perpetuating; shall have the leaven cast in by our hands, and left to work its way under the inspiration of that Spirit, who, coming like the wind, can seek men's hearts as the wind seeks the places among the leaves of the trees and hollows of the rocks, the Spirit of God searching the thoughts of men, taking the imagination, the will, the conscience, the reason, the passions, the affections of men under his sway, until the will of God is done on earth as it is done in Heaven.

The old myth was that Mount Atlas, rising from Africa, held upon its summit the heavens and their stars. The myth has gone, but gone to give place to the truth. The stars and the heavens do rest upon Mount Atlas, not for the upheaving of the mount, but for the coming down of the heavens. By the grace of God, that mount which rises in its sublimity and its power, towering over degraded millions, touches the sky. The Oriental myth becomes the imperial reality, and from the summit of the mountain men can see their home.

What shall we do, brethren? They who are afar off call to us. Their prayer finds words as they beseech us to come and help them. More piteous, even, are their dumb lips which make no cry, and their dead hearts which know no hope. Some have gone, and call to us from Heaven. The graves of men who have fallen summon us to the front. What shall we do? Who shall bear the light into the dark, and liberty into the prison house? Who have, must give. Who can, must serve. Upon our conscience and our humanity lies the duty by all our faith in the Gospel by which we live, which no more graciously bids us come than solemnly it bids us go. What a chance this is for our young Christian manhood, in this crowded world, where it is so hard to find a place to work! The closed doors which confront the young man at every turn have an outer side toward the needy places which call for men, for courage, piety, devotion. The young Christian has a splendid opportunity to prove his manliness, to make himself of use, to serve the generation of which he is a part.

While this duty of giving Christianity to Africa rests on us all in proportion to our ability, it bears with especial force upon the race whose ancestral home is there, but who have received abroad what those at home so greatly need. The sons and daughters of Africa are to minister to their mother in her want. They are able to do this. Here, in the land which owes them so much, have many of them come into the knowledge of God. They have been taught in our schools and prepared to teach others. Their service should be at the command of those who seek to evangelize the land to which, as a race, they belong. The work should not be wholly put upon them. It is found of advantage that they work with those who have had a larger training under Christian institutions. But they should form a large part of the host of mercy. It has been proved that they can bear the climate of Africa better than the whites. They have special interest in the work to which they are now called. It is to their credit that they are found willing to enter upon it. They

must have all needful preparation, and we must see that they have it. These picked men and women must go forth. It is the demand of nature and of grace.

The warm feeling of the African race and their zeal in religious work, enforced by the claims of patriotism and humanity and religion, point to them as the appointed ministers of mercy to their own people. We must send them—they must go.

There is something even in the songs of their days of slavery in our house which may prove of service in their work. We can judge something of a people by their songs. The weird melodies of these singers, springing from their life of sorrow and hope, always touch our hearts. They may do more. They may be the evangel of promise and courage to those who do not know their Father and their Saviour, while they strengthen the hearts from which they spring. To themselves and to others they sing their prayer when disheartened and overburdened, they cry with St. Paul, "Who is sufficient for these things?" and voice their supplication in their plaintive song,

"O my good Lord! Keep me from sinking down."

When they stand sometimes with the prophet and his servant, and the servant's heart sinks within him until his courage revives as he beholds the mountain full of horses and chariots of fire on the heights of Africa, in their desolation and peril, they may catch the gleam of the golden wheels of the triumphant chariot of the King, and sing, out of their faith and their experience, the song of the prophet over again,

"Swing low, sweet chariot."

The experience of these men, thus embodied in simple melodies, full of passion, possibly, but of passion touched by the spirit of longing and hope, and the spirit of truth, will work mightily when it is turned into the current of patriotism and philanthropy, and be strong for the enlightening and saving of the race. Who shall read with more ardor than they the words of our Lord at Nazareth, when the promise of deliverance falls from the lips of men born poor and broken-hearted into the ears of the captives, and the blind and bruised? Where better than in Africa can the divine preacher find another Nazareth? Rare men, rarely endowed and trained; men ready for the work and called to it by all which moves others, and by the personal appeals of their own and their father's land:—they wait till we bid them go. Let it not be long.

There are many interesting scenes in African history; there are heroic events whose story thrills us as we read it. But there is nothing which touches my heart in all that travelers have found,

nothing in all their experiences or their discoveries which moves me so much as that I see when I enter the rude hut which his faithful servants have built for him, and find Livingstone dead upon his knees. He had made the weary march to Ilala; he was worn out with pain; his heart would have sunk had it not been more intrepid than other men's; he had lived upon mercury until even calomel had ceased to be nutritious; he lived upon God day after day, night after night. He kept himself within the humble door of his hovel. No one but his two servants could come near him, save that every man was desired to come to the door each morning and say "Good morning, sir." In the early dawn Majwara saw him and dared not speak to him. He called Susi, his companion. They feared to disturb their master. A half-burned candle was on a box by his side. There knelt the great traveler, with his shattered frame thrown forward, his arms outstretched, his head buried in his hands upon his pillow, and his soul with God. "As he prayed, the fashion of his countenance was altered." That worn body rests with the kings and the mighty men in the solemn renown of Westminster Abbey. That hut at Ilala is a truer and a prouder place. It meant all things that he was there; it sealed all things, that, from the ground he had hallowed by his life, he should be translated to the skies.

If it were given to me to devise a seal for this Missionary Association which carries that land in its hand and upon its heart, it should bear but one figure: David Livingstone in Africa upon his knees, dead. The legend should be, "Faithful unto death." His works do follow him, whither he has followed his ascended Lord. He will rejoice when Africa comes up to God; when the suppliant hands of Ethiopia are raised only in thanksgiving. The day of the Lord is coming. The light is on the hills and along the coast of all the lands. The nations are coming to the king. The continents and the islands begin to hear his voice. The tongues of men shall be filled with praise. It is not long; a few more days of work and prayer; a few more deeds of sacrifice and love; a few more lives given; a few more men girded with the towel and with the basin in their hands; a few more repetitions of that strange and sacred deed, Jesus washing the feet of Judas. Then the glory and the rejoicing. A little while and the day shall dawn. We may see the hastening light as we face the East,

Where, faint and far,
 Along the tingling desert of the sky,
 Beyond the circle of the conscious hills,
 Were laid in jasper-stone as clear as glass
 The first foundations of that new, near Day
 Which should be builded out of heaven to God.