

Missionary Work and Revivals.

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BY J. M. PHILLIPS.

The history of missions is identical with the history of revivals. Each epoch in the missionary movement begins with the coming of Pentecost unto the church, and to the revival influence, and is covered with a great religious movement with the whole Christian community, without exception, labored and prayed, and besought men to be reconciled to God. A revival of religion in the community generally means little more than that the members of the church are doing their duty towards the impotent around them, the widow, and children who love God, and going to those who are indifferent to the claims of his love, or the danger of his wrath, and seeking by personal entreaty to bring them under Christian influences and to hear and believe the precious truth of the Gospel. And what is this but missionary work in the home field if it is not? And hence the less important that we want. Every church, if its members discharge their full duty, is a missionary station, from which constantly proceed those regenerating forces that must save the perishing, and which if they are ever saved, are ours. And this work of extending the Gospel is laid by the Head of the church, not on the ministry alone, but on all the members. Pastors may proclaim the truth faithfully, but the circle of their direct personal influence can never be very large, while the members of the churches go everywhere, among all classes of people, if like the disciples of old, they go "as sheep in the wolf's clothing," that they may "grow mightily in word." "Let him that heareth, say, Come," are the words of the Spirit, and one of the best proofs that a man ever gives that he has "heard," is activity and prudence in saying, "Come." It is an obligation upon us all in proportion to our talents and opportunities, and it is a duty which is not hindered because this immense power of the membership lies dormant and unused.

Most of the readers of the BAPTIST have either heard or read a calculation estimating how long it would take to Christianize the whole race, if each one who becomes a Christian should in the year hereafter be instrumental in the conversion of a single soul. And we have been surprised to learn how quickly, if such were the case, the angels would be rejoicing over a redeemed world. Now, every Christian ought to feel that this

salvation depends in some measure upon him, and rejoice that he is so well qualified to be an ambassador for Christ. Let us remember that he is to be reconciled to God, and that every revival there are members within whose hearts whose hearts are untouched by the Spirit of God, and who may adopt the lament, "The harvest is passed, the summer is ended, and we have not reaped." Now, whose fault is it? Christ stands ready to give them the opportunity. They need not depart hungry for the Bread of Life. "Give ye them to eat," said the Master's command. If they are strangers to his house, go out and compel them to come in—compel them with loving importunity and earnest entreaty. "As my Father will, so also send I you." The day of the harvest, every Christian shall be brought to a full appreciation of his duty in relation to them that are without," and every church shall be a mission station for the spread of the gospel throughout the earth.

The Little Shepherd Dogs.

The best of these dogs are worth \$200, or even more. One herder, when we met at Cold Spring ranch, showed us a very pretty one that he had and he would not sell for \$500. One he had at that time four young puppies. The night we arrived we visited his camp, and were greatly interested in the little mother and her nursing babies. The little mother was a wild mountain dog, and her babies were mountain puppies, this little nest of mountain dog and baby trust was very beautiful. While we were examining, the assistant herder came to say that there were more than twenty sheep missing, the two male dogs, both larger than the little mother, were standing about with their hands in their breeches, waiting for the herder said either Tom or Dick would find them. Flora must go. It was used by the assistant that her foot was sore, she had been hard at work all day, as nearly worn out, and must suckle her puppies. The boss insisted that the mother go. The sun was setting, there was no time to lose, Flora was called, and made to hunt for lost sheep, while the mother dog waited to a great extent, through the edge of the forest, and passed on their up. She raised her head, but seemed very loath to leave her babies. The boss called

ply to her. She rose, looking red and low-spirited; with head and chin down, and trotted wearily off toward the forest. I said,—
"That is too bad."
"Oh, well, he's right back. She's fighting on stray sheep."
The next morning I went over to learn whether Flora found the strays. While we were speaking, the sheep were returning; driven by the little dog, who did not raise her head nor lag her tail, even when spoken to, but trotted calmly, her puppies and lay down by them, off to the forest and the meadows. She had been out all night, and, while her hungry babies were begging away all asleep, I have never seen anything so touching. So far I was concerned, "there was not a eye in the house."
How often that scene comes back to me!—the weary dog, the forest, and the little creature, with the sore foot and her heart crying for her babies, limping and creeping about in the led canyons all through the long dark hours, finding and gathing in the str sheep!
I wonder if any preacher of the Gospel ever searched for lost sheep under circumstances so hard and with such painful sacrifices? But, then, we must not expect too much from men. It is the dog that stands for fidelity and sacrifice. The best part of man is the dog that is in him. —
Lo Leavis.

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