

Missionary Work.

For distant woes, with seas between,
Ye have a generous word,
While want walls at your door,
And misery goes on unheard.

While an elegant and beautiful woman, made up of all the chief constituents of true nobility, was devoting her efforts to the securing of funds for the preaching of the holy religion to the heathen, asked "John Randolph of Roanoke" to contribute. He beckoned the lady to a window and said: "Madam, here! The heathens at our door," pointing to a party of half naked negroes of her own belonging in her own yard.

Thus it is we find around us everywhere the heathen at our own door.

The average American has very little idea as to how this heathen fund, collected in this country and in England and sent over to heathen lands, is spent, and as to who gets the benefit of it, and for telling it, as I have seen it with my own eyes and know it with my own knowledge, I have no doubt that many who will read this article, as well as many who will hear it read, will rise up to say all manner of bad things of and about me, and may even intimate that I am not as good a Christian as was the man who threw a button in the missionary collection box.

Now, let me have it my own way and then you may have yours afterward in the say, but do not condemn me unless you find out by investigation that I have told you other than the truth.

Many years ago—and today, too, for it is over and over the same thing ever since the game started—an old dominie had several boys and girls, but no wealth or property to endow them with, and he concluded to make the heathen lands a basis for his operations.

He commenced talking to his parishioners about the poor heathen and how they were dying and languishing in ignorance and sin, and finally going to hell for the want of the holy Christian religion as was taught them there at home.

A few eloquent talks brought in, through the contribution box for missionary purposes, large sums of money, and through the goodness of souls, noble, pure, generous, unselfish, the wealth kept rolling in, and the dominie's children were all well provided in different posts scattered in different islands as chiefs of the missionary stations, and the descendants of this dominie have all lavished in a wealth that kings and princes of the past would envy.

"They toil not, neither do they spin," but, like the lily of the field, they are beautiful to behold when they, like a bird of passage, come to the land of their dominie's ancestry and tell of the great good

they are doing, when, in fact, they are doing no good at all. They make no Christians. The man or woman who supposes there was ever a heathen converted to Christianity genuinely and truly, who did not return to the belief of his fathers the moment his name was stricken from the pay roll as an attache to the mission, is too big a fool to have much money to give to the cause anyway and is safe from the future, solely from the decree of Divine Providence that no one shall be held accountable for that which was not given him, i. e., brains.

"Christianity! Christianity! Oh! what crimes are committed in thy holy name!" I have often exclaimed when I have seen wolves in sheep's clothing leading flocks of lambs astray in the wilderness that they might feast on them at leisure.

It is man's inhumanity to man that has made countless millions mourn, and often have I thought of Agrippa saying: "Paul, thou art beside thyself; much learning makes thee mad." Ask you what at, and my reply will be: "At the vile, double decked, double dyed, deep, unfathomable, cruel, heartless, wicked hypocrisy practiced on the people by the robed, gowned, cleric, who always passes the hat around before he preaches, save and except when he comes to preaching missionary sermons, the expert and drilled scholar in which can bring tears from colder stones than diamonds and cash galore from every purse, even from that of the miser, when that preacher is through painting pictures of suffering and depravity and the hell bound certainty of the poor heathen he may be talking of and about, and lying about, in order to get money in many cases to spend in a bagnio bungalow, telling his companions and associates, his equals and his like, how he fooled the guys at home.

Oh! where is thy wandering boy tonight?—[American Home.

The above, from a Christian standpoint, ought to make Christians think if such a thing is possible.—[ED.

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