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For the Record.

THE MASTER IS COME AND CALLETH FOR THEE.

BY B. D. W.

The Master comes! Oh welcome sound!
He comes and calls for thee.
Wilt thou not hear his loving words,
His "Come and follow Me?"

He calls thee, sinner, to repent,
And turn to him and live;
Then, to thy Maker, Saviour, God,
Thy grateful homage give.

He calls thee, in life's morning hours;
He calls thee, at midday;
He calls again, at evening time,
Ere fades thy life away.

He calls thee in a thousand ways
To think of God and heaven;
He calls thee, by His holy word,
The promise, He has given.

Sometimes, He enters thy fair home;
He comes (but 'tis in love)
And bears the loveliest flower away,
To bloom in realms above.

And when He takes that treasured one,
The one you loved the best,
Canst thou not hear His loving call?
"Come unto Me and rest."

Sometimes He sends adversity
To raise thy thoughts on high.
Sometimes He calls, by memories
Of happy days gone by.

Oh! heed the Master's gracious calls
And have thy sins forgiven;
Or else, you lose a Saviour's love
And are shut out from heaven.

And Christians! ye who love the Lord
And reverence His Son,
The Master comes and calls for you,
A work is to be done.

He calls thee to confess His name
Wherever you may be;
And He has promised rich reward,
A "Crown of Life" for thee.

Perhaps He calls thee, to go forth
Across the ocean wave
To preach the word in heathen lands
And men, from error save

But if, to sit with folded hands,
Thy duty is to stay,
Then murmur not: it may be, thou
Canst do more good that way.

Oh! listen for His loving call;
He will thy pathway show;
Then ask His blessing on thy work,
And He will with thee go.

So bear thy cross and follow on,
Whate'er that cross may be,
And thou shalt live with Him above,
When He shall come for thee.

For the Canadian Record

ANDREW FULLER.

BY W. E. MACINTIRE, A. B.

In the Fens of Cambridgeshire, at a place known as Wicken, Andrew Fuller was born in February 1754. His parents were in humble circumstances, but his excellent mother made up by the moral training given to her children the lack of all other advantages of a worldly nature.

Besides this valuable discipline at the fireside, young Fuller grew up in that part of England which had produced Oliver Cromwell, and somewhat of the sturdy character which marked the Puritan general also distinguished the man of oak in the vigorous preacher of later years.

But the boy also showed early signs of that wit which afterwards became the powerful weapon of sarcasm in his riper manhood. Though fond of reading interesting stories he only cared about truthful ones, and avoided fiction as if by instinct. That whirlpool which has drawn down so many of our young men and women, which has falsely excited their imagination and then ruined them, had no attraction for him. His mind was of a sounder growth and could not be fed upon novels.

In scenes of real life he took the most intense interest. It is said that he and his brothers became so fascinated with

Guthrie's Geography that they frequently withdrew to retired places in order to better enjoy its life-like descriptions of different people and nations. Once they had taken shelter in the rick and continued reading until their mother was obliged to hunt them up for dinner. Coming on them suddenly she exclaimed, "What are yew all dewing, yew sorry boys? Here I have been shouting till I'm hoarse; yew think o' nothin' but your beuks."

Andrew, though the youngest, was ready with a reply. "Mother," he said, "we were just reading about the women of England; shall I read a line or two?" Upon which he proceeded to read that the Englishwomen were rather hasty-tempered, but still kind of heart, and their temper soon quieted, with which slant at his mother's affections he good-naturedly accompanied her to dinner.

At the age of sixteen he was baptized, and at nineteen, fresh from the plough, he began preaching the gospel at Soham, near the river in which Charles H. Spurgeon was baptized many years later. Soon he removed to Kettering and there with Ryland, Carey and a few others formed the Baptist Missionary Society which sent Carey as their first missionary to India. The interest he ever-maintained in the Serampore Mission is shown by the regular correspondence which he kept up with the far-off laborers.

Many wonderful incidents are related to show the real character of the Kettering pastor. On one occasion Mr. Fuller was out collecting for missions and happened to call upon a well-to-do nobleman for a contribution. The gentleman, after listening to the request, rather carelessly handed him a guinea, and Fuller, not liking the manner of the giver, immediately said, "My lord, does this come from the heart?"

"What matters that?" retorted the nobleman. "If you get the money, why should you care whether it comes from the heart or not?"

"Take it back," said Fuller instantly, "I cannot take it. My Lord and Master requires the heart."

Taking the guinea back the man went to his desk and wrote a check for £20, which he gave with the remark, "This comes