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ART. I.—*Quakerism not Christianity: or Reasons for renouncing the doctrine of Friends. In three parts. By Samuel Hanson Cox, D. D., Pastor of the Laight Street Presbyterian Church; and for twenty years a member of the Society of Friends.* Pp. 686.

WE have rarely sat down to our work as critics with so deep a sense of our incompetency to the task in hand, as we bring with us to the examination of the book whose title we have here given. We have two reasons for this, one of which grows out of the character of the book, the other out of the nature of the subject. As to the book, our readers will readily enough understand what we mean, who are acquainted with the splendid eccentricities of its author, and the peculiarities of his intellectual progeny. And as for the subject, after the best investigation we have been able to give to it, we are free to acknowledge that there are some important points in respect to which we are still in doubt: indeed, there is so much of mysticism belonging to the system of the Quakers, and so much of what seems to us contradiction in those authors who are recognised as standards of the sect, that it appears to us well nigh a hopeless matter to arrive at any thing

ART. III.—*The Call to the Foreign Service, from the characteristics of the Age; an Essay read before the Society of Inquiry in the Theological Seminary, Princeton, at its Anniversary, Sept. 21, 1833, by M. B. Hope.*

AT the commencement of the Gospel dispensation, the command to teach all nations was addressed by its founder to the faith of his followers. Under the banner of love, and in obedience to his orders, they went forth to every clime, in the face of all that was discouraging, with no animating experience of past, and little prospect of future success, save to the eye of faith; with no ground of encouragement but the simple promise, "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world." In this, our circumstances as ministers and as missionaries will differ from theirs. They acted from simple faith in the Saviour's promise: to us sight is superadded. We have already seen the triumphs of the cross, and every day unfolds new and more glorious prospects of success; so that the ground of our encouragement is doubly great. The streaks of light which skirt our horizon, though long charged by the dull of vision to the diseased optics of sanguine beholders, are now no longer of doubtful import. Even they who seldom look through "faith's lifted telescope," seem convinced that these betoken the near approach of the Sun of righteousness. Prophecy, and history, and observation, all harmonise in the conclusion, that it is the dawn of a day far more glorious than has ever yet illumined the world. The command, therefore, to which the primitive disciples rendered such prompt and cheerful obedience, is now repeated with redoubled force by the providence of God; echoed and re-echoed from every Pagan hill,

"Where Satan sits
Encamped, and o'er the subject kingdoms throws
Perpetual night."

Inviting prospects strike the eye, and doors hitherto double barred by ignorance and superstition are now flung wide open.

It may be assumed as a principle that the calls of God's providence are just as imperative as those of his word; and, consequently, when definitely made out, demand as prompt an obedience as though a voice from heaven had issued the order. Our present object is to present that call as addressed to ministers and candidates for the ministry, arising from the character-

istics of the age, and the peculiarly inviting attitude of the heathen world.

This world's history is nothing more nor less than a history of the development of the plans for its redemption. Every event, whether of much or little importance, bears on this grand object. Who would have thought, for example, that the present improved state of mathematical and astronomical science has any thing to do with the world's conversion to God. And yet it has been, and is to be a most important instrument in the hand of providence, for this very end. By showing how groundless and absurd is the self-importance and imagined superiority of heathen nations, it tears down the barriers of strong national prejudice against every thing foreign, commands for the missionaries the respect and influence of men altogether superior in intellect and acquirements, and even creates prepossessions in favour of any thing they may introduce. This is a most important, invaluable service, which nothing else could render. Thus Martyn, in a dispute with a captious Moolah, by his superior mathematical knowledge, not only vanquished his wily opponents, but soon became the wonder of Shiraz.

Nor is this all. Science is, in most cases, intimately connected with religion. The system of astronomy, for example, is closely interwoven with the sacred literature of the Hindoos and Budhists, so that the credit and permanency of the one is in a great measure identified with that of the other. As soon, therefore, as the silly dreams of these eastern sages yield to the sober realities which modern science unfolds, the confidence of the people in their sacred books, which are full of such wild absurdities, must give place to ridicule and contempt; and thus a large part of the foundation will be torn from under the superstructures of religion. Witness the violent excitement which prevailed at Ceylon, when the missionaries detected and exposed an error in the calculation of an eclipse, and demonstrated by means of an orrery, to the full satisfaction of the more respectable and intelligent of the gazing, wondering crowd, that the great serpent which they had been taught to believe, in case of an eclipse, swallowed the moon, was nothing but the harmless shadow of the earth. The anger and contempt occasioned by the discovery could scarcely be repressed. The cunning priests, foreseeing the evil, after many bitter but fruitless efforts to oppose the fact, were compelled to admit it; but laboured hard to prove that it did not establish the truth of Christianity. But the authority and veneration for their sacred books received a severe shock, in spite of all their efforts. Thus it is that science also is converging her rays, to melt the chains which bind the en-

slaved heathen. But she can do nothing more than help to set them free from their former shackles. The genius of Christianity must come in and bind them with the silken cords of Jesus' love. And she must take advantage of their present condition, else the more cruel and galling chains of universal scepticism will soon be thrown around them. Here, then, at this crisis, is a call in Providence for missionaries. Whom shall we send? and who will go for us?

Another characteristic of the present times, which is opening the door for foreign missionaries, and should therefore be regarded as a call to ministers to go to the heathen, is the spirit of liberality and benevolent enterprise which is rising through the whole Christian community. In the first place, it operates as the main spring of piety and activity, and thus by diminishing the labours of ministers, and in a good degree supplying their places at home, leaves more of them at liberty to go to the heathen. And this, by the way, meets the grand practical difficulty that ministers are so much needed here, that we cannot spare them for the foreign service. They are needed at home; but do not the heathen need them more? Here, none need be lost because they cannot know the way of salvation; there, "for lack of vision the people perish." Is there danger here from Zion's foes, where the Lord's forces yet bear rule? How much greater then where the fastnesses and strong holds are in the enemy's possession. Is there sanctifying power in the truth of the Bible? That power may be felt through the American Bible Society pervading every family in the United States, which is not foreclosed against every Christian effort. Is there needed the short, pungent address to awaken the attention of the careless to the concerns of the soul, and their need of the Bible? These are furnished by the unassuming, yet swift-footed messengers of the American Tract Society. These can penetrate through moral deserts, impervious to the living preacher, and in their simple garb gain access to the heart and conscience, which would have been steeled against the appeals of the despised ministers of Jesus. Is there a mighty host needed to fight the battles of the Lord? See them sally forth, an army 800,000 strong, from the hallowed walls of your Sabbath and infant schools, equipped for the conflict. Their armour is the girdle of truth; the breast-plate of righteousness; the helmet of salvation; the shield of faith, and the sword of the Spirit: mighty through God, to the pulling down the strong holds of sin. Their leader is the Captain of salvation, the glorious Prince of peace. Their march is onward with a steady cheerful pace. Their clarion of war is the trumpet of the Gospel. Their banner is love; and on its

ample folds as it floats in the breeze, you may read the motto, "Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace and good will to men." What cannot such a host accomplish; for their conflict is spiritual, and their object is peace. Do you want captains to lead the heavenly soldiers? Soon they will be furnished to you in ample numbers, trained for the service by the noble Education Society.

With all this array, who will fear to send abroad, instead of tens, hundreds and thousands? If this country cannot be kept from becoming the prey of the spoiler, surely it cannot be for want of adequate means; else how preposterous the idea of wresting whole nations from the grasp of the foe, by the efforts of a few feeble, unaided missionaries. Let those who object on this ground to go themselves, or send missionaries to the heathen, consider whether this moral power, wielded by the present ministry and pious laymen, in connexion with the immense influence of the piety of Christians generally, is not sufficient, under the blessing of God, both as a preservative and active principle at home, and does not therefore constitute a loud call to the ministry, to go where their labours are more imperiously needed, and where no such substitution is yet practicable. Especially is this call loud to candidates, and those who are young in the ministry; for, to borrow a figure, it is far easier to transplant to a foreign soil, the young and pliant shoot, than the large and aged oak, especially when the dependent vine has twined its tendrils for support around the wide spreading branches.

But the spirit of liberality and enterprise also increases the call for foreign service, by opening to our view many inviting foreign fields. Thus the tract distribution in India and Burmah has created a call for the word of life, and for missionary service, which is irresistible. No Christian heart can listen unmoved to the cries of distress which come to our ears from these unhappy countries. And when the distribution of Bibles and tracts shall have opened the whole Chinese empire to Christian efforts, what a host of missionaries will be needed to meet the demand? But this subject will come now fully before us in the sequel.

Another fact worthy of notice, as tending to open still more the field of labour, and therefore increase the call for missionaries, is the wonderful simultaneous movement of these various schemes of benevolence. They are connate in their origin, and harmonious in their operation. What one lacks, another supplies: and thus, hand in hand, they move on to the consummation of the one main object, the conversion of the world. This united effort must insure success. The tract is pio-

neer to spy the land. The Bible follows with heavier implements to fell the timber and clear the soil. But the living minister must follow all, to plow and sow, and reap the harvest. The question then is, whence can these husbandmen be furnished?

We come now to present the argument as deduced from the present interesting, inviting attitude of foreign fields—the loud calls of the heathen themselves.

In entering this field of discussion, the first thing that strikes us, is the fact, that all false systems of religion in the world are now on their decline. The attachment of the people is evidently becoming slighter; and in some cases manifest dissatisfaction prevails. In Africa, so far as our knowledge extends, there is scarcely any thing which deserves the name of system. Many of the tribes seem to have no gods but evil spirits, and very crude ideas, if any at all, of eternity and a future state. Their silly notions of the power of the fetish, or charm, to preserve from evil spirits, from danger of every sort, and even disease and death in the very face of facts; and the curious practices, rather domestic than religious, connected with the Devil-Bush, were all our late missionary to Africa could discover which looked like religion. The whole interesting journal of the Landers confirms the opinion, that the systems of religion among the dark African tribes, if indeed they ever existed in any degree of firmness, now tottering or prostrate in ruins, would offer feeble opposition to the introduction of Christianity.

In exemplifying the truth of our position, the haughty and warlike system of Mohammedanism next demands our notice. By main force it extended its iron sceptre, and by bigotry unparalleled it has long maintained exclusive sway over many millions of the human family. That sway is now partially broken. As early as 1812, Martyn dared to stand forth, the single-handed champion of the cross, against the combined sophistry and cunning of the Moolahs of Persia. And feeble as was the agent, his artillery was that of heaven; and it shook the foundations of the antique structure of Islam. “He was received,” says Sir Robert Porter, “and cherished and listened to by the inhabitants, and departed thence amid the blessings and tears of many a Persian friend.” So much diminished is the bigotry of the Mussulman, that several cases of hopeful conversion occurred; and one since ordained by Bishop Heber, was an humble and successful minister of Jesus Christ. The Moslem faith is no longer unique. Its two principal parties are bitter in their opposition. Names, says one, mentioned only with blessings by one party, are hourly cursed by the other. A degree

of curiosity has been awakened as to the religious tenets of other nations; and the New Testament distributed by Martyn and Wolff has excited some desire to inquire into the truth of Christianity; and it is said that many of them strongly desire a complete version of the Scriptures.

Such is the aspect of things in Persia—the heart of Mohammedanism. Let us look a moment at what may appropriately be styled its head; we mean Turkey. Here also dimness of eyes and grayness of hair evince old age; and the wrinkles which have settled on its stern and haughty brow mark the ravages of time and conquest. The loss of political power and territory sustained by the Sultan in the battle of Navarino, and the now recent conquests of the Pacha of Egypt, have greatly humbled the pride of the Moslem. In cities where European dress would, only a few years since, have subjected the wearer to the fury of the mob, there are now found those who are willing to borrow both costume and tactics, and with them, also, something of European character. The generalissimo of the Turkish forces has now five promising youths in an academy at Paris, through whom he expects to introduce into the army, and eventually the whole country, the arts, literature and manners of Christian Europe. Does not this betoken change? There is also a wide door opened for the distribution of the Scriptures even in Constantinople, the very capital of Mohammedanism. “When I last visited” says Mr. Smith, “the depository of the British and Foreign Bible Society in that city, a gentleman was sitting, attentively examining the Scriptures. At length he arose and purchased a copy in Turkish and another in Arabic. It was not until then, so much of the European aspect had he in dress and appearance, that he was discovered to be a Turk. He was no stranger there. He had already distributed a great many Bibles. And the keeper of the depository affirmed that he was not the only Turk who felt, that while other things were borrowed from Europeans, it was important to look also at their religion.” Let the spirit of inquiry once be diffused, and the refinements of European habits and character become popular, and the absurdity of the Moslem faith must and will be exchanged; but whether for refined Infidelity, or the pure faith of the Gospel, depends, under God, on Christians *now* to say.

Egypt too is in a state, if possible, yet more interesting. Her noble minded Pacha seems determined to elevate her to a level with the most polished nations of Christendom. Her character is just reforming: and with the arts and sciences, and improvement of Christian nations, why may not their religion

also gain entrance? Her Pacha is tolerant, liberal, and even candid and enlightened in a high degree: and has secured full protection to all Christian merchants residing in his dominions, not only in time of peace, but also in time of war. But want of time forbids our entering further into particulars, in reference to this most interesting field.

Let us now look for a moment at another huge structure of false religion. There it stands, antiquated and gloomy in appearance, Its foundation is laid deep in the depraved principles of the human heart. It rests on these strong pillars—ignorance, superstition and fanaticism. Its name is *Hindooism*. Ages on ages have passed by, and paid at its shrine their pilgrim worship. Surely its antiquity, at least, has proved its ability to withstand every dissolving element. But look again—look narrowly, and see whether principles of dissolution are not even now in action, whether each of its main pillars has not begun to crumble. Ignorance has just begun to yield to the light of knowledge; superstition and fanaticism to the sober realities of truth and religion. Even its foundations, strong and deep as they seem fixed in human depravity, have been reached, in a few places, by the penetrating power of truth and the Spirit of God. Even the gazing throng of zealous devotees have noticed its decay; some with dark forebodings and dislike, while others exult in prospect of its ruin, and lend a ready hand to hasten its fall. Yes, learned Hindoos have attacked, in public controversy, their own system of superstition and idolatry. A newspaper edited by a native of Calcutta, contains the following language, at the close of a spirited article, from the pen of a Brahmin: “If there be any thing which I and my friends look upon with the greatest abhorrence, it is Hindooism. If there is any thing which we regard as the greatest instrument of evil, it is Hindooism. If there be any thing we consider as hurtful to the peace and comfort of society, it is Hindooism. And neither renunciation nor flattery, neither fear nor persecution, can alter our resolution to destroy that monstrous creed.” Another Brahmin, not a Christian, after perusing a tract said to the missionary, “when you have distributed a great many such, and the people have become familiar with their contents, then there will be a change. In fifty years Gunga will have no more worshippers: we will all be Christians then.” Whenever a few people are gathered together, says this missionary I hear but one subject, all are talking about Jesus Christ and his religion. Who can doubt that the mighty fabric of Hindooism is tottering on its foundations. Its warmest devotees are apprehensive of its fall; and ingenuous youths, whose minds have been faintly illu-

mined by the light of philosophy and religion, blush to own their connexion with the idolatry of their nation.

With regard to the religion of China, which is a species of Buddhism, the following extract from the eloquent author of Saturday Evening, has been copied and approved by the editors of the Chinese Repository, published at Canton: "It must hardly be said that there is any thing of religion in China, if we deduct, on the one hand, what is purely an instrument of civil polity, a pomp of government; and on the other, what is mere domestic usage, or immemorial decoration of the home economy. Ages have passed away since mind, or feeling, or passion animated the religion of Christ. It is now a thing not only as absurdly gay, but as dead at heart as an Egyptian mummy; it is fit only to rest when it has lain for two thousand years: touch it, shake it, it crumbles to dust." Buddhism, says Mr. Gutzlaff, is decried by the learned, laughed at by the profligate, yet followed by all, *for want of a better*.

As to the islands of the sea, a missionary remarks, "the system of superstition is fast falling to pieces. The huge and ghastly idols are rotting, and the people are utterly losing their regard for tabu restrictions. They earnestly solicit missionaries." The inhabitants of other islands say, "if missionaries come to these, and the people do not die, we must have some too."

Such is the present state of the false religions which have for ages enslaved the world. Not one in the prime and vigour of manhood, all old and infirm, and marked, as the writer above quoted expresses it, with the loathsome infirmities which usually attend the close of a dissolute life. Who does not see, that the world with its present characteristics cannot remain stationary here. As the period long since designated in prophecy draws near, the nations of the earth seem ready for one simultaneous movement.

But they will not emerge of their own accord from the darkness of idolatry and fanaticism, into the glorious light of the Gospel, which reproves their deeds. The temple of Christianity will not rise spontaneously, in its beauty, from this wild chaos of ruins. No! it must be reared by Christian hands, with enterprize and zeal. The world must have a religion: shall it be the religion of Jesus? Speak without delay; for while you deliberate whether to seize the opportunity offered you for conquest, the *foe* marches *onward*. The tribes of Africa are daily renouncing their neglected forms for the dreams of the false prophet. Tribes ten years ago free from all bias, and ready for the reception of any thing calling itself religion, are now bigot-

ed Mohammedans: and nations now ready for the reception of the Gospel, ten years hence will, unless the ground be pre-occupied, in all probability be in the same condition. Missionaries may now be sent securely to the nominal Christians of Turkey, and thus be ready at hand to pour the light of divine truth into the opening mind of the awakened Mohammedan. But this may not long be the case. The Turkish Moslem is *even now* contracting a fondness for "balls and masquerades and wine bibbing," simply because they are European accomplishments, and he sees little better from the same source to imitate. How critical the period! The uniform tendency all over the world, as the pride of learning advances without being accompanied by the humility of the Gospel, is to a sort of refined universal scepticism, cold atheism or more polished infidelity. The learned Mohammedans are now becoming infidels, the learned Hindoos sceptics, and the learned Chinese Budhists, atheists. And such must inevitably be the case, unless the disciples of Christ, by bold and active enterprise, seize the vantage ground now yielded by the dispersing armies of the aliens.

Here then is a call, not to future service, an opening which may be occupied when the church shall deem it prudent to arise from her pleasant slumbers, and go forth to action, but a call for ministers, missionaries *for immediate service*. The consequences of delay may be disastrous. Look at the Sandwich Islands. Just as they had cast away their idols, God in his providence sent them missionaries of Jesus. The genius of Christianity caught up the falling sceptre, and now sways it in peace and triumph over that interesting group. Had she neglected it until the present, Roman Catholicism would probably have reigned with gloomy, undisputed sway; and her frowns, more severe and forbidding than the former idolatry and cruelty itself, would have terrified from every attempt to meliorate their condition. Now if this state of universal transition remain unimproved by the soldiers of the cross, the very times will probably give birth to some daring talented impostor, some second Mohammed, who will weave over the feelings and passions of the expecting nations some strong delusion, which must pass through its manhood and decline, before Christianity can again extend her sway over the nations. Does it not seem very like the voice of Providence calling us, at this critical juncture, to leave the citadel in trust of the immense magazines of moral influence, which God has provided, under the direction of those whose age and circumstances compel them to remain "by the stuff," and go forth to the battle with all our forces, before the foe shall have had time to draw up again in fierce battle array?

Aside from this loud general call of God's providence, there is yet one more specific and definite, from individual portions of the heathen world. Yes, O Christian, tired of waiting on your sluggish movements, they would hasten your steps by their loud, thrilling cries, "Come ye bright sons and daughters of America, come and help us." We have heard of the Gospel, we believe it, O who will bring it to us, that we may taste for ourselves its sweetness and fulness. Have they, think you, no desire for happiness beyond the grave? no anxiety about their future destiny? Hear the dying petition of one, into whose dark mind a single ray of truth respecting God, eternity, the soul, had dimly glimmered: "O God," he exclaimed in agony, "if there be a God, save my soul, if I have a soul." The anguish of doubt is but poorly alleviated, by the gloomy doctrine of the transmigration of the soul. A dying Hindoo, with the deepest solicitude, inquired of a Brahmin standing by, What will become of my soul when I die? It will pass, replied the minister of religion, into the body of some animal. With a look of intense interest he repeated the inquiry, *And what then?* The priest confounded, replied, From that into another, and another, for ages to come. The dying man, glancing in thought over this protracted series of years as though it were but a moment, inquired again with still increased anxiety, *And what then?* But Hindooism could furnish no answer. In view of this awful abyss of uncertainty, is it strange that they wish to know something of God, eternal heaven, and eternal hell, and the Saviour of sinners. Here let heathenism herself answer. A priest of respectable appearance and train visited the missionaries in Siam, and remained with them long in anxious colloquy. The Saviour of sinners was the burden of his inquiries. Who was he? How did he expiate the sins of the guilty? *Did his love extend to all nations? How can a sinner be interested in his salvation?* No wonder the poor heathen will sometimes go a whole month's journey to hear a sermon, and beg a Christian book. An army of five hundred, on one occasion, came from a single village to solicit books.

This intense desire for instruction is extending every day; and consequently the call for missionaries is waxing louder and louder. In Burmah, the desire for the Gospel is so intense, that they often come forty or fifty miles, on foot, through deserts, the haunt of the tiger, to attend its ministrations. The missionaries on their tours are sometimes received literally with songs and gladness. Mr. Wade was once, on entering a large village, met by a company of young maidens singing words of the following import:

The Lord his messenger has sent,
 And he himself will soon appear :
 The Burman priests—their day is spent,
 The priests of God his standard rear.”

Nine tenths of the whole male population can read ; and they read with much care. When a Burman, says one, receives a tract, he folds it up in his waist cloth or turban, takes it home to his village, however distant, and the first leisure evening, his wife and relations all gather round the family lamp, and the new writing receives a full discussion. The results are manifest. A missionary on a tour to a distant part, was told that a man had just died in great peace, trusting in a new religion. He repaired to the place, and found clasped in his hand and disposed on his lifeless breast, a *Christian tract* ; which had revealed to him a Saviour, and opened a blessed immortality. He had never seen the face of a missionary. What a field is here opened in the providence of God? Who will go and cultivate it?

As the immense and interesting empire of China will be presented by another, we pass it by, except simply to say, that it is so far accessible, that loud and repeated calls for missionaries have reached our ears. The Emperor has sent to the enterprising Gutzlaff to solicit books for his own use ; and has thus voluntarily placed himself under the influence of Gospel truth. In his edicts against sects and heresies, he has left entirely unmolested the very name of Christian. May we not, therefore, hope that access unlimited may soon be had to any part of that immense empire.

In Corea, north east of China, such was the avidity of the people for Christian books, that five hundred tracts, sent them by the London Tract Society, were immediately *cut up into sentences, and distributed*, that all might have a *portion* of the word of life. Who does not pant to go and tell these waiting nations of the Saviour? Who is there that wishes to benefit the world by the productions of his pen? Let him go and write in Chinese, and we will promise him, that his productions will be read by nearly one third of the whole human family.

The Islands in the Indian Archipelago are also literally waiting for the law of the Lord ; or rather crying for it. One whole village has embraced Christianity, and sent for Christian teachers. Does not this look like nations being born in a day?

In reference to the South Sea Islands, besides the interesting revival at Lahaina, two things are worthy of notice. First, their great desire to send the Gospel to other Pagan islands. Poor as is their own supply, the Sandwich Islands have sent a mission to the Marquesas. And the island of Ruruta and two

others have been in a good degree Christianized, by the blessing of God on the labours of natives from Tahiti. When Christians have got to act thus, to feel as a Chinese convert expresses it, "that difference of country should make no distinction among those that love the Saviour," that true patriotism is the love of every member of Christ's kingdom, and that they are as much bound to send the Gospel to the far off heathen as to supply the vacant churches of our own cities, then may we soon cease to mourn over the darkness and desolation of idolatrous heathen. The second fact alluded to, is the increasing demand for books and instruction. They are willing to purchase books for the staple commodities of the islands, at any price, if they can only procure them. At Wailuku, on the island of Maui, the head man collected and hewed the stones for a respectable chapel. While building it, the people used to gather round, and inquire with weeping eyes, who would preach in it? O, what must have been their joy, when they afterwards received a minister. Some of the stated congregations on these islands number two or three thousand.

India too implores help. At one station one hundred and thirteen families, in six months, renounced heathenism: and worship God, in the very temples formerly devoted to the worship of Satan. The spirit of inquiry is continually rising. "There never was," says an English missionary, "such a thirst for the Gospel as at present. Idolatry cannot long be the religion of India; and should infidelity succeed it, it will be only for want of some to state and defend the doctrines of Christianity. We are not prepared for an extensive conversion of the heathen. We tremble almost to think of it. O cannot some of you come to our help?" More than one hundred renounced caste in a single village by reading a tract given by a native preacher. In one instance, the Hindoos followed the boat of the missionaries, begging for a single tract; and having got one, they held it above the water with one hand, and swam across the river with the other.

Some time since the missionaries were visited by a deputation from the churches long since planted by the labours, and watered by the prayers and tears of the devoted Schwartz. They told them weeping that their churches were mouldering to ruins, their people were scattered abroad, and many of them dead, and the last vestige of Christianity would soon be obliterated, and entreated to send them Christian ministers. The missionaries were obliged to tell them, that they had no ministers to send. The deputation absolutely refused to return without some one to accompany them. At length, melted by the urgency of the

request they dismissed them with some native schoolmasters, instructed indeed in the theory of religion, but who had never felt its power on their own hearts. Is there none in Christian lands willing to go and retrace the footsteps of Schwartz, and re-assemble his scattered flock? Shall facts like these,—these deep and thrilling appeals from the whole heathen world, fall upon our ears with the cold indifference of a thrice told tale? No: it cannot be; the heart once touched with Jesus' love responds, it cannot be. The calls of God's providence can no longer be mistaken. These things are not without meaning. They speak to us, to the members of this society, just as certainly as though a voice from heaven addressed us by name.

We by no means assert that the representation just given is applicable to all the heathen, nor even to the heathen as a body, for the time has not come when all of every nation shall seek the Saviour. Yet this ardent thirst for Christian instruction on the part of so many individuals, and families, and in some cases were islands, nations and kingdoms as a body, we think does prove that Christ's chosen people are scattered among every kindred, and people, and nation under heaven. And this position is strongly corroborated by the readiness and joy with which some of the most zealous devotees have quitted their self-torturing fanaticism, and trusted for full forgiveness, and eternal life, to the simple merits of a Saviour's blood. How many have thus told, while tears of gratitude streamed down their cheeks, of the cruel self-tortures they once vainly practised, in search of that joy and peace, which they have now found so full and sweet in the Redeemer's love. Now if this be so, our duty is as clear as if it were written with a sunbeam, to go and gather the elect from every quarter of the globe, to preach the acceptable year of the Lord, and thus opening the prison doors to them that are bound.

Thus the Apostles acted. Paul remained a year and a half in Corinth, because the Lord told him in a vision that he had much people in that city. So now by his providence he tells us, that he has much people all over the world, and commands us to go and gather them into his fold, that there may be but one fold, as there is but one shepherd. It is for this purpose, he has opened a door into every corner of the world; for where may not the missionary operate, either in person or by Bibles and tracts? The obstacles arising from the opposition of false systems of religion and the bigotry of their devotees is now in the very process of removal, and the very heathen are crying aloud, *come and save us*. The responsibility of not going, therefore, rests solely upon us.

Surely it were cruel for those who possess the life and immortality brought to light in the Gospel, to withhold them from any of their destitute fellow beings, even those who know nothing of their want. But much more so, to withhold them from those who feel their forlorn perishing condition, and who are willing, nay desire and entreat us, to come and tell them of the Saviour, and eternal heaven, and the road which leads to life and blessedness. Can we resist their calls? Think, ye that have tasted the sweetness and preciousness of that hope which the Gospel inspires, think of its value, and say will you, can you, for any reason decline, when it is in your power to put it into the outstretched hand of the poor, anxious, waiting heathen? Can you suffer them to perish, in vain and fruitless efforts to grasp a happiness which they can see but cannot reach, and of whose value they know just enough, to excite the keen anguish of disappointment? No, you cannot. Come, then, let us go and gladden their hearts with the blessed news of pardon and peace through Jesus' death. O how would it cause the tide of joy to flow through the channels worn on their cheeks by the tears of anxiety and sorrow! How would it smoothe their path way through life, which is indeed dark, rugged and thorny: and especially how would the eye dim in the shadows of death brighten and beam with joyous anticipation, while we point them to realms of bliss; and the agonizing anxiety which beclouds that trying hour, gives place to the calm sunshine and beauteous rainbow of hope and of joy; a hope full of immortality a joy unspeakable and full of glory!

“ Servants of the Lord !

Who at your ease in this blest western clime
Do throned his altar sheltered from the storm
And from the heat, to whom the heathen's cry
Far off and deadened by the ocean wave,
Doth come so soft as scarce to wake the prayer
Is Brainerd's spirit dead ? Is there no soul
Like Martyn's left among you ? Doth the zeal
Of Fisk and Parsons perish in their graves ?
Ye too, who in the sacred shrine of home
Are priestesses, remember ye who stood
By Judson's side so faithful unto death,
Who out of tribulation, found her robe
Made white in Jesus' blood ?

Thou God of love !

Hold back the curse of Meroz from our lands,
Which fed to fulness with the bread of heaven,
Sleeps o'er the cup of blessings, and forgets
To gather up the fragments of the feast
For famished suppliant Heathen.”