

THE GIANT AND THE SHEPHERD'S SLING.

A DISCOURSE,

DELIVERED BEFORE THE

FOREIGN MISSIONARY SOCIETY

OF

New-York and Brooklyn,

ON

SABBATH EVENINGS, DECEMBER 3, AND DECEMBER 10, 1865.

BY

REV. THEODORE L. CUYLER,

PASTOR OF LAFAYETTE AVENUE CHURCH, BROOKLYN.

WITH

THE REPORTS OF THE SOCIETY.

NEW-YORK :

ROOMS OF THE AMERICAN BOARD OF COMMISSIONS FOR FOREIGN MISSIONS,
BIBLE HOUSE, ASTOR PLACE

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SERMON.

—•••—
FIRST SAMUEL 17 : 45.

“THEN said David to the Philistine, Thou comest to me with a sword, and with a spear, and with a shield : but I come to thee in the name of the Lord of hosts.”

THAT was a remarkable encounter which once took place in the little valley of Elah. With its thrilling story you are all as familiar as you are with the grapple of American yeomanry on Bunker Hill, or with the dear-bought victory of freedom on the heights of Gettysburgh. From our early childhood we have all loved to read the brief epic of David and Goliath. With our childish eyes we distinctly saw the boastful champion of the Philistines plant himself in full view of Israel, and of Israel's heathen foes.

The champion measures six cubits and a span ; and every inch of his giant stature is encased in flashing brass. The staff of his spear is like to a weaver's beam ; the head of his spear weighs six hundred shekels of iron. A shield-bearer goes before him. His impious proclamation is : “I defy the armies of Israel this day : give me a man, that we may fight together.”

For forty days the heathen's challenge remains unaccepted, and for forty days the heart of Israel is growing

weaker than water. At length a shepherd's boy, fresh from his flocks, with the ruddy tint of toil on his fair young face, steps modestly forth into the lists. In one hand he carries a staff; in the other he carries a common sling. He has dropped five smooth stones into the shepherd's pouch by his side. These are his only weapons; the protection of God is his only armor. Even so was ruddy-cheeked free labor, fresh from its fields, pitted against the giant of oppression in our late national conflict.

I need not read to you the bulletin of that battle at Elah—so short, so sharp, and so decisive. I need not repeat to you modest David's reply to the disdainful champion: "Thou comest to me with a sword, and with a spear, and with a shield: but I come to thee in the name of the Lord of hosts, whom thou hast defied." I need not tell you how the stripling put his hand in his bag, and took thence a stone, and slung it, and smote the Philistine in his forehead, and he fell upon his face to the earth. I need not depict to you the triumphant youth standing on the giant's prostrate carcass, and hewing off his swaggering head; nor the subsequent rout of the heathen before Israel's re-assured and victorious armies.

I have brought to you this narrative to-night as a starting-point and an illustration. It furnishes a happy *parable* of the "irrepressible conflict" between God's right and the devil's wrong. Goliath typifies the giant of ERROR that for forty centuries has defied the living God. Ruddy David is the Missionary Church. The

five smooth stones are Gospel truths. The staff they bear is the unbroken promise of God. Before the "countless cloud of witnesses" in heaven and on earth the conflict is joined; and all that "assembly shall know that the Lord saveth not with sword and spear; for *the battle is the Lord's,*" and He will yet give the enemy into our hands.

If the stripling of Bethlehem seemed a most unequal match for the brazen-mailed giant of Gath, how much more disproportionate is the Church's missionary band to the stupendous enemy which they confront! Worldly wisdom smiles at what it styles their "weak-minded enthusiasm;" and, while it coldly commends their object, it predicts an inevitable failure. But the little band stand to their post. Rationalism derides them. Infidelity scoffs at them. The false prophet and the false priests of Baal threaten them. But yet the little band toils on. When one of their number sinks at his post, there is another ready to step forward and to take up the abandoned implements of labor. The ranks swell every year; and often a gentle woman steps forth, and with meek heroism takes up the burden of a toil that has sunk so many a strong man to his grave. Occasionally a youthful missionary falls when he has just learned how to wield his sling. Occasionally a Lyman or a Lowrie is struck down by murderous violence. A Winslow, a Judson, and a Poor sink under the burden of the long day, and are laid to rest. A Father Goodell comes home to die. A nobler

life no man can live, a sublimer death no man can die,
than to live or die a missionary of the Cross!

“How beautiful it is for man to die
Upon the walls of Zion! To be called,
Like a watch-worn and weary sentinel,
To put his armor off, and rest in heaven.
What is the warrior’s clarion—though its blast
Ring with the conquest of a world—to this?
What are all
The trumpetings of proud humanity
To the short history of one *who dies for souls*,
And makes his sepulchre beside the King of Kings?”

In presenting to you, to-night, that sacred cause for which the very flower of the Church are yielding up their lives, I invite you to consider, first, the gigantic nature of the work; and secondly, the simple means to which God has pledged the final victory. If we look only at the first, we shall be tempted to despair. If we look only at the divine pledge of victory, we shall be tempted to presumption. Neither of these two great thoughts must be allowed to hide the other from our view.

I admit the difficulty of realizing, and of making you realize, the stupendous bulk of that enterprise to which our modern Church has laid its hands. Its numerical figures—like those figures by which the astronomer measures the dimensions and the distance of the sun—completely overpower us. Our common mode of speaking of it proves that we fail to grasp it. We flippantly talk about the “conversion of the world,” as if it were no more formidable than the founding of a

new State, or the overthrow of a rebellion. It is often introduced into the prayers and the speeches of the monthly concert in a way that shows how little idea the speaker has of what he is saying. *The conversion of the world!* Measure and master the bare thought, if you can. Bear in mind that it means not only the regeneration of every individual soul that now sits under the Gospel's fullest blaze—and not only the conversion of every false professor in the universal Church—and not only the reclamation of every stubborn Jew, and every stiff-necked skeptic, of every abandoned outcast in Christendom, but it would include, also, the complete moral renovation of every one of the seven hundred millions that have never yet learned the alphabet of Christianity. It means the overthrow of every idol-temple, of every mosque, and every mass-house on the globe; or else their consecration to the true worship of Jehovah. If the omnipotence of God were put forth to convert the entire world within a single ordinary generation, it would require the conversion of thirty millions every year, of six hundred thousand every week, and of nearly one hundred thousand souls each day! This rude computation gives one aspect of the gigantic work. In order to understand more exactly just what the Church of God has undertaken to do, let us sweep our eye for a moment over the moral map of the world as it lies before us, in its colossal "wickedness." As we study that moral chart, we discover that four great divisions or systems include the human race.

I. The first is the system of unmixed *heathenism*. This includes every nation that is wholly given up to idolatry; that worships the gods of their own manufacture; that has not in its religion a single trace of Bible Christianity. Under the midnight gloom of heathenism lie four hundred millions of the human race. Nearly one half of the population of our planet!

This is the system which has least of God and most of the devil in it of any which human depravity has devised. This is the system which sinks humanity to its *nadir* of degradation, which makes the present life the most wretched, and the life to come the most appalling. This is the system which kindles the funeral pile for the mother, and consigns her helpless babe to the Ganges; which spreads its bed of self-torture, and rolls its car of Juggernaut over its shrieking victims; which varies its obscenities worthy of a Sodom by ferocities worthy of the Pit.

From beneath its wild and dark dominion, an unnumbered multitude are moving on to the bar of God. Every hour two thousand heathen souls are bursting into eternity! Fix your eye on that interminable procession of immortal beings that with heavy tread press on toward the terrible brink, and disappear from our sight. Observe how close the ranks, how steady the advance, how rapidly they plunge over the awful verge! While you gaze, they are going! They are gone! During the very hour that we are gathered in this Christian temple, a larger number of heathen souls than this audience could contain are plunging,

without God, into a hopeless eternity. And what have you and I done to save them?

II. Turning away from these immense hordes of idolaters, we come next to a *second* division, which is less numerous than the first, but not much less benighted in spiritual error. The followers of the impostor Mohammed number nearly two hundred millions. They occupy nearly all the territory over which the Apostolic Church won its most splendid triumphs. Damascus, Syria, Asia Minor, Egypt, have long been overgrown by this deadly Upas-tree. Through the same streets in which Paul once preached the "good news" of Calvary, a Christian proselyte is now hooted like a dog.

Let God be praised that this Upas is death-smitten to its core. Mohammedanism made all its conquests within two centuries after its birth. To-day it has no aggressive power. It sends out no missionaries. It subdues no provinces. It has no future in its brain. Every locomotive that goes thundering into Cairo, or up through the passes of the Lebanon, brings new ideas into its silent, stagnant realm. Every Christian sermon that is preached under its rotten boughs shakes down some decaying twig. The Upas is dead at the root. It needs but the free blasts of Gospel truth upon its blasted trunk to bring it down; and its thundering crash shall awaken the dead civilizations that have long been sepulchred under its shadows.

III. In striking contrast with inert and decaying Mohammedanism stands the *third* system, the system

which has its heart at ROME and a palpitating nerve in every latitude on the globe.* While the religion of the Koran is slowly drawing up its feet into the bed to die, the religion of the Vatican is instinct with aggressive life to its finger-ends. Popery is not indeed what it was when the imperial successor of Charlemagne lay down in the dust at the threshold of the Pontifical palace, to propitiate the arrogant despot who reigned within. Neither is it what it was sixty years ago, when a Pope was dragged to Paris to place the iron crown on the brow of the despoiler of Papal dignities, and when the head of the Great Beast was "as it were wounded to death." But its present condition is certainly more like the era of Hildebrand than like the era of Napoleon. The ancient heresy of twelve centuries keeps a fresh supply of young blood in its veins. Whatever "Giant Pope" may have suffered in the days of Bunyan, it is certain that he does something more in these days than to "sit in the door of his cave" and gnash his teeth at the passing pilgrims. He has cunning in his ten fingers, and strength in his right arm. The spirit of Loyola still haunts the Vatican. Popery is the *masterpiece* of human craft, propelled by the glowing anthracite of an inextinguishable fanaticism. Her engineers sometimes "bank the furnaces," but never let the fires die out. Popery never was more dangerous than to-day. Never have her coffers been more freely "bled" to equip missionaries and to found nunneries, to build stately cathedrals on Brooklyn's loftiest

* These passages were printed by the author in the *New-Englander*.

height and on New-York's most splendid avenue. The Papacy plants his picket-guard at Oxford right by the monument of Ridley and Latimer, and makes a beautiful Empress his "deputy" at Paris. With one of his many arms he holds South-America, with another he clutches at the magnificent Valley of the Mississippi.

The actual number of those who acknowledge his supremacy is not less than one hundred and fifty millions. But he has thousands of "Ritualistic" allies in the ranks of nominal Protestantism. On the continent of Europe he holds all the territory he held two centuries ago, while Protestantism has been weakened by formalism and poisoned by the rationalistic virus that oozes from the German universities. In the land of Luther and Melancthon, the fine gold has become dim. In the fair city of Farel and John Calvin, rationalism held full sway until the revival under the Haldanes thirty years ago. The traveller through Germany, Prussia, and Switzerland sees but too little difference between scores of churches that bear Luther's name and those false churches against which Luther made valiant fight. At this hour Romanism is more to be dreaded than all the heathenism and Moslemism of the globe combined; they are passive and moribund; but Popery is as subtle and as nimble as the prince of the powers of the air.

But, brethren, we need not study any further the militant religions of our globe. After our survey of the colossal systems of heathenism, of the false prophet, and the man of sin, we turn away toward the compara-

tively slender band of "the faithful in Christ Jesus" somewhat as we turn from the giant of Gath, with his spear like a weaver's beam, to the ruddy shepherd's boy armed only with his sling. The Goliath of Error outbulks our slender David by many a cubit of measurement. But David has the "five smooth stones" and the LIVING GOD on his side. The giant comes out against us with his sword, and with his spear, and with his shield. The Missionary Church advances against him "in the name of the Lord of hosts, the God of Israel whom he has defied." And all the world shall yet know that the Lord saveth not with human sword and spear and shield, but with the five smooth stones of Gospel truth, wielded by the arm of faith! The battle is the Lord's. It shall be won, "not by might, not by power, but my Spirit, saith the Lord."

(a.) Wherein lies the real power of the Missionary Church? (I use this term because my Bible gives me no other idea of a true church than a missionary, aggressive, reformatory, soul-saving body of working believers.) Wherein lies her power? Manifestly not in her numbers; for she embraces less than one fourth of the human race. Manifestly not in her earthly resources; for Mammon has more wealth than the Church, and Antichrist possesses cunninger state-craft and mightier armies. Her power lies in her living *union with the living God*. And in proportion to her closeness of union with Christ Jesus, will she be sagacious in plan, steadfast of purpose, fertile in resources, zealous in labor, prevalent in prayer, and victorious in achievement.

Christ is in the Missionary Church. He is *not* in heathenism, or in Moslemism, or in Rome. When He gave the Church her commission, "Go, teach all nations," He sealed up with it the priceless promise: "Lo! *I am with you* to the end of the world."

With one slender rod, Moses cleft the Red Sea asunder; but God was in the rod. With a herdsman's sling, David brought down the Philistine; but God strengthened the young shepherd's arm, and guided the fatal stone. Out from the doorway of a prayer-meeting in Jerusalem, a handful of plain people issued forth, to turn the heathen world "upside down," and to carry the cross from the Euphrates to the Tiber. But Christ went with them and in them from that "upper chamber." Christ flamed on Peter's tongue; Christ reasoned from Paul's cultured brain; Christ spake from Apollos' lips; Christ throbbed in the pulsations of John's warm heart; Christ shone from Stephen's face, when it was like unto the face of an angel. *Lo! I am with you always*, blazed on the banners of every apostolic corps; *Lo! I am with you always*, rang as her bugle-call to every march to victory. The power of that missionary apostolic Church lay in her piety; for her piety was the measure of her union with Jesus Christ. And in our day, the Church's piety is the Church's power. Do not forget, my brethren, this truth of truths for a moment. The power of the missionary Church is her living, toiling, self-denying piety. For this there can be no substitute. The Church may increase her agencies as she

will ; she may multiply her machinery a hundred-fold ; but it will be all for naught, unless Christ Jesus be the “living Spirit within the wheels.” What the missionary Church now most needs is—another Pentecost. And all ye who would see new vigor in the work of missions—who would see a new zeal, a new liberality, a new inspiration in the Church at home, must besiege God’s mercy-seat for a powerful, soul-quicken- ing revival.

(*b.*) Look now with me, a moment, at another element of strength in the Missionary Church. Not only is the power of God promised to her fidelity, but the wisdom of God is visible in the choice of her materials. In our modern times, God has put his gospel faith into the *best races* on the globe. David has better blood in his veins than Goliath. The races to which God has intrusted His staff and five smooth stones of Gospel-truth, are the same races that drew up Magna Charta and the Declaration of Independence—the races that have made iron types to talk and iron ships to swim—that have strung the telegraphic nerves through humanity’s limbs, and have woven out of revealed law the highest forms yet reached of Christian civilization. For the spread of his gospel, God has made Great Britain strong, and Holland industrious, and Germany learned, and has saved our American Republic as by fire. The welfare of Christianity has God bound up with the welfare of certain races and nations. If this be so, how vitally important it is that those nations

who essay to Christianize other nations should themselves be Christianized to the very core!

When the diplomacy of Christian nations has been employed to outwit simple savages, and the commerce of Christian nations has been employed to cheat them; when the same ship that carried out the Bible was also freighted with opium and firearms, and with handcuffs to bind on savage limbs, we need not wonder that the very name of Christianity became an opprobrium and a terror. Only a few weeks ago, a vessel was cleared from an American port to the coast of Africa, which carried seven missionaries in her cabin, and several thousand barrels of New-England rum in her cargo! I very much fear that the contents of her cargo will prove an overmatch for the contents of her cabin.

Of other nations I am not to speak to-night. But for my own beloved land, I rejoice to say that her Divine Deliverer seems to be preparing her for her predestined work abroad by no common discipline. I rejoice that God has washed from our escutcheon that big black blot that was visible clear round the globe—although He did wash it away with the tears of America's mothers and the best blood of America's sons. What our liberated land now needs is another baptism—the baptism of Pentecost. Wherefore, all ye who long to see America's influence go forth like the morning light over every land, I pray you that ye besiege the mercy-seat for a powerful, purifying, pentecostal revival.

(c.) Before I close, let me remind you of another

pertinent parallel between the shepherd-boy of Israel and Christ's Missionary Church. The young David of Bethlehem brought from his sheep-cote to the battlefield of Elah a hearty frame, a rustic simplicity, and an intrepid heart. Like the strong-limbed rail-hewer of our day, who slung the stone that slew Slavery, he was a plain-born son of toil, with the smell of mother earth on his garments. His cheek was ruddy with temperance; his sinews were knit with athletic exercise. That rustic son of Jesse, fresh from the hills, is a beautiful type of Christ's Church in its best days—its *days of self-denial*—its apostolic days, when fishermen and tent-makers conquered principalities and powers—its Reformation days, when the miner's son from Saxony, and the lean student of Geneva, smote the Papal Goliath—its Puritan days, when Cromwell's "Iron-sides" sent curl-pated cavaliers "whirling" over Marston Moor; when a band of Yorkshire farmers and herdsmen steered the "Mayflower" through wintry tempests to bleak Plymouth Rock! And in our days the missionaries of the cross have mostly come from such households as the household of Jesse. Herein lies a lesson and a warning.

Brethren! I have a prodigious fear for our metropolitan churches—for to such I speak to-night. I fear that fast-growing wealth is impoverishing the Church's piety; I fear that an unparalleled prosperity is making our churches luxurious, fashionable, worldly-minded, self-indulgent. The religion that walks on life's sunny side in Paris laces, and sips its choice wines in free-

stone mansions, is not the religion that breeds missionaries, or fights Goliaths.

Don't you remember reading in your childhood's favorite fiction about Sinbad's voyage into the Indian Ocean? Do you remember that magnetic rock that rose from the surface of the placid sea? Silently the vessel was attracted toward it; silently the bolts were drawn out of the ship's sides, one by one, through the subtle traction of that magnetic rock. And when the fated vessel drew so near that every bolt and clamp were unloosed, the whole structure of bulwark, mast, and spars, tumbled into ruin on the sea, and the sleeping sailors awoke to their drowning agonies!

So stands the magnetic rock of *worldliness* athwart the Church's path. If the Church draw too near, then bolt after bolt of godly purpose will be drawn out, clamp after clamp of Christian obligation will be unloosed, until the sacred argosy, that is freighted with immortal hopes, shall tumble into a shattered and disgraceful wreck. Depend upon it, brethren, that God will never suffer this to be. He will not let us rob Him. Depend upon it, that if we lie down to luxurious slumber on couches of rosewood, while the world is perishing, He will snatch the couch from beneath us in financial judgments. If we persist in paving the way to our places of amusement and our parties of pleasure with His silver and gold, He will wrest it from us with the terrible rebuke: "Ye may no longer be my stewards!" Oh! for the descent of a Pentecostal fire to consume this "wood, hay, and stubble"

of pomp and luxury! Oh! ye who long to see the self-pampering churches brought back to a hardier self-denial and a holier self-consecration, I pray you that ye besiege the mercy-seat, and labor, too, for a soul-humbling, church-purifying *revival*.

But I must not weary you with the discussion of a widening theme. As we close, we seem to be looking out upon the stupendous conflict between light and darkness, between the hosts of truth and the hosts of error. The field of this conflict is not a narrow vale of Elah; it is the wide, wide world. Like the swarming squadrons of Philistia on the mountain-sides, stand the combined innumerable hosts of heathenism, of the false prophet, and the man of sin. Like the brazen-mailed giant of Gath, stands *Antichrist*—proud, stubborn, impious, and defiant. As the shepherd's boy of Bethlehem came forth to confront Israel's foe, so come forth the missionary band of Christ. They are inferior indeed to the foe in numbers; but a single man, with God on his side, is in the majority. In the missionary band of Christendom are represented eighty-five different organizations. Of these, twenty-two hail from Great Britain; twenty from our beloved Union; thirteen from Germany; nine from little Holland; seven from the lands of the "Norsemen;" one from France, and the remainder from British colonies. Of these organizations, the two largest are the "Wesleyan Society" of England, and the "American Board of Foreign Missions." As the roll of the American Board is called, three hundred and twenty missionaries answer to their

names ; they already can point to seven hundred and eighty-nine "native helpers," and twenty-five thousand living heathen converts. These are the men of whom the most eminent Scotch painter once said to me: "America has produced many great artists and authors and orators ; but the most superior body of men she has yet furnished are her missionaries." Each one of them is equipped with the staff and the sling. Each one has in his scrip the five smooth stones from

"Siloa's brook,
That flows fast by the oracles of God."

To our weak faith, this missionary band seem small and few for the moral conquest of the globe. But who can tell how many Martyns and Winslows and Duffs the eye of God may discern yet waiting in the household of Jesse ? Who can say that there is not now upon his mother's knee another Luther, who shall lead the last great onset against the man of sin ; or another Calvin, to vindicate the cross before European skepticism ; or another Wesley, to awake with Gideon's trumpet a formal church to fresh revivals and a loftier zeal ? Who can tell how soon the eye of God may see an American missionary preaching Christ in the Mosque of Omar, or proclaiming the downfall of the Papacy under the frescoed dome of St. Peter's ?

That time is coming ! It is eighteen centuries nearer than when the first missionary concert of prayer was held in the "upper room" at Jerusalem. It is fifty years nearer than when the first American missionary

sailed from Boston wharf to the shores of India. It is as sure to come as to-morrow's sunrise. Do you ask, When will that time arrive? I answer: It will come when the Church of Christ shall pray as the first missionary concert prayed at Jerusalem; it will come when all the followers of Jesus shall write *Holiness to the Lord* on every dollar in their coffers—when the Church shall consecrate all her children to self-denial and to holy toils, and shall train every David from his cradle to wield the sling! Then, all the world shall know that God saveth not with sword and spear; for the battle is the Lord's, and on the brow of the ENTHRONED LAMB shall rest the diadem of victory.

THIRTY-EIGHTH ANNUAL REPORT.

OF THE

New-York and Brooklyn Foreign Missionary Society.

[The Corresponding Secretary of the Auxiliary Society, having failed through multiplied engagements to present the report usual on such occasions, the following statement and remarks were furnished at the Anniversary by the Corresponding Secretary of the American Board resident in New-York.]

The thirty-eighth Anniversary of the New-York and Brooklyn Foreign Missionary Society occurs at a period of marked interest in its history, and that of the parent Society and the cause with which it is associated.

In the year which ended a few months after the beginning of our late national struggle, the contributions from the field of this auxiliary to the treasury of the American Board amounted to \$29,842; and the Board, at its close, was left burdened with a debt of \$27,885. At the end of the last year of the war, the Board announces a surplus of \$1,148; and this auxiliary Society reports contributions to the amount of \$53,796.48. This sum exceeds the receipts of the previous year by \$7,744; of the year before that, by \$13,085; and of the year preceding the latter, by \$29,185. The aggregate contributed by this Society in the four years before the war was \$102,372. During the four years just ended it has been \$165,175—an excess of \$63,803.

Making due allowance for fluctuations in the currency on the one hand, and considering, on the other, the unprecedented demands on Christian liberality in other directions, and the burdens imposed by the war, this result is highly gratifying and instructive.

The claims of this important department of Christian beneficence require a continuance, and even increase of this liberality in its support. Its cost has been considerably augmented by a general rise of prices in most parts of the world, which has been going on for several years, and seems likely to be permanent. The missions, from want of adequate reinforcements, and by reason of many afflictive bereavements, need accessions of new laborers, who, it is hoped, will soon ask to be sent. It is a painful fact that the number of ordained missionaries under the care of the American Board is twenty-three, and of laborers of all classes from this

country is sixty-two, less than it was five years ago. Surely this ought not so to be. The motives to evangelistic effort in behalf of the heathen; the obligations which we are under to our brethren, who are fainting and dying under burdens too heavy for them to bear; the graves of the fallen on missionary ground; the necessary demands created by successes, for instruction to the inquiring, the care of converts, and the supervision and training of a growing native agency; the opening of new fields for which we have long prayed; the wonders which God has wrought for us, and which he is working in other lands, to hasten the coming glories of his kingdom—all eloquently plead for a faith and zeal far beyond the measure of our present attainment in the enterprise of giving the Gospel to all men.

The signs of the times, interpreted by prophetic revelations, seem to indicate that we are at the commencement of an era of new manifestations of Divine power, and requiring a new and unwonted consecration to the highest ends of Christian living. What holy men of past ages have longed to see, but saw not, we are permitted to behold. Opportunities never furnished before, and responsibilities which were not possible before, are a solemn call to us to "*hear* what the Spirit saith to the churches." Our position in these two connected cities is peculiar. Here, at the commercial heart of a continent, and a point second hardly to any other as a commercial centre of the whole world, we must respond to appeals as numerous and varied as the wants of the world and the kingdom of God. There is here an accumulation of wealth sufficient for far greater achievements than have yet been undertaken, or we are now contemplating, and which is given that it may be used for Christ.

The cries of the heathen, and of the destitutions of our own vast home field, come up with a new force of appeal into our ears, that our new prosperity may not prove our ruin. Our wealth flows in upon us even from the utmost borders and least known interior recesses of remotest lands: shall we not give on a scale correspondingly large? We send out soul-destroying influences with our commerce to the farthest portions of the globe: shall we not send with these that which can purify and save? What, also, can we deem more pleasing to Him, who came a missionary from heaven, and gave his life for us, than that we express our sympathy with Him, and illustrate the religion of which he is the author, by an exhibition of its spirit in that form of disinterested self-sacrifice, which, rising even above Christian patriotism, more than any other is seen to seek the good of others with no view to our own advantage, or that of the community of which we form a part.

And how can we more acceptably show our gratitude for the great deliverance and preëminent blessings granted to our country, than by a just appreciation of the world-wide ends which they are intended to serve, and a ready response to the claims of universal humanity for the priceless gift, the bestowal of which does really bless us scarcely less than its reception blesses those to whom we impart it?

RECEIPTS OF THE SOCIETY.

THE following statement exhibits the receipts of the Foreign Missionary Society of New-York and Brooklyn, from its organization in 1827 to August 31, 1865.

For the year	ending	Aug. 31,	1827,		\$6,970 99
"	"	"	1828,		3,407 20
"	"	"	1829,		6,682 49
"	"	"	1830,		9,564 29
"	"	"	1831,		7,597 23
"	"	"	1832,		9,984 91
"	"	"	1833,		14,044 64
"	"	"	1834,		7,635 57
"	"	July 31,	1835,		13,401 83
"	"	"	1836,		12,164 95
"	"	"	1837,		17,107 34
"	"	"	1838,		11,234 86
"	"	"	1839,		13,796 61
"	"	"	1840,		11,132 91
"	"	"	1841,		12,447 64
"	"	"	1842,		15,301 06
"	"	"	1843,		13,390 01
"	"	"	1844,		10,923 95
"	"	"	1845,		11,885 04
"	"	"	1846,		7,974 42
"	"	"	1847,		13,807 09
"	"	"	1848,		11,598 39
"	"	"	1849,		21,252 76
"	"	"	1850,		13,241 69
"	"	"	1851,		17,847 31
"	"	"	1852,		23,230 49
"	"	"	1853,		22,173 26
"	"	"	1854,		20,342 43
"	"	"	1855,		18,106 29
"	"	"	1856,		21,648 94
"	"	"	1857,		28,914 41
"	"	"	1858,		24,208 24
"	"	"	1859,		20,308 62
"	"	"	1860,		28,013 09
"	"	Aug. 31,	1861,		29,841 98
"	"	"	1862,		24,611 17
"	"	"	1863,		40,711 16
"	"	"	1864,		46,052 68
"	"	"	1865,		53,796 48

\$696,354 42

THE

Foreign Missionary Society of New-York and Brooklyn,

In account with their Treasurer, ALMON MERWIN,

From Sept. 1, 1864, to August 31, 1865.

	Cr.
Allen street Presbyterian Church,	\$163 00
Brick " "	600 00
Broadway Tabernacle Congregational Church, . .	1,205 09
Church of the Covenant, Presbyterian " . . .	4,451 82
Central " "	149 73
Eleventh " "	109 15
Fourteenth street " "	2,056 51
Fourth Avenue " "	1,099 84
Harlem " "	171 02
Harlem Congregational "	31 22
Madison Square, Presbyterian "	9,039 46
Mercer street " "	4,301 85
Seventh " "	286 92
Spring street " "	66 00
Thirteenth " "	181 00
West " "	1,214 22
Chapin Missionary Association,	332 50
	<hr/> \$25,459 33
A merchant of New-York City,	10,000 00
A lady, " "	500 00
Miss C. A. H., " "	500 00
Mr. J. A. D.,	750 00
Mr. J. H. B.,	750 00
A Friend,	1,000 00
Sundry donations in New-York and Brooklyn, . .	2,876 29
	<hr/> \$16,376 29

BROOKLYN.

Church of the Pilgrims, Congregational Church, .	3,246 24
Clinton Avenue " "	3,076 00
Central " "	126 71
Elm Place " "	36 73
First Presbyterian "	1,344 86
Lafayette Avenue " "	898 93
New-England Congregational "	100 00
Plymouth " "	639 80

Church of the Puritans, Congregational Church, . . .	139 17
South Presbyterian " . . .	550 97
South Congregational " . . .	701 85
Third Presbyterian " . . .	284 60
Cumberland street Mission-school Thank-offering, . . .	500 00
Armstrong Juvenile Missionary Society, . . .	315 00
	<hr/> 11,960 86

\$53,796 48

DR.

Paid for 2,000 copies Dr. Thompson's sermon, collect- ing, and other expenses,	356 29
Entered at sundry times in account with Langdon S. Ward, Treasurer of the A. B. C. F. M., including sums sent by contributors directly to him,	53,440 19

\$53,796 48

LIST OF OFFICERS

FOR THE YEAR 1866.

PRESIDENT,

DAVID HOADLEY.

VICE-PRESIDENTS,

A. R. WETMORE,		WILLIAM E. DODGE,
S. B. CHITTENDEN,		OLIVER E. WOOD.

CORRESPONDING SECRETARY,

REV. HOWARD CROSBY, D.D.

RECORDING SECRETARY,

ALMON MERWIN.

TREASURER,

ALMON MERWIN.

DIRECTORS.

<i>Allen street Presbyterian Church,</i>	JOSEPH W. LESTER, WM. C. BRADLEY.
<i>Broadway Tabernacle,</i>	W. H. THOMSON, M.D., L. RANNEY, M.D.
<i>Central Presbyterian</i>	..	W. S. DORR.
<i>Eleventh Presbyterian</i>	..	ALEX McVEY, RODNEY P. LUGAR.
<i>Fourteenth street</i>	..	J. F. JOY, STEPHEN CUTTER.
<i>Fourth Avenue</i>	..	JOHN N. CHESTER, LUTHER JACKSON.
<i>Harlem</i>	..	H. W. RIPLEY.
<i>Harlem Congregational</i>	..	EDGAR KETCHUM, JAMES RIKER
<i>Mercer street Presbyterian</i>	..	W. W. CHESTER, THOMAS BOND.
<i>Madison Square</i>	..	Z. S. ELY, CHARLES H. TRASK, EZRA M. KINGSLEY.
<i>North</i>	..	CHARLES H. RUSHER, JOHN CAMERDEN.
<i>Seventh</i>	..	CHARLES MERRILL, JAS. W. BISHOP.
<i>Church of the Covenant,</i>	HERMON GRIFFIN, F. G. BURNHAM, BENJAMIN F. BUTLER.
<i>Spring street Presbyterian Church.</i>	G. S. CHAPIN, JOHN R. WILCOX.
<i>Thirteenth street</i>	..	LEWIS E. JACKSON, RUFUS S. KING.
<i>West</i>	..	A. L. EARLE, F. W. WHITTEMORE.

<i>Bedford Cong. Church, Brooklyn,</i>	EDWARD T. GOODALL.
<i>Clinton Av. " " "</i>	A. S. BARNES, SAMUEL E. WARNER, WM. H. HARRIS.
<i>Church of the Pilgrims, " "</i>	SYDNEY SANDERSON, S. F. PHELPS, RICH. P. BUCK, ELY MYGAT, JR.
<i>Church of the Puritans, " "</i>	
<i>Central Cong. Church, " "</i>	S. B. COLE.
<i>Elm Place " " "</i>	F. W. BURKE, CHAS. B. WILLIAMS.
<i>First Presbyterian " " "</i>	FISHER HOWE, HENRY IDE.
<i>Plymouth Cong. " " "</i>	J. T. HOWARD, ARTHUR NICHOLS J. B. HUTCHINSON.
<i>Lafayette Av. Presb. Ch. " "</i>	E. A. LAMBERT, WM. W. WICKES, WM. CHURCHILL.
<i>South " " "</i>	R. F. HOWES, A. L. VAN BUREN.
<i>South Cong. " " "</i>	S. N. DAVIS, HENRY LAW.
<i>Third " " "</i>	W. W. HURLBUT, J. C. HALSEY, M D
<i>Westminster " " "</i>	ALLEN L. BASSETT, WILLIAM HIMROD.
<i>Warren street Miss. " " "</i>	JAMES MORGAN.
<i>First Presb. Church, Williamsburgh,</i>	J. W. BUCKLEY, GEO. W. EDWARDS.
<i>City Park Mission Church,</i>	ISAAC N. JUDSON, H. C. PERKINS.
<i>New-England Cong. Church,</i>	R. B. HUNT, E. B. KINGSBURY.