

Pam. -
Sermon

FOREIGN MISSIONS.



S E R M O N,

PREACHED MAY 3, 1819, AT THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE

UNITED FOREIGN MISSIONARY SOCIETY,

IN THE GARDEN-STREET CHURCH,

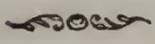
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1819.

SERMON.

MARK xvi. 15.

GO YE INTO ALL THE WORLD AND PREACH THE GOSPEL TO EVERY
CREATURE.

I HAVE appeared before you to present the cries of five hundred and fifty millions who are perishing in pagan or Mahometan darkness, and one hundred and sixty millions sunk in fatal ignorance under the Christian name. For many ages the Church had been praying for the heathen, and saying, "Be ye warmed and filled," without making any attempt to send the Gospel to them. Of late years they have awoke to more consistent and charitable views; and now, instead of saying, Let us have mercy on the heathen, the general cry is, How could we suppress our compassions so long? If there are any who still refuse to put their hands to the work, on one thing we must insist, that they never again *pray* for the heathen. It is too much, with all the light now shed upon the subject, to offer these inconsistent petitions any longer.

Our three denominations have done something in a way of domestic missions, but to our grief and shame we must acknowledge, we have long slumbered over the interests of the pagan world. To this great concern we have just awoke: and if no

other effect should follow but that increase of brotherly love which this union has produced, we have not lost our pains. This is almost the only ground, besides that of Bible societies, on which different denominations can affectionately co-operate. In domestic missions they cannot act together; for the question would constantly arise, whose ecclesiastical order shall prevail in the churches to be established. But here we can meet on common ground. I hail the era of foreign missions and Bible societies, as the set time to join in closer concord the different parts of the body of Christ. On these noble institutions I seem to see inscribed in letters of light, BROTHERLY LOVE, and under their base I see dug deep the grave of bigotry. There let the fiend sleep, and rot, and rise no more to distract and disfigure the Church of God.

Our text contains the command of the ascending Saviour, directed through the apostles to Christians in every age, and plainly binding the churches of the 19th century, to the utmost limit of their power, to send the Gospel through the world. It needs no comment: as intelligible and positive as the command "Thou shalt not kill," it carries on its face the obligations of those now assembled, to engage with all their heart in the great work of evangelizing the heathen. And it plainly lays out for me the duty of advocating the cause of foreign missions.

Perhaps some are yet to be persuaded. After all the wonders which seven and twenty years have disclosed, perhaps here and there an individual may be found who is still hanging to the old objections against foreign missions. Let me find the man who

has thus thrown himself between the pagan world and salvation. You object to missions among the heathen: how then are five hundred millions of your brethren to be christianized without the Gospel? It is inscribed on the foundations of Zion, that "faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the word of God." "For the Scripture saith,—Whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved. How then shall they call on him in whom they have not believed? and how shall they believe in him of whom they have not heard? and how shall they hear without a preacher? and how shall they preach except they be sent?" Dream not that the heathen are to be converted in some unknown way without the Gospel. Missionaries must go forth, bearing the word and ordinances of God. In this way alone the Gospel was extended in the apostolic age. It has never advanced a single step without these means; it never will. After all the care which God has taken to give to the world a written revelation and a Gospel ministry, and to honour these as his own appointed means, he will not work miracles to discredit what he himself has instituted. He will not bring on the millennium in a way to cast contempt upon his word and ordinances, and to darken that period with the error that these institutions are of no importance. He will slay the enmity of the heathen by no other weapon than "the sword of the Spirit which is the word of God."

Do you magnify the difficulties of the attempt, and say, "If the Lord would make windows in heaven," success might be possible? I know the difficulties are great, much too great for human strength to over-

come. The sottish ignorance, the inveterate prejudices, the long established habits of sin, the power of superstition, the paramount influence of false guides, and above all the dominion of the carnal heart, create obstacles which no intrinsic power of men or means can surmount. The unaided ministry of an angel could not avail. If we have nothing to rely on but our own strength, we must indeed resign the heathen to absolute despair. But is the case altogether different from what we find at home? What pious minister assails the carnal heart of the most amiable and best instructed youth in his own strength? Who has power to raise the baptised dead? But when we look to the arm of God, success even among the heathen is possible. Has it not already been attained? By what means was the Church extended in the apostolic age? By what means was one field of divine wonders laid down from India to Spain, from Scythia to Ethiopia? Was it not by the blessing of God upon missions among the heathen? And what have we seen in modern times? Have you never read of the labours of the Moravians? Have you never heard of the success of the Danish mission on the Coromandel coast? or of the Baptist mission in northern India? or of the mission of the London society among the Hottentots of Africa? or of the wonders in the southern islands, where a nation has been born in a day? By ancient charter the heathen are given to Christ for an inheritance, and as eternal truth abides they shall be his, and his through the instrumentality of faithful missionaries. The times are hastening on. I already seem to catch the songs of new-born thousands in the eastern breeze, and hear them

echoed from the western hills and the southern Andes. This earth shall present one vast altar, and all the space between it and heaven shall be filled with the incense of praise.

But you say, "The time is not come, the time that the Lord's house should be built;" the time has not come to send the Gospel to the heathen. The time has come, the very time fixed upon by the determinate counsel of heaven, and marked out by the Spirit of prophecy. Listen to this: "I saw another angel fly in the midst of heaven, having the everlasting Gospel to preach unto them that dwell on the earth, and to every nation, and kindred, and tongue, and people; saying with a loud voice, Fear God and give glory to him, for the hour of his judgment is come.—And there followed another angel, saying, Babylon is fallen, is fallen." When the angel with the everlasting Gospel proclaimed, "The hour of his judgment is come," (the judgment which was to prostrate spiritual Babylon,) he had not yet reached the field of his mission. His first sermon was not yet begun. Nor had the judgment commenced; this was its first annunciation. The storm was suspended in mid-air, ready to burst, and the angel was hastening with winged speed to the congregations scattered through the various nations, kindreds, tongues, and people. The judgment was manifestly to burst just at the time that the preaching to the different nations commenced. And what have we seen? Have we not seen for more than twenty summers the fields of those nations drenched in blood which had given "their power and strength unto the beast"? Have we not seen a moral flood, with a still more impetu-

ous torrent, sweeping away the fables of the man of sin, and breaking an enchantment which can never be restored? And notwithstanding the present armistice, who can doubt that the judgment then commenced which was to prostrate spiritual Babylon? And what else have we seen? Have we not seen missionary, and Bible, and various other charitable societies, rise like an exhalation and cover the whole face of Christendom? Have we not seen missionaries established through Asia, and Africa, and the islands of the sea? Have we not seen the Scriptures in a course of rapid translation into more than thirty pagan languages, including by far the most extensive languages on earth? Have we not seen legislators and statesmen rising in the majesty of their strength to burst the bars which denied access to heathen lands? Have we not seen kings and emperors planting in their crown the brightest gem that ever adorned it, by arraying themselves on the side of the Bible, and on the side of diffusing its sacred light? Have we not seen the inspired word, like an angel flying through the midst of heaven, travelling to every quarter of the globe, and scattering from its wings the fragrance of the skies? And now to complete the evidence that this is the day intended in the prediction, these two series of events began the same year. In 1792 the war broke out in Europe; in 1792 the first missionary society in the series was established in England, and in the year following originated the far-famed Indian mission. Since that time, with the exception of the present and a former truce, the two series have been swelling into greater and still greater magnitude every

year, and need only to continue, to accomplish all the dreadful and all the glorious predictions respecting the latter day. Surely that was the time in which the angel began his flight, and said with a voice loud enough to be heard through the earth, "The hour of his judgment is come." Surely this is the day in which the Gospel was to be preached "to every nation, and kindred, and tongue, and people." The great scene has commenced, and neither earth nor hell can stop its progress.

But you say, the time has not come for *us* to send the Gospel to the heathen, because there are so many destitute among ourselves. In meeting you on this ground, I declare myself the friend of domestic missions. Let these noble charities proceed. Let them be carried forward with redoubled and ten-fold vigour. But let us not under this pretence stop our "ears at the cry" of the heathen. Against this conclusion I enter my solemn protest, and support it by the following arguments.

First, do you in your heart believe that it is the will of God that every neighbourhood in Christian countries should be supplied before a single messenger is sent to the heathen? Will you thus condemn the zeal of an Elliot, a Carey, and a Vanderkemp, which the God of heaven has owned, and which the universal Church have applauded? But such is not the will of God. It is his settled purpose, as plainly expressed in his predictions, that an entrance should be made on preaching the Gospel "to every nation, and kindred, and tongue, and people," before the fall of Babylon, and therefore before the degenerated half of the Christian world is purged of its great

apostacy. As was said in respect to the destruction of Jerusalem, "This Gospel of the kingdom shall be preached in all the world, for a witness unto all nations, and then shall the end come*;" so before the destruction of the Romish church, the angel must carry the Gospel "to every nation, and kindred, and tongue, and people." And to this agrees the prediction, that "many shall run to and fro and knowledge shall be increased" just before the close of the 1260 years, as also the notice taken of those who in such a day shall "turn many to righteousness†."

Secondly, if you wish to see the Gospel spread through the world, is it wise to confine your labours to a few favoured spots until those spots can receive no more? How would you do in other matters? If you wished to burn over an extensive plain, would you place all your fire in a single spot, or would you kindle it in different places and leave it to run from many centres? If you wished to propagate some rare seed through a country, would you cast it all into a single field, or would you scatter it in small parcels through the land? Let the Gospel as soon as possible be planted at proper distances through the earth, and spread from a thousand centres until the circles meet.

Thirdly, it is a maxim founded on the nature of man, on the principles of divine government, and on actual experience, that the more you do for the heathen the more will be done at home. When the public are roused by these noble examples, or warm-

* Matt. 24. 14.

† Dan. 12.

ed in these animating efforts, they will more naturally think of the destitute among themselves. When once their selfish stupor is broken, every object within their reach will feel the benign effect. You may calculate the same from the blessing of God. While you obediently care for other nations, he will care for yours and you. While you thus seem to pass by your own people for the Redeemer's sake, your own people shall be saved. "Whosoever will save his life shall lose it, and whosoever will lose his life for my sake shall find it." "He that watereth shall be watered also himself." All this is fully supported by experience. When the Indian mission and that to the south seas were attempted in England more than twenty years ago, a loud cry was made that the charity of the country was exhausted upon strangers, while the pagans at home were neglected. But what has been the result? The friends of missions have had an opportunity to make the triumphant appeal, that since they entered on that generous course, more has been done for the destitute at home than had been attempted for centuries before. By domestic missions, by Bible and tract societies, and Sunday schools, an amount of instruction has been carried to the poor, altogether without a parallel in that country. If therefore my principal object was to promote domestic missions and the holiness of the churches, I would urge you to send the Gospel to the heathen.

But there is another view to be taken of this subject. I wish to see a spirit of foreign missions prevail because this will indicate a higher pulse of religion in the country. With very little sanctification we

may pursue the ordinary round of duties at home. A thousand considerations of a private and personal nature may impel us to build up the Church among our own people. Every head of a sect may wish to see his own kingdom extended by domestic missions. Leading men of every denomination may be zealous to enlarge their own Church. But to go beyond all these considerations, and labour for an interest which can bring nothing to ourselves; to feel enough for *man*, stript of every extrinsic circumstance, to find him out in distant regions, and to extend to him the most exalted of all charities; this requires something more. O for that spirit of holy love and self-denial which will bring us to feel and act efficiently for more than two thirds of the human race never baptised by the Christian name. Where churches as rich and numerous as ours, and with such animating examples before them, cannot rise up in earnest to this sublime charity, it shows that we possess but little of the spirit of our Master. We may display an imposing form, we may be loud and ardent in words, we may be stubborn wranglers for orthodoxy; but the flame of that charity which "seeketh not her own," burns dimly in our breasts. God Almighty give our churches more religion, more holiness, more of the temper of heaven; and the cries of the heathen will not be heard in vain. O for an effusion to baptise us and drench us in the spirit that wept and bled for poor pagan wanderers from God. This, and nothing but this is religion, if Christ is our example. Away with your smooth and frigid forms without a heart: those garnished corpses pollute the air. Away with the hand stretched out in prayer, and still grasping the

gold with the convulsive spasm of death. The earth has groaned long enough under a religion, which, with long creeds and many devotions, has said, "Be ye warmed and filled." "Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father *is this*, to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world."

We want also a holier race of men raised up to bear the vessels of the Lord: men who, no longer intent on splendid or easy livings at home, shall burn with desire to lay down their lives for Christ in heathen lands. For this purpose we need a more powerful action of the Holy Ghost upon our youth. To devote themselves to the ministry at home, requires but little self-denial, and often none at all, yea is the highest gratification of their natural feelings. Nor is it much more to spend a few months in itinerating in the new settlements. But to tear themselves from the friends and scenes of their youth, to consume their lives in a foreign wilderness, bereft of every comfort but the pleasure of doing good, with no motive but the love of Christ, with no reward in view but the smiles of his favour; this requires the spirit of a Brainard and a Swartz. Where is that generation of young men who will show this exalted love to their Redeemer? How long shall that divine effusion be delayed which is necessary to produce them? Every Christian ought to be on his knees for a blessing so much needed. While this spirit of heroic fortitude and heavenly charity is extending among the youth of other denominations in Europe and America, where are the sons of these three Churches? Are they to be the last in the godlike

career? O for an influence from the highest heavens to reach our theological seminaries, our fields and our workshops, to form a generation to deeds of glory which shall be written in the annals of heaven, and rehearsed in ages now sunk in a distant eternity. Where are the serious youth who tremble at the treachery of their own hearts? Would they escape with the greatest certainty the perdition of seeking "their own" and "not the things which are Jesus Christ's"? Would they place the sincerity of their love at the furthest remove from doubt? Let them forego the ease which nature covets, and prove that the spirit of a Paul still exists in the Church.

But you say, so many are employed that there is no need of us. Would to God that this was true; but the reverse is the heart-breaking reality. After all that has been done, there are perhaps about missionaries enough in the world, reckoning all of every name who need their aid, to furnish one or two, or at most three, to a population equal to that of the United States. There is work enough to exhaust all the disposable energies and resources of Christendom. Immense will be the labour and expense of civilizing and christianizing, (for they must go together,) only the savages on our borders; to teach every man, woman, and child the alphabet; to bring them forward to read the Scriptures; to initiate them in the arts; to lay open to their understanding the whole system of revealed truth; to impress it on their conscience and heart; to repeat this process with every person in the tribe, with every Indian in the United States. How immense the task. What

an army of missionaries must go forth. How ample a treasury will be necessary to support them. How far beyond calculation then the labour and expense of diffusing the light of religion and science among all the pagans of North and South America, through the islands of the sea, through the numerous tribes of Africa, through the great world of Asia, and among the dispersed of Israel. By whom shall this be done but by the Christian world? But three quarters of the Christian world, instead of helping, really need our aid. This makes the disproportion still greater between the work to be done and the hands to be employed. Let us see how the account stands.

475 millions of pagans,
 73 millions of Mahometans,
 3 millions, at least, of Jews,
 100 millions of Roman Catholics :

and if we reckon 64 mil. of other benighted Christians,

it will make	715 millions who need missionary aid;
leaving but	50 millions

to complete the 765 millions supposed to be on the earth.

Of those fifty millions, we cannot count on more than ten who are likely to be engaged in this work. Ten millions to act, and above seven hundred millions to be acted upon! More than seventy to a man!

It may fairly be calculated that one third of the efficiency of the Church is found in the United States. This would cast upon the United States near two

hundred and forty millions of supplicants for the most interesting of all charities. If then one third of the real Church in the United States belongs to our three denominations, it would lay upon our hands about eighty millions. It was no exaggeration therefore when the board in their circular Address declared: "If the thirty millions on our own continent who are sunk in pagan or papal darkness, were assigned to our three denominations, it would not be one half, probably not one quarter, of what would fall to our lot in a fair division of the world among the sound and active parts of the Protestant Church."

Nothing like precision is pretended in an estimation of this sort; but we can get near enough the truth to show you at once the immense field which lies before you, and which you are imperiously called upon to occupy as fast as you can. As fast as you can, in mercy stop that discharge of souls into the burning pit. If it will not break your heart, I will present another calculation. Of those seven hundred and fifteen millions who need missionary aid, suppose that one half die in infancy, and the other half attain on an average to the age of thirty-five. Then there die of those who have reached the years of discretion, more than ten millions a year, about twenty-eight thousand a day, little less than twelve hundred an hour, and near twenty a minute. While I am pleading their cause they are launching forth. How many are this moment on their way. In the name of mercy, ought any more time to be lost?

With such a call for instantaneous and mighty exertion, shall the numerous and wealthy churches in

our connexion think that they have nothing to do for the heathen? Retiring into themselves, and now and then sending a messenger to the new settlements, shall they leave the vast pagan world to others? No, my brethren, we have a mighty debt to discharge which is not thus to be put off. God has laid out a work for us of far greater extent. His word, his providence, the voice of heaven and earth, summon us to go forth, with others who have started before us, to that wide spread pagan waste which none but the true Church can occupy. This is an obligation which we cannot put off upon others. It presses upon us collectively and individually. Every man in Christendom ought to hold himself under bonds to God and the souls of men to do his full proportion. And if others will not do their part, we must do more than our proportion. Our property, our time, our influence, stand bound to discharge this debt. And with all these claims upon us, shall we stand still and content ourselves with the thought that in some other time and way God will employ worthier hands to do his work? Worthier hands he may employ, but who shall discharge our debt? who shall answer for our neglects? Can others be substituted here?

A part of this honour is fairly tendered to us by the present dispensations of divine providence, and if we decline the glory it will certainly be seized by others. If we refuse to put our hands to the work, it will be done by contemporaries before our eyes. The heathen shall be evangelized, and the angel has already begun his flight. Rise earth, rise hell, they cannot stop his progress. Even now the work is

going on by a thousand hands, and while we are disputing whether to attempt it, it will be done. Shall we take a part in the glorious enterprise, or stand by and see it accomplished by others? This is now the only question.

We will not stand by. We will claim the honour of aiding to recover the wandering nations to God. We will help to bring the heathen to Christ for an inheritance, and then will follow in his triumphant train and shout the praises of his victory. After all the sacrifices which he has made in our world, we will not think it much to help him to his reward. We will remember the Sufferer of Gethsemane whenever we think of the heathen. And since we cannot remunerate him, we will remember to have heard him say, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these,—ye have done it unto me." No sacrifice which we can make shall be deemed too great for him who died for the poor pagans and for us. It shall be the highest joy of our heart to gather the nations to him and crown him Lord of all.

But our first attention, we all agree, ought to be directed to our own continent. Upon every principle of reason and religion, the thirty millions who are perishing in darkness here, ought to be considered as specially committed to the compassions of the American Church.

As soon as a door is opened for operations in South America, that will be a field which we shall be bound to occupy, and it will richly reward our toil. To the Christian and philanthropist, that is at present one of the most interesting spots beneath the sun; where mighty nations are struggling into existence, where man

is rising in his might to burst the chains of the most unrighteous and degrading oppression, and stretching after the majesty and happiness of freedom. In the name of humanity and religion, let them succeed. They will succeed, and in their course the fetters will drop from their mind. They will soon see that there is no freedom without liberty of conscience. And when toleration and free inquiry are introduced, you may pour in your instructions until the capacity is full. That will be a most inviting field for missions; richer in its soil than in the mines which sleep beneath it, possessing all the climates from Brazil to Hudson's Bay, intersected by the largest rivers on the globe, laved by two oceans, lying on the great highway of nations, connected with all the world, and destined to support powerful and prosperous empires. Let us stand ready to enter as soon as a door is opened.

One door is already opened on our own continent. There never was so favourable a time to attempt the conversion of the Indians. The day of their deliverance really seems to have come. The government of the United States, directed by an enlightened policy, no less than by the most obvious principles of justice and humanity, stand ready to erect houses for the missions, to furnish the necessary implements of husbandry, and to support the attempt with the whole weight of their influence. The Indians themselves are at last convinced that they must be brought to till the soil or be exterminated, and have become willing to receive the learning and arts of white men. A new system, of far greater promise, has recently been introduced, beginning with the children, and

combining in their education, instruction in letters and the useful arts, with an initiation into the principles of religion. This system has already been visibly owned by the Holy Ghost, and some of the children of the desert have been hopefully turned to the Lord. There is every encouragement to go forward.

A simultaneous conviction seems to have taken possession of the government of the United States, some of the state governments, and many of the churches, that the time has come to make one great effort to bring the Indians to a participation of all the blessings which we enjoy. One fact has broken upon them all, that this work must be done soon or it will be for ever too late. We have got away their lands and spoiled their hunting grounds, and they must be speedily brought to till the soil or perish. This however is not the fault of the white people. It was never the intention of Him who gave the earth to the children of men, that a whole continent should be perpetually held by a few scattered hunters, but that a denser population should draw support from its soil. We had a right therefore to enter upon this uncultivated wilderness, with due respect to the previous claims of its inhabitants. We had a right to enter it by purchase, and to bring it into a state to support hundreds of millions of the worshippers of God. But in mercy to the poor hunter, whose deer have fled or fallen, we ought to take him to our fields and teach him to cultivate the ground.

This, I say, must be done soon or it will be for ever too late. The poor hunter will have sunk into the grave of his fathers, and left the chacé and the field

to you. The tide of population is setting so rapidly to the west, (wave after wave sweeping further and further upon the shore,) that in a few short years there will not be a hunting ground left this side of the Pacific. Calculation on this subject will surprise you, while it discloses the sublime prospects of this rising empire. For 60 years before the last census, the population of the United States, (exclusive of purchased territories,) doubled once in twenty-two years and a half. Let it continue to increase in the same ratio for 148 years longer, and it will amount to 926 millions, 160 millions more than are now supposed to be on the globe. This result is obtained, as any one may see, by only doubling the amount of the last census seven times. I well know that the ratio of increase must be diminished whenever the population becomes so crowded as to render the air less pure or the means of support less easy. But what should lessen it while an extensive wilderness remains to receive the surplus of our population, does not appear. What therefore should lessen it until all the hunting grounds of the Indian are destroyed, we are unable to see. And if the same ratio of increase is to continue until the wilderness is generally reduced, the hunting grounds will all be taken up before our children leave the stage. Sixty years, in this proportion, would add 50 millions to our present population, and swell our numbers to 60 millions. And with the spirit of emigration and enterprise which characterizes our people, 60 millions would probably extend the border of cultivation to the Pacific. Six times our present number could scarcely fail to do this. Should nothing un-

foreseen check our progress, our grand children will make grave yards on the shores of the western ocean. The very generation therefore seems to have come in which the Indians must be brought to cultivate the soil or be exterminated.

Had we nothing in view but the temporal relief of the heathen, this would be a mighty object. Accustomed as we are to the enjoyments of civilized life, and surrounded with scenes of prosperity as far as the eye can reach, we cannot realize the wretched state of the savage,—destitute of the useful arts, even of that which relieves the tortures of disease, destitute of every thing which bears the name of convenience, destitute of the social order and security which are bottomed on wholesome laws, of the hallowed delights of domestic life, of the enjoyments of refined intercourse and friendship, of the lights of science; depending for subsistence on the uncertain issues of the chase, often half famished, exposed to wintry storms, to lawless violence, to ferocious assaults, to pilfering cupidity; stowed in a wretched hovel, immured in smoke, unsheltered from the rain, bedded in filth; the slave of the most polluting and furious passions, agitated by the phantoms of a gloomy superstition, ignorant of God, of all the solace of the Christian hope, and perhaps besmearing the altars of devils with human blood. What a vast amount of human happiness would be produced, even in the present life, by only introducing into a single tribe the benign influence of Christianity and civilization, for the benefit of them, and their children, and their children's children to the latest posterity.

But when we contemplate those heathen as immortal, the subject swells into a magnitude beyond the ranges of imagination. Every one of them will be an angel or a devil millions of ages after the funeral of this world. Each of them will experience happiness more than all heaven have yet enjoyed, or misery more than all hell have yet endured. To think of the perdition of one pagan soul, is enough to awaken the deepest sympathy of the whole human race. But to contemplate the ruin of the hundreds of millions now on the earth, whose numbers are to be renewed once in twenty or thirty years, what heart can fail to dissolve in grief and vehemently to cry out for help to God and man? The fashion of this world is passing away, the sign of the Son of man will appear in heaven, and you and all the heathen nations will be before his bar. Then, I ask you whether it will not appear of more importance to have converted a single pagan, than to have amassed the treasures of the Indies. I behold one of those heathen brought along in chains to receive his doom, and looking down to an eternal lake of fire. "Ah me!" says he, "and am I born to this?" He casts an eye of anguish on those who once composed the American Church, and raises his piercing lamentations: "How *could* you see me perish? Why did you not sell your estates to send the Gospel to me? Ah! you never felt the pains of damnation." Indeed, my brethren, when we contemplate that scene, we know not where to stop. When we have given a few hundred dollars, we look again over the immense pagan waste, and then to the judgment, and ask, Why should I not give as many more?

Whatever we do in this business will multiply itself. If we can prevail to convert a single pagan, he may be the means of converting many more, and they a still greater number: and thus the wave, set in motion by a single impulse, and widening on every side, may extend to the distant shore. In this view, a small donation of a few dollars, may ultimately produce an amount of happiness which outstrips the calculation of numbers. To what more important purpose then could the wealth of the rich be applied? Might not the treasures of kings find here a more benevolent appropriation, than in supporting wars to fill the world with widows and orphans? If an angel from heaven were to judge, would he not decide that the whole wealth of Christendom ought to be given, to the last mite that is needed? But all is not needed. The superfluous wealth of this single city, is enough to send the Gospel through a very considerable part of the pagan world.

We have slept too long over this immensely important subject. The millions who are gone cannot be redeemed: those who are now on their way cannot be stopt: the many who must die before we can reach the fields of the missions, must die as they are, because we delayed so long. But by the bowels of Christ let no more time be lost.

Under the impression of these awful and affecting thoughts, the board of the United Foreign Missionary Society have entered in earnest on this long neglected work, and by all the tones which mercy can furnish, they call upon the churches to join them. They would fain extend an arm as far as human misery is found. In their ultimate operations they hope to

penetrate the darkness of the eastern world. But their first cares centre at home. They have their eye anxiously fixed on South America, waiting for the moment when God shall open the door. In the meantime they have resolved to make a solemn and vigorous attempt upon the Indians within our own borders. As a preparatory step they have lately sent out two young men to explore the country west of the Mississippi, to examine the state and dispositions of the different tribes, and to select the most suitable spot for the commencement of our operations. Upon their return it is expected that a number more will join them and enter immediately on their work. These devoted youth are looking to God to raise up pious farmers and mechanics, to form with them a little church and colony, and to go out with them followed by the blessing and prayers of all our Israel. Those little colonies and churches they expect to see multiplied. They have nothing less in their hopes than to march from tribe to tribe, as fast as they can gain a footing in each, until they unfurl the banner of the cross on the top of the Rocky Mountains, and descend like the dew of Hermon upon the valleys which slope to the western shore.

This is an enterprise which solicits your most earnest prayers. We may project, but we know who it is that must succeed our endeavours. We hope you will bear our dear youth and the poor wanderer of the desert upon your hearts whenever you carry your own children to a mercy seat. We stand here also to ask for alms. We come and kneel at your door for the poor Indian, who has no lands, no home, no Bible, and no God. If his miseries could end at

death, we should pity him less; but then they must begin. You never felt his sorrows, and may you never feel them. May you long nourish and enjoy your children on lands which once were his. May your babes never cry for bread and you have none to give them. But while you teach them the name of Christ, and bring them to a covenant God, and from the uplifted eye of prayer drop upon their cheek the parental tear; remember that Indian children have none to teach them the name of Christ, none to bring them to a covenant God, none to distil upon them the dews of prayer. If mercy bids missionaries go among them, they must be supported. They cannot support themselves, and Indians are too poor. We come and lay the affecting case before you. We have heard of the wealth and liberality of this metropolis. We have heard that pity dwells in York. We doubt not then that we shall find it in the house of God. We shall surely meet it so near the mercy seat. We can do nothing without you. But with you and God's blessing we can do all things. We can spread the throb of joy through the wilderness. We can carry consolation to the heart that has long been desolate and sad. We can light the Indian's eye with the dawn of heaven. We can snatch him from eternal burnings and lift him to the throne of God. I think I see you at this suggestion bringing your possessions and laying them at the apostles' feet. No, keep them for other uses; we only ask a part. A part we will accept, and bless God that he made you rich, and pray him to give you a hundred fold into your bosom. We wish that hands like these might grasp the mines of Potosi. We believe they

will do more : they will embrace a God : they will take hold of the inheritance of heaven. " He that hath pity on the poor lendeth unto the Lord, and that which he hath given will he pay him again." When nothing shall remain to you on earth but your charity and your prayers, the bread which you scattered on many waters shall return to you again. When all the drugs which wealth can purchase have lost their power, this shall refresh your departing spirit. When all that you laboured for on earth forsakes you, this shall become treasures laid up in heaven. There may you meet some Indian soul whom your charity saved. And when he shall lead forward his wife and children, and say, These also by your means have reached this happy home, I think you will value it more than all the wealth you left to rot on earth. And when you shall look around and see ten thousand hands which once held the tomahawk, now clasping the golden harp,—but I have done. May God eternally reward you for what you have conceived in your heart to do for poor Indians. Amen.