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SERMON

BY THE

REV. JOHN M. KREBS, D.D.

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TO WHAT PURPOSE IS THIS WASTE?

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S E R M O N

FOR THE

BOARD OF FOREIGN MISSIONS.

BY THE

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S E R M O N .

Forbidding us to speak to the Gentiles that they might be saved.—1 THESS. ii. 16.

And them that were entering in ye hindered.—LUKE xi. 52.

To what purpose is this waste? For this ointment might have been sold for much and given to the poor.—MATT. xxvi. 8, 9; (MARK xiv. 4; JOHN xii. 5.)

THE spirit is the same—whether it were the false teachers, whose corrupt doctrine hindered, or forbade the poor, lost sinners of the house of Israel from coming to Christ—or whether it were the bigoted, persecuting Jew, who would have restrained the Apostles from the proclamation of the grace of the gospel to the despised and hated heathen, whom they regarded as hopelessly alien from the commonwealth of Israel and strangers from the covenants of promise. It is the sordid spirit of Judas, who thought only of worldly pelf (John xii. 5). Nay, it may be the uninformed disciple himself, who, misconceiving the surpassing claim of a crucified Christ, or the nature of the service he requires, may esteem the gifts and sacrifices which are offered for his death as an useless waste. For there are among the disciples “some” who indignantly murmur against what they deem a perversion of gifts and sacrifices for that great cause for which Christ died (Mark xiv. 4).

Let me suppose a not unfrequent scene. There is here before us a young man, in the early dew and first bloom of his promise—a child, we will suppose, of this church—born, baptized, converted, and trained in its bosom, self-consecrated to

the service of the altar, and prepared by careful instruction for the work of the ministry and the edification of the body of Christ. He is now to be set apart, ordained with prayer and the laying on of the hands of the Presbytery, in token of our faith and hope that the gift given him by prophecy and this laying on of our hands, and the teaching and power of the Holy Ghost, may fill his heart and soul, and invest him with divine authority and boldness to preach the gospel, making him an able and faithful minister of the New Testament.

But we are going to send him away. He must leave his native land—at this moment torn and bleeding with intestine strife—not permitted even to enter into the same department of domestic service with that other youthful soldier of the Cross who sits at his side—who, his companion in study, sat in the same forms at the feet of the same teachers, and finishing the same course together, was licensed with him as a probationer for the holy ministry, at the same moment and by the same lips, and is also here to be invested by us with the functions of the same holy office. But from this hour they part, to widely different and distant spheres. He must not share with his fellow student and companion in the work of the ministry at home—not even in that affecting service to which his own country has called so many in camps and fortresses, in ships, in battle-fields and in hospitals—to teach our soldiers and sailors the patriotism and courage of piety, and the enduring of hardness as good soldiers of Jesus Christ, and to inspire and animate them to fight the good fight of faith—nor to minister in the high places of the field amid the thickness of the conflict of arms—nor in the wards populous with the sick, the wounded, and the dying, to pray and point their faith to the Captain of salvation and their hope to the crown of victory on high.

Not even this arduous service of these trying times for him. We are going to send him away—with his life in his hand—far hence beyond the seas that roll over half the globe—to no Christian land like this—perchance indeed to meet some

few scattered disciples who have sent to him their imploring cry, "come over and help us"—but to dwell among millions upon millions of pagan idolaters at the opposite side of the world—albeit to proclaim to them the unsearchable riches of Christ.

It may be that he shall return no more, nor see his native country. It may be that lovers and friends weep sore for him, and acquaintances protest, as he goes into that sad exile to a land of darkness and the shadow of death. It may be that loving kinsmen and fond parents, who, like Hannah when she lent her Samuel to the Lord, watched with faith and prayer and tears, yet with lofty hope and gratulation, his preparation and progress toward the holy service on whose threshold he now stands, feel some yearnings in this hour for their first-born whom they gave to their God. It may be that the very congregation which now inscribes his name upon its catalogue of the ministers whom it has given to the Church of God, may shrink with some reluctance from this honour which the Head of the church confers upon them as He crowns His acceptance of their prayers and alms with His acceptance of this nobler offering—the living teacher—whom it is their privilege to send forth as a missionary to the heathen in foreign lands.

Perhaps, at such an affecting hour, there may be one accord, as there was among Paul's friends when they accompanied him to the ship that was to bear him onward in that last voyage down the *Ægean* sea toward his dangerous mission to Jerusalem, and when upon the shore at Miletus, he for the last time kneeled down and prayed with them all, and they wept sore and fell upon his neck and left upon his cheek that sweet, sad parting kiss of exceeding sorrow, because they should see his face no more; or, as when at Cesarea, on the same journey, others so earnestly besought him not to go forward to the encounter with bonds, imprisonment and death that awaited him from the enmity of the Jews and the lying in wait of the Gentiles, that he was constrained to break through that tender

hindrance of too timid friends, with the rebuke, "What mean ye to weep and break mine heart? for I am ready not to be bound only, but also to die at Jerusalem for the Lord Jesus; and when he would not be persuaded they ceased, saying, The will of the Lord be done."

How many are ready to say, Why not keep these missionaries at home? Why not send them to our own teeming millions? Why, too, when the destitution is so great and the cry for labourers is so loud; when so many need the gospel at home, and when there are so many unevangelized heathen in our fields and cities; when immigration is ever bringing to our shores those very foreigners to whose countries you are sending these men and women to labour in scattered detachments—one teacher and preacher to a *million* whom they can never hope to reach, while here they may have access, each one, to the more hopeful thousands, which is the real proportion of every one of our 36,000 ministers at home;—nay, when our ablest vacant churches find it so difficult to supply themselves with suitable pastors;—why will you send away those who have prepared themselves so laboriously, and have become qualified to fill these posts of usefulness, and to serve the Church here and save her from such vast expenditure of men and means abroad?

How many of the very ablest men—as time has shown—have gone already! and how many more are yearly departing,—to wear out their lives and health amid thankless toils, privations and dangers,—on the remote, unfriendly isles of the sea,—on inhospitable, icy, polar coasts,—or under the torrid suns of the tropics,—to teach dull savages, or to argue with conceited Brahmins,—to testify, albeit of the grace of a crucified Saviour, in the habitations of cruelty reeking with obscene, cannibal rites,—and to commend faith and purity and love to sensual, crafty, treacherous barbarians who will only revile your doctrines and loathe your call to repentance, and use their first chance to turn upon you and rend you! And alas! for those

graves dug in Indian jungles and African sands that have already become so full with the remains of learning, piety, and beauty, victims sacrificed by the very atmosphere of those deadly climes!

Why, what means it, that here, supervising and encouraging the labourers in such a service, are found even these, the doubly, trebly stricken, the father, the brother, the husband, whose darlings sleep on the banks of the Ganges, and beneath the dark waters, thrust by assassin hands in the piratical China seas!

And what now means this Board—to speak of none others with a similar history,—whose commission, like the fatal *firman* of Turkish state-craft which consigns its unhappy bearer to the bow-string,—seems so often to have been the death-warrant of its missionaries,—from the very day of its inauguration in the deaths of Barr who perished just as he was embarking from our shores, and of his successors, Laird and Cloud, who but crossed the Atlantic to perish soon as they touched the African strand—down to, nay, even farther down than, the horrors of the great Sepoy Revolt, the nameless atrocities of the tiger of Bithoor, the murderous gauntlet run by the fugitives from Futtehgurh on the sacred river—fitly sacred to voracious Gunga—and the bloody well of Cawnpore choked with the bodies of the martyred Campbell, and Freeman, and Johnson, and McMullen, their wives and their little ones, and other slaughtered households, barbarously mutilated and buried alive?

What mean we now to devote yet other victims, and to incur yet other forms of loss like those which attended the conflagrations of dwellings, the dispersion of schools, the destruction of presses, types, and Bibles by thousands, all the way from Lodia to Allahabad?

Why all this recuperation and increase? Why this vast expenditure? To what purpose is this waste?

It seems rather late in the day to vindicate missions to the

heathen ;—and it seems almost supererogatory to present all that illustrious array of positive, affirmative argument with which the Church sustains her magnificent enterprise, and justifies her resolution under God to give the gospel to the whole world, and her prayerful effort to establish the Kingdom of the Redeemer in all the ends of the earth.

But we may sometimes learn from contraries, by considering opposing principles and their possible results,—what might be—what would be—in the absence of those creative agencies we favour, and in the presence and power and success of opposing counteracting influences.

If we look through a telescope, through the eye-glass, it brings distant objects near and magnifies them. But, if we reverse the instrument, looking through the object-glass and pointing the other even at near objects they will retire from us, dwindle, and diminish, until we can hardly discern them at all, or lose them altogether from the field of view. This seems to be the process by which *they* contemplate the aspects of the missionary field who argue that it is but a vain and wasteful work to cultivate it. We may look at it then, as we suppose it appears to them, and contemplate what might be and what would be, as to the condition of the church and the world, if they are right and we are wrong ; if occupying their stand-point the Church had never undertaken her missionary work ; or if all that has been accomplished were undone, uprooted and destroyed, the history blotted out, and the world driven back to that condition to which, if their notion had prevailed, it would certainly be reduced.

And we may illustrate our view by suggesting for a moment what would be the actual condition of society if all that has promoted its progress were still in abeyance ; if the dogged enemies of all improvement, invention, and art, and newer institutions of government and education, and war, could have had their way, or rather maintained their stand, and withstood all change ; if the whole era of modern history had been stran-

gled in the birth, the dark ages still glooming and oppressing the faculties of men, and mediæval ideas, (if such could be called those crafty, stolid, tyrannous, profligate customs,) still bore universal sway; if gunpowder had never been invented, nor the mariner's compass, nor the art of printing,—nor the steam-engine, the telegraph, and the railway, the spinning-jenny and the cotton-gin, and the sewing-machine, the newspaper and cheap postage; if the Church still governed Cabinets and Kings and Emperors, if the Protestant Reformation had never been effected; if Bacon had not reformed philosophy, and Shakespeare had never written, nor Milton sung; if the English revolutions of the times of the Commonwealth and of William III. had never occurred, nor the consolidation of Europe, nor the overthrow of the French monarchy, nor the rise of Napoleon and the introduction of the Empire founded upon a concession of democratic sovereignty; and if America had never been discovered, nor its independence won, nor the United States established in a National Constitution. The mind is overwhelmed—the heart is appalled—by the very thought: if all that illustrious progress of society which greets us now were but some daring poet's Utopian dream, some frenzied theorist's imagination; the sad reality disclosing to us but chains, and darkness, and woe, the world rolled back five hundred years, its regeneration a purposeless waste, and the hope of it a thing to be repressed by King and Kaiser, and Pope and Priest, by Churchman, Statesman and Philosopher, ground out and extirpated by inquisitions, thumb-screws and “autos da fe!”

And what would the position of the world and our Christianity be, if the Church, forgetting and ignoring the example of her adorable Lord, had heeded the churlish remonstrance that forbade the service she would do for Him as a wasteful expenditure, instead of accepting the suggestive truth which lies couched under his commendation: “In that she hath poured this ointment on my body, she did it for my burial: Verily I say unto you, Wheresoever this gospel shall be preached in

the whole world, there shall also this, that this woman hath done, be told for a memorial of her!"

What are some of the consequences of the anti-mission doctrine?

To justify the opposing view, we must,

I. Plead for a standing denial, and permanent, flagrant disobedience of most solemn and impressive truths:

1. We must hold that the heathen will be brought to the knowledge of salvation, without the ordinary means of grace, by some new special revelation from Heaven, by transcendental intuition, by reasoning among themselves; and that too in the face of such an inspired argument as this: "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? as it is written, How beautiful are the feet of them that preach the gospel of peace and bring glad tidings of good things!"

Were *we* thus made acquainted with the knowledge of Christ? Why, with all our advantage of revelation, of ministers, churches, revivals, Christianity is nevertheless so opposed, and it is so alien to the natural heart of mankind, that even here, it is by dint of continual inculcation that religion is kept from dying out. Shut up your Bibles; silence your preachers; overthrow your churches; blot out your Sabbaths; and how long will it be ere the gospel will be without a witness and the Redeemer without a follower in all this Christian land? How long would it be ere all the forms of idolatry and all obscenity and savagery would riot and revel with fullest license all over a land and a people without hope and without God?

We must hold farther—

2. That Christ has never issued to his disciples such a command as this, "*Go ye* into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature;" or else that it does not mean what it so plainly requires; or that it is not binding upon us, notwith-

standing the risen Jesus made it universal and incapable of waxing old and obsolete, by such an unrestricted and unrepealable enforcement as this, "And lo, I am with you alway, even to the end of the world;" and the twelve might have held themselves excused as properly as we; or else we must argue that the command has been completely fulfilled, and there is now no creature that has not been taught the knowledge of Christ, in the face of the notorious and melancholy fact that whole nations are perishing for lack of that knowledge, and that even to this day gross darkness covers a great part of the earth, and it may be said of it, "The whole world lieth in wickedness."

3. We must hold that the heathen are in no need of the gospel, notwithstanding that revolting description which the scriptures contain of their character and wretchedness (Rom. i. 22-32; Ephes. ii. 11, 12), which has its parallel in every description of modern paganism in religious and social life, as testified by numerous accurate observers. God is not angry with their idolatry and pollution; He is indifferent toward it; or He approves it; and they will enter into His holy heaven, without faith, without love, without pardon, without regeneration and conversion, without washing in the blood of Jesus, without the purifying of their conscience from dead works to serve the living God, without the sanctification of their hearts by the Holy Ghost, without being made meet to be partakers with the inheritance of the saints in light, without any conformity to God, to holy angels, and to the spirits of just men made perfect! And all this, while they are declared to be without hope and without God in the world; while God has revealed his wrath from heaven against all ungodliness of men; while inspiration has testified that there is no other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved; and Jesus has declared that except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God. If you needed the gospel, why not they?

4. We must hold that they are not regarded in that pro-

pitiatory sacrifice of Christ, which, we are expressly told, avails, as it is needful, and is the only remedy, not for us only, but for the sins of the whole world. We narrow down that sublime atonement, and diminish the elect of God whom He has given to his Son. We discredit the word of Jesus, when He said, "And I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me." "Other sheep have I that are not of this fold, them must I also bring." We rear again the middle wall of partition which His cross broke down. We go back to the dispensation of the Scribes and Pharisees, and limit salvation to the Jews. We charge deceit upon that Advent Song of the angels when they announced the birth of Jesus to the shepherds of Bethlehem, "Behold I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people;" and we turn the blessing of aged Simeon into dotard drivel, when he held the infant Jesus in his arms, and hailed Him as the Light to lighten the Gentiles and the Glory of His people Israel.

5. We must hold that God has formed no purpose, and given to His people no intimation, nor to His faithful Son any pledge that the isles should wait for His law and that He would pour out His Spirit upon all flesh. All the glowing prophecies and glorious promises of the dethronement of the God of this world, and of the triumphant sway of the Prince of Peace, the Anointed King in Zion; the covenant that gives Him the heathen for His inheritance and the uttermost parts of the earth for His possession; and the anticipations and the very prediction that the kingdoms of this world shall be the Kingdom of our God and of His Christ, must all be falsified; and Ambition and Revenge, and Lust, Intemperance, and Fraud, and Rapine and War, and Murder and Death, shall stalk unchecked through the afflicted earth and hold high carnival; Satan shall not fall like lightning from heaven; and Hell shall keep jubilee forever!

6. We must hold that the Head of the Church has not adequate means and resources to spare for this work, and for

repairing the losses which the prosecution of it incurs: The Church has slumbered so long, her efforts are so inadequate; evil is so strongly entrenched in the vicious habits gendered and sanctioned by idolatry and superstition; hindrances and oppositions of inimical people and persecuting governments are so irresistible; and disasters have been so multiplied, that the heart is sick and breaks under the long deferred hope!

Thirteen months ago, the fear and the taunt prevailed over the hearts of the lovers of this land. There seemed to be no patriotism—the love of money had apparently eaten it up. Loyalty seemed dead; government seemed at its last gasp, its power fallen, its prestige gone, it was even doubted and denied that it ever had existed. The people were divided. Un-suspicious of danger, they were unprepared to meet it; disheartened by treacheries in high places; embarrassed by poverty of arms, and soldiers, and treasuries; without a policy; perplexed and at their wits' end, what to do.

As by electric touch, the souls of the people and rulers were roused in one day, and fused with sympathetic forces of loyalty to themselves, to their own sovereignty and constitution and government, to the law and order of their own country and nation. An ardent patriotism poured out treasures, and created, nay rather, developed armies—no mercenary hordes, no scourged conscripts, but the very flower of our families, each one of them a prince and king, “the rose and expectancy of our fair state”—even the contribution of our drawing-rooms, yet, withal, no carpet-knights, no holiday-soldiers, but the loyal, the brave, the true chivalry, the free intelligent yeomanry, patient under trial, accustomed to discipline, and quick to learn the art of war—as if veterans from the start—whose loyal, loving hearts swelled to defend their own hearth-stones and glorious banner—fitted, therefore, to respect the hearth-stones of the very soil they reconquered—not to carry outrage and desolation, but to liberate the oppressed households and kindred hearts whom the wicked deceits of evil men and sedu-

cers had perverted and bound—no ruthless invaders these, but champions of the foundations of government on which this broad land reposes its peace and prosperity. The history of one short year has developed a public credit unlimited, resting upon unsuspected and almost incredible resources of money and men poured forth without stint, and stronger daily by discipline, plans of operation, and the marvels of inventive skill, and strategy, and courage, and steady progress, and sure prestiges! Such are the treasures that God has opened for us; such the array and the movement that is to crush, *is* crushing to death, this most wicked rebellion, this most flagitious crime against humanity and the hope of the world. And now, as we contemplate the spectacle and the scene, it appears in the very profusion of its gifts to patriotism, as indeed in all its circumstances and elements, without a parallel or a precedent in any kingdom or government in all history. And all this to the confounding and the shame of boastful insurrection and jealous rivalry that joined to asperse and deride, and prophesy the nation's collapse, its failure and its ruin!

And yet with all this before us, we do not enough consider that the earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof; that, therefore, we need not withhold more than is meet; that He will provide men, means, and the opening of great and effectual doors of opportunity, and that He will also call His stewards to account for the trust committed to them, with the charge, "Occupy till I come!"

We forget that He manages that beautiful and wonderful, wise and powerful providence which executes the Eternal Plan that runs through, and binds the end to the beginning, controlling, bounding, ordering, adjusting all events, to bring His purpose to pass, to make crooked places straight, and rough places smooth, to make all things work together, and by ways that are higher than our ways, to evoke success from disappointment, strength from weakness, resources from loss, and victory from defeat.

“The smallest effort is not lost ;
Each wavelet on the ocean tost,
Aids in the ebb-tide or the flow ;
Each rain-drop makes some flow'ret blow ;
Each struggle lessens human wo.”

7. We must hold that the heathen are incapable of being benefited, or being converted by the gospel ; or that they are made no better and no happier for it. We must deny the reality and excellence of that change which made Antioch glad when Philip's powerful and blessed ministry went thither with healing, and of that which Paul testifies to his Corinthian and Ephesian converts, when he contrasts their former and their latter condition, as they themselves knew, and all men could see them, turned from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan, into the kingdom of God's dear Son, washed from their pollutions and their crimes, and rejoicing in the hope of the glory of God. We must deny the obvious facts that appear without any candid contradiction, in the wonderful results of modern missions. We must deny that God has the residue of the Spirit. We must deny that *we* are any better for the possession of the Gospel, which everywhere has elevated nations, refined society, and produced that splendid civilization which it has been preparing upon and ever since the decline and fall of the Roman Empire, and established itself on broader, stronger foundations, than were ever laid in Rome, or built upon and adorned in Athens. Are we no better of that faith, and peace, and comfort, and purity, and hope, which the gospel conveys to us ? Are you unbenefited even by all that reformation and restraint, that literature and art, and law and liberty, which are the heritage of multitudes, in social and domestic relations, even though they do not pretend to be the subjects of renewing grace ? We have not so learned Christ.

8. We must hold that God is not glorified by a wider exhibition of his Attributes, and of his Right and Grace, and Salvation in the ends of the earth ; by reconciling the heathen

to himself through the Cross of his Son; by banishing ignorance and lust, and cruel and abominable idolatries from the earth; and by rescuing innumerable souls from the destruction of hell. We must hold that He is not less glorified by the unbroken phalanx of the forces of evil, by the impure and bloody offerings of superstition, and the altars whereon human sacrifices are laid, where Moloch, horrid king, still burns, and Juggernaut crushes his victims, than when incense and a pure offering adores Him from the rising to the setting of the sun, and the chorus of His innumerable redeemed and sanctified, like the voice of many waters, swells through the earth and fills all heaven with the resounding praise!

II. Were this opposition justifiable, then what would have been left undone; what must be remanded to nothingness, uprooted and destroyed as if it were not, in all that fair history and promise of the progress of Christianity!

1. No evangelist, no prophet, no apostle, would have ever set his foot on any heathen shore, in all the world. None would have gone out from Judea to plant those prosperous churches which were multiplied among the Gentiles. Those splendid missionary tours which illustrate Paul's title, as the Apostle to the Gentiles, would never have been performed nor undertaken. That ordination at Antioch would not have been enjoined by the Holy Ghost. Nay, for aught we can see, that vision would never have appeared to the furious persecutor on the way to Damascus, which stopped his mad career and made him a minister and a witness to the Gentiles, to whom especially Jesus commissioned him. Those glorious Epistles of the New Testament, so full of grace and knowledge, so rich in counsel and consolation in Christ, would never have been written to the Gentile converts, nor read by us.

No publication of the cross would have been made to our fathers in the forests of Germany, the fens of Holland and the Druid groves of the British Isles; and none to ourselves.

Nor any movement set on foot by the Christians of Europe or America to teach Africa, or India, or China, or the Islands of the Pacific, the way of salvation—not even that, which was so marvellously timed, that before the preacher or the doctrine of Christ had ever been heard of by them, the Sandwich Islanders disgusted and despairing, had flung away their idols and were sadly, yet with undefined hope, waiting upon the shore, on the look-out for some swift-winged ship that might bear to them some messenger from beyond the wide unmeasured sea, to tell them of a purer, happier, safer religion, for which their poor, smitten hearts were vaguely craving. But no such messenger would have been borne to them. Nor would one of those points of light, which from all our missionary stations, stream out, irradiating the regions and shadow of death, ever have been erected. What if every light-house, on every coast, were suddenly thrown down! Alas! for the hapless mariner ploughing unguided on the cheerless waste of waters, steering through the midnight storm, driving upon the breakers and the dark, unknown, unfriendly shore. And alas! if on all those dark and dreary coasts, there stood not here and there,—all that the means allow, all, perhaps, that the divine economy allows—those moral light-houses, which send out light and truth to guide the pilgrim to the otherwise unknown path-way to Jesus and to Heaven.

You must undo all this. Nay you must undo more. You must go to the happy home in the jungle, and remand its virtue and its peace, its Bible and its family altar, its praying father and mother, its happy wife and children, to their former degradation and filth, and cruelty and hate, their former ignorance and slavery, and all their former heritage of fear, and faithlessness, and sins and crimes, and wrath and ruin, in life, death, and eternity. You must stand by the very couch of the dying and deprive him of the vision of glory in the faith of the Crucified.

Nay you must not stop here. You must reach your destruc-

tive hand into Heaven and extend its desolation to the precincts of the throne. You must arrest that song of praise on lips that once prayed to devils; you must pluck those harps of God from the dusky hands now made white in the blood of the Lamb; you must wrest from them those palms of victory, and tear those crowns of glory from the heads which once bowed in the temples of Indian idols. You must snatch those redeemed ones whom Satan once led captives, from their blissful home on high, and thrust them down to the darkness and woe of the pit where lie forever the unhappy slaves of unbelief, idolatry and unrepented crime.

2. Yea more than this even you must undo. What a wretched debasement will you have wrought in the Church of God and in yourselves. You must restrain all prayer for the coming of Christ's Kingdom. 'Tis all a vain expenditure of breath. You must recall all the prayer of the whole Church of God in all past time. It was not required. Take it back from the bosom of the Father and from the mediation of the Great High Priest who ever liveth to make intercession for the heirs of the salvation His gospel is to bring to them. With it, you must recall and annihilate all that faith, and patience, and self-denial, and beneficence and gifts for Christ, and all that sublime heroism of parents who gave up their young sons and daughters to live and die among the heathen,—and all that abiding influence of the martyrs for this work, who being dead yet speak,—and all that courage and consecration of the youthful heralds of the cross, who undaunted, and sustained by the hope begotten by Christ's own resurrection from the dead, come forward to fill up the ranks where others fell and to be baptized for the dead on the heathen shore.

And you must expunge from the possessions of your own times, all that contribution to commerce, and literature and science; those 150 translations of the Bible; all that gift which missions to the heathen have reflected upon your own advancement in knowledge and prosperity. For in watering

others you have yourselves been watered: The bread cast upon the waters has been returned to you.

Can you afford to recall, to lose, to destroy all this? that sublime development of faith and love and power put forth by the Church of God? that virtue which would have been hid, stagnant, dead? Would you be glad to take all this back? to annihilate it all?

Brethren, if any of you would do aught of this,—you would act out the fearfullest unbelief, and cruelty, and rebellion against God. If you could succeed, you would check the joy of angels and pluck many a gem and star from your Saviour's crown!—You would show that you are none of His.

But you are I trust only in error that may be removed: you have only not thought of what God would have you do. Consider then. Look at God's Books of Grace and Providence. Ask the Spirit to enlighten your heart. And then you will not take part with any who forbid to speak to the Gentiles and would hinder their approach; nor ask, nor ever plead as your excuse for neglect and churlishness, "To what purpose is this waste?"