

MISSIONARY PAPER, NO. I.

*Farewell Letter of the Rev. J. B. Adger.***Fathers and Brethren:**

A SON of the Southern Church, I stand on the verge of my departure far hence to the Gentiles. I have undertaken this public farewell letter, at the request of the Executive Committee of the Southern Board of Foreign Missions. In my present circumstances and relations, does it require any apology?

About to leave my home and a Church and community, bound to my heart by every tender tie—about to go away from a scene of spiritual desolation, over which my soul, not less than your's, even now mourns,—about to cross the ocean to dwell among heathen, when it has become even *proverbial*, that “we have heathen enough at home”—about to undertake the acquisition of another language, and of foreign manners; when I might preach the Gospel to my own people, and in my own tongue—about to risk my health, nay, perhaps my life, in an endeavour to convert rude and barbarous men, when I might reap safely in the great white harvest here—my conduct will appear to some absurd, or ridiculous—to many inexplicable and

unwise. Now, of the good opinion of my Christian brethren, I am by no means, regardless. I feel that I owe to my own reputation something—and more to that of a good cause, and of an useful and honourable class of men. Hence these pages.

They have been prepared the more willingly, because the subject of them is, in our community, comparatively new. And I grieve to know, that to some of my fellow Christians, the character, the station, the duties—even the *name* of Foreign Missionary, carry with them all the odium, but not any of the charm of novelty. This despised name I have assumed. These duties and this character and station I hail, as soon to become my privilege and my glory. But I frankly acknowledge, that I desire relief from public odium for myself and for my colleagues. I desire we may have, what I trust we deserve, the respect due to all upright men. It is painful to wear what one knows to be viewed as a badge of dishonour, even though one may be conscious of its meriting no contempt. It is grievous to find ungenerous and unfounded charges recorded in the public prints, against a company of men with whom one is voluntarily, yea, I may say, proudly associated; especially when we consider how many Christians are deprived of the sources of correct Missionary intelligence, and are hence liable to great mistake, from the falsehood and the filth of a licentious press.

I do not become a Foreign Missionary under the impression, that my native land has been thoroughly pervaded by the Gospel. I should be ashamed to be so ignorant. I know we have many destitute Churches,—and room for the establishment of Churches as many more. Not one half the population of any of our

3

large cities or towns are church-going people. I know that a vast multitude of children here, are without the benefits of Sunday School instruction, and early growing up into a maturity of vice. I knew that many families are without the Bible. I know that Intemperance and many other abominations greatly prevail. I know that we need Seamen's Ministers and City Missionaries, and Evangelists to visit the destitute Churches: and pious, prudent, intelligent white preachers to our servants. For four years these circumstances have been duly considered in my deliberations concerning a Foreign Mission. I have weighed them carefully and prayerfully. They have received every advantage which my own natural inclinations, and the wishes of my friends could impart. But they have not prevailed. Great as are our domestic necessities, I have been unable to convince myself, that it is my duty to remain in America! Why? Simply because I hear a louder call from Asia. Our Saviour's ascending command, bids us evangelize the whole world. But his ministers are chiefly confined to a small portion of the earth. Very few Americans (hardly any from the South) have left their country to go to more destitute lands. All seem occupied in looking down at the contracted space around their own feet. Instead of the telescope, we are using the microscope. Instead of all mankind, we think only of our own countrymen. Instead of the whole harvest, we are anxious about reaping only the produce of a little corner. Instead of the whole glory of **THE SAVIOUR OF MANKIND**, we are striving to win for Jesus, only a dim and lustreless diadem. I desire not that such views and feelings should be mine. It is the duty of the Church of Christ, and it should be my endeavour,

4
"to lift up the eyes and look round about." Our Master has instructed us to teach *all nations*. He has allotted us our work upon a *great scale*. We must, therefore, "attempt *great things*, and expect *great things*."*

We are destitute in regard to religious privileges at the South—but we are not *totally* destitute. What other destitution can equal that which is total? It is commonly said, "we have heathen at home"—but it is as false as it is common. We have no heathen among us; or, if we have, I never saw them. What sacred river do we worship in Carolina?—Where are our Idols of wood and stone? Where is the car of Juggernaut? Where its bloody and obscene worship? What mothers, here, cast their children into a living grave? What widows, here, burn with their husbands' remains?

Fathers and Brethren—let us not trifle with truth and with duty. The means of grace are in the hands of all our countrymen. What one of them is, or need be, ignorant of the Gospel? The Burmans are coming *hundreds* of miles to beg Dr. Judson for books, to tell them of Jesus and of God. If our countrymen would ride *ten* miles, or would walk *five*, they could hear the glad tidings almost every Sabbath. Every where in foreign lands, the pagan intellect is awakening from its long sleep. Every where do the heathen stretch forth the hand and crave the word of life. In these circumstances, when our own countrymen put away from them the word of God, do they not "adjudge themselves unworthy of eternal life;" and may we not lawfully "turn unto the Gentiles?" Is not the

* The motto of Wm. Carey, D. D. Baptist Missionary to India.

5
finger of Providence pointing some of us far hence to those lands where Ministers of Christ are seven hundred times more scarce than here; but where the people are so much more eager than our community to receive their message?*

It will be very easy to state the reasons of my embarkation in the Foreign Missionary service. The only commission which authorizes any Minister of Christ to preach, is in these words, (or in words equivalent) "*Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature.*" Here, then, is the foundation on which my views of duty are built.†

No man is prepared to preach the Gospel at all, who does not breathe, in some measure, the spirit of this apostolical commission. To evangelize **ALL THE WORLD**, is the duty here enjoined. And the Church, with her ministers, must be concerned to perform this whole duty. Now, it is manifest, that this apostolical commission does not authorize any *geographical* divisions of the field here exhibited. The term "all the world," includes foreign lands with our own. All lands and countries are here placed upon a level. No especial command is given each Christian to preach the Gospel in his own native land particularly. The spirit of the injunction is "thy country is the world; thy countrymen, mankind." Just such it has appeared to me, should be my spirit—and the spirit of every other Christian and Minister of the Gospel.

* It is very lately that a canoe arrived at the Sandwich Isl. ands from other islands, distant 300 miles, with the intelligence that having heard of the Missionaries, they had cast away their Idols, and had now come for teachers.

† Ought not the first inquiry with every candidate for the Ministry to be, as Pearce has remarked, "To what part of **THE WORLD** does this commission send me?"

But, having reduced all claims upon one's services to this common level, how is one to choose between them? He is to determine his choice upon two or three plain principles.

First, he is to observe the leadings of Divine Providence.

In reference to his becoming a Foreign Missionary, these will be either favourable or unfavourable. Has he an aged mother depending on his attentions for her support? Has he a blind sister or lame brother committed to his charge by their dying father? And is there no suitable person to whom these objects of his care may be transferred? Is he in debt to a considerable amount, and does his ability to pay it, depend upon his remaining in this country? Has he married, or engaged to marry a wife, who is not a suitable person for such an undertaking? Has he already, in the providence of God, been clearly called to occupy some *very peculiarly* important situation in the service of Christ in this land? For instance: is he an aged professor in some valued Theological Seminary, and is his continuance in that office, apparently of vital importance to the Institution? Or, is he Pastor of a Church in some centre of influence, surrounded by many foes to the truth, as well as by a great and increasing multitude of subjects, just waiting to be moulded by his plastic hand—and is that Church really so circumstanced, that if he leaves them they will, to all human appearance, certainly be left destitute—and does the blessing of God manifestly rest upon his influence and attend his preaching there?—Then the influence derivable from a consideration of the dealings of God's providence with him is, that unto him is not given this "grace of preaching to *Gentiles* the un-

searchable riches." He must labour *at home* for the conversion of the world. *His brethren "have gone down the well;" let him "hold fast by the rope!"**

But if at the same time his soul burns to be a Foreign Missionary, and he cannot endure to be deterred from this high calling, let him remember, prayer can remove mountains, and might "open to him a great and effectual door." Gordon Hall was ready to work his passage to India, when it seemed as if all other means of his getting there were likely to fail. But prayer opened his way, and prayer kept it open too, even when ten thousand obstacles† afterwards arose to close it fast forever.‡

But is one free from any of these providential hindrances—then, unlike the former, whose duty is already made plain, he must pass on to other considerations. To him the providence of God does not say, "thou

* These are the words uttered by Dr. Carey, at the formation of the Baptist Society for propagating the Gospel among the Heathen, in the year 1792. Though there had been collected only the paltry sum of £13 2s. 6d.—though the Christian public were, by no means prepared to sustain the object, he yet volunteered to go to India, and thus descend the well if they would hold the rope. When arrived there, under numerous and pressing difficulties, he wrote home, that he "would rejoice in having undertaken the work, even though he should perish in the attempt."—See *Brown's History of Missions*, vol. ii. p. 165.

† See *Life of Gordon Hall*, recently published by Rev. H. Bardwell.

‡ When Wm. Milne, D. D. who died, after labouring ten years in China, applied to the Committee at Aberdeen, by whom it was to be decided, whether he should be accepted as a candidate for Missionary labours, a leading member of the Committee said, "he could not recommend him as a Missionary, but would not object to recommend him as a *servant* to some mission, provided he was willing to go in that capacity. When this proposal was made to Milne, he immediately replied with a most animated countenance, "Yes, Sir, certainly; I am willing to be any thing, so that I am in the work."—See *Chinese Rep.* Dec. 1832, p. 318.

shalt not run." Neither does it bid him "*depart far hence.*" It is silent—unless indeed his case is of special character. Such cases do exist. *His* is such an one, whose ministrations are for a long time and remarkably unblest, although he be a pastor and beloved. Let such a man begin to inquire, whether he ought, or ought not to be a Foreign Missionary; and if other circumstances do not forbid, why should he not argue from his want of success here, that his Master would have him in some Lybian desert, on some Egean Isle, or any where else than the very place he occupies. "Go ye into all the world."

Be it, however, that one's case is not special. Be it, that the leadings of Divine Providence neither determine him to carry the good word abroad, nor to disseminate it at home. So long as it does not *forbid* his becoming a Missionary, he must never be contented until he has asked and answered two other questions.

Left at liberty by Divine Providence to go or to stay, where are my services most needed?—and where can they accomplish the most good?

Now, according to the tenor of a candid and enlightened reply to these two questions, he must, with honest resolution, determine to act, whether it be favourable or unfavourable to his own wishes, or those of his friends.

Fathers and Brethren, how could I doubt on such questions?

I looked abroad upon my own land and beheld the fairest of all pictures in the history of nations. My country free, prosperous, enlightened, Christian! Religion unshackled! The Bible, in their own tongue, accessible to all classes of society! The Church, de-

livered from the thralldom of a union with the State! I beheld in the hands of that Church, a vast amount of moral machinery—and mighty results following its operation. I saw her eight thousand Ministers of various evangelical denominations. I saw her fifteen hundred thousand professing members—and among them a large number of Elders of the Church, assisting in various ways their brethren "who labour in the word and doctrine." I beheld those nurseries of the Church, where were gathered eight hundred thousand Sabbath School children and their teachers. I beheld her education societies with their fifteen hundred young men buckling on their armour to fight her battles. I saw her multiplied associations rolling back the swelling, burning waves of Intemperance—that curse of all civilized communities. I beheld her Bible and Tract and Domestic Missionary Societies—a glorious array with Christ at their head. Did I not well to think my country comparatively safe? What, though the enemies of truth have begun to exert themselves? What, though the swarms which have long infested France, Italy and Ireland, eating out their substance, while they enchained their intellect and destroyed their souls, have lately come to our shores? Need we fear them? No! He that is with us is greater than he that is with them. Only let us be faithful to Christ, and we shall not be overcome. We have a machinery in operation on which we may safely depend. We have an instrument to wield double edged, of heavenly temper keen. It is God's word! It is Christ's Gospel. And we have hands enough to wield it, if we will but call up every energy. It is a mistake to say we are weak. None—not even we ourselves know the full measure of our strength. Let us all, unite our

moral influence, and there shall be no power of earth able to withstand. Behold the progress of religion already among us. Look back five or ten years, and ask what was at that time the condition of the Churches in America, and especially at the South. What a contrast between that time and the present? Whence this contrast? It has been owing mainly to revivals of religion. These have transformed the face of the whole Church. And have we not Revivals of religion still? Yes! blessed be their divine Author, we have. And having them, we may hope the greatest and the best things for the Church and for our country!

Now beholding these glories here, what did I behold among the heathen? Blackness and darkness and the shadow of death! No liberty, no light, no love is there. No Ministers of the Gospel there dispense its blessings, except those few Missionaries of the Cross whose little band I go to join.

Fathers and Brethren, would you forbid this small addition to their number? There is not more than one American Missionary to six millions of benighted pagans. Here we have for twelve millions, not less than eight thousand Ministers. Our Ministers at home, bear to our Missionaries abroad, the proportion of eight thousand to one hundred.* While our countrymen bear to the men of heathen lands, that of only twelve millions to six hundred millions. It is, therefore, a solemn fact, that the American Church has, up to this day, sent out to the whole unevangelized world, so small a number of her Ministers, that their

* There are one hundred American Missionaries,—of course it is proper to confine ourselves to a comparison of the number we have reserved, with the number we have sent to the Heathen.

spiritual wants are no more supplied, than would be those of all our Church, providing only *two* Ministers were to be found in our whole land. Nor indeed so much. For we have Bibles and Tracts and Sunday Schools with their Teachers, and also pious Laymen. An incalculable amount of other moral influences are here. Should some desolating pestilence cut off, in one night, every Minister of Christ in the United States, save one in the north-east corner of Maine, and one in the south-west corner of Louisiana, we should be even then incalculably more spiritually rich than is now the pagan world. In these circumstances, who can pretend to object to Foreign Missions, that they are draining our country of money, or of Ministers? In these circumstances, could I doubt that I am more needed in a foreign than in my own land? In these circumstances, could I venture to increase the disproportion between our foreign and domestic obligations, and our foreign and domestic discharges of obligation? In these circumstances, could I add one more to those members who, though sent into all the world, have gathered together into one corner of it—and who, though desirous to do the utmost possible amount of good, are neglecting large and more open fields, for those more circumscribed in limits, and yet comparatively crowded with labourers?

My answer to the first question, has therefore been, my services, however small, are *more needed* abroad than at home.

To the second question it is of similar tenor. They greatly mistake, who suppose Foreign Missionaries are doing, or can do but little good. In every point of view, a Foreign Mission opens a wider sphere of usefulness, than is occupied by Ministers generally in our

own Churches. If I did not believe so, I should not leave my country. "Let* no man, depreciating my motives, and ignorant of my prospects, insinuate that I wish to throw away my life. I wish, I expect to be *greatly* useful."

It is true, the good results of Missionary effort, are not always, nor generally immediate. In some cases, Missionaries have been *seven years* toiling, without receiving one token of their usefulness. But this does not disprove my position. For we must view these results upon the large scale, and through a long course of time. A Foreign Missionary, like an emigrant to the great Western Valley, must reap his harvest upon ground now covered with rugged oaks, and still more rugged rocks. These incumbrances must be cleared away ere he can plough or sow or gather in his grain. And to convert the forest and the stony ground into the fruitful field, is the work not of days, but of years. Yet is it not true, that in the course of twenty years, the western woodman grows more grain, and acquires a more substantial property, than if commencing with no greater capital, he had spent the same period on the exhausted soil of the old States? Compare fifty years of Missionary life and labours on the part of twelve or twenty men, with the same term spent by the same men at home. This will test the truth. Give these twenty Missionaries time to clear away the rubbish of ages—to acquire the native language—to learn the native character and prejudices—to establish the press—to prepare and publish books—to educate the children. *Then* ask what they have accomplished towards the conversion of the whole world, and

* See Farewell Address of Dr. Parker, Missionary to China.

I consent you judge accordingly of the merits of Foreign Missions.

I will instance the Sandwich Islands Missionaries. It is not yet twenty years, since the first of their number landed on those barbarous, nay, *brutal* shores. The natives were, at that time, mere savages. Their naked forms, their long dishevelled hair, their haggard visage, made it almost questionable if they were really men. Even the Sailors who carried out our Brethren, said, "you can not live here with these—you must return." They were not only naked of clothing, but of all comforts—naked of character, intelligence, of every virtue. They were nationally, socially, individually degraded. Between the periods of Captain Cook's visit and that of the Missionaries, their numbers had most remarkably decreased, insomuch that the Islands were threatened with entire depopulation. One cause of this was, a loathsome disease, offspring of their vices, universally spreading its deadly contagion.* Another, their murders of infants. "The period of sickness," says a well known Missionary, "when the Christian mother's infant is to her an object of the most intense solicitude, is the very one when a Sandwich Island mother feels in her child a burden she will not endure. She stifles its cries for a moment with her hand, hurries it into a grave already prepared for the purpose, and tramples to a level with her feet, the ground under which the offspring of her bosom is struggling in the agonies of death." I heard the same witness testify, that he had known a husband, in a fit of anger with his wife, to seize their infant child, break its back across his knee, and then cast it into

* Let it never be forgotten, that this disease was first carried there by Europeans and Americans.

the ocean which was rolling at their feet. It is believed, that two-thirds of the children were thus destroyed in infancy. Some mothers were known to have destroyed five, six, eight, and even eleven. The Rev. Mr. Ellis, an English Missionary to the Society Islands, does not "remember meeting with one who had been a mother during the reign of Idolatry, and had not embued her hands in the blood of her offspring." Not one mother!

It is among such a people twenty or thirty American Missionaries have spent the last fifteen years. Nay, not twenty, or certainly not *thirty*, because this number has been gradually reached by successive reinforcements of the Mission.

But what have they done? They have transformed the whole face of things! Individually, socially, nationally!—these Missionaries—no! not these, but the Gospel of Christ, has elevated Sandwich Island savages to the dignity of men! They are not all Christians. Far, very far from it. Only four or five thousand are such in the judgment of charity, and for reasons of prudence, only four or five hundred of these have as yet been admitted to the Church. But, fifty thousand of them are in the schools of the Missionaries—and over these schools, there are more than six hundred native assistant teachers. The Christian religion is the law of the land. The Sabbath is an holy day. The people attend worship in congregations of from one to four thousand. An assembly of *seven hundred* they consider a thin meeting. Who shall dare to say, that twenty years more may not find the whole population converted? And if they should, then, instead of twenty or one hundred, there will be a nation of Missionaries in the South Seas. Then shall we not

need to send thither any more American Missionaries, at a vast expense of money and of time. Difficulties in acquiring the language or manners of the people, it will then no longer be necessary to encounter and overcome. For the whole nation will be Christian, and not only will the Gospel be maintained among themselves, but they will themselves send it to other islands. Thus shall it spread north and south, east and west, as from a common centre. They will carry it to China, to New Holland, to Borneo, Celebes and Sumatra.

In view of these things, I ask who would blot out all that is, and blight the hope of all that shall be at the Sandwich Islands, and roll back the wheels of time into the year 1819, in order that he might detain at home these twenty Missionaries? Had they remained here, they would have supplied the wants of twenty or more of our destitute Churches, and been the means of much good in various ways—but would they have transformed a nation?—would they have gathered an army of Missionaries, reared on the right spot, and in the use of the right language, and in the knowledge of the right manners, for accomplishing the highest possible amount of good? These twenty Missionaries all went forth amid the sneers of the irreligious, and the discouragements of even the good. By the one class, they were ridiculed as the Don Quixotes of modern knight errantry; and by the other, they were warned not to tempt Providence, by rushing upon needless dangers, and exhorted not to leave their own country destitute, while searching out the destitute of other lands. But is it not manifest, that they did well and wisely?

If this be manifest, I claim an application by anticipation, of this conclusion to my prospective course.

The usefulness of the Foreign Missionary is not comprised in one department, any more than it is compassed in one year and one age. *He* must give to the heathen—civilization, arts, agriculture, science, literature, religion, every thing great or good. Is this a mean or unimportant undertaking? He must acquire the language of a foreign people, perhaps invent an alphabet and prepare a grammar, and thus reduce the language to a written form and method. Then must he teach the people to read this their own mother tongue. He must translate the Bible. He must write books; and procuring, establishing, and superintending the press, he must publish these books to the heathen. In order to their being read and understood, he must gain and must employ a correct knowledge of all their prejudices, so that his language and his illustrations of divine truth, may be accommodated to the limits of their understanding, and to their habits of thought. He must establish schools, and then academies, and then colleges of a yet higher grade, so as to educate the rising generation. And while doing so for the rising, he must strain every nerve and employ every moment and exercise every faculty, to transform in character and customs the generation that is risen. Such is the high calling of a Foreign Missionary. This calling he must fulfil *alone*; for save one or two companions, he is alone and far away from every human helper. He is alone amid enemies. Alone he lifts his arm against antiquated superstitions, “defended by reverence, defended by power.” The temple which he builds, is to have its foundations where lies the rubbish of ages, all which rubbish he must remove. That light with which he would startle millions of benighted men, is hidden

from their eyes by a thick black veil; but heavy and impervious as it is, he must venture on the attempt to rend it from the top to the bottom with his single hand.

Fathers and Brethren! bear with me, while, like the Apostle, I seek to magnify mine office. The Foreign Missionary is not the Pastor of one Church, but the teacher of a NATION. Gutzlaff's whole conduct, as well as his relations, justifies him in calling *all the Chinese* “his parishioners.” How truly are Morrison and Judson the property of all China and all Burmah? Eliot was the Indian Evangelist. Schwartz was the Benefactor of Hindostan in its whole length and breadth. Yes! and the Missionary is more than the Teacher of a Nation! His harvest, he reaps not in the full during his own life, or during the life of his generation. Of all the good ever to be accomplished in his mission, he perhaps may have laid the foundation. And if he have not himself founded the mission of which he forms a part, but is one of its junior members and sons, still he and each of his brethren with him, is a fountain sending out its own streams, which streams are ever to widen and deepen more and more, until they meet in one broad ocean. Yes! if there be one calling among men or angels of more nobleness than another—if there be one more exalting and enlarging to the soul of him to whom it belongs—if there be one more calculated than another, to compensate by its own hidden springs of consolation for the sacrifices which it may demand—if there be one better deserving than another to be exempted from human ridicule, and at the same time more capable than any other from the consciousness of its own possession of divine origin, to annihilate human opposition with the frown of just and withering contempt—

if there be one more worthy than all others of the desires of every enterprising youth in the Church of Christ—it is that of the Foreign Missionary. Let such a man, weak as he is in himself, “expect great things and attempt great things.” Let him cherish lofty aspirations after the glory of his God, in the conversion of the whole world, while he crucifies all selfishness and all pride. Let him take enlarged views! He may well do so—for his commission embraces all mankind, and it becomes him “to adopt beforehand all future generations by a paternity of soul.”

But, Fathers and Brethren, enough of this detail of my reasons. My mind has long been at rest in them. I am on my way to Asia. “I am going down the well, will you hold fast by the rope?” This is the question. By all that is solemn in eternity, or precious in the soul of man, or melting in the love of Christ, by your love for his dear Church and the glory of his dear name, I charge you be not recreant to your sacred promises, but live for the conversion of the whole world.

Allow me to inform you, that I go with the most perfect cheerfulness to the high duties of my future station. Not duty only, but honour and pleasure likewise invite me thither. The next ten years will bring changes of the deepest interest and importance over the face of the whole heathen world. I pant for the privilege of helping to introduce these changes.

Who doubts that my prediction will be fulfilled? Who can recall the events of the last ten years and still doubt? Who can behold the present state of the whole moral, political, intellectual and natural world, or can consider the words of divine prophecy, and not be certain that I have said what shall be seen?

“Glorious things of thee are spoken”
“Zion! city of our God!”

Wherever we turn our eyes we behold encouragement! Obstacles are being removed day by day. Every thing indicates a crisis in the history of the world, and exhorts us to prayer and faith and hope.

I cannot refrain from the mention of some of these encouraging signs of the times; for they have been fraught with much comfort to my own soul.

Look where you will, Fathers and Brethren, and you perceive two grand processes going forward. The first is, one by which all the nations of the earth are being brought within the reach and under the influence of the Church. The second, one by which the Church herself is being prepared to exert her influence for the conversion of the Nations.

Now, when this first process shall have been completed, and all the nations are within reach of the Church, then one grand means by which Satan has long retarded the coming of Christ's kingdom, shall have been wrested from the adversary's hand. It has long been the policy of Satan, to keep the world as free as possible from the influence of the Church, while it is the language of Christ, that the Church is the salt of the Earth, and while it is the inference from this language, that Christians must be diffused through the mass, and come into contact with every part of the mass, in order that it may be freed from putrefaction. Hence Satan fosters in us every selfish feeling—hence he blows party spirit into raging flames—hence he erects walls of separation between the children of Adam—hence he encourages prejudice and every narrow feeling—hence he quenches, by every possible

means, that flame of love which would seek, with its expansive and genial influence, to animate and bless our brethren of mankind. And hence, on the other hand, Christ bids us pray for and love and do good unto all men—hence he commands us to go into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature—hence in his adorable providence, he is removing every separating wall, and bringing all men under one saving influence. How is he doing this? He is doing this by annihilating differences between us and them. Differences of language, of manners, and of interests, formerly intervened between the Church which is charged with divine and saving truth, and those who are perishing for lack of knowledge. But now, the Missionaries of the Cross have acquired, and are acquiring, the manners of every race of men—and convincing them that their true interests are common with ours, and that they are all bound up together in Christ: “Now, too, the translated Scriptures speak in one hundred and fifty of the languages of men.* Moreover, distance that once intervened between the Church and the heathen, is now fast being annihilated by improved modes of travelling. What if a few years more should give us Steam-Boats across the Atlantic, as we have them now along our own dangerous coast? Steam communication is now held between England and the Levant. What if Ibrahim Pasha of Egypt, fertile in every expedient to improve his own country in arts and wealth, should lay down a rail-road across the Isthmus of Suez? Or, what if the English project of steam-boats on the Red Sea should be executed? The

* The language of the late T. Charlton Henry, D. D. Pastor of the 2d Presbyterian Church, Charleston, S. C.

six months voyage to India, would then become a rapid flight of six weeks. How audible would then become the cry of her perishing children for the bread of life! How complete the Church's facilities for sending them relief!

If any man think these mere Utopian dreams, let him remember what has occurred in our own country during the last thirty years—our own country, where in many places “the man sees a city where the boy saw a forest!” Or let him listen to the fact, that in Calcutta already, almost two hundred thousand sicca rupees have been subscribed for the accomplishment of this very Red Sea project.

It is interesting in this connection, to notice how the great head of the Church bends to his own purposes, the ways and means of men. The Greek language was the language of the learned, and the vehicle of their communications, and so the New Testament revelation was given to us in its form and its body. The Roman Empire was mistress of the whole world. And so within the first three centuries, all this power and this territory was, of God, made tributary to the kingdom of his dear Son. And thus in these days the commerce of Britain and America, found floating on every sea, and whitening every harbour, is consecrated *in part* now, and shall be hereafter consecrated entirely to the advancement of God's purposes in the universal diffusion of the Gospel. “The ships of Tarshish, which shall bring from far the sons of the Church, and their gold and their silver with them,” are the prophetic symbols under which reference was long ago made to these two commercial countries of modern times. How remarkable, that that commerce which is so important an auxiliary to the Missionary enter-

prize, should have been transferred successively from Tyre and Venice and Genoa and Antwerp, to those very lands where Christianity is most flourishing, and from whence, borne upon its wings, Christianity might fly forth with the greatest rapidity to all nations. How remarkable, that all India should have been brought under the dominion of the little Island of Great Britain, situated at the antipodes of itself! Who can help condemning this whole transaction so far as man is concerned; and yet who can help acknowledging in it all, the overruling hand of Providence? Already the policy of Great Britain towards her East Indian subjects, is almost completely reversed. She is now anxious for the increase of Christian instruction among them—a measure which she once feared to attempt, lest her dominions should be drenched in blood, and her authority expelled from the country! Who does not hope yet to see the most blessed effects resulting to India, from this very connection with England? How remarkable yet further, that England and America, thus sharing between them the world's commerce, are united in the use of one language, and in the possession of common origin, common feelings, and common principles! United thus, let them perform well that great part which Providence has assigned them in the conversion of mankind.

But again, the Lord is bringing all the world under the influence of the Church, by breaking the seals of ignorance, which, up to the present time, have bound down the nations. From heaven came down spoken language into the mouths of men. Where but from heaven was received the gift of language in a silent yet speaking page? Among the many inventions sought out by men, if there be one more precious or extensive

or lasting in its blessed influence than another—if there be one more loud than all others in its demands upon the Church for praise to God, as its giver and Author, it is the press. This is an instrument placed by God in the hands of his Church. But at the same time, it is one which, in a remarkable manner, he seems to be wielding with his own secret and untraced, but Almighty hand. The little silent preachers which it sends forth, for the most part are thrown *peculiarly* upon the care of Providence. The tract and the Bible enter the hovel of the heathen in many cases, without any Missionary to explain their contents. They ascend the sacred rivers of Bengal—they climb the lofty Himalach mountains of India—they penetrate the utmost recesses of Burmah—they surmount the walls of Canton, and forcing their way through each of those streets, and into each of those dwellings, which the foot of no Christian may defile, from thence they take their flight through all the empire. The great wall of China is no impediment to them. Jehovah is their guide, and gives them a passage upon every breeze. Every where among the heathen he leadeth them, when once they have issued from the hands of his servants. No burning sun consumes them as it doth the Missionary. No snow, no rain, no mountain, no river retards them in their course. They encounter the disciple of Confucius, the worshipper of Gandama, the Hindoo tritheist, and the haughty Mahommedan, all on a vantage ground. They meet each one alone, when no human voice proclaiming Christ, is there to awake their prejudices, or to stimulate their pride, or to arouse their wrath. God aids them. They enlighten—they convince—they convert. And the day of Judgment only will make manifest, how much they are now doing towards pre-

paring the heathen world for an humble reception of our divine system.

The first Christian Missionaries were the Apostles. They were successful Missionaries, and filled the whole world (then known) with the sound of the Gospel. But a change has passed over the scene, and the subjects of their influence. The very countries which they converted are now pagan, or worse than pagan. Their victory was glorious, but it has not proved permanent. Why? Had they not the same divine system? Were they not armed with Inspiration? Yes! *But they did not have the press.* They converted, but they did not, and in the nature of things, they could not permanently enlighten the nations. They have long since gone to their rest. The people of their day, who were converted by their preaching, have gone with them. But the cultivated vineyards of the former, have been long since overgrown with weeds. The children of the latter have been the prey of every false doctrine. And we Gentiles and sons of Gentiles in this far western world, must carry back the Gospel to Smyrna and to Ephesus and to Jerusalem. And when we go, we shall make permanent conquests. The conversions made by Missionaries now, shall be accompanied, if not preceded with instruction in reading, and in every thing that will enlighten and enlarge the mind. We shall give them the Bible in their own houses and in their own language—a possession which hardly one in one million enjoyed in Apostolic times. Every man shall have his own copy of it, for *we* have little fear that the Bible will *injure the laity*. And every man will teach it to his children, and to his children's children, and thus our conquests shall be permanent.

Even now already the ignorant pride of Heathen tribes, begins to fade away before the light of the Sun of Righteousness. Once all the Chinese called our money "devil's money," which, in the strength of their prejudices, they would batter and bruise to the utmost, before they allowed its passage as coin. Once they called our language "devil's talk," and ourselves "western barbarians," or "red bristled devils." Once they considered it an infinite condescension in the "golden feet," to allow the trading of American or English ships with his subjects. Once (as was believed) they would all join together in enforcing the laws against any foreigner who should enter the interior of their country. But now, strange to say, Gutzlaff passes without molestation every where through China. So far from injuring his person, all save the Mandarinines, show him marked kindness, and even *they* dare not offend the populace by doing him violence. He distributes tracts to eager multitudes, who crowd after him into the water around his boat, and pursue him at the top of their speed on land, pleading for "more of the good books," whenever he would leave them to carry some of these treasures to other towns. I refer you for further particulars to his *journals*, particularly the last published in the *Missionary Herald*.

To the same work for February, 1834, I refer you for proofs, that Turkish pride is waneing, and that light has *there* dawned. And I refer you to Mr. Ramsay's journals at Bombay, in the *Missionary Herald*, for proofs, that the dreadful institution of Caste in East-India, is beginning to crumble—and it must continue to crumble. It is grinding the people into the dust, and it cannot last. There are many who already hate it as poison, and fear not to express their feelings.

Several individuals in Bombay (open unbelievers now of their former religion) are publishing a native newspaper, in which they proclaim in the strongest language their hatred of Hindooism, and their determination, if possible, to destroy it. What is this?—The press! The press in India! And in the lands of intelligent natives too! And what shall be next? Who can tell? I am no prophet, nor the son of a prophet; but I doubt not that the complete overthrow of Caste, will follow with the rapidity of lightning, as soon as some few individuals are induced to commence the work of breaking its yoke from their necks. I am prepared to expect the greatest improvements wherever the press begins to shed its light.

The citizens of Athens in Georgia, and those of Columbia in South-Carolina, have lately done themselves the honour of sending from each of those places a press to Asia. A better gift to that benighted continent than all her spices and silks and gems could purchase!

But I have said, not only that the whole heathen world was coming under the influence of the Church, but that the Church herself was preparing to exert over them her influence, and that, an influence favourable to their conversion.

Let one glance be given at the recent changes in the public sentiment of our own community concerning foreign Missions. I look around with delight to behold the difference. Five years ago, how far behind our present position!

The idea that this country is *all the world*, is beginning to vanish. The desire for religion's prosperity *here*, begins to expand over a wider surface. The expectation of Zion's prevailing over all her domestic

foes waxes stronger, and becomes a confident belief, that she shall conquer. Moreover, knowledge of this subject is increasing among us. And as the natural result of this increase, God's people here are growing in love for this cause. Our monthly concerts of prayer are, in many places, more interesting than any other meetings. We begin to pity the poor Heathen more. We contribute more liberally than formerly to supply them with the good word. Some Christians have begun to contribute from principle, and upon a regular system. We are beginning to abandon the notion, that we have a right to hoard up our money while we live, if we will only bequeath it in a proper manner, when Death forces us away from its enjoyment and its worship. Strange as it would have appeared to us all in days not very long past, and strange as it does now seem to some who are behind the age, men can be found who give for the support of their religion, as much as was given for a corresponding purpose by the old Hebrews. Yes—and there are some whose charities considerably exceed a tenth of their income. Moreover, the number is increasing of those who are adding to their other offerings upon this altar, themselves or their children. Our young men are going forth to the battle, and their mothers, in some cases, are found, like the spartan mothers of old, buckling on their armour, and giving them their shield, and bidding them “either to bring it back, or to be brought back upon it.” Many mothers whom the world knows not, have, in their own hearts, dedicated their infants to this enterprize. Thus is Zion awaking and beginning to shine. And my prayer is, that she may continue to shine, until she is seen fair as the sun, clear as the moon, and terrible as an army with banners. Only

let her awake, call upon her God, and upon her children—only let her children be *united* and *bold*, be *enterprising*, be enlarged in mind and in heart, and in expectation and in plans, be humble and prayerful—and all will be well.

Finally, my Fathers and Brethren, farewell. I commend myself, and all my colleagues, and all the Heathen to your affections, your sympathies, your prayers. We need them. They need them. You can give them, and will grow richer by the gift.

I will not attempt any further than this to obtrude upon your notice my personal interests. As a fellow citizen and a fellow Christian of yourselves, as a son of the Southern Church, and as a Minister of Christ, who has preached in his Master's name to many of you, I have asked you to remember me, and having done so, I would forget myself in order to repeat again and again my petition in behalf of the Heathen. Oh think of their condition now, and anticipate their state hereafter! Have you any tender feelings? Come, then, here are "the bone of your bone, and the flesh of your flesh," lying outcast in the open field of ruin! As Christ your Saviour pitied you, so likewise do ye compassionate them!

On the knees of my spirit, Fathers and Brethren, I entreat you forget them not. Small is the boon I ask for them—your prayers, and your Bible, and some of your Ministers. In yon far distant land we shall expect to meet you in the monthly concert. Will you ever be absent from so interesting an assembly? Can any business be so important to you, as the junction of your prayers with ours, in order to the world's conversion? Are you not Christ's, and love you not the kingdom of your dear Lord?

If my life be spared, you shall not be uninformed of what I may hereafter see or hear or suffer or attempt to accomplish. Possibly I may write you from Tarsus, the city of Paul—or even from Jerusalem, where your Lord was crucified. I cannot conceive that a voice from such a place, could fail to rouse your slumbering zeal. But *probably* I shall send you tidings from Ephesus, or from Smyrna. May I not pre-engage your attention to what your Missionary may relate of the state of the "seven Churches of Asia," and the moral demands of the population among whom they once flourished? To this end may I not recommend to your patronage the *Missionary Herald*, a monthly paper, which shall be one channel of my communications, as it is for those of most other American Missionaries.

Oh who can think of a Mission to Asia Minor, and not feel his bosom swell, and not have his eye kindle? A Mission to Asia, the land of the sun! To Asia, the land of antiquity! of primeval science and song! To Asia, the first abode of Christianity! To Asia, the now apostatized, degraded, benighted! Of such a Mission, what shall the results be? Shall they be honourable or inglorious? Under God, the prayers of the Church must give the answer!

Brethren, be mindful ever of your high obligations! Ye are truly the light of the world! Brethren, the time of our conflict is short—the time of our redemption draweth nigh. Bring up all your energies to the immediate discharge of those responsibilities with which you are posting on to the judgment seat of Christ. Oh! how might you compass the green earth with your influence, and thus compassing, fertilize and render it as the garden of the Lord!

American patriots! American philanthropists! American Christians! great are your privileges! great your duties! How much you owe to God, and to the cause of Christianity, and to the world! How much too you owe yourselves! Keep pure your own fountains—not because you owe nothing to other nations, but on the contrary, that you may be able to give them to drink abundantly of your sweet and healthful waters. Strengthen your stakes, and lengthen your cords at one and the same time. Be anxious for the advancement of Christ's kingdom, both at home and abroad. Let **ALL THE WORLD** of which this country is a part, be the object of your Christian beneficence. To this end support the Southern Board of Foreign Missions, and at the same time, endow and befriend the Southern Theological Seminary. To this end send the Gospel to the heathen abroad, and at the same time, give that Gospel to your destitute at home. You can do both—though it will cost you some sacrifices. But what of sacrifices in the cause of Christ? Give up time and talents and property and health and friends and life, and then you will do nothing more than your duty. For ye are not your own! Ye are the blood-bought Church of Christ!

And now what shall my last word be?

It is related of the Rev. Dr. King, American Missionary to Greece, that on a certain occasion, when about to separate, probably for life, from a very dear friend, he spoke not one word of farewell. In circumstances similar to his, I would adopt his manner and use his mode of farewell more powerful than words. In eloquent and solemn silence, he lifted his hand and pointed to Heaven! This was all. He was a pilgrim wanderer on earth. There was his eternal home.