

THE  
FOREIGN MISSIONARY CHRONICLE.

VOL. XV.

DECEMBER, 1847.

No. 12.

Board of Foreign Missions.

LOVE TO CHRIST THE MOTIVE OF  
MISSIONS.

A Discourse,

DELIVERED BEFORE THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY OF THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, AT RICHMOND, VA., MAY 23, 1847; BY JAMES W. ALEXANDER; PASTOR OF THE DWANE STREET CHURCH, N. Y., AND NOW PUBLISHED AT THE REQUEST OF THE BOARD OF FOREIGN MISSIONS.

"And that every tongue should confess that Jesus Christ is Lord, to the glory of God the Father."—PHIL. ii. 11.

Placed in such circumstances, and among such hearers, a speaker may allowably assume some things, which ought to be established in an ordinary discourse. Nor would it be possible, within common limits, to discuss so great a topic, unless your indulgence should allow this course. We may, for example, presuppose your acquaintance with the context, and with the doctrinal formulas concerning the humanity and the exaltation of Christ; your belief that by Jesus God is bringing many sons and daughters unto glory; that this is done by human means, and under the great commission; and that the conversion of gentile nations falls within this scope. In other words, we ascend to our investigation from the platform of a common conviction, that the world is to be provided with the Gospel, and that to make this provision is a function of the Church. These are no longer open questions, blessed be God! But, thus agreed, we nevertheless demand something which may arouse, direct, console, and sustain us, in fulfilling this, our acknowledged vocation; and it is to afford this, that from year to year the General Assembly of our Church, in its highest court, is willing to give audience to brethren whose honour and task it must be, to stir up pure minds by way of remembrance.

If we could redeem the idea of Missions from false associations, if we could discover the deep principle from which all its actions flow, if we could find this to be nothing brought in from abroad to augment our daily piety by a new and

foreign element, but the identical source of all devotion and faith and holy living, we should forthwith rejoice in the unity and strength which would hence mark the whole system, and we should recognise with delight that the Spirit of Missions is indeed none other than the Spirit of Christ. The singleness of a great motive to the work, would give repose to our faculties, and simplicity to our aims, and would incorporate, under a comprehensive maxim, all the subordinate reasons which, separately taken, serve only to confuse and distract us. For there is no great action, of men or of communities, which may not, in some of its parts, be referred to a diversity of motives: that which is the intention of the parts, may not be the grand and ultimate purpose of the whole. To this remark no exception strikes us in the scheme of duty which convenes us here.

Christian Missions tend to multiform good ends, and each of these is a separate argument and motive. Thus they inform the intellect, and enlarge the knowledge; they civilize and refine; they rescue from temporal evil, and they save the soul. Yet all these are but subsidiary to one grand intention, which is the *glory of Messiah in his kingly power over redeemed sinners*, as his satisfying recompense; and holy affection reaches forward, to accomplish by this means the mighty yearnings of an incarnate God, who is at the same time the Husband of His elect and loving Church. So that the subjection of man to our Redeemer, as the reward which He claims and waits for, is a result which true piety craves, with immeasurable love, and inexpressible longing. To present which truth, not so much by proof, as in amplification, is our purpose, when we lay before you the proposition, that the *great motive to Christian Missions is personal love to the Lord Jesus, manifested in the desire and expectation of his reign over converted sinners*.

The text indeed is far wider than our subject. It comprehends an exaltation before which we see the bowing and adoring hierarchies of heaven, and he who has grace to preach among the gentiles the unsearchable riches of Christ, reveals

that by which unto principalities and powers in heavenly places, is made known by the church the manifold wisdom of God. And yet the great reward of the cross is in those who are saved by it, for which reason we may properly limit our views to such kingship of the Son as has for its object the chosen people, which is His body, without which His glory were incomplete; the fulness of Him that filleth all in all.

What is true religion? Not fear—not submission—not benevolence—not regard for being in general—not philanthropy—great and essential as some or all of these may be—but LOVE TO CHRIST. Away with those schemes of self-conversion which bring sinners to the feet of an absolute Jehovah, and command him to *submit*, without a Mediator! Love to the person of Immanuel, God manifest in the flesh, a dying, reigning Saviour, is the mark and criterion of all the family in heaven and earth. It is the soul going out, as we know from lesser loves that souls *can* go out, to a personal God—to God in our nature; to a mediating Surety, both God and man; to “Jesus Christ the Lord:” and the sentence upon him who loves not thus, is Anathema Maranatha. “Lovest thou me? Feed my sheep!” Here is the token of the missionary host; and the missionary spirit, whether in childhood or age, in the pastor or the apostle, looks up, from the cross and the sepulchre, to the crown and the second-coming; and sighs forth its expectant longing, and says to the Bridegroom, Priest, and Sovereign, “Thou art fairer than the children of men: grace is poured into thy lips; therefore God hath blessed thee forever.” “Gird thy sword upon thy thigh, O most Mighty: thy throne, O God, is for ever and ever!” The individual, and the church, glow with an unspeakable desire for the universal acknowledgment, that *Jesus Christ is Lord*.

I. *It is a sentiment flowing from the covenant of grace.* The term carries us far back. It is not time, but eternity. There are no worlds. Time has not yet begun. There are no creatures. The fountain of Godhead flows into itself. The infinite, primeval, eternal harmony, expresses itself in covenant. Creatures, as yet, exist only in the divine Idea. The elect Church is not, except prospectively in the person of the Eternal Son. In foresight of the events of grace, He covenants for his people; to stand for them; to take humanity for them; to obey, to die, to rise, to reign, to triumph for them. For his body, church, and spouse, being ready, as afterwards written in the volume of the book, to endure the wrath of God, He looks down to their gathering, from among all nations, and through the lapse of all centuries. Here is the mystery of his will, according to his good pleasure, which he hath purposed in himself: “In whom we have obtained an inheritance, being prede-

tinated, according to the purpose of him who worketh all things after counsel of his own will; the mystery, which from the beginning of the world hath been *hid in God*.” The salvation of men, in all nations, is that which shall bring glory to the Son; and the covenant of eternal wisdom is the awful, hidden, but capacious source of the Gospel, and the mission of love.

II. *It is a sentiment flowing from the system of mediatorial preparation.* What is the world, but a stage prepared for this high action? What is history, but the gradual procession of these marvels, through the patriarchal, Mosaic, regal, and prophetic periods, up to the fulness of time when the Desire of all Nations should come? The incarnation and the cross were not expedients, summoned to meet an emergency, but critical epochs, foreseen and foreshadowed, in Eden, in the blood of Abel, in the bow of Noah; in every altar, chalice, hyssop-branch, and victim; by seers, and palmists, and prophets. The hemming in of grace within narrow temple walls, was but the temporary and designed gathering, in the reservoir, of that fountain which was to run over the laver’s brim, flood the pavement of holy courts, break over the eastern threshold, and swell into mighty waters, to the ancles, to the knees, to the loins, to the depth to swim in, a river which could not be passed over. A thousand voices of prophecy foretold Him who was to preach peace to them which were afar off—the Gentiles—and to them which were nigh—the Jews. As the long ceremonial night wore away, and the theocratic starlight grew dimmer, and the dayspring of the Gospel was on the mountains, the desire and expectation waxed more intense, till the hour when lingering saints could say, “Now, now, lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have beheld thy salvation.” The mighty maze found its clew in the hand of Him who had “*prepared* it before all people; a light to lighten the Gentiles, and the glory of his people Israel.” The publication of this by missionary or apostle, is the GOSPEL, and is but the carrying onward of a desire and expectation that wrought in the womb of ages.

III. *It is a sentiment flowing from the Cross.* To you, my brethren, I will not seek to prove, that we here touch the sun of the system, the centre of all gracious converging lines. Here the first infant faith opens its vision; here the latest gaze of the dying saint lingers; here the holiness of every single believer gathers daily forces; here the Gospel-messengers, to Jew and Gentile, find motive and support. It is equally the fountain of power to private graces, and the propelling organ of a dispersing church. The breaking of Christ’s body on the tree, was the sacrifice of the bridegroom for the bride; love of infinite dimensions; passing knowledge; sure of its reward; mighty in its consummation.

"Set me as a seal upon thy heart, for love is strong as death, jealousy is cruel as the grave; the coals thereof are coals of fire, which hath a most vehement flame: many waters cannot quench love, neither can the floods drown it." To behold this love, and the things therein freely given us of God, is *faith*, is eternal life: but it is also the prime motive to all individual effort, and to all the sacrifice and warfare of the church. Faith looks down into the humiliation, and up to the reward.

The missionary sentiment connects itself with the cross and passion of our Lord, and thus with the prime motive in all individual effort, and all the piety of the church. The humiliation was a valley leading to sublime reward; the "brook in the way" to triumph and a reign. And whatever made those humblings and those torments desirable to the Son, as the means of mediatorial glory, may well make their *reward* an object of intense desire. "I have a baptism to be baptized with, and how am I straitened till it be accomplished." "Now is the *Son of man glorified*," said the Lord, at the very threshold of his amazing trial. With the almost insufferable cup of vicarious penalty and judicial wrath at his lips; when all that was human sank into grief, and all that was divine was needed to sustain, Jesus said, "Nevertheless not my will, but thine be done." That event is past, as history; it yet abides in sacramental memorial, and therein we do show forth the Lord's death *till he come*, till the accomplishment of the covenanted reward. For if God hath highly exalted him, it is because he made himself of no reputation, and took upon him the form of a servant, and was made in the likeness of men, and being found in fashion as a man, he humbled himself, and became *obedient to death*, even the death of the cross." This is the glorious reason of his royal conquests, the condition of that covenant which enjoined the death of the head for the members. When his soul shall make an offering for sin, he shall see his seed, he shall prolong his days; he shall see of his travail; he shall take the victor's spoil; *because* he poured forth his soul unto death. This he felt when, amidst the last pulsations of his heart, he cried, while the vail was rent, and the typical propitiatory was discovered, **IT IS FINISHED!** And thus the same object which fastens the adoring, loving gaze of every believing sinner, in the critical moment of his history, becomes the grand argument for the desire and expectation which we affirm; and so the missionary hope and purpose draw their very life from the blood of Gethsemane and Golgotha. What may we not expect from such a submission!

And that which we thus expect, shall assuredly take place. "I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me." As surely as the Son is crucified, so surely shall the missionary consummation ensue.

IV. It is a sentiment flowing from the *ordained progress of Christ's Church*. The elect shall infallibly be gathered. The Redeemer who died shall see his seed. But, not all at once; there is progress. For divine Almighty Providence sees fit to break its awful seals with such sovereign delay, and to unroll its mystic web with such degrees, as chafe the impatience of ephemeral creatures, who wait not His time, and forget the stately succession of "evening and morning" in the work of creation. But He shall take his crown no less infallibly, rich with multiplying gems of nations. He shall come down like rain upon the mown grass; as showers that water the earth. The kings of Tarshish and of the isles shall bring presents: the kings of Sheba and Seba shall offer gifts. The church, thus augmented, shall not be discouraged by smallness of beginnings in her missionary work. Though the seed be scanty, the harvest of souls, (so surely as the Lord liveth, and so surely as Christ died,) shall wave like a forest. There shall be a handful of corn in the earth, upon the top of the mountains; the fruit thereof shall shake like Lebanon. All the prognostics of prophecy combine to make one great vision of future, certain glory. For the vision is yet for an appointed time, but at the end it shall speak, and not lie: though it tarry, wait for it; because it will surely come, it will not tarry. Such is Christ's gradual conduct of his work, and such its bearing on the missionary sentiment.

Faith unmasks the falsehood, that Christianity is not in progress. All existing Christianity, and all the souls redeemed since the Advent, are tokens of this progress. All the true civilization, science, and philanthropy, even of infidel reformers, are but so many borrowed reflections of this light, and monuments of this advance. Christ has never said, indeed, to our globe, that midnight shall, without an interval, give place to noon; yet all is not dark. In some tracts there is day-break, and in some the blush of sunrise. There are, blessed be God, some lands not wholly destitute of virtue, civilization, and liberty: we know what has wrought the change, and we mark the tendency towards the full blessing of our text.

There is an island in the North-Atlantic, by no means the largest on the earth. Two thousand years ago, it was peopled by savages, naked and painted, or clad in skins; as wild, and as ferocious, as the tawny hordes, whose prince, in the days of our fathers, ruled yonder, on these waters of Powhatan. They were idolaters, and their orgies were bloody and appalling. There were no arts, letters, commerce, or advancement. Look at the same islands, after twenty centuries: thronged with an ever-increasing population, it is the happiest land of the old world. If there are refinements of literature, if there are wonders of useful art, if

there are poetry and eloquence, if there are adventurous flights of science, if there are statesmanship and commerce, these exist there in their highest glory. It is a land of civilization and increasing freedom: it is the land of our fathers!

Now pause and ask, What has peopled these wastes, and pushed the tide of population even to the wintry coast of the inhospitable North? What has reared cities, and impelled the wheels of a thousand manufactures, and decked the earth with an agriculture unsurpassed among men?—The love of Christ. What has scattered schools, from town to town, and hamlet to hamlet, and founded universities, which, in spite of sectarian narrowness, are yet the pride of human learning?—The love of Christ. What has exchanged the misrule of Celtic chieftainship, and the feuds of warring tribes, for rational government and balanced concord?—The love of Christ. What has sent colonies, to become greater and happier and freer nations, in a late undiscovered hemisphere?—The love of Christ. Yes, my brethren, the blessing has overflowed to many kingdoms, by means of societies, charities, and missions: from which our own land has derived example and impulse.

The same progress has been observed, to a certain extent, in other nations; and to the precise extent, in which the grand motive, which is our theme, has been operative. Name the spot in Europe where honour, morality, and happiness prevail, and you will name what was, not many centuries ago, a seat of heathenism. The peaceful and cultivated states of Protestant Germany, occupy the grounds once covered by overshadowing forests, from which issued the blue-eyed, fair-haired, brawny tribes, whose rudeness and valour are noted by Cæsar and Tacitus. Nor has this sacred agency lost its power. Our own days, almost our own eyes, have beheld the sunny isles of the Pacific, in two of their principal groups, first, lying in the voluptuous lap of an abominable idolatry, and then, by this mission of love, awakened to freedom and the Gospel. In lesser, but glorious instances, various posts have been so visited by the gracious influences of the Holy Ghost, as to show numerous conversions, agreeing, in every essential, with those of the apostolic times. Here is a progress which earthly propagandism cannot emulate. The Owenite, the Fourierite, and the St. Simonian, take good heed to lay their crazy foundations only where they can feel beneath them the solid rock of Christianity. They have sent no martyrs to the Gentiles. Is it not manifest, that what the world needs, and waits for, in order to a reconstruction of society, is the doctrine of the New Testament, and of the Cross of Christ, with the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven? And, in the review of such things, do not desire and expectation, daughters of love, break into the exclamation, "Make haste, my

Beloved, and be thou like to a rose, or to a young hart upon the mountains of spices!"

V. *It is a sentiment of loyalty to our King.* How great would be the movement, if the united Church could be seen advancing, as a sacramental array, "for Christ's crown and covenant," to set the diadem of all dominion on the head that was once beset with thorns, and to exalt to his declarative glory and headship that Lord Jesus, who is king by eternal sonship and inheritance; king by regal session at the right hand of power; king by spiritual sway and progressive conquest; and shortly to be king by the acclamation of loving and ransomed souls in earth and heaven. How will it redeem the work from all that is sordid, narrow, and temporal, when the universal host shall go forward, with the lofty enthusiasm of liberty chastened by the loyalty of homage; counting the success, not so much by the arithmetic of numerical increase, or the statistics of professing names, as by the acquisition for Christ, and by Christ, of that kingdom foreordained before the foundation of the world, longed for by the patriarchal saints, pointed out by meeting lines of prophecy, purchased by mediatorial humbling, agony, and blood, and going on to consummation in the bringing of many sons and daughters to glory. Then shall appear the concord between the loyalty of the individual believer, and the loyalty of the contending Church; between the personal persuasion of each heart, that the Head of every man is Christ, and the catholic persuasion of the missionary Church, that this same Jesus is both Lord and Christ. Rapid shall be the progress of the militant body, when, as good soldiers of Jesus Christ, each one shall, first, singly, yield himself to Immanuel, bearing in his body the marks of the Lord Jesus, and then, the combining array shall go forward after the ark of the covenant, and the pillar of cloud. Then shall the present narrow limits of Christendom be overpassed, as landmarks are obliterated by the spring flood, when the inward propulsion of the mass, yearning with Pentecostal throes for the honour of Jesus, shall cause it to pour over the surrounding tracts of heathenism, and flow from the river to the ends of the earth. The battle is the Lord's. The voice of thousands is for his exaltation. The camp of Israel is in motion. The victory is unwonted. The bloodless conquest is by soldiers who follow a rightful sovereign. The Lord his God is with him, and the shout of a king is among them.

So long as we lie still in an unchristian lukewarmness, of which we may be shamed by every demonstration of ardour and self-devotion on the part of worldly patriots, and common warfare, it is no wonder that the host moves heavily. So long as we seek impulse from vulgar reckonings, of moneys laid out, of men commissioned, of services rendered, of posts occupied, and even of converts registered; so long as our organiza-

tion and effort in this or that district of the communion, proceed in the routine of a mercantile and almost compulsory scheming and disbursement, so long we may look in vain for heroic achievement. Such deeds are not wrought in cold blood. There may indeed be a false and evanescent transport, and a romantic rapture, in the churches at home, or in the missionary on his voyage—coloured mists which shall be dissipated by the first gust of persecution: but we are slow to believe that man, Christian man, is pure intellect, or imperative conscience. There is, in the sanctified bosom, not principle or conviction merely, but a heart, a human throbbing heart, vital with the resistless pulse of emotion, palpitating with the power of holy passion, and driving its tides of life through every artery, to the remotest member: and if this central engine is ever to be in play, it may well be in the cause of the sovereign headship of Him who is the object of affections such as no earthly, temporal motive can command; the softest, tenderest, most growing, mightiest aspirations of a soul in progress, under the spirit of God. The very mockeries of counterfeit romance, knight-hood, and war, evince that man's powers were never made for apathy; that the swell of the ocean within belongs to its nature, and that humanity, as renewed in the individual, and in the body collective, is immensely capacious of a true excitement. If we may surmise aught of the future glory of man, it is this. Not more truly does the removal of atmospheric pressure release the imprisoned gas, thenceforward to expand by its immeasurable elasticity, than does the emancipated soul diffuse itself into higher desires, and more commanding love. It is true even here; true of the man, singly, and true of man in association. It is proved by every great epoch of history, by every convulsive movement of nations, in conquest, emigration, colony, and revolution; by every invasion and irruption; by every change of dynasty and religion; by every chivalrous passage, and every crusade; by every expansion of national or associate feeling, in commerce or in philosophy. In each, in all, there is enthusiasm; and we will not concede to the icy utilitarians of the church, that her glorious destiny of triumph is to be reached with the measured tread of a phlegmatic battalion on parade, or that her King is to be carried to his throne with all the dead form of an outworn earthly court. For this were to surrender whatever is generous in the play of higher feeling, to be exhausted on falsehood, error, and vice, and to pursue the most ennobling of all human ends with quiet indifference, and unmanly caution. The children of this world are wiser. The Man of Sin is wiser. A vital circulation, however false, flows through the veins of Popery. The men of Rome are animated. Her mighty Babel, though yet to be destroyed, and though

towering towards a heaven that shall confound her labours and blast her walls, is not carried up coldly, or in sleep. She caresses the imagination, and inflames the heart. She deals with man as susceptible of enthusiastic impulse, and of that specific impulse which is our theme, to wit, the spirit of loyalty. She also has a monarchy, though false, tyrannous, and God-denying; she also has subjects, who are taught to love to burn, to sacrifice, and to die. Think you that the Jesuit missionary, who compasses sea and land to leave the mark of the beast on the native of Paraguay or Tahiti, does this in seeming only? that the Xaviers and Loyolas were only actors of a part, simulating a zeal they never felt? A hundred martyrdoms forbid the absurd presumption. Nay, firmness there is, even to the death; and loyalty to a power which can never lessen its incantations, till the Lord shall consume with the spirit of his mouth, and destroy with the brightness of his coming. In popery there is *submission to a king*; a king who has his foot on the necks of princes; a king in the house of God, showing himself that he is God. And herein this master-piece of Satan avails itself of a great principle and capacity of our common nature, even that of loyalty. Now we shall never prevail over the adversary by denying this tendency of universal manhood, or by stripping humanity of all affections converging toward a living Head and Lord, but by restoring this very principle to its just place, by vindicating its consistency with civil freedom, by driving the usurper from Christ's seat, and by coming as men, as disciples, and as a church, to the feet of our liege Lord, and doing homage to him whom we have sworn to obey. The facility with which this temper is caught in human things, shows how truly it belongs to man. The propensity of man to cling in filial and half-adoring love and reverence on a human leader, which has been manifested under absolute princes—the Charlemagnes, the Charleses, and the Napoleons—was, though a misplaced, a generous passion: the idolatry consisted in its fastening on a wrong object. Only once has the world seen a pure visible theocracy. "Jehovah is our judge, Jehovah is our lawgiver, Jehovah is our KING." With what offended dignity does Samuel the Seer avert his face, from the nation which desires another king. With what pathetic majesty does Samuel's God say, "They have not rejected thee!" Yet, with what characteristically Hebrew attachment, did "the many thousands of Israel" go after successive princes—Saul—David—Solomon. They were even carried away with zeal for the type. True kingship was yet to come: "I see Him, but not now!" It was not long before there was neither temple nor throne in Israel. And as all proper priesthood is gone, (though its shadow remains,) so all royalty is gone, (though its shadow re-

mains,) and the way is nowhere more cleared than in a free commonwealth, for the inauguration of Him, who is "a Priest on his throne." The freer we are from human dominion, the freer are we to avow our true allegiance. It is to an unseen Lord, who shall reign more and more visibly. It is a rage of impious licentiousness which rushes to the other extreme, and, as in France, decrees that there is no immortality. But even should every human monarchy be brought low, the people of God, from the vast plain of a rational freedom, might all the more freely look heavenward, and all the more loyally bow the knee to Him whose right it is: unto Him shall be the gathering of the people.

VI. It is a sentiment flowing from the very object which God employs in attaining the end. The truth which moves the missionary church, moves the repentant soul. This was wonderfully revealed to the Moravians. By gradual experience these good brethren learned the power of love. The incident is famous, and has been cited hundreds of times.\* The Greenland missionaries, like many other teachers, had dwelt long on the outworks of natural religion. They had spoken much about God, about Creation, about duties. It was in June, 1738, while JOHN BECK was employed on a translation of the Gospels, that some of the savages requested to hear portions read from the book. Hitherto, these people, used to perils, and accustomed to drive the canoe among islands of ice, and to spear the seal at hazard of their lives, had laughed at the effeminate strangers, who (as they said) were all day "poring over marks on a leaf, or scratching with a feather." BECK told them of the fall, and of heaven and hell. He told them that the Creator was merciful, and hinted at the awful mystery of incarnation. "And now," said he, "we must believe in Him, if we would be saved." A sudden impulse from the Holy One led this brother hereupon to give a lively picture of the agony and passion of the Lord. He read to them of Gethsemane and Golgotha. It was just then that the Greenlander KAJARNAK stepped up to the table, and said, with an earnest and touching voice, "How was that? Tell me that once more, for I would fain be saved, too!" "These words," says the missionary, (for I love to use his very language,) "the like of which I had never heard from a Greenlander before, thrilled through my frame, and melted my heart to such a degree, that tears ran down my cheeks, while I gave them an account of the Lord's life and death, and the whole counsel of

God concerning our salvation." Other brethren came in, other savages joined in the inquiry. Some laid their hands on their mouths in astonishment, while some stole away; but many staid, much agitated, and desired to know how to pray. Here was the first clear ray of Gospel-morning that broke in on the Arctic night. It was the dawn of a great principle. Henceforward a bleeding, dying Saviour was, and continues to be, the badge of these missions. Their maxim became this, *to begin with the Gospel; to begin with Christ; to tell even Greenland savages (as Crantz says) of 'Christ's buying and winning them with his own precious blood, and with his innocent suffering and dying.'* And he adds: "In all our sermons, catechisings, and conversations, the chief theme is the living knowledge of Jesus Christ, as crucified for our sins; and from this source every other truth is deduced."

Hear the same, confirmed by our first Presbyterian missionary, one hundred years ago. August 3, 1745, Crossweeksung, New Jersey: "I preached," says DAVID BRAINERD, in reference to his Indians, "with some view to Rev. xxii. 17, *And whosoever will, &c.* The Lord, I am persuaded, enabled me, in a manner somewhat uncommon, to set before them the Lord Jesus Christ, as a kind and complete Saviour, inviting distressed and perishing sinners to accept everlasting mercy. There were above twenty adult persons present, and not above two that I could see with dry eyes." And again: "When I was favoured with any special freedom in discussing of the ability and willingness of Christ to save sinners, and the need in which they stood of such a Saviour, there was then the greatest appearance of Divine power in awakening numbers of secure souls." And still more to the point: "I had sometimes, formerly, in reading the apostle's discourse to Cornelius, wondered to see him so quickly introduce the Lord Jesus Christ into his sermon, and so entirely dwell upon him throughout the whole of it, observing him in this to differ very widely from many of our modern preachers; but latterly this has not seemed strange, hence Christ has appeared to me to be the substance of the Gospel, and the centre in which the several lines meet." This same cross, my brethren, which draws the faith of the Gentiles, exalts the desire and expectation of the missionary church; and thus the sentiment which should urge us onward, is the same which first united us to our Head.

I have not dared to open the scroll of prophecy, though filled with characters belonging to our topic. That broad light which is thrown upon the future of the Church, encourages and exalts our hope. Standing on the coast, and looking out to the sails which speck the distant

\* This event is made the entire theme of a great sermon of the Rev. Adolphe Monod, D.D., on the text, "God is Love." Our statement of it, however, is abridged from Holmes's "Historical Sketches of the Missions of the United Brethren," London, 1827, pp. 25 et seq.

horizon, we may exclaim, "Who are these that fly as a cloud, and as the doves to their windows: surely the isles shall wait for me, and the ships of Tarshish, first, to bring my sons from afar!" And we shall one day cry, "*All Israel shall be saved*, as it is written, There shall come out of Sion the Deliverer!" To this Deliverer, the whole missionary work is a tribute of love. Towards this one throne, should be gathered the affections of every church, every missionary, and every donor. And the time is short, for the work shall end in victory: and mark who triumphs: "After this I beheld, and lo, a great multitude, which no man can number, out of all kindreds and people and tongues, stood before the LAMB, clothed with white robes, and palms in their hands, and cried with a loud voice, saying, Salvation to our God, which sitteth upon the throne, and *unto the LAMB!*" Before this comes, the Church on earth, and every organized part of it, severally, shall rise to a love which may swell this song and chorus of heaven, to that divine name which is sacrificial and atoning—to the LAMB. Our time for this is short. We shall never all meet again. "Our fathers, where are they?" Standing here, among the churches where I received my call to the ministry, and among my fathers' sepulchres, I may be suffered for a moment, (omitting great men whom I have not seen,) to pronounce the names of Turner, Mitchell, Lacy, Hoge, Lyle, Speece, and Baxter. Every motive of individual relation would urge me to dilate on such a theme: "Thine own friend, and thy father's friend, forget thou not." Each of these was a good soldier, in a true missionary work. But time and strength do not suffice.

Those who are gone admitted the claim of Christ's crown on us as a church. One of them, especially, has left us his testimony. Consider, reverend brethren, these words, of date March 4, 1831, words suggested to this Court of Jesus Christ. "In the judgment of this General Assembly, one of the principal objects of the institution of the Church, by Jesus Christ, was, not so much the salvation of individual Christians—for, 'whosoever believeth shall be saved'—as the communication of the blessing of the Gospel to the destitute, with the efficiency of united effort." "The Presbyterian Church is a Missionary Society, the object of which is to aid in the conversion of the world, and every member of the Church is a member for life of said society, and bound to do all in his power for the accomplishment of this object."\*

\* It is hardly necessary to say, that this is an extract from a paper dictated by the late Rev. John H. Rice, D.D., shortly before his death, as an overture to the General Assembly. Dr. Rice was the first pastor of the Presbyterian Church, within which the Assembly was meeting, in 1847. See Maxwell's *Life of Rice*, p. 388.

Do you, beloved brethren, recognise the voice? It is one to which you, of this city and church, were long familiar. Are not these the dying words of that venerable servant of Christ, whose memorial-tablet is here in our sight?

Following the footsteps of those who by faith and patience inherit the promises, let us unite in breathings after the accomplishment of the great promise of the Church, saying, *Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly.*

### India: *Lodiana Mission.*

#### THE PRESENT STATE AND PROSPECTS OF THE MISSIONARY WORK IN INDIA.

BY THE REV. JESSE M. JAMIESON.

Concluded from page 323.

The Hindus are emphatically a *devotional* people, in their own way, and are as anxious to be saved as most men are in Christian countries. With them, religion, in some shape or other, mixes in all the ordinary concerns of life; and no one is ashamed of his religion.

While bathing, a ceremony which has to be performed every day, and usually in public, they repeat their prayers; and so well adapted are the gesticulations used to washing, both the body and the apparel, that by the time they have finished their devotions, the whole external man has undergone a complete renovation, and no time has been lost.

They are also *liberal*. They contribute largely for the support of the priests, and idolatry. There is an image of the goddess *Kali* in Calcutta, in the worship of which, it is said, twenty-five hundred thousand dollars are expended annually. And this is the goddess of thieves, and robbers, and murderers. This is perhaps more than all the denominations of Christians in America give annually for the support of Missions. They erect splendid temples for their deities, some of which cost millions of dollars, and it is not unusual for poor laboring men to give two or three months labour, and find themselves, in the building of these temples.

To these places of worship, hundreds, and sometimes thousands, may be seen wending their way, an hour before daylight, to attend to their morning devotions, and to make offerings to their idols. Some with a few flowers, or coppers, and some with a little wheat in their hands, and others with milk in small brass vessels, proceed to the altar, and place them before

The writer will doubtless be pardoned, for abridging this part of his work, by omitting some passages which were there delivered, but which, from their local bearing, would have less interest for the reader.