

MISSIONARY ADVOCATE.

His Dominion shall be from Sea even to Sea, and from the River even to the ends of the Earth.

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MISSIONARY ANNIVERSARY.

SABBATH morning, November 20, 1870, rose upon our Churches in New York and its vicinity with unusual brightness and gladness. The Missionary Board had, through its Secretaries, requested the Pastors to call the attention of their people to the Missionary Cause, setting forth its present prosperous condition and its cheering future, as indicated by the large advance in the appropriations made by the General Missionary Committee for the coming year.

SABBATH AFTERNOON.

This call upon the people, commencing on Sabbath morning in the various Churches, was continued in the afternoon by a general meeting in St. John's Church, Brooklyn. The church was filled to overflowing by the friends of missions who had gathered to listen to addresses from brethren who had spent years abroad in missionary service, and who propose soon to return to the field of their toils and triumphs.

The Hon. GEORGE G. REYNOLDS, of Brooklyn, presided. The service was commenced by the congregation uniting in singing the 195th hymn:

"O Spirit of the living God!"

Rev. WILLIAM M'DONALD read the 67th Psalm, and Rev. A. D. VAIL, of New York, offered prayer.

After the 976th hymn was sung Judge REYNOLDS said: We are favored this afternoon with the presence of brethren who have been laboring in foreign mission fields of the Church, and who will therefore speak to us from their own experience. The first address will be delivered by the Rev. CHARLES W. JUDD, of our mission in India.

ADDRESS OF REV. C. W. JUDD.

Mr. JUDD said:

I take it, sir, that this congregation would not expect me to improve the few moments allotted to me to-day in speaking of any thing save matters of fact relative to the work in India, as I am fresh from that field. Therefore, however much I might like to speak of other matters in relation to the missionary work in general, I shall confine myself at this time to that subject; that is, the subject as it relates to our work in India to-day. In the spring of the year 1859 I left this, my native land, with five other brethren, at the call of the Church, and went to that portion of India that had been selected by the representative of the Church, then in the field as the mission of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Perhaps it would not be uninteresting to you to know, or for me to remark briefly, that our mission occupies two small provinces called Oude and Rohilcund, and lies between the river Ganges and the Himalaya Mountains. All that territory east of the river Ganges and north of the Narrows—you doubtless know where the Narrows is, for on

almost any good map of India you can find that—and as far north as Gurhwal, is what is known as the territory of the Methodist Episcopal mission in India. That you may get a better idea of it let me state that the whole of India, not including Burmah or Hindostan Proper, is, perhaps, about as large as the United States east of the Rocky Mountains. The territory that we occupy—the two provinces that I mentioned, Oude and Rohilcund—is about as large as the State of Pennsylvania. I speak of this State, as from your knowledge of the map you can form an idea of the size of the territory. Now mark this also, please—that, while in the State of Pennsylvania there are about three and a half millions of people, taking all the denominations there is a pastor for every five hundred persons, which would make something like eight thousand pastors. But in the field that the Methodist Episcopal Church occupies in India, about the same size in area, there are twenty millions of souls and only twenty missionaries, and two of us, by the way, are here on leave, so that there are only eighteen missionaries in the field. So you see if we were all there it would be only one missionary to a million instead of one missionary to five hundred, as in the State of Pennsylvania. Now this is a fair proportion, perhaps, for the whole of India, taking into account all the other missions there, so that you can see not only the vastness of the work that we have to do, but the magnitude of the work that others have to do also. We are to-day proposing to give the Gospel to these twenty millions—about sixteen millions in the valley of the Ganges proper, and about four or five millions in the mountains. Our mission extends a little into the Himalaya Mountains, no other mission occupying that field save the Church of England, which has a small mission in the city of Lucknow.

Again I would remark that Dr. Butler went to India and opened the mission; and after the mutiny, when I went there, we had literally nothing in all that field, as what we had done before had been destroyed during the mutiny. So that in 1859, a little more than eleven years ago, our mission work in that country really commenced. I would remark, also, that the country was so unsettled, and so much opposition to the missionary work existed there, that it was really unsafe for a missionary to go unprotected through the streets of those cities to preach the Gospel. For instance, as you may have heard, when our missionary went through the streets of Lucknow he used to go protected by a guard of soldiers, and what was true of that city was true of all other cities in Oude and Rohilcund. Now what a change in those few years that have passed! We can go now in any part of that country by night or by day, preaching the Gospel and laboring to plant the standard of the cross, without interruption. In that great and wicked city of Lucknow, where there are more than six hundred thousand inhabitants, we preach in all parts of the city, and can go anywhere in it, by night if we choose, without the fear of being molested.

And what a change has come over the people in reference to attendance at the schools! In those days it was very difficult for us to establish schools, even to get the boys to come

to school, to say nothing of teaching the girls and the women of India. The thing was hardly known in those days; but in the lapse of ten short years such a wonderful change has taken place in regard to this that the whole country is open to education—to those who wish to labor in this direction, not only among the boys and young men of the country, but also to teach the girls and the women. So that to-day we have just as many schools in India as we can support, just as many schools as we can find teachers for, and we can labor every-where without let or hindrance. I speak of this that you may at once get an idea of the vastness of the work, and the way that God in his providence has opened the country to us.

Well, now, we found these people not like the barbarous nations of the earth, without any form of education or form of religion. They are, as many of you know, in some respects educated and enlightened, and the arts and sciences have been carried to a greater extent than many of you are aware of. They have their systems of education; they have their systems of religion. Their religious books answer to them the same as our Bible to us. The Mohammedans have their *Koran*, and the Hindoos their *Shosters* and *Vedas*. These books, however, are not written in a language spoken by the people, the Hindoos' Bible being written in the old Sanscrit language, which was spoken centuries ago, but to-day is not the spoken language of India. The *Koran* is in the Arabic and Persian, which is not the spoken language of the Mohammedans to-day. So that if the unlettered part of that country wish to know even the rudiments of their own religion they have to go to their priests—the Hindoo to his Brahmin priest and the Mohammedan to his priest—and whatever interpretation they give the people take as from God. If, perchance, they are able to read their books, they are not allowed to give their own interpretation, to make their own comments, to act upon their own judgment in regard to what is written there, but the interpretation of the priest alone must be followed. Now this is the condition in which we find that people. I have no doubt there are hundreds and thousands of them under conviction that we never find, for we go out into the streets of the city and preach the Gospel. It would be impossible to collect them in a church like the one we are assembled in to-day until they are nominally Christian.

After they become acquainted with us and become nominal Christians, then they come into houses of worship; but they are so suspicious of us, and of every body for that matter, that they rarely go into a place of worship for fear some trap might be sprung upon them by which they would be made Christians. They have an idea that we have some secret process by which we can make Christians and then turn them out by the hundred; consequently they are watching lest in some secret way they may wake up and find themselves Christians. That is the jealousy they have of their own system and the fear that they have of ours; hence, I say, they will not come into our houses of worship, and we go to them in the street. If they hear the Gospel, and get under conviction that their own systems are wrong and that we are right, they

naturally go to their priests and inquire about the matter, how it is; and, of course, the priest's business is to send them off on some other line of thought, to divert their attention in some way from the thought that has been occupying their minds into another channel. Because he knows very well, if he is an educated man, that unless they give up this reading and thinking they will very soon abandon Hindooism or Mohammedanism. Hence, when a man asks what he shall do in order to get rid of the distress and anguish of heart he feels, the priest, perhaps, sends him on a pilgrimage. They have invented a thousand such ways; but I shall not have time to mention more than one or two of them to-day. Under such circumstances the priest would perhaps say to him, "Now you give me five dollars or fifty," as the case may be, (for he knows the ability of the man and fixes his price accordingly,) "and I will tell you what to do," and he does not do it until he gets his pay. The man must raise the necessary funds, no matter how poor he is; but O, then, after having perhaps sacrificed all he has got, and all that his family has to live upon, it may be a part of the clothes that he had upon his back, in order to borrow the money to buy this precious information—if, I say, he could be pointed to the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world, it would not seem so sad a picture; but instead of that the priest will say to him, "Now you go to the river Ganges"—that being the great place of resort, millions of people assembling every year along its banks from fifty to a hundred miles apart—"bathe upon a certain day, make your offerings to the river and to the Brahmans, and you will come away a new man; all your sins will be washed away, and you will feel better." The poor man makes this journey, perhaps one hundred or two hundred miles, as the case may be, all the time exercising faith that what the priest has told him will surely be accomplished in him. He makes this journey at great expense on foot, and is very strict to perform all that he has been commanded to do, in the hope that he may find salvation or comfort. Of course he goes away feeling no better than when he went; perhaps worse, because he spent all he had. He comes back to his priest again and says to him, "Now, father, what can I do?" uniting his hands as a sign of great humility. He beseeches him to tell him what he can do. He says, "I have been to the river Ganges"—and, by the way, they believe that the water of the Ganges has power to wash away sin, just as we believe that the blood of the Lord Jesus Christ has power to save—"I have been washed, but I do not find the peace that I expected; what shall I do?" Well, perhaps he goes down upon his face at the feet of his Brahmin priest—and there is no servitude so vile that they would not do for them in order that they may obtain their favor, and pardon, and salvation—and, having washed his feet, will be glad of the opportunity to drink the water afterward. He again goes to the priest and asks him what to do. The priest tells him, "Give me so much"—a stipulated sum—"and I will tell you the truth this time." Again the man has to pay very dearly for the precious information that he is to get, and again his priest sends him on another pilgrimage—perhaps away to the Himalaya Mountains or to some other shrine—for people are journeying all the time to the thousands of shrines there are in India in hope of finding some benefit. Now I speak of this simply to show you that they are not indifferent to their souls. They are looking, and longing, and feeling after light and after God in the way which they suppose is right. Of course we see at once that the road they are traveling will never lead them to God, to Christ, and to heaven; but they want to get to heaven. Ask these poor travelers if they hope to get to heav-

en. "By all means," they say; "I have not been a pilgrim these twelve, fifteen, or twenty years, wandering up and down this my native land, and many times in suffering and want—I have not thus wandered about without the hope that by and by I may find a place of rest." We sang at the opening, "the heathen wait." They are not only waiting, but they are anxiously looking for some hand to lead and guide them, for some light from above. They know there is a God, and though they worship idols they believe in one great God; but sad it is, too, that they believe that that God has hid himself away in the universe somewhere, and never will reveal himself to man, and that the only way they ever can approach to him is through the numberless incarnations that they have. They believe that these are the incarnations of God, and represent some attribute of God, and therefore bow down and worship the image of Rama, as they say, to please God. Many of them know that that idol is not God; but they say, "Is not God everywhere and in every thing? and of course he must be in this idol. This is the best idea we have of God; we do not expect ever to know him, but we suppose the idol Rama is the incarnation of God, and therefore he will be pleased to have us worship him."

In this and numberless other ways they are seeking after light, after salvation, after God. This is the way we found the people in, and it is not wonderful that religion made slow progress among them. It is really wonderful to us who have stood and labored there year after year to see what God has done for them. Although our faith has been weak and our labors inefficient, it is wonderful how God has blessed the means that we have employed, and answered the prayers that we have with so little faith put up to him. As I remarked at first, they watch us very closely. They say to the missionary, "All that you say is very true and looks very well, and that book you read out of is all very good; but this form is our religion; here is our book; our fathers lived and died in this way, and we are going to do so too, because we believe it to be right. Unless you are going to show us that this is all wrong and that you are all right, we are not going to abandon our religion in a hurry." And even then, if we can show them that they are all wrong and we are all right, they say, "You are from another world." They call this the New World, because they know it has been discovered. "We do not know whether the benevolent errand upon which you say you come is the business that called you here or not, and we are going to watch you." If they do not say that in so many words, that is what they do. They will sit down carefully, month after month and year after year, to see whether or no the missionary's actions, day after day and week after week, comport with what he says. They say to themselves, and they often tell it to us too, "We do not believe that you have come so many thousand miles, fifteen or sixteen thousand, across the sea on such a benevolent errand, simply to tell us of God, of heaven, and of salvation; it cannot be possible; there is some speculation in this." They are as sharp and as clever people in every thing pertaining to this world's business as we are here; they do not need to be taught any thing in that line. Consequently they say at once, "There must be some speculation, some money in this." They tell us, "The government is giving you a premium;" and at times a man will rise in a congregation in the streets and say, "Look you here, how much does government give you a head for making Christians?" They suppose that we get a premium, given to us by the government for every man that we can make a Christian. They think that we are tacked on to government in some way; and though we tell them over and over again

that we have no connection with the English government, and that our Christian friends in America send us the means of subsistence, and support these native helpers and schools, they say, "That is a fish story." They do not believe at first that it is possible for men to come on such an errand of love and to do such work. They cannot understand it; they would not do it; they cannot see how it is possible for us to engage in such a work, and consequently they watch us to see whether all we do is in keeping with what we teach. After having watched us for some years, they at last begin to say, "I think these men after all are not bad men." In the mean time the priest will be telling them that the very presence of the missionaries is dangerous. He will remind them that a whole avalanche of evils will come down upon the city and the community; that there will be no rain, (the rains are periodical there,) and there will be no crops; or that cholera or small-pox, or some other awful calamity, will occur in their families, and one after another will suffer because of the presence of these men, and they must get the missionaries out of the way. They (the priests) circulate a thousand stories in regard to us and our business, all of which have to be lived down. We have by our lives to convince the people that all those stories are false, and that we are there to do them good. Gradually and slowly this belief comes over them, and when they come to see that what we have said in regard to our business is really so, that we are there to do them good, that we are their friends and sympathize with them, that we are not after their money nor after them, but that we are there to save their souls, they look down very differently from what they did at first. And to-day, in the large cities, where our missionaries have lived these last twelve years—in Lucknow, Bareilly, and Moradabad, many of the people regard the missionaries as their best friends. Although they have not yet embraced Christianity, they are convinced that the Gospel is the true system and that their own religion is false; and some of them would abandon it at once if they dared, and embrace Christianity. They have such confidence in the missionaries that they go to them sometimes before they will go to any body else, and ask their advice and counsel in regard to worldly matters. Now it may seem strange to you why these people do not embrace Christianity.

O, if I had time to tell you a hundredth part of the difficulties that they have to encounter you would not be surprised. I have heard since I came home talk about "taking up the cross," to rise in a little congregation and witness for Jesus; to say, "I am a soldier of the cross, and I love Jesus." Well, I have no doubt it is a cross for some people to speak in a public congregation, but I always think when I hear that expression, O Christian brother and sister, if you knew what crosses your brethren in India, in China, and in other heathen lands have to bear, you never, it appears to me, would mention that word again. We do not know any thing about the crosses those people have to bear to become followers of Christ. Why, men took me by the hand as I left India, and I have been written to by them since I came to this country—men of affluence and wealth, and who have never known want—who say that such is the family prejudices at home in the women's private apartments against Christianity on account of their ignorance of it, they dare not embrace Christianity. They know it is all true, and would be glad to embrace it, but they dare not. One case particularly occurs to me where a man told me with tears in his eyes, a noble man, six feet high and well educated, "The very day that I embrace Christianity my own family will turn me out into the street; and, more than that, they will take my life. I would not trust my life in

the hands of my wife and children." They loved him, perhaps, but such is the fear that the unenlightened have of what Christianity is going to do. They fear the coming tide all around them, and most of them are ready to confess that ere long their religion is to be broken down and a new religion is to be established. They say they are not ready for it, but they believe it is coming. They say that it is written in their own books, but I have not been able to see it. They have an idea that it is written in their *Shasters* that one day a nation is to overcome their government and their religion and establish a new religion. They say, "This looks like the coming in of the religion that we have read of." They are afraid of the inroads Christianity is making; they brace themselves against it, and try to hinder its inroads into their families or into their hearts. Consequently, when a man wishes to become a Christian all the family are against him. They fear the result of it in their own family as well as in their nation. Now, dear friends, these are a few of the difficulties. I thought I would speak to you of some of the triumphs of the Gospel; for, thank God! I have lived long enough in India to see the Gospel triumph. But I see I have taken the time allotted to me already, and I must stop right here. Let me just say, dear friends, the Gospel of Christ that you love is to take India—I believe it as firmly as I believe we are here to-day—and that before long. But I also believe that your want of faith and of effort may retard its onward movement, or your faith and your efforts may hasten the glorious day when the Gospel shall cover that land! God is ready. He has done all on his part. He is waiting for you and for the Churches to act, and in faith to draw down the blessings of heaven upon that heathen land. He waited, you know, many years for Luther and for Wesley; he has been waiting for Christian men and women in these days to rise up and go forth as laborers in this great work, and also to labor at home. He is waiting for the Church. God is able and willing, and I believe would to-day save the nations of the earth if he could consistently do so; but O how weak our faith, how little we ask for, and how little we expect! May the Holy Ghost lay this upon our hearts more heavily than ever before, so that we will feel for our brethren and sisters who are in darkness, and that we will labor for them as we do for our friends and neighbors that we bring to our altars of prayer. I believe, dear Christian friends, that it must come to this, that we must take the nations that sit in darkness upon our hearts, and carry them to our closets and altars of prayer and hold them there as we do the friends we love here. When the Church does that, O what a revolution we will see in this world! May the Holy Spirit lay this subject upon our hearts, and help us to feel more than we have ever felt upon it. We talk about enthusiasm. My dear friends, we are a thousand miles from enthusiasm on this subject. This world is to be converted to Christ. O think of the millions that are going down with us to the grave and are coming up with us to the judgment! and who will answer for them? The nations that are past and those who will come after us cannot save them. Who are going to save the people of this day? who are going to save those who are dying and going down to their graves with us, and coming up to the judgment with us? May God add his blessing, and help us to feel more, to labor more, believe more, and ask for more than we have ever done, is my prayer. Amen.

SPEECH OF REV. J. D. BROWN.

Rev. J. D. BROWN, a Missionary from India, was introduced, and spoke as follows:

MR. PRESIDENT: As you have already seen from what has been spoken, the question with

us missionaries is not what to say, but what to leave unsaid. You have already heard something this afternoon of what the people of India are. I am afraid that a great many people here in America seem to think that the people of India are yet barbarians. That is a great mistake. So far from that being the case, they are ahead of what, I was going to say, Americans bow down to and call their wisest men. We have our men in America who call themselves the leaders of popular thought, who talk about being in advance of their age, and call themselves "liberal men." Perhaps they are "liberal;" but about the other part I am not so clear. They consider themselves intellectually above the common horde. The men like Theodore Parker, Frothingham, and all that little fry following in the wake of Parker, would do well to go on a pilgrimage to India. They might drink in fresh inspiration at the tomb of Hindoo philosophers who are away ahead of them in ideas concerning the Deity. There is not a thought that Theodore Parker, or any of that class of men, have yet evoked or brought out of their own brains, as they pretend to do—there is not a thought in all their philosophy—that was not written five hundred years ago in India. Dr. Scudder tells us about the relations that exist between them; and, looking up to one so much greater, and having known him to use the illustration, I will venture to do so, though it may not be considered very polite. Says the Doctor, "The proportion that exists between the would-be learned men of Germany and of America, the teachers of German rationalism and American transcendentalism, and the Pagan Hindoos, is that relation which exists between a well grown tadpole and a fully developed toad, and the Hindoo philosophers are the toads." There is hope for those other men who are following in their wake. But it is true, alas! that the great masses of the people are yet in ignorance; but they are capable, thank God! of being elevated. What may they become? They may become intellectual, they may become learned. I sat a few months ago and listened to a lecture on Western literature, written and spoken by a native Christian gentleman in my own station, that would have done honor to any man in this house. Who has not heard of Keshub Chunder Sen, the Hindoo reformer, who has been creating such a stir over in England? who has not heard of his eloquence? who has not heard of his philosophy? And while it is true that the natives of India are capable of being elevated, they are capable of being something better than that. What can be better? They are capable of being converted to God. There are men and women in India to-day who are away above Keshub Chunder Sen. Why? Because, though little and unknown, they can lay their hands on their hearts and say,

"The Spirit answers to the blood,
And tells me I am born of God."

I know sometimes people say to me as a missionary, "Brother, you are pretty well satisfied if you can get people in India to give up their idolatry and accept the Christian religion." I reply, No, I am not satisfied with that. No, no, we are not satisfied with anything short of their true conversion to God; and, thank God! we have seen the power of the Spirit upon the people. We have seen men and women in India rejoicing in God their Saviour. Our little children one day last March were singing that old child's song,

"I want to be an angel."

Bishop Kingsley sat listening to it, and when they were through he said, "That is very good poetry, but I do not like its philosophy nor its theology." "Why not, Bishop?" said I. "O," said he, "I expect to be something better than an angel." How little the

good man thought he was so near his crown! At our Conference last year all our missionaries and most of the native helpers then in the field were present, but out of that little band there are some to-day better than angels: one the little daughter of a missionary, (Brother Scott;) another our good Bishop, who presided; and of India's redeemed daughters, the wife of one of our native preachers. Let me speak first briefly of her death, to show you that even the poor, degraded, oppressed, down-trodden women of India are capable of being better than angels. A few years ago one of our native preachers was married to a young woman nominally a Christian, but unconverted; at least she had not the witness of the Spirit. Her husband, one of those good men ordained by Bishop Kingsley at his last ordination service, was very anxious to secure a copy of "Clarke's Commentary." He said he thought it would help him to preach better, but he was not able to buy it. One day the missionary read the rules of the Methodist Episcopal Church. That is what we used to expect to do, but you know we have got ahead of that. What is said in the "rules" is a kind of "old-fogyism," especially about jewelry and such things. This woman when she heard those rules had conscience enough to see that it was inconsistent for her as a professed follower of the Lord Jesus Christ to wear a good deal of jewelry while her poor husband had not money enough to buy a copy of "Clarke's Commentary." She came home, her mind having been wrought upon by the Spirit, and for the first time received the witness of the Spirit. She then tore off her jewelry and said to him, "Here, take these and buy yourself the books you want, for I do not need them any longer." I have thought many a time that her example was worthy of imitation by some of her Western sisters. We say sometimes that baptism is an outward sign of an inward work. I have thought that with just as much truth we might say of a great deal of jewelry worn in these days, that our jewelry is an outward sign of an inward want. When the heart is full of the love of the Lord Jesus Christ, and radiant with the graces of the Spirit, we care less about the adorning of this poor perishing body. A few months ago that woman was brought down upon her dying bed. I picked up a little Hindoo paper, published in our mission in the language of the people. I saw an obituary notice, and found it was the wife of WILLIAM PLUMER—that is the woman of whom I have been speaking. It was written by another native Christian sister. In it she says, "Last Tuesday, according to her custom, Sister Plumer gathered the native Christian women around her and spent half an hour in prayer, and in giving them religious instruction. When this was over her fever grew worse, and again she called the sisters and said, "Remember Him who has bought you." And again she said, "I am not afraid to die; I am rejoicing in the Lord;" and then her happy spirit broke forth in song. She sang through two verses of the good old hymn—you recognize it from the tune—

"Joyfully, joyfully, onward I move,
Bound for the land of bright spirits above."

She clasped in her arms her little daughter, saying, "I am going away from you now, but do not mourn for me. Be obedient to your father, and make him as happy as you can." Then her eyes closed in death, and she went up, and is to-day, with the Bishop and with the little girl that went from our midst, better than an angel. Bishop Thomson, standing on the banks of the Ganges, said: "As I looked upon a fakir, sitting on the banks of the Ganges, worn to a skeleton with fasting, and covered with ashes, I thought I knew what it is to be damned." One of our missionaries a few years ago stood on the banks of the same sa-

cred river, preaching to a great multitude of just such men. There they sat around him, men who had been practicing these dreadful customs for many long years. Right in front of him sat an old man who had been sitting there for forty years also, hearing the voice of the missionary. His attention was attracted, and he listened as the missionary told the "old, old story of Jesus and his love"—told of present salvation, told of peace of mind, told of joy in the Holy Ghost. What further need I say? To-day that old man is an earnest preacher of the Gospel of Jesus Christ in India. O, sirs, this mighty Jesus of ours, this omnipotent Christ, can reach right down to the very mouth of the pit, and save men from destruction! I have felt perfectly free to go to the most degraded of India's degraded sons and offer them free salvation in the name of Christ, feeling that I had better hope of them than of men who have lived to old age under the very sound of the Gospel here in Christian lands.

When I went to India more than nine years ago I was stationed with this brother who has just spoken. A few days after we arrived he said, "Will you come along with me itinerating?" I did not know much about what itinerating meant in India; I had had two years' trial of it in America. I could not speak the language, but we went out among the villagers. The next morning we took our horses, and Brother Judd preached from village to village. I was very anxious to learn the language, and was trying to pick up a word whenever I could. We stopped and tented a little while. Then Brother Judd said, "There is an old native Christian out in a village near by; let us go and see him." Again we mounted our horses and went out. There we found an old man who a year or two before, under the preaching of the missionaries, had accepted Christ as his Saviour. He was very attentive in showing us every favor. We talked and prayed with him, and went away and never saw him since. But a few years ago the missionary in that circuit or station was about going to the hills for a little while on account of broken down health. He approached the old man and said, "Father, I am going away now; I am sick, and do not know that I will live to get back. Perhaps you will not live long; would you be afraid if death should come soon?" "How can I be afraid when Christ is with me? It is all right." A few months afterward death claimed him, and, as he was passing into that extremity, passing into the valley of the shadow of death, the native Christians who were around him testified that he kept whispering, "It is all right; it is all right." A few days afterward his own brother, who had for many years with him served dumb idols, but had not with him accepted Christ, was likewise laid upon a bed of languishing and pain. As he was about to enter the eternal world he threw himself at the feet of his neighbors, and clasping them, as is the custom there, in great extremity he cried out, "Save me; it is all darkness!" Where is the difference? Bishop Thomson stated that at B——, the great center of idol worship, a learned Brahmin came to him and said, "I have found out what God is. Before sun, moon, and stars were created all was darkness. Therefore God is darkness, and darkness is God." O how different from the teachings of our blessed Bible, which declares that our "God is light, and in him is no darkness at all!" Where was the difference between these two dying brothers? One had received Him who is the light of the world, and died with his soul full of that glorious light, while the other died in the darkness of heathenism.

Now let us briefly notice what has been accomplished in India. We are always asking the question, Will the matter pay? will

this or that pay? have we had any success? have we prospects of success in the future? I say, brethren, thank God! missionary effort has already paid. It is only about three quarters of a century since Protestant missionaries first entered India with the Gospel, and what have they accomplished? Toiling amid manifold discouragements and trial, a little of which you have heard some mention this afternoon, what has already been accomplished? There are in India to-day not less than two hundred and sixty thousand Protestant Christians, two thousand native preachers and catechists. O I wish I could tell you something about these good men! Suffice it to say that some of them are men full of the Holy Ghost, and preach the Gospel with power sent down from heaven. There are twenty-five missionary societies, and perhaps more than that number of missionary presses sending out Bibles in all the languages of India, and sending out tracts, newspapers, and magazines in the language of the people every-where. There are two thousand boys' schools and eight hundred girls' schools, and one hundred thousand boys and thirty thousand girls in those schools; and let it be remembered that every one of those schools is a Christian school. Do you mean to tell me that all those schools in which so many children are reading the Bible from day to day are accomplishing nothing? Just before leaving India I went into my own school, composed of over one hundred little boys from six to fifteen years of age, and I said, "Boys, I would like to know how many miracles of Christ you can mention?" Immediately one little lad cried out, "Christ opened the eyes of the blind man;" another, "He raised Lazarus;" a third, "He healed the leper." In three minutes every miracle that I could think of that is on record concerning Christ had been mentioned by those little boys. I have heard those little fellows recite whole chapters from our Church catechism, and that is more than a good many of our Methodist boys and girls can do. Do you mean to tell me that all this amount of Christian truth that is being dropped gently and silently, yet certainly, into the hearts of those children is in vain? A brother said truly in his last Conference report that if we would lay our hands upon the brain and heart of India we must have our schools.

In connection with those schools there are self-supporting Churches. I know what we are doing as yet is a preparatory work, but in the older missions there are self-supporting Churches. In one of these is a self-supporting Church composed of two hundred members, all of whom are poor. They contribute eight hundred and fifty dollars for the support of the Gospel, and the first convert has given all he owned, his little property and house, in order that there may be a flag for Jesus in a city where so many are raised for Hindooism and Mohammedanism. O this Brahminism is losing its power! A learned Brahmin professor in one of the colleges of Bombay says: "I am persuaded that Hindooism is sick unto death and must fall; but let us minister to it as best we may while life remains." Every-where the Hindoos themselves are beginning to realize the great fact that Hindooism is a lie. A learned writer, a Hindoo, one of the members of the Asiatic and Bengal Society, says that the introduction of Western literature (and Western literature means the Bible) very generally has done more to destroy Brahminism than the sword of Mohammed. Says he, "No one now goes to the Brahmin to ask for literary assistance or spiritual guidance. He is looked upon as an empiric, a mountebank, and a wisacre." While that is not strictly true of all the people, it is true of hundreds and thousands who have woken up at last from the sleep of ages. But what do we require? We want the sinews of war; we want men and money. How are we to get the men? Our

'adies can get women to go; no trouble about that. But our poor little-hearted brethren seem to be afraid to go. Why it is I cannot say. But if in no other way can they muster courage enough to go, I would suggest the propriety of their going out with these female Christian missionaries as assistants. Why is it that in this great Methodist Church, into which we are gathering seven hundred preachers every year, we cannot find men for the foreign field? If it be true that men cannot be found, I would like to know what kind of material we are getting into the Methodist Church as preachers? When I received my commission to preach the Gospel it did not read, "Go into all the State of Pennsylvania;" it did not read, "Go into the East Baltimore Conference;" it did not read, "Go into all the United States;" but it had the old apostolic stamp, "Go ye into all the world and preach my Gospel." "Ah! but," say some of our young men, "you know we are men of good education; we have spent a great deal of time in getting an education, and it seems a pity for us to sacrifice ourselves in that way." Well, we have only to say to such brethren, If that is the opinion you have of yourselves we beg you not to go. We do not want such material at all; but if you will venture to go there is one thing certain, you will find out before you are there six months that you will have questions asked you that you will not be able to answer with all your wisdom. But says one, "It is too great a sacrifice." Too great a sacrifice! When I hear men saying that I look away back yonder over the ages and I behold a scene in glory. I see God looking down upon a world lost and perishing, and angels look down with sad faces. There arises One and approaches the throne, offering to go, and as he comes angels rise up and say, "O, don't go; it is too great a sacrifice." But "It is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." And where is the Christian minister who has not the heart to follow where his Master has gone before him? Too great a sacrifice to do one's duty! And what is it more than duty to try to bring sinners to Christ? But we must have money, and we can have it. Our Methodist Church has not given yet as much as she is able to do. She has untold wealth yet to lavish upon the heathen if she will only realize the great fact. Sometimes as I sit down to my supper of an evening at a table well spread with the comforts, and often with the luxuries of life, I think that out in the streets of this very city there is a poor widow whose husband gave his life that I might have a country to call my own, and his bones are bleaching away down yonder in Southern soil. Perhaps that wife and those children have not enough for their supper to-night, and I say to myself, "O that I knew where I could find them! I would gladly share my supper with them." And then as I sit down at a richer table, as I feast at the board that Jesus himself has spread, as I eat of that bread that perisheth not, I remember that out over the ocean are millions of my fellow-beings starving. O how can I thus feast, and not wish to send them at least a few crumbs of my plentiful repast! When I come into these grand churches that you build here in America I tremble and I am afraid. Not afraid of men, thank God! not afraid of the rich, not afraid of the high; but I tremble lest we are not just doing all our duty. Sometimes as I go and see a corner-stone of one of these magnificent structures laid I feel like asking, "What are you putting in?" I am very much afraid you have two or three thousand perishing souls from China and India there. See to it that that be not the case. Brethren say, "They are monuments to God." Perhaps it is so; but of one thing I am sure, the Lord Jesus Christ loves human hearts more than he loves cold marble. While, then, you

build these beautiful tabernacles, O do not do it at the expense of the heathen! Do this if you will and are able, but do not leave the other undone.

I spoke in one of these beautiful structures the other evening, and I learned on going out of it that the congregation were paying five thousand dollars interest annually on the debt of that church. I thought if that five thousand dollars were paid to the missionary cause, year by year, to save the heathen, and if that congregation worshiped in a simpler structure, the good Lord, looking down on bright Sabbath mornings, would be just as well pleased, and perhaps a little better.

I pick up the Minutes of the Conferences sometimes, and, upon looking them over, find some are giving little. I found one that paid at the rate of nine cents a member, and when I asked the cause of this the answer was, "Brother, we were building a grand church last year." Then immediately my thoughts ran away into eternity. I beheld the judgment assembled, and saw the King sitting upon his throne. He was about saying to the great multitude on the left, "Depart ye!" and I looked and, behold! I recognized the poor Indians and the poor Chinese, the very men among whom I am laboring, and as they were about to go away they looked over to those sitting on the right, and they said, "Ah! if you had sent us the Gospel this need not have been." I looked and, behold! there were the very men and women, and I heard them saying, "We are very sorry, but we were building a grand church that year." O, Christian brethren and sisters, in the light of that eternity, in the light of that judgment seat where you and I must soon stand, while we please ourselves (for that is what we generally want to do) and gratify our taste by building these costly tabernacles, O let us not forget to build monuments for Jesus in the souls of the perishing heathen! I think I hear some of you say, "You seem to be greatly in earnest." Is it any wonder? Did you ever look upon men who came home from Andersonville and Libby prisons? Did they tell the story of the sufferings of their fellow-prisoners in cold and indifferent words, or did they not tell it with streaming eyes and burning hearts? I have stood in the prison-house of two hundred millions of my fellow-beings; I have heard their groanings; I have heard the clanking of their chains; I have heard their cries for liberty, and the wonder to me is, not that I am in earnest, but that I am not far more in earnest when I remember what they are, and think of how little the Methodist Church is doing for their salvation. Brethren, do more; I believe you can. I kneeled down before I came here this afternoon and prayed, "Lord Jesus, help me to touch the hearts of the wealthy of this congregation; help me to stir them up that they may see how little they are doing, and how much they might do." Do not forget the heathen! In my poor heart of hearts India is enshrined. To her I have given the best years of my labor, and, God willing, I hope to give many more. I have made sacrifices; I have had my trials; I have shed many tears of sorrow; but, thank God! the tears of joy that sprang to my eyes over the conversion of one soul more than repaid me a thousand times for all the sacrifices I have made. Let us sacrifice for Jesus; it pays to bear the cross for Christ. Let us be earnest workers; let us not simply have a name in the Church. O, I am afraid that there are a great many who only have a name!

A native gentleman came to me, a learned man, and a Christian too—a member of another denomination—and said, "I do not want to join your Church, but I would like, as I cannot worship with my own people, to have a kind of honorary relation to your Church." I said to him, "We have no honorary mem-

bers in the Methodist Church." Since I came home I have changed my opinion decidedly. I am now fully convinced that we have a very large body of honorary members of the Methodist Church—men who eat at her tables and share the emoluments and privileges of the Church, but take no part in the work, and share little in her duties. Let us not be merely honorary members, but honorable, living members, workers for Jesus, and thus shall we rear to ourselves a monument, and at last assist in crowning Jesus Lord of all.

The congregation sang,

"What though the spicy breezes."

Rev. Dr. HARRIS said: On consultation with the Pastor of the Church, and with Brother BALDWIN, it is thought best to defer his speech until the regular hour of evening service at half past seven o'clock; so that those of you who can come to-night will hear Brother BALDWIN, who represents a very interesting and prosperous mission-field of ours in the great Celestial empire.

The audience were dismissed with the benediction.

EVENING MEETING.

A large congregation assembled in the evening, when Rev. Dr. HARRIS remarked: We found that the time was too short to do any kind of justice to the subject which was yet upon the programme—our missions in China—and on consultation with the Pastor of the Church it was thought best to adjourn the missionary meeting till to-night, and Brother OLIN, who was announced to preach, joined very heartily in the arrangement. So that we are here to-night to resume our consideration of the missionary subject. We have the evening before us. Let it be an evening of earnest prayer for God's blessing, and of close attention to what is said. The services will be continued by singing the 999th hymn, commencing,

"Jesus shall reign where'er the sun."

Rev. Dr. OLIN offered prayer, after which the Secretary of the Missionary Society (Rev. Dr. Harris) said:

In 1847 the Methodist Episcopal Church planted her first mission in China, at Foo-chow, on the south-eastern coast of China. We have with us to-night a missionary who, with one exception, has spent more time in that mission than any other man. Brother BALDWIN has spent more years in China than any other missionary in our Church, except Dr. MACLAY. He is with us to-night, and I now take pleasure in introducing him to you.

ADDRESS OF REV. S. L. BALDWIN.

Rev. S. L. BALDWIN spoke as follows:

CHRISTIAN FRIENDS: In speaking to you to-night concerning our mission work in China I feel that the greatest difficulty which meets me is to choose from the vast amount of material at my command that which shall be most suited to the occasion. There would be no difficulty in talking for hours about China—in saying things that ought to be heard and understood by the Church in America. The difficulty just now, is to put in the compass of the time we have those thoughts which are most essential to you.

Our mission was commenced, as our Corresponding Secretary has just remarked, in 1847. For these twenty-two years—our missionaries

having arrived on the field in April, 1848—the Methodist Church has had a mission in China. It will be my purpose to-night, as briefly as possible, to report to you the obstacles connected with our work there, and what so far have been the successes which have greeted us. I suppose it is hardly necessary for me to say to this audience that China is one of the most important mission fields of the Church; and probably the most important mission field which calls for the activity of the Church of America to-day. If you look at the extent of her territory, you find in the eighteen provinces of China an extent of territory equal to that of our own country east of Dacotah; and if you take in the whole of the Chinese empire—the outlying provinces which belong to the empire, as well as the eighteen which constitute China proper—you have nearly two millions of square miles more than all our own extended domain of States and Territories, and in that territory there are four hundred millions of human souls. That is as near as we can get at the truth of the matter. About one third of the people who dwell on the face of the earth dwell within the limits of the empire of China. This is our field. In this field, with other Protestant missionaries, we are laboring; and to-day, after so many years of missionary labor, we have in all only one hundred Protestant missionaries of all denominations—about one man to every four millions of people in the empire. In entering upon the work in 1848 our missionaries found various obstacles. While I speak of them I will speak to a great extent of the obstacles which meet us to-day. Some of these have been in some measure obviated, but all of them to a greater or less degree still present themselves to every missionary who enters upon that field. The first obstacle to every laborer there is the Chinese language itself. Before we can preach to these people the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ we must be able to use the language that they use, to speak to them in their own tongue. And when the missionary sits down to study the Chinese language he has before him no such task as is presented by any other language of the earth. In any other language you have some kind of alphabet, something which will help you to the acquisition of words certain letters, by the combination of which you can make up the whole language. We say of a boy in our schools here at home that when he has acquired the twenty-six letters of our alphabet he has the key of the whole language; but there is no such key to the language of the Chinese. The work presented to you there is to sit down and study those odd-looking characters which at first remind you only of the tea boxes that you have seen in your own land. You have to learn one thousand of them, and when you have acquired that thousand, begin on a second thousand without any help whatever from the first thousand you have learned, except, of course, the facility which you acquire in going over your first thousand characters. I mean, there is no combination of the characters entering into the first thousand which will give you any idea of the meaning or pronunciation of the second. You must go on in this way till you have acquired seven or eight thousand separate characters before you can read the Holy Bible in the Chinese language, and every missionary must be able to read the Bible from beginning to end in the Chinese language if he wishes to be a true missionary. If he desires to go beyond that, to be a Chinese scholar, why there is a wide field before him. In Kang-hi's Dictionary, which is the "Webster's Unabridged" of China, there are forty thousand of these separate, distinct characters, and any man who aspires to a complete knowledge of the Chinese language must learn each of these forty thousand characters. I do not aspire to it. What I feel to be necessary is to know so much of the language as will enable me to

preach to the people the Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ, and will enable me to read their books, and to put our books into their language. The great bulk of the language is made up of surnames, names of hills, rivers, etc.; but with these I have little concern. If I have the seven or eight thousand characters that occur in the Bible I have all that I need as a missionary of the cross in China; but it is very difficult work, I assure you, to acquire those characters, and to know the meaning of them so as to be able to translate our own Bible and Christian books into the Chinese language. Then when the missionary has done something in this respect, and is able to some extent to read, still he finds that the spoken language is entirely a different matter. If all his troubles were over when he learned the written language he would have reason for congratulation; but the sounds which are given in the dictionary with the characters of the written language are not the sounds with which the ideas contained in those characters are conveyed to the Chinese people. All through the south of China the country is cut up into various districts in which entirely different dialects are spoken; while through all the provinces north of the Yangtse river, and in a few south of it, the mandarin dialect can be spoken and understood, although there are differences of pronunciation. You can leave the city of Foochow forty miles in one direction and come to a different dialect. A Foochow man can be understood at Amoy, one hundred and twenty miles away in a direct line, hardly any better than an Englishman can be understood by a Frenchman. And yet a man may sit down in Canton and write a letter that will be read in Peking, and be perfectly understood by the man who reads it there. Some people at home express surprise at this—that while letters written anywhere in the empire can be read all through it, still the people in speaking should not understand each other; that the Canton man if he should hear the Peking man read his letter would not understand what he was reading. But the Arabic figures, which we use in common with other nations, will illustrate the fact. You see the figures 1, 2, 3, 4, and you get precisely the same idea from them that the German or Russian or Egyptian obtains; and yet if you should hear any of these people speak these figures you would not know whether they were swearing or repeating the Lord's prayer. These different spoken dialects of the Chinese present a vast difficulty to our work with the people. If there were one language all over China the work would be simplified; and if the spoken corresponded with the written language, then it would be very much simplified. After acquiring the written characters the missionary must learn to speak in the dialect of the place to which he is sent. When our missionaries went there first they had no dictionary, no help of any kind in the colloquial. They were obliged to point to a written character in the dictionary, and ask, "What do you call this?" and inquire the names of articles in the house and on the street—of the trees, of the grass, of every thing out-doors—and thus get little by little an idea of the spoken language of the people. But there was another great difficulty that presented itself. The language is monosyllabic, and where a language is made up of monosyllables there must be some other way of multiplying words; and the way they multiply words in China is by speaking what we would call the same word in different tones. It is necessary to discriminate these tones very accurately in order to be at all sure that what you are saying to the people is what you intend to say to them. I went to talk to the people in a chapel six months after I arrived, and I asked them every few minutes, "Do you understand?" I noticed that instead of responding to the question they seemed to understand that rather

less than any thing else I said. Some two days afterward I met a young man who has been in this country, and talks English very well. He said to me, "Do you know what you were saying to the people the other day in the chapel?" "No, not exactly. What did I say to them?" "Every little while you stopped and asked, 'Do you know how to love?'" That was very different from what I intended to ask them. The difference in the Chinese is simply this: The Chinese phrase, "Do you understand?" is, "Do you know how to hear?" That simple difference in tone between the word "hear" and the word "love" changed my question into something different from what I intended. [Mr. Baldwin gave vocal illustrations of the different tones.] So we are in constant danger of making such mistakes till we very accurately learn to discriminate between these tones. If an American speaks to a boy in the house, and says "fork," and speaks, as we are very apt to do, in a sharp tone, the boy comes in with a bundle of wood. So all through, this little difference in tone, which we can scarcely distinguish at first, becomes of the utmost importance in our speaking to the people. The initial sounds of words which we have both aspirated and unaspirated in China is a great barrier in acquiring the language. Take the initial sound of "P." Every word Americans speak commencing with "P" they speak with a strong aspirate sound. In China we find words commencing with that sound aspirated and unaspirated. When my teacher taught me to pronounce the word "ping" he shook his head every time because I could not pronounce the word perfectly, and I suppose he would have shaken his head all day, and I would have given up in despair had not Brother Gibson come in and said, "You are aspirating that initial sound. You must say *ping*, not *p'ing*." I saw very little difference between these two sounds, but after awhile it was acquired. Now before making that distinction perfectly, if I attempted to say, "I saw a company of soldiers," I would inevitably say, "I saw a company of icicles." These differences in initial sounds change the meaning of words. So you will imagine, from these illustrations, how very difficult it is to acquire that language with such accuracy as to feel sure that you are saying to the people what you wish to say. Yet the Gospel must be preached to the Foochow people in the Foochow dialect, and we must learn all the intricacies of that dialect if we wish to reach the people.

When these obstacles are mastered there are still abundant difficulties to be overcome. The prejudices of the Chinese people have always been a great obstacle in the way of our progress. You know what the old Chinese idea is, that China is the Middle Kingdom of the whole world, the great center of the universe, for which every thing else exists; that the Emperor is the Son of Heaven, and that he bears sway over all beneath heaven. That is the idea instilled into the mind of every Chinese youth, and which has come down to them with all the traditions of the hoary centuries of the past. Go into a Chinese school to-day and look at their maps of the world, and you will see a square piece of paper, with just as large a circle in that square as can be possibly drawn. That is labeled "the Middle Kingdom"—China—and the little corners that are left of the square are marked "America," "England," "Russia," and "France;" all the rest of the world is crowded into those corners. China is the great central country; all other nations are outside barbarians. The natural effect of such teaching is to steel the minds of the people against all instruction by foreigners. They look upon us as persons who come there through the mild permission of the Emperor, who might, if he chose, blast us with the breath of his presence. But he allows us to deal in tea and silks, and get gain; and

thus we get as much advantage as possible from China. The idea that we can instruct them, or be of any benefit to them intellectually or morally; that we have any religion or any thing else that they need to receive from us, is perfectly absurd in the mind of every Chinaman. This force of prejudice is so strong as to operate much to our detriment. They have no idea that we can teach them any thing. There is one motive that will draw them to us, and that is curiosity. When the missionaries first began to preach they found a motley crowd collecting around them, preaching, as they did, out in the streets. Some of the bolder ones among the crowd would take hold of the clothing of the missionary, and they would remark, "That is very singular cloth. Do all the people in your country wear this kind of clothing? Do the ladies dress as the men do? Do you have a sun and moon in your country over the waters? Do the stars shine at night when it is dark?" Every imaginable question was plied to the missionary, and he was expected to answer. It would not do at all to say, "I did not come to preach to you about such things as these; I want to talk about your souls and heaven." You might as well have turned upon them the hose of a fire-engine; you could not have scattered them more effectually. It was absolutely necessary that the missionary should condescend to answer their queries, and to satisfy their curiosity about all sorts of things in this land. Then the missionary could say, "Now that I have answered your questions I want you to listen to me; I ask you to hear what I say. I have something that is important." And when appealed to on the ground of politeness the Chinaman will say that you have done him a favor, and he will do you a favor. Although he may not be interested, he will listen for a while out of mere politeness. Then when the chapels were opened it was very much the same way. The pulpit there was a sort of barricade to keep off the curious crowd, so that they could not bother us in that way; but they would come up to the pulpit, and stand around it. Men would come in with carpenters' or blacksmiths' tools, or a string of fish hanging to a bamboo, and the congregation was a most motley affair; any man who came in would not stay more than five or six minutes. Having listened that long he would go out. Whether we were itinerant preachers or not, our congregations were itinerant; for after preaching half an hour there would not be a single man there who was present at the beginning; the congregation would have changed five or six times during the discourse. In those days it was a very common thing for merchants to say to us, "We do not understand why men like you come here and spend your lives in talking to people who do not want to hear you, and who will have nothing to do with you; you are just wearing out your lives here for nothing. If you came here to deal in merchandise, to make money and go home and enjoy it, we would understand the philosophy of that; but we do not understand what you are doing here, wearing away your lives in such toil for these people." Not only did merchants talk in this wise, but good people here at home, members of the Church, some members even of our missionary board, said, during the first ten years of the mission, "Well, perhaps that China mission had better be given up. Let us send our men and means where they can accomplish something." One of the best men connected with our Missionary Board told me himself that for several years during the first ten he would have been ready at any time to vote for the discontinuance of the China mission. That feeling never entered the heart of any missionary whom I ever saw. There were hours of trial and discouragement that we could feel even more keenly than people at home, when every thing

seemed dark, when there were temptations to say, "Let us give it up, and try somewhere else." In such hours of discouragement the true man of God can only go to the word of God, and to the Saviour who commissioned him, for direction. When we went to our Bibles for support in seasons of discouragement and trial, we found that all our temptations and difficulties could not alter one word of our great commission. It always read precisely in the same words: "Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature." And then we would think, "Why, here we are in the midst of one third of all the people that dwell in the world; and if our commission is to preach the Gospel to every creature, certainly we have made no mistake in coming to China." Then we would read on and find that blessed promise, "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world," and we would say, "Blessed Saviour, be thou with us, and here we will live and labor, and die, if need be, that these people may be brought to thee." That, I believe, is the feeling of every Christian missionary in China. Never for a moment have I heard one suggest that we should abandon our work and retire from the field.

There was and is still another source of discouragement which I should mention. Indeed, there are many which I will not have time to enumerate, but the difficulty I am about to speak of is an important obstacle in connection with our work. I am sorry to say that the lives and conduct of a vast majority of foreigners in China is such as to throw utter discredit upon the Christian religion. You can imagine how this works when I tell you the effect which preaching the morality of the commandments, as I frequently do, has upon the people. I say, for instance, under the fourth commandment, "You must keep holy the Sabbath-day. God has set apart that day in order that you may come together and worship him in his courts; do no work on the Sabbath; go to the church, and seek to save your souls." Under the sixth commandment I preach not only, "You must not kill, but you must do no harm of any kind—nothing that tends to destroy or injure your fellow-men." Under the seventh commandment I preach to them purity and chastity in all their conduct and conversation; and some bright, intelligent man comes up out of the congregation and stands before the pulpit, for they all feel at liberty to do that. The pews do not feel under restraint about answering the pulpit. Very often our meetings turn into disputation, in which intelligent men wrestle with the missionary over the doctrines he proclaims, and some of them are able to wrestle mightily. As one of the brethren told you this afternoon, (in regard to India,) any brother well educated in this country, having the best education this land can afford, will sometimes find the need of it all in China to meet the master minds with whom he has to grapple. Some intelligent man, I say, will come out of the congregation and say to me, "What are you preaching this to us for? do you think we haven't eyes? Have we never been over on your side of the river on a Sunday, and have not we seen the boxes nailed up and sent down to the ship on Sunday just the same as on any other day of the week? What is the use of your preaching to us to keep the Sabbath day? Then you tell us to do no harm to our neighbors; we do not need you to tell us that. CONFUCIUS told us that centuries ago, and you do not practice it. What do you bring your opium here for? Why did one of your Christian nations, when our Emperor wanted to keep it from us, thrust it upon us by war? Have you not lived in Foochow long enough to know that four tenths of our people are being destroyed by that drug? Do you not know that men sell their houses, and sometimes sell their wives and children, that they may get money to buy opium with?

Why do you tell us to do no harm to our neighbors when you Christians do not practice that doctrine? You tell us to be pure and chaste in our conduct. We know that is right; but do you not suppose we know the utter impurity and unchastity of the daily lives of your people across the river?" Now you will readily perceive how hard it is to answer such things as these. It might be very easy for me to say to you to-night, "The people who do these things are not Christians;" but it does not answer so well to say that to the heathen Chinaman who is objecting to your doctrine. He looks upon these people from America and England as exemplars of Christian life; he looks to them to show what Christianity will produce, and, looking upon their lives and conduct, he pronounces his verdict upon it, and says that he wants none of it—that he is better than they. And do you blame him? O, if only our merchants from America and England would banish this injurious traffic in opium from their mercantile houses one great obstacle to the progress of our mission would be removed at once! There is one house at Foochow which pursues a very different course. I have heard that the senior member of that firm—Olyphant & Co.—when he first established his firm in China some forty years ago, finding that China was all shut up from receiving the Gospel, printed on the cotton drillings (as you might place a trade-mark upon any thing) that he was sending into the interior of the country such texts as this: "For God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." He sought in that way to send the Gospel where it could not otherwise reach. And one of the rules which he made for his firm at the outset was: "No opium shall ever be bought, or sold, or held on commission by this firm; no opium shall ever be carried on any steamer belonging to this house, nor shall opium ever be mentioned in our market reports." In all the other market reports in China opium occupies by all odds the chief place. It is the greatest import in China at the present day, swallowing up every thing else. Millions of dollars are annually invested in opium to be sent to China. Sometimes at the single port of Foochow five millions of dollars' worth of opium is imported in one year, and the curse is spreading everywhere throughout the whole land. While going on a journey of thirty-three miles overland from Chwi-kan to Ku-cheng, I have passed many chests of opium going into that city. I believe a greater proportion than four tenths of the adult males in that city are being destroyed to-day by that baleful drug. I see their ghastly countenances; I see the ancient patrimonies going to ruin, passing out of the hands of the sons and sold to somebody else; I see families broken up, and destroyed by that vice. O how often I have wished that every firm would take such a noble stand as the firm I have referred to, and that the Sabbath might be kept holy, and that purity and chastity of conduct might be required of all connected with mercantile establishments! But at present the absence of these things is terribly in the way of missionary progress. When we go a hundred miles into the interior, where the people have never seen the face of a foreigner but ourselves, and where they know nothing of the lives of foreigners, the Gospel finds access to the hearts of the people more speedily, and Christian Churches are organized more rapidly than at the ports where foreigners dwell.

Perhaps some will wonder that I have not mentioned among the obstacles to our progress the idolatry of the people—Buddhism, and other forms of idolatry. Really, my friends, I feel that they are but small obstacles compared with those I have mentioned. A Chinaman has no real reverence for the gods; and as for love, it is an idea that never enters into

a heathen system of religion. He never goes to the heathen gods for any love of them; it is fear, and fear only, that leads him to worship them. He has been taught to believe that they can do him harm, that they cause the sickness which is abroad in the land, and that all the evil in the world is produced by them. So that when he gets into trouble, or when his darling son is sick, he makes an offering and prays for relief. He takes a thank-offering to the god; but as for any real intellectual perception of religion, the most of the Chinese have no such thing. If we could get the other obstacles that I have named out of the way, we could make rapid inroads upon the Buddhism and Janism of China. Then there might be a conflict between Christianity and heathen forms of idolatry, but at present they stand but little in our way; for I can stand at any time in front of their gods and preach to the people, showing up the evil of idolatry, with none to molest.

I pass to say that, notwithstanding all these difficulties, progress is being made in China. Although our mission for the first ten years was obliged to send home the word, "Not a single soul yet converted in China," although hearts grew faint at home, and many felt that the China mission was unprofitable, and unlikely to be profitable; yet, after such a long period of waiting, there began to be signs of success. First, one man was converted and brought into the Church amid fear and trembling. The missionaries, when they admitted him to baptism, felt rather doubtful concerning him; and many a time since then we have prayed and labored with him, fearing lest he should after all backslide into heathenism. He was a man of fickle character naturally, but he was the first convert we had in our China mission. Some time after that an old gentleman living near the church said to his two sons, grown-up young men, "I wish you would go over to that church and hear what those foreigners are preaching. I believe there is something true in that doctrine, and I want you to hear it. If you embrace that religion you will, perhaps, find the peace I never can obtain. You know I have been studying this matter for years. I know these idols cannot hurt or help us. I have done worshipping idols; but I have sinned so long and so much that there is no peace for me; but I hope you may find peace." The young men, advised and exhorted by their father, came to the church and stayed all through the service. After it was over they went to the missionary and wanted Christian books. The Gospel of Matthew, the Pilgrim's Progress, and some other books, were given them, which they studied. Very soon they began to pray; they put away their idols and prayed only to God. It was not long before these young men, seeking Jesus as their Saviour, found him to the peace of their souls, and they were able to come into our meeting and testify that Jesus Christ had power on earth to forgive sins, for he had forgiven their sins, and they had peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ. Then they turned to their father and said, "Come with us to the church. Do not think you are too old, or that you have sinned too long. You told us you had not any peace; but this book says, 'Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.' Don't you see, father, that takes you in—*all* that labor and are heavy laden." You are not too old; you can come too. The book says, 'He can save to the uttermost all that come unto God by him.' Don't you see, father, he can save you? You are not outside the uttermost." Thus encouraged by his sons, he came to the church and listened, and as soon as he thought it just possible that he might be saved, he began to seek Jesus earnestly. And the Saviour is nigh unto all them that call upon him, whether in

China, Africa, or the islands of the sea. No man calls upon Jesus, and seeks his blessing and his presence, without finding him nigh unto him. And so this old father came into the enjoyment of peace through Jesus Christ. I remember well the first watch-meeting I attended in China, when he rose in his place and testified that Jesus had pardoned his sins. He said, "I am thankful that God in his mercy let me see this year. If I had died last year I would have known nothing of this blessed religion, but now I know that Jesus has pardoned my sins; I am ready to die to-night; I feel willing to go." It was not long before he was called away. When we buried him in the old family burying-ground I felt, "Here, at least, is *one* buried in the hope of a glorious resurrection—one whom, if I ever get to heaven myself, I expect to greet on the heavenly shores among the redeemed." Those two young men (the sons of this old disciple) have become faithful ministers of the Gospel of Christ, and they were among the seven who were ordained last November by Bishop Kingsley to the work of the Christian ministry. If I had time to tell you of all that they have suffered for Christ you would feel indeed that Christ's religion had powerfully taken possession of their hearts. Not to detail other instances here, let me say that we have now at Foochow, and in the region round about, extending a hundred miles up the river and seventy miles southward toward Amoy, nearly eight hundred full members of our Church, and quite as many more probationers, who will be members in a few months, and some two hundred baptized children. So that we are verging on to a Christian community of two thousand souls in connection with our own Methodist mission at Foochow, and we have all the organization of a true Church of Christ. At a very early period, just as soon as we had five or six members, we had our class meetings; then came the love-feast and quarterly meeting; then came the annual meeting and examination of helpers in their studies, and we have now the whole form of a completely organized Methodist Episcopal Church in China. We have not as yet the name of an annual Conference, but we have the reality. The members of the annual meeting assemble and go through all the regular business of an annual Conference at home. The preachers come up from their respective charges and make their report; and, besides the seven ordained preachers, we have some ten or twelve what we call local preachers; but they are not very local—they itinerate as much as the rest. They receive their appointments every year, and go over large districts of territory preaching the Gospel of Christ. We have forty native exhorters, and the Christian Church is taking form, substance, and reality, as a Church in China.

Some one may say, "Are these true converts? You have the form of a Christian Church and you have nominal Christians, but have you true converts?" Let me mention two or three things from which you may judge. One of our men was inquired of by a friend of his as to whether he was paid for becoming a Christian, for there is a very current story there among the Chinese that those people who become Christians get paid for it. This friend said to him some time after he became a Christian, "Did they give you five dollars for becoming a Christian?" "More than that." "Why, you don't mean to say they gave you ten dollars?" "More than that." "What! not a hundred dollars?" "Yes, more than that." Well, his friend seemed astounded, and unable to comprehend him. "Why," said he, "you do not mean to say they gave you a thousand dollars for becoming a Christian?" "O yes, more than that," he replied. His friend was in utter amazement. The convert then picked up a Bible that was lying on the table and said,

"They gave me this; it tells of Jesus who saves me from my sins, and who is going to take me home to heaven to live with him for ever! I would not give this book with the truth in it for all Kooshan Mountain full of gold"—a high mountain near Foochow, which is three thousand feet above the level of the sea. That was his estimate of the Bible and its value to him. Old Father Sien-mi was fifty-six years of age when he first heard the Gospel, and when he believed that Jesus was his Saviour and found peace, as every poor sinner converted to God finds peace in believing. So intense was his desire to know about the Gospel that at that age he sat down to study that difficult language, to acquire the characters of his own tongue, so as to be able to read the Bible. He wanted to know for himself what the words of Jesus were. I remember seeing him sitting day by day, where he was employed as a watchman over timber, and inquiring of every one who passed him what such and such characters meant. I have been accosted by him many a time to know the meaning of certain characters, some of which I could tell him and some I could not. In that way he learned to read the Gospel of Matthew from beginning to end. How often have I heard him saying in class-meeting, "My experience is like what Jesus said in such a chapter and such a verse in Matthew," always giving you the chapter and verse and repeating it with perfect accuracy. The old man had learned to do that after he was fifty-six years of age, such was his anxiety to know the Gospel. When that man came to die he died upon his knees; he mastered the last enemy with prayer. I have often felt like saying, "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his!" I would rather die on my knees, thus conquering the last enemy, than in any manner I could think of. Thus he passed home to be with the saints in glory. A young man, just graduated, who would have made a successful preacher of the Gospel, was prostrated by serious disease. It was evident he was approaching the end. He sent for his father, who was preaching thirty miles away. His father brought with him an inquirer, who had not been satisfied of the truth of the Christian religion. The dying young man said, "I wanted to see you once, father, before I died; I know that I shall soon be gone, and I knew you would feel sorry. You wanted me to be a preacher; you hoped I would go forth and preach the Gospel; but I am not going to preach in this world. Jesus is going to take me home to heaven. Do not be sorry about it; do not let any of my friends grieve over me, for it is the will of Jesus, and he knows what is best. I am happy; I have no fear; peace is reigning in my soul; I shall soon be home in heaven." The man who accompanied the minister to the dying bed of his son went over to the English mission, with which he was connected as an inquirer, and said to Mr. Wolf, "I have no doubts any longer about Christianity; I know it is true; I want to be baptized; I know that Jesus has power to forgive sins;" and I believe that the missionary received him that very night into communion with the Christian Church. I will mention another instance, of a sorcerer and opium-smoker who was engaged in all manner of wickedness. The Spirit of God arrested him in one of our chapels and brought him a humble suppliant at the feet of Jesus. He became truly converted, and we did not hinder him from going down to his own people and telling them of the great change that had been wrought in him. In one place he was stoned; but, instead of being discouraged, he went out into the next village and commenced preaching there. In one of those villages he was arrested and put in prison, and while the crowd was gathered around to see this man, who dared to preach a foreign doctrine, he

preached Jesus. He was brought before the magistrate on some charge and sentenced to receive two thousand lashes. He received that sentence all at one time, the Chinese whip having three hard leather thongs, each stroke of the whip counting three strokes. That man was carried back to Foochow unable to walk, groaning with intense agony. Our physician there said he never saw such a case of whipping in which such severe bruises were received. Lying in agony and restless in body, he said, "O, my soul is in peace! Jesus is with me." He would say to his unconverted friends, "O, come to Jesus! he can make your soul peaceful when your body is in pain; he can take you home to heaven when you die. Come to Jesus!" That was his talk while he lay there helpless on his back. As soon as he could walk, he wished to go back to where he had been so cruelly treated and preach the Gospel there.

He did not ask for a change of appointment; he did not want a transfer to some more agreeable locality; he was not afraid of Satan or the emissaries of Satan. Right there he preached again the tidings of salvation. Over that district he has been so blessed of God that four hundred souls look to him as the instrument, under God, of their conversion. When he had fully preached the Gospel there he went to another region, and there he is successful in preaching and in bringing souls to Christ. He went to the Island of Lamyit, and some of the people said, "We know about these doctrines; they are nothing strange to us; come up to our houses and we will show you." They showed him the Gospel of Matthew and of John, and other Christian books, and said, "We have had these books thirty years." One of them said, "My father gave me this book, and told me there would be people who would come and explain it to me; you see I have a new cover on it." Now what was the result? I told you that in Foochow our missionaries had to labor ten years before there was a single convert to their labors. On the Island of Lamyit, where this good seed had been sown, in six months after Ching Ting went there we had sixty members connected with our Church, and to-day we have one hundred and thirty on that island, and the number is constantly increasing. Thirty years before, in the year 1833, Dr. Medhurst had gone up the coast in a Chinese junk, scattering Christian books. The people were glad to receive them, and that seed sprang up into a glorious harvest when the living preacher came with the message of Christ. So we find it all through our work. We see as clear as sunlight that no effort put forth has been in vain. When we penetrate into the interior, oftentimes while preaching there we find copies of books that were distributed years before, which prepared the way before us. Sometimes we find people who say, "Twelve years ago we heard missionaries preach in Foochow; we became satisfied that idolatry was all vain; we have not worshiped idols in all these years." Such instances are very numerous. The people's confidence in idolatry has been weakened; and when the living preacher comes among them with the truth they listen to him cordially, and are ready to come into the fold of Christ. I must tell you how some native preachers manage, that you may see that Chinese Christianity is taking its own form, as native men, under God, are working it. On the Island of Lamyit they have many pirates. While one of them listened to Ching Ting's preaching he became convinced that Christianity was true, and asked that prayer might be offered for him. He said, "I believe all that preaching is true; I am going to give up my piracy now; I will never go out in a junk to seize other junks; I will stop it all right away; but there is one little matter I think I must retain. I think it will be right for me to retain it. You know that two days in the month—

the 15th and the 30th—we have a special arrangement with the people. We used to steal their fish all the time, and we were constantly having trouble; but they promised if we left their nets alone that we should have their fish on those two days. That is an agreement, a treaty, and I think it is right for me to take those fish." If he had come to me in that way I very probably would have said, "You are not right, my friend; you must go back and make up your mind to give up all this wickedness, or you cannot come into the Christian Church." Perhaps that would have discouraged him. But Ching Ting sagaciously said to him, "Well, my friend, I am glad you are going to give up your piracy; that is a good step; I think if you will pray and look to God he will help you. I will put your name down as a probationer in the Methodist Episcopal Church." And that probationer in our Church was taking fish on the 15th and 30th of the month from the poor people of the island. It was not three weeks before that man came to Ching Ting all broken down, and the first words he said were, "O, this fish business is all wrong. I have no right to the people's fish; it is wicked; I must give it up; I will give it up now." In due time he was received into the Church in full membership, and he is one of our strong and faithful men, as earnest a Christian man as you will find anywhere. If you should ever have a lay delegate from the Conference in China to the General Conference in America, I do not know but that he is as likely to be the man as any other.

Let these instances be enough to prove to you that there is real Christianity in China. We have seen men driven out of their houses and homes, we have seen them stripped of every thing, and yet they have held on to their faith in Christ. I tell you heaven means something to these poor Chinamen in the region about Foochow. Sometimes we in our ease do not feel any anxiety to press in suddenly into the kingdom of glory; but I tell you that these poor Christians in China, persecuted, distressed, perplexed, and tried as they are, have some meaning attached to the word "heaven" in their minds. They look forward to it as a place where all these trials are to be ended; it is real to them; they believe in it, and they look forward to it with joy. Now let me say such is the work already in the region around Foochow. We have missions in Peking and Kiu-Kiang. We sent two men to Kiu-Kiang, but one of them was obliged to leave the field, leaving only one among forty-six millions of people. And then just on the other side of the river were two other provinces in which no Protestant missionary was found, so that all that magnificent field is open to our mission. We have recently sent two men to the aid of our missionary there, but we ought to have six there to-day, and our Church is able to send them. Within the year the work was commenced our brother had a few converts around him; indeed, two who were converted years ago in the South had found their way up there, and were ready to greet the missionary on his arrival. We have four missionaries at Peking, the capital of the empire, laboring under the shadow of the imperial throne. These men must be sustained by our Church.

What are we going to do with our work in China? Shall we retrench? Can such a word as that be uttered in connection with the missionary work of the Methodist Episcopal Church? I believe it was Dr. Olin who said last year that we could not afford to retrench; that we were in such a position that to retrench would be fatal to us. No truer words were ever spoken. Can we suppose that three missions in China will measure the ability of the American Methodist Episcopal Church? Shall we allow these to be in a weak condition and suffer for want of men? It cannot be that this great Methodist Episcopal Church of

America will allow these missions to suffer. Men and means must be forthcoming for this work. Our honor—I do not mean Church pride—I mean our honor as servants of the Lord Jesus Christ—demands that we should do more than we have done. We cannot be faithful to our obligations and leave these missions even in a weak state. God has laid upon us the command, "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature." There are peculiar reasons why America should Christianize China. God is wondrously bringing these nations together. When I first went to China I was one hundred and forty-seven days going around the Cape of Good Hope before I stepped on the shores of China. When I came home from China recently it was thirty-five days from the time I left the shores of China till I stepped upon the wharf at San Francisco. That just about represents to us our increased proximity to China since twelve years ago. She is our nearest neighbor on the West, and our steamships are constantly bringing her people to our shores. There are eighty or ninety thousand of them in California to-day, and more are constantly arriving. What does God mean by this, but that in his providence America is, for weal or woe, to be connected with China? And will any one say that this heathen nation is to ruin us? With all our Christian civilization and science, are we to be ruined by these heathen people? Can any one entertain such a thought as this? No, Christian friends, there is ability in the Church of America to Christianize and civilize that whole empire. There is ability in the Methodist Church to do its full share of this work. If every Sunday-school child in connection with our Church should collect two cents a week—and what Sunday-school child cannot collect that amount?—for missions, our missionary treasury would have a million of dollars for the work of missions throughout the world, instead of raising a little over six hundred thousand dollars, as we do now with great effort. A million of dollars might be raised from this source alone, leaving out all the other sources from which the Missionary Society is supported. I mention this one item to show our ability to do this. God will require it at our hands. We must give the means, the men, and the women for this work, and bear our full share in Chinese evangelization. I feel satisfied that the Church will not allow the word "retrenchment" to be spoken in reference to China, but that our course will be onward until all that vast empire has heard the glad tidings of salvation and the millions of China are redeemed. And they are going to be redeemed, Christian friends. God has promised us that. That land is to be Immanuel's land; and in all our hours of darkness and trial that has been a source of encouragement and support to us. We know that some day the banner of Immanuel will stream in triumph over that empire; on all her hills and through all her valleys the glad tidings of salvation shall be heard, and those millions redeemed by Christ shall join in a chorus to his name. Some of them are singing the praises of Jesus now. You would have rejoiced, as Bishop Kingsley did at our last annual meeting, could you have been there, and you would have felt that you were among God's people. You might not have understood their words, but you would have known the sentiment of the song. If you had heard them sing

"Forever with the Lord,"

with the chorus,

"There'll be no sorrow there,"

you would have felt that they sung it with the same earnestness with which you sing it, and that Christianity is in their hearts as it is in yours. They sang,

"O, how happy are they
Who the Saviour obey,"

and then Bishop Kingsley said, "I want to speak now. When I heard you strike that tune I did not know the words, but I knew what you were singing; for that tune has been married to that hymn so long that they cannot be separated. That was the first hymn my mother taught me when I was a child. And here I am in China surrounded with Chinese Christians singing the same hymn taught me by my mother in childhood! By and by, brethren, we shall meet in heaven. I do not ever expect to see you again here, but I know when we get home to heaven we shall understand each other. I do not know but the language may be Chinese; I do not know what it will be; but whatever it is, you and I will be able to talk it together. We want need any interpreters. I look forward, brethren, with joy to meeting you in heaven."

The Bishop took a deep hold upon the hearts of those native brethren, and he himself felt that Christianity was in China. What, Christian friends, will you do with this mission? Can you be indifferent in regard to it? will you think nothing about it, or will you bow before God and ask him what you can do for China? Give your earnest prayers, your money, and some of you give yourselves. Whatever God calls upon you to do, do it for his glory. I leave the question with you, praying that God will lead each of you to do your share; and by and by we will return with rejoicing, bringing our sheaves with us.

REMARKS OF LING CHA CHA.

Mr. Baldwin introduced Ling Cha Cha, who occupied a seat on the platform. Mr. Baldwin interpreted his remarks with extraordinary facility. Ling Cha Cha said:

Being here to-night, and seeing so many faces of the fathers and mothers and brothers and sisters of the Church, I am glad to see you here. It is not through any ability or power of my own that I am able to be here to-night, but only through God's grace that has brought me so far and kept me in safety, and enabled me to come and see your faces this evening. I am very glad to be here, and desire to present my best salutations to you all. Why is it that some of the brethren and sisters laugh at what I have just said; I am a man like the rest of you; I have eyes, hands, and feet; there are not on my hands nine fingers only, but ten, just as there are on yours. Although you should laugh at me I will not be afraid, for I have something to say to you. Before I left Foochow the members of the Churches there wished me to take their salutations to all the Christians in America, of whatever denomination, that I should see, to tell them that they were thankful for their sending the Gospel to them; that they would like all of them to come and see the Christians in America, but the road is long and they are not able to come. They do not expect in this life to see you, but when their souls ascend up to heaven they hope to see you and to be able to thank you there for sending the Gospel to them while they were here on earth.

Twenty years ago the people in Foochow had never heard any thing about Jesus; but, thanks to the Christians in America! about twenty years since, the Gospel was sent to them, and since that time a great many people have heard that Jesus is the Saviour of men, and a great many around Foochow have given themselves to him and are Christians to-day. They feel that now, being Christians, and having the grace of God, they have two sources to which they should return thankfulness: first, to Almighty God, the heavenly Father, for sending to them the Gospel of Jesus; and, secondly, to the Churches of America, who have sent the missionaries to preach the Gospel to them.

The people about Foochow are servants of devils, [Mr. Baldwin: That means of the

idols. The native Christians frequently speak of the idols as devils,] and this worship of idols is very different from the worship of the heavenly Father; they do not worship these idols because of any love for them. When you worship the heavenly Father you feel that he is willing to forgive your sins and is glad to receive you; these people after they worship the idols are still afraid of them. Rich men are made poor by it; a man who has a nice house and pleasant things about him will begin to worship these idols—build temples and make shrines for them—in trying to get peace in that way; and often rich men become poor in worshipping them, even selling their houses and their graves to get money to carry on the worship, to buy incense to propitiate the gods. In this way idolatry is very destructive to the people, and works great harm.

I ask you to pray every day for the Chinese people, that they may be delivered from this worship of idols and become Christians. I myself for twenty-four years was a worshiper of idols; I was taught by my father that idols would harm me, and I must worship them to get rid of their anger; all the people believe this. I want you to pray that Christ will deliver them, and bring them peace.

The people cannot get rid of idolatry themselves, except by the grace of God. That can do it; God will send his power and this work shall be done. I want those who can preach the gospel to go to China; I believe that God will go with such as will go. Do not be troubled about it; do not be sorry in your hearts. God can take care of you. He can keep you while you are there; he will bless you in preaching to the people. I think it important that you should go where there are many to be saved.

I wish also to exhort all those who have means to help the Missionary Society that you will exhaust your ability to do that work; [Mr. Baldwin: I think it will be well for us to remember that phrase—"exhaust your ability." Very few of us have done that;] and although the people of China cannot come here to thank you themselves for bringing the gospel, yet, if your money helps to save souls, some day in heaven they can tell you how much good your money has done when it was sent for the salvation of souls.

Since I came to America I have been in some forty different churches, and have been told by the ministers in all those churches that there are still a good many people who do not believe in Christ—who are not Christians. I do not understand this. I thought in America where all heard the Gospel, all the people would be Christians; and I do not see why it is that the people here are not all Christians. You all have God's book, and you all eat God's rice; I do not understand why it is that men having all these things from God should fail to do what God tells them. When this gospel came to China and was preached there some of the Chinese people who had worshiped idols began to love Jesus. Why is it that there should be any people in America who have heard the Gospel so long that are not willing to go to the heavenly Father? I do not see why people will walk in a dark road when a light road is open before them, and when they might walk in it if they chose to. We ought not to allow any thing to take the place of God's will; if men go after riches, or follow their own pride instead of what God tells them to do, they cannot expect to be blessed by him; we who eat the heavenly Father's rice ought to be willing that he should do with us as he thinks best; God makes one man rich and another poor, and that ought not to be of great concern to us.

I wish all who are unconverted would seek first the kingdom of God—that is the most important thing. We ought to consider that all these things are of God; that no man can determine for himself whether he shall be rich

or poor, be a beggar or a vagabond; that although he may try to get rich by overreaching his neighbors, or by using other means to get the advantage of his fellow-men, God will make him rich or poor as shall seem to him best; and that it is far better to leave all these things in God's hands while we are on God's earth—to seek to do his will, and to get ready for a better world.

He says there are only two roads to walk in—one is light and the other is dark. The light road, following God's commands, is just like this church which is lit up; but if any body were to put out the lights we would not know whether it was a good man or a thief who was sitting next us. The wicked are walking in a road like those tunnels through which I came on the Pacific Railroad, in which it was dark a long way, and I did not know but I might be going to destruction. Sometimes the wicked will suddenly drop into hell. But the light road is before us, and if we get into the dark road and walk in it, it will be our own fault.

It makes no difference whether men are rich or poor, if they only follow the Gospel, and get to heaven, which is the chief thing. You should pray daily to God, and read his Holy Bible, so that this work may be done in all your souls, that you may not be like the Chinese people. It would be a very sad thing if the American people from these Christian congregations should at last make up their eternal abode where only those idolaters and wicked men are—so far away from the right road, so far off in the dark, that they can never get back again where the light shines. Having seen you all to-night, and having said these words, I want you to pray for the unconverted in this congregation, that they may become Christians, and pray for me that I may be a Christian to the end. As I am soon to go back to China I do not expect to see you here again, but I pray that God will help you and me to meet in heaven.

Mr. BALDWIN said that he had given this Chinese convert no direction as to what he should say, and had translated as well as he could the exceedingly long sentences spoken by Ling Cha Cha.

The interesting services were closed by singing the doxology, Rev. Dr. ANDREWS dismissing the congregation with the benediction.

MONDAY EVENING.

The services of the fifty-second anniversary of the Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church were resumed in St. John's Church, Brooklyn, on Monday evening, November 21, 1870. The spacious and beautiful edifice was thronged in every part by the ministry and laity.

E. L. FANCHER, Esq., of New York, presided.

After an anthem by the choir, under the leadership of Professor Fox, the exercises were commenced by the congregation uniting in singing,

"From all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise."

Rev. S. J. BALDWIN read Revelations xiv, 6-12; after which Rev. A. M'KEOWN, of Boston, led in prayer.

REMARKS BY THE PRESIDENT.

Mr. E. L. FANCHER said:

We have assembled on this occasion, my friends, to celebrate the fifty-second anniversary of the Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church. There are men living

this day who witnessed the origin of this Society, and have been its contemporaries from the beginning. During the half-century of its existence it has continued to grow in strength and influence, and its work has continued to expand until now. When night closes the labors of some of its missions the sun has already risen upon the labors of others of its missions; so that its glorious work continually goes on day without night. And this work will continue to expand and to increase in widening spheres and increasing power till the millennium. It is said of some men that they have lived to accomplish the great facts and to influence the opinions of their times. It may be justly said of this Missionary Society that it has existed, and will continue to exist, in a large measure, to accomplish the triumph and to influence the reign of Christianity in the world. And when the history of the nations shall flame with glowing recitals of their conversion to Christianity, the imperishable page shall speak of the work of this Society. We have come to-night to set up another annual landmark in its history; and, looking upon this programme, I perceive it is illuminated with the names of distinguished men, honored not alone in our Church, but in other branches of it. It is not fitting that I should detain you from the feast; and, after listening at first to a statement by one of the Corresponding Secretaries, the speakers of the evening will be introduced.

STATEMENT BY REV. DR. HARRIS.

Rev. Dr. HARRIS made the subjoined statement:

On behalf of the Secretaries I may say in relation to the year just closing:

1. The year has been replete with spiritual prosperity in all our missionary fields. The Churches have been built up in the faith and hope of the Gospel, and sinners have been awakened and converted to God.

2. When Bishop Kingsley was in China he organized our missions in that land into three distinct superintendencies, with their respective centers at Foochow, Kiu-Kiang, and Peking. He called earnestly for reinforcements, and the Board responded by sending out the Rev. Franklin Ohlinger and the Rev. Nathan J. Plumb to Foochow, the Rev. John Ing and wife and the Rev. Henry H. Hall to Kiu Kiang, and the Rev. George R. Davis and the Rev. Leander W. Pilcher to Peking. The Rev. E. W. Parker and wife of the India mission, after spending a season in this country on account of impaired health, have returned to the mission during the year, accompanied by the Rev. Thomas Craven and wife, the Rev. John T. M'Mahon and wife, and the Rev. Philo M. Buck, who are just entering this service.

3. The gross income of the Society for the year which closed October 31, 1870, fell below that of the preceding year to the amount of \$877 45. The statement of receipts shows, however, that the two items of legacies and sundries fell off in the sum of \$22,358 43, thus indicating an advance in the regular contributions of the Church this year over last of \$21,480 98.

4. On the first day of November, 1869, there was a balance in the treasury of \$9,952 81. On the first day of November, 1870, the treasury was in debt \$10,942 51, showing the expenditures of the year to be in excess of the receipts \$20,895 32.

I may not detain you with the recital of our plans for the future further than to say:

1. The General Committee has forecast for the enlargement of our work during the coming year both at home and abroad. Provision has been made to send out two additional families to India and two to Bulgaria. The General Committee also made the necessary

appropriations to increase the number of our foreign fields by opening missions in both Mexico and Italy.

The plans of the General Committee require the expenditure during the coming year of \$671,181 05, being in excess of the receipt of the past year \$59,331 79.

3. With this scheme of missionary labor demanding this outlay we go to the Church with confidence, trusting in God and in the people that this work shall go forward.

THE PRESIDENT.—I have the pleasure to introduce as the first speaker Rev. HENRY W. WARREN, of Massachusetts.

ADDRESS OF REV. HENRY W. WARREN.

Rev. HENRY W. WARREN said:

MR. CHAIRMAN AND CHRISTIAN FRIENDS: I have listened with much delight to this report of our friend the Secretary. It tells us of re-inforcements at every point where the battle has been waged, and of new enterprises that are to be pushed out where as yet we have not shown the flag of our Redeemer. It tells us of enlarged contributions, always a pleasant thing to hear. I thought I saw a gleam of satisfaction run along your faces as you thought "My ten, twenty, one hundred, or a thousand dollars was included in that sum;" and even the poorest and the littlest child may feel that their drops help to swell this mighty Mississippi stream. But though this is an occasion of great congratulation, we must not pause long on subjects of congratulation. The army that stops to count its victories and admire its laurels before the war is ended will soon have no victories to count nor laurels to admire. We will not stop at *Capua* while Rome is not yet taken.

The aspect of the question that I am about to present to you this evening is neither statistical nor material, but spiritual. Whether I shall find attentive ears, I may well doubt; for the time of considering spiritual things with most men passed twenty-four hours ago. It is Monday now, and to-day we have a continent to subdue. We must measure its rods by the number of rails with which we bind it. To-day we are familiar with the sinews of great enterprises. When we think of these great enterprises we never ask whether gunpowder can tear the heart out of the mountain; whether steel has strength of fiber to hold a throbbing locomotive, and carry it over vast abysses. Nor do we ask, even, whether the interests of civilization or religion demand this leveling of mountains and bridging of valleys; but we ask, Will money-bags open at our call for such works? We know what the sinews of great enterprises are. When nations are in peril, and millions grow sick at heart, and for the moment quail before demanded effort, then, calling back their courage superior to despair, determine to contend more desperately than for life, the sinews that are to bear the strain of such high endeavor must have another strength than that of steel—that of gold. All great events of to-day are on golden hinges. Notwithstanding it is Monday, I am not to speak of the hinge, but of the motive power; and not even of the sinew, but of that inspiring Spirit that changes mere connected fiber into living force, fit instrument of spirit. Now God has gold enough. It is as cheap as paving-stones in his new Jerusalem. He can bed every river with Pactolean sands; rain the radiant gold of every shining sunset to the earth; or he can start an exhaustless gold mine in the safes of 805 Broadway. But it is not gold that God wants to convert the world. It is the spirit that is born of giving; it is likeness to Him who, being rich, for the sake of serving men became poor. We earn our money hardly; wash it, grain by grain, from the buried sands; or blast it from the solid rock, or earn it more difficultly by ceaseless toil, just that the sac-

rifice of surrendering it may be greater—that we may be more like Him who gave even himself. And it is just this Spirit that subdues all things unto itself, and any other tends to subdue self to things. Now men tell us that the age of force is gone, and the age of ideas has come; that pens outweigh swords, and metal in types is weightier than in bullets; and, even when force is employed, the bayonet that thinks scatters hordes of unthinking men. Educated Prussia falls on ignorant Austria and France, and makes Sadowa and Sedan lose all significance as fields of blood in the higher significance that ideas are mightier than brute force. No doubt these men are somewhat premature in their announcement, but unquestionless the tendency of the age is in that direction.

But I have a higher announcement to make, a sublimer fact to declare, a higher ally to call to our help in overcoming the world. If this is the age of ideas, the age of the spirit draweth nigh; it has come already. A few men see its light on the mountain top; some others feel its divine power in the heart, and they throb with its infinite life as boundless and abounding as the waves of the sea. Now it is this spirit that we desire to call to our aid, and, calling this to our aid, we shall have the highest power known in heaven or earth for the accomplishing of the sublimest enterprise known to God or man. But is spirit a higher power than thought—a supreme ally in any question of this kind? Truly it is. Thought puts every mark of civilization on the wildness of a continent; changes its soil to grain, and its quarry to a temple. But feeling, in which spirit dwells, as much uplifts and glorifies thought as thought does the quarry. Spiritual power, emotional energy, is a higher source of power than any conceivable thought. Thought takes fearful note of the dangers of the battle-field; feeling annihilates thought, and sends men on regardless of danger. Thought says there is no danger in the outer fringe of battle; but a panic seizes men, and their hearts are water in a moment. Thought gauges the difficulties of an undertaking and says, "Impossible!" Feeling, that is a phase of faith, laughs at impossibilities. There was once a Bastille of tyranny in which languished and died the best and the noblest of France. Thought tested its every barred door, examined its every grated window, soared to the height of its unscalable wall, and mined to the deepest of its deep foundations, and said, "There is no help." But feeling took fire one morning, and its impregnable fastness crumbled like frost-work in the sun, and now there stands upon that site the gleam of daylight on whose top the angel of liberty just from the skies folded his wings to rest upon the earth. God knows what are the hidings and what the revealings of power. It is through these feelings of men that he pours his spirit and his exhaustless energy, wishing to found and establish the kingdom of his Son. He employs not chiefly the might of civil armies, nor the wisdom of men. He knows that these come to naught. He floods the early Church with feeling; he opens the windows of love in heaven; the foundations of the great deep of the human heart are broken up, and a deluge of sublimest power covers the whole earth. What if proud Pharisees are cowed; wise Sadducees are proved fools; dungeons flame with light, chains fall off, Roman armies are subdued, and nations are converted to Christ. "Not by might nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord." Show me a Church depending on spiritual might, saying, "Who is sufficient for these things?" and I can show you a Church of power. It may lack education; it may be singularly deficient in wealth; it may gather only the outcasts of society, but it is a Church of power. Continents cannot hold it; the isles of the sea shall be given to

it, and the dark places of the earth shall flame with its light. The blight of weakness has already come on that Church that is afraid of a genuine halleluiah; that insists that its sons of thunder shall be dumb, and its lions shall roar, if they must, as gently as a sucking dove. Happy is that Church that can employ every might of limb and strength of arm in its work; that can use all its gathered wealth for God; that can lay on God's altar the sublimest stretch of thought and the broadest culture of intellect, and then say, "It is naught, it is naught, unless the divine fire descend." Napoleon the First declared that he feared three newspapers as an agency for stirring and combining the feelings of men more than three hundred thousand bayonets, and the late nephew of his uncle certainly acted on that principle. And if the comparison be not odious to Satan, I would say that he fears three warm, Christian hearts, beating with divine life and love, more than all the machinery and millinery of a merely formal Church.

Now the tendency of the Church sometimes is in one direction and sometimes in another. At one time it goes to asceticism, ritualism, rationalism, and irrationalism, if they are not the same thing. But if I rightly read the yearning of the Church to-day, broadcast wherever they name the name of Christ, it is far more earnest feeling, fired by the Holy Ghost. And I believe "the Church of the future" will be the Church that shall have the most of it. O, brethren, have we not failed here—given to the Church of our money liberally, and of our spiritual power niggardly? supplied her with the sinews of war, but denied her the inspiration and life that could wield them with success? O, I am tired of these demonstrations to the intellect of the Church of what the Church can do! Why, they show us day after day that the Church will have all the money it needs to convert the world if it will only stop using tobacco, and then it demonstrates again that our very children in the Sabbath-school can easily raise for this work millions in a year. A perfect demonstration. And yet men puff their insults to the sweet morning air; and yet the contributions of the whole Church hang hovering over half a million. O, if one thrilling feeling of loyalty to God, such as they have had for their country, should seize men, we should cease counting our dollars given in counting our souls redeemed.

Philosophers of history tell us that there have been two periods in which a universal despair, unlighted and unrelieved, has settled down over the whole human race. They ought to tell us that that despair was not lightened, nor that darkness cheered, by any amelioration of earthly circumstances or enlargement of educational facilities; but it was lighted by a flash of the Sun of Righteousness, and those bowed faces turned to the heaven, and turned there in hope. Now if such are the chief powers to be used in advancing the cause of God, let me note three points in which they are to be applied to this work. And, in the first place, the spiritual power of every Christian man may be applied to save the world upon the Board. They are but men, to be palsied or inspired by human opposition or human sympathy. They devise liberal or narrow things according as the Church behind them feels. I hope I do not seem irreverent—I know I do not feel so—when I say that if the Lord Jesus Christ had been on our Board of Missions, he would again and again have felt himself hampered in his designed mighty works by reason of unbelief. Leaders are not independent of the masses. Nay, we may make these masses lead us, and these leaders be obliged to become followers. After the storming of the heights of Spichenen the commander of the Prussian battalion was arrested for having charged without orders, without having waited for artillery to clear his

way and for reserves to cover his flank. His defense was this: "I had nothing to do with that attack, neither had my subordinate officers; but when we came to that attacking line, every one of my men rushed forward, and all we could do was to follow on, keep order, and hold the height they won." When has the Church militant, full of zeal, leaped beyond its appointed designs? Never but once to my knowledge, and that in 1866. At all other times it has been urged, exhorted again and again, too often in vain, to accomplish its designed purpose. Our great leader of thirty millions in the dark night of our civil war was singularly dependent on the spirit of the people. And we remember, when the dead in every house caused men to cry out, "O God, we will be just!" the great wave of popular feeling swept through the North, rolled down to Washington, prostrated every opposer, silenced every clamor, and demanded emancipation; and in that hour he was able to break every yoke and let the oppressed go free. (Applause.) Do not say he ought to have done this without this support. He was human, and all his power depended on the people. Now many of us have thought for years we saw peculiar opportunities for preaching Christ where Paul preached him, in Italy; thought the Board ought to have organized a spiritual force ready to move into Rome when temporal sovereignty moved out. And so they would have done if the popular feeling that cheered the proposition had been deep enough to have supplied the funds when they made the offer.

But have we ever thought what the effect would be upon missionaries in the field if feeling at home were kept at a white heat? God has made this world to be singularly one in all its parts. The magnetic wire three miles beneath the ocean feels the storm away up on the surface. Changes on the surface of the sun reach down ninety-five millions of miles, and show themselves in manifestations upon the earth; and farther than imagination's wing can fly, gravitation reaches to bind all worlds together. Far more does sympathy obtain in human affairs. The frown of a monarch sends stocks tumbling down through millions on all continents; but far more do hearts respond to hearts. America achieves liberty, and France leaps into license. A few spirits declared for liberty in 1848, and a mighty wave rolled from Gibraltar to the *Baltic*, prostrating every throne in its course. Alas! that there was no other wave or rising tide of feeling to follow, and the thrones were re-erected on their old bases. Frequently in our civil war our army almost despaired; but the feeling at home organized the Christian Commission, and it took heart again. The feelings of many a little girl wrought into a bag of comforts has raised again a desponding heart. I was before Petersburg when the North said by the second election of Lincoln, "We are ready to go on this way four years more." O how the army shouted that night the news came! (Applause.) Mortars thundered along the line twenty-five miles long, but that thunder was not loud enough to voice their joy; and those shells that climbed the air and left their fiery trails could not rear their arches of light high enough for the triumphal arches of that hour. But you see that every voter at home that day fired an effective shot in the field.

I seem to see the great Apostle fall on his hardest missionary fields. He is surrounded with tribulation—fears within, fightings without; despondency has seized upon him. Why is it? Why, he feels that he is getting no foothold in Macedonia. Now he hears that the Corinthian Church has left the ardor of its first love, has gone away into metaphysical speculations about the resurrection body, and disputes concerning superior gifts. O what a fall was there! And as he thinks it over, he

says, "Alas! must all my life-work be a rope of sand?" and sadly he sits down and writes his Epistle, full of warning and reproof. But now I see him again. Hear his word: "I am exceedingly joyful in all my tribulation; I am filled with comfort." Why the change? Tell despairing missionaries the whole wide world over. What can so uplift a man? Why, Titus has come, and he has told to him that the Corinthian Church mourns over their sin; they have an earnest desire to come back to their first love, and they have a beating, throbbing affection for the faithful Apostle Paul. No wonder he rejoiced. I dare say he forgot his scholastic Greek, and shouted in his native Hebrew, Halleluia! halleluia to the Lamb! There were no more fears within, there were no more fightings without. A man so inspired with God and so filled with tides of human sympathy changed every fight into a victory; and in consequence of this we find that those barren fields became the fields of Paul's grandest successes. Who has not heard of Berea and Philippi and Thessalonica, the grandest successes he ever knew, because he was inspired by the word that came from Corinth. Now, brethren, we have got some missionaries almost exactly on the same ground, just over the Balkan hills; and from all I can hear of them, they are pretty much in the condition of Paul before the coming of Titus. They lately said in a Conference, "We are a set of disappointed missionaries." And one of them, who had been a year all alone mostly, heard that an American gentleman was to pass through his place, and he made diligent preparation to receive and entertain him, yearning inexpressibly to see the face of a fellow-countryman. He thought a fellow-countryman would be glad to see him, and, eager and full of anticipated joy, he went down on the wharf to meet him on his arrival, and tell him who he was and what a reception he had prepared for him. He heard, however, that he could not stop. He had no interest in missions; he was going right along; and this brother turned away to another year's loneliness unch-ered. If we want these men to be any thing but dispirited individuals we must send Titus right away, or we must notify them by mail that on a certain night some of our Churches will pray for them and their work. Thus may we lift men from the sloughs of despond to the mountains of vision, and change our barren fields into fields like Thessalonica, Philippi, and Berea. And the man that succeeds in setting on fire the zeal of the Church, and connecting these distant missions with the awakened zeal of particular Churches, will be the organizer of victory for Christ.

There was a single other point on which I wished to speak, but time forbids me to say more than a word upon it. By our spiritual influence we have power with the whole world. What did Brother Baldwin tell us yesterday concerning the vitiating of all his influence because Christian merchants, so-called, would sell opium? How long have we been paralyzed in Africa because Christian nations traded in slaves, and also among the Indians because they would sell rum. But to come right home, in every Church there is some single sinner who destroyeth much good. We are one. God has joined all hearts together; and there is a spiritual power that comes from every man for the saving or the damnation of the world. There is not a weak man among us but he may do something for saving the world. He may be poor as Lazarus, and yet he may send to the remotest time the sublimest thoughts of angel ministry and Divine impartiality. He may be a despised Samaritan, but he may start Christian Commissions wherever there is a wounded brother. He may be as blind as Bartimeus, but, nevertheless, he may make importunate faith easier to an unbelieving world. He may be a dying thief, but he may scatter the gathering black-

ness of night from every dying bed of despairing guilt, and snatch many a brand from the burning, and quench it in the precious blood of Jesus. Do not think that this is a mere metaphysical abstraction. There is a given amount of spiritual power in this world. Is it weak? is it feeble? Then some weak and feeble member is causing the whole body to suffer. Is it strong? God knows the relation of each individual to that strength. Steam has resistless might, but the work it does depends on the engine. God has all power in this world, but its application to hearts is by hearts.

Why, you cannot stop up a volcano suddenly! You make its fiery flood to cease, and some other volcano must spout its cataracts of fire though half a world's diameter away. Repress human feeling anywhere and it springs up elsewhere. Liberty throttled in old England makes a better New England for itself. Religion persecuted in Jerusalem goes everywhere preaching the word. They may burn John Huss at Constance, but the rivers and the seas bear his ashes to all parts of the earth—the seed of a mightier Church. Protestantism was expelled from France by the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, but it laid the foundation of England's power. But human feeling spreads more rapidly when not repressed. Revolutions have no swifter wing than reformations. God started a mighty tide of feeling at Erfurth by Luther. It swept through the State, rolled over whole kingdoms, surged against the Alps, inundated the villages that lie along their slopes, and by some of the passes poured over into Italy. It reached the northern boundaries of the continent and flowed across to England. So there is a time coming when a nation shall be born in a day; but it will not be when the utmost of man's spiritual ability is just sufficient to recite a ritual, or to decide upon the proper cut of a garment. It will be when men are able to say, "The zeal of thy house hath eaten me up."

Philosophers go round endeavoring to find out in regard to men, and they compare instinct and reason. They consider the thickness of skulls and the color of skins; they measure heads and they consider heels, and they sit down in the utmost perplexity and say, "We don't know; we do not know whether man is in origin one or many; we cannot tell where the animal begins and the man ends, or whether there is any thing more than animal at all." Now that is very true on any such ground of judgment as they use. But "there is a spirit in man, and the inspiration of the Almighty giveth understanding." There is a consciousness of God, of unseen realities—fears and hopes in regard to the future—in every being made in the image of God. There are harp-strings within him over which the spirit may blow, waking discords of unlikeness, wails of conscious guilt, or songs of harmony divine. Now this spirit waiting for the world's conversion depends on the condition of believers. Whatever you give to this blessed cause, give with the spirit of Him who gave himself for you. Whenever you pray, let groanings stand for unutterable desires. Wherever your Church is, set it on fire for God; and the day of God shall come; it shall not tarry. The glory of the Lord shall cover the earth as the waters cover the sea.

SPEECH OF REV. DR. DURYEA.

REV. J. T. DURYEA, D.D., (Presbyterian,) of Brooklyn, said:

BRETHREN AND SISTERS: I am exceedingly glad to be here. I promised to come with an open mind and an open heart to receive impressions and inspirations; to endeavor in a very simple way to reflect the one and transmit the other. It is more blessed to give than

to receive; but it is blessed to receive. And I have already received, and expect to receive again to-night.

In view of a single statement in the report which has been epitomized and presented, I am directed to a line of thought which I shall try to draw, and so draw as that it shall terminate upon you in a motive. I am not only impressed but oppressed with the statement—startled, disturbed, solemnized, and, if it were not for that which underlies my faith, appalled. That which now is working upon my mind and heart is the present duty of your Church, and all the Churches, toward the mission field. There was a time when the Church looked abroad and surveyed the wants of mankind. The conviction was formed: All need the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ—the Gospel in the truth before the mind—the Gospel in power, in the heart, and in the life. The question became practical before the mind and heart of the Church: "Shall we declare the Gospel? Shall we endeavor, by the help of the Holy Spirit, to bring its power to bear upon the heart?" The question was decided in the affirmative. The Church attempted to teach the truth, the sum of which is the Gospel; to set in motion forces, the sum of which is the power of the Gospel. Mark the attitude of the Church! It saw mankind in need, but unconscious of the need. The very first result of the proclamation of the truth—the very first experimental result of the power of the Gospel—was to make that need conscious in the mind and in the heart. The need before was known to the Church; the need thereafter was not only known, but in agony felt, by the world. Then there came a change in the posture of the Church. Before it was questioned, Shall we evoke the consciousness of need? Then the question came, Having aroused the consciousness of need, shall we leave it unsupplied? Having told the man dying without bread that it is hunger that bites him, shall we leave it to gnaw? Having told the man dying for need of water that it is thirst that burns him, shall we leave him to consume? More than this: Not only did the presentation of the Gospel to individual minds arouse in them a conviction of need; not only did the power of the Gospel upon individual hearts evoke from them an experience of need, but there was sympathy moving between mankind. There was a spreading of intelligence from mind to mind, of feeling from heart to heart, until the question, "Will they receive the Gospel?" met not the echo of itself, but the responsive cry, "Come over and help us!" The Missionary Board stands the representative of the Church among mankind. It marks the consciousness of need in human souls. And must it pause, go back, consult the Church, wait for orders, rely upon assurances, and then return and dispense the Gospel and diffuse its power? A man is lying in hunger, dying. With my little basket I am distributing bread. I see his shrunken features, pinched, shriveled, gaunt; hollows about his eyes; veins of impoverished blood. I hear not his cry; he is too faint to cry; he can only huskily whisper, "Give me bread." Must I go back to the store-house and count the loaves? Must I go back to the granary and measure up the bushels? Must I traverse the field and make expectation of the coming crops? Must I look into the lap of the sower, and watch the moving of his hands? Or must I give the bread and empty my basket and trust for more?

Now you will find just precisely this state of things continually presented in the contemporaneous aspects of the mission field. You place a missionary in a new territory; he brings the Gospel to bear as truth upon the mind, and as a force by the Holy Ghost upon the heart, of those to whom he ministers. There is instantly an evangelical blessing;

immediately there are involved other blessings. There comes of the Gospel civilization, and of civilization refinement, learning, morality. The distant heathen can understand the material aspects of an evangelical civilization, and they will ask for it without knowing exactly the secret of its power in the Gospel. They will come and beg the missionary to transport his person, his teaching, his influence to them. Now the Church is not approaching the heathen to compel him to attend to the Gospel, to bring to bear upon him whether he will or no its power; but the heathen man is crying for the Gospel, and opening his breast to the incoming of its power. He may not understand all its power, but nevertheless he has placed himself in a receptive, nay, in an entreating attitude, and will receive all its power, although he yet craves but a portion.

Now the question that troubles me is this: How can those who represent the Church in the face of such facts dare to act? They have acted, and we are already committed. And now I stand here to-day with this conviction before me; scores, hundreds, and thousands of laborers in the field, far from home and the means of support, their children depending upon them without one assurance in the bond of material support. I see beside them the heathen world at home and abroad, crying not only upon them but upon their fellows, and not written in the bond the assurance that the men and the means shall be sent forward. How dares the Board to stand in the face of such facts? Only by trusting in the mind and the heart of the Church. But how can the mind and the heart of the Church be trusted? At the beginning of the missionary work there may be a portrayal of the miseries of the heathen, and their greater miseries in the world to come. There may be a play upon the sensibilities of Christian people; there may be the arousing of enthusiasm; there may be the evoking of an impulse; but as the actual work expands, as the Church is committed to a more and more numerous host of dependent laborers, as the Church has invited the appeal of new races, millions on millions, for the Gospel, shall we count then on sentiment, on enthusiasm, on impulse? There is only one word we dare write down beside the profession of our faith in the Church; there is only one thing on which we dare rely in going forward in the work of the Church. It is this: *Principle! Principle!* Now I believe that I am just as much a missionary to all mankind as my brother in India. If I am teaching, and influencing, and praying, so as that the result of my ministry shall be the inworking of principle in men and women and children, then I am contributing to an assurance that shall not fail the laborer in his dependency on the Church, nor the heathen world in its expectation from the Church. Now I have come to this point because I see not only missionaries before me to receive encouragement, not simply people before me to be urged to give and to pray, but my brethren in the ministry; and I would say to them, as to you all, If you will see this work advance until the kingdoms of the world become the kingdoms of our Lord Jesus Christ, seek to infuse in people a *principled* missionary spirit. Principle is that in man which is constant—a law to him perpetually. Impulse is that which may breathe and expire in a moment. Principle means changeless conviction in the understanding, unflinching obligation in the conscience, undying love in the heart, unswerving choice in the will, unmoved steadfastness in the active powers. We must get down, then, so deep as this, that we infix in the mind, and conscience, and heart, and cause to be operative in the will and life of the people, *principle*. Let me make one contribution to this endeavor, and try to aid you to make a contribution to it—you who teach, and you who are taught. Archbishop

Whately analyzes persuasion, which is an appeal to the understanding and to the heart so as to evoke principle, in this way: *first*, to show that the end in view is desirable, and then, *second*, that it is attainable, and what a man both desires and is able to attain he will seek. This opens up altogether too broad a field, therefore I must narrow it into a very small portion of space.

What is the connection between my work for the salvation of men and my own salvation? What is it to be saved? Alas for the answers to that question! There is one that involves all that is true in response to it. To be saved is not to be in a geographical locality in the universe; to be saved is not to receive positive benefit put upon us by the power of God through his love; to be saved, then, is not to be in heaven, nor to be underneath the exterior benediction of God our Saviour; to be saved is to be, and to be like God. "It doth not yet appear what we shall be, but we know that when he shall appear we shall be like him, for we shall see him as he is." By *interaction* of cause and effect: we shall see him because we are like him, and we shall be like him because we see him. Who is He? The God of holiness or wholeness. What are the elements of his holiness? Justice, goodness, or love and truth. When, then, we all as spirits, in the image of God's essence as a Spirit, shall become just, shall be able to perceive the right, always to love the right, always to choose the right, always to effect the right, we shall be like God. When we are full of love—love manifested in all the forms in which it is manifested by God in his relations to his creatures unfallen and fallen—then we shall be like God. When we are true and sincere; when we manifest ourselves as we are, and speak as we mean, and do as we promise, we shall be like God. Now how are we to attain this? We must not pass by the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ; we must not despise the peace of conscience that comes from justification by faith; but at the cross of our Lord, the moment we are bathed from without by the stream that was poured for sin and uncleanness, we are bathed by the welling up from within of the energy of the Holy Ghost that abideth in God and in us. Instantaneously, if we cast our sin on Jesus Christ and look upon him as bleeding and dying for our guilt, we see him, Immanuel—God with us, the brightness of the Father's glory and the express image of his person—and all that we see is imprinted upon all we are, and we begin to be saved. Then by continual thought and contemplation we keep him before us; not the contemplation of the understanding, but the fond contemplation of the heart in worship. Our feelings make us susceptible, while the understanding brings him to bear upon our feelings, and emotions become principles, and we are like Him. By converse with him in prayer, not coming to him simply for what we need, but to talk to him because we love him and love to be with him, and to receive from him the communications of his thought and of his feeling—by fellowship—we grow like him. Let us just here pause. All that he hath wrought in us yet is rather the possibility of his excellence than his excellence. Is a man just who never has occasion to decide between the right and the wrong, to feel in view of the right and the wrong, to choose between the right and the wrong, to act for the right and against the wrong? He may have in him the possibility of justice, but not the fact—certainly not the fact in its development. The monk that hid himself in a cavern that he might not break the second table of the law, simply put himself beyond the reach of all those relations under which the second table of the law is brought to bear. How could he be just to his neighbor when he had done his best to have no neighbor? Let him put himself in all those rela-

tions in which discrimination will come up, and choice and action under the law of conscience and the law of God will be possible, and he will be a just man in fact as in possibility. Now take that great central truth, God is love. We are most like him when we love. Now love is a mere possibility unless it determine upon an object. The hermit shuts himself in a cell, takes out his Scripture, and reads, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself," shuts the book, looks around, and goes back to his meditations. He has no neighbor, and how can he love? He may have a heart ready to love, but it does not love until it views its objects; neither does it grow until it contemplates its objects; neither does it expand until it multiplies its objects. The heart grows by giving, as God would grow were he not infinite, by expending himself. Now take God as he is revealed in the Lord Jesus Christ. See our Lord passing along the streets of the city and the lanes of the country, stopping by the wayside and sitting down in the house; see him putting himself in all possible relations to all possible people, and rendering his thought, his feeling, his powers, and by and by not merely the blood of his body, but the agony of his soul, which was exceeding sorrowful unto death, for them all, and then you know what it is to be like God, and know that to be that is to be saved. But do you say, "We have a reward set before us and that reward is blessedness?" Dear brethren, it is the blessedness, not of having, but as of being, and all the blessedness of having comes from the blessedness of being. So, on the one hand, here is the utter end of Antinomianism, and on the other an utter end of Universalism. What is the heaven, which is simply God projected, to the man who has nothing of God in him? There are those who speak of being justified by faith without works, and, in order to guard the noble doctrine of justification by faith, they think it almost their duty conscientiously to be imperfect. There are those, on the other hand, who, counting on the clemency of God, think that the latitude and longitude of a certain space in the universe will convey to them locally their glory, honor, immortality, eternal life. Both are wrong. The man who stands underneath the wounds of Jesus to be washed from his sin must make haste to get in the foot-prints of Jesus, to be perfect like him. The man who hopes for God's clemency that he may enter heaven must go back to his Bible and read that fundamental truth, so deep that it has not yet been distinctly understood by the Christian Church, uttered like an empty word, so true was it to Jesus upon his instinctively revealing lips, "The kingdom of God is within you." And yet, in the Christian Church, those who are not Universalists, are living this sort of life. Have you felt yourself to be a sinner? "I have." Have you sought the Saviour? "I have." Did you find him? "I did." What did he do for you? "He spoke to me pardon, he gave me a title to heaven and sealed it." What have you been doing since? "Holding hard fast to my title. I will take it back to him once, only once, to write on the back of it these words of charming power, 'The assurance of hope,' then I will put it back, and spend the rest of my days in holding fast upon it." Suppose in our city there were to be some months hence the highest order of entertainment ever presented to man—for the intellect, thought; for the heart, pathos; painting and statuary for the eye, music and eloquence for the ear. An untutored man without the least intellectual power or culture, without the least appreciation of art in any of its forms, has been presented with a ticket. While others are laboring to bring themselves up to the intelligence and feeling that will enable them to appreciate and enjoy it, he simply goes about the streets, every once in a while seeing whether he has kept his ticket safe or not.

You might as well admit a mole to the picture gallery, and a deaf adder to the concert room. You have my thought. It is just this: We are saved just so far as we are like our Lord Jesus Christ; and all the elements of his character are principles of his action. Those principles must move if they exist; they must be working if they develop; they must have their objects and must be put forth before them. Now will you ask yourself, "How much am I saved?" There is a hungry man. What would the Lord Jesus Christ do should he hear his cry for hunger? would I do the same? There is an ignorant man. What would the Lord Jesus Christ do if he were to hear his appeal for truth? would I do the same? There is a perishing soul. What did our Lord Jesus Christ do for him? what would I do, what am I doing, to save him? And now, dear brethren, this missionary work comes right up to the very altar, and lays its hand upon the very Bible itself and says to the preacher, in behalf of every hearer of the word, "If you will present the truth as it is in Jesus to my mind, if you will plead for the Holy Spirit as the power of the Gospel to enter my heart, then open to me a field, bring me in contact with objects, and give me your sympathy, your help and your prayer, while I thus work out and elaborate my salvation by extending within me Jesus Christ, already formed in me the hope of glory." Yes, the preaching of the truth and the call to work must go together in this discipline and culture of souls in order to their everlasting salvation. I close with just this simple thought, put in such shape that you cannot forget it. My dear brother, my dear sister, you this night need this missionary work offered you more than it ever can need you.

The PRESIDENT: We have now the pleasure to welcome on this Atlantic shore our distinguished brother from the Pacific coast, the Rev. Dr. BRIGGS, late of California, and now of Cincinnati.

The reverend gentleman, upon rising to speak, was received with cordial demonstrations of applause. When silence was restored he spoke as follows:

SPEECH OF THE REV. DR. BRIGGS.

MR. CHAIRMAN—CHRISTIAN FELLOW-CITIZENS: The work of Christ, the duty of Christ's people, stands on his sovereignty and sufficiency and declared will. If the Commissioner be divine the work must be practicable, and the commission itself binding to the fullest extent of its terms. There must be available adequate resources within the reach of those who are to be honored as instruments in effectuating the divine purpose; and either Christ has not meant that the world should be saved any faster or saved any farther, or we have failed to apprehend fully the love he bears to a revolted race, and the riches of grace and wisdom and merit and instrumentality which he stands ready to employ. If he had seen it consistent with his divine purposes to save mankind without the use of means, long ere this he would have brought the most remote and degraded of the tribes of the human family to the fold of the Shepherd, to the bosom of the Redeemer. But he has waited, may I not reverently say? for us when we were dull and heavy and slow—waited for us to read the mind of Him who loved us and them, and hath given himself for them and us.

The authority to originate a scheme carries with it the right to modify it; and we are reaching now, and have reached, one of those pulsations of divine thought by which the progress of history is measured. God indicates in many ways that he is to offer us the advantage of a novelty; he is to inspire us by

the new aspects of the Christian work opened to our view, and the new avenues connected with this great mission of evangelizing mankind. Inasmuch as it is his purpose to employ human instruments, he has commissioned the Church to be the light of the world, and the character of the Church in this instrumental relation determines every thing—determines the character of all her subsidiary agencies, of all the instrumentalities she employs. The Church is the center and the heart; these are but the limbs through which she sends her strong currents of arterial blood; and if that heart be feeble, the pulsations at the remote extremities must be correspondingly feeble. I wish we might learn not to misquote the sacred word; not to repeat again and again, as though it were not a falsification of the divine record and the thought of Jesus, "Like priest, like people." It is never so, with the rare exception of those few men whom God appoints to lead. "Like people, like priest," is the law the wide world over. And the ministry at home, and the Missionary Boards, and missionary laborers abroad will be men of power and zeal and faith, and their efforts will be crowned with victory just in proportion as the Church at home is animated by the spirit of Jesus. We have been stirred sufficiently to put forth some efforts—to begin a great work by entering narrow doors amid vast populations that are perishing for lack of vision. It has pleased God always to set at nought human foresight. He chose to commit the message of the world's peace to twelve unkingly, unpowerful men; but he has nowhere authorized us to imitate the paucity of numbers without the plenitude of spiritual power and the controlling agencies of Providence. We have, unhappily, followed him too truly as to the numbers we sent abroad: here and there planting a mission station to do a preparatory work—a very necessary and very useful work—beyond the seas; but the heathen have been born and have died by tens of thousands while we counted our converts by single scores in the labor of many years. We have baptized less in a mission of twenty years than death has swallowed in a single month of the year amid the populations of one empire of the earth. This seems to be slow and tedious, and yet the preparatory work is of priceless value. Already that word which is saving, which is to feed the nations, to civilize them, to modify their social state, to overturn their social tyrannies, and to break down their idolatrous altars and spread over them a mantle of peace and the prosperity that well-directed, intelligent science produces—that word has been translated into all the mother tongues—I may say, almost, without extravagance—and many of the dialects of the earth, and now it is ready to the hand of those who will run swiftly and bear it. And yet, with all this, the prospect of the conquest of these nations, of bringing them to Christ speedily, does not appear to be encouraging. It is distant, it is remote, so far as present agencies and present purposes are concerned. I understand there is a law of geometrical ratio affecting all this sort of progress. I can imagine, indeed, a tribe very hungry who have never seen or tasted bread; I can imagine a tribe very thirsty who have never seen or tasted water. If I might be commissioned to bear to those men perishing with hunger a thousand loaves, they would not know that those loaves could serve them more than stones. They would repel my offers. They, perhaps, would thrust me from them as an enemy; they would regard me as cherishing some evil machination; they would put themselves in an attitude of hostility and resistance. If I could bear them water—I who had been refreshed from living springs—they would not know that that was the element which they craved in the consuming thirst of which my brother spoke. That fact is to be learned. But if I can induce one man to taste the bread I have gained a single point, and by

the effect on him ten shall be emboldened to eat it, then a hundred, then a thousand, then ten thousand, and then ten thousand times ten thousand. The early experiments, therefore, may be discouraging without dampening the ardor of our Church, and we may fail in our missions without justifying any conclusions that would spread darkness upon the future. But it appears to me as though we had reached one of those epochs of divine thought to which I alluded a while ago. God is weary of waiting for our tardy thought, who will use human agencies, and now he opens a new chapter in the book of his gracious plans concerning human kind, and begins to pour in upon us heathen from abroad, putting them down beside our own altars, into our own fields and shops, and seeming to say, "Now try again under these new conditions. I have caused by my providence a thousand doors to be open to you into foreign fields; I have invited you by all the exalted motives of the love of Christ, the love of regenerate human hearts, and the heathen's perishing necessities, and ye have not fully entered; now I send to your own hearth-stones these perishing men that ye may evangelize and save them." And I am under this impression: if I read rightly the present indications of Providence, from this moment there is to be a home-work of saving the pagan nations, co-working and interworking with the foreign enterprise looking to the same result. We are to have two great pages of God's book of purpose open to us, and every man, in the spirit commended to you by the last speaker, shall have an opportunity of settling for himself the question whether his heart beats in sympathy with the heart of the world's Saviour.

I apprehend that as soon as I speak of the inflow of great multitudes of pagan population among us I shall excite the apprehensions of some and I shall offend the prejudices of others; for I have already encountered upon this coast what appears to me to be a strange and crooked misconception of the situation. Good men are saying, "It will never do to have the Chinese come here; we can never permit the Japanese to flow in like the waves of the ocean upon us; we shall be paganized ourselves." Wait, my brother, and let me tell you frankly that I believe it to be God's purpose that they shall come, but not God's purpose that they shall extinguish the beacon he has kindled on our mountain-tops. God never puts out his own fire; God never undoes his own work; he has resources and plans which he knows just how to carry out, and he will find the means of carrying them out independent of your zeal and mine; but it will be happier far if we shall stand each in his place, saying "Here am I; send me." Already some thousands have come to us from the Chinese empire to do our common work. These strong-muscled, patient men, these men disciplined under the repressive system of pagan government and pagan faith, these men who know little of the spring and elasticity of free thought, are coming in to do our common labor. Such a privilege is a boon to them; it is bread to them; it is even something like distinction, something like social position, something like honor to them when they shall return to their homes with their moderate means. That which leaves a man poor in our estimation, pitifully poor, makes the heathen rich and lordly when he goes back to the land he left in its darkness. So they will come to do our work, and then you and I are set to do God's work for them; we are appointed to save them.

The missionary work heretofore has been most laborious. I can perfectly appreciate the vast sacrifice a man must make to go to those fields, (I am speaking humanly,) and spend twenty years to fill an old pagan language with a new Christian meaning; and when he has done his utmost the pagan people speaking that language take the poison of the old thought with the health-giving power of the

new. It is one of the hardest tasks ever assigned to human teachers to get out the poison of a false religion from an old and revered language. And then there will be this additional disadvantage, that we must teach them amid their pagan associations. All their surroundings suggest the religion of the pagan. They are beside the tombs of their ancestors, they are beside the temples of their faith, and beside the altars of their worship. There is no light in that dark land to show by strong contrast the ignobility, the debasing tendency of the faith to which they and their fathers had alike adhered. Now God breaks these associations, dissolves them in a moment, and brings these people over to our shores. There is room enough, bread enough, and work enough for all these millions as they come. There are barriers to their coming in overwhelming numbers in their provincial jealousies and provincial dialects. Take that empire to which I have already alluded as an instance. They have the same written language for all their four hundred and seventy millions; and yet although a certain character—"cow," for instance—might mean the same in all portions of the empire, in a particular province that word may be pronounced as near like "hippopotamus" as "cow," so that the Cantonese do not understand the inhabitants of another province. While they differ in speech, they are intensely jealous of each other's rights. If in my own State I choose to employ five Canton men, and there should come along men from Foochow and offer to engage in the same service, and I employ them, labor being active, my five Cantonese would leave me, and if they dared to do it, would beat the Foochow men out of the field; but, not daring to take that responsibility, they leave; or, if labor be scarce, they remain and toil, but with cruel looks from their countrymen. Now God knows I hate all jealousy and narrowness, and yet I believe this very jealousy will send them in upon us just as fast as we can take care of them. I have no fear of the Chinese coming in too large numbers, for my faith in God's providence is so strong that I would be more inclined to think that they would come too slowly. At this moment of time ten millions of people would not more than supply the labor market of this great country if they were properly distributed from sea to sea. We know how to take care of ten millions of these people, and how to employ them; and, by the grace of our God, with our altars, with our Christian faith, and with the strong contrast of our spiritual light shining down on their debasing idolatry, we can bring them to Christ. They are approachable, and so eager to learn our language that they would rush into our Sunday-schools, and would just as soon learn it from the New Testament as from a spelling-book. They are a curious, prying people. You must stop and tell them all about Jesus and the cross—why the victim died, whose sins he bore, what made him suffer himself to be nailed to the cross, and why they transfixed him with a spear. I have sat beside a Chinese a whole hour trying to tell him that Jesus did it all for him. It is a precious privilege to do it anywhere, at home or abroad.

Now I have gone into their temples to gratify my own curiosity in part, and because I might have the opportunity to say a word in the Master's name. I would sometimes say, "Is that your God up there?" I ought to tell you that most of our Chinese are *Buddhists*. They have papal worship under the old forms, which remain unchanged and unmutated. They have their unimpaired priesthood; they have their swinging incense and their little boys to carry their priest's trail when it is too long; they have their masses chanted in a sing-song tone exactly the same way as the Romanists. I should imagine that every Jesuit in the nation had taken lessons in vocalization from Chinese priests. They have their monastic institutions of monks and nuns, and

all the arrangements and adjustments of scenery and device and accommodation such as Rome has taken to itself, with these two differences: in the first place they chant their masses in the vernacular, so that the people can understand them—a thing which the Catholic priests never dared to do—and in the next place they have no purgatory specially designed for heretics. Their purgatory is designed for bad men who do not honor *Tsh-mu* and worship their ancestors, but not for those who dissent in mere opinion from the authorized faith. I would beg of Rome to enlarge its plan a little, and by the addition of these things to the others make its system more complete.

The Chinese have no particular jealousies with respect to our religion. In going into their temples I say to them, "Is that your God? can he open his mouth? Tell him to do it. Can he open his eyes and stretch out his hand? can he do you any good?" The poor priest has stood shamefaced in the presence of his heathen god, for the Christian light was too strong. Idolatry does not look so well when contrasted with Christianity. A jewel in a swine's snout is a good deal out of place, and a swine's snout in a box of jewels just as much so. There is nothing in the stolen worship of their temples and priests to keep us from them. Now it is very clear if they continue to come they will come as they are coming now. A little colony in North Adams is headed by a man who was a member of my Sunday-school in Powell-street, and he holds correspondence with his teacher, Mrs. Bly, to this day. He is a sharp, keen man, and his countrymen are the Yankees of the East. There are other colonies coming. You need them and ought to have them. God needs to have them here for your sakes, and you need to have them—to have the work of evangelizing the world on your conscience right at your church door. God means that you shall be called to this new phase of missionary work. We shall not need less laborers abroad. We must have these men skilled in the languages and in speech, and we must have missionary stations to gather our converts as we send them back to their homes. We sent one poor fellow home to the north of China, a noble boy, and he lived there seven years. He was a partner in a business firm represented in San Francisco. He never saw a Christian in all those weary years. When he came back to San Francisco I met him in the street, and upon grasping my hand he inquired for the man under whom he was converted to God. He said, "God helping us, there is a better day coming for my country." O, they know the difference! When they have tasted bread they know it is not a stone. When they have drunk water they know it cools the fever of their thirst. But we must get them to taste and see that the Lord is precious. I would to God we could have more faith in the power of the Gospel itself without so much work of organization and preparation. When William Taylor preached in *South Africa* through an interpreter to the heathen who had never heard a Gospel sermon before, some of them fell on the floor with strong outcries for that which they did not know, but for which their hearts hungered. It was water they needed, but they did not know its name; it was bread, but they did not know what to call it. They found out it was the bread of God which cometh down from heaven. *Charles Palmer*, a Kaffir, a native of South Africa, went into a heathen village, and in the service of one night accomplished great things. He did not close exactly when the index finger was on the figure nine; he prolonged the service, preaching a long sermon, followed with a prayer-meeting, and before five o'clock the next morning there were thirteen heathen savingly converted to God who had never heard a sermon in all their

days before. The Wesleyan superintendents in that country did not dare to report these conversions. The ministers are remarkably careful and cautious men, and so they waited three months to see how these converted pagans would live. When they endured all sorts of persecutions; when they stripped their jewelry off their wrists, (I do not mean to speak it offensively;) when they took their rings off their fingers and ankles, and out of their ears and noses; when they suffered themselves to be spit upon, buffeted, and treated with scorn and driven out of doors for Jesus' sake—those sober, godly men said, "We cannot deny the evidence of our senses and the proofs of such lives as these." They sent home the record, stating that "By God's blessing William Taylor's ministry in this country has given us new ideas of preaching the Gospel to the heathen." Brethren, I believe if the prayer of the Christian Church could go up as the prayer of one man, while Brother Baldwin would be preaching Christ, even if his hearers did not understand five out of twenty words, his hearers would be brought to feel and to accept the great salvation through the blood of the Lamb, and their names would be written in heaven. It is not necessary to spend twenty dollars to get a man saved. Let me invoke the aid of my Brother Warren's philosophy to do this work. While listening to those precious sentences I thought that the genius of Africa, of China, and of the islands of the sea, were all uniting to bless God for Henry Warren's speech on the power of the Spirit in the Church to save. O, my brethren, if we might receive the baptism of holy fire and holy power from heaven to-night China would thrill in all her millions; and Ethiopia, stretching out her hands to God, might behold the light divine on the mountains and the glory of the Lord rising upon her. Now I dare not say more. This work will be brought home to you sooner than you expect. What I crave is this, that you should engage these strangers that you may bring them nigh by the blood of Christ. Shape your work, your wages, your spirit, your example, and your home religion with reference to the single result of bringing them to Christ to shine as stars in the crown of his rejoicing for ever and ever. We do not quite understand the mission of the men of affluence who have wealth to give. I would to God that we might conduct our business to the glory of Him by whom we are called to glory and virtue, and make it subserve the loftiest purposes for which a human spirit ever yet received inspiration. But I cannot dwell on the great theme. We shall send them back, and our brethren will gather them in, and they will spread this light over the world until ere long the three hundred and seventy millions in China will join in their own tongue in singing,

"All hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all!"

It has been intimated to me that an illustration from the venerable Brother Knapp, of revival memory, who is full of eccentricities which have points to them, will be in place. He said one day in my hearing, "Away with your benevolent devices; they are all of the devil! Suppose a rich man should take it in mind to set up a hundred poor preachers who haven't a cent. He would give one a hundred dollars, one a thousand, and one twenty thousand, and would say to them, Do as well as you can and pay me in the course of five years. At the expiration of that period he thinks it about time to find out about them, and sends an agent to inquire. He comes to one who is a prosperous farmer, and says, 'How are you getting on?' 'I am doing first rate,' is the reply. 'My lord's cause is needing money; have you any to give?' The farmer responds, 'It is a very

good cause and I ought to help it, and I intend to do so; but you see last week I bought one hundred and sixty acres adjoining my farm; I made a heavy investment in blooded stock; I bought a thrashing-machine, and I cannot spare you a dollar.' The agent goes to the next man, a merchant, who says, 'It is the noblest of all causes, and I ought to aid it; but I have heavy competition; I have to keep an enormous stock on hand; there is a great deal of rivalry in business which keeps me awake night and day, and you will have to call again.' They get ashamed, call a meeting, and appoint a president, sixteen vice-presidents, a recording secretary, a minute secretary, a treasurer, and an executive committee. They organize a benevolent society, and pass around a subscription paper. One man puts down fifty cents, another man puts down two dollars and fifty cents, and one man, who thinks he will do a magnificent thing and give his neighborhood some credit, puts down twenty-five dollars, and they send it back to the Lord as a 'donation.' I beg that you will not send the Lord a 'donation.' Give God his own; give yourselves; give your substance and your money, and give your sons and daughters to run as swift heralds of redemption. Have you tasted the water? Go and tell the heathen what it is for which they perish." I have sometimes thought there were persons who brought themselves into a congregation like so many empty tubs, and placed themselves before a speaker to be filled. They say, as they settle down with sleepy eyes, "Now pour in, and if we get so full that we cannot hold it, we will run over."

In the name of my Redeemer, who claims the world, I urge you to take this for your motto: "Jesus for all the world, and all the world for Jesus." And may you share in the triumph when the world shall be gathered into the garner above!

THE PRESIDENT: The closing address will be delivered by our beloved Bishop Simpson.

ADDRESS OF BISHOP SIMPSON.

Bishop Simpson on rising was greeted with great applause. He said:

MR. PRESIDENT AND CHRISTIAN FRIENDS: I fancied, sir, that not a little of the pleasantness with which my name was hailed was connected with the fact that it was said I was to make the closing address; for the hours have passed rapidly away in the midst of this "feast of reason and flow of soul," and if I were to take the figure of my brother of the empty tubs and of the waiting congregation it seems to me they have been already filled to more than overflowing, and they will need but few words from me to close this delightful service, which is to be the final one of a series of meetings which I understand have been growing better and better from the commencement to this period.

We are standing this evening at an interesting epoch. Fifty years have passed away since the first report was made of collections for our Missionary Society. In 1820 the offerings of the Church amounted to a little over eight hundred dollars. We have reached 1870, and the report is some six hundred and thirty-six thousand dollars. We see, though we have toiled from year to year, sometimes in the midst of discouragement and darkness, there has been progress made; and, if we trace that progress from time to time, though the steps have not been large, we shall see that we have been continually gaining something in this great cause, I trust, for the Master's glory. Standing at this point it may not be amiss to spend these closing moments in looking over the work that has been accomplished, and consider what we may do in the year that is to come. This Society, as its history shows, has sought to supply aid to weak societies at

home, in villages and in cities, on the prairies and far out upon the mountain side. It has sought to meet the flowing tide of immigration, not from China merely, but from Ireland, and from Germany, and from Scandinavia, and from other parts of the globe. It has dropped a tear of pity over the Indian population fading away, and sent missionary after missionary to them. It heard the groans of the colored men in the South and preached Jesus to them; and, drawn to their native land, it has sent colored missionaries to Africa. It has cast its eyes down toward South America and opened doors in that southern hemisphere. It has reached out a helping hand to China and to India, and it has sent its missionaries close beside that land of which our brother spoke so beautifully, as having been the theater of the labors of the Apostle Paul. Such has been the work it has been seeking to do; and to-night, when we raise our eyes and look abroad, we see fields ripe for the harvest, and the reapers standing here and there gathering their little sheaves, but almost despondent when they see the vast, almost boundless harvests that are calling upon them for aid. In the midst of this work, however, the question sometimes arises, Are we accomplishing what we should fairly expect to accomplish? When we measure year by year, I think there will be a feeling somewhat akin to despondency sometimes passing over the mind, when we set ourselves to calculate how long it will take to convert the world. But then there come in the midst of this steady progress crises when the Church seems to leap almost at a bound, and ground that seemed impregnable suddenly yields. When I look out upon the missionary field it seems to me that we ought to expect these crises—that there shall be a sudden yielding and unexpectedly large results coming after seasons of patient toil. If we look at God's movements in the universe around us, we find the motion of order regular and steady: such as the bodies that wheel around us in space; such as the earth on which we ourselves dwell; such as the light which flows on ceaselessly and regularly from the great radiating centers to flood the distant parts of the universe; but we shall observe in all these cases there are no great obstacles to be overcome, no great systems to be changed. But we notice another kind of work. We take, for instance, the seasons: there is not a regular transition; there is summer and autumn and winter and spring; but how different! Not a regular change from cold to heat, or heat to cold, but oftentimes the sudden leap. We turn our eyes to the mountains, and there are elements gathering. The mountain is still for a hundred years, but suddenly the crater opens and great streams of fire pour forth and run down the mountain side. A work is to be done for some purpose, we may not know what. The earthquake is needed in God's great economy. We look around us and we see a change in the atmosphere, yet apprehend but little danger. The summer is upon us; the thermometer stands at ninety degrees during the day and in the evening it falls to forty, but we think of little danger. Fifty degrees the thermometer has fallen and no injury is done, and we see it falling down and down until it comes to thirty-three; still there is no injury. But it drops a few degrees; the full moon is shining in the heavens, the stars are sparkling, all nature is still; but the harvest is smitten, the line has been passed suddenly. I stand by the flowing river and I notice the same change. The river flows onward and onward, but the thermometer only drops two degrees more, and every stream bears the shooting crystals of ice upon its surface, and every sheet of water bears the mark. It is but a little change, but it crossed the line. I stand by that river which is thickly coated with ice; loaded wagons drive over the surface, and there is not

a jar. The spring's sun shines out; its beams are reflected in sparkles from the ice, falling upon the frosted summits here and there, yet no change is apparent. The south wind begins to blow, and very little is accomplished; but upon the hill-side a few drops begin to trickle down, the little rills begin to swell, and the sun still shines on; yet the ice is unbroken on the river. Day after day passes, and there is but little change; but by and by the river's stream begins to swell, the ice rises slowly in the middle—the team had passed over the day before, there was no special sign of a sudden breaking up; but the next morning I stand by the river's side: the ice is broken into ten thousand fragments, I hear the roar and crash all along the banks, and the flood comes dashing down and sweeping away the works of man. It was a sudden change, but it was brought about under the laws of nature. The elements were gradually being prepared, but the result was suddenly exhibited.

Now this that occurs in nature occurs also in the spiritual world. If we trace the great spiritual movements we shall find that society is moved by bounds. You take the Apostolic Age; take the Age of Constantine. Come down to the Middle Ages, and you will see a Huss busy at work at Prague and then burning yonder at Constance; you will hear the voice of the preacher on the sides of the Alps ministering to the Waldenses, and then you see the fire and the sword of persecution. A hundred years pass away, and you may fancy nothing is to be accomplished, but at the end of a hundred years I see a Luther spring to life. The seed that was sown germinates, and the half of Europe is wrested from the dominion of the papal crown. It was a sudden movement, but it was because thought was permeating the world. So, too, we come down to the days of the Reformation in England of the last century. The seed that was sown by illustrious thinkers and speakers brought forth its fruit in that great revival in which Mr. Wesley and his coadjutors were some of the active instruments. We notice the same thing in the scenes of the past few years. We have lived in the last ten years in a period of progress, but the progress has not been merely of the last ten years. The seed was sown—preparation was made. Look at the grand thoughts that have been permeating society! see the effect in our own land, when the Bible has been given to four millions of people who had been deprived of the privilege of reading it. Look out across Europe; see the changes there. See Austria smitten by Prussia; see the Bible open to vast multitudes. Look at Italy throwing open her borders. See Spain, as in a day, throwing off her chains; and then, at last, see this gigantic war that breaks upon us with the suddenness of a flash of lightning from the clouds, and then see the papal temporal power smitten at Rome.

Now this is not merely the work of a day; it is the influence of the great thoughts that have been moving in society. I was somewhat amused this morning in reading in one of your city papers the report of a sermon preached in one of the Romish churches on yesterday. The minister was tracing the judgments of God upon unfaithful people, and after saying that Jerusalem, Babylon, and other cities had been smitten, he held up Paris as being now under the judgments of God because it had been unfaithful to Rome and must be destroyed! What about London, what about St. Petersburg, what about Berlin, and other great cities that had opened the way for the Bible and for the missionary of the cross, while France was holding its poor suffering citizens in chains of darkness and ignorance. Thus we see that God is moving society, and we may expect to see similar changes. We have been sowing seed in South America; we have been preparing the way in China; we have been sending missionaries to

India; we have been preaching the Gospel in Bulgaria. If we have not all the fruit yet which some might expect to find, we are preparing the way, and one of these days there will be a great uprising in Bulgaria, and there will be a shaking of Mohammedanism in Constantinople. Already the Sultan is feeling the premonitory chill, and is trembling as he almost feels the cold approach of the Russian bear from his polar regions, preparing to seize his throne. God is moving in the nations, and we may expect displays of Divine power when the Church does its duty and prepares itself for the great conflict. For myself, I think the present era in which we live is one big with events. We have seen a part, I think, of this fulfillment of prophecy, this unrolling of the grand designs of Providence, in that France, the power that upheld the papal temporal power, has been smitten. But the end is not yet. It is not sufficiently humbled, I fear; for the Pope is waiting to seize his throne again, and if France should have the power, until a better mind seizes the people, that papal temporal power might possibly be restored. I look for a continued movement there for some time to come. I expect Prussia to carry out her designs of harmonizing all that speak the German language in one dominion. Prussia may yet take the German part of Austria; she may yet come down to the Mediterranean Sea, that, having ports on the north and ports on the south, she may extend her commerce through the Isthmus of Suez, and have trade by that canal with the East Indies. The great empire of Russia is chafing under the fact of being kept out of the Black Sea with her vessels of war, and she is longing to open the gates of the Bosphorus; and open them she will, and she will place the cross yet where the crescent has been shining for ages past. There are those here to-night who shall raise the song of joy when Christ's name shall be sung in what is now the Mosque of St. Sophia. The way is opening; but we must move carefully and steadily onward, and not be discouraged because in each succeeding year we do not witness as much fruit of our labors as we might naturally expect.

There are several practical thoughts which I would suggest merely. The first one is in harmony with the address of our first speaker. It is the duty of the Church now to bow its knees before God and ask for the speedy conversion of the world. I think one of the great reasons why the missionary cause does not find itself stronger is because we do not remember it in our prayers as we should—in our family devotions, in our closet supplications, in our great congregations. We do not bring out distinctly and clearly the thought, every day and every service, of the great missionary work. There ought to be more prayer.

In the second place, I think there ought to be a special study of religious geography. Has it ever occurred to my audience that there is a wonderful change in reference to the study of geography since we were children? Then there were few geographies in school—few studied it. But by some means in Christian lands geography has become one of the earliest studies. Our little boys and girls of six, eight, and ten years you will see carrying their atlas under their arms. They are studying geography in the schools. I have asked myself why was this? God is preparing their minds to take in a view of the condition of the whole world; and we find that childhood is interested by that study. But we need a little more of religious geography. I think we ought to teach our children more fully in our Sunday-schools the exact condition of the world with regard to Christianity and heathenism; and each child ought to be taught what parts of the world have been illuminated, and what parts of the world are

in darkness. Then, I think again we need as Christians a little more knowledge of the religious news of the world. With what anxiety we open our daily paper! There comes intelligence that to-day Prussia has had a victory over France, and to-morrow that France, possibly, has had a victory over the Prussian armies; but when do we talk at our breakfast tables, and when we meet each other on the busy marts and in the walks of trade, of the last news of the kingdom of Christ and the triumphs that the cross is making in China, in South Africa, in India, and in distant parts of the world? We are not binding this great missionary cause to the hearts and affections and thoughts of our families, and hence the Church is failing to pour out its offerings as it ought to do. And yet, methinks, we are making advancement, for which we should be devoutly thankful. I listened to the statement of our Missionary Secretary in reference to the amount of moneys collected; and while I regretted it was not larger, I could not but think of the increase. And this increase you will remark, if you notice the tables, has been by bounds—leaps at particular seasons. Up to 1861 the highest missionary collection had never gone up to \$250,000 a year, and that year it was \$225,000. The country was in war. Men were pouring out their wealth by hundreds of thousands; the country was calling for aid, and men said, "The missionary cause will suffer." And yet, in the midst of those calls, in that great convulsion, the receipts of the missionary treasury leaped from \$250,000 up to \$650,000. When was there ever such an increase? Why was it? Men felt God was opening the way. The great South was thrown open; the missionary spirit spread all through the Church, and men's hearts were touched when they made these offerings. But it is said we have not since increased. Let us pause a moment here. In 1866 came our Centenary year with all its offerings, and this ran through, to some extent, 1867 and 1868; yet, notwithstanding this, the missionary offerings kept up to within the very margin of where the great leap was made. There came the millions for churches, for colleges, and for seminaries; and then in the very same time our Church Extension Society was started, through which we have been giving for the erection of churches, while the Freedmen's Aid Society has been gathering its hundreds and thousands to help in that great department. So that, with all these calls and all these offerings, and with these millions laid down for the building of churches and parsonages, the only wonder is that the missionary cause has remained so steady as it has. We ought to join in devout thanksgiving to God that he has enabled us to hold this missionary standard so steadily. Now we have passed the Centenary offerings. The harvest has been gathered there. We have built many of our churches, and the people are throwing these loads off their shoulders. Large churches like this in which we worship have been erected, finished, and consecrated to God. We are standing now, it seems to me, right on the edge of the line where the Church is ready to take a forward step; and here, in this year 1870, at the close of the fifty years of our missionary history, it appears to me that I can see in these services, that I can hear in voices that come from Asia, Africa, Europe, and South America, the voice of God saying, "Speak unto the people that they go forward." [Applause.]

It is for us to take this forward movement; and my faith is strong that from to-night the Church will move forward, and from this missionary anniversary, calling upon God for help, relying on the gift of the Holy Spirit, and offering the means that God gives us, we shall see the Church advancing in India, in China, in South America, and in Bulgaria. Then, opening our arms, we will receive the Germans from their father-land, and we will

receive the Scandinavians that come with strong hands and honest hearts to help us subdue this Western World to God. While welcoming the Chinese as they come pouring in our western doors, we will meet them all with the gospel, and that gospel shall blend them into one homogeneous people, to whom God shall give the glory of sending that gospel to all the nations from whence they came. Such seems to me the vision now before us. And now at this hour, while we are here sitting so calmly, and I trust prayerfully, in this Church of the living God, cast your eyes to the other side of the world. This Monday night it is after nine o'clock here, but yonder in our missions in China it is ten o'clock, Tuesday morning. Take your telescope; look through yonder mountains; pierce yonder darkness, and there is a Methodist Conference gathered in China. They have passed through their deliberations, and they are about to close their services. Brother Baldwin tells me they will close to-morrow morning about ten o'clock. Just the hour that we are here. What are they doing? Sending out ten American preachers to their appointments, sending out seven ordained Chinese preachers to their appointments, sending out twelve more licensed Chinese preachers, sending out about forty Chinese exhorters. The Conference just now closing is scattering about sixty Chinese ministers all through the different parts of China, so far as it is accessible to us. And then on the names of their appointments will appear the name of one stationed in California. China is sending over a missionary to the United States! [Applause.] O, look at that Conference! China rising to greet the light of Bethlehem's Star! China twining her laurels round the cross of Christ! China and America joining hands around the altar of God!

Such is the condition of our missionary work. And in lands where darkness has been it seems to me God is opening the way. Strangely is he doing this in China, strangely in Japan. Poor Africa has returned to us but little fruit for the labor expended there. We could not reach Africa while we kept her sons manacled in our lands. God would not help us. But we have broken the manacles, [A voice: Halleluiah! Another voice: Amen!] and God is giving us success. Brother Taylor from California has preached the Gospel with the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven, and Africa is baring her bosom and showing us sands of gold. As if that were not enough, simultaneously with this act of ours and with this preaching of the gospel, it is found that all Southern Africa is strewed over with diamonds. It is to be not only the land of gold, whence Solomon drew vast revenues, the gold of Ophir, but diamonds, sparkling and beautiful. The first-fruits of the harvest are beginning to be gathered. I will not be surprised if God shall put honor yet on Africa by showing it to be the great treasury deposit of the diamonds of this earth. What do these facts mean? To call us to missionary labor; to call back her own sons, not yet quite ready. They need to be elevated; they must learn government, science, and art; and then they shall throw their arms around the one hundred and fifty millions to bring them home to God.

It seems to me, too, Mr. President, that this Missionary Society has been acting very wisely in this work. There are great powers that must be seized upon. This English language of ours it seems to me is to be the honored one in sending the Gospel to the ends of the earth. I may be partial to my own race and partial to my own language, but when I see how this race of ours was led from Central Asia, developed, tutored, cultured, strengthened, taught; when I look at the composition of the language and the power it has of embracing in itself the beauties of all other languages, it appears to me to be fitted to be

the missionary language of the world. Be that as it may, England and America are the centers of the great missionary power. The English language is spoken to-day in every part of the globe. A little line of light here, a little colony there, a station here and a station there—an oasis in the desert. To-day an American can travel almost over the globe with a knowledge of his mother tongue. The next language which we have sought to permeate with these doctrines has been the German, the great Teutonic, from which, in a great measure, our own has sprung. Look at the recent movements. We have sent out our missionaries, and we have been gathering fruit. Not an hour too soon did we send them. When I stood among a band of brethren, as it would seem but the other day, in *Carlsruhe*, and stationed forty odd ministers through that land, when I heard them sing their songs of praise in German, when I saw the falling tear, when I heard the shout of joy, and when I saw them go forth as warriors armed for the great conflict, my heart went with them; and although the battle has been raging round them, I learn they are preaching Jesus in the midst of the battle. Some of them have been pressed into the service. They are talking of Jesus in the army as they go; they are telling dying souls the love of Jesus, and God has prepared them, I think, for this conflict.

Then, again, we have seized upon the Chinese, which is spoken by those millions of whom you have heard. So, too, with the chief languages of India. We are now preparing, God helping us, to go forward and take an advanced step by preaching in Spanish. We want to help our neighbor Mexico; and while I say, "All the world for Jesus!" it seems to me in a very special sense that America is for American Christians. The old world will not help us here; we must help ourselves; and the Church in this country feels, I think, it must help *Mexico*. It is a poor neighbor of ours, and it has fallen among thieves. Take it to an inn; bind up its wounds; pay the bill! Promise to pay whenever it is necessary, and poor Mexico shall come up out of her wounds. Then we shall have illustrated the great direction, "Love thy neighbor as thyself." And then, too, we wish to take another advance step—to preach the Gospel in Italian. It is not a language of so much power, and yet it occupies a seat of power. It lingers about the shadow of old Rome; it is waiting for a new birth. Rome, the old capital! As I stand there, the Coliseum springs up. I see its pillars, its arches, its vast amphitheater; and it seems to me that thousands are gathering there, not to witness gladiatorial skill nor fierce combat, nor dying men, but to hear the story of the cross! Shall we go to Italy? [A voice, "Yes." Another, "Amen."] We may not be able to go to Rome to-day, nor to-morrow, nor next year. Victor Emanuel stands trembling. Italy is ready, but the king is afraid; and yet step by step he has been pushed onward almost to the gates of Rome, and he will get there by and by. O how delightful it will be for you who have welcomed the Romans, given them property to improve, liberty for their worship, places for their grand cathedrals and their swelling music, and all that they have desired—to just exchange salutations; to send a minister under the shadow of the Vatican, and hold a class-meeting right by the prison where Paul was bound. [Applause.] Shall we go to Italy, preach the Gospel in Italian, and seize the language of the commerce of the Mediterranean? If we do, I think we shall see the fruits.

We have done very little in France, and that reminds me that the French language is comparatively dying. It has been the court language; the language of intrigue, of cunning, of fraud, of lust, of blasphemy against

God. It is dying. After this conflict, it is not to be the court language long. *Bismarck* has already tried to banish it; he has not quite succeeded. It is said that the other day he asked *Russia* to correspond in the German language, and *Russia* declined. He wrote a long letter in German, however, and *Russia* answered it in *Tartar*. He was obliged to go back to the French for the time being; but *Bismarck* is a man that never will bear to be defeated. He is determined to gain his point. I have no doubt that while *Russia* will not take the German language for the court language, and France will not take it, and Italy will not take it, yet by and by they will compromise on our old Anglo-Saxon, and our English language shall be the court language of the world. [Applause.] Be that as it may, it appears to me that a glorious day is dawning, and what we want is a fresh inspiration, fresh confidence to take advanced steps, and I believe our people will keep step to the march of our martial music. I think they will go forward rapidly as our Missionary Board will open the door, and we can prevail on young men to go in the name of the Lord and bear the cross to distant lands.

But, Christian people, I did not design when I commenced these remarks to keep you so long. I have rejoiced to be here this evening. We opened with the glorious declaration of the power of the Spirit; you then had the force of Christian obligation pressed upon your judgment and upon your conscience, and then the door was open and you saw the coming millions wending their way to our shores; and now, full of these inspirations and full of these images, we are prepared to go to our homes, and I trust we shall consecrate our means, our offerings, our prayers, our children, and all that we have, to the service of Almighty God. God bless the missionary cause! And may the year 1871 open under new auspices, and may we be able to take such a step forward as shall give joy and victory throughout the world.

The exercises were brought to a close at half past ten o'clock with the singing of the long meter doxology, and the benediction by Rev. Dr. DURBIN.

Missionary Advocate.

NEW YORK, TUESDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1870.

OUR GERMAN MISSIONS AND THE WAR.

WE have received from the Rev. Dr. J. F. Hurst, Principal of the Martin Mission Institute, a communication in regard to the influence of the war on our mission work in Germany. It has lessened, by one or two students, the number in the Institute, by requiring some of them to go into the ranks. Among these, as in the war in Flanders in the days of Mr. Wesley, have appeared some admirable experiences and trials, showing how a faithful Christian man can pass unsullied through the snares and trials of a campaign. Some of these men, like Captain Webb of the Revolution, not only preached the word, but preached it in their military and naval uniforms.

There were some beautiful instances of integrity under severe trial. One of these Dr. Hurst sends us in the following very interesting letter, addressed to himself, from a preacher in the service named F. Kramer:

I will tell you something of the time that I was a soldier. The first time that I became a soldier an under-officer commanded me to do something that I, as a Christian, could not do. It was Sunday. I told him I would do it the next day, early in the morning; but he insisted upon his command that I should do it on Sunday. He was a bad man, and was known so by every body.

Next morning early I did my work, but the under-officer was not satisfied with it. When we had gone out to our drill, the under-officer went to the lieutenant, and told him the whole affair. Then the lieutenant called me. As I was standing before him, he asked, "Are you a Quaker?" (Quaker is a general word for Methodist, Baptist, etc.) I said, "Yes, sir, I am." "And would you not do yesterday what the under-officer commanded you to do?" continued the lieutenant. "No, sir," said I, "as a Christian I could not do that." "Do you eat on Sunday?" asked my lieutenant. "Yes, sir, I do," I answered. "Well," said he, "then you can also work; go to your place."

After a little while my captain came. Being notified of the affair, he called me, and asked, "Are you a Quaker?" "Yes, sir, I am," I said. "And would you not do yesterday what the under-officer commanded you to do?" I said, "No, sir, I could not do it." Then he said, "It is all the same whether you are a Methodist or not; as a soldier you have to be obedient. I will take it for stupidity in this case, but if it happens again you will receive punishment by imprisonment."

Afterward, my captain observed me very closely, and he never said a hard word again to me, but he praised me as a diligent soldier. The lieutenant said one time, when we were under special orders, "Kramer is the only man that is to be trusted."

The under-officer always tried to make me sin; sometimes he tried it by mildness, and sometimes by harshness; but he never tried to command me to do any thing on Sunday. I believe he received orders from the captain not to do so.

MISSIONARY ASPECT OF THE WAR IN EUROPE.

For centuries—indeed, ever since the reign of Charlemagne—France has been the protector of the Roman Catholic Church in every part of the world. Her protectorate has been executed according to the wishes of the Jesuits. These have dictated what was desired to be done, and the French sovereign for the time being took care to have it done. Should the Empire or the Monarchy be restored, it is probable the religious protectorate of France will be restored also, but not in so general or absolute a form. But should the French Republic establish itself, and become the settled form of government in France, and be accepted by the principal powers of Europe, then the field for Protestant missions will be almost indefinitely enlarged. The *New York Evangelist*, referring to this subject, says:

"What will be the influence of the French defeat upon the future of Protestant missions? For years past the Jesuits have had the prestige and material support of France at their back, not only in prosecuting their own work, but in interfering with that of others. Their outrages and intrigues in the Levant, in Syria, in the South Seas, in Africa, are still fresh in memory. None of these would have been possible had they not been in religious-political alliance and co-operation with France, advancing the ambitious foreign policy of "the great nation," in return for its support in the most reprehensible measures. Another day of reckoning has come for the Society of Jesuits. The downfall of French Imperialism will be felt on every mission field."

ON TO CHINA.

Among the re-inforcements sent forward this year to India and China were Rev. Messrs. Leander W. Pilcher and G. P. Davis, sent to

China. The following letter has been received at the Mission Rooms from Brother Pilcher, dated at Shanghai, China, October 11th. It is not only an intelligent letter, but is a beautiful picture of fraternal Christian feeling among the various Christian communities when in the enemy's country. Brother Pilcher says:

DEAR SIR: After an extremely pleasant trip—across the Continent, over the Pacific, through the beautiful inland Sea of Japan, and across the Eastern Sea to Shanghai—we are at last in China, and hasten to inform you of our circumstances and prospects. From the time we bade you good-bye in Chicago we have been met with uniform courtesy, and, wherever we have stopped, have been received with extreme cordiality by the friends of Christianity, upon many of whom we had no other claim than that they were Christians. Every thing that kind hearts could suggest has been done for us to make our journey pleasant. We are indebted to the friends in Omaha and San Francisco, and to Missionaries in Yokohama and Nagasaki, for their hospitalities, as well as to the Protestant missionaries here.

Brothers Ohlinger and Plumb parted company with us at Yokohama. Brother Ing and wife, and Brother Hall, together with Brother Hart and family—here to meet us—are entertained by the Rev. Brothers Lambuth and Allen, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, and will probably write you by this mail, the first since our arrival. Brother Davis and myself are cared for by the Rev. Wm. Muirhead—for the last twenty-one years a missionary of the London Society, and at present the Pastor of the Union Chapel (foreign) of this place. Not only has he thrown open his house to us, but he has also extended to us the courtesies of his pulpit; accordingly Brother Davis preached Sabbath evening, I having occupied the pulpit in the morning.

On our arrival we found awaiting us letters from Brothers Wheeler and Lowry, requesting us to wait here until we should receive further word from them, as, owing to the unsettled state of affairs in the North, it might prove necessary for all foreigners to come South. But to-day another letter has come, stating that their fears had been allayed, and telling us to come. We will, therefore, start for Peking the first of next week, as soon as that time we will not have completed our necessary business in this place.

The experience of a sea voyage, and a limited amount of sea-sickness, has proven highly beneficial to us, and we both feel much stronger and more hearty than when we left San Francisco.

NEW CHINESE DICTIONARY.

A NEW Chinese Dictionary in the Foochow dialect has just been issued from our Mission press at Foochow, China. This is a very valuable contribution to missionary literature. The authors are Rev. R. S. Maclay, D. D., of the Methodist Episcopal Mission, and Rev. C. C. Baldwin, A. M., of the American Board. The project and plan of the work were conceived by Dr. Maclay, the execution was jointly by him and Mr. Baldwin. It is *alphabetically* arranged, which is a great help to the study of the Foochow dialect. It is an octavo volume of 1,100 pages, and the typographical execution would do credit to the press of New York. The sound and the meaning of each character are expressed by the ordinary Roman or English letters. It is published at the expense of our mission press in Foochow, and will be sold for its benefit. The price is \$9. Subscriptions, with the money deposited, will be taken at the Mission Rooms, New York.

The following letter from Dr. Maclay, and the accompanying action of the Mission in China, will be read with pleasure. The persons to whom copies are presented have all been connected with the China Mission.

MY DEAR DR. HARRIS: I have much pleasure in sending you by this mail a copy of our "Alphabetic Dictionary of the Chinese Language, in the Foochow Dialect," just published by our press, and which our Mission desires to present, through you, to the library of our Missionary Society. The work has been published by our Mission at the expense of the printing office, and the money accruing from the sale of the work will be placed to the credit of the office. The price of the book is nine dollars. We shall supply all our Missions in China without charge to the Missionary Society, and expect to send, at an early day, twenty copies to the Mission Rooms, for the use of any candidates who may be preparing to enter the mission work in China.

We have sent a copy of the work to each of the following Institutions: Dickinson College, Wesleyan University, Ohio Wesleyan University, Boston Theological Institute, Garrett Biblical Institute, and Drew Theological Seminary; also one copy each to Rev. Drs. Whedon, Wiley, Wentworth, White, and Benson, (San Francisco;) Revs. O. Gibson, E. S. Todd, S. L. Baldwin, H. Hickok, James Colder, and S. L. Binkley.

The high estimate which the Mission puts upon the work appears from the following resolution, passed by the brethren at a meeting held at Foochow, China, June 30, 1870:

"Resolved, That, in our judgment, the dictionary is a most valuable contribution to our appliances for evangelistic operations among the Chinese; and that, for their arduous and self-denying labors in preparing this work, the authors are entitled to the gratitude of their fellow-missionaries, and of all the friends of Christian Missions in China."

INDIA.

CHRISTIAN VILLAGES—THEOLOGICAL SCHOOL—BROTHER THOMAS AND \$20,000.

The following report, in part, is from Brother T. J. Scott, Presiding Elder of the Bareilly District. It is very encouraging, as exhibiting the practical aspects of the work, not only in the awakening and conversion of precious souls, but in shaping the future civil life of the people. Christian villages are being founded, and mechanical trades and manufactures are being introduced, and the villagers find sale for their manufactured goods, and for the products of the soil. These small Christian communities must excel other natives in agriculture and in mechanical arts, and will come to occupy other branches of business. By their renunciation of caste all pursuits are open to each Christian, so that when their friends forsake and denounce them, and turn them out of their homes on account of their becoming Christians, they find employment in these Christian villages. A theological school is not only thought of, but has actually commenced upon a generous donation of twenty-thousand dollars (\$20,000) by Rev. D. W. Thomas, of our mission in Bareilly. The letter of Brother Scott is dated at Nynsee Tal, September 18, 1870:

Having recently completed my second round on Bareilly District, I send a few notes of the work as a kind of quarterly report.

In Bareilly our work is growing in interest. The Industrial Institution is proving a great blessing to many poor Christians. Cabinet making, the weaving of carpets and cotton-cloth, tent making and blacksmith work are carried on. These trades furnish steady employment for many poor families that formerly gleaned a precarious subsistence among their enemies. Besides, they are now under better pastoral supervision, and are improving in morals.

I have recently purchased land in a village ten miles distant from Bareilly, where we have opened an encouraging out-station, with a school of more than forty boys.

In Bareilly City interesting discussions have been carried on with the Brahmans, the modern Indian Rationalists. Their leader, Keshub Chunder Sen, is now attracting attention in England. It is difficult yet to tell the effect of this movement on the evangelization of India. I have been encouraged the present year in Bareilly with the friendly bearing of a few high-caste natives. We count it a great gain when the antagonism of such people seems in a measure neutralized. Miss Swan's medical work has been very encouraging. She has had many more calls than she can attend to. These calls take her to many native ladies hitherto inaccessible, and the subject of Christianity is brought to their minds, in some instances hopefully.

In Budaon our work goes steadily forward, with frequent baptisms. We will soon have a considerable native Church in the Budaon District. Converts are chiefly from the lower classes. Some active converts are preaching with good success among their caste in a number of villages. As in the history of Christianity from the first, the heaven will in time work upward.

At Shahjehanpore, also, we have encouragement. The Christian farm and village, opened by Dr. Johnson, bid fair to be an important aid in our work, not only in the District, but for our entire Mission. This enterprise was undertaken to furnish homes and a livelihood for poor Christians, who may lose both these, as is often the case, on account of their acceptance of Christianity. Already nearly half a hundred families have been settled in this place, and are under much better pastoral supervision than ever before, and they are becoming more industrious and steady in their habits.

In Nynce Tal recently a zemindar [farmer] of some influence was baptized. This is the first convert of the kind in the province of Kumaon, and, we hope, the first-fruit of a harvest of souls. The people of this province hitherto have seemed very difficult to impress with the Gospel. In the coming cold season Dr. Humphrey proposes to send several members of a medical class he has had under training for the past eighteen months out among the villages. It is hoped they are specially fitted to do good both to the bodies and souls of the villagers, and that they will meet with success.

The Church will be glad to learn that our Mission is in a fair way to secure a Theological Seminary. Brother Thomas, in charge of the Girls' Orphanage at Bareilly, has offered a donation of \$20,000 to begin an institution for the training of young men for the native ministry. Measures are being taken to apply this very important donation to this purpose, and we hope, after our next session of Conference, to get a class of young men under way. We, who can fully appreciate how important a native ministry is in the evangelization of India, and how difficult it is to prepare native converts for this work, alone can fully appreciate the importance of the foundation that our liberal fellow-missionary has laid. Would that these lines might meet the eye of some friend of missions that would at once double this sum!

The climate here is telling fearfully on our missionaries—four at home on account of sickness, and four partly disabled in the field. We may well pray the Lord to raise up laborers from among this people, "and that right early."

A MISSION TO ITALY.

THE Church seems to receive with favor the project of a mission to Italy, perhaps we ought to say a mission within the City of Rome. This name has filled and does fill a wider space, and for a longer time, than any other city in the history of the world. It has been for hundreds of years the center of a corrupt system of Christianity, and so fortified at home and abroad that there has been but little success by Protestant missions in Catholic countries, or amid Catholic populations. But the late political and military events in Europe, and the near prospect of still greater events, have inspired the Protestant Churches with new zeal and purpose; and the prospect is very fair now, if the Protestant Churches will provide the means of adding new mis-

sions in Italy to their work, already on a too expanded scale. The institution of the mission, it is confidently believed, will produce the additional means to carry it on. On this we must confidently rely, and go forward, and thus give the Church an opportunity of verifying the public expectation.

Although we are aware that the city of Rome is not yet accessible to a Protestant mission, yet we think the following paragraph, from an Italian correspondent in the *Congregationalist*, gives very nearly the true state and prospect. The correspondent says:

The Popedom is fast disappearing from the Italian map. With that event two things must happen. First: Rome, as the metropolis of Italy, can in no way represent a "special Church," any more than Vienna, London, Paris, or St. Petersburg does. A Roman Catholic Church will therefore be henceforth a misnomer, and the great prestige of popery will forever be gone. Secondly: Rome, being the capital of Italy, must and will be as free as every other part of the kingdom, and, instead of being the most benighted spot on earth, it will be open to the Gospel and Protestantism in general."

THE TRUE RULE OF HUMAN JUDGMENT.

THE practical rule of human judgment in regard to all matters—a rule that is easily understood and applied—is contained in these words of our Lord Jesus Christ, "By their fruits ye shall know them." This rule is applicable alike to the most important matters of life, and to the fruit-tree in the garden. Applying this rule to Christianity, laying aside its peculiar doctrines, and judging it simply by its fruits in this life, can any man doubt its divine origin and power? If we regard the aggregate results of Christianity in the world, or some local manifestation of it, the judgment, under this rule, will be the same. Let us take the Sandwich Islands. A contemporary, alluding to these islands, says:

Fifty years ago the "American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions" established the first Christian mission there, and great and glorious have been the results.

The moral condition of the inhabitants of these islands when the first mission was established there was dreadful beyond description. They were inhabited by a horde of naked savages, practicing the worst forms of idolatry, accompanied with human sacrifices. They had no written language, no comfortable dwellings; nearly destitute of clothing, without family constitution, indulging in every vile passion unrestrained, a "nation of drunkards," without laws or courts of justice. "Society was a sea of pollution, and many ships visiting the islands were floating exhibitions of Sodom and Gomorrah." The government was wholly arbitrary; the kings and chiefs were considered owners of the soil, and the people were slaves, subject, with their property, to the will of their rulers. Such was the intellectual, social, and moral debasement of this people.

What a change has been wrought in the condition of these most degraded, wretched savages! In 1854, after thirty-five years of missionary labor, Rev. Titus Coan, one of the missionaries, writes: "I believe the Gospel has effected a signal triumph on these shores. Savagism has fled before it, never to return. Idolatry, in its grossest forms, has fallen, never to rise again. Ignorance and superstition have fled apace before its rising light. . . . Most of the people can read and write. The comforts and improvements of civilization are multiplying. Social relations are better understood, and social obligations more faithfully discharged. Nowhere on earth are life and property more secure. Open crimes are of rare occurrence." After fifty years of missionary labor a correspondent of the *Boston Journal* says: "To-day the same people hold an acknowledged place among Christian nations. A constitutional government administers equitable laws. The symbols and appliances of an advanced

civilization are seen. Churches dot the land. Education is so generally diffused that the proportion of the people who can read is larger than in Boston, and from this point the light of Christianity is radiating to the remote islands of the South Seas." All this—a work that would seem to require two centuries at least—has been accomplished in fifty years. Such another triumph of the Gospel will scarcely be found in the history of Christianity since the apostolic age.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

SUCH was the general expression of satisfaction with the exercises of the late anniversary of our Missionary Society, held in St. John's Church, Brooklyn, that we have judged it best to give the proceedings and speeches entire, that the whole Church may read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest the excellent matter therein contained. This, with the editorial matter following the speeches, has required an extra number of the *Missionary Advocate* five times as large as the ordinary monthly number. This number will, therefore, take the place of the December and January numbers. The February number will follow in due time.

BEQUESTS AND DEVISES TO THE MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

PERSONS disposed to make bequests to the Society by will are requested to observe the following form:

I give and bequeath to "THE MISSIONARY SOCIETY OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH," incorporated by the Legislature of the State of New York, the sum of _____; and the receipt of the Treasurer thereof shall be a sufficient discharge to my executors for the same.

FORM OF A DEVISE OF LAND TO SAID SOCIETY.

I give and devise to "THE MISSIONARY SOCIETY OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH," incorporated by the Legislature of the State of New York, the following lands and premises, that is to say:

to have and to hold the same, with the appurtenances, to the said Society, its successors and assigns forever.

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TERMS.—One copy will be given monthly to each family in our Churches throughout the connection, on application of the respective missionary committees. The application in every case must be in writing, and must set forth that the committee ask for but one copy for each family, that they will scrupulously take care of the papers and see that they are properly distributed, and that they will provide for the postage or freight on the same. The missionary committees in the several Conferences west of Erie and Pittsburgh will make their application to Hitchcock & Walden at Chicago, and the committees in the several conferences east of the Pittsburgh and Erie, but including these two Conferences, and the Conferences of the Pacific, will apply to the Secretaries at 805 Broadway, New York. Let each application state particularly to whose address, and by what mode of conveyance, the papers are to be sent.

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