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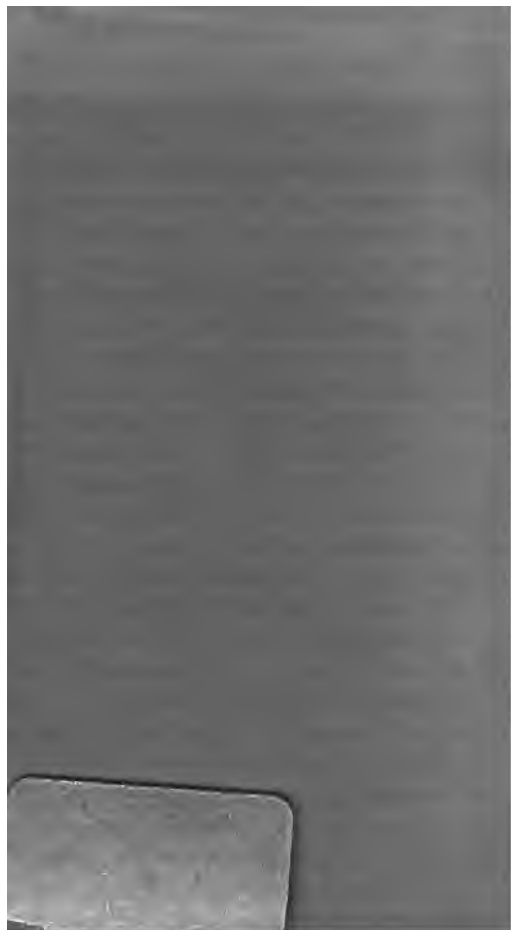
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Hon. A. Vanderpool,

with

E. E. Cookman;

Respectfully,
—



MRS. E. N. VANDERBILT
SPEECHES

DELIVERED

ON VARIOUS OCCASIONS,

BY

GEORGE G. COOKMAN,

OF THE

BALTIMORE ANNUAL CONFERENCE,

AND

CHAPLAIN TO THE SENATE OF THE UNITED STATES.

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DEDICATION.

TO
THE PRESIDENT, FACULTY, AND STUDENTS
OF DICKINSON COLLEGE,
CARLISLE, PENNSYLVANIA,
ENDEARED BY THE REMEMBRANCE OF
PASTORAL RELATIONS
AND PERSONAL FRIENDSHIPS,
THIS LITTLE VOLUME
IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED.

Alexandria, D. C., 14th May, 1840.



COOKMAN'S SPEECHES.

EDITORIAL NOTICE.

THIS little work is most earnestly commended to the attention of the Christian public generally, as being-calculated not only to impart useful instruction, but to diffuse the spirit of benevolence; and especially to awaken public interest in behalf of our great benevolent institutions. In these speeches will be found a sprightliness and vigour, with a novelty of expression, and an exuberance of figurative illustrations, almost peculiar to the author, and which impart the highest interest to his platform productions.

We have read these speeches with great pleasure, and, we hope, some profit, and have found nothing in relation to which we judge it necessary to guard the reader, unless we make an exception of several statements made in the last address. The author says, "Methodism, so-called, is not a sect," p. 128. "Methodism is not a form," p. 129. "Methodism is not an opinion," p. 131. Though these statements are justified by the declarations of Mr. Wesley, and

are undoubtedly true of "Methodism" before it assumed a distinct church organization, yet at this time they can only hold good in a *very qualified sense*, in relation either to the Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States, or the Wesleyan connection in England. For though Methodism is not *sectarian*, or *formal*, or *theoretical*, in any bad sense of these terms, it still must be admitted that the Methodists are as really and truly a *Christian sect*, and as certainly have *formulas*, and as clearly have a set of *doctrinal opinions*, as any other Christian communion in the world. Our object in this notice is, so to *qualify* the statements alluded to, that they may not lead the reader into error, and by no means to detract from the value of the able and interesting speech in which they are found. We hope these excellent speeches may, in many cases, take the place of the *light reading*, which often has far less literary merit than they may justly claim, and never any of the *sanctifying fire* which gives them character.

EDITOR.

THE

REV. G. G. COOKMAN'S SPEECHES.

SUBSTANCE OF A SPEECH

*Delivered at the Annual Meeting of the Young
Men's Bible Society of New-Brunswick, New-
Jersey, on Monday evening, Nov. 17, 1828.*

I FEEL myself happy, respected chairman, in expressing my concurrence in the recorded sentiments of your report, and in improving this public opportunity by advocating the noblest cause on the face of the earth.

Time was when for a Presbyterian minister and a Methodist preacher to appear as joint advocates in the same common cause, would have been a crying wonder, a marvelous astonishment ; but, sir, thank God ! the age of sectarian bigotry is passing away—Ephraim is ceasing to vex Judah, and Judah Ephraim, and to employ the eloquent language of an Indian chief, “ Let us combine v

brighten the chain that binds our nations together."

I am aware, sir, that from the fact of that diversity of religious opinion which has existed among Protestant Christians the infidel has drawn a fruitful source of cavil. I am aware that, high seated in the chair of the scorner, he has looked down upon the polemic strife with an air of sovereign self sufficiency, and pointing with the finger of contempt, he has said, "See how these Christians love one another."

I am well aware, also, that many well disposed persons have imagined that the surest method of silencing infidelity would be for the Christian church to effect a union in doctrine, to lay aside their peculiarities of religious opinion, and amalgamate into one uniform mass of sentiment and action.

Against such principles of Christian union you must permit me, sir, this night, as an individual, to enter my decided protest. Such union, at present, I should consider illegitimate and unscriptural—calculated to defeat the purposes for which it was intended: in a word, to promote the spirit of infidelity, and injure the cause of vital godliness.

I grant, sir, (and rejoice in the concession,) that on one ground we may all agree without respect or qualification—I mean in the universal circulation of the Holy Scriptures. “The Bible,” says Chillingworth, “is the religion of Protestants;” and it is the positive duty of all Protestant Christians to unite in its distribution without respect to sect or party. I am not strenuous about the persons or the mode. Let the Lord send by whom he will send—only let the word of the Lord run “over land and over sea,” and be glorified “from the rivers to the ends of the earth.” But, sir, notwithstanding this concession, I hold fast to the original assertion, that all union which involves any surrender of conscientious views of religious truth would be pernicious and promotive of the spirit of infidelity.

And, sir, on what ground is this assertion maintained? Why, that truth, being in its own nature unique, simple, and indivisible, holds no communion whatever with the changeling and contradictory varieties of human error, and therefore, in the present defective state of the human understanding, and the present defective state of the human

heart, it is safer that the Christian church should be divided into parties, conscientiously differing in, but zealously maintaining points of doctrine and practice. For whatever delightful changes the millennial day may elicit, of this I am certain, that in the present degenerate condition of the world, the existing order of things is more favourable to the discussion and development of truth, the detection of error, and a friendly provocation to love and good works among the various bodies of professing Christians than any such union.

On this subject we may observe a striking analogy between the operations of the natural and moral world; for as in the former, order and equipoise are only maintained by the action and reaction of opposing forces; so in the latter, discussion rubs off the rust of prejudice, and leads to truth.

Sir, I maintain the old maxim, "Let every man attend to his own business, and the nation will take care of itself." And as in the science of political economy, so in the Christian church, the division of labour *preserves* good order, and promotes general *prosperity*.

Permit me to offer an illustration of the principle. Let us suppose, sir, that you are an honest Presbyterian, and that I am an honest Methodist—that is to say, we each conscientiously believe our own principles to be right. Let us suppose that we are engaged in a friendly debate as to the respective merits of our peculiar doctrines. An infidel standing by cries out, "Gentlemen, you are both wrong." Well, sir, what is to be done? A fourth person interferes as mediator between the parties. "Brethren," says he, "the scruples of the gentleman standing by arise from your contradictory views of divine truth. Now make a union; lay aside your sectarian peculiarities; be liberal; and think and speak alike." Suppose, sir, we agree. Is the infidel convinced? What says he now? "Gentlemen, I am now doubly convinced you are both wrong, and I charge you both with a want of principle and courage in not maintaining and defending what you believed to be the truth."

What, then, is the amount of the argument? We say, let each sect and party *maintain its own distinctive position, and pursue its own plans of operation, in its own*

way, to the very uttermost. Let us agree to differ. We are none of us infallible. It is possible we may all be a little wrong, for it is as natural for man to err as to breathe. But how are we to set each other right? By the silent quiescent neutrality of a nominal union? Nay, sir, in such a motionless reservoir the waters of life would stagnate. Let them rather run and encounter the winds of opposition and the rocks of controversy, and they will clear, and purify, and sparkle. Truth never did nor ever will lose any of its power by open and liberal discussion, even on religious points. Give it open field and fair play, and it shall overthrow the empire of infidelity, and conquer this world of sin.

Let then the Bible be the rallying point of Protestant Christians. Let them dispute for truth, not victory; let the God of peace preside in every controversy; yet let all be conducted in the unity of the spirit and in the bond of peace. Let each go to his post of duty, and without interfering or quarrelling with his neighbour, do his uttermost under his own particular standard; let there be no *strife*, for we are all brethren, and the world *is large enough* for us all.

The union, then, which I would propose would be a union in spirit, rather than a union in doctrine; let each party of Protestant Christians make its own distinctive effort in its own way, rather than in a promiscuous union of the general mass. For, sir, depend upon it, David will not fight in Saul's armour, and we can no more make men act precisely alike than we can force them to think precisely alike. Will you allow me, sir, another illustration in confirmation of these views of Christian union? When we look abroad upon the signs of the times, I think we shall see the religious as well as the political world on the eve of convulsion and conflict. Thank God, the Christian world have heard the trumpet of alarm: they are mustering for the battle, and by one simultaneous effort they are coming up to the help of the Lord against the mighty; and never, since the days of the apostles, was there so general a movement as at the present crisis. The leaven of divine truth is powerfully operative through the varied enginery of Bible, missionary, tract, and sabbath school societies. *There is a shaking among the kingdoms, and the world feels the earthquake shock*

Nor, sir, are the principalities and powers of darkness asleep—they have taken the alarm. Infidelity and antichrist have sounded the trumpet through all their hosts, and never since the days of the French revolution has there been so much activity and determination among the enemies of the cross as at this present moment.

I believe, sir, we are on the eve of a general engagement. Now, sir, borrowing the allusion, will you permit me to marshal the Christian army on those principles of union I have endeavoured to sustain? Let, then, our Bible societies, with their auxiliaries, be a line of forts established along the enemy's frontier as bulwarks of defence. Let them be military magazines well stored with spiritual weapons and gospel ammunition, general rallying points for the whole army, and strong-holds from whence our missionary riflemen may sally forth on the enemy. Let our sabbath schools be military academies, in which the young cadets may be trained for the battles of the Lord. Let the tract societies be as so many shot houses for the *manufacture of that small but useful material.*

Having thus, sir, disposed of the outworks, let us endeavour to arrange the army.

Suppose, sir, for example, we begin with the Methodists; and as they are said to be tolerable pioneers and excellent foragers in new countries, and active withal, I propose that we mount them on horseback, and employ them as cavalry, especially on the frontiers.

And as our Presbyterian brethren love an open field, and act in concert, and move in solid bodies, let them constitute our infantry; let them occupy the centre in solid columns, and fight according to Napoleon's tactics, in military squares, ever presenting a firm front to the enemy. Our Baptist brethren we will station along the rivers and lakes, which, we doubt not, they will gallantly defend, and win many laurels in the lake warfare. Our brethren of the Protestant Episcopal Church shall man the garrisons, inspect the magazines, and direct the batteries.

But, sir, we want artillery men. Whom shall we employ? The light field pieces and the heavy ordnance must be served. I propose, sir, that we commit this very important department to our brethren of the Dutch

Reformed Church ; and, sir, may they acquit themselves with a valour worthy their ancestors, when the proud flag of De Witt swept the sea, and the thunder of Van Tromp shook the ocean. And now, sir, the army is arranged. We have one great Captain, the Lord Jesus Christ, whose orders we are all bound to obey. Our standard is the cross, and onward is the watchword. Let us give no quarter ; we fight for death or victory.

At the same time let us preserve our original order. United in spirit and design, let us be distinct in movement. Let not the cavalry, infantry, and artillery men mingle in one indiscriminate mass. Let each keep his proper position, adopt his peculiar uniform, act under his local colours, and fight in his own peculiar manner. Thus we shall act with consistency and vigour, without discomposing each other, or disordering the ranks.

Let a strict religious discipline prevail throughout the camp, for we must not suffer that shameful reproach, that we recommend to others what we practise not ourselves.

Accordingly, let us, like the soldiers of Oliver Cromwell, read our Bible and pray twice a day in each of the tents.

And now, sir, let us to the field of action. May the God of battles give the victory, and the trembling gates of hell shake to their centre!

Sir, it was at the close of one of the most sanguinary conflicts of modern times, that a celebrated military chieftain, from his point of observation, saw with deepest anxiety the shattered remains of his noble army ready to sink under the protracted fatigue of a three days' fight. At this eventful crisis he summons around him his council of officers. "Gentlemen," says he, "these brave fellows can hold out no longer." Pulling out his watch, "Gentlemen, it now wants fifteen minutes of six o'clock. If the Prussians do not arrive before six, I must sound a retreat. Gentlemen, to your positions." He stood—he looked at his watch—he looked to the field—he looked upward to heaven, and implored help from the great Arbiter of battles. It was an awful moment. Minute succeeded to minute. His hard-earned laurels, the honour of his country, the destinies of Europe, hung trembling in the balance. At length the cry bursts on his listening ear, "*The Prussians are coming!*" He starts

2

from his knees, he flings away his watch, he cries, "All's well—the day is ours." Sir, let us keep the field, maintain our position, do our duty, and all will be well—the day shall be ours. Before I sit down I have a duty to perform to that portion of the army here assembled. I have to forewarn them that there is lurking in different sections of our camp a dangerous and malignant spy. I will endeavour to describe this diabolical spy as well as I can. He is remarkably old, having grown gray in iniquity. He is toothless and crooked, and altogether of a very unsavoury countenance. His name, sir, is BIGOTRY. He seldom travels in daylight, but in the evening shades he steals forth from his haunts of retirement, and creeps into the tents of the soldiers; and with a tongue as smooth and deceptive as the serpent who deceived our first mother, he endeavours "to sow arrows, firebrands, and death" in the camp. His policy is to persuade the soldiers in garrison to despise the open field; and again, those in open field to despise those in garrison; to incite the *valry against the infantry, and the infantry against the cavalry.* And in so do

makes no scruple to employ misrepresentation, slander, and falsehood—for, like his father, he is a liar from the beginning. Now, sir, I trust the army will be on the alert in detecting this old scoundrel, and making a public example of him. I hope if the Methodist cavalry catch him on the frontiers, they will ride him down, and put him to the sword without delay. I trust the Presbyterian infantry will receive him on the point of the bayonet; and should the Baptists find him skulking along the banks of the rivers, I trust they will fairly drown him; and should he dare to approach any of our garrisons, I hope the Episcopalians will open upon him a double-flanked battery; and the Dutch Reformed greet him with a whole round of artillery.

Let him die the death of a spy, without military honours; and after he has been gibbeted for a convenient season, let his body be given to the Quakers, and let them bury him deep and in silence. May God grant his miserable ghost may never revisit this world of trouble!

And as allusion has been made to the society of Friends, permit me, in conclusion, to

relate an anecdote, connected with a high respectable member of that body of professing Christians, which illustrates all that I have endeavoured to maintain.

A gentleman employed in raising funds toward the erection of a new Episcopal church, waited upon a member of the society of Friends, of known philanthropy and liberality. Having stated his object, and presented his subscription paper, the Friend, after a pause, very gravely said, "Friend, you know we cannot consistently with the sentiments of Friends help to build steeple houses." The gentleman politely pressed his regret, and was about to withdraw, when the Quaker recalled him saying, "Friend, let me see thy paper again—doth it not state that there is an old steeple house to be pulled down?" The gentleman answered in the affirmative. "Ah!" said our Friend, "then I have it: here, I give thee twenty pounds; but observe—you carefully mark, I give this not to build the steeple house up—no, no; but to pull the steeple house down."

SUBSTANCE OF A SPEECH

Delivered at the Anniversary Meeting of the Baltimore Conference Missionary Society, City of Baltimore, Monday evening, March 23, 1829—and repeated, by request, at the Anniversary of the Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church, in the City of New-York, May 4.

I CONGRATULATE you, sir, on the elevated position you sustain as the president of this Christian meeting; and I congratulate this assembly on the interesting and animating occasion which brings them together. There is, sir, about a missionary meeting a spirit-stirring atmosphere, a sacred sympathy better felt than expressed. It is here that we peculiarly recognize the solemnizing presence of the great Head of the church, and it is here we catch the kindling charities of the gospel. Missionary ground is high and holy ground—we stand exalted above our sectional and national feelings—and as our eye ranges over the boundless and comprehensive prospect of all the families of all the earth—as we mark the advancing march of gospel truth, and the victories of our Redeemer

cross, our souls spread abroad with spiritual enlargement, and catch a spark of that seraphic fire which touched the prophet's lips, and burns on heaven's high altar.

There was a period within your recollection, sir, when it was necessary, in the very teeth of opposition, to advocate the cause of missions by force of reason and dint of argument. Skepticism pronounced it a doubtful scheme, and infidelity pronounced it a mad scheme, and the wise men of this world pronounced it a foolish scheme; but, sir, glory to the God of missions! he took the matter into his own hand, and triumphantly proved that "the foolishness of God is wiser than men, and the weakness of God is stronger than men!" and while some, with Jewish unbelief, were stumbling at the difficulties, and others, with Grecian pride, were smiling at the foolishness of the undertaking, our Father and our God was pleased by the foolishness of preaching to save even the very heathen that believed. And now, sir, throughout this babbling earth, from the equator to the poles, we have ten thousand *living epistles* of irresistible argument, *demonstrating*, beyond a doubt, that the cause

of missions is the cause of God. The object, then, of these anniversaries, is not to argue the practicability or propriety of the thing itself—this, we reiterate, is already abundantly established—but to rouse into full and vigorous activity, by the application of powerful and legitimate motives, the energies of the Christian church in the advancement of this grand and heaven-born design. The spirit of Christianity is essentially a missionary spirit. They are identified as one. You cannot separate them. Together they stand or fall. They are based on the broad foundation of an infinite benevolence; and they stretch abroad their sympathies to the wants and miseries of a universal world. The eternal Father loved nothing less than the world, and gave his Son for nothing less; and as he sends the sun to shine upon the evil and the good, so the out-beamings of his grace are essentially free.

The illustrious Founder of our holy religion, himself a missionary, and the prince and the pattern of missionaries, established a missionary system. He was not the mere head of a sect; but the great Head of that universal church which, standing on the rock

defies the gates of hell. He broke down the middle wall of partition—he constituted this earth his magnificent temple, and in the evening of the world sent forth the general invitation to all the tribes of men to come and worship in his courts. This last glorious dispensation was ushered in by the songs of angels, as “glad tidings of great joy to all people;” and the “great effectual door” was opened on the day of pentecost, amid the rushing wind and the descending fire, with the missionary commission, “Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature.”

And, sir, what were the old apostles, but heads of a missionary college? Themselves graduates under Jesus Christ, the great teacher of the church. Heaven taught, heaven inspired men! They were linguists without a lexicon, and preachers without a book. They had “the thoughts that breathe, and the words that burn.” These were missionaries of the right stamp. Men full of the Holy Ghost. Hearts of flesh—decision of steel—souls of fire. Emancipated by the *Lord*, the spirit of liberty, they rose above the ~~snarowness~~ *snarowness* of national prejudice, and became

citizens of the world. They knew no man after the flesh—they belonged to no nation—they carried a message of mercy to every nation. There was Peter in his fisher's coat, and Paul the tent maker, and Matthew the publican; and they proclaimed, as they went, salvation free as the air you breathe, in the name of Christ the Lord. And the priests raged; and philosophy sneered; and royalty frowned; and the beasts of the people scourged, and pelted, and hooted; but, sir, in the name of the God of missionaries, they went steadily on—and, sir, what was the result? Why, sir, the gospel was preached to all the world. The platform of Jewish ceremonies sunk beneath the simple doctrines of Jesus; the Gentile nations flocked to the standard of Immanuel. The proud citadel of pagan mythology, stripped of its delusive grandeur, stood exposed a gloomy sepulchre, full of dead men's bones. Philosophy was conquered without argument; the gospel was preached in the very palaces of Rome; and eventually the cross of Christ was planted triumphantly on the throne of the Cæsar.

And now, sir, that 1800 years have rolled away. I ask. Has the cause of missions lost

any of its commanding and authoritative character? Is it not, like its Divine Author, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever? Where will the opposer of missions set his foot? Will he 'dare to say that the unchangeable love of the eternal Father is in any degree abated? Or that the great Prophet of the church has altered his purpose? Will he say that the gospel commission has run out, or that the moral state of the heathen is better, or the obligations of the Christian church less? O, tell it not in Gath, repeat it not in the streets of Askelon! We have been too lukewarm, too supine: it is high time to awake out of sleep. What! shall we need urging, with the high example of a missionary Saviour, and twelve missionary apostles, before our eyes? What! with such illustrious leaders in the van guard of the Christian army, shall we shamefully loiter and lag in the rear? Nay, my brethren, let us up and be doing; the spirit of missions is the soul of the church; while we send the gospel abroad, God will revive the work at home. Let us then to the field. In *this war there is no neutrality*. Christ hath said, "*He that is not for me is against me.*"

“Thou shalt love thy (heathen) neighbour as thyself.” O, sir, let us beware the curse of Meroz for our want of missionary zeal. “Curse ye Meroz—curse ye bitterly the inhabitants thereof, for they came not up to the help of the Lord against the mighty.”

Let us not be misunderstood. We are not preferring a bold and sweeping charge against the churches, but rather stirring up their pure minds by way of remembrance. It is true, indeed, emphatically true, that much remains to be done; but, sir, it is equally true, that something has been done, and more is yet in progress. There has gone abroad throughout Protestant Christendom a redeeming spirit; of which this present missionary meeting is another triumphant proof; a spirit which, in the expansion of its liberal designs, contemplates, under the blessing of God, nothing less than the evangelization of the world.

The world in which we live has taken a wonderful advance in art, science, civilization, and liberty, within the last hundred years; nor, sir, has the march of religious truth been behind the improvements of the age. The word of God, once immured in

the recesses of the cloister, has been translated into almost all languages, and circulated in almost all lands; while the latent sparks of missionary fire have burst the shell of sectarian peculiarity; and now, sir, the Protestant churches are emulously labouring in breaking up and cultivating the great field of the heathen world.

While we rejoice in the labours and success of other missionary societies, and wish them God-speed in all their honest endeavours, perhaps, sir, we may be permitted, on the present occasion, to refer particularly to our own.

We were saying, sir, that the age in which we live was distinguished by unprecedented improvements. One astonishing discovery has followed upon another, proving how amazingly the vast powers of nature may be made subservient to the purposes of art; and among these stands pre-eminent the steam-boat, the bright production of the creative genius of the immortal Fulton. It stands the eighth wonder of the world.

While, sir, I as an individual render up *my meed* of admiration, permit me to say, *that there is a vessel now afloat which*

though less celebrated on the pillar of this world's fame, has been productive of more real benefit to the best interests of mankind.

She was built at the Foundry, city of London, under the direction of Messrs. John and Charles Wesley. She is constructed on precisely the same model, and built of the same materials as the *old ship* which was launched in the city of Jerusalem by our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, immediately after his resurrection, and afterward sailed and navigated by the fishermen of Galilee. She is, sir, to all intents and purposes, a *missionary vessel*, calculated for spiritual discovery and Christian colonization. She carries letters of marque, a chosen crew of missionary adventurers, and steers by the bright and morning Star of Bethlehem. It is true, indeed, for the first few years her voyaging were confined to the British seas. She alternately visited the islands of Ireland, Scotland, Man, Guernsey, Alderney, and Jersey; in all which, under the blessing of God, flourishing colonies were established. But, sir, the God of heaven never intended her for a mere coaster; she was destined to circumnavigate the globe. Accordingly, sir, at this juncture, the gre

Head of the church raised up a body of men of high missionary feeling—spirits of lofty enterprise, hearts of universal charity. Need I name an Asbury, a Boardman, a Pilmoor, a Whatcoat, and last, not least, a Coke. These men, adventurous as Columbus, and greedy of souls as ever Spaniards were of gold, launched the missionary vessel into the great and boundless deep of the Atlantic; and, favoured by propitious gales and an approving God, reached the shores of this new and far-famed world. Here, sir, they boldly planted the standard of Methodism. Here they found the fields white already to the harvest, nor had they long to complain that the labourers were few. God gave the word, and great was the increase of able and effective men in this western vineyard of the Lord. The word of the Lord was like fire among dry stubble—it cleared the woods—it ran along the banks of our vast rivers—it was irresistible—it crossed the northern lakes—it penetrated the southern swamps—it defied the frosts of Canada—it scaled the cloud-capped summits of Alleghany—and now, sir, *let the pious observer behold the great family of Methodism, from New-Orleans in the*

south to Labrador on the north, sitting beneath their own vine and fig tree—and truly may he exclaim, “What hath God wrought!”

Nor, sir, is this all. The missionary spirit has done greater things than these. It has silenced for ever the futile theories of a self-created philosophy, and stopped the mouth of an arrogant political expediency. Where is now the empty declaimer who affirmed, with the solemnity of an oracle, that it was impossible to humanize the African, or civilize the Indian? Let that man cast his eye under the spreading tree of Methodism, and he shall see fifty thousand converted Africans reposing beneath its refreshing shade, and two thousand Indians finding a solace from the storm. Yes, sir, while selfish politicians have been debating the question of civil right, and minute philosophers have been arranging the proprieties of colour, your missionaries have gone forth, and believing that God has made of one blood all the nations of the earth, that all souls are his, and that God is no respecter of persons, they have as debtors to the Greeks and the barbarians, preached salvation to all in the name of Jesus; and, sir, with what success? Why, God has proved

that the things impossible to men are possible to him. He has proved not only that Africans have souls, but souls purchased by the blood of Christ; and that the Indian is not only a man, but, by the grace of God, a *gentleman*, and that with the Bible in one hand, and the axe in the other, he can exhibit a specimen of *civilized industry* which might put philosophers themselves to the blush, and triumphantly prove his claim to the rights of man and of citizenship, to the everlasting confusion of narrow and temporizing politicians.

But, sir, we are digressing. We must return to the missionary ship, and, if you please, embark for Europe. Mr. Wesley, finding that the Lord was opening up missionary ground in distant lands, and being himself detained at home by the weight of his societies, appointed Dr. Thomas Coke admiral of the ship, with a commission for foreign service. And truly we may say the office was made for the man, and the man for the office. He was a Welchman by birth, and a cosmopolite in feeling. I saw the admiral when I was a boy, and hope never to forget him. *He was, like Zaccheus, a man of small*

stature; but, sir, there was a great soul in a little body. O who can forget the honest enthusiasm which glowed in his animated countenance, or the kindling glance of his benevolent eye! He was the apostle—he was the martyr of Methodist missions. For them he was willing to suffer the loss of all things. In this spiritual adventure he risked his life, his purse, his reputation, his all. He stopped at no difficulty, and though on some occasions his vessel (as it respects money matters) was in the shallows, yet she never struck the ground. In the prosecution of duty he feared no danger. His favourite motto was, “I am immortal till my work is done.” Appointed by the father of Methodism to this missionary command, he entered upon his office with humble boldness and generous enthusiasm. He hoisted the broad flag of *free grace* at his mast head, and, spreading his white canvass to the winds of heaven, steered for America. And although tremendous storms drove his vessel out of her intended course down to the West India Islands, yet here we have to acknowledge the finger of God bringing real good out of seeming evil. For from that apparent

accident sprung one of the most extensive, productive, and benevolent of modern missions, which has eventuated in the salvation of thousands of the African race. It would be endless to follow the admiral through all the cruising activity of his missionary life. Suffice it to say, that he lived as he died, and died as he lived—a man full of faith and the Holy Ghost. The ocean was his sepulchre, but he being dead yet speaketh. Yet when he died the enemies of missions began to triumph. “We shall hear no more of Methodist missions,” said they. “No doubt the enthusiastic old man and his mad schemes have failed together.” But, sir, these self-made prophets proved themselves false prophets, for when our Elijah ascended to glory there were many Elishas to catch the descending mantle of his charity. The admiral was dead; but, sir, the good missionary ship floated her triumphant course over the main, and waved her joyous banner to the nations. She doubled the Cape of Good Hope, and landed a band of spiritual warriors on the East India shores. Thence standing for New South Wales and the Sandwich Islands, she stretched across to Madagascar, touching at

South and Western Africa, in all which places she established Christian colonies. Nay, sir, she has sailed under the batteries of Copenhagen up the stormy Baltic, and established a Methodist mission in the very fastnesses of Sweden. She has passed under the guns of Gibraltar, landing her missionary warriors on that impregnable fortress; and, finally, she has traversed those seas, and planted colonies on the very ground once trod by the feet of the holy apostles.

But, sir, you are ready to think we are sailing out of all longitude and latitude. We shall, therefore, with your permission, bring our missionary vessel home to port, with one observation, namely, Is she to remain in port? Is she to be laid up as a dismantled hulk—a melancholy memorial of what our fathers were able to begin, and we are unwilling to finish?

Methinks I hear some cautious calculator hint, "Charity begins at home." Granted, my brother; but remember, charity must not remain at home. When the pressing wants of home are tolerably supplied, let her go forth, like Noah's dove, on an errand of mercy to the four quarters of the globe. Such is

the spirit of the missionary commission, and such was the practice of the missionary apostles. We are ready to admit that these United States have presented and do present a vast and comprehensive field for the incessant labours of our active itinerancy. We are ready to admit that the Indian tribes make a loud and pressing appeal for renewed and increasing exertion, and may God prosper that noble mission ! but, sir, we are not ready to admit that this missionary effort bears any adequate proportion to the resources and responsibility of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Granting, as we do, that much has been accomplished at home with very small means, is that any reason why *something* might not be accomplished *abroad* with greater ? What, sir, surrounded as we are by the spirit-stirring activity of the age, are we to sit still at home and let other men take our missionary crown ? For ever perish the thought. Sir, I this night propose that we forthwith put the missionary vessel to sea under the care of American pilots ; and, sir, let her first voyage be *eastward*.

There is on the western coast of Africa an American, and, I thank God, we may add, a

Christian colony, which, under the blessing of Heaven, promises to be a focus for the evangelization and civilization of that benighted continent. The freemen of Liberia are standing on those shores, and uttering the Macedonian cry, "Come over and help us." That colony is precious to the heart of the philanthropist—it stands the altar of a national atonement, and an imperishable monument of a nation's benevolence. And, sir, while the moral feeling of this republic is promoting its temporal interests, while the north is giving up and the south keeping not back, shall the Methodists of these United States be backward in answering the will of those gifted and qualified men who are crying, "Here am I; send me?" Sir, nothing is wanting but the means, and I am persuaded the means will not be wanting. And, sir, are the South American republics to be forgotten? Do these present no claim upon our benevolence? Among the millions of this extensive continent is there no field for missionary labour? If these United States have given them the bright model of a civil constitution, shall they withhold the brighter boon of religious liberty and Christian know-

ledge? It is high time something should be done. Let our missionary vessel stretch along the coasts of South America. Let her touch at the Havana, at Rio Janeiro, at Buenos Ayres, and leave her missionaries at all these places;—let her double Cape Horn, and coast along the shores of the Pacific. Yea, sir, let her never drop her anchor until she complete the circumnavigation of this transatlantic world.

But, sir, before we hoist our sails we are arrested by a very abrupt consideration—*the means*. Who shall pay the freight of the vessel? We have the men, but, sir, we want the money, for it is demonstratively certain that if the world is to be evangelized, it must be by *means*, not by miracles. And, sir, if we succeed in getting our missionary vessel under way, it will not be by fair speeches, or loud professions, but by fulfilling, to the letter, the laconic peroration of Dean Swift's celebrated sermon—we must, in one word, "*Down with our dust.*"

Suppose, sir, for instance, this meeting, *ne-mine contradicente*, on the spot resolve itself into a committee of ways and means. Already I think I see the eyes of our enterpris-

ing brethren, the collectors, sparkling full of expectation. But stay, my dear brethren; be not too sanguine. Alas, we can invite you to no gold or silver mines: they are amazingly scarce in this country; but you may draw encouragement from the language of the resolution I hold in my hand. Here it is asserted as a *fact*, that "the silver and the gold are the Lord's, while we are but the stewards and almoners of his bounty." Now, sir, if this be true, and I have no doubt of it, we may get at the silver and gold this very night. We must all of us turn miners. We must take the pick-axe of conviction, the mighty lever of conscience, and dig down into our own hearts, cleansing away the rubbish of self love. O, sir, once break up this great deep, and depend upon it there are hidden treasures below. Would to God I had the prophet's rod! Methinks I would smite the rock, and what a stream of golden benevolence would issue forth! Sir, I am persuaded that this meeting will triumphantly rebut the illiberal insinuation of certain heathen poets, that the age in which we live is a *brazen* or an *iron* age—they will this night prove, to the very testimony of sight and sense,

that this is the *golden*, or at least the *silver* age.

Sir, in conclusion, permit me to pursue this idea one step farther. We live in an age of retrenchment and reform. But, sir, although no prophet, nor the son of a prophet, I foresee a period near at hand when the principles of moral retrenchment and moral reform shall be carried into full and legitimate effect. The time is at hand when true benevolence will stand on the solid basis of conscientious frugality, and genuine charity on cheerful self denial—when the great inquiry will be, *How much* can I give to God? *How little* will supply my wants? It was this legitimate principle which gave such a moral splendour to the poor widow's mite, of whom it was said, that whereas others gave of their abundance, she gave all that she had. I see the day coming when our Christian ladies shall emulate the chivalry of the wives and daughters of the ancient crusaders, and cast in their bracelets, their rings, and their jewelry, to carry on this holy war—when the fathers of our families, like the heads of *Jewish houses*, will pour in their golden gifts to *build the temple of the Lord*—when our

young men of fortune, unlike the young man in the gospel, will sell all that they have, and give to the poor heathen, and taking up their missionary cross, follow their victorious Captain; and when the whole Christian church shall arise to the noble disinterestedness of primitive principles, and the universal charity of primitive practice. The hour is at hand, sir, when reform, moral reform, personal reform, domestic reform, will be the order of the day. It will turn the world upside down. It will enter our dwellings, and revolutionize our very household establishments. It will almost work miracles. It will sweep away from our mantel-pieces our splendid pier glasses, handsome glass and China vases decorated with artificial flowers, and substitute neat *missionary boxes*. It will convert ribands and veils into cordage for our ships, and India shawls into substantial sails; and pianofortes and music books into Bibles and hymn-books for the heathen. It will transmute gold watches into silver or pinchback, and transmit the net proceeds to the missionary treasury.

But, sir, are we speaking of the future? What, shall posterity take our crown? Nay,

sir, let us this night anticipate the prophe-
 vision—let us take time by the forelock—
 us make our advance march in the career
 benevolence—let us prove ourselves not ch-
 dren in this business. Come, my brethren
 let us try our strength, test our principle
 prove our love to God and our heath
 neighbours. Are your hearts ready, yo
 hands ready, your money ready? Then
 ye have “freely received, freely give,” an
 “whatsoever thy hand findeth thee to do,
 it with all thy might.”

SUBSTANCE OF AN ADDRESS

*Delivered at the Anniversary Meeting of t
 American Sunday School Union, on a Res
 lution, offered by Dr. Reese, of New-Yor
 May 24, 1831.*

MR. PRESIDENT,—I rise, sir, to second th
 resolution offered by my respected brother ;-
 a resolution which I not only hold in m
 hand, but the sentiments of which I hav
 treasured up in my heart. This resolutio
*holds out the olive-branch of friendsh
 those kindred Sabbath School Unions v*

although not immediately connected with that over which you, sir, have the honour to preside, are yet directly engaged in the same high and holy cause; while at the same time it brings into full review those broad and liberal principles on which this American Sunday School Union is founded, and on which I trust it will stand to the end of time.

Sir, I had not this morning the remotest intention of addressing this meeting. Indeed, sir, you know that I had declined the honourable invitation of your board some days ago; but when I was informed by my respected brother that this resolution was to be submitted in the course of this day, I dared no longer refuse; for, sir, if I forget the noble and magnanimous principles herein identified, let my right hand forget her cunning, let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth.

However, sir, as I feel myself utterly unprepared to make a speech on the occasion, perhaps you will indulge me in attempting to mould and present my views in the form of *a little allegory*.

Once upon a time it so happened in your city of brotherly love, that a certain widow

lady, with a large family of little daughters, was cast upon the protection of Providence and the compassion of the public. How to provide for the temporal wants of her household, or how to furnish the means of a suitable education, were subjects well pressed with weighty anxiety upon her paternal and affectionate heart. At length it was suggested by a few friends, that if she could open a little book-store in one of the principal streets of your city, and, in connection with this, superintend a small school, she might possibly make provision for the family and accomplish the education of her daughters. This lady, sir, being possessed of talents, both natural and acquired, entered into the proposed enterprise, and succeeded at once beyond her utmost calculation, or even the sanguine expectations of her friends. Her high character secured her friends; her talents secured her pupils; while her sincere and ardent piety threw all around her establishment a bright and soul-animating attraction. Thus, sir, being a woman of strong calculation, keen penetration, and comprehensive views, she speedily increased her capital, enlarged her establishment, ex-

her business, strengthened her connections, until finally, in the very centre of your beautiful city, she erected a spacious and commodious building to answer and accommodate the claims of her growing and multifarious concern. Never, sir, did your good city possess a lady who maintained so high a place in public estimation. Her praise was in all the churches, and the report of her fame travelled to the remotest bounds of this republic. In the mean time, sir, her lovely daughters arrived to years of maturity. Never were the benefits of a systematic religious education more happily illustrated than in these young ladies. They were the fac simile, the very image of their honoured parent, inheriting her talents, breathing her spirit, emulating her practical piety, and walking in her footsteps.

But the time had now arrived when it became the positive duty of the old lady to make suitable settlements for her daughters, and establish them for life. And having trained them under her own eye, and having the utmost confidence in their principles, she placed them in similar establishments to her own—one in New-York, an-

other in Baltimore, a third in Ohio, and so on.

In this view I am quite certain that it will create no surprise in your mind, sir, when I announce to this meeting that these *good daughters* (as *good daughters* generally will) obtained *good husbands*. They married well and honourably—one into the Presbyterian family, a second into the Baptist family, a third into the Protestant Episcopal family, a fourth into the Methodist family, a fifth into the society of Friends.

For some time the old lady was enabled to rejoice in the blessings of a good Providence, and the growing prosperity of her family. But, sir, man, and I suppose woman too, is born to trouble as the sparks fly upward. Every family has its troubles. The old lady had her share. After a lapse of time strange rumours floated through the country. Some said the old lady was getting too rich, and was amassing in secret immense sums of money, by which she would at some future time completely run down the establishments of her daughters. Others thought the old lady was too fond of power, and gravely pre-

dicted that if she were not kept in check she would endanger the liberties of this promising republic. Women had been ambitious in past ages, and who knew but she might at this very moment be aspiring to the presidential chair, and, like another Elizabeth, grasp the helm of the state? A third class of reporters thought her vastly too sectarian; it was hinted she went too often to the Presbyterian Church. One thought she had too little religion, a second thought she had too much, and some advised her, as a wise woman, to let religion alone altogether.

These numerous whisperings troubled the old lady in Philadelphia. She determined on a decisive movement, and to bring the matter to an issue. Accordingly, she despatched expresses and summoned her daughters before her, to whom she addressed herself in the following language:—

My Dear Daughters—I have called you together to relieve your minds and my own in reference to the mutual understanding which ought to subsist, and has hitherto subsisted among us as one family.

You can recollect the period when we lived in the little book-store, when we were

cast upon the compassion of Providence, and the patronage of the public. You recollect the principles on which we set out, and the course we have pursued. Heaven has blessed our labours, and God has spared me to see my dear family happy and prosperous. Yet remember, my children, although some change has taken place in our outward circumstances, you have married, and with your families are settled ;—yet I trust you are determined to maintain the same sound principles, and the same friendly feeling as at first. Remember, I am your mother still ! and let no idle reports disturb the harmony of the family. You know I exercise no control over your establishments. Manage your own concerns in your own way. All that I have is yours, and is reserved for the common benefit of ye all, without respect of persons. Let us live in peace. If you wish to bring my gray hairs with sorrow to the grave, then listen to idle reports and renounce me. But let me rather have your confidence, your love ; then will I die like good old Simeon, *saying*, “Now, Lord, lettest thou thy servant depart in peace.” She ceased. Her daughters, melted into tears, rushed into

her embrace, crying, "O mother, live for ever."

Sir, I leave the moral of this little allegory to the good sense of this meeting, and the application thereof to men of honest hearts. As I stand upon this platform, and look around upon this vast assemblage, permit me to say, in the words of the Psalmist, "Mercy and truth are met together, righteousness and peace have kissed each other. Truth shall spring out of the earth, and righteousness shall look down from heaven."

SUBSTANCE OF A SPEECH

Delivered at the Tenth Anniversary of the Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church, within the bounds of the Philadelphia Conference, on Monday evening, April 19, 1830.

MR. PRESIDENT :—The immortal Milton, in that splendid poem which will for ever stand an imperishable monument of the lofty powers of human genius, informs us that when the news arrived in hell that God Almighty had created a new and beautiful

world, and tenanted it with happy and holy beings, Satan, moved with malignant fury, summoned his infernal princes and potentates with a voice "so loud that all the hollow deep of hell resounded." "Their general's voice they soon obeyed innumerable." Up from their fiery beds they sprung upon the wing. This conclave of devils enter into deep and solemn consultation how they may blast the designs of Heaven, and destroy the happy pair now seated in the bowers of paradise. After various powerful addresses from the chieftains of this infernal confederation, they unanimously resolve themselves into a diabolical missionary society, and appoint Satan, their commander in chief, as their first missionary from hell to earth, to accomplish the arduous task of discovering this new world, and, if possible, of seducing its innocent inhabitants from their allegiance to the living God.

I need not, sir, declare in your hearing the success of this infernal mission. Our world, resounding with groans, lamentation, and wo, returns the melancholy result; and the "*god of this world,*" high seated in spiritual wickedness, proclaims his victory decisively.

But, sir, if "the children of this generation are wiser than the children of light," then peradventure we too may gather instruction even from the policy of devils. If they, in a condemned and accursed state, could exhibit such calm deliberation, deep concentration, invincible fortitude, and quenchless perseverance, shall the Christian church be lacking in a cause blessed by the benediction of Heaven, and certain of success? What! shall devils exhibit more zeal to destroy, than Christians to save the world? I thank God, sir, this missionary meeting, from the centre to the circumference, cries, Never, never!

Sir, we are met together in the cause of God and man. Not, indeed, as citizens of the political commonwealth, to debate the rights of men, but as citizens of the new Jerusalem, to devise ways and means for the regeneration of our world. We aim at conquest, but it is spiritual conquest; we grasp at empire, but it is spiritual empire,—“the weapons of our warfare are not carnal, but spiritual, and mighty through God to the pulling down of strongholds;” and we are looking forward with brilliant anticipation to the happy era when great voices shall be heard in heaven proclaiming

"The kingdoms of this world are become the kingdom of our Lord, and of his Christ, and he shall reign for ever and ever." We cannot, therefore, sir, withhold our congratulations on the propitious circumstances in which we meet together.

We have reason, in the first place, to thank God for the continued peace of the world, a circumstance highly favourable to the progress of missionary enterprise. The trumpet of the gospel has not been silenced by the trumpet of war, while the herald of the cross has traversed the seas fearless of an approaching enemy, and finds a cheerful welcome in every friendly port. It is true, the ploughshare of revolution is passing over the earth, but it is only breaking up the rugged soil for the reception of the gospel seed. Greece has fought her way to civil and religious freedom, and once more found a place in the scale of nations. Jerusalem itself has been rescued from the clutch of the false prophet, and belongs once more to the family of Abraham. There is, sir, an evident shaking among the nations, indicating that our God is girding *his sword upon his thigh, and riding forth in his gospel chariot to sweep the earth.*

In the midst of these political agitations, the Sun of righteousness is rapidly ascending its meridian, while the light of Christianity, like the rays of the morning, is silently and imperceptibly stealing over the world. While missionary operations abroad have been eminently distinguished by abundant outpourings of the Holy Spirit, to the salvation of thousands of the perishing heathen, the missionary spirit has taken a firmer hold and a deeper root in the heart and conscience of Christians at home. By the last annual report of the parent society, we find that it had within the last year doubled its income, from seven to fourteen thousand dollars; and while we congratulate this meeting on the fact, yet, sir, when it is remembered that this sum only supposes an average subscription of less than four cents upon each member of our societies, I think it will be confessed that such a sum bears no adequate proportion to the resources of the Methodist Episcopal Church, or the wants of the world at large.

From this general review we would sum up our friendly greetings in the memorable words of our father Wesley, "*The best of all is, God is with us.*" Yet, be it remembered,

God will only be with us while we are co-workers with him in the evangelization of the world. This is our peculiar calling, to spread Scriptural holiness through the earth; if we forget this, God will forget us. If we forget the missionary cause, may our right hand forget its cunning—may our tongue cleave to the roof of our mouth.

Here, then, we approach the friends of Christ on the broad scale of this missionary question. In the advocacy of this good cause we rather choose the ground of appeal than argument. The truth is, the missionary question is proved by the stubborn evidence of facts. The temple of truth is illuminated by fifty thousand missionary torches lit from the heavenly altar, and we feel no necessity to stand forth gravely to argue that the light shines. We deny not that opposition has been made, and is made; but, sir, we are careful for nothing—the cause is of God, and it must stand. The missionary cause has shared the fate of every great and good design that has ever been proposed to mankind. Cowardly men have renounced it because *it was great*,—and bad men have hated it because *it was good*,—and prejudiced men have

condemned it because it was new,—and covetous men have grudged it because it was expensive,—and what then? Why, sir, in spite of the world, the flesh, and the devil, it stands a towering monument of the mighty power of God, against which the waves of infidelity may dash, but dash in vain.

But, sir, of all the adversaries that ever arrayed themselves against the missionary question, the most formidable are your cool, prudent, calculating, common sense men, who would reduce the question to a mere sale of profit and loss,—and measure the conscience of the Christian church, and the claims of the heathen world, by the rule of national expediency. Whichever way you turn, these men are ready for you, with a longitudinal countenance, a grave calculation, and a solemn admonition to count the cost. Now, sir, it shall be our business this night to expose the fallacy of their reasonings.

There are three great fields of missionary labour, which have long claimed the Christian efforts of the Methodist Episcopal Church: the first is, the North American *Indians*; the second, our African population; *the third, our sister states of South America.*

We place the North American Indians first because they are our nearest neighbours and, as the original proprietors of this soil they have, on the ground of justice, the *strongest moral claim*. Sir, I love the Indian character, in its original and unadulterated grandeur. It is the noblest form of the natural man on the face of our earth. The Indian is cast in the very "poetry of nature" Strong and impetuous, he is as the cataract that thunders down Niagara; free as the mountain eagle that screams above his native rocks, or as the deer that range through his measureless forests. Compare him with the insipid Hindoo, or the stupid Hottentot and see how he soars in the manhood of moral and intellectual greatness. In peace a true friend, in war a noble enemy: there are more acts of magnanimity recorded of this people, than any other savage nation. These are the men who have made the first appeal upon our Christian principles.

Never shall I forget, so long as memory holds a place in this bosom, the powerful appeal of Peter Jones, the Indian missionary — "My white friends, there was a time when *all this country* belonged to our Indian fathers

Our fathers used to fish in these rivers, and hunt through these woods; and where your houses now stand, there stood their wigwams. But the white men came across the great waters,—and the Indians drank the fire waters and they died. And now we are almost all gone—there are a few in the west, and a handful of us in the north. And what do the Indians ask of you? Do we want our land back again? No: we do not want our land back again. Do we want your fine houses, or your fine farms? No: we do not. All we say is, Send us the gospel—send us missionaries, and we are satisfied.”

With gratitude to God we record that the American churches have answered that appeal. Long before the standard of Methodism was planted on this soil, there was an Elliot, the Indian apostle, who sought and found these sons of the forest. After him followed the sainted and heroic Brainerd—that prince, and pattern, and martyr of modern missionaries—who, amid unparalleled suffering, saw the travail of his Redeemer’s soul in the conversion of the Indians, and died satisfied, crying, “Mine eyes have seen thy salvation.” The little missionary cloud which in

those early days was only as the size of a man's hand, has now enlarged and spread over the continent—and holy men are pouring forth from the different churches in this labour of love. We withhold names, as the parties are living ; but their record is on high, and, thank God, they have living epistles in yon western woods, “seen and read of all men.” It has pleased God to bless our unworthy labours during the past year in a remarkable manner. In the Choctaw nation alone 4,000 have been evangelized, and are added to our church. It would seem a second day of pentecost has dawned, and the set time to favour these tribes has come. No man can question the work—a change in spiritual character produces one in moral character—and evangelization ever draws civilization in its train.

Sir, these are positive and undeniable facts, published to the world. And is there a heart so dead as to oppose a work like this? Lives there a man within these United States who dares to condemn what God has so manifestly approved? Yes, sir, even *here* he is, even *the grave, calculating gentleman, the political economist*. “Gentlemen,” says he, “you have

a zeal, but it is not according to knowledge. You are only wasting your time and your money. The Indian tribes are vanishing, and in another generation or two they will have perished as a people. Besides, you are doing real injury. The state legislatures have long been convinced it is high time to extinguish the Indian title to certain lands—they must be removed, and your efforts only protract a useless attachment to their present situation. Depend upon it, gentlemen, your missionary scheme stands very much in the way of the national prosperity." Now, sir, in answer to this kind of reasoning, suppose we admit, for the sake of argument, that in a few generations the Indian tribes will be extinct,—does that absolve the Christian church from present duty to the present generation? If we are to withdraw our missionaries, then, we ask, who is to answer at the bar of God for the one million of Indians now on this continent? at whose door will their blood lie? They can, if they will, extinguish the Indian title; but, sir, they cannot extinguish the missionary flame in the bosoms of *Christian American* citizens.

But, sir, we flatly deny the assertion. What!

shall the Indian tribes become extinct? shall they perish? Sir, they shall *not* perish. God Almighty will not let them perish. Thousands of them have given their hearts to God, and he will bless them down to their children's children. They shall live, if it be but to discomfit the selfish purposes of rapacious politicians. They may be banished. They may be sent away with a show of law under the seal of legislative sanction; but shall they go alone? Humanity, Christianity, justice forbid it. Sooner than they should go alone, I would myself shoulder my knapsack, grasp my staff, cross the Rocky Mountains, and accompany them to the shores of the Pacific. Shall they go alone? Methinks I hear a thousand Methodist preachers cry, They shall not go alone—here we are, send us—this people are our people—their God is our God. Sir, they shall not go alone,—God already has raised up among them Moseses and Aarons, Calebs and Joshuas, who will accompany them through the western wilderness; God's good providence will be as a pillar of cloud by day, and a pillar of fire by *night*,—his banner over them will be love, *and they shall dwell in a wealthy place.*

Leaving, for the present, the claim of the aborigines of our country, we would now call the consideration of another almost equal in importance,—I mean the claim of our African population. I am aware that on the very threshold of this subject we shall be encountered by our prudent calculator with a hint, “that the subject is of a most delicate nature.” We reply, that we disavow in the course of our remarks any intention of intrenching upon the civil or political bearings of this question. But connected as we are with a kingdom that is not of this world, we take the liberty of asserting and exercising the freedom of speech in respect of its religious bearing upon the happiness of the world. We should highly regret and strongly deprecate any warmth or vituperation of expression on this subject. That the residence of this unhappy race among us is a serious evil, is a truth already admitted by a large proportion of the southern population of this flourishing republic. The evil exists at our very doors, and we must do our best to counteract or ameliorate its pernicious influence.

Sir, among the numerous plans of philan-

thropy which are before the public on this subject, I only know one which fairly meets the exigencies of the case—I refer to *religious colonization*. I say, *religious colonization*, sir; for, depend upon it, without *religious principle* mankind, whether white or black, *cannot govern themselves*. Religion must go in the advance of colonization, and prepare the way for a general emigration. It is in this view I have always considered the coloured population on this western side of the Atlantic, whether in the United States or the Indies, as one vast field of missionary labour. And, sir, I thank God, Methodism, from the beginning, has been one extensive mission to the unfortunate Africans. Here the beloved Coke gathered his brightest laurels—here Methodism has reaped its richest harvest of immortal souls. If any thing peculiarly attaches myself to the Methodist ministry, it is the pleasing reflection that it stands identified with the salvation, instruction, and guardian care of 100,000 *converted Africans*.

Inspired with these sentiments, we point to *the colony of Liberia, on the western coast of Africa*, as one of the noblest and most

promising missions on the face of the earth. In despite of the prophetic forebodings of its enemies, it has stood the test of ten prosperous years, and is rising daily in political and religious importance. It has proved that Africans are men, and, when placed in suitable circumstances, can govern themselves. Thank God, sir, a good foothold has been obtained on the Afric coast—the standard of American liberty has been planted—and the stripes and the stars float in triumph on that very soil once depopulated by the slave trade. And now shall we not also plant alongside the standard of the cross? Glory to God! there are numbers of enterprising young African preachers among us who burn with holy ardour to carry the blood-stained banner over the Atlantic, and wave it triumphantly over the land of their fathers.

Can the United States make a more acceptable atonement to high heaven for the injuries done to this unhappy race? Can the Christian church offer a nobler tribute on the altar of thanksgiving, than the gift of the gospel to the tribes of Africa? May God inspire, and then accept the sacrifice!

Sir, I would advocate the third missionary

claim, and then conclude,—I mean the claim of our sister states of South America. In every respect they present a loud and pressing appeal upon our Christian sympathy and assistance. Look, sir, at their geographical relation—look at their political affinity—look above all, at their degraded and distracted condition—and then say whether we, as men and as Christians, are justified in our present inactive position. These United States have led them on in the vanguard of civil liberty—shall we leave them there? if so, the end will be worse than the beginning. For they are proving every day the truth, that civil liberty itself is but an empty bubble unless connected with religious liberty. The staff of freedom never stands so firm as on the Rock of ages,—and the flag of liberty never floats so triumphantly as in the breeze of inspiration. Sir, the states of South America will never taste the sweets of liberty until they drink of the “cup of salvation.”

Methinks, in the utterance of this sentiment, I am beset by a host of those prude calculating gentlemen. “What?” say they, “*what new scheme is this? a crusade against South America! well, of all the schemes*”

this moon-struck age, this is the wildest. Sir, the South Americans do not want your missionaries—they are perfectly content with the religion of their forefathers. At least, wait at home until you are sent for: why should you add to the distractions of these governments? Besides, if you were to send your missionaries, you know very well their life would be in jeopardy. Truly the country is poor enough without sending our money to South America to support such fanatical schemes; you had better send them domestic manufactures, and receive in return solid Spanish dollars; this would be better patriotism."

In reply, permit me to ask, 'Are we to obey God or man? God has commanded, "Go into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature." Did he annex a condition that we are to stay at home until the heathen send for us? Was this the practice of the old apostles? Alas, sir, had the Saviour of the world acted on this principle, we, of all men, would have been most miserable. But, sir, he came unto his own although his own received him not. And we in missionary matters must go and do likewise. "What is

the reason," said one, "that the Methodists are more successful than the Presbyterians, Episcopalians, and Baptists, in breaking into new countries?" "The reason is this," returned the other,—“when these other sects knock at the door, if it does not open they go away; but the Methodists knock again and again, and if no one comes, they burst the door open and walk in.”

But, sir, it seems in attempting a South American mission there are difficulties in the way. Granted; and what then? Can you accomplish any thing great or good without encountering difficulties? Is it the quality of true living faith to flinch at difficulties? No, sir; true faith, strong in the presence and promises of Israel's God, looks difficulties in the face, and cries, "Let us go up and possess the land, for we are fully able." I am ready to admit, that the religion of that country is fortified within and intrenched without, and bids defiance to missionary operations. But, sir, is the rampart of opposition to be compared with that which withstood the apostle of the Gentiles at Corinth, Athens, or Rome? *and are the weapons of our warfare less*

effective now than in the days of the apostles?

I see the lofty bulwarks of paganism flanked by the batteries of heathen philosophy, and intrenched by the prejudices of four thousand years; and I see beneath, the simple apostle, a solitary man, indeed, but not a man of worldly calculation,—no, sir, a man of faith; and he calmly moves on to the attack, bearing in his hand the conductor or lightning rod of divine truth; he points it against the rampart, and lifting up his voice he cries, Help, God of Israel, help! God answers by fire,—the lightnings flash, and the whole bulwark is dashed to a thousand pieces,—while the apostle marches forward conquering and to conquer.

But, sir, it is said our missionaries may lose their lives in this undertaking. Be it so. Thank God we have men among us who can say with the same apostle, “But none of these things move me, neither count I my life dear unto myself, so that I might finish my course with joy, and the ministry which I have received of the Lord Jesus, to testify the gospel of the grace of God.”

Again, sir, we are told about the expense. How can we be warranted, say they, in sending so much money out of the country? I must confess I am at times perfectly astounded at the inconsistent reasoning of some men on this very subject. Now, sir, they argue all on one side of the question. We may have English stage-players, both male and female, French dancers, Italian opera singers,—and ten times the amount of our missionary fund will be sacrificed,—and these very men will pay their money, admire, and find no fault. And yet, forsooth, when a few hundred dollars are expended in the outfit of a missionary, to carry Heaven's best gift to distant lands, they raise a hue and cry, as though the national credit were endangered.

What, sir! are we to measure our duty to our heathen neighbours by a scale of dollars and cents? Are we to be more careful to save dollars than to save souls? Are we to sell our Saviour over again for pieces of silver? May Heaven in his mercy pity and forgive the man who can entertain such narrow and mercenary sentiments! But, sir, whatever *opposing* opinions men may cherish, the *evangelization* of the world must go forward

“The field is the world,” and God is the husbandman. He has given to his Son the heathen for his inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for his possession. If we draw back, God will raise up other labourers to reap the glorious harvest.

Draw back! in a cause for which God gave his Son, and Jesus spilt his precious blood! in which the apostles agonized, and martyrs burned at the stake, and holy angels watched with breathless anxiety. Draw back! in a cause which binds the human family in the golden bonds of amity and love,—which communicates living hope, and dying consolation, and everlasting happiness to thousands of our heathen neighbours. Draw back! and leave our heathen brother to perish in the highway of perdition, in his sins, and in his blood, while we, like the cold-blooded Levite, pass by on the other side. No, sir,—so long as the life blood ebbs and flows in these veins—so long as conscience maintains its awful tribunal—so long as our hearts beat true with love to God and man—we solemnly pledge ourselves to support this *good cause with every gift and talent Heaven may please to bestow.*

In the name of Elijah's God I make my last appeal. I call upon the fathers by the remembrance of ancient days. I call upon the children by the prospect of coming years. I call upon the rich by the abundance they possess. I call upon the poor by their hope of heavenly treasure. I call upon our young women by the compassion that dwells in their bosoms. I call upon the young men by the spark of latent fire which kindles on their hearts. I call upon all—"to come up to the help of the Lord, to the help of the Lord against the mighty."

SUBSTANCE OF AN ADDRESS

Delivered at the Fifth Anniversary of the Methodist Preachers' Aid Society of Baltimore, held in Light-street Church, Nov. 3, 1835.

MR. PRESIDENT,—I am unexpectedly summoned by your board of managers the emergency of the occasion to stand in a lot originally appropriated to our worthy *ther* Levings, of the Troy conference, *has suddenly* been called away this morning *from your city to the north, by the v*

of imperative and indispensable engagements. Notwithstanding, I do honestly assure you, that in advocating the claims of "The Methodist Preachers' Aid Society of Baltimore," I feel myself perfectly free from all possible embarrassment, and come up to the subject in the spirit of Christian frankness and ministerial independence. There are some who have plead the cause of your society on a principle of mercy, and others on a principle of justice. Sir, I shall not confine myself to either of these grounds, but taking my stand on the broad foundation of Methodist economy, I shall urge the claims of this institution as an essential and integral part of that great system of practical mercy which we all love and venerate.

In pursuing this course I may possibly incur the charge of egotistic sectarianism. Be it so. I am not careful to answer concerning this matter. I have no favour to ask, no apologies to offer. I shall speak the truth in love.

The "Methodist Preachers' Aid Society of Baltimore" is an association of benevolent laymen, principally members of the Methodist Episcopal Church, who are united to

gether to supply what has too long been desideratum among us, an adequate supply to our needy superannuated preachers, their wives, widows, and children. And, sir, in order to see what may be accomplished by united and steady effort, I would state, that although this society has been in existence only a little upward of eight years, within that short period it has accumulated a vested capital of \$14,500, having distributed from the proceeds thereof about \$4,000, and \$825 during the present year. The affairs of this society are administered by eighteen managers, nine of which are chosen by the members of this institution, and the remaining nine by the Baltimore annual conference, the latter of which has the privilege of nominating annually to the board the most suitable objects for application of its revenue. The individuals qualified to receive assistance from this society are itinerant Methodist preachers, with their families, who have travelled twelve years in the connection, and seven years within the bounds of the Baltimore annual conference. *Sir, I shall not occupy your time by any further statements as to the precise constitution of this society, but proceed to advocate*

claims to our patronage and support on **this** general ground:—

That the "Methodist Preachers' Aid Society of Baltimore" is in full harmony and accordance with the original calling, active movements, and ulterior design and objects of Methodism.

Sir, I ask, What was Methodism, (so called,) and what is it now? Is it not a *revival of religion, of New Testament religion?* It was not a schism, nor a mere scheme of ecclesiastical policy, but a *revival*. It is about a hundred years ago since Almighty God revived his work in the hearts of a few Oxford students. They became the revivalists of the age. Sir, mark particularly the *original* character of the work. *It was an appeal to the people.* The people, sir, did not call them—they called the people. God called Wesley, and Wesley called the people. Nothing is more evident than that the Wesleys contemplated neither more nor less than a revival, and that specifically *within* the Church of England. They commenced preaching the great awakening doctrines of the Reformation, just as they found *them* in the articles and homilies of the

Church of England. And, sir, for this *enormous heresy* they were stigmatized as the setters forth of strange doctrines, and the doors of mother Church were closed against them. They were thrust out by the good providence of God into the wide field of the world. What did they do? Do, sir—why, *they appealed to the people*, and, glory to God, “the common people heard them gladly”—for this was done that the Scripture might be fulfilled where it is written, “To the poor the gospel is preached.”

Sir, the Wesleys in the first instance, not fully alive to the *original calling* of Methodism, appealed also to the clergy of the Establishment, “Come over and help us,” but, with a very few honourable exceptions, comparatively in vain.

But, sir, the great Head of the church called from the *ranks of the people* zealous and converted *lay preachers*. There was a Maxfield, a Thompson, a Pawson, a Mather, a Benson, an Asbury, a Clarke, and a host of others, men full of faith and the Holy Ghost, who rushed into the highways, and *lanes, and alleys*, preaching the everlasting *gospel*. What is to be done now? How are

the men to be supported? Why, sir, the motto of a Methodist preacher's standard was then, as it is now, "GOD AND THE PEOPLE." *God first of all, then the people.* It is true they had no parishes, no tithes, no glebes, no stated congregation, no positive salary; but, sir, they had the people with them, and the poor cried, "Here is our penny a week," and the rich said, "Here is our table, and there is our stable, and yonder is a little prophet's room by the wall—come in, thou man of God, and abide." Chapels were to be built, and the people built them. Schools for the preachers' children were to be founded, and the people endowed them. Books were to be printed, and the people purchased them. God, through the mouth of Wesley, called for missionaries, and sabbath schools, and tracts, and all the people cried, Amen. It was done. Yes, sir, the people have been, and I believe ever will be, true to us, as long as we are true to God and ourselves.

It is true, sir, we have our difficulties, but we know our refuge and resource. Our *lordly* enemies have cried, "Who are these ignorant, incompetent, unauthorized teachers."

travelling out of *the regular line of the succession?* We answer in a voice of thunder "*Ask the people.*" We wish to hold no controversy; we merely say, Let us alone and if perchance we should encounter, in our itinerant course, one of these lofty successors of the apostles, we would meekly act toward him as Mr. Wesley did to the country magistrate. It is related of Mr. Wesley, that, riding one day to preach, he met a pompous county magistrate, mounted on his stately charge who, looking with ineffable scorn upon the little apostle of Methodism, exclaimed, in a rough tone of voice, "I shall not give the road to a fool." Wesley very calmly reined his horse to the left, and quietly replied, "*But I will.*"

We affirm, then, that the constitution of this society is in exact accordance with the calling of Methodism. It is *an appeal to the people* to sustain the Methodist ministry, and it will be answered, "For freely ye have received, freely give."

I will now proceed to argue the merits of the case from the second clause of our original proposition, namely,

That this society is in full acco

ance with the active movements of Methodism.

We need not here remind you, sir, that the grand peculiarity of our ministry is its *itinerant character*. And we conceive that it may easily be shown that the operation of this society removes impediments, and gives increased celerity to the wheels of the system. It cannot be concealed that Methodism is necessarily a system of sacrifice; and permit me to add, of mutual sacrifice. In this respect we are one with the people, and they with us. They surrender the right of choosing their own pastor, and we the right of choosing our own congregation. They yield up the power to legislate, and we the power to tax. They can make no laws, and we enforce no payment. Strange and unique as such conditions will appear, yet they are essentially necessary to the very existence of an itinerancy of ministers. Our system is emphatically a voluntary association, having no binding obligation but the love of God and the love of our brother also. We stand, therefore, on equal and independent ground, yet bound together in the sweet bonds of a common dependancy. We cannot do with-

out the people, and the people cannot do without us. Now, sir, the itinerant system is good; it works well all over the world. But with all its excellences, it is clogged by one grand incubus, which this society, at least, proposes to remove. I mean a competent provision for the exigencies of misfortune, sickness, or old age.

In speaking of the actual condition of the Methodist ministry I wish to be governed by the severity of truth. I shall offer no palliation, I shall attempt no exaggeration. It is really amusing to see the extremes into which some people run in speaking on this subject. There are some who represent us as well conditioned, jovial, idle, roving fellows, well mounted, and living on the fat of the land; imposing upon the ignorance of the poor, and basking in the smiles of the rich: while to the distorted imagination of others, the only proper idea of a Methodist preacher is that of a sallow-looking little man, of thin visage, and threadbare coat, mounted on a living skeleton, across empty saddle-bags, and in constant jeopardy of perishing by hunger.

Now, sir, this kind of mischievous misrepresentation answers no other purpose than to

degrade the ministry, or amuse the parties. We protest against it, and desire to speak the unvarnished truth. If we were required to characterize the itinerant ministry of the Methodist Episcopal Church, we should describe it, as for the most part, poor self-denying, and laborious. It is not, in good truth, marked by that utter destitution and poverty which some people seem to imagine; on the contrary, in the possession of health, and in the exercise of a just economy, the Methodist ministers are probably as free from actual debt and worldly embarrassment as any body of preachers in the United States. They are aware that to be *really useful we must be self-denying*, and feeling themselves called to teach the *great mass of the people, particularly the poor*, immense sacrifices must be made. The severity of their labour, and inevitable exposure of person, involve a sacrifice of health, frequently of life. They know that as itinerants they can neither accumulate much wealth nor learning; but they are willing to renounce both for the love of Christ and the good of souls. In the attainment of a concentrated personal influence, in the means for the proper education

of their children, and in the enjoyments of the sweet retirements of home, they have literally to forsake all for the kingdom of heaven's sake. They feel, though poor themselves, they are making many rich; and so long as they have health, and means to travel, they are ready to say with the apostle, "But none of these things move us, so we may finish our course with joy." But, sir, here comes the trial of a Methodist preacher. Let his health fail him. Let him lose his voice. Let him lose his furniture by fire, or even his horse by accident—for, sir, these soldiers of the cross not only march to the field, but furnish their own arms and ammunition, that is, they have, *generally*, to purchase from their poor pittance their own furniture, books, and horses,—I say, let one or all of these casualties befall a preacher, or if he escape the whole, let old age, in its natural course, overtake him, then sir, O then, where is he? Will the great wheel of itinerancy stop because *he* is sick or infirm? No, verily! He must lay, like the poor man in the gospel, *by the way-side* until some good Samaritan *come to his relief*. "O," says one, "but he *can obtain credit*"—for what? to run in

debt? What! after preaching honesty to others, shall he close the history of a useful ministerial life by violating his own conscience, and the rule of his own Discipline, by contracting debts without the possibility of paying? "O," cries another, "but there is the '*great Methodist mammoth establishment in New-York,*' and the '*chartered fund,*' and the '*conference collection.*'" Granted. Put the whole together, strike off his dividend, how much does this yield him? *Forty dollars!* Goldsmith describes his village parson as "*passing rich with forty pounds a year.*" Surely our aged and worn-out ministers may *pass for poor with forty dollars a year*, and that at a period of life when the infirmities of old age may fairly claim a little indulgence and comfort.

And now, sir, with these plain and obvious facts before us, I put it to the common sense and feeling of this assembly whether it be at all surprising that Methodist preachers, with these sad apprehensions of debt, difficulty, and destitution before them, should locate, and seek that little competence from the labour of their own hands which has not hitherto been furnished by the church? "The best

of men are but men at the best," and really, to my mind the wonder is, not that so many have *retired* from the work, as that so many should *remain*.

But, sir, it becomes a question of vital interest to the church to inquire, whether this sad state of things is to continue? whether we are to sacrifice our best and highest ornaments to a cruel and contracted policy? Will not the Methodist public hear, believe, feel, and act on this momentous subject? Sir, you say, and your society says, "They will." Let us appeal to Cesar, and to Cesar we will go. The hearts of God's people are the treasury of the church, and upon that treasury we will fearlessly draw. Sir, I rejoice that your society manfully comes up to the merits of the case. You have fairly resolved the problem as to what may be done, and done in a very short time. I cannot but approve of the organization of your society as an *association of laymen*. It is better to be in your hands—it is liable to less exception; if were this exclusively a ministerial association *it would argue on our part some secret distrust in the guardianship of Providence; the kindness and liberality of the people*

might possibly expose the ministry to the charge of growing rich, secular, and making themselves independent of the people. It is pleasing also to remark, that this society manifests a suitable regard for the office and personal feeling of the ministry, in giving the annual conference the right of electing half the board of managers, and the privilege of recommending from its body the proper subjects for the appropriation of its funds. There is not a shadow of a doubt but that in a very few years this noble institution will meet all the wants and exigencies of the itinerancy, raising every preacher above all worldly apprehension, and giving to this ancient and respectable conference that high and honourable standing to which it has ever been entitled.

I feel happy also in this opportunity of bearing my personal testimony to the correction of an error which has unfortunately obtained in the minds of some, "*that this is a charitable institution.*" I may be authorized to state, in the most open and unqualified manner, that there is not a manager, or a member of this society, who does not disown, yea, spurn at such an insinuation. "*A charitable institution!*" Why, sir, we would

sooner turn our backs upon it for ever; we would not even say farewell; and if in our travels we met it across our path, we would not even salute it by the way. No, sir, there is too much Christian magnanimity, too much nobility of soul and veneration for the ministry, to tolerate such an idea for a single instant; the members of this society regard their institution as a *debt of devout gratitude*, and a *tribute of Christian love* to those faithful and laborious men who have been instrumental in the salvation of their souls.

Finally, sir, I regard this society as co-operating in no inferior degree with the ulterior design of Methodism, as a *great system of benevolent agency*, in supplying the spiritual wants and deciding the moral destinies of the world. The character of this, and indeed of any other church, must ultimately depend upon the character of its ministry. And the purity and efficiency of the ministry will depend upon its exemption from worldly cares and anxieties. I love the glorious system of ministerial itinerancy, established by Jesus Christ, and owned and honoured of God. I particularly love the Methodist itinerancy: *uniting within itself an endless diversity of*

gifts and usefulness—combining the experience of age, the vigour of manhood, with the ardour and enterprise of youth: a system, sir, of missionary activity, which directs its vigorous instrumentality over the Rocky Mountains, where the foot of neither prophet nor apostle has ever trod the soil, down through the swamps and canebrakes of the south, into every corner of this extensive and extending republic; planting its foot on the islands of the sea, and traversing the mighty continents of the earth. Shall such a system be sustained and perpetuated? Shall we hand it down to posterity better provided than we found it? Let this meeting give the answer.

Then, sir, “whatever our hand findeth to do, let us do it with our might, for there is no work, nor wisdom, nor knowledge, nor device, in the grave whither we are going.” And, sir, if I can trust my feelings in recurring to the sad event, I might urge, as a final motive, the irreparable loss your society has sustained in the death of its amiable and sainted corresponding secretary, Dr. Samuel Baker. *Among its first and most zealous founders, he was the unchangeable and unchanging*

advocate of this society. May my poor heart pay this last tribute of fond affection to the memory of him who was the first friend I made in this city, whose hospitable roof was the first home I found, and in whose sweet society I have spent many a precious hour! the ornament of his profession, a burning and a shining light, a pillar in God's house. He wiped away the orphan's falling tear, and comforted the widow's broken heart. But I must desist—I can say no more.

SUBSTANCE OF A SPEECH

Delivered at the Anniversary Meeting of the Juvenile Missionary Society of Middletown, Connecticut, held at the Commencement of the Wesleyan University, Wednesday evening, August 28; 1833.

I FEEL myself happy, respected president, in being permitted to advocate the lofty claims of the missionary enterprise before the Areopagus of American Methodism, and the juvenile branches of the missionary family.

Particularly I address myself to my your friends of this town and university, &

are already embarked in this adventurous achievement, as the rising hope, the living soul, and the chosen instruments of this good cause.

If, sir, the great subject now before us were not in itself infinitely superiour to all secondary excitements, I should feel myself strung up to the utmost exercise and energy of thought and feeling, by the bare recollection of the possible results of this meeting upon the ardent minds and burning hearts by which I am surrounded. Who knows, sir, but a spark of holy ethereal fire may now be kindled, whose electric shock may tell on the destinies of generations yet unborn, and a blow struck which shall reverberate through ages yet to come?

Sir, it is no ordinary privilege to live in so spirit-stirring an age as the present. If a stream of time and a map of the world were now before me, and the question were put, "In what period of the ample circumference of this world's history would you choose to exist?" I would say, Let me be a young man in the United States of America at the commencement of the nineteenth century. *Never, never has the world presented so interesting*

an aspect ; never has the march of religion, knowledge, and liberty been so rapid ; never has the public mind been so graciously excited ; never have such great and effectual doors been opened for the advance of the missionary and the dissemination of the sacred Scriptures.

Sir, let us stand, like the holy prophet on Mount Carmel, and watch the signs of the times. Is not the cloud rising out of the sea, the lofty beacon of an auspicious providence ? Look, sir, to the far off west, and beyond the precipices and pinnacles of the Rocky Mountains, nations yet untold are uttering the voice of appeal : their swift messengers have come, like the queen of Sheba, from the uttermost parts of the earth, to hear and to invite the wisdom of a greater than Solomon. And scarcely, sir, are we recovered from our astonishment, ere another voice from the east, borne on the wings of the wind over the bosom of the Atlantic, it comes, it comes from widowed Africa, robbed of her children, and, like the weeping Rachel, refusing to be comforted because they are not.

Yet in the dark hour of her extremity she is *turning her imploring eye to Him who will not break the bruised reed.* Hark ! hark

from the banks of the Niger to the Mountains of the Moon, "Ethiopia is stretching forth her hands unto God;" a voice is crying in the African wilderness, "Prepare ye the way of the Lord." "Say not ye, 'There are yet four months, and then cometh harvest? Behold, I say unto you, Lift up your eyes, and look on the fields, for they are white already to harvest.'"

What shall we say to these things? Say, sir; why, we say that the world is going to be converted, and that right speedily.

I know, however, that all this will be contested. You will be told of difficulties. You will be told that the Mohammedan cleaves to his Koran, and the Hindoo to his Shaster; that the barbarous Hottentot is shut up in the incomprehensible jargon of his uncouth dialect; that infidelity spits its venom, and antichrist frowns its defiance. And what then? Are young men to be appalled by difficulties? Are young men to quail before difficulties? Perish the thought! No, sir, we will venture to affirm that this is neither the creed nor the character of this youthful assembly.

They have not so learned to underrate and depreciate the high missionary commission.

of Jesus Christ. Resting upon the sure word of prophecy, they believe that God will give the heathen to his Son for an inheritance and the uttermost parts of the earth for his possession ; yea, that the stone cut out of the mountain without hands shall break in pieces the iron, the clay, the brass, the silver, and the gold become a great mountain and fill the whole earth.

While, therefore, we take this immutable and elevated ground, candour compels us to acknowledge that there are formidable obstacles in the way, and wisdom requires that we look them in the face. We have a few grave, yet honest considerations to submit, for which, of course, we alone are responsible and which we are persuaded will be judged according to their intrinsic merits. We intend no offence to any missionary society or missionary in existence. Our views are general, and are intended to bear upon the future rather than comment upon the past. Perhaps it may appear that our plans are capable of improvement ; that we have not yet *attained the manhood of missionary stature ; in a word, that this is but the silver age of the church.* Under these convictions we

be allowed most respectfully to submit the following questions:—First, Whether the present amount of missionary effort bears any adequate proportion to the resources of the Christian church, or the wants of the heathen world? and, secondly, Whether the spiritual success of modern missionaries, as a whole, is at all commensurate with the amount of labour bestowed? Sir, to both these questions we are reluctantly but conscientiously compelled to answer, No. Is there not a cause? Verily there is. Bear with us while we attempt to point it out.

With regard to the first question we inquire, Does the missionary cause occupy that authoritative and commanding position in the estimate and conscience of the Christian church which the New Testament imperatively demands? Nay, sir, does it not take a secondary and subordinate place? Is it not regarded in the light of a mere charity, depending more upon the popular excitement of good feeling than the fixed and determinate force of religious principle? So that instead of being considered an integral part of the church militant, it is passed off as an adventitious and extempore benevolence,

which may be done, or not done, at the option or caprice of the party. We affirm, sir, that until *missionary principle* be more deeply lodged in the heart of the Christian church, our operations must be inevitably slow and irregular. Depend upon it, sir, that is the reason why we witness so many modifying declensions and changes in our missionary societies. We adopt the plausible notion that we must be *first* just to ourselves and *then* generous to the heathen. We very ostentatiously strike the balance sheet of our accounts at home, and after allowing a Benjamin's portion for our own expenses, show there be, as it were by miracle, a small surplus, we very ceremoniously, in the sight and hearing of all Christendom, hand *it* over to the missionary treasury. Is this, I ask, doing unto others as we would they should do unto us? Would we wish our spiritual mercies be doled out by the same miserable measure? Is this loving our neighbour as ourselves? I throw not!

With respect to the second question, will *not* admit of a query, whether the Protestant churches have not rated the scale of missionary qualification too low; and instead

advancing the missionary character *up* to the fulness of the stature of the New Testament standard, have been disposed to make it *subordinate* to the pastoral calling at home? Else why such an outcry of opposition when one of our leading, talented ministers proposes to go out on missionary work? Else why the prevailing opinion that inferior instruments will do as well? Else why the disposition to send forth into the heathen world young and inexperienced persons, male and female, who have not even been sufficiently tried and proved at home to be intrusted with any weighty responsibility? We again repeat, that, in these remarks, we utterly disavow any intentional cause of offence, any personal reference, or any disposition to discourage the ardour of youthful enthusiasm. But truth compels us to express our honest apprehension, that amid the blaze of popular excitement, and the splendour with which the distant and magnificent scenes of missionary enterprise are ever invested, many young and ardent minds, suffering their imagination to overrule their judgment, and their zeal to outrun their knowledge, have rushed upon a work for which they found, when it was too late

they were morally and spiritually unfit : thus disappointed in themselves, they have been a burden on the missionary cause, and a stumbling block to the attempts of others.

Sir, I know of no remedy for these things but a general diffusion of correct views of the missionary office and the missionary work. We must *raise* the standard of the missionary character. Raise it, did I say? Nay, sir, we have it *raised already* in the primitive instructions of our Lord to the twelve and the seventy, which stand forth in bold relief on the page of inspiration, as the eternal model for the study and practice of all future missionaries down to the end of time.

With these impressions, sir, I deeply feel that in addressing this youthful assembly I cannot pursue a more interesting and instructive topic than in attempting a brief sketch of such a New Testament missionary.

And, sir, in this humble attempt, I feel that I am approaching no ordinary character. I hesitate not to say, that the heaven-called, heaven-inspired, and heaven-sent missionary *of modern times*, bears a close relation to the *apostle of ancient days* ; or, to say the least, *is fully equivalent to the evangelist of the*

primitive church. Sir, he stands pre-eminent in the first order of the Christian ministry ; he towers above us all—bishops, elders, and deacons ; he is the chosen vessel to the Gentiles, the great spiritual pioneer in the wilderness of the heathen world. What, sir, can he be an ordinary, every-day minister, who is sent by the Lord of the church to the Flat Head Indians in the far west, or to bear a message of mercy to Sego or Timbuctoo ? He goes to lands “unknown to song,” over which the foot of prophet or apostle never trod ; he goes to beard the lion in his den ; to grapple with the fierceness and obstinacy of paganism in all the primary elements of its native and gigantic strength. What, sir, can he be an ordinary character who, as the chosen champion of the Lord, advances to the attack in the teeth of the heaviest fire of the enemy’s strongest batteries, and when the victory is won, is appointed to lay the broad foundations of the Christian empire abroad ?

And now, sir, in all good conscience, and with all due solemnity, let me ask, Shall the Christian church intrust this momentous enterprise to the raw conscripts of our camp, or demands it not the most experienced and

determined veterans we can send forth? Else why did the Lord and Prince of all missionaries call the fishermen of Galilee, men in *middle life*, to this arduous work? Else why have the most successful reformers, aye, and missionaries too, been the veterans of the church? Who can forget that Luther, and Knox, and Calvin, and the Wesleys, were not employed in the *morning* but in the *meridian* of their age? To which may be added, in the missionary field, a Carey, a Marshman, a Morrison, a Coke, and honourable living names, connected with the missions of our church in this country, the mention of whom propriety forbids: *men first trained at home in the regular ministry*, and thus prepared for the higher duties and difficulties of missionary labour. I am aware, sir, that this position will be contested and confronted by the heroic and devoted examples of a Henry Martyn, a David Brainerd, or a Harriet Newell; but without questioning the correctness of their aid, or the ordinations of Providence, may we not *innocently* assume, that if the ardour of their *youthful zeal* had been chastened by a few *years' discipline* at home, they might have

been yet more permanently useful abroad? May we not consider them as splendid exceptions to the general rule? in the light of martyrs, offered up on the missionary altar to rouse the spirit of the church to the height and grandeur of this great enterprise?

Let us then magnify the missionary office; let the church feel its responsibility and duty; and let our young aspirants, contemplating this lofty character, press toward the mark of this high calling.

We affirm, then, that the spiritual qualifications of such a missionary should be scarcely less than apostolic. For if deep and genuine piety be indispensable to the pastoral office at home, how much more to the missionary calling abroad! Who can estimate the spiritual burden of the missionary standing alone amid the dreary solitudes of the pagan world? Who but himself knoweth the heart-rending trials, the soul-harassing temptations of such a life? Separated from friends, and home, and country, cut off from the consolations of Christian fellowship, and the aids of ministerial counsel and religious ordinances; a stranger in a strange land, begirt by an unknown tongue, surrounded by

scenes of lust and blood, and opposed, and ridiculed, and threatened at every step of his work ; think you that the dwarfish piety of a modern religionist will sustain, or the ephemeral fervours of youthful enthusiasm will endure the wear and tear of such a herculean undertaking as this ? No, sir ; he who adventures forth to this dangerous and desperate post must aspire after the apostolic zeal and devotion which adorned the primitive champions of the church. Is he the messenger of God ? Then he must be a man of God. Is he the trumpet of the Lord to the nations ? Then he must be sanctified to the Master's use. Preaches he Christ crucified ? Then he himself must be crucified with Christ, baptized not only *into* the faith, but *unto* the death. He must possess resources within himself sufficient to sustain him single-handed against the combined powers of earth and hell. Though heart and flesh may fail, he must feel that God is the strength of his heart and his portion for ever. A victorious faith which laughs at impossibilities ; *a love omnipotent ; a zeal unquenchable ; an industry untiring ; a disinterestedness unimpeachable.* He must have a lion's heart, and

an eagle's wing, and a serpent's wisdom, and a dove-like charity, which "beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things." He must approve himself as a minister of God, "in much patience, in afflictions, in necessities, in distresses, in stripes, in imprisonments, in tumults, in labours, in watchings, in fastings; by pureness, by knowledge, by long-suffering, by kindness, by the Holy Ghost, by love unfeigned. By the word of truth, by the power of God, by the armour of righteousness on the right hand and on the left. As sorrowful, yet always rejoicing; as poor, yet making many rich; as having nothing, and yet possessing all things."

As to the natural qualifications of such a missionary, we should say, Let him be a practical man rather than a theorist. Let him be formed in the school of the world rather than the schools of philosophy. Let him have a body inured to labour, and a mind prompt to decide; for rest assured his life will be a life of action rather than a life of contemplation. Not that we would exclude *the aids of learning* from the scale of missionary qualifications. It has a place, and is

ought to have a place. We cannot sufficiently acknowledge this important auxiliary in the numerous translations of the Scriptures, and in combating the errors of oriental skeptics; we intend not these general remarks to be interpreted as an *exclusion* of human learning from our estimate of the missionary character, but still we insist that it must occupy a *secondary place*; the *practical qualities* of the missionary are the *primary qualities*. We had rather, sir, that our missionary should possess good common sense than metaphysical acumen; that he should resolve a case of conscience than a problem in Euclid: we had rather, sir, that he should know how to make shoes, or hats, or wagons, than acids or gas. We should be very sorry that our missionaries abroad should be reduced to follow trades for a subsistence; but yet, if, in the interims of their public labours, they could occasionally instruct the heathen in the arts of civilized life; if, for instance, while driving the gospel plough, they were at times to drive the agricultural plough; if, *while wielding the hammer of the word, they were now and then to take up the hammer of the forge*, could they not then more con-

vincingly urge that delightful text, "Godliness is profitable to *all* things?" We urge, then, the practical qualifications of the missionary. St. Paul, in ancient times, with charming magnanimity, has set the illustrious example in working at Corinth as a tent maker; and Barnabas Shaw, that noble-minded and devoted missionary of modern times, first built a pulpit with his own hands, and then had the double honour of preaching in it; and hesitates not, when necessity requires, to ride round his circuit on the back of an ox.

The missionary must be a man of decision. He must be a man of one purpose. He must keep his eye singly fixed on the one great object, and all inferior things count but loss, so he may win the missionary crown. He is separated, devoted, and consecrated to this sublime and godlike work. In him the missionary spirit burns like fire, and the love of Christ is the master passion. He is determined to know nothing save Jesus Christ, and him crucified. Forgetting the things which are behind, he presses toward the *mark*. He thirsts for souls, he pants for *spiritual empire*. He shuts his ears and steals

his heart against the entreaties of friendship at home, or the anathemas of opposition abroad. His cry is, Onward! Though mountains rear their rugged heads, and oceans roll their tempestuous surges, and pestilence breathes its deadly poison, yet, in the name of that divine Master whose he is, and whom he serves, he embarks his health, his reputation, his hopes, his interests, his life, his all, and having landed on the enemy's opposite shores, he disdains a retreat. Like the great Athenian commander, he burns the ships behind him, he draws the sword and throws away the scabbard, and, inscribing on his banners, "Victory or death," he rushes to the imminent deadly breach, and victoriously scales the loftiest battlement of the enemy's strongest hold.

Such, sir, is a brief and imperfect sketch of our New Testament missionary. Let it not be said that this is an imaginary character; sir, we have the bold and graphic original embodied in the persons of St. Paul and his apostolic coadjutors. "*These be the men that turn the world upside down;*"—we *pray God they may "come hither also."* And *cannot God raise up such missionary men*

among us? We believe it, we expect it. What the great Head of the church has done before he can surely do again. Yes, sir, we believe that prior to the bursting glories of the millennial day, the breath of the eternal Spirit shall come from the four winds and breathe upon the church, and we shall behold "an exceeding great army" of *such* heaven-inspired, and heaven-qualified men, marching forth to the conquest of the heathen world.

And who knows, sir, but among the juvenile assembly I now address, some youthful spirit feels the thrilling touch of a live coal from the missionary altar? Think not, my young friends, that because we have drawn a high portrait of missionary character, and faithfully depicted the rugged and stiff-necked work of missionary duty, that we wish to damp the generous ardours of your enthusiasm. Our object is not to repress, but to regulate your zeal; not to quench, but to awaken and rouse up the magnanimity of your spirit to the elevation and magnitude of this lofty undertaking.

Small and feeble is the missionary call in *its beginnings*, and humble its pretensions. Insignificant it may appear as the little glim-

mering spark. Yet despise not the day of small things. Fanned by the Almighty Spirit, that little spark may increase to a pyramid of missionary flame. We are told of Samson, the mighty Nazarite, under the old dispensation, that "the Spirit of the Lord began to move him at times in the camp of Dan, between Zorah and Ashtaol;" and of John, the inspired Baptist, that "the word of the Lord came to him in the wilderness:" so when the Spirit of the Lord begins to move the youthful disciple, though it be in his native village, or in his father's house, let him not resist but obey its movements. If the call be of God, it shall stand, and triumphantly outlive the floods of opposition. Where shall he commence his mission? Sir, let him begin at home. Let the school of missionary preparation be within the little circle of his own neighbourhood. As the blessed Jesus opened his ministry at Nazareth, so let him, amid the opposition and ridicule of kinsfolk and acquaintance, test the validity of his spiritual call, and the strength and sincerity of his missionary feelings. *Thus, like the youthful David amid his*

father's flock, let him, in juvenile and local encounters with the lion and the bear, be qualifying for a sterner and more gigantic warfare.

And depend upon it, sir, the Spirit of God will work in him mightily. The things of the flesh will decay and die, and the things of the Spirit will flourish and live. The life of faith will overwhelm and swallow up the life of sense. He will feel the power of a spiritual crucifixion to the world, and a spiritual resurrection with Christ. He will unlock his grasp on the things which are seen, and which are temporal, and fasten his soul on those things which are unseen, but which are eternal. The ties of home, and kindred, and country, will relax and dissolve before the melting, moving, omnipotent love of God and man.

The missionary words of Jesus, "Go into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature," will be imprinted in letters of fire on his heart. The piercing cry of the perishing heathen will wax louder and louder on his ear; the generous tumult of his bosom *shall increase*; he shall find no rest to his

soul until God and the church call him directly to the field ; then shall he respond, "Here am I, send me."

And away he goes, over land and over flood ; through fire and flame, storm and tempest, amid danger and death, daring the spirits of earth or goblins damned. Behold him climbing the Rocky Mountains, or ranging the banks of the Niger, and as he goes he cries aloud, he lifts up his voice like a trumpet ; he prays, he beseeches the guilty people to be reconciled to God. Here you may see him in the Indian wigwam, or yonder in the African hut. Nothing dismays him. Barbarian despots may curse, tumultuous mobs may roar, onward he goes, and God is with him. The haughty tyrant trembles on his throne, and thousands are pricked to the heart, and the heathen temples are abandoned, and the dumb idols are cast to the moles and the bats, and cowardly superstition skulks to her native dens and deserts, and amid the wreck and ruins of idolatry the faithful missionary plants the victorious cross, *with this triumphant shout—"Thanks be to God which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."*

Servant of God, well done !
Rest from thy loved employ :
The battle fought, the victory won,
Enter thy Master's joy.

His sword was in his hand,
Still warm with recent fight,
Ready that moment, at command,
Through rock and steel to smite.

Oft with its fiery force
His arm had quell'd the foe,
And laid resistless in its course
The alien armies low.

But on such glorious toils,
The world to him was loss,
Yet all his trophies, all his spoils,
He hung upon the cross.

At midnight came the cry,
" To meet thy God prepare !"
He woke and caught his Captain's eye ;
Then strong in faith and prayer,

His spirit, with a bound,
Left its encumbering clay,
His tent, at sunrise, on the ground,
A darken'd ruin lay.

Soldier of Christ, well done !
Praise be thy new employ :
And while eternal ages run,
Rest in thy Saviour's joy.

SUBSTANCE OF A SPEECH

Delivered at the Anniversary of the New-York Sunday School Union of the Methodist Episcopal Church, on Wednesday evening, Oct. 31, 1832.

MR. CHAIRMAN,—In the year 1735 two most extraordinary personages appeared in the two most enlightened cities of the old world. In talents and activity they were nearly equal, but in project directly opposed. Destined to accomplish two amazing moral revolutions, they appeared on the great theatre of public life as mighty antagonists; and the object for which they were about to grapple was no ordinary one,—it was no mere question of politics or literature, but it was a decisive struggle upon the awful alternative—whether error should triumph over truth, whether Atheism or Christianity should exist.

Sir, I refer to Voltaire and John Wesley. The world stood by to behold the contest. Here was the apostle of Heaven—there, the emissary of hell. Each champion exhibited an entire devotedness to his cause; each was a perfect master of his weapons; each knew the arts of popular address; each had the advantage of protracted life to accomplish his purposes.

Voltaire, like his father, the devil, cloaked his designs under the most insidious hypocrisy. In open, outside profession, he was friendly to virtue and religion; while the secret watchword of his party was, "Strike, but conceal the hand." Crafty, bold, and designing, he employed every artifice to accomplish his diabolical purpose. He tumbled down the bulwarks of virtue, and advocated the unrestrained indulgence of the passions: he flattered the vanity of human nature, and exalted reason into a goddess. A system so congenial to our fallen nature was sure to have its followers, especially when that system was adorned with the attractions of learning and of genius.

Accordingly, the philosophers of France crowded to the side of Voltaire; forty thousand infidel clubs were established in that country; wealth and nobility patronized this arch infidel: in Paris he was honoured with a public triumph, and royalty itself was ranked among his disciples. In short, sir, a blind infatuation possessed the people. Religion, morality, and order, were laughed out of countenance. The majesty of God was *insulted in his own temples*, while the prop

acts of infidelity confidently predicted the glorious era of reason and liberty. That era arrived. The principle of infidelity had a fair trial upon an extensive scale. The cup of God's vengeance was full, and tremendous was the comment read to a trembling world. The kingdom was torn up to its foundations—the throne overturned—nobility banished—priesthood overwhelmed—king murdered—virtue proscribed—all the bonds of civil society burst asunder—and France, like a huge volcano, from the confiction of its boiling and heterogeneous elements, belched forth fire and flame, while from its deep-mouthed crater rose aloft the gigantic demon of infidelity, the dark magician, the ruling spirit of the whirlwind and the storm, smiting with his withering rod “whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report.”

Here, sir, let us pause and mark the finger of God. While Voltaire was fostering the elements of that fearful tragedy, a counter *revolution* was in operation, and, under *the blessing* of almighty God, a deep and

extensive revival of primitive religion commenced in England, which continues to this day.

The great instrument of that revival was John Wesley. Wesley, by education a high churchman, and by profession a scholar, was a staunch asserter of church order and literary formula; and had it been foretold to him, in early life, that he should hereafter not only preach without book, in the streets, himself, but actually send forth others also—it is probable that he would have replied in the language of Hazael, “Is thy servant a dog, that he should do this great thing?” Indeed, he seems to have entertained no pre-concerted design, but calculated on ending his days amid the pious and fascinating seclusion of a college life. But God’s ways are not as our ways, and he was led by a way that he knew not of. Behold this child of Providence going forth to convert the Indians of America, and then returning home with the conviction that he himself was unconverted. And when, through the instrumentality of the pious Moravians, it pleased God *to reveal his Son in him—immediately he conferred not with flesh and blood, but boldly*

preached to others that saving truth he had himself experienced. His was not the crooked and serpentine policy of Voltaire, but, as an honest man, he declared with faithful vehemence the uncompromising, unfashionable precepts of the gospel. He appealed not to the vanity or pride of man, but smote them to the dust. He rested not his cause in the attractions of his genius, or the variety of his learning—all these things he renounced; in this respect he became “a fool for Christ’s sake,” humbling himself to the simplicity of a little child, that he might save some, and bring glory to God.

And, sir, at a period of time when vital Christianity was almost extinct, Wesley, in the name of his divine Master, boldly stepped forth, and firmly withstood the rolling tide of corruption, proclaiming the powerful, regenerating doctrines of Christ’s religion. The fashionable jeered, the learned despised, the vulgar persecuted. The churches were closed against him—he stood almost alone—the butt of public scorn. But was he ashamed of the *gospel of Christ*? No, sir, he set his face as a *flint*. The wide world is before him, and *the world becomes his parish*: to the poor

the gospel is preached, and to the poor he makes his appeal. He goes forth, and on the highways and by the hedges—in fields and market-places—at all seasons, in all weathers, amid hootings, peltings, and outrages, he proclaims free salvation to a lost world. And, sir, was his preaching in vain? Let the colliers of Kingswood and Newcastle—let the miners of Cornwall—let the tens of thousands of departed saints in glory—let the eight hundred and fifty thousand living witnesses in the old and the new world answer the question.

Glory to God! the Spirit has been poured forth, and we witness a revival of vital Christianity, which in purity, depth, energy, and rationality, has no parallel since the days of the apostles. Almighty God has raised up a *great missionary people* to co-operate vigorously in the approaching salvation of the world.

And will it be said, sir, that Methodism so called has exercised no salutary influence upon the social and political condition of the nations? What, sir, has the salt of divine *grace, thus freely scattered, and faithfully applied, had no healing virtue upon the festering*

ulcers of the body politic? or in quenching the raging fires of anarchy and infidelity?

The principles of Voltaire stand identified on the historic page with treason, persecution, and murder. The principles of John Wesley will stand identified with patriotism, toleration, and human security. We triumphantly challenge the world on this subject. When has Methodism ever stood connected with rebellion or political combination? What act of bloody persecution has ever disfigured the annals of our church? Nay, sir, we go farther; we affirm that if Britain and America outrode that tremendous revolutionary storm, which scattered far and wide the wrecks of continental nations, we fearlessly attribute such salvation to the exclusive influence of Christian principles, and the blessing of God upon Christian nations.

And now, sir, nearly a century has elapsed since these two extraordinary personages commenced their public career, and above forty years have passed away since Wesley slept with his fathers. But though dead, they yet speak in their characters and writings. The *opposing* principles and movements of their *respective* systems exist in undiminished vi-

gour, and advance with unparalleled rapidity. Methodism has compassed both Indies, reached the four continents, visited the islands of the sea, and overran the whole civilized surface of North America. In all climates, under various opposition, among men of all colours, distinctions, and languages, it has proved itself to be a revival of New Testament religion, the work of God in the salvation of immortal souls; and it remains for us, as the true sons of the illustrious Wesley, to say whether, treading in his footsteps, we will *consolidate* what we have attained; *secure* the conquest we have won: whether, in a word, we will *add to our zeal knowledge*, by *cultivating* and *fencing*, as well as *clearing*, the great field of the world.

But, sir, if Christianity be on the advance, so is infidelity. Has the wheat sprung up luxuriantly? so have the tares. We affirm that the civilized world is rife with infidelity, and society, through all its elements, is surcharged with this deadly poison. This is attributable to a variety of causes. In continental Europe the victorious and sweeping onset of the French armies into almost every *kingdom*, carried with them, universally, the

doctrines of Voltaire. This may be considered the seed time of infidelity—and the comparative peace which Europe has enjoyed for the last sixteen years, affording leisure to the public mind, and opportunity for the rapid circulation of infidel publications, has luxuriated into a plentiful and prodigious harvest. Nor, sir, has it rioted merely amid the overgrown corruptions of the old world; it has crossed the Atlantic, and, like an ill-omened bird of night, has croaked amid the benign institutions of this happy republic. It has poisoned the fountains of our literature, contaminated the halls of legislation, and the temples of religion; yea, in our very stages and steamboats we encounter the monster with a dog's face and a serpent's tongue. Nay, sir, it has appeared among us in a unique and unprecedented form—even the form of a woman—teaching us the knowledge of evil. Yes, sir, strange to tell, *infidelity in petticoats* has marched through the land—fitly typified by that scarlet-coloured personage in the Apocalypse, who, sitting upon the waters, *vented* her venom spleen against the living God.

But, sir, the strangest feature in the history

of the present day is the unnatural coalition which is now actually taking place between infidelity and popery. We confidently affirm, sir, that the devil, knowing that his time is short, is effecting an unholy alliance, an infernal confederation, between these two opposite powers. There are, however, between them points of affinity. They each tolerate error, and persecute the truth, and deny the *real* Saviour. Like Pilot and Herod, they are combining against the Lord of glory. And, sir, we anticipate an awful crisis, a final and decisive struggle; a time to try men's souls, in which every religious community in Christendom shall be sifted as wheat.

Nevertheless, we dread not the result. The eternal promise stands for ever sure, that the gates of hell shall not prevail against the church of Christ. We peculiarly recognise the cheering words of the prophet, spoken, indeed, to Ahaz, but applicable to us:—"Take heed and be quiet, fear not, neither be faint hearted for the two tails of these smoking firebrands; thus saith the *Lord God*, it shall not stand, neither shall it come to pass."

Nor, sir, are we extravagant in our anticipations. We ground our hope of final victory from this pleasing consideration—that cotemporary with the French revolution it pleased almighty God to raise up two mighty spiritual agencies to counterwork the designs of antichrist: I refer, in the first place, to the institution of sabbath schools, and in the second, to the establishment of the British and Foreign Bible Society. The one furnishes the weapons, and the other trains and regiments the troops. Let the word of God, the sword of ethereal temper, be placed in the hands of the men of God, and they shall be mighty to the pulling down of the strongholds of the wicked one. “Many shall run to and fro, and knowledge shall be increased;” and rest assured, sir, that Bible principles, taught and enforced by Bible Christians, will clear the world both of superstition and infidelity. Sir, the time has come when the daring spirits of the “sacramental host of God’s elect” must throw themselves into the Thermopylæ of the Christian church, *and defend the pass against the combined forces of the prince of this world.* The work, *sir, is spiritual and requires spiritual men.* It

is not so much the *infidelity of the head* we have to encounter—neither must we contest the matter with weapons of metaphysical subtlety—this would be to fight Goliath in Saul's armour. It is, sir, the *infidelity of the heart*, and to storm this strong-hold demands men full of faith and the Holy Ghost. Such spiritual men we have—trained in sabbath schools, and competent, under God, to the conquest of the world.

But, sir, before I close my observations, truth and candour compel me to state, that in the way of the accomplishment of this glorious consummation there exists a formidable impediment. I refer, sir, to the prevalence of that latitudinarian spirit now operating in the Protestant churches; a spirit which too frequently compromises the integrity of Christian principle, and, consequently, neutralizes the decisive force of Christian action.

Permit me, sir, to illustrate my meaning. It was announced some years ago that *old Bigotry* was dead and fairly buried. I am sorry to be under the necessity of informing this audience that it has been discovered of late that he left behind him an only child—a prodigal son, who is arrived at man's estate

This son is known by the name of *Liberalism*. Young Liberalism is the very antipodes of his old father. He is handsome, polite, insinuating—and, although somewhat superficial, possesses that polish and tact which impose upon general observers. He speaks all languages, subscribes to all creeds, holds a levee with all sects and parties, is friendly with every body, but stands identified with nobody. He professes to abhor religious controversy, and disposes of all doctrinal questions by a motion of indefinite postponement. He can swallow the wafer with the Papist, receive the cup with the Protestant, and thrust the Westminster Confession and the Methodist Discipline into the same pocket. You can never find Liberalism at home, or, rather, “he is never at home but when from home.” He sails all waters under all colours; he exhibits the papers of all nations, but he hails to no port, he charters to no country—and, therefore, we strongly suspect that he is, in reality, a *pirate*.

In a word, sir, to speak without a figure, we are fully of the judgment that this spurious liberalism is a grand obstacle in the way of the conversion of the world. Truth, sir,

is unique, and, to be efficient, must stand forth in all its prominent peculiarities. If you soften down her features, you destroy her beauty and paralyze her usefulness. We believe that, in the present constitution of the church, the arrangement of sects and parties is, upon the whole, for the best. It checks the growth of heresy, excites a spirited competition, and prevents the aggrandizement of ecclesiastical domination. There was a time when we thought otherwise, particularly in its application to our sabbath schools; when we supposed it to be unwise to introduce doctrinal peculiarities into the minds of children, and that a liberalizing system would be for the better. But, sir, we see our error and confess it. We *dare* not mitigate the matter; we *must* teach the *whole truth*. The infidel spirit of the times demands that we hold fast *the form* of sound words. Our children require this at our hands.

Believing the doctrines of Methodism to be the nearest approach to truth, we honestly inculcate them in all their native peculiarities. We deny not that our dissenting fellow *Christians* have, in the main, truth *substantial*—but we think we have truth *distinctive*

And, sir, we wish our sword to be *keenly set, two-edged, and sharp-pointed.*

We are aware, sir, that the fashionable leberalism of the times will ridicule our Methodist tenacity. Be it so, we are content to bear our burden. We have heard, also, the jeering of infidelity in reference to sabbath schools; they have been styled a *baby institution*, and our labours, *children's play*. But time will prove all things. Let infidels remember that Hercules was once a *baby*, rocked in his cradle, and Samson was once a *little child*,—but, sir, the day is not very far distant, and infidels, too, may live to see it, when this now *despised little child*, waxing mighty with the advance of rolling years, shall, with gigantic force, grasp with one hand the pillar of infidelity, and with the other the pillar of superstition, and, calling on the name of Samson's God, shall shake the fabric of error into a thousand atoms.

In conclusion we would say, "The best of all is, God is with us"—and so confident are *we of ultimate success*, that we feel constrained, this night, from the bulwarks and towers of our Sunday school Zion, to shout

oud, in the exulting language of the royal
almist,—“Hallelujah! The Lord God
anipotent reigneth.”

CENTENARY ADDRESS.

MR. CHAIRMAN AND CHRISTIAN FRIENDS,—
was, if my memory serve me, on a bright
and beautiful evening in the summer of
the year 1821 that three young gentlemen
might have been seen standing in Ep-
worth church-yard on the tomb of Wesley's
father. They had gone on a pilgrimage to
the village of Epworth, the birth-place of
John Wesley. Above their heads arose that
venerable pile, the parish church of Epworth,
in which he was presented at the baptismal
font by his illustrious mother, and consecrated
to God, the church, and the world. In the
neighbouring distance might be seen the site
of the ancient parsonage in which he first
drew his breath, and around the green fields,
with their rich and verdant landscape, in
which he spent the joyous days of infancy
and childhood. And on the very tomb-stone
where they were now occupying they recollected

Wesley himself had stood upward of half a century before, and preached to listening thousands the unsearchable riches of Christ. O, sir, it was an hour of hallowed inspiration, never to be forgotten. One of the young gentlemen involuntarily exclaimed, "May the spirit of Wesley descend upon us!" Whether that exclamation were prophetic it is not for me to say, but certain it is, that within a comparatively short space of time these three young gentlemen were called by the Spirit to the work of the Christian ministry. One is now a missionary in Canada, another a minister of the Baptist denomination in England, and the third the humble individual who has now the honour to address this meeting.

Sir, although eighteen years have passed away since your speaker stood upon that sainted spot, yet the sublime and holy enthusiasm of that moment lives and burns in this heart as intensely as ever; and surely if any circumstance might give expansion and vigour to the emotion, it is the inspiring fact *that he who stood eighteen years ago on the tomb-stone of Wesley's father, now in this, the hundredth year of Methodism, finds him-*

self standing in *John-street church, the birth-place of American Methodism*, surrounded by a multitude of its warmest friends. What hath God wrought! Surely, sir, we may sing,

“When he first the work began,
Small and feeble was his day.”

Yes, sir, while in imagination's bright creation I see the parsonage of Epworth on fire, and in yonder window a little boy enveloped in the raging flames, and crying aloud for help, I involuntarily exclaim, “Who is that boy?” and the reply is, “Yon is *little John Wesley*,—yonder is the boy who will set the world on fire; yonder is the boy that, under God, will make a stronger impression upon the public mind, and public morals, than all the philosophers who have ever written, or the legislators who have ever governed.” For, sir, the little plant of Methodism which was placed by his hand as a root in a dry ground, amid the scoffs and persecution of the world, has become a most magnificent tree, throwing its wide-spreading branches over the continents of the earth, and the islands of the sea, and in this, the *first centenary*, more than a million of happy, rejoicing Methodists,

from "Greenland's icy mountain to India's coral strand," will, beneath its friendly shade, raise the loud and triumphant song of "Glory to God in the highest, peace on earth, and good will to men."

It is not my intention to pronounce any panegyric on Mr. Wesley, but rather to glorify the grace of God in him. We regard him as an eminent instrument employed by divine Providence for the good of mankind. The history of Methodism as identified with that of John Wesley is a bright page in the mysterious book of Providence. Was it not providential that he was born *when* he was, *where* he was, *what* he was? Was it not providential that he descended from an honourable and pious ancestry? that he was the happy son of so excellent and talented a mother? that, like most *great* and *good* men, he had a *great* and *good* mother? and, although speaking of Mrs. Susanna Wesley, we are not prepared to go the same length as Dr. Adam Clarke, "that she was the greatest of all the daughters of Eve," yet we may affirm that the *Methodism* of Mr. Wesley's *mind and habits* was laid by the early *systematic training* of his mother. And, *six, it*

is no inconsiderable proof of the hand of an overruling Providence, that Mr. Wesley had the advantages of an academic and collegiate education. I thank God, sir, that John Wesley was a *college student*, that he *sharpened his wits* on the *Oxford grindstone*, that in the great emporium of British erudition he forged and polished those weapons of intellectual warfare by which, in future, he was able to reason with the lofty prejudices of the stall-fed prelate, or detect the sophistries of the skeptic. For, sir, it ought to be remembered that Mr. Wesley was not only one of the most *successful preachers*, but one of the most *industrious writers* and *extensive publishers* of his day. He wrote largely on almost every subject—history, criticism, philosophy, as well as theology, and wrote well; and wrote not for fame or for money, but for the illumination and elevation of the mass of the people. He could appear to advantage in a two-penny pamphlet or in a royal octavo: from his little tract on “Primitive Physic” to his “Christian Library” in fifty volumes, we see the versatility of his taste, the comprehension of his views, the energy of his application.

Nor is it unworthy of a passing remark, that Methodism came into existence in the *Augustan age of English literature*, that Mr. Wesley was contemporary with Dr. Samuel Johnson, with the Burkes, the Goldsmiths, the Garricks, the Chesterfields, of that remarkable period, with several of whom he enjoyed a personal friendship, and thus Methodism, so called, had to pass the fiery ordeal of powerful and penetrating genius.

Well, sir, it was in the commencement of the eighteenth century that a handful of Oxford students came to the conclusion that if the Bible were true, *real* Christianity was a very different thing from the popular religion of the day. To promote the one grand object they laid down rules for reading the Scriptures, conversation, prayer, meditation, fasting, and visiting the sick. Their precision attracted the attention of a wag of a student, who facetiously remarked one day, "A new sect of Methodists has arisen among us," and from this satirical remark, a *byword*, a *nickname*, arose this famous cognomen, "METHODIST." But what's in a name? "A rose would smell as sweet by any other name."

It was no inconsiderable link in the chain

of second causes that Mr. Wesley should have been so early associated with that singular man, Mr. Law, the author of the *Serious Call*. This *Law* was a severe but salutary *schoolmaster* to bring Mr. Wesley to *Christ*. Full of strong moral convictions and honest zeal, and good intentions, behold our *young churchman* embarking for Georgia to convert the North American Indians, and, before half way across the Atlantic, discovering, through the aid of a few pious German Moravians, to his consternation, that he was *unconverted himself*. Finally, behold him, led on by Peter Bohler, the Moravian, *his spiritual father*, from one step to another, until finally he says, while at a meeting in Aldersgate-street, London, as one was reading Luther's preface to the Galatians, "*I felt my heart strangely warmed.*" *That, sir, was Methodism!* there was the kindling of a fire which, I trust, will glow and run until

"Heaven's last thunder shakes the world below."

And in all his subsequent history, in his expulsion from the Established Church, in his out-door and field preaching, in the origin of *class-meetings*, the employment of lay preachers, the settlement of the poll deed, securing

the chapels for ever to the *itinerancy* of *Methodism*, thus perpetuating the system, *binding it equally* upon preachers and people, we see not the wisdom and policy of anan, but the wisdom and power of God.

But what is Methodism? To this oft-repeated question, and to the many explanations which have been offered, permit us to give a definition of our own. And, first, we would answer the question negatively, by remarking, *Methodism, so called, is not a sect.* The announcement of Mr. Wesley at the outset of his career was *anti-sectarian*, and has been fulfilled to the very letter, "THE WORLD IS MY PARISH." Mr. Wesley ever disowned all idea of forming a mere sect. He intended that Methodism should be a nucleus to radiate light and heat throughout all the churches. And then it was no uncommon circumstance for persons to be in communion with the Established Church, or of the dissenting denominations, and yet meet in class among the Methodists. Thus Mr. Wesley lived and died a member of the Church of England, nor have the Wesleyan Methodists ever formally withdrawn from the Establishment. Our pulpits and alters are

anti-sectarian, admitting *all* evangelical ministers to the *former*, and members of other churches to the *latter*, setting forth on this subject an *example of Christian liberality* which it would be well for *some* churches to *imitate* who charge us continually with sectarianism.

Methodism is not a form. It has always adapted itself to providential circumstances, and practised the doctrine of Christian expediency. Less anxious about non-essentials, it has laboured at the substance of religion. It has waived a controversy about forms, but contended manfully for the power of godliness. It has laid less stress on the straight coat, and smooth, slippery bonnet, but more upon the right state of the heart within, and the evidence of the life without. Mr. Wesley was no ways scrupulous; he could preach at St. Paul's or *St. Bartholomew's Fair*, in a mahogany pulpit or on a horseblock, under a tree or upon a mountain. And his sons are like him. They can preach in a surplice, or in their shirt sleeves, in pewed or free churches, with notes or without. *It is of very little consequence to them; they know Methodism will and must*

either on foot or on horseback, by steam or on wheels, no matter. And here let me animadvert upon a certain class of *deplorable croakers*, who, looking at mere forms, are for ever complaining about departures from what they are pleased to call good *old* Methodism. *Good old Methodism, indeed!* And is good old Methodism susceptible of no improvement? If our noble fathers, in the days of their poverty, *walked*, is that any sufficient reason why we, their sons, now that we can afford it, should not *ride*? What! sir, shall we be so wedded to *old* prejudices that we must travel in the *old* Pennsylvania wagon, at the rate of two miles an hour, when all the world is flying by steam? Shall we, like the redoubtable navigators of "New-Amsterdam," creep along by day, sleeping by night, and making the Atlantic voyage at the rate of once in three months, when the modern steam ship makes the passage in thirteen days? No, verily! put Methodism on the railroad, let it have steam power, and fly with the foremost to the very *ends of the earth*. I trust, sir, Methodism *will ever* repudiate all such prejudices, and *keep pace with the spirit of the age*.

Methodism is not an opinion. It demands no previous test of opinions, but one only condition, "a desire to flee from the wrath to come, and to be saved from sin." The magnanimous language of Mr. Wesley was, "Away with opinions; if *thy* heart is as *my* heart, give me *thy* hand."

What, then, is Methodism? And we answer,

Methodism is a spirit. It is the spirit of Bible truth and Christian charity imbodyed and defined in the mind, the heart, the character, the habits, the labours of that remarkable man, John Wesley, and from him expanded to upward of a million other minds and hearts, making upon them the imprint of his sentiments and doctrines, the light of his example, the impulse of his zeal.

And what is this spirit? We answer, "Now the Lord is *that* Spirit, and where the Spirit of the Lord is there is liberty." *That, sir, is Methodism.*

What is Methodism? Methodism, sir, is a *revival of primitive New Testament religion*, such as glowed in the bosom and was seen in the lives of the apostles and martyrs.

It is a *revival of the vital, fundamental doctrines of the Christian faith.*

It is a *revival of the original New Testament organization*, particularly in restoring the itinerancy and brotherhood of the ministry, and the *right* administration of church discipline.

It is a *revival of the social spirit*, the free and ancient manner of social worship.

It is, above all, a *revival of the missionary spirit*, which, not content with a mere *defensive* warfare upon Zion's walls, goes forth *aggressively*, under the eternal promise, to the conquest of the world.

Sir, I can never think of the great revival of religion which took place within the Church of England one hundred years ago, without having before me the image of some ancient cathedral, with its lofty aisles and vaulted roof, and in the very centre of the marble-paved floor I see a few shivering, decrepit old people endeavouring vainly to warm themselves over the flickering embers of an expiring fire, and, while indulging feelings of *pity* and commiseration, I see a brisk, *spirightly* little man enter, and, with characteristic promptitude and zeal, he begins to

stir up the fire,—that little man is John Wesley. While he is thus engaged I see the saintly Fletcher approach with an armful of faggots and throw them on the brightening flame; and presently I see approach, with eager steps, a bluff and portly personage; his name is George Whitefield, and he begins to blow, and blow mightily, and the fire begins to kindle; and, as the towering flame illumines and warms the church, I see Charles Wesley, the sweet singer of Methodism, take his harp, and, as he touches the strings with a more than mortal inspiration, I hear the joyous strain,—

“See how great a flame aspires,
Kindled by a spark of grace;
Jesus’ love the nations fires,
Sets the kingdoms in a blaze.

To bring fire on earth he came,
Kindled in some hearts it is;
O, that all might catch the flame,
All partake the glorious bliss.”

Methodism repeats the word of command through all her ranks, first issued by the great Lord and Captain of the “sacramental host;” she says, “Go—go ye into *all* the world.” And, blessed be God, her sons obey, and *march*.

If, then, sir, this be a true version of Methodism, and I am still pressed with the question, "What is the grand characteristic, the distinctive peculiarity of Methodism?" I would answer, It is to be found in one single word, **ITINERANCY**. Yes, sir, *this*, under God, is the mighty spring of our motive power, the true secret of our unparalleled success. *Stop the itinerancy, let congregationalism prevail for only twelve months,—Samson is shorn of his locks, and we become as other men.* Sir, here I would make a central position, here lay the utmost stress. This is a vital point, in the maintenance of which we, as a people, stand or fall. In the establishment of this position allow me to borrow the light of an illustration.

In considering, some time ago, that beautiful text, "All things work together for good," I found the apostle explaining, in a previous chapter, *how* the "all things" *worked*. He says, "Tribulation *worketh* patience, and patience experience, and experience hope." Now, sir, it occurred to me that these things *all worked* to a delightful result, after the *manner of wheels* in beautiful co-operation, *as in Ezekiel's vision*. Tribulation may be

compared to the *great iron wheel*, where, by the divine blessing, the gracious power is first felt and attained. To this *great iron wheel* there is attached a smaller *brazen wheel*, which we may denominate *patience*, and as the great iron wheel moves around, lo, the brazen wheel begins to move also; to this we see a *bright silver wheel*, which is styled *experience*, which, moved by the two former, commences and continues its bright and rapid revolution; and yet, beyond all these, there is a *splendid golden wheel*, which is fitly styled *hope*, and over this is thrown the gospel rope of exceeding precious promises, upon which, if a man hold fast and never let go, it will wind him up to glory. Now, sir, let us apply this to Methodism. The *great iron wheel* in the system is *itinerancy*, and truly it grinds some of us most tremendously; the *brazen wheel*, attached and kept in motion by the former, is the *local ministry*; the *silver wheel*, the *class leaders*; the *golden wheel*, the *doctrine and discipline of the church*, in full and successful operation. Now, sir, it is evident that the entire movement depends upon keeping the *great iron wheel of itinerancy constantly*

and rapidly rolling round. But, to be more specific, and to make an application of this figure to American Methodism. Let us carefully note the admirable and astounding movements of this wonderful machine. You will perceive there are "wheels within wheels." First, there is the great outer wheel of episcopacy, which accomplishes its entire revolution *once* in *four* years. To this there are attached *twenty-eight smaller wheels*, styled *annual conferences*, moving around *once a year*; to these are attached *one hundred wheels*, designated *presiding elders*, moving *twelve hundred other wheels*, termed *quarterly conferences*, every *three months*; to these are attached *four thousand wheels*, styled *travelling preachers*, moving round *once a month*, and communicating motion to *thirty thousand wheels*, called *class leaders*, moving round *once a week*; and who, in turn, being attached to between *seven and eight hundred thousand wheels*, called *members*, give a sufficient impulse to whirl them round *every day*. O, sir, what a machine is this! This is the machine of which Archimedes only dreamed; this is the machine destined, under God, to move the

world, to turn it upside down. But, sir, you will readily see the whole success of the operation depends upon keeping the *great iron wheel of itinerancy* in motion. It must be as unincumbered and free as possible. To accomplish this has ever been our main difficulty and hinderance, and if ever this machine stop it will be because the *great wheel* is clogged. The provision for the support of the ministry is insufficient, the funds for the support of the worn-out preachers meagre, the temptations to location strong and pressing.

Let me furnish you with a startling fact. At the close of the second volume of that excellent History of the Methodist Episcopal Church, by Dr. Bangs, you will find the names of all the preachers who were admitted into the conferences between the years 1767 and 1813, and the names of those who have located. I took the trouble the other day to count them up, and find, in a period of 46 years, that 1616 were admitted. Now how many of these left the ranks of the ministry? Why, sir, it is hardly credible, but we have it in figures, an undeniable but *astounding* fact, that 819! of these located.

leaving only 797 in the regular ranks. Now, sir, will any man tell me that these men had less devotedness and zeal than our transatlantic brethren, among whom locations are delightfully rare? Was it because they were tired or ashamed of the work? No, sir, it was *necessity, dire necessity*, arising out of the feebleness and inefficiency of our financial system. They found it impossible, out of their poor pittance, after feeding and clothing their families, to educate their children; in *many cases* to furnish their houses, and in *all* to purchase their own horses. Thus, in deciding the sad alternative between the *disgrace* of retiring from the ministerial ranks, and the *disgrace* of being in *debt*, they chose the former. Sir, it is not so much the *actual* pressure of want as the *apprehension of want*, if not for himself, at least for his helpless widow and fatherless children, which drives many a Methodist minister into location.

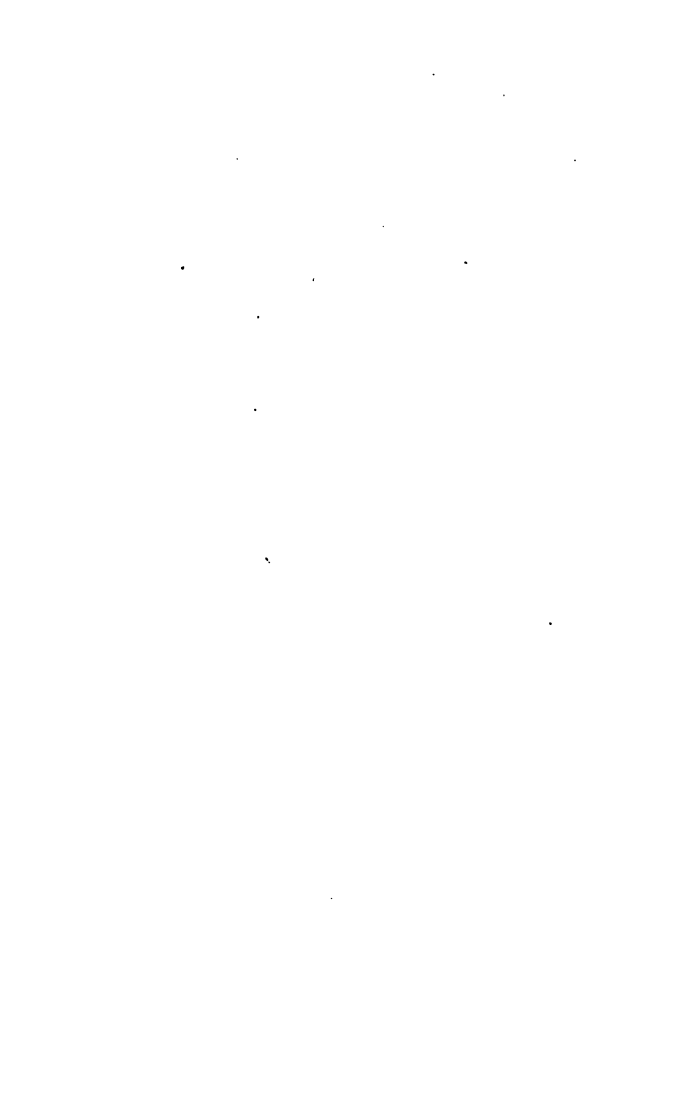
Now, sir, I ask, shall these things be? Shall we, at this memorable epoch, the hundredth year of Methodism, suffer the "great wheel" to be clogged a moment longer? Can we offer to God, his church, or the world, a

more acceptable centenary gift than by contributing to the creation of a permanent fund which shall free the itinerancy of all anxiety for the present, all apprehension for the future; a fund which shall provide for the education of the preachers' children in the establishment of manual labour, Kingswood, and Woodhouse Grove schools, and which shall spread the missionary flame to the very ends of the earth.

Here, then, let us raise our Ebenezer; here let us build our centenary monument of gratitude, in the sight of heaven, to be admired by generations yet unborn. Let its *base* be *itinerancy*, and on that broad, deep pedestal, let us inscribe the words of Wesley, "*The best of all is, God is with us.*" Let its *columns* be *education*, let their architecture be classically chaste, and on its lofty summit rekindle the *hallowed flame of missionary zeal*, which, as a beacon light, flashing its bright beams across the deep dark sea of this apostate and tempestuous world, may guide many a forlorn wanderer safe home to the land of rest and peace.

THE END.

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