

splitting, and he asks them how they can be guilty of such a cruel blunder, with such an enemy in front of them. And then rising above local things and sectional interests he speaks, as he has a right to do, from his age, his talents, and his fame, to the Evangelical Churches of Christendom, and asks them how they can be so secure and how they can perpetuate their divisions in face of such a menacing foe. That we are not wrong in thus defining the practical object of this trumpet-blast, our readers can judge by the following extracts:—

Now the question—the grand practical question—that forces itself upon us all, whether we like it or not, as in the sight of the heart-searching God, is this—What have we done, in our individual capacity, as professing members of the body of Christ? and what have we done in our collective capacity as a corporate organized Church of Christ, our living Head and King? What have we ever done, in our individual and collective capacity, to stem, or arrest, or hurl back the prodigious rush and torrent of the mighty flood of error, and unbelief, and abounding wickedness, which is already desolating our fairest and most fertile plains, already rising above the lesser hills, and threatening ere long to overtop the loftiest summit of our Christian Ararat, where for ages the ark of the everlasting covenant has in security rested, and thus submerge the whole realm of settled order and true godliness, social and moral worth, in every region under heaven?

What, then, I must again repeat it, in the face of all the multitudinous and gigantic forces with which we have to contend at home, and the stupendous, and hitherto, to a great extent, unassailed and unbroken hostile systems of the Papal and Greek Churches, Mohammedanism, Brahminism, Confucianism, Taoism, Buddhism, and Fetishism, with endless nondescript minor systems with which we have to contend abroad, have any or all of us, individually or collectively, done to meet the demands of so tremendous a crisis in the destinies of the world and universal man? Why, if the plain truth must be told, or being told, can be endured, instead of *Done, done, done*, Echo answers, and continues still to answer, *What, what, what?*

What little we may have done, or attempted to do, is so utterly insignificant in itself; so utterly disproportioned to what we might and ought to have done; so absolutely incommensurate with the imperative requirements of the mighty crisis, that it really looks like

adding insult and mockery to our robbery of God. For what do our unduly inflated and loudly-trumpeted doings after all amount to? Why, to my own mind—and I so put it in all humility, as I wish to commit no one but myself—desiring that the whole scathe and scorn of so apparently ungenerous and unpalatable a remark may fall exclusively on my own devoted head—to my own mind's eye, then, after years of close observation in the four quarters of the globe, and much thought bestowed on the subject, the whole of our doings, individual and collective, in the aggregate and in the face of the most tremendous crisis in the whole range of the world's eventful history—really looks nothing wiser, nothing better, nothing more adequate, than would be the foolish and insane attempt at erecting a puny rampart of straw to arrest the progress and ravage of a blazing conflagration, or holding up a frail and brittle reed to break the force of a raging hurricane; or putting down a few cartfuls of loose sand to roll back the waters of Niagara, or any other thundering cataract!

Let these words should grate on our ears, accustomed to hear so much of the great things we are all the time doing for Christ, let us remember that they are the words of one who has labored in Asia, where upwards of half the people have never yet even heard the name of Jesus, and one who has visited Africa, where a whole continent lies, we might say, untouched by Christian Missions. Having thus described what the churches have done for the Christianization of the world—"putting down a few cartfuls of sand to roll back the waters of Niagara,"—he calls on them to cease from their denominational strife, and realizing the multitude and strength of the enemy, to combine their scattered forces and resolutely to make up their minds for a world-wide struggle for Christ:

Alas, alas! that all this imagining of what might and ought to be should seem to be little else than the language of bitter irony or contemptuous derision. Instead of any such wise combination and loyally intended effort, what have we all—that is, all of us, members of the several evangelic Churches of Christendom—actually done? Done! Why, we have flung wisdom and loyalty, good sense and right feeling, to the winds of heaven and the billows of the deep! We have, basely or stupidly, listened to and entertained the eun-