

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 properties of color, 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 an 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 claims 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 Coko 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 Welshman 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 Zacheus, 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 respects money matters) was in the shallows, yet she never struck the ground. In the prosecution of duty he feared no danger. His favorite 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, he 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 sprang 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 itineracy. 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 Meth. 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, whilst the moral feeling of this republic is promoting its temporal interests, whilst 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 knowledge? It is high time something must 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 it along the shores of the Pacific. Yea, Sir, let her never drop her anchor until she completes 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 n. n. 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 Snytt's celebrated sermon—we must in one word, "Down with our dust."

Suppose, Sir, for instance, this meeting, naming contradictory, on the spot resolve itself into a committed of ways and means. Already I think I see the eyes of our enterprising 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, whilst 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 pickaxe 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 insinuations of certain bothen 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 neathen, 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 mantle-pieces our splendid pier glasses, handsome glass and china vases decorated with artificial flowers, and substitute neat missionary boxes. It will convert ribbands and vails into cordage for our ship, 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 prophet's vision—let us take time by the forelock—let us make our advance march in the career of benevolence—let us prove ourselves not children in this business. Come my brethren, let us try our strength, test our principles, prove our love to God and our heathen neighbours. Are your hearts ready, your hands ready, your money ready? Then as ye have "freely received, freely give," and "whatsoever thy hand findeth thee to do, do it with all thy might."

DIVINITY.

EXISTENCE OF THE SOUL BETWEEN DEATH AND THE RESURRECTION

BY THE REV. GEORGE CROLY.

(Concluded.)

Can we conceive that the glowing spirit of St. Paul has slumbered during almost two thousand years?—that the dispensations of the almighty wisdom during a third part of the age of the world have been hidden from a being, whose hourly delight was in the view of those dispensations; who drank in knowledge, faith, and hope direct from the eternal fount; whose heart was hourly mounting on the wings of holiness and burning gratitude to the throne of the Eternal; whose spirit was actually borne up,