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THE
 WORLD'S CONVERSION

THE
 GRAND OBJECT OF THE CHRISTIAN.

BY NATHAN S. S. BEMAN, D. D.

A QUESTION of deeper interest was never propounded in our world than that stated by Saul of Tarsus, when he discovered that Jesus of Nazareth was the Son of God: "*Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?*" This was no doubt the incipient breathing of a heart submitting to Christ; the first lifting up of the soul to God for instruction in *duty*, accompanied with a determination to obey the command, be it what it might, prescribed in the answer. This is the spirit of the Christian. It commences in his unreserved submission to Christ, marks his career of self-denying effort through life, and attains perfection in heaven. But there is, especially, one branch of Christian duty, which, in this state of spiritual action and conflict, must ever excite a deep and absorbing interest; it is one for which this same converted Saul was greatly distinguished: CONSECRATION TO CHRIST, IN LABORS FOR THE SALVATION OF A WORLD.

And do we ask for heart-stirring motives to enlist us in this work? We have only to open the Bible, and they flash in sunbeams upon us. Considerations are there presented, which have already moved *two* worlds, and why should they not move the *third*? They have deeply interested heaven and hell, and why should they not excite at least equal interest on earth? The earth is the very subject in debate, the very territory in dispute between the powers

of light and darkness: and if any portion of the universe ought to be excited on this subject, it is surely this world's population. To say nothing of those around us, whose interests are at stake, but whose eyes are wilfully closed upon all that is grand and lovely in the Gospel, can the *Christian*, whose heart has been washed in blood, remain unmoved, while a world of sinners are yet in gross darkness, suspended as it were between heaven and hell? Let every professor of religion be entreated to weigh well the following considerations.

I. *This world is to be CONVERTED.* That it needs renovation will not be denied. Its vast and dense population are by nature children of wrath, because the enemies of God. To recover men from this state, and raise them to heaven, is the grand object of the Gospel. For this purpose the scheme of mercy was devised, and sent down to earth. For this the Saviour was born and died; and to accomplish this he now reigns and intercedes in heaven. With this object in view, the moral machinery of the Gospel was put in motion; and its effective operations will be continued till the work is accomplished in the conversion of the world. God has promised it, and his movements are corroborating his truth. Here then is the firm ground of faith and effort.

II. *Consider the MODE in which this work is to be accomplished.* We may here contemplate the agency of the church, the instrumentality of truth, and the efficiency of the Holy Spirit. The *persons* who are engaged in this work are redeemed men, who, having been themselves converted, embark their living energies as "workers together with God" for the salvation of others. God has consigned this work, so far as labor or effort is concerned, to human agents—to Christians. They "turn many to righteousness;" and by their efforts establish the two facts, that

they are the friends of heaven, and the benefactors of mankind. They love God, and do good.

The *instrument* of saving the world is the truth of God disclosed in the Bible. No other system is adapted to accomplish this work. And this system needs no super-additions or modifications, for it is marked by no defects. But as the truth is an unconscious instrument, it must be applied by the hand of some rational agent: it must be brought home and urged upon the conscience by the efforts of a faithful ministry and a united church, or no decisive results can be anticipated. In a deplorable and most criminal deficiency of such efforts, almost two thousand years since Jesus Christ died for sinners have been suffered to pass, sweeping the inhabitants of the earth into eternity, and the world is yet unconverted. The fault is entirely with man. Shall we condemn the unconscious Bible because the nations are not subdued by its power? On the same principle, the mechanic might condemn his axe and his hammer because the edifice is not erected, when he has stood still, and folded his hands, and waited for the implements of his occupation and the good providence of God to carry on his work. No axe or hammer will build the house, and no divine blessing will secure this result without the intervention of human agents. And so it is with the Gospel: the truth of God will never convert the world unless the Gospel be preached to "every creature." This fact is settled by divine testimony. On this point the promises of God are nothing more nor less than promises to bless the efforts of his people. In the commission which Christ gave to his apostles to "teach all nations," he engaged to be *with them*, "even unto the end of the world;" but he nowhere intimates that he will travel forth as the audible expositor of his own Gospel. He has, for wise purposes, made the application of divine truth by human agents

necessary to the conversion and salvation of man. This is the scheme of his own adoption; and the injunction, "Be ye holy," emanated from no higher authority than the mandate, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature." But the full force of this command has never been felt by any generation of Christians since the days of the apostles. No one can review the apostolic age without discovering that the grand and paramount object was the conversion of the world. This object was then valued infinitely above wealth or earthly honors; it was dearer than family or friends, or life itself: and the success of those primitive Christians was equal to their consecration to this work.

As Christians are the appointed agents for the conversion of the world, they should study the science of doing good, and seize every opportunity for carrying the command of their Saviour into effect. For this purpose they were redeemed. They are to live and die in the service of God and a world of sinners. Each in his respective sphere must engage in this work, or the world will never be reclaimed from sin and converted to God. This work, on an elevated scale, has hardly commenced. Very few indeed can be found who live for the *one* great purpose of training deathless souls for heaven. When this is the case, then, and not till then, will the Pagan give up his idols, the Mus-sulman forsake his sensuality, the Jew renounce his bigotry, the Romanist relinquish that scheme which is a subtle compound of all these abominations, and the smooth, varnished, modern Pharisee, in Christian congregations, be brought to inquire, "What must I do to be saved?" O how vast the labor. And never let it be forgotten, that it is for the conversion of an *entire world* that this generation of Christians are acting. It is a world of darkness to be enlightened; a world of crime to be washed in the blood of

Jesus ; a world of death to be made the subject of a spiritual resurrection. Here, upon this globe, are *eight hundred millions* of immortal beings to be supplied with Bibles, and Tracts, and Sunday-schools, and ministers, and gospel institutions ; and if this work is left undone, the hands of the ministers and followers of Christ will be stained with blood.

But, in connection with the agency of the Christian church and the instrumentality of the truth, it should be remembered, that *the efficiency is lodged in the hands of God*. Men employ the *means* prescribed in the Bible, and diffuse and enforce the *truth*, and the grace of God secures the result. This fact or principle in the divine government is beautifully illustrated by Paul in his first epistle to the Corinthians : “ I have planted, Apollos watered, but God gave the increase.” All this is easy of exposition, and at the same time directly in point. The apostle here presents the analogy of the divine and human agencies in the world of nature and the world of grace. In the physical or natural system, one man plants the seed and another waters the soil in which it is deposited ; but neither the seed nor cultivation can insure the harvest : the power of God alone, as it operates in the world of nature, can bring about this event. Just so in the spiritual world. One may plant the seed, which is the word of God ; another may water the sacred deposit ; but “ the increase,” or saving effect, is to be ascribed, not to these subordinate agents, but to God, the independent and efficient agent. There is no intrinsic efficacy in the seed, or in the planting, or in the watering. This is what the apostle intends to assert in the words which follow : “ So, then, neither is he that planteth any thing, neither is he that watereth, but God that giveth the increase.” It is not his object to teach us that the seed deposited and the acts of planting and watering were not

necessary, but that the *efficiency* was not inherent in the instrument, or the human agents, but exerted by God himself. Indeed, it would seem that the apostle designed to exhibit, by natural symbols, the whole process by which men are converted and sanctified, and to define the respective provinces of truth, of human agency, and of divine power.

III. MOTIVES *are not wanting to induce Christians to embark in this work.* It is a simple development of the life of Christ within them. It promotes their own personal holiness, elevates them to the rank of benefactors, augments their own happiness, and advances the glory of God.

1. It promotes *their own personal holiness.* No one can become a joint laborer with Jesus Christ, in giving impulse and success to the Gospel, without experiencing, in his own heart, the most cheering results. Active members of the church grow in grace; while the inactive not unfrequently relapse into sin, or sink into gloom and die in despair. Hence the promise, "If any man will do his will, he shall know of the doctrine." Hence, too, the remarkable fact, that the apostles and primitive Christians say very little respecting doubts and fears in relation to their eternal state. They sympathized with Christ in the great interest of a world's salvation, and enlisted all their mortal and immortal powers in the same cause which drew him from heaven and led him to the cross. This course secured two great objects in relation to themselves: one was, they made progress in the Christian life; and the other, they found in this fact of active obedience to Christ and entire consecration to the work of saving souls, the best evidence that their own hopes were established upon the Eternal Rock. What better evidence can we desire of a personal interest in the blood of Jesus, than to love the same cause which moved his heart, and to perform with cheerfulness what he com-

mands? This is Gabriel's highest testimony of the love of God, and his best qualification for standing in his presence. And what can so infallibly insure sanctification of heart as a practical imitation of Christ? The child of God, who pursues the same objects with his divine Master, whose spiritual sensibilities are made to glow upon the same central point, cannot fail of being assimilated more and more to his image. And how was Jesus Christ employed during the few years he spent among men? Who is ignorant of the fact that his heart was upon his mission? He came "to seek and to save that which was lost;" and this heavenly embassy filled his soul and employed his hands. No labor was too oppressive, no sacrifices too costly, no self-denial too painful, no humiliation too deep, no reproaches too bitter, no threatenings of danger or death too fearful for him to encounter, if the Father might be glorified and sinners saved. Here was benevolence personified—"God manifest in the flesh." Let the Christian look at this lovely image, and be instructed. If he would be holy, he must be like his Master. He must fix his heart on the salvation of the world, and employ every power in the mighty work. No one can do this without growing in grace, and becoming more and more like his God and Saviour. The soul that enters into this subject fully and practically, will make steady advances in the divine life. The cause of foreign missions, for example, has given a peculiar freshness and vigor to the piety of the churches within a few years past. The same may be said of recent revivals of religion. These two causes have effected and moulded the hearts of God's people on the same principle; they have furnished new motives to Christian effort; they have brought home to the conscience the pressure of obligation; and the sentiment is beginning to be felt, that religion consists not in abstract opinions, or tender and romantic wishes for the renovation

of the world, but in hearty and conscientious effort to send the Gospel around the globe, and to make it tell, through eternal ages, upon the destinies of imperishable souls. No one can follow with tears and prayers the lost sinner, either here in this land of neglected privilege, or among the dark and distant pagans, without finding the heart elevated in its emotions, and fixed on God and duty. When the people of Christ do this, they shine as lights in the world; and this process is nothing less than a progressive training for that splendor of holiness which will become perfect and eternal in heaven.

2. Those who labor for the salvation of others are *public benefactors*. It is an established principle in the divine government, that those who do good to others shall be thus recognized. The public-spirited and active citizen is acknowledged as the friend of his country; and the liberal soul, who feeds the hungry and clothes the naked, is followed by their prayers while he lives, and embalmed in their tears when he dies; and those who, by holy and self-denying efforts, have secured præminent blessings to the world, shall be held in everlasting remembrance. "They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness, as the stars for ever and ever." The hand of God has drawn this divine picture of future and eternal scenes. If these material symbols are permitted to speak to us from eternity, with what more than earthly lustre does the energetic and successful Paul now shine amid multitudes he introduced to that firmament of glory. What stars of the first magnitude in that firmament are such faithful servants of the Most High as Edwards, and Whitefield, and Brainerd, and Martyn. What amazing interest will be given to the scheme of redemption; what new-born rapture will glow in heaven, when the great social principle, established by God, on

which this scheme has been carried into effect, and on which glory has been attained by rejoicing millions, shall be fully developed.

It is true that the judgment of the earth, so far as religious effort is concerned, is very different from the judgment of heaven. In this world it is thought by many that talent devoted to the ministry is thrown away; that money bestowed upon foreign missions, and sacrifices sustained by the community in carrying on the operations of Christian benevolence, are so many palpable evidences of mental imbecility or moral infatuation. But hold up this matter in the light of eternity, and then decide. Do we call that man a public benefactor who adorns a city, or opens a canal, or rescues his country in the hour of peril? These achievements, though accounted great on earth, will hardly be named in heaven. Is the champion of freedom celebrated in the songs of a nation? And do we venerate the man who directs all his resources to alleviate the miseries which "flesh is heir to?" This is right: it accords with the established order of the divine government. But what is the body to the soul, or time to eternity, or earth to heaven? The objects around us, which now excite so much interest, and call forth the highest exertions of human power and genius, will soon be buried and lost in an infinite ocean. Worldly applause, which is awarded to the little deeds of earth, will not be heard amidst the songs and harps of glory. To give the Gospel to one pagan nation, to send the Bible, and to establish schools and Christian institutions among the population of one island of the sea, is a labor which stands more intimately connected with the present and eternal happiness of man, than all those mighty subjects which have agitated empires, and kindled wars, and made treaties, and called into action the talent and learning of successive generations, since the world began.

It is in every respect in keeping with the other parts of the divine government, that those whose successful labors have covered and decorated the very canopy of heaven with redeemed souls, should themselves, as the best benefactors of a lost world, shine as "stars" in that canopy "for ever and ever." And this the Bible predicts. When these *material* stars which hang around the earth are gone out, then the stars *ethereal* which have lighted the footsteps of many a weary home-bound pilgrim through the wilderness and midnight of the present world, will have kindled up their eternal fires in the firmament of the heaven of heavens.

3. *The happiness of the Christian* depends much upon his efforts to do good to others. Man is made for action: without an object to fire his heart and employ his hands, there can be no enjoyment. Hence the endless schemes which awaken curiosity, excite fond anticipation, and call forth the powers of earth's ever-moving population. These are the efforts of nature in the pursuit of happiness; and as such they afford indications which ought not to be overlooked by the Christian. The happiness of intelligent beings must essentially consist in benevolent action. The exercise of the selfish passions contracts the heart and renders it incapable of elevated and generous emotions. On the other hand, the operation of all the benevolent affections is accompanied by pure enjoyment. "He that watereth," saith the wise man, "shall be watered also himself." And it was a standing and practical maxim of one wiser than he, that "it is more blessed to give than to receive." The individual employed in conveying blessings to others, finds, in the very execution of his purposes, the tide of personal enjoyment rising higher and still higher in his own heart. Even worldly men speak with a kind of enthusiasm of "the luxury of doing good." But it is the Christian who uniformly finds his happiness in his duty; and a system of untiring

effort for the salvation of others, opens sources of enjoyment which will never be fully estimated till the scenes of the present world are reviewed in eternity. The Gospel of Jesus Christ, in connection with a lost world, presents a broad and peculiar field for the exercise of benevolence; and no one can enter this field without his reward. The object is the salvation of souls; and to labor in this cause is to exemplify that mercy which is "twice blessed." "It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes." It contemplates man in his whole character, follows him through the various periods of his existence, and embraces in one perfect scheme his mortal and immortal interests. It is not restricted to an *individual*, though the repentance of one sinner makes the angels glad and fills heaven with new and rapturous songs; it is not confined to a single nation, or to one hemisphere, but encircles the globe. The execution of this scheme of mercy has been undertaken in good faith, and its friends here below, and in higher spheres, will never rest from their efforts till the work is finished and the anthem of jubilee is sung.

To serve God and do good is the very element of personal happiness. The Christian who actively employs every talent for Christ, cannot but enjoy a portion of the same rapture which fills *his* bosom, when he witnesses the victories consequent upon his own death, and the triumphant results of his intercessions with God. The disciple is happy for the same reasons that his Master was; and with him he can say, "My meat is to do the will of him that sent me, and to finish his work." And this same moral principle will be carried into heaven. Is the benevolence of Jesus Christ gratified in the results of his personal labors and conflicts when multitudes are brought home to glory—a portion of the same blessedness is experienced by every humble and successful laborer for the conversion of the

world. If the benevolent heart finds its highest happiness in the active discharge of duty, it is no less true, that, when mercy's work is accomplished, the cup of enjoyment will be full. Does the philanthropist find his own happiness increased when the kindling smile is lighted up on that cheek just now pale with despair; and does every chord within vibrate to those notes of joy which his own charity may have inspired in the deep and dark abode of poverty and disease; and is it coincident with the law of God and our rational nature, that we should rejoice in such circumstances? What, then, must be the feelings of the Christian philanthropist in heaven? What earthly similitude can shadow forth his more than earthly joys? He has fixed his sympathies on the soul, which never dies. He has endeavored to weigh in the balances of the sanctuary its eternal worth. He has thought of its loss in hell, till his heart has been ready to die within him. He has thought of millions on millions of bewildered pagans, till he has been forced to exclaim, "O that my head were waters, and mine eyes a fountain of tears, that I might weep day and night for the slain" that cover the earth. He has turned his eye upward, and seen the recovered rebel take his eternal station in the firmament of glory; and his heart has so kindled at the dawning hope of such a reality, that he has said, "Here am I; send me." In this cause, immense beyond conception—in this cause, that excites the highest pulsation that beats in heaven—in this cause, that engenders strife in hell—he prays, and labors, and dies. And who can conceive, in this world, dark and far removed from heaven, of the sensations which will swell his bosom when he shall meet multitudes in glory who have been conducted thither by his self-denying efforts? Who can measure the length, and breadth, and depth of that tide of joy which shall fill his heart for ever and ever?

4. Those who do good to others, *glorify God*. This, after all, is the grand object of the Christian. For this, worlds were made, and are now governed. For this, sun and stars shine, and the heavens and the earth move on in their appointed courses. For this, the Son of God visited our world, and died for our redemption. And the object that has moved the heart of heaven will also move the hearts of saints on earth. The children will sympathize with their Parent—the disciples with their Master. To abound in doing good to the souls of men, is to glorify God. This principle is interwoven with the whole structure of the Gospel; this is the grand work on which the God of grace has fixed his heart; here love has found its object; here wisdom has formed its purpose; here mercy is unfolded; here Satan shall be defeated, sin subdued, and grace made triumphant.

Reader, are you a Christian? Are the vows of God upon you? Pause for a moment, and contemplate yourself and your present acts in connection with the glory of the living God. It is in the recovery of lost men from sin and hell that his glory shines conspicuous. This is his last, great work. It is a visible, practical, experimental revelation of himself—a revelation not to the *earth* only, but to the *universe*. On this work the heart of the Christian can fix with an intense and glowing interest; and every child of grace is not only permitted, but *required* to engage in it. The duty is enforced by motives as strong as heaven can wield. What Christian, with heaven and hell before him, and surrounded by a world of dying sinners, will not pant to be useful? Who will not beg the privilege of reflecting the rays of God's mercy upon the world? Who, that loves God and sympathizes with his honor, will not rally his last energy, and spend his last breath, that he may by "*all means save some?*" When the Christian is willing to be

sacrificed upon this altar, then it is that he exemplifies the spirit of the Gospel. This is to imitate Christ: this is to resemble God. Let every Christian heart burn with this holy fire, and every hand become strong and active in this work, and the glory of God will soon irradiate the earth.

In view of the above considerations we arrive at the following PRACTICAL CONCLUSIONS.

1. *Discrimination as to the mode in which the world is to be converted and saved, is of vital importance.* It appears that God, and the church, and revealed truth, are all concerned in the conversion of sinners. There are different senses in which the salvation of man is ascribed in the Bible to the power of God, to Christian agency, and to gospel truth. And it is plain that the fidelity and success of the efforts of Christians must depend, in a great degree, on their ascribing to each of these sources of influence just so much importance and efficacy as is assigned to it in the government of God. If we expect God, and the churches, and the Bible, in any sense to change places in this labor, and either of them perform the work of the others, we mar the plan of heaven, and prepare grievous disappointment for ourselves. And here, no doubt, has been the mistake of many Christians for centuries past. Multitudes have been waiting for God's time for the world's emancipation. They have been hanging their hopes on his *efficiency* to save sinners, when they have not placed themselves or the world, so far as human agency is concerned, in a situation for God to work without violating the established order of his government. What is there in the present attitude or movements of the churches, or in the relations of revealed truth to large portions of the world, on which divine efficiency can be expected to take effect? It is not the design of this remark to limit the power and grace of God. But let the

question be fairly met: Can we expect more than that God will bless his own truth when it is properly presented to dying men? Has he promised to do more than this? Has he intimated that he will work in any other way than to give efficacy to his word and the means of grace, when they are employed by human agents for the salvation of others? We may consult the Bible in vain to find any purpose or pledge of this nature. And God will do as he has said. To expect him to do either more or less is neither faith nor humility, but downright presumption. Shall we, in our indolence, claim of him to make a new revelation to the heathen for their conversion, or multiply copies of the Bible by miracle, or cause the Gospel to be preached by angels from heaven? All we can expect him to do, gracious and omnipotent as he is, is to bless gospel truth and make it effectual to the salvation of men, when the ministry and the churches arise and do their duty. Jesus Christ has promised to bless the efforts of his people when they obey his injunctions; but he has nowhere intimated that he will perform that labor himself which he has graciously consigned to their hands. Let every minister, then, and every Christian, engage in the heaven-born enterprise of saving sinners; let them evince that philanthropy which warmed the Saviour's bosom; let them manifest their faith by direct efforts to save every soul that can be reached and influenced by their example, their entreaties, their property, or their prayers; and if the world is not converted, then, and not till then, we are at liberty to refer this fact for solution, to the uncontrollable sovereignty of God. But when have ministers and Christians done their duty without a blessing? The records of divine grace, for nearly six thousand years, answer, *Never*; and the universe, excited by the inquiry, and jealous for the honor and truth of its Sovereign, echoes back the declaration, *NEVER*.

2. *We see a grand reason why the world is not converted.* Not because divine truth has lost its point or power, nor because God is not ready to bless; but because the churches do not perform their duty. Why has not the Bible been put into the hands of all nations and families, centuries ago? And if it had been, who will dare to say that God would not have followed this act with his blessing? Why, instead of a few hundred, are there not many thousand Christian laborers, at this moment, in the foreign missionary field? And if the heralds of the cross, and teachers of schools, and the distributors of Bibles and Tracts, had gone forth in armies through the earth, who will hazard the opinion that Jesus Christ would not have gone with them? Alas, the fact cannot be concealed, that the nations are dying under the sloth and avarice of the churches. The hands of Christians are stained with pagan blood. The efforts now making ought to have been made more than a thousand years ago; and these same efforts must now be increased a hundred and a thousand fold, before the world can be brought to the feet of Jesus Christ. A new and heavenly spirit of sacrifice and exertion must pervade the Christian world; and then we may expect that Christ will build his throne in every land. But it is not to the heathen alone that these remarks apply. The impenitent are everywhere dying in their sins, in "the streets and lanes of the city," and in "the highways and hedges" of the country, for want of Christian sympathy, self-denial, and exertion. How few and languid are the direct efforts to save sinners in the midst of gospel privileges, and even where revivals of religion have prevailed. Look into families. What tender care for the body, and what infidel neglect of the soul. Many parents are troubled about every thing but the immortal interests of their children. Look into the churches; their members are so much

like the world, that their spiritual influence is almost extinguished. They lay up wealth for their families, when they ought to expend it for Christ and souls. They strive, and toil, and agonize for any thing and every thing but to alarm the impenitent, and to bring them to Christ and prepare them for heaven. No wonder, then, that the heathen are not evangelized, and the impenitent awakened and converted. The church is not clad in her armor and marshalled on the field of action. Her energies are paralyzed by unbelief and the spirit of the world; the power of prayer, and holy living, and vigorous effort, is not fully tested; and hence the earth continues to groan in her chains, and the anticipated freedom is postponed.

3. *The person who does not labor and pray for the salvation of sinners ought not to think himself a Christian.* Here is a true test of the heart. The person who has seen his own condition as a sinner, who has felt the weight of divine wrath pressing upon him, and who has experienced that deliverance which the Gospel proffers, will sympathize with those who are still involved in the same guilt, and who are under the same condemnation. This is too plain to admit of debate. On this point the Bible is entirely explicit. Christians may be imperfect; but some traits are so essential to the Christian character that the person who finds himself destitute of them ought not to think he has been born of God, or cherish a hope of heaven. And among these may be ranked feeling and effort for the salvation of the unconverted. On this subject all the Bible saints hold the same language. David says, "Then will I teach transgressors thy ways, and sinners shall be converted unto thee." Hear the language of the woman of Samaria: "Come, see a man which told me all things that ever I did; is not this the Christ?" Look at the subdued and converted Saul: "And straightway he preached Christ in the

synagogue, that he is the Son of God." When he thought of his "kinsmen according to the flesh," he says, "I have great heaviness and continual sorrow in my heart." And again, "My heart's desire and prayer to God for Israel is, that they might be saved." Indeed, the very nature of the case may settle this question. How can a person have seen his own guilt and ruin without wishing that others may do the same? How can he have experienced the love of God shed abroad in his own soul, without prayer and exertion that others may enjoy the same blessed distinction? How can the benevolent heart be willing to pursue a kind of solitary course to heaven, while little or no emotion is felt for those who are marching to the world of despair? The thing is out of the question. The spirit of Jesus Christ has never animated such a bosom. Professors of religion, who can habitually slumber while the world is dying in sin and sinking to hell, know not what it is to pass from death to life. They have no right at the communion table. They are a dead weight upon the moral power of the churches.

4. *This subject affords powerful motives to Christian action.* Sinners are to be saved. This world, which God has made, which sin has ruined, and for which Christ has died, is to be converted. The impenitent amidst Christian institutions, and hundreds of millions of lost pagans, are to be reclaimed and brought home to God by the connected influence of Bible truth, of human agency, and of the Holy Ghost. Strike out any one of these links, and you break the chain which hangs the earth on heaven. You let down its inhabitants, in one great congregation, into hell. The world's eternal weal or woe is now suspended on the course which shall be taken by Christians. And in these circumstances who will not arise and act? The subject of effort is the undying soul; the prize is heaven. The promise of God is clear. Open the Bible and it meets the eye: "He

that reapeth receiveth wages, and gathereth fruit unto life eternal." Would you grow in grace, and know that your name is written in heaven? This must be the result of active consecration to Christ in labors for the salvation of men. Move in the same element in which Jesus Christ did, and you cannot fail of becoming assimilated to his image. Like him, "go about doing good;" let your heart and life speak the value of the soul, and it will be manifest to what world you are going. This is walking with God. It is coöperating with the blessed movements of the Holy Ghost. It is harmonizing, in spiritual action, with the Godhead. And who can do this, and remain unsanctified? Who can do this, and not be cheered by the hope of heaven? Would you be ranked among the earth's greatest benefactors? You must put your hand to this work of converting the world. To reclaim one soul is better than to found an empire, or to give temporal freedom to the population of a continent. A soul in heaven or hell—who can measure its value? what stretch of thought can reach its mighty import? A soul in heaven by your exertions, or in hell through your apathy, and that too for eternal ages, is enough to move a heart of marble. What child of God can resist the appeal? In this world much is said of the achievements of heroism, and the self-denials of philanthropy; but on the morning of the judgment we shall see that no object ever deserved the highest powers of man but the undying soul. Would you be eminently happy? Seek enjoyment in the cultivation of those very feelings, and in that course of spiritual action, which constituted the happiness of Jesus Christ when he dwelt among men. Labor and pray for the salvation of sinners. This is the way to enjoy an anticipated heaven on earth, and to ripen for a higher and brighter heaven in eternity. The present scene will soon close. In this field of labor your last blow

will soon be struck. What thou doest, do quickly. Your sun will soon go down, and that night in which no man can work, will close in darkness around you. Meanwhile souls are at stake, souls that will soon be in heaven or hell. Your exertions may be blessed in the salvation of some, may even "turn many to righteousness." Think then of the promise in relation to this blessed work. Look forward and upward, and then ask your heart if you can remain inactive. The time is coming when "the *multitudes* of them that sleep in the dust of the earth shall awake, some to everlasting life, and some to shame and everlasting contempt." Yes, when these skies shall be dissolved, and this earth shall be burned up, and the resurrection-trumpet shall break the silence of the tomb, then "they that be wise, shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness, as the stars for ever and ever."

A premium, offered by a friend, was awarded to the author of this Tract.

WHOLE FAMILY IN HEAVEN.

BY REV. RICHARD KNILL,
OF ST. PETERSBURGH.

AN eminent Christian, remarkable for her confidence in God, and for attention to the spiritual welfare of her household, in a letter to her husband a little before she died, could say, "I rejoice in hope that we shall meet, an unbroken family, before the throne of God." What a delightful thought—*a whole family in heaven.*

From our earliest years we are accustomed to hear of a place of unutterable glory—that place is heaven. As our minds expand, we are told that heaven is the dwelling-place of God. Then, if our friends die, we hope they are gone to heaven to be for ever with God, and are taught that it is our duty to prepare to follow them. In some cases the minds of young people are deeply affected by these representations; and it is their unspeakable happiness to begin to prepare for heaven almost as soon as they can think at all. But it is not so generally. Alas, it too often happens that men run on for many years in a course of forgetfulness of God, and of rebellion against God, before they are brought to repentance; and some never repent at all, but remain in their rebellion for ever. They proceed from one step to another, from bad to worse, until they perish in their sins. O what a fearful sight is a gray-headed sinner! "Can the Ethiopian change his skin, or the leopard his spots? Then may they also do good who are accustomed to do evil."

It would be well if these thoughts had an abiding-place in our hearts; but many things concur to remove them. Ah, this busy world, this ensnaring world, this sinful world! Yet, amidst all its snares, and vanities, and sins, we sometimes find a person whose affections are set on things above; yea, we now and then are privileged to behold a whole family setting out in good earnest, and determined, by the help of God, to appear "a whole family in heaven."

In musing on this subject, I thought of the following particulars, which I send out into the world with many prayers, that those who read them may be benefited, and that some may thereby be helped on their way to glory.

1. What a glorious sight it will be to behold *all Christ's redeemed family* in heaven! Now they are separated. Part of them are in heaven, and the other part are yet on earth; but there is a day coming, when they will be gathered out of all nations, and kindreds, and people, and tongues, and make a great multitude which no man can number. O blissful morning, when my eyes shall gaze on this redeemed family!

2. How happy will you be to *meet every member of your own family* in heaven—not one wanting. Father and mother, sons and daughters, brothers and sisters, servants and apprentices—all there: all who surrounded the family table; all who knelt together around the family altar, however separated by distance or time, yet meeting in heaven at last. Reader, is there any prospect that this will be the case with you? Have you ever any doubts respecting it? O seek to have these doubts removed. Have you any hopes respecting it? O see that your hopes are well founded. Are you unconcerned about it? Ah, that is dreadful. Heaven is not to be trifled with. Hell is not to be trifled with. Souls are not to be trifled with. Remember, the day is coming, it is nigh at hand, when you will see and feel that these things deserved your chief attention.

3. What a cheering circumstance it is when *one* in a family, by repenting of sin, and believing in the Lord Jesus Christ, has chosen heaven for his portion. Look at that man. Mark him well. Set it down as a certainty, that he will not go to heaven alone. He cannot be satisfied to walk solitarily in the way to Zion. He must have companions, and he will use every means, that, through God's blessing, he may bring others to Christ. We anticipate great things from such a man; and well we may, for God says to every new convert, "I will bless thee, and thou shalt be a blessing." From the day of his conversion he begins to pray, and "the effectual, fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much." He also begins to "shine," and he "giveth light unto all that are in the house." To such a friend I would say, O watch for their souls. Look up to God for

divine guidance, that you may act wisely in your station. Never be discouraged. Let the hope of bringing a whole family to heaven animate, quicken you. In the Lord Jehovah is everlasting strength; and when you are leaning simply on him, he will make you almost forget your own weakness, by the assurance that his arm is almighty.

4. When a part of a family is already in heaven, what a powerful influence should this fact have *on survivors*. O, it is a solemn and instructive event when one member of a family is taken to glory. The thought of those who are there ought to loosen our hearts from earth, and to raise our souls to heaven. Reader, shall you join this happy company? Soon, soon you will leave this earthly state, and whither will you go? Will you join your family in heaven? Have you made any preparation for it? "Except a man be born again," he cannot enter that kingdom. You must be born again. Are you born again? What is there in you which indicates your heavenly birth? Recollect, that the removal of one member of a family to a better world has sometimes been overruled by divine Providence for leading all the other members to consider their ways, to repent of their sins, to seek mercy through faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, and to walk humbly with God, until a voice from above said unto them, "Come up hither."

5. How alarming it is when *one* in a family gives evidence that he is *not preparing* for heaven. O how can we bear to think of a whole family in heaven but one. Whom should we select to be that miserable absentee? Whose child should we pitch upon? Whose brother should we mark as the victim? Does not our blood run cold—do not our hearts shudder at the thought? Are we not all ready to exclaim, "Let not this misery fall on one of mine?" Now, parents, now is the time. Is there one in your family not preparing for heaven? What ought to be done in his case? Shall you let him alone? O no. Let your tears flow. Let your prayers ascend. Let your hearts melt. Let your language pierce his soul. O follow him. Determine never to give him up until you have reclaimed the prodigal—until you have snatched the firebrand from the flame; then you may go on your way, rejoicing in hope, that all your family will meet in heaven.

6. How ought the members of this heavenly family to

live together *while they are here upon earth*. They are redeemed by the same blood, justified by the same grace, sanctified by the same Spirit, brethren of the same family, heirs of the same inheritance. They tell us that they expect to meet in glory, and to join in the same song of praise, "Unto him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood; to him be glory for ever. Amen." This is delightful. How, then, ought they to live together here? Like brethren, certainly. Like the children of God. Like the heirs of heaven. And do they act thus? How do you act? On what terms are you living with your brethren? Remember, you are not fit for heaven if you cannot, if you do not love your brother. O, if ever you expect to have the divine blessing resting upon your own souls; if ever you expect to see many turning to the Lord from among your neighbors, you must first see to it that you love one another.

7. How dreadful will it be to see *a whole family in hell*. And is there not reason to fear that many whole families are already there? Awful thought! See them shut up in endless despair. O see them in the everlasting fire prepared for the devil and his angels. And are there not whole families at this moment on their way thither, to whom not one word of solemn, friendly, godly counsel has been given, who have never once been warned to flee from the wrath to come?

O, brethren, ye that love the Lord indeed, is there nothing for you to do among the multitudes which are ready to perish? Surely, if you had compassion like unto the Son of God, here is work enough for all. And where ought you to begin? O, begin at home. Search your own heart. Then search into the state of your own family. Next, call on your neighbors. Press home the invitations of the Gospel. Say, "Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world." Beseech them, in Christ's stead, to be reconciled unto God; and when you come to die, you will not regret that you labored hard to bring a whole family to heaven—that you labored hard to save a whole family from hell.

WHERE IS HE?

“MAN giveth up the ghost,” says Job, “and *where is he?*” What has become of him? A short time since, he was here, healthy, vigorous, and intelligent; participating in the pleasures, and sharing the toils of life; the support of his children; the hope of his friends; the joy of his family circle.

But where is he now? We have committed his body to the tomb. But was that the last of him? Shall we see him no more? Has he perished for ever? Where shall we turn for a reply to our inquiries?

Modern philosophy affords but poor consolation: “He is no more. You have seen the last of him. He is as though he never had been.” Is it possible that human wisdom has sunk so low? Have all our boasted discoveries raised our hopes no higher than annihilation? Then go, console yourselves who can, with such a hope, for “miserable comforters are ye all.” Ah, annihilation is not to be had with a wish; but to wish it, is the most abject thing in the world.

We turn to the *volume of inspiration*, which brings “life and immortality” to light. This volume divides all mankind into two classes: those who serve God, and those who serve him not; and the reply it gives to our inquiry will have distinct reference to the class to which our friend belongs.

Do you ask the question, “Where is he?” with reference to *one who served God?* The Bible informs you that, “absent from the body,” he is “present with the Lord.” This truth it teaches in great variety of phrase and example. Jesus represented the poor but pious Lazarus as being borne by angels to Abraham’s bosom, while the rich man lifted up his eyes in hell, being in torments.

In exact accordance with this representation was his promise to the penitent thief: “To-day shalt thou be with me in paradise.” There, in that happy place, are the spirits of just men made perfect, waiting for the whole blood-bought family of the Lamb to be gathered in to celebrate his triumph. “I go to prepare a place for you; and I will

come again, and receive you to myself, that where I am, there ye may be also." "So shall we ever be with the Lord." "Wherefore," adds Paul, "we are confident, and willing rather to be absent from the body, and to be present with the Lord."

Could we inquire of one of those happy beings who are sent forth to minister to them who shall be heirs of salvation, he might consistently say to us, of the departed saint, "Your friend is happy. It was my task to watch his footsteps through his short pilgrimage below, and record the numerous evidences of his faith and love. I saw him when no mortal eye was near, in frequent, holy communion with God. I marked his sincerity of purpose, his humble trust, his wakeful benevolence, his steadfast faith; though baffled oft, and sore, by ten thousand evils from malignant foes, he struggled on. He fought the good fight; he won the crown. Whilst you and his weeping friends stood around his dying bed, I too, with some of my happy companions, was there: we witnessed the last triumph; then bore his blessed soul away to the presence of his God."

Do we ask respecting *an ungodly man*, "Where is he?" The Scriptures afford a sad, though not less faithful answer. They inform us that "the wicked is driven away in his wickedness;" that "their damnation slumbereth not." *Dives* was lifting up his eyes in hell, being in torment, while his five brethren were living in sinful pleasure on earth. Of the wicked man, an angel might reply to the question, "Where is he?" "Alas, unhappy man, he is for ever banished from the presence of God and the glory of his power. I saw him perseveringly reject every offer of mercy. I saw him cherish in his heart the most bitter enmity to the holy service of God; and while earnestly engaged in seeking the riches and honors of time, laugh at the hopes of eternity, and a judgment to come. I beheld the deep horror of his soul, when the messenger of death declared, 'Thou fool, this night thy soul is required of thee.' I saw him trembling and confounded before the bar of God; and then he was driven away to 'outer darkness, where there is weeping,' and wailing, 'and gnashing of teeth for ever.'"

Behold yon pale, emaciated wretch. It is *Thomas Paine*. He is dying—dying a victim to *profligacy* and *brandy*. He is horror-struck to be left alone for a single minute; he dares

not allow his curtains to be closed, nor permit those who wait upon him to be out of his sight. He exclaims incessantly, so as to alarm all the house, "O Lord, help me! God, help me! Jesus Christ, help me! O Christ, help me!" He confesses to one who had burnt his *Age of Reason*, that he wished all who had read it had been as wise, and adds, "If ever the devil had an agent on earth, I have been one!" And when apprehending immediate dissolution, he exclaims, "I think I can say, what they make Jesus Christ to say, 'My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?'" In this state he dies, a stranger to penitence, and in all the horrors of an accusing conscience. Who has the hardihood to say, "Let my last end be like his?" See Pike's *Anecdotes*, Dr. Manly's *Letters*, Cheetham's *Life of Paine*, etc.

Enter now the chamber of the dying *Voltaire*, and see the support which infidelity affords its votaries. Hear him alternately supplicating and blaspheming the Saviour he had so long denied; of whom he had so long said, "Crush the wretch." The hand which traced on the wall the sentence of an impious king, seemed to trace before his eyes, "Crush, then, do crush the wretch." In vain he turned his head away. It was written on his conscience, and in horror he exclaims, "O Christ! O Jesus Christ!" The Mareschal de Richelieu and M. Tronchin, his physician, fly from his bedside, and declare that the death of the wretched man is too terrible to behold. He curses his former companions in infidelity, and bids them be gone. He exclaims, "I am abandoned by God and man." On one occasion he offered half his fortune to the doctor if he would prolong his life six months. The doctor answered, "Sir, you cannot live six weeks." "Then," replied the unhappy *Voltaire*, "I shall go to hell, and you will go with me," and soon after he expired. See Pike's *Anecdotes*, and Simpson's *Plea*.

Let us now turn to a different scene.

"The chamber where the good man meets his fate,
Is privileged beyond the common walks
Of virtuous life—quite on the verge of heaven."

It is there impressions are made calculated to exalt the character and amend the heart. The language of an apostle, when contemplating his end, was, "I have fought the good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the

faith. Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me; and not to me only, but unto all them also that love his appearing. O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? Thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ. The wages of sin is death; but the gift of God is eternal life, through Jesus Christ our Lord."

Look for a moment at the dying bed of *Dr. Doddridge*. He was a champion for the Gospel, which Paine and Voltaire blasphemed. See its power to support and cheer him now. He several times said to Mrs. Doddridge, "I cannot express to you what a morning I have had: such delightful and transporting views of the heavenly world is my Father now indulging me with, as no words can express." Such sacred gratitude and joy appeared in his countenance, as often reminded her of these lines in one of his hymns:

"When death o'er nature shall prevail,
And all its powers of language fail,
Joy through my swimming eyes shall break,
And mean the thanks I cannot speak."

The last language recorded of him is, that he said "he had a cheerful, well-grounded hope, through the Redeemer, of being received to his everlasting mercy."

But it is not only the rich and learned that enjoy peace through Jesus Christ. Behold yon poor *Caffre woman*, born in a miserable African kraal. She has heard and received the Gospel, and cheered by its promises, as she closes her dying eyes, exclaims, "Now I will go to my God."

With whom now shall we choose our dying bed: with the Christian, or the infidel? With those who humbly walk with God, or with those who call all serious religion vain? But if we would *die* with the Christian, we must *live* with the Christian. For it is only by a humble, lively faith in Christ, and a "patient continuance in well-doing," that we can hope to attain to "glory, honor, immortality," and "eternal life."

DEBATES OF CONSCIENCE

WITH

A DISTILLER, A WHOLESALE DEALER,
AND
A RETAILER.

BY HEMAN HUMPHREY, D. D.

PRESIDENT OF AMHERST COLLEGE.

DIALOGUE I.

AT THE DISTILLERY.—FIRST INTERVIEW

DISTILLER. Good morning, Mr. Conscience; though I know you to be one of the earliest risers, especially of late, I hardly expected to meet you here at day-dawn.

CONSCIENCE. I am none too early, it seems, to find you at your vocation. But how are you going to dispose of this great black building?

DISTILLER. Why, I do not understand you.

CONSCIENCE. What are you doing with these boiling craters, and that hideous worm there?

DISTILLER. Pray explain yourself.

CONSCIENCE. Whose grain is that? and what is bread called in the Bible?

DISTILLER. More enigmatical still.

CONSCIENCE. To what market do you mean to send that long row of casks? and how many of them will it take, upon an average, to dig a drunkard's grave?

DISTILLER. Ah, I understand you now. I was hoping that I had quieted you on that score. But I perceive you have come upon the old errand. You intend to read me another lecture upon the sixth commandment. But what would you have me do?

CONSCIENCE. Put out these fires.

DISTILLER. Nay, but hear me. I entered into this business with your approbation. The neighbors all encouraged me. My brethren in the church said it would open a fine market for their rye, and corn, and cider; and even my minister, happening to come along when we were raising, took a little with us under the shade, and said he loved to see his people industrious and enterprising.

CONSCIENCE. "The times of this ignorance God winked at—but now commandeth all men everywhere to repent." In one part of your defence, at least, you are incorrect. It was not my *voice*, but my *silence*, if any thing, which gave consent; and I have always suspected there was some foul play in the matter, and that I was kept quiet for the time by certain deleterious opiates. Indeed, I distinctly recollect the morning bitters and evening toddy, which you was accustomed to give me; and though I thought but little of it then, I now see that it deadened all my sensibilities. This, I am aware, is no excuse. I ought to have resisted—I ought to have refused, and to have paralyzed the hand which put the cup to my lips. And when you struck the first stroke on this ground, I ought to have warned you off with the voice of seven thunders. That I did not then speak out, and do my duty, will cause me extreme regret and self-reproach to the latest hour of my life.

DISTILLER. But what, my dear Conscience, has made you all at once so much wiser, not only than your former self, but than hundreds of enlightened men in every community, whose piety was never doubted? I myself know, and have heard of not a few good Christians, including even deacons and elders, who still continue to manufacture ardent spirit, and think, or seem to think it right.

CONSCIENCE. And think it right! Ask their consciences. I should like to witness some of those interviews which take place in the night, and which make Christian distillers—

(what a solecism!)—so much more irritable than they used to be. I know one of the brotherhood, at least, whose conscience has been goading him these five years, and yet he perseveres.

DISTILLER. But if I stop, what will the people do? Half the farmers in town depend upon their rye and cider to pay their taxes, and even to support the Gospel.

CONSCIENCE. So, then, you are pouring out these streams of liquid death over the land, and burning up your own neighbors, to enable them to pay their taxes and support religion! Why don't you set up a coffin factory, to create a brisker demand for lumber, and so help the farmers to pay their taxes; and then spread the smallpox among the people, that they may die the faster, and thus increase your business, and give you a fair profit? It will not do. I tell you, that I can give you no peace till you put out these fires and destroy that worm.

DISTILLER. How can I? Here is all my living, especially since, as you know, my eldest son fell into bad habits, in spite of all the good advice I daily gave him, and squandered what might have afforded me a comfortable independence.

CONSCIENCE. Suppose you was now in Brazil, and the owner of a large establishment to fit out slave-traders with handcuffs for the coast of Africa, and could not change your business without considerable pecuniary sacrifice; would you make the sacrifice, or would you keep your fires and hammers still going?

DISTILLER. Why do you ask such puzzling questions? You know I don't like them at all, especially when my mind is occupied with other subjects. Leave me, at least till I can compose myself, I beseech you.

CONSCIENCE. Nay, but hear me through. Is it right for you to go on manufacturing fevers, dropsy, consumption, delirium tremens, and a host of other frightful diseases,

because your property happens to be vested in a distillery? Is it consistent with the great law of love by which you profess to be governed? Will it bear examination in a dying hour? Shall I bid you look back upon it from the brink of eternity, that you may from such recollections gather holy courage for your pending conflict with the king of terrors? Will you bequeath this magazine of wrath and perdition to your only son not already ruined, and go out of the world rejoicing that you can leave the whole concern in the hands of one who is so trustworthy and so dear?

[Here the Distiller leaves abruptly, without answering a word.]

SECOND INTERVIEW.

DISTILLER. (Seeing Conscience approach, and beginning to tremble.) What, so soon and so early at your post again? I did hope for a short respite.

CONSCIENCE. O, I am distressed—I cannot hold my peace. I am pained at my very heart.

DISTILLER. Do be composed, I beseech you, and hear what I have to say. Since our last interview I have resolved to sell out, and I expect the purchaser on in a very few days.

CONSCIENCE. What will *he* do with the establishment when he gets it?

DISTILLER. You must ask him, and not me. But whatever he may do with it, *I* shall be clear.

CONSCIENCE. I wish I could be sure of that; but let us see. Though you will not make poison by the hundred barrels any longer yourself, you will sell this laboratory of death to another man, for the same horrid purpose. You will not, with your own hands, go on forging daggers for maniacs to use upon themselves and their friends, provided you can get some one to take your business at a fair price. You will no longer drag the car of Juggernaut over the

bodies of prostrate devotees, if you can *sell out the privilege to good advantage!*

DISTILLER. Was ever any man's conscience so captious before? You seem determined not to be satisfied with any thing. But beware; by pushing matters in this way you will produce a violent "reaction." Even professors of religion will not bear it. For myself, I wish to treat you with all possible respect; but forbearance itself must have its limits.

CONSCIENCE. Possibly you may be able to hold me in check a little longer; but I am all the while gathering strength for an onset which you cannot withstand; and if you cannot bear these kind remonstrances now, how will you grapple with "the worm that never dies?"

DISTILLER. Enough, enough. I will obey your voice. But why so pale and deathlike?

CONSCIENCE. O, I am sick, I am almost suffocated. These tartarean fumes, these dreadful forebodings, these heart-rending sights, and above all, my horrid dreams, I cannot endure them. There comes our nearest neighbor, stealing across the lots, with his jug and half bushel of rye. What is his errand, and where is his hungry, shivering family? And see there too, that tattered, half-starved boy, just entering the yard with a bottle—who sent him here at this early hour? All these barrels—where are the wretched beings who are to consume this liquid fire, and to be consumed by it?

DISTILLER. Spare me, spare me, I beseech you. By going on at this rate a little longer you will make me as nervous as yourself.

CONSCIENCE. But I cannot close this interview till I have related one of the dreams to which I just alluded. It was only last night that I suffered in this way, more than tongue can tell. The whole terrific vision is written in letters of fire upon the tablet of my memory; and I feel it all the while burning deeper and deeper.

I thought I stood by a great river of melted lava, and while I was wondering from what mountain or vast abyss it came, suddenly the field of my vision was extended to the distance of several hundred miles, and I perceived that, instead of springing from a single source, this rolling torrent of fire was fed by numerous tributary streams, and these again by smaller rivulets. And what do you think I heard and beheld, as I stood petrified with astonishment and horror? There were hundreds of poor wretches struggling and just sinking in the merciless flood. As I contemplated the scene still more attentively, the confused noise of boisterous and profane merriment, mingled with loud shrieks of despair, saluted my ears. The hair of my head stood up—and looking this way and that way, I beheld crowds of men, women, and children, thronging down to the very margin of the river—some eagerly bowing down to slake their thirst with the consuming liquid, and others convulsively striving to hold them back. Some I saw actually pushing their neighbors headlong from the treacherous bank, and others encouraging them to plunge in, by holding up the fiery temptation to their view. To insure a sufficient depth of the river, so that destruction might be made doubly sure, I saw a great number of men, and some whom I knew to be members of the church, laboriously turning their respective contributions of the glowing and hissing liquid into the main channel. This was more than I could bear. I was in perfect torture. But when I expostulated with those who were nearest to the place where I stood, they coolly answered, *This is the way in which we get our living!*

But what shocked me more than all the rest, and curdled every drop of blood in my veins, was the sight which I had of this very distillery pouring out its tributary stream of fire! And O, it distracts, it maddens me to think of it. There you yourself stood feeding the torrent which had al-

ready swallowed up some of your own family, and threatened every moment to sweep you away! This last circumstance brought me from the bed, by one convulsive bound, into the middle of the room; and I awoke in an agony which I verily believe I could not have sustained for another moment.

DISTILLER. I will feed the torrent no longer. The fires of my distillery shall be put out. From this day, from this hour, I renounce the manufacture of ardent spirit for ever.

DIALOGUE II.

WHOLESALE DEALER'S COUNTING-ROOM.

CONSCIENCE. (Looking over the leger with a serious air.) What is that last invoice from the West Indies?

RUM-DEALER. Only a few casks of fourth proof, for particular customers.

CONSCIENCE. And that domestic poison, via New Orleans; and on the next page, that large consignment, via Eric Canal?

DEALER. O, nothing but two small lots of prime whiskey, such as we have been selling these twenty years. But why these chiding inquiries? They disquiet me exceedingly. And to tell you the plain truth, I am more than half offended at this morbid inquisitiveness.

CONSCIENCE. Ah, I am afraid, as I have often told you, that this is a bad business; and the more I think of it, the more it troubles me.

DEALER. Why so? You are always preaching up industry as a Christian virtue, and my word for it, were I to neglect my business, and saunter about the hotels and steamboat wharves, as some do, you would fall into convulsions, as if I had committed the unpardonable sin.

CONSCIENCE. Such pettish quibbling is utterly unworthy

of your good sense and ordinary candor. You know, as well as I do, the great difference between industry in some safe and honest calling, and driving a business which carries poverty and ruin to thousands of families.

DEALER. *Honest* industry! This is more cruel still. You have known me too long to throw out such insinuations; and besides, it is notorious, that some of the first merchants in our city are engaged, far more extensively, in the same traffic.

CONSCIENCE. Be it so. "To their own Master they stand or fall." But if fair dealing consists in "doing as we would be done by," how can a man of your established mercantile and Christian reputation sustain himself, if he continues to deal in an article which he knows to be more destructive than all the plagues of Egypt?

DEALER. Do you intend, then, to make me answerable for all the mischief that is done by ardent spirit, in the whole state and nation? What I sell is a mere drop of the bucket, compared with the consumption of a single county. Where is the proof that the little which my respectable customers carry into the country, with their other groceries, ever does any harm? How do you know that it helps to make such a frightful host of drunkards and vagabonds? And if it did, whose fault would it be? I never gave nor sold a glass of whiskey to a tippler in my life. Let those who will drink to excess, and make brutes of themselves, answer for it.

CONSCIENCE. Yes, certainly *they* must answer for it; but will that excuse those who furnish the poison? Did you never hear of abettors and accessaries, as well as principals in crime? When Judas, in all the agony of remorse and despair, threw down the thirty pieces of silver before the chief priests and elders, exclaiming, *I have sinned, in that I have betrayed the innocent blood*—they coolly answered, *What is that to us? See thou to that.* And was

it therefore nothing to them? Had they no hand in that cruel tragedy? Was it nothing to Pilate—nothing to Herod—nothing to the multitude who were consenting to the crucifixion of the Son of God—because they did not drive the nails and thrust the spear?

O, when I think of what you are doing to destroy the bodies and souls of men, I cannot rest. It terrifies me at all hours of the night. Often and often, when I am just losing myself in sleep, I am startled by the most frightful groans and unearthly imprecations, coming out of these hogsheads. And then, those long processions of rough-made coffins and beggared families, which I dream of, from nightfall till daybreak, they keep me all the while in a cold sweat, and I can no longer endure them.

DEALER. Neither can I. Something must be done. You have been out of your head more than half the time for this six months. I have tried all the ordinary remedies upon you without the least effect. Indeed, every new remedy seems only to aggravate the disease. O, what would not I give for the discovery of some anodyne which would lay these horrible phantasms. The case would be infinitely less trying, if I could sometimes persuade you, for a night or two, to let me occupy a different apartment from yourself; for when your spasms come on, one might as well try to sleep with embers in his bosom, as where you are.

CONSCIENCE. Would it mend the matter at all, if, instead of sometimes dreaming, I were to be always wide awake?

DEALER. Ah, there's the grand difficulty. For I find that when you do wake up, you are more troublesome than ever. *Then* you are always harping upon my being a professor of religion, and bringing up some text of Scripture, which might as well be let alone, and which you would not ring in my ears, if you had any regard to my peace, or even your own. More than fifty times, within a month, have

you quoted, "*By their fruits ye shall know them.*" In fact, so uncharitable have you grown of late, that from the drift of some of your admonitions, a stranger would think me but little, if any, better than a murderer. And all because some vagabond or other may possibly happen to shorten his days by drinking a little of the identical spirit which passes through my hands.

CONSCIENCE. You do me bare justice when you say that I have often reproved you, and more earnestly of late than I formerly did. But my remonstrances have always been between you and me alone. If I have charged you with the guilt of hurrying men to the grave and to hell, by this vile traffic, it has not been upon the house-top. I cannot, it is true, help knowing how it grieves your brethren, gratifies the enemies of religion, and excites the scorn of drunkards themselves, to see your wharf covered with the fiery element; but I speak only in your own ear. To yourself I have wished to prove a faithful monitor, though I have sad misgivings, at times, even with regard to that. You will bear me witness, however, that I have sometimes trembled exceedingly, for fear that I should be compelled, at last, to carry the matter up by indictment to the tribunal of Eternal Justice.

To avoid this dreadful necessity, let me once more reason the case with you in few words. You know perfectly well, that ardent spirit kills its tens of thousands in the United States every year; and there is no more room to doubt that many of these lives are destroyed by the very liquor which you sell, than if you saw them staggering under it into the drunkard's grave. How then can you possibly throw off bloodguiltiness, with the light which you now enjoy? In faithfulness to your soul, and to Him whose vicegerent I am, I cannot say less than this, especially if you persist any longer in the horrible traffic?

DEALER. Pardon me, my dear Conscience, if, under the

excitement of the moment, I complained of your honest and continued importunity. Be assured, there is no friend in the world, with whom I am so desirous of maintaining a good understanding as with yourself. And for your relief and satisfaction, I now give you my solemn pledge, that I will close up this branch of my business as soon as possible. Indeed, I have commenced the process already. My last consignments are less, by more than one half, than were those of the preceding year; and I intend that, when another year comes about, my books shall speak still more decidedly in my favor.

CONSCIENCE. These resolutions would be perfectly satisfactory, if they were in the *present tense*. But if it was wrong to sell five hundred casks last year, how can it be right to sell two hundred this year, and one hundred next? If it is criminal to poison forty men at one time, how can it be innocent to poison twenty at another? If you may not throw a hundred firebrands into the city, how will you prove that you may throw one?

DEALER. Very true, very true—but let us wave this point for the present. It affects me very strangely.

CONSCIENCE. How long, then, will it take to dry up this fountain of death?

DEALER. Don't call it so, I beseech you; but I intend to be entirely out of the business in two or three years, at farthest.

CONSCIENCE. Two or three years! Can you, then, after all that has passed between us, persist two or three years longer in a contraband traffic? I verily thought, that when we had that long conference two or three months ago, you resolved to close the concern at once; and that, when we parted, I had as good as your promise, that you would. Surely, you cannot so soon have forgotten it.

DEALER. No, I remember that interview but too well; for I was never so unhappy in my life. I did almost re-

solve, and more than half promise, as you say. But after I had time to get a little composed, I thought you had pushed matters rather too far; and that I could convince you of it, at a proper time. I see, however, that the attempt would be fruitless. But as I am anxious for a compromise, let me ask whether, if I give away all the profits of this branch of my business to the Bible Society, and other religious institutions, till I can close it up, you will not be satisfied?

CONSCIENCE. Let me see. Five hundred dollars, or one hundred dollars, earned to promote the cause of religion by selling poison! By killing husbands, and fathers, and brothers, and torturing poor women and children! It smells of blood—and can God possibly accept of such an offering?

DEALER. So then, it seems, I must stop the sale at once, or entirely forfeit what little charity you have left.

CONSCIENCE. You must. Delay is death—death to the consumer at least; and how can you flatter yourself that it will not prove your own eternal death? My convictions are decisive, and be assured, I deal thus plainly because I love you, and cannot bear to become your everlasting tormentor.

DIALOGUE III.

AT THE RETAILER'S STAND.

CONSCIENCE. Do you know that little half-starved, bare-footed child, that you just sent home with two quarts of rank poison?

(Retailer hums a tune to himself, and affects not to hear the question.)

CONSCIENCE. I see by the paper of this morning, that the furniture of Mr. M—— is to be sold under the hammer to-morrow. Have I not often seen him in your taproom?

RETAILER. I am extremely busy just now, in bringing up our ledger.

CONSCIENCE. Have you heard how N—— abused his family, and turned them all into the street the other night, after being supplied by you with whiskey?

RETAILER. He is a *brute*, and ought to be confined in a dungeon six months at least, upon bread and water.

CONSCIENCE. Was not S——, who hung himself lately, one of your steady customers? and where do you think his soul is now fixed for eternity? You sold him rum that evening, not ten minutes before you went to the prayer-meeting, and had his money in your pocket—for you would not trust him—when you led in the exercises. I heard you ask him once, why he did not attend meeting, and send his children to the Sabbath-school; and I shall never forget his answer. “Come, you talk like a minister; but, after all, we are about of one mind—at least in some things. Let me have my jug and be going.”

RETAILER. I know he was an impudent, hardened wretch; and though his death was extremely shocking, I am glad to be rid of him.

CONSCIENCE. Are you ready to meet him at the bar of God, and to say to the Judge, “He was my neighbor—I saw him going down the broad way, and I did every thing that a Christian could do to save him?”

RETAILER. (Aside. O that I could stifle the upbraidings of this cruel monitor.) You keep me in constant torment. This everlasting cant about *rank poison, and liquid fire, and blood, and murder*, is too much for even a Christian to put up with. Why, if any body but Conscience were to make such insinuations and charges, he would be indictable as a foul slanderer, before a court of justice.

CONSCIENCE. Is it *slander*, or is it *because I tell you the truth*, that your temper is so deeply ruffled under my remonstrances? Suppose I were to hold my peace, while your hands are becoming more and more deeply crimsoned

with this bloody traffic. What would you say to me, when you come to meet that poor boy who just went out, and his drunken father, and broken-hearted mother, at the bar of God? Would you thank your conscience for having let you alone while there was space left for repentance?

RETAILER. Ah, had honest trader ever *such* a conscience to deal with before? Always just so uncompromising—always talking about the “golden rule”—always insisting upon a moral standard which nobody can live up to—always scenting poverty, murder, and suicide, in every glass of whiskey, though it were a mile off. The truth is, you are not fit to live in this world at all. Acting in conformity with your more than puritanical rules, would starve any man and his family to death.

CONSCIENCE. Well, here comes another customer—see the carbuncles! Will you fill his bottle with wrath, to be poured out without mixture, by and by, upon your own head? Do you not know that his pious wife is extremely ill, and suffering for want of every comfort, in their miserable cabin?

RETAILER. No, Mr. E——, go home and take care of your family. I am determined to harbor no more drunkards here.

CONSCIENCE. You mean to make a distinction then, do you, between harboring those who are already ruined, and helping to destroy such as are now respectable members of society. You will not hereafter tolerate a single *drunkard* on your premises; but—

RETAILER. Ah, I see what you are aiming at; and really, it is too much for any honest man, and still more for any Christian to bear. You know it is a long time since I have pretended to answer half your captious questions. There's no use in it. It only leads on to others still more impertinent and puzzling. If I am the hundredth part of that factor of Satan which you would make me, I ought to be

dealt with, and cast out of the church at once; and why don't my good brethren see to it?

CONSCIENCE. That's a hard question, which they, perhaps, better know how to answer than I do.

RETAILER. But have you forgotten, my good Conscience, that in retailing spirit, I am under the immediate eye and sanction of the laws. Mine is no contraband traffic, as you very well know. I hold a license from the rulers and fathers of the state, and have paid my money for it into the public treasury. Why do they continue to grant and sell licenses, if it is wrong for me to sell rum?

CONSCIENCE. Another hard question, which I leave them to answer as best they can. It is said, however, that public bodies have no soul, and if they have no soul, it is difficult to see how they can have any conscience; and if not, what should hinder them from selling licenses? But suppose the civil authorities should offer to sell you a license to keep a gambling-house, or a brothel, would you purchase such a license, and present it as a salvo to your conscience?

RETAILER. I tell you once more, there is no use in trying to answer your questions; for say what I will, you have the art of turning every thing against me. It was not always so, as you must very distinctly remember. Formerly I could retail hogshead after hogshead of all kinds of spirits, and you slept as quietly as a child. But since you began to read these Reports and Tracts about drinking, and to attend Temperance meetings, I have scarcely had an hour's peace of my life. I feared that something like this would be the effect upon your nervous temperament, when you began; and you may recollect that I strongly objected to your troubling yourself with these new speculations. It now grieves me to think that I ever yielded to your importunity; and beware that you do not push me to extremities in this matter, for I have about come to the resolution that

I will have no more of these mischievous pamphlets, either about my store or tavern; and that your temperance agents may declaim to the winds and walls, if they please.

CONSCIENCE. I am amazed at your blindness and obstinacy. It is now from three to five years since I began to speak—though in a kind of indistinct undertone at first—against this bloody traffic. I have reasoned, I have remonstrated, and latterly I have threatened and implored with increasing earnestness. At times you have listened, and been convinced that the course which you are pursuing, in this day of light, is infamous, and utterly inconsistent with a Christian profession; but before your convictions and resolutions have time to ripen into action, the love of *money* regains its ascendancy: and thus have you gone on *resolving, and relapsing, and re-resolving*—one hour at the preparatory lecture, and the next unloading whiskey at your door; one moment mourning over the prevalence of intemperance, and the next arranging your decanters to entice the simple; one day partaking of the cup of the Lord at his table, and the next offering the cup of devils to your neighbors; one day singing,

“ All that I have, and all I am,
I consecrate to Thee,”

and the next, *for the sake of a little gain*, sacrificing your character, and polluting all you can induce to drink! O, how can I hold my peace? How can I let you alone? If you will persist, your blood, and the blood of those whom you thus entice and destroy, be upon your own head. Whether you will hear, or whether you will forbear, I shall not cease to remonstrate; and when I can do no more to reclaim you, I will sit down at your gate, in the bitterness of despair, and cry, *Murder! MURDER!! MURDER!!!*

RETAILER. (Pale and trembling.) “ Go thy way for this time; when I have a convenient season, I will call for thee.”

THE
AGED PENITENT;
OR,
FILIAL PIETY REWARDED.
AN AUTHENTIC NARRATIVE.



See Page 7.

WHEN I first saw Mr. L——, the principal subject of this narrative, his tall figure and venerable appearance indelibly impressed my mind. He was eighty years of age, and upwards of six feet in height, though his form was somewhat bent. His hair was as white as age could make it, and his limbs were yet firm and vigorous. In early life he had been a soldier of the Revolution; and afterwards, for many years, had followed the occupation of a miller; but he was now cultivating the farm of a widowed daughter, with whom he resided.

He was, however, so deaf that it was very difficult to converse with him beyond a few short sentences. The sight of but one eye remained, and that barely sufficient to enable him to read. His love of this world continued unabated; and he seemed almost inaccessible to divine truth. His deafness was his excuse for never attending public worship, and the defect in his vision afforded a ready apology for neglecting the written word. He was also quickly aroused to anger, and when thwarted, even in trifles, was very profane.

Often have I exclaimed concerning him, "How cruelly has that man used the immortal spirit that dwells within him! How dark its habitation now, how certain its doom hereafter! So old, so near the close of life, and so unconscious of his danger!" I have turned away, as we turn from some awful catastrophe which we cannot prevent, but the issue of which we shudder to witness.

But I did not then know how earnestly and perseveringly his pious daughter was wrestling alternately with her God and her aged parent for the salvation of his soul. The emotions of her heart can only be understood by those who, like her, have beheld an aged father upon the verge of eternity, without one solitary ray of hope to brighten his prospects.

That their beloved friends should live at enmity with the Redeemer, is, to the people of God, the bitterest draught of affliction they have to drink in this vale of tears. How painful the reflection, that many an eye that now beams upon us with tenderest affection, may be averted from us in the world to come, in all the shame of everlasting abandonment, or else turned towards us in all the anguish of despair! Feelings like these often lie concealed from common observation, and are only poured forth to Him who heareth prayer.

The tears, the prayers, the alternate hopes and fears of this believing daughter are only known to Him who, while

he sees in secret, rewards openly. Her exertions, however, were not limited to the closet. She used all that influence which affection best knows how to use with the objects of its solicitude. When, in some of Mr. L——'s gusts of passion, his aged form would tremble with the violence of excited temper, and his lips utter language which agonized her heart, she would still throw her arms around him, and with tears intreat him to consider his age and accountability; and then, too, she would pour into his ear such a strain of affectionate and pious eloquence, that before she left him he would become calm and abashed, if not convinced.

This conduct displayed much Christian heroism. There is a mysterious principle in the human heart, which renders it difficult to warn with faithfulness, and at the same time with tenderness, our near relatives, especially our superiors in age. The daughter of Mr. L—— might have pleaded, for neglect of duty, her father's age, his insensibility, his deafness; but she sought no excuse. She opposed to his anger the mildness of a Christian; to his obduracy, the melting tenderness of filial love; to repeated discouragements, the strong confidence of an overcoming faith.

It was not until she had long hoped against hope, that any evidence was afforded that she had not labored in vain; and when that evidence *was* afforded, it seemed as if God would show, that in answering the prayers of his children he sometimes designs to take them by surprise.

On her return home rather late one evening from a religious meeting, she was obliged to go into the apartment of her aged parent to obtain a light. She found the room entirely dark, and supposed he had gone to rest. Having groped her way to the fireplace, and lighted a candle, on turning to leave the room, the first object that met her eye was her father, kneeling in prayer, and drowned in tears. The surprise was mutual, and mutual embarrassment ensued. What a sight for such a daughter! Her first impulse was to exclaim, "O my father!" The next was, to

leave him at the throne of grace. She hurried out to unbosom her feelings, and to intercede at the same throne.

Whether this aged sinner had long stifled the convictions and strivings of the Spirit, or whether they reached him for the first time that night, I am not informed. Enough is known to testify to a mighty working of the power of God. In the stillness of night, rendered more silent and dark to Mr. L—— by his bodily infirmities, instead of finding that rest which age and labor so imperiously demand, we see him earnestly seeking a once despised and rejected Saviour.

His daughter soon requested me to call and see him, merely mentioning that she believed he was more disposed than formerly to attend to the subject of religion. In complying with her request, I thought it most probable that I should find him endeavoring to patch up some miserable refuge of lies against the near approach of death. Indeed, so little did I expect satisfaction from my visit to him, that on the way to his dwelling I tried to prepare myself for disappointment.

On entering his room I found him so attentively engaged in reading his Bible that he did not perceive me until some one said to him in a very loud voice, "The minister has come to see you." He arose immediately, and his whole appearance spoke volumes. I perceived at once that he was no longer the careless sinner I once had known him. The tears trickled fast down his furrowed cheeks, as he welcomed me, not only to his house, but to his heart. A deep sense of his unworthiness, both in the sight of God and man, was mingled with overflowing gratitude for my visit. I seated myself beside him, but such was his deafness, that the only way I could instruct him was to point out passages of Scripture suited to his case. In this I was often interrupted by his voice, tremulous with emotion, exclaiming,

"O sir, I have been such a great sinner—to think how long I have lived in neglect of God and eternity; and now

I am so deaf that no one can talk to me without the greatest trouble. And my sight is failing me so fast, that I can only read a little at a time. I am afraid I shall never understand this book. I am not worthy of all this trouble."

In this way he usually expressed himself. His views of sin at this time were uncommonly clear. He seemed to feel deeply its odiousness in the sight of God, and its desolating influence upon his own heart. He considered himself the chief of sinners, because he knew of none that had spent so many years in sin. The retrospect of that life was painful beyond expression. His long service of sin and the world overwhelmed him with remorse and shame; and his obduracy and hardness of heart appeared marked with peculiar aggravation. How bitterly did he deplore the folly of his early neglect of religion. What would he not give for the happiness of looking back upon a life devoted to God. His distress was aggravated by his increasing infirmities. The fear of total blindness was dreadful to him, who saw that his only hope lay in the volume of eternal truth. So anxious was he at this time to seek there, as for hid treasures, that he never closed that book without a sigh, and rarely laid it aside without tears.

As I closed this visit, I could not but fear lest he should descend to his grave without any clear evidence of peace with God; for he seemed to obtain no distinct idea of the plan of salvation through a crucified Redeemer. He knew he had no righteousness of his own, but how he could be saved without it he did not apprehend. For many years he had excluded himself from the means of grace; and now, how could one who had been so long naturally and spiritually deaf to the voice of mercy, ever be taught to realize the joy of sins forgiven? But God's thoughts are not as our thoughts. It would seem as if he had selected one whose case appeared so hopeless, expressly to manifest the riches of his grace.

I visited Mr. L—— during the succeeding year as often

as circumstances would permit, but in all that time his soul found no substantial peace. He did not doubt the *ability* of Christ to save all that come unto God by him, but *his willingness to save such a sinner as he had been*, he could not realize.

One reason, probably, why he so long continued without the consolations which are in Christ, was his difficulty in obtaining evidences of the sincerity of his faith. The convert in early or in active life finds daily evidences of his faith in the frequent trials to which it is exposed. At one time he has open dangers to shun; at another, he is called upon to engage in active duties. From his watchfulness in the one case, and his zeal in the other, he derives testimonies to his faith in God. Not so with him whom age or bodily infirmities preclude from laboring in his Master's vineyard. He must derive his evidences alone from the exercises of his heart—a heart which he knows is deceitful above all things. Here was Mr. L——'s difficulty. He had lived long without God; he had spent the ardor of his youth and the energy of his manhood in working for the wages of sin; and now that he had grown old, and could no longer engage in active pursuits, how could he discover, from any obvious fruits of repentance, whether he had really passed from death unto life? How could he hope that God would receive the miserable remnant of a worn-out life?

From the time of my first visit to Mr. L—— after his mind became serious, he appeared entirely occupied with the great concerns of salvation. It was a common remark of those who called on him, "We always find him reading his Bible." He would pore over the sacred volume with such intense interest, that it required an effort to divert his attention to other things as occasion required. I have no doubt, from his manner, that he was often engaged in prayer when his eyes appeared fixed on the sacred page. In fact, he received very little instruction from any source except his Bible and the teachings of the Holy Spirit. The method

which I generally pursued with him was, as I have already stated, to point to such portions of Scripture as I thought suited his case, but his deafness precluded my commenting upon the text. While I watched that he might not fall into error, I was gratified to observe how far he might, in that manner, be guided into all truth. The result was, in my view, a triumphant proof that the Spirit of God is the best interpreter. His dangerous state as a sinner, the holiness and justice of the divine law, the necessity of a new heart, and of faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, and the duty of a total and unreserved submission to the will and sovereignty of God, were confessed by him, without any other guidance than His who has promised to give the Holy Spirit to them that ask him.

He removed to the distance of some miles, but several times came to see me; and was much pleased with the opportunity of religious intercourse afforded him, in conversation, by an ear-trumpet he had procured. His visits were always spiritual, and deeply interesting; and he gradually obtained clearer views of the nature of faith, and of his own personal interest in Christ.

I afterwards visited him at his new residence. It was my last visit; and the impression it left upon my mind will not be soon erased. On inquiring for him, I was pointed to the room he occupied, at the door of which I knocked several times; and upon receiving no answer, I opened it and entered. Mr. L—— was seated in a chair, which he had drawn near the window—he was alone, and his back was towards the door. I was immediately struck with the motionless appearance of his figure, and the singularity of his attitude. His head was bowed down in such a manner as to appear, at first, as if it reclined upon his knees. I hesitated a moment before I approached him, but could not perceive the slightest movement. It seemed, at first, as if the vital spark was extinguished. I was soon relieved; for, looking over him, I saw the large Bible open on his aged

arms, supported by his knees, and its pages wet with his tears. I paused to contemplate the scene, unwilling to destroy its interest. That form bending under the weight of fourscore years, those whitened locks, those secret tears, that precious Bible, are all still vividly before me. How long he would have remained in this position I cannot say. He showed no disposition to move, until I attracted his attention by laying my hand upon his shoulder. Now, for the first time, he told me of his "*peace and joy* in believing." Jesus was now precious to him; he could *now* say, "I know that my Redeemer liveth."

Let not the reader suppose that he felt less of his unworthiness, nor of the indwelling corruptions of his nature. On the contrary, he felt that he had cause constantly to exclaim, "O wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" but he saw, at the same time, more clearly than ever, the fulness and freeness of the redemption purchased by Christ Jesus. He spoke, also, of the duty of a public profession of his faith, and of the Lord's supper. Shortly afterwards his health declined so rapidly that he returned to his daughter's house, where he died, about two years after that daughter first found him engaged in prayer.

His extreme deafness prevented any connected conversation in his last hours; but his end was peace, and his dying testimony was, that he "had a trembling hope, hanging on the merits of his Redeemer." His remains are now mouldering in the retired churchyard at ———, in New Jersey; but long may his memory live, to tell to youth the preciousness of an early acquaintance with God, and to age, that there is pardon and peace, through penitence and faith in Christ.

And may this happy result of a pious daughter's faithfulness deeply impress upon Christians the duty of earnestly caring for those who have no care for themselves.

THE
H A R V E S T P A S T .BY PRESIDENT DWIGHT.

THERE are many situations in the life of man, to which the lamentation of the Jews, when given over to destruction, may be applied with the utmost propriety: "*The harvest is past, the summer is ended; and we are not saved.*" When our case has become seriously alarming; when we have enjoyed many and great privileges, without any profit; when the mercies of God have hitherto been lost upon us, and we have taken occasion from them only to harden ourselves in sin and security; a just sense of the import of these words may awaken the most suitable emotions.

Every person who still remains in sin, may, *at the close of a year*, usefully adopt this lamentation.

Few sinners reflect on their moral condition to any such extent, and with any such solemnity as the suspended state of an immortal mind, and the evident danger of endless ruin, plainly and vehemently demand. Usually they conclude that their situation is, at the worst, attended with no uncommon danger; that if ten, or twenty, or fifty years are gone and lost, years enough remain to secure their salvation and begin their repentance, when other pressing concerns of business or of pleasure shall be finished. "It is a hard case," they are disposed to say, "since seventy years are the destined date of human life, and twenty of them still remain, if a work, which demands so little time for its accomplishment, cannot be performed within that period. I may therefore sit down to eat and drink, and rise up to play; and yet have abundant opportunity to renounce my sin and turn to God."

But a sinner ought to remember at the close of a year that he has lost that period; and that he is more sinful, more guilty, and more odious to God, than at the beginning; that all the difficulties which lie between him and

salvation are increased beyond his imagination ; that his mass of guilt, and the reasons of his condemnation are mightily enhanced, his evil habits strengthened, and his hopes of returning lessened far more than he is aware ; and that, instead of living many years to come, he may, within a few days, be lodged in the grave, summoned to the judgment, and sentenced to that endless death which he has hitherto labored uniformly to deserve.

He ought also to cast his eyes around him, and see that all, or almost all others, who have, like himself, trusted to a future repentance, have from year to year become more hardened in sin by these very means ; have thought less and less of turning back, and taking hold of the paths of life ; and although whitened with the locks of age, and tottering over the grave, are, with an assiduity and eagerness not less than his own, indulging “ the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life ; ” as if assured, that there is no God, no heaven, and no hell. Such as *they* are, will *he* be. Their thoughts, their conclusions, their conduct have been the same : *their end* therefore will probably be *his*. How properly then may he exclaim, at the end of a year, “ The harvest is past, the summer is ended ; but I am not saved ! ”

Let such a one consider his alarming condition. God has with infinite patience and mercy prolonged your life another year ; and, in spite of all your sins, has renewed his blessings to you every morning, and returned them every moment. You are alive ; have been fed and clothed by his bounty ; have been preserved from every fatal evil, and furnished with an abundance of earthly good. You are still a probationer for an endless life. The gate of salvation is still open. The voice of the Redeemer is still heard : “ Come unto me, all ye that labor, and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.” The Sabbath still smiles with peace and hope. The sanctuary still resounds with praise, and invites you to seek and ask, to find and to receive. The sceptre of forgiveness is still held out for you to touch, and live.

In what manner have you lived in the midst of these blessings ?

Have you solemnly, often, and effectually thought on the great subject of religion ? Have you felt that you

soul is immortal; that it must be either saved or lost, that it is sinful, and of course condemned and ruined, unless you return with repentance toward God and faith toward our Lord Jesus Christ?

Have you, under these affecting apprehensions, entered your closet, bowed your knees before God, and asked him to have mercy on you? Have you taken heed how you heard the words of eternal life? Have you remembered, pondered, and resolved to obey what you heard? Have you thus obeyed?

Are you better than when the year began? Are you more friendly to Christ; more dutiful to God? Are you nearer to heaven, or nearer to hell? To what good purpose have you lived? Is not the harvest, in one important sense, past to you?

A season in which religion prevails is also eminently a time of harvest; and such as lose this season may well adopt, with regard to themselves, the lamentation, "The harvest is past." In one place, and at one time and another, religion seizes strongly the minds of men, and becomes in some measure, as it ought, the supreme concern. In such seasons more persons have within a short period become the subjects of piety and the heirs of heaven, so far as the human eye can judge, than at other times in many years. The Spirit of grace descends then, as the showers on the mown grass. Men, at such seasons, literally fly as clouds, and as doves to their windows.

At these periods all things conspire to persuade men to turn to God. God is then seen and known to be peculiarly gracious. The fields are ripe; the laborers are busy and successful. The force of example, the strong power of sympathy, the daily sight and hearing of religion, and its attendant circumstances, conspire with the ordinary means of grace to affect the soul. The common temptations of the world are in a great measure suspended. Fashion, ridicule, coldness, and evil example, lose their wretched hold on the mind; and a vacancy is left for candor, truth, and God.

But these seasons have their close; and some retain their former hardness of heart, increased by the resistance which they have so lately made to the offers of mercy. At these seasons a delaying sinner resists uncommon and

most happy means of grace, provokes God in a peculiar manner, and hardens his own heart to a degree and with a rapidity which ought to fill him with terror. What reason has he to fear that the harvest, with respect to him, is past, and the summer ended, while his salvation is not secured !

Another situation to which this melancholy reflection is peculiarly applicable, is that of a *dying sinner*. Human life is one continued scene of delusion. Present objects demand all our attention and all our care. To them alone we attach importance, and that far beyond what their value will warrant. In the language of most men, worldly success is the only meaning of prosperity.

Future things, on the contrary, have far less value in our eyes than they really possess; especially eternal things. We think them distant, but they are near; we think them trifles unconnected with our happiness, whereas they are things of infinite moment and infinite concern to us. This delusion not uncommonly travels with us through life.

On a dying bed, however, it vanishes; and if sickness and patience leave us in the possession of reason, juster views prevail with respect both to things present and things future. From such a bed a sinner may therefore be viewed as taking a new survey of all the objects of his aims and efforts.

Among the objects which may be supposed most naturally to arise to his view on a dying bed, *his youth* would undoubtedly occupy a place of primary importance. In what colors will his various conduct during this period appear? He is now on the verge of eternity, and just bidding his last adieu to the present world, and all its cares, and hopes, and pleasures. The earth, and whatever it contains, are vanishing for ever from his sight; and the places which have long known him, will within a few hours know him no more.

Where are now his high hopes of earthly good? Where his lively, brilliant spirits; his thirst for sensual enjoyment, for gay amusements, for sportive companions? These once engrossed all his thoughts, wishes, and labors. Where are they now? They have vanished with the gayety of *the morning cloud*: they have fled with the glitter of the *early dew*. Of what madness will he see him-

self to have been possessed, that he could be allured away from duty and salvation by bubbles, which, though adorned with the hues of enchantment, burst in a moment, and were gone for ever.

In this precious, golden season, God called to him from heaven, and proclaimed aloud, "I love them that love me; and those who seek me early, shall find me." His face was then clothed in smiles; and his voice was only tenderness and compassion. Christ also, with the benignity and sweetness of redeeming love, invited him to "come, and take the water of life freely;" proffered to him the eternal blessings of his atonement and intercession; pointed him to the wounds with which he was pierced for his sake, and the love with which, stronger than death, he had been broken on the cross, and poured out his blood, that he might live.

The Spirit of grace, with the same boundless affection, whispered to him "to turn from every evil way, and every unrighteous thought, to the Lord his God; who was ready to have mercy on him, and abundantly to pardon him." In the recesses of the soul he awaked the friendly monitions of conscience, the salutary fear of sin, the cheering hope of pardon and peace, and the glory of the promises found in the Gospel.

With what amazement will he now look back, and see that he refused these infinite blessings; that he turned his back on a forgiving God; closed his ears to the calls of a crucified Redeemer; and hardened his heart against the whispers of salvation communicated by the Spirit of truth and life! How will he wonder that the dream of life could seem so long; and that he could, even in *one* instance, much more in a *thousand*, say to repentance, "Go thy way for this time; when I have a convenient season I will call for thee!" How will he be astonished, that he refused to sow the seed of the Gospel in this precious season, and thus rendered the field of his life an Arabian desert!

Riper years will naturally next offer themselves to his view. The bustle of this period seemed at the time to be of real importance, and although not devoted to virtue, yet to be occupied by business serious and solid. But now, how suddenly will this specious garb drop, and leave, in

all their nakedness, his avarice, his ambition, and his graver sensuality! Of what value, on a dying bed, are the treasures which he struggled to heap up; or the offices he sighed to fill; the honors which he sacrificed truth and duty to acquire, or the power which he so ardently longed to enjoy? In how vain a shadow did he walk! How will this boasted reason appear to have been busied! Instead of being employed in discovering truth and performing duty, he will see it, throughout this most discreet period of life, laboring to flatter, to justify, to perpetrate iniquity; to persuade himself that safety might be found in sin, and that old age, or the last sickness, was the proper season for repentance and reformation. Blind to heaven, it had eyes only for this world.

Among the sins which will most affectingly oppress his heart, his negligence, abuse, and prostitution of the means of grace will especially overwhelm him. God, all along through the various parts of his life, put into his hands, with unspeakable kindness, his word, his Sabbath, and the blessings of his sanctuary. He gave him line upon line, and precept upon precept; warnings of his word and providence without number; and invitations to embrace the Redeemer, new every morning and fresh every moment.

Nothing will now more astonish him, than that he could possibly lose, profane, and destroy, in amusement, business, idleness or sleep, a single Sabbath; that he could wander after covetousness and pleasure during a single prayer, or neglect to hear a single sermon; that he was not engrossed by the voice of the divine charmer, charming him with infinite wisdom and tenderness to life eternal; that he did not tremble at the word of the Lord resounding in his ears the guilt and final doom of all the workers of iniquity, and proclaiming glad tidings of great joy to the penitent.

How naturally, how passionately will he now exclaim, "O that my lost and squandered days might once more return; that I might again go up to the house of God; that I might again, in the invaluable season of youth, before my sins had become a burden so heavy and so grievous to be borne, be present at the morning and evening sacrifice of prayer and praise, and again hear the divine voice calling me to repentance and faith in the Lord Jesus

Christ, and to the possession of endless glory! Were a thousand worlds mine, how cheerfully would I give them all for one day to be spent in the courts of the Lord! O that one year, one month, one Sabbath, might be added to my wretched, forfeited life! But ah! the day of grace is past: my wishes, nay, my prayers, are in vain. In that long eternity which opens before me, no Sabbath will ever dawn upon my wishful eyes; no sanctuary will unfold the gates of peace and life; no prayers will ever find a gracious ear; no praises will ever ascend to heaven; no sermon will ever call wandering and perishing sinners to repentance; no proffers of endless life will ever be made; the sound of a Savior's voice will never more be heard, and the music of salvation will be dumb for ever."

Such will be the natural *retrospect* of a dying sinner. What will be his *prospects*?

Before him, robed in terrors, stands Death, the messenger of God, now come to summon him away. To what, to whom is he summoned? To that final judgment, into which *every work* of his hands will be speedily brought, *with every secret thing*; to that Judge, from whose sentence there is no appeal, from whose eye there is no concealment, from whose hand there is no escape. Through the last agonies lies his gloomy, dreadful passage into the unseen world; his path to the bar of God. What a passage! What an interview! He, a hardened, rebellious, impious, ungrateful wretch; who has wasted all the means of salvation, prostituted his talents, squandered his time, despised his Maker, "crucified afresh the Lord of glory, and done despite unto the Spirit of grace;" now comes before that glorious and offended God, who knows all the sins which he has committed. He is there without an excuse to plead, without a cloak to cover his guilt. What would he now give for an interest in that atonement which he slighted; in that intercession, on which, while here, he never employed a thought; and in that salvation, for which perhaps he never uttered a prayer! The smiles of redeeming love are now changed into the frowns of an irreconcilable Judge. The voice of mercy sounds no more; the hope of pardon has vanished for ever.

To the judgment succeeds a boundless *eternity*. Live, he

must: die, he cannot. But where, how, with whom, is he to live? The world of darkness, sorrow, and despair, is his final habitation. Sin, endless and increasing sin, is his dreadful character; and sinners like himself are his miserable and eternal companions. Alone in the midst of millions, surrounded by enemies only, without a friend, without a comfort, without a hope; he lifts up his eyes, and takes a melancholy survey of the immense regions around him, but finds nothing to alleviate his wo, nothing to lessen the pangs of a broken heart.

In a far distant region he sees a faint glimmering of that "Sun of righteousness" which shall never more shine upon him. A feeble, dying sound of the praise, the everlasting songs of "the general assembly and church of the first-born" trembles on his ear, and in an agonizing manner reminds him of the blessings in which he also might have shared. In dim and distant vision those heavens are seen, where multitudes of his former friends and companions dwell; friends and companions who, in this world, loved God, believed in the Redeemer, and by a patient continuance in well-doing sought for glory, honor, and immortality. Among them, perhaps, his own fond parents; who, with a thousand sighs, and prayers, and tears, commended him, while they tabernacled here below, to the mercy of God and to the love of their own divine Redeemer. His children also, and the wife of his bosom, gone before him, have perhaps fondly waited at the gates of glory in the ardent expectation, the cheering hope, of seeing him, once so beloved, re-united to their number, and a partaker in their everlasting joy. But they have waited in vain.

The curtain is now drawn, and the amazing vast is unbosomed to his view. With a gloomy and dreadful account of life spent only in sin, without a single act of piety, with no faith in Christ, he is cast out, as wholly wicked and unprofitable, into the land of darkness and the shadow of death; there to wind his melancholy journey through regions of sorrow and despair, ages without end, and to take up, for ever, the gloomy lamentation, "The harvest is past, the summer is ended; but I am not saved."

THE

GREAT ALTERNATIVE;

REPENTANCE, OR PERDITION.

 BY REV. WILLIAM NEVINS, D. D.

AN alternative is the choice given of two things, of which, if one be rejected, the other must be taken. In the progress of human life many alternatives are presented. But there is *one* which in importance is greatly preëminent. It is that alternative of which we read so frequently in the word of God, and which may be designated thus—*repentance, or perdition*. “Except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish.” Other modes of expressing the same alternative are sometimes adopted, but they do not differ materially from this.

Sometimes an alternative consists of two things to be *done*. In other cases there is a thing to be *done*, or another to be *suffered*. It is an *act* or a *penalty*. Of this kind is the case in question. Repentance is something to be done. Perdition is something to be suffered. In such a case, the thing to be suffered is never actually and directly chosen; but the thing to be done being declined, the thing to be suffered follows in course and inevitably. No one ever chooses perdition immediately and for its own sake; but repentance being refused, perdition follows. As, however, he who refuses repentance does it with the knowledge that perdition will ensue, he is considered as actually choos-

ing perdition. Hence it is said, "Why *will* ye die? All they that hate me *love* death." Ezek. 18 : 31 ; Prov. 8 : 36. In regard to this alternative, I observe,

1. It is *real* ; it is actually before you. I mean by this, that you have a choice to make ; that there are but two things out of which the choice is to be made ; and that these two things are *repentance* and *perdition* ; so that one must be done, or the other suffered. For proof of this, come to the word of God. Hear the Saviour, "Except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish." Now suppose that one does not repent, does it not follow that he will perish ? Or will the word of Christ fail ? Hear Jehovah speaking in Isaiah 55 : 7 : "Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts ; and let him return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon him ; and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon." But will even our God have mercy on him and pardon him on any other condition ? If you doubt whether this expresses the only condition on which God will or can consistently pardon the sinner, hear him in Jeremiah 36 : 3 : "It may be that the house of Judah will hear all the evil which I purpose to do unto them, that they may return every man from his evil way ; *that I may* forgive their iniquity and their sin." Do you not see that he cannot forgive on any other condition ? and will not that person perish whom God does not forgive ? In Jeremiah 3 : 12, the prophet is commanded to go and proclaim these words : "Return, thou backsliding Israel, saith the Lord, and I will not cause my anger to fall upon you." But suppose they do not return ; will he not cause his anger to fall on them ; or is it an idle, insincere threat ? Read next a passage from Ezekiel, in which the alternative is stated three several times : "Repent and turn from all your transgressions, *so* iniquity shall not be your ruin"—it will be your ruin, if you do not repent. "Cast away from

you all your transgressions whereby ye have transgressed, and make you a new heart and a new spirit; for why will ye die, O house of Israel?"—you will certainly die, if you do not cast them away. "For I have no pleasure in the death of him that dieth, saith the Lord God; wherefore turn yourselves and live ye:" your turning is necessary to your living. And now, if you will not take the *word* of God for this, you have his *oath*, Ezek. 33: 11: "As I live, saith the Lord God, I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked; but that the wicked turn from his way and live: turn ye, turn ye, from your evil ways; for why will ye die, O house of Israel?" You see it is *turn or die*. So says the apostle Peter: "The Lord is long suffering to us-ward, not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance." Here you see the same alternative presented. Again he says, "Repent and be baptized, every one of you, in the name of Jesus Christ, for the remission of sins." And in Acts 3: 19, "Repent ye, therefore, and be converted, that your sins may be blotted out." Will they be blotted out on any other condition?

2. This alternative is *universal*. It is equally before all. "All have sinned and come short of the glory of God." And does not repentance behove all that have sinned? Is not perdition threatened as the penalty of iniquity, without regard either to the *kind* or *degree* of the iniquity? How can any one read the Bible without perceiving that all have so sinned that repentance is necessary; and perdition certain, except they repent? God "now commandeth *all men everywhere* to repent." Acts 17: 30. And Peter says, Acts 2: 38, "Repent and be baptized, *every one of you*."

3. It is a *perfect* alternative. The first being done, the second shall never follow. Repentance is an effectual security against perdition in every case. On the other hand, the first not being done, the second will certainly and uni-

formly follow. In other words, there is no security against perdition but repentance.

4. The alternative is *unavoidable*. Do what you will, you cannot get away from it. You may evade either branch of the alternative, but you cannot evade both. You may avoid repentance, or you may avoid perdition; but avoid both repentance and perdition you cannot. There is not in the nature of things a necessity of your *turning*, neither is there any necessity of your *dying*, but there is a necessity of your doing the one or the other. You may choose either, but choose one you *must*. You are at liberty to choose either this or that; but not at liberty to choose or not to choose. Some persons resolve that they will have nothing to do with religion. It is a *vain* resolution. They cannot help having something to do with it. They may have nothing to do with its *doctrines* and *precepts*, but in that case they must have something to do with its *penalties*. No man can altogether evade Christianity. The rock of salvation lies across your path to eternity, and you must either build on it, or be broken by it.

5. This alternative is *present*. It is not to be set before you hereafter. It is directly and distinctly before you now, and you are called *now* to make your choice, and you can do it now as well as ever. But remember, though present now, *it will not always be so*. Soon it will be *past*, never more to return. Then there will be no alternative. Perdition alone will remain, and that you must realize. Mark this, the great alternative you cannot keep before you as long as you please; nor can you recall it, when once it is removed. Its continuance does not depend on you, but on the sovereign pleasure of God. He withdraws it just when he pleases; always at death, and sometimes, undoubtedly, a long time in advance of death. But you say, "If at any time I repent, however late it be, will not that secure me

against perdition?" Most assuredly it will; but you forget that such is the obstinate wickedness of your heart, you will have no disposition to repent, unless God inclines you by his Holy Spirit. You will not live another day, unless he please; and however long you may live, you will never be inclined to repent, unless he incline you. That which is your *act*, and your *obligation*, is equally his *gift*. God will not always allow you to decline repentance, without realizing perdition. How long he will suffer you, I do not know. How long you will live, I know not; and whether, after the last call to repentance has died away, and the final offer of mercy has been rejected by you, you may not live some years, just to fill up the measure of your iniquities, and to treasure up wrath against the day of wrath, I cannot decide.

This being the state of the case, may I not say to you, "Choose whether you will repent or perish; decide *now* to *do* the one, or to *suffer* the other." It would seem as if you could not help choosing repentance, and choosing it *now*; since perdition is admitted to be an evil, and is inevitable if you do not repent; and since, if you do not repent now, you may never have another opportunity; and since you have every thing to encourage you to repent, and to aid you in repenting *now*, that you can ever expect to have; for as God says now, you have only to agree to his time, and it is done. He who says that "now is the day of salvation," cannot prefer a future period for your repentance.

Shall I then stop here? If I knew that every reader would at this point form the purpose of immediate repentance, I would stop here, only adding, "Do now what you have determined on; keep Jehovah no longer waiting for you; you know his terms; consent to them, that is all." And if any reader shall at this point adopt the resolution to repent, he may stop here, while I go on, for the benefit of

such as are unresolved, to show them that they had better repent than perish, and that they had better decide in favor of repentance at once.

Let us look alternately at repentance and perdition, and see which is preferable; whether there be so much of pain, and sacrifice, and labor, and loss in repentance, that upon the whole, perdition is rather to be chosen; or, if perdition be such an evil, that ten thousand *penitential tears* were better.

Now, if you saw one of these two things to be a *good*, and the other only evil, would you not be decided at once? And truly, repentance is a good—a thing that ought to be desired by a sinner for its own sake—a thing that ought to be done, though nothing were to be suffered in case of its not being done. It is duty, and it is profit. It brings pleasure in its exercise. Its tears are not all of sorrow, but many of them are tears of joy. It is a reasonable exercise, a right act; and no real penitent ever repented of having sorrowed for sin. It should therefore be pursued as a good—done without any reference to the consequences of not doing it. How fit it is that he who has sinned should be sorry for it; and that he who has been doing wrong should cease from doing it.

But, in the estimation of the sinner, though not in fact, repentance is an *evil* as well as perdition; wherefore we are reduced to the necessity of proving to him that it is the *less* of two evils, and to be preferred on that account, if on no other. That it is a less evil than perdition, and that we had better repent than perish, may be inferred from this, that God and all good beings unite in this decision; nor is it a mere cold conclusion to which they come, but they are extremely *solicitous* that we should choose repentance. “O that there were such a heart in them,” that they would

repent! is the language of God; and the benevolent inhabitants of heaven are represented as rejoicing together when one sinner repenteth. Since, then, you must choose one part of the alternative, had it not better be this? Are you not convinced now? May I not stop here? Reader, if you are convinced, you may stop here, and, at once, drop the tear and do the work of repentance.

But some will not be advised of God. For their sakes I proceed. Let us take a look at repentance, and then at perdition, and see what evils, if any, are in each, and which preponderate. Now, as to the evils and disadvantages involved in repentance and induced by it, let them be called to mind, contemplated, and weighed. They are such as conviction, contrition, humiliation, self-condemnation, self-loathing, confession of sin, self-denial, the public profession of Christ's religion, the diligence, watchfulness, prayer, and various efforts and sacrifices necessary in bringing forth fruits meet for repentance, all which sinners esteem as evils, whether they be so in fact or not. Consider also the restraints which religion imposes, the regimen it prescribes, the surrenders it requires, its interference with carnal gratifications, with the projects of worldly ambition, and with the heaping up and hoarding of riches; and consider also, if you please, that these come *first*—that repentance is to be accomplished now, perdition not to be endured till hereafter.

Now, having contemplated the evils which belong to repentance, look at perdition and see what are its evils. The word *perdition* expresses the state of having perished, or of being destroyed; the condition of being lost, or of being in ruins. It denotes an evil which is both *total* and *final*. Consider the *losses* involved in it; the loss of the favor of God, the forfeiture of heaven, the deprivation of everlasting life, the departure from the soul of all light and all love, of peace and joy—and last of all, of hope. Con-

sider the positive *evils* involved in perdition: the wrath of God, hell, eternal death, darkness, hatred, tumult, sorrow, and worst of all, what the departure of hope leaves, *despair*, itself the supreme of evils, and that which precludes any alleviation of evil for ever.

And now, having considered the evils of each, compare them together. Repentance is short, even though it should reach through the most protracted life. Perdition is long—it is everlasting. Repentance, if evil, is not evil only; but perdition is only unmixed, unalleviated evil. Repentance, so far from excluding, inspires hope; but from perdition despair is inseparable. God smiles on the penitent soul, but on the subject of perdition he frowns darkly and for ever. And finally, *while repentance secures from perdition, perdition itself involves the worst of all repentance*, a repentance without end, without avail, without relief, and without hope; a repentance unto death. If there is weeping in evangelical repentance, there is weeping too in perdition; ay, and there is wailing and gnashing of teeth, a worm, a fire, darkness and torment, which are not in evangelical repentance. So you see that you cannot possibly avoid every kind of repentance. Sorrow for sin, of one sort or another, you must experience; and you have but to choose whether it shall be the sorrow of the world, or true godly sorrow; whether it shall be unto death, or unto life; on earth, or in hell; here, or hereafter; now, or for ever and ever.

Will the reader pause a moment at this point, and contemplate the alternative in this statement of it? Observe, the sinner has the liberty of choosing *when* he will repent, and *where*, and *in what manner*, and *whereunto*, and *how long* he will be repenting; but not *whether* he will repent. Repent somewhere, somehow, and at some time, he must. If he is saved, he will repent; and if he is lost, he will

also repent, but in despair. The alternative is really *to repent and be saved*, or *to perish and repent without hope*.

Now, which will you? Perhaps you want to avoid repentance altogether, but that is impossible. You may put off repentance, but you cannot put it out of the way. You may *hide* from your sin a long time, but "be sure your sin will find you out." You may adjourn the court of conscience from day to day, but it will sit and adjudicate at last.

Seeing, then, you must repent, I solemnly put it to you to make your choice of the *place*, and the *time*, and the *manner*: *Where* will you repent? on earth or in hell? *When* will you repent? in this life, or in the life to come? On which side of the grave? now, or hereafter? And *how* do you choose to repent? as did Peter, or as Judas did? with the sorrow of the world, or with the sorrow of God? And *unto what?* unto death, or unto life? Will you repent and live, or repent and still die? for there is a sorrow of the world which "worketh death." And *how long* do you choose to be repenting? a small part of time, or the whole of eternity? Shall your weeping endure for a night, and joy come in the morning; or shall it endure for ever, no joy ever succeeding, no morning following? In fine, fellow-sinner, will you *sow* in tears, or will you *reap* tears? Make your choice.

I have said, for I wish to deal fairly, that perdition has the advantage of repentance in being *future*. This, however, is no great advantage, when a thing is *inevitable*; and especially when it is *not far future*, and may be *just at hand*. There is another advantage which perdition is *supposed* to have, and that is, that it is not altogether *certain*; that there is some doubt about its reality. Doubts there may be in many minds in regard to it, and even disbelief. There never was a ruin threatened, in reference to which there were not some sceptics until it came. The

antediluvians had their doubts about the predicted flood, and the inhabitants of Sodom had theirs. Nevertheless, the flood came and the fire descended. So perdition will come on the world of the ungodly none the less for not being expected. It is certain as the word of God can make it. If Jesus Christ is to be credited, eternal punishment is a reality. The gulf is fixed, the fire burns, and the gnawing worm lives, immortal as the soul it feeds upon.

And now, having fully stated the alternative, I ask again, What will you do? Will you repent, or perish? Come to a decision.

Do you say, "I will do nothing about it?" Then you will perish. You have decided in favor of perdition. Do you say, "I will consider what I had better do?" But have you not long been doing that to no purpose? Does it take you so long a time to make up your mind whether it is preferable to be saved or lost? What is there in the case which requires so much deliberation? Here is destruction overhanging you, and almost encircling you; there is but one avenue of escape from it, and that is every day becoming narrower, and will soon be closed up entirely, and yet you would pause to consider. If there were many methods of avoiding perdition, you might stop to consider by which you had better make your escape. But there is only one. You must escape by it, or perish.

Reader, are you really at a loss to know what you had better do? Is this pausing in order to ascertain your duty? Are you not rather hesitating whether you shall do what you discern to be your duty? Ah, I know how it is. You are convinced. You are only not persuaded to act agreeably to your convictions. Now, to hesitate, under *any* circumstances, is dangerous; but, in circumstances such as these, it is peculiarly so. Could you stop the wheels of time, arrest the doings of death, and stay the progress of

sin, and thus secure yourself against the possible evils of pausing to consider, you might be indulged in it. But remember, while you pause, time goes on, and death does not wait for you, and sin makes progress.

Will any one say, in the pride of his heart, "I need no repentance." Then you have not sinned; for wherever there is sin, there needs to be repentance. Then how happens it that you are mortal, since death is the wages of sin? Perhaps you mean that you have never been guilty of any great sins, nor of many in number. But if you have sinned at all, it is sufficient for your ruin. Does God allow any sin? Did not Christ atone for sin of every kind, and did not every sin he carried bear hard and heavy upon him in the hour of his agony and death? Will you still say that you need no repentance?

Does any one say, "I have repented?" I rejoice if you have; but be not hasty in coming to that conclusion. You have been sorry, I have no doubt, and it is quite likely you may have reformed your conduct in some respects. But that is not repentance. Repentance includes contrition, amendment, and reparation; and the contrition must be deep, the amendment thorough, and the reparation to the utmost. Repentance is towards God, and it equally respects all sin. Have you realized this? Have you ever offered, in sacrifice to God, the broken heart and contrite spirit; have you reformed throughout; have you made restitution; and have you repaired, or are you endeavoring to repair all the injuries which your sins may have done to the person, property, or reputation of any? Have you felt the mingling of grief and hatred for sin? Have you "looked upon Him whom you have pierced, and mourned and been in bitterness?" And have you stopped piercing him? Think you that you have ever repented to the joy of angels? O, there are professed penitents on earth, over whose repentance, if

angels once rejoiced, they must have sorrowed ever since ; for what do they but wound Christ, afflict his people, and bring a reproach on his religion ; the grief of good men, and the jest of bad ? Are you indulging yourself in no sin whatever ? With these questions probe yourself.

Is any one unable to decide whether he has repented or not ? Let him take the safer side. Let him assume that he has not, and feel and act accordingly. Better repent twice, than not at all. But some one says, "I cannot repent," and a thousand voices reëcho the excuse, "I cannot repent." Could you not, if you would ? Answer me that. If you had the will, would you lack the power ?

Do you say you have neither ? Then, by your own showing, you lie at the mere mercy of an offended God ; and will you not so much as humble yourself before him, and confess your sin ? Will you not even cast one imploring, confiding look for mercy to him who is "exalted a Prince and a Saviour to give repentance and remission of sins ?" Does not your unwillingness to repent involve awful guilt ? If you cannot repent, why can you not ? Is your nature incapable of repentance ? Can you not be sorry for any thing ? Can you not turn from one thing to another ? Or is the difficulty found in exercising the particular kind of repentance required by the Gospel ; in being sorry for having offended God ; in turning from sin to his service ? You can repent towards a parent, why can you not towards God ? Is sin against God so sweet that you cannot be sorry that you have tasted it, and cannot resolve to taste it no more ? Well, reader, if you cannot repent, yet you can perish. And perish you must, except you repent.

Does any one say, "I will repent ?" But *when* will you ? Take care that you do not die first. You must mean that you will repent before you die, for after that it will be of no avail to repent. But if this is your meaning, your

only safety is in an immediate execution of your purpose in repenting now. You may put off the preparation for death as long as you can put off death itself. Longer you would not, nor yet quite so long. Now, how long can you put off death? A year, a month, a day, an hour? Not an hour. And will you put off its preparation, repentance, an hour? Dare you do it?

If, as you say, you will repent, repent. If you will arise and go to your Father, arise and go. The mere resolution cannot help you: it is only the act that availeth. To resolve that you will repent, and yet not do it, is, in effect, to choose perdition. What if the prodigal son had done no more than resolve? If you decide in favor of repentance, show your preference of it by exercising it. Are you sorry for having sinned against God? Then turn from all your evil ways, cast away from you all your transgressions, whereby you have transgressed. Remember, that repentance is not merely something *felt*, but also something *done*—a return, a reformation. Its antecedent is conviction of sin. Its attendants are faith, a cordial reliance on Christ, submission to God, the giving of the heart to him. And its consequents are love, joy, peace, long-suffering; or, in one word, obedience, evangelical in its principle, in its rule, and in its aim. Be not deceived; God *cannot* be. Your resolving to repent, but *not now*, is a refusal to repent. If God tells you to do a thing now, and you decline doing it now, it is disobedience, and a denial of God, whatever your intentions may be. If he were to say to you, "Repent within the space of ten years," your deferring repentance for a year, or for nine years, would not be disobedience. But he says in a single command, "Repent now." Therefore, by not repenting now, you disobey God, and you set him at naught. He will call you to account for it, and you will find that he is one who may not be trifled with. And you will find, too,

that you cannot put off perdition as easily as you can repentance. You may put off doing your duty, but you cannot put off suffering the penalty of not doing it.

Hark! do I not hear some one, in a subdued tone, and from a broken spirit, saying, "I do repent?" Is it not the movement of some soul arising and going to its Father, that I hear? Son, daughter, be of good cheer; thy sins are forgiven thee. Angels, speed your way with the news to heaven.

Has any one read thus far and not repented? Let him indulge me, then, a moment longer. One final argument I have to employ, one last appeal to make. In the failure of every other, this may, and, with God's blessing, will prevail. If you will not be *driven* to repentance, yet will you as obstinately refuse to be *drawn* to it? If you are determined not to be persuaded by the terror of the Lord, yet will you not be constrained by the love of Christ? Come, suffer me to throw these cords around you, and O, sinner, submit to be bound by love. If you will die sooner than surrender to the call of authority, or to the summons of superior power and the threat of vengeance, yet will you not capitulate to kindness? Shall not the goodness of God lead you to repentance? How great that goodness has been; how early it commenced its care of you; how unwearied have been its attentions; how diversified its gifts; how large its bounties! Think of the eye that has ever watched over you; the arm that has ever been kept under you; and the heart which has not only *beat*, but *bled* for you. "Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that he loved us, and sent his Son to be the propitiation for our sins." 1 John, 4 : 10. "God so loved the world." "He spared not his own Son," that he might spare you. That you might escape perdition, how much has been *done*, and still more has been *suffered*. And shall it be all in vain; worse than to no purpose? "Do ye thus requite the Lord,

O foolish people and unwise? hath he not made thee and established thee?" Do you not know that the first and most appropriate expression of a sinner's gratitude is repentance? Come, then, and exercise it. Let love melt you into it. Can you not grieve for having sinned against such love; for having been accessory to such sufferings? If no other object can move you to repentance, if authority cannot awe, if hell cannot intimidate, if heaven cannot attract, yet can you be unmoved at the spectacle of the cross? Can you look on him whom you have pierced, and not mourn?

Reader, art thou alone? If not, retire; get by thyself; go from all but Him from whom thou canst not go. * * * * And now, art thou retired with God? Go upon thy knees. Spread his word before you. Read where he says to you, "Repent—return—come." What say you to his call? Turn, now, to something penitential, as the 51st Psalm, and taking with you those words, go. Does your heart refuse to move? Then look up; that is the quarter whence cometh help. Are you afraid? Are you ashamed? Well may you both blush and tremble. Nevertheless, lift up thine eye. There is Jesus. Behold him at the right hand of God exalted. The prints of the nails are still upon him. See where they perforated his hands and his feet. There the spear entered. Thence flowed the blood which cleanses from all sin. It has an efficacy for you. *Only believe.* Can you not believe? He is the "author and finisher of faith." Will not your heart repent? He is "exalted a Prince and a Saviour to give repentance." What a Saviour! He first *procures* salvation, then *offers* it on the easiest and most reasonable conditions; and then sends the Holy Spirit to urge your compliance. O, grieve him not away for ever; "*lest thou mourn at the last, when thy flesh and thy body are consumed, and say, How have I hated instruction, and my heart despised reproof!*"

THE NEW BIRTH.

Awaked by Sinai's awful sound,
 My soul in guilt and thrall I found
 Exposed to endless woe ;
 Eternal truth did loud proclaim,
 "The sinner must be born again,"
 Or else to ruin go.

Amazed I stood, but could not tell
 Which way to shun the gates of hell ;
 For death and hell drew near :
 I strove, indeed, but strove in vain :
 "The sinner must be born again,"
 Still sounded in my ear.

When to the law I trembling fled,
 It poured its curses on my head ;
 I no relief could find.
 This dreadful truth renewed my pain,
 "The sinner must be born again,"
 And whelmed my tortured mind.

Again did Sinai's thunders roll,
 And guilt lay heavy on my soul,
 A vast, oppressive load :
 Alas, I read and saw it plain,
 "The sinner must be born again,"
 Or feel the wrath of God.

The saints I heard with rapture tell
 How Jesus conquered death and hell,
 And broke the fowler's snare ;
 Yet when I found this truth remain,
 "The sinner must be born again,"
 I sunk in deep despair.

But while I thus in anguish lay,
 The gracious Saviour passed this way,
 And felt his pity move ;
 The sinner, by his justice slain,
 Now, by his grace, is born again,
 And sings redeeming love.

WHAT ART THOU?

It is of no importance to the writer who thou art, but it is of infinite importance to thyself, *what* thou art. Are you, reader, a sinner on the road to misery; or are you a saint on the road to blessedness? One of these you must be. There are but two masters, Christ and Satan; two roads, the narrow and the broad; two destinations, heaven and hell. As your present and everlasting well-being depend on your character in this world, it is surely of the utmost importance that you ascertain *what you are*. The matter is momentous. Let conscience reply.

Are you among the number who are madly pursuing the vanities and pleasures of this fleeting world? Are you alive for time, asleep for eternity? Then you are cultivating Satan's ground, and securing your own destruction. Whoever is the friend of the world, cannot be the friend of God. O think what is implied in that expression, not to be a friend of God! If not the friend of God, you must be the friend of Satan; but Satan is a hard master. What wages do you expect in such a service? "The wages of sin is death." Will you serve him *now*, who will be the companion of, and add to the eternal torment of his followers? What can be said to you, who prefer such a master to him who is "Immanuel, God with us;" and who prefer such a service to his, which is perfect freedom? You know not what you do. You are heaping up to yourself "wrath against the day of wrath," standing on the brink of eternal ruin. Psal. 9: 17. You cannot escape the eye of Omniscience. Do you ever think, when committing sin, that though it may be hid from man, "Thou God seest me?" Ah, I fear not. No language can describe this infatuation; but there is a period fast approaching, when it will be felt in all its tremendous reality.

Remember, you cannot remain long an inhabitant of this world—you are to die. It may be the moment is at hand. “This night thy soul may be required of thee.” Yet, after death, you are to exist for ever. For ever! where? Ah, where? If you are living without God, you cannot mistake the place whither you are bound. And can you, without horror and dismay, contemplate that place where the worm dieth not, and the fire is never quenched—where there are weeping, and wailing, and gnashing of teeth? Think of such inevitable destruction, and say if you maintain the determination to let others go to heaven, there to enjoy uninterrupted felicity, whilst you, having chosen that in which God delights not, shall be thrust down to hell, to spend your FOR EVER in the blackness of darkness. Away with such a wicked and horrific thought! What, an intelligent being preparing, deliberately preparing himself, for everlasting burnings? how tremendously affecting to a serious mind! and all for the pleasures of sin, which last only for a short season.

Does the world never frown upon you, that you so love it? And O, let me ask you what the world will do for you at death? Will it afford you one shadow of comfort? How often do the agonies of a guilty conscience, on a death-bed, present a specimen of the misery which will be completed in eternity. Think not it will be time enough to relinquish sin, when sickness and death approach. A death-bed may never come to you: you may be hurried to the eternal world without a moment’s warning. “Now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation.” We never read in the Bible that to-morrow will be time enough. Who will presume to say that he will live another day, and do this or that? Prov. 27: 1. Psal. 95: 7.

Jehovah hath “no pleasure in the death of the wicked.” Harken to the melting, beseeching expostulations: “Turn ye, turn ye; why will ye die?” “The Spirit and the Bride say, Come; and let him that heareth say, Come; and let him that is athirst come: and whosoever will, let him take of the water of life freely.” Rev. 22: 17. Yes, God is willing, through the merits and death of Christ, to save all who apply to him in earnest. Of this you ought not to doubt; look to the cross of Calvary for the delightful attestation, that “God so loved the world as to give his only

begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." Multitudes have already experienced the blessedness of believing this truth. Still there is room—room in God's vineyard—room in heaven for you. Christ is the way, the truth, and the life, and there is salvation in no other. Haste then to Jesus, the refuge of the soul, for the avenger of blood pursues. You are safe in no place, and at no time, but under the covert of redeeming blood. Happy are they who are in such a state ; happy, indeed, is the people whose God is Jehovah. Christ is precious to them—their treasure is in heaven—their hearts are also there. "And when Christ, who is their life, shall appear, they shall also appear with him in glory." Happy people in time—happy through eternity. Will you not join the happy, the blessed number ? O let there be joy in heaven on your account. Is there no feeling awakened within you by the recollection that you have a soul to be saved, and a crown of glory set before you ?

Could I tell you the bliss experienced by the children of God, even "in this vale of tears," would it not affect you, to think you are a stranger to the sweets of the Christian religion ? You know not what is meant by "the communion of saints." How delightful is it for Zion's children to converse about the things that concern the King, the Lord of glory, or their own precious immortal souls—to sympathize together with the benighted heathen, or the world lying in wickedness. How animating to bow the knee at the footstool of mercy, and supplicate for pardon and peace for all mankind. How enrapturing to converse of the triumphs of the cross—the prosperity of the church—the inroads made on Satan's kingdom, by the daily and hourly accessions to the number of the saved—and the final and universal conquest of light and truth over darkness and error. What contemplations arise in connection with the land of consummate bliss—the Zion above—the new Jerusalem. And O, how sweetly comforting to have the prospect of meeting hereafter in that land "of cloudless sky," and there rehearsing together the wonders of redeeming mercy. In that land the redeemed shall not love, admire, and praise, as they were wont to do on earth. *There*, love shall for ever glow without the least abatement—admiration shall for ever increase—and the most exalted and

harmonious songs of praise shall burst forth from ravished hearts, through the endless ages of eternity. There are the white robes—the crown of glory—the palms of victory—the ever delightful worship—the hallelujahs which make heaven's portals ring; and there is to be seen the object of incomparable wonder, to whom this praise belongs—the man Jesus Christ, on his throne, high and lifted up: and all this blessedness has been provided by infinite love!

What think you, O reader, of such things? What think you of Christ? Of what he has done to save sinners? Of what he has gone to prepare for those who love him? Say, hath not his love a depth and a height, a length and a breadth, which passeth all knowledge? Surely, there is nothing but Christ and his cause worth living for.

There is a reality in religion, whatever scoffers may say. A present reward is experienced in the keeping of God's commands. "Wisdom's ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace." This peace passeth all understanding—it must be enjoyed to be perfectly understood. The world can neither give it nor take it away. You are capable now of becoming an expectant, and at last a partaker of this infinite blessedness. Be entreated to accept of the Saviour, to give yourself up entirely to him, and undoubtedly you will say, you never knew happiness, real happiness, till you became a possessor of real religion. Come to Christ as you are, wretched, miserable, blind, naked. In him all fulness dwells. Trust alone in his blood and righteousness. He has done all that is necessary for your salvation.

Once more: if you are still disposed to remain careless about your soul and eternity, I must cease addressing you, or attempting to delineate your fearful state. Time is given to prepare for eternity; miss this, and you are lost for ever. O kiss the Son, lest he be angry, and ye perish for ever. Escape for your life—look not behind. Death is approaching—judgment is approaching—eternity is approaching.

BARNES

ON THE

TRAFFIC IN ARDENT SPIRITS.

THERE are some great principles in regard to *our* country, which are settled, and which are never to be violated, so long as our liberties are safe. Among them are these: that every thing may be subjected to candid and most free discussion; that public opinion, enlightened and correct, may be turned against any course of evil conduct; that that public opinion is, under God, the prime source of security to our laws and to our morals; and that men may be induced, by an ample and liberal discussion, and by the voice of conscience and of reason, to abandon any course that is erroneous. We are to presume that we may approach any class of American citizens with the conviction that if they are *convinced* that they are wrong, and that their course of life leads to sap the foundation of morals and the liberties of their country, they will abandon it.

Our present proposition is, that THE MANUFACTURING AND VENDING OF ARDENT SPIRITS IS MORALLY WRONG, AND OUGHT TO BE FORTHWITH ABANDONED.

We mean by the proposition, that it is an employment which *violates the rules of morals that ought to regulate a man's business and conduct*. The doctrine proceeds on the supposition, that there is somewhere a correct standard of morals—a standard by which a man's whole conduct and course of life is to be tried; and that *this* business cannot be vindicated by a reference to that standard. Or, for ex-

ample, we mean that it is man's duty to love God, and seek to honor him, and that this business cannot be vindicated by a reference to that standard. That it is man's duty to love his fellow-men, and seek to promote their welfare, and that this business cannot be vindicated by that standard. That it is man's duty to render a valuable compensation to his fellow-men in his transactions with them, and that this business cannot be vindicated by that standard. That every man is bound to pursue such a course of life as shall promote the welfare of the entire community in which he lives, as shall *not* tend to promote crime, and pauperism, and misery, and to make widows and orphans, and that this business cannot be vindicated by that standard. In one word, that by any rules of life that have been set up to regulate the conduct of men, whether in the Bible, in the necessary relations of the social compact, in the reason and conscience of Christians, and of other men, this business is incapable of vindication, and is to be regarded as immoral.

In this proposition, however, it is important to be understood. We mean to confine it simply to the business where it is sold as an article of *drink*. For to sell it as a medicine, with the same precaution as other poisons are sold, would be no more immoral than it is to sell arsenic. And to sell it for purposes of manufacture, where it is necessary for that purpose, is no more immoral than to sell any other article with that design. Between selling it for *these* purposes, and selling it as an article of drink, there is, as any one can see, the widest possible difference.

When we speak of this business as *immoral*, it is also important to guard the use of the word *immoral*. That word, with us, has come to have a definite and well understood signification. When we speak of an immoral man, we are commonly understood to attack the foundations of his character; to designate some gross vice of which he is guilty, and to speak of him as profane, or licentious, or

profligate, or dishonest, or as unworthy of our confidence and respect. Now, we by no means intend to use the word in such a wide sense, when we say that this business is immoral. We do not mean to intimate that in no circumstances a man may be engaged in it and be worthy of our confidence, and be an honest man, or even a Christian; for our belief is, that many such men have been, and are still, unhappily engaged in this traffic. The time has been, when it was thought to be as reputable as any other employment. Men may not see the injurious tendency of their conduct. They may not be apprized of its consequences; or they may be ignorant of the proper rules by which human life is to be regulated. Thus, the slave-trade was long pursued, and duelling was deemed right, and bigamy was practised. But for a man to maintain that all these would be right *now*, and to practise them, would be a very different thing.

In this view of the subject, we do not of course speak of the dead, or offer any reflection on their conduct or character. Many men are unwilling to regard this traffic as wrong, because, by so doing, they would seem to convey a reflection on their parents, or friends, who may have been engaged in the same business. But nothing of this kind is intended. The great laws of morals are indeed unchanged; but the degrees of light and knowledge which men possess may be very different. We should not deem it right to apply *our* laws and knowledge, in judging of the laws of Sparta, which authorized theft; nor our laws to judge of the conduct of the Hindoo in exposing his father on the banks of the Ganges; nor our present views to determine on the morality of our fathers an hundred years ago in the slave-trade; nor our views of the marriage relation to condemn the conduct of Abraham, David, or Jacob. Man's conduct is to be estimated by the light which he has. They who sin without law, are to be judged without law; and

they who sin in the law, are to be judged by the law. Your father might have been engaged in the traffic in ardent spirits. Whether he was innocent or not, is not now the question, and has been determined by a higher tribunal than any on earth. The question now is, whether *you* can pursue it with a good conscience; or whether, with all that you know of the effects of the traffic, it be right or wrong for you to pursue it.

With these necessary explanations, I proceed to PROVE that, in the sense in which it has been explained, the traffic is MORALLY WRONG.

In proving this proposition, I shall take for granted two or three points which are now conceded, and to establish which would lead me too far out of my way. The first is, that this is not an employment in which *the properties of the article are unknown*. The seller has as good an opportunity to be acquainted with the qualities of the article, and its effects, as the buyer. There is no concealment of its character and tendency; there can be no pretence that you were deceived in regard to those qualities, and that you were unintentionally engaged in the sale of an article which has turned out to be otherwise than you supposed it to be. For, alas, those properties are too well ascertained; and all who are engaged in this employment have ample opportunity to know what they are doing, and engage in it with their eyes open.

The *effects* of this traffic are well known. The public mind has been, with remarkable intensity, directed to this subject for ten years in this land, and the details have been laid before the American public. It is believed that no vice has ever been so faithfully gauged, and the details so well ascertained, as the vice of intemperance in this nation. It is far better understood than the extent of gambling, or piracy, or robbery, or the slave-trade. It is established

now, beyond the possibility of debate, that ardent spirits is a poison, as certain, as deadly, and destructive, as any other poison. It may be more slow in its effects, but it is not the less certain. This is established by the testimony of all physicians and chemists who have expressed an opinion on the subject. It is not necessary for the welfare of man as an ordinary drink. This is proved by the like testimony, by the example of many thousands who abstain from it, and by the fact, that before its invention, the Roman soldier, the Scythian, and the Greek, were as hardy and long-lived as men have been since. Its direct tendency is to produce disease, poverty, crime, and death. Its use tends to corrupt the morals, to enfeeble the intellect, to produce indolence, wretchedness, and woe in the family circle; to shorten life, and to hurry to a loathsome grave; to spread a pall of grief over families and nations. It is ascertained to be the source of nine-tenths of all the pauperism, and nine-tenths of all the crimes in the land. It fills our streets with drunkards, our almshouses with loathsome wretches, our jails with poor criminals, and supplies our gibbets with victims. It costs the land in which we live more than 100,000,000 of dollars annually, and renders us no compensation but poverty, want, curses, loathsomeness, and tears.

In any single year in this Union, could the effects be gathered into one single grasp, they would present to the eye the following affecting details. An army of at least 300,000 drunkards—not made up of old men, of the feeble, but of those in early life; of our youth, of our men of talents and influence; an enlistment from the bar, the bench, the pulpit, the homes of the rich, and the firesides of piety; the abodes of the intelligent, as well as the places of obscurity, and the humble ranks—all reeling together to a drunkard's grave. With this army Napoleon would have overrun Europe. In the same group would be no less

than 75,000 criminals, made such by the use of ardent spirits; criminals of every grade and dye, supported at the expense of the sober, and lost to morality, and industry, and hope; the source of lawsuits, and the fountain of no small part of the expenses of courts of justice. In the same group would be no less than 200,000 paupers, in a land abounding in all the wealth that the richest soil can give, and under all the facilities which the most favored spot under the whole heaven can furnish for acquiring a decent and an honest subsistence. Paupers, supported at the expense of the sober and the industrious, and creating no small part of our taxes, to pay for their indolence, and wretchedness, and crimes. And in the same group would be no less than 600 insane persons, made such by intemperance, in all the horrid and revolting forms of delirium—the conscience destroyed, the mind obliterated, and hope and happiness fled for ever. And in the same group there would be no less than 30,000 of our countrymen, who die annually, as the direct effect of the use of ardent spirit. Thirty thousand of our countrymen sinking to the most loathsome and dishonored of all graves, the grave of the drunkard. This is just a summary of the obvious and sure effects of this vice. The innumerable woes that it incidentally causes; the weeping and groans of the widow and the fatherless; the crimes and vices which it tends to introduce into abodes that would, but for this, be the abodes of peace, are not, and cannot be taken into the account.

Now, this state of things, if produced in any other way, would spread weeping and sackcloth over nations and continents. Any sweeping pestilence that could do this, would hold a nation in alarm, and diffuse, from one end of it to the other, trembling and horror. The world has never known any thing else like it. The father of mischief has never been able to invent any thing that should diffuse more widespread and dreadful evils.

It is agreed further, and well understood, that this is the *regular effect of the traffic, and manufacture, and use of this article*. It is not casual, incidental, irregular. It is uniform, certain, deadly, as the sirocco of the desert, or as the malaria of the Pontine marshes. It is not a periodical influence, returning at distant intervals ; but it is a pestilence, breathing always—diffusing the poison when men sleep and when they wake, by day and by night, in seed-time and harvest—attending the manufacture and sale of the article *always*. The destroyer seeks his victim alike in every hogshead, and in every glass. He exempts no man from danger that uses it ; and is always secure of prostrating the most vigorous frame, of clouding the most splendid intellect, of benumbing the most delicate moral feelings, of palsyng the most eloquent tongue, of teaching those on whose lips listening senates hung, to mutter and babble with the drunkard, and of entombing the most brilliant talents and hopes of youth, wherever man can be induced to drink. The establishment of every distillery, and every dram-shop, and every grocery where it is sold, secures the certainty that many a man will thereby become a drunkard, and be a curse to himself and to the world. The traffic is not only occasionally and incidentally injurious, but it is like the generation before the flood in its effects, evil, and only evil continually.

Now the question is, whether this is an employment in which a moral man and a Christian man *ought* to be engaged. Is it such a business as his countrymen ought to approve ? Is it such as his conscience and sober judgment approve ? Is it such as his God and Judge will approve ?

In examining this, let it be remembered, that the *reason* why this occupation is engaged in, and the sole reason, is, *to make money*. It is not because it is supposed that it will benefit mankind ; nor is it because the man supposes that duty to his Creator requires it ; nor is it because it is pre-

sumed that it will promote public health, or morals, or happiness; but it is engaged in and pursued solely as a means of livelihood or of wealth. And the question then is reduced to a very narrow compass: Is it *right* for a man, for the sake of gain, to be engaged in the sale of a poison—a poison attended with destruction to the property, health, happiness, peace, and salvation of his neighbors; producing mania, and poverty, and curses, and death, and woes innumerable to the land, and to the church of God? A question this, one would think, that might be very soon answered. In answering it, I invite attention to a few very obvious, but undeniable positions.

1. It is an employment which tends to *counteract the very design of the organization of society*. Society is organized on a benevolent principle. The structure of that organization is one of the best adapted instances of design, and of benevolence, anywhere to be found. It is on this principle that a lawful employment—an employment fitted to produce subsistence for a man and his family, will not interfere with the rights and happiness of others. It may be pursued without violating any of their rights, or infringing on their happiness in any way. Nay, it may not only not interfere with *their* rights and happiness, but it will tend to promote directly their welfare, by promoting the happiness of the whole. Or, for example, the employment of the farmer may be pursued, not only without interfering with the rights or privileges of the mechanic, the physician, or the merchant, but it will directly contribute to *their* welfare, and is indispensable to it. The employment of the physician not only contributes to the support of himself and family, but to the welfare of the whole community. It not only does *not* interfere with the rights and happiness of the farmer and the mechanic, but it tends directly to their advantage. The employment of the merchant in lawful traffic, not only contributes to his support, but is directly beneficial

to the whole agricultural part of the community ; for, as has been well said, "the merchant is the friend of mankind." He injures no man, at the same time that he benefits himself ; and he contributes to the welfare of the community, by promoting a healthful and desirable exchange of commodities in different parts of the land, and of various natures. The same is true of the mechanic, the mariner, the legislator, the bookmaker, the day-laborer, the schoolmaster, the lawyer, the clergyman.

Now, we maintain that the traffic in ardent spirits, as a drink, is a violation of this wise arrangement. It tends to sap the foundation of the whole economy. It is solely to benefit the trafficker, and it tends to evil, evil only, evil continually. If every man should act on this principle, society could not exist. If every man should choose an employment that should *necessarily* and *always* interfere with the peace, and happiness, and morals of others, it would at once break up the organization. If every manufacturer should erect a manufactory, as numerous as our distilleries and dram-shops, that should necessarily blight every farm, and produce *sterility* in its neighborhood, every farmer would regard it as an unlawful employment ; and if pursued, the business of agriculture would end. If a physician could live only by diffusing disease and death, who would regard his as a moral employment ? If a mariner could pursue his business from this port to Calcutta or Canton, only by importing the plague in every return voyage, who would deem it an honorable employment ? If an apothecary could pursue his business only by killing nine persons out of ten of those with whom he had dealing, who would deem it a lawful business ? If a man can get a living in his employment only by fitting out a privateer and preying upon the peaceful commerce of the world, who will deem it a lawful employment ? If a man lives only to make a descent on the peaceful abodes of Africa, and to tear away parents from

their weeping children, and husbands from their wives and homes, where is the man that will deem this a *moral* business? And why not? Does he not act on the same principle as the man who deals in ardent spirits—a desire to make money, and that only? The truth is, that in all these cases there would be a violation of the great fundamental law on which men must agree to live together in society—a violation of that great, noble, and benevolent law of our organization, by which an honest employment interferes with no other, but may tend to diffuse blessings in the whole circle of human engagements. And the traffic in ardent spirits is just as much a violation of this law, as in any of the cases specified.

2. Every man is bound to pursue such a business as to *render a valuable consideration* for that which he receives from others. A man who receives in trade the avails of the industry of others, is under obligation to restore that which will be of real value. He receives the fruit of toil; he receives that which is of value to himself; and common equity requires that he return a valuable consideration. Thus, the merchant renders to the farmer, in exchange for the growth of his farm, the productions of other climes; the manufacturer, that which is needful for the clothing or comfort of the agriculturist; the physician, the result of his professional skill. All these are valuable considerations, which are fair and honorable subjects of exchange. They are a mutual accommodation; they advance the interest of both parties. But it is not so with the dealer in ardent spirits. He obtains the property of his fellow-men, and what does he return? That which will tend to promote his real welfare? That which will make him a happier man? That which will benefit his family? That which diffuses learning and domestic comfort around his family circle? None of these things. He gives him that which will produce poverty, and want, and cursing, and tears, and death. He asked

an egg, and he receives a scorpion. He gives him that which is established and well known as a source of no good, but as tending to produce beggary and wretchedness. Now, if this were practised in any other business, it would be open fraud. If in any way you could palm upon a farmer that which is not only *worthless*, but mischievous—that which would certainly tend to ruin him and his family, *could there be* any doubt about the nature of this employment? It makes no difference here, that the man *supposes* that it is for his good; or that he applies for it. *You know* that it is *not* for his benefit, and you know—what is the only material point under this head—that it will tend to his ruin. Whatever *he* may think about it, or whatever *he* may desire, you are well advised that it is an article that will tend to sap the foundation of his morals and happiness, and conduce to the ruin of his estate, and his body, and his soul; and you know, therefore, that you are *not* rendering him any really valuable consideration for his property. The dealer may look on his gains in this matter—on his houses, or mortgages, or lands, obtained as the result of this business—with something like these reflections.

“This property has been gained from other men. It was theirs, honestly acquired, and was necessary to promote their own happiness and the happiness of their families. It has become mine by a traffic which has not only taken it away from them, but which has ruined their peace, corrupted their morals, sent woe and discord into their families, and consigned them perhaps to an early and most loathsome grave. This property has come from the hard earnings of other men; has passed into my hands without any valuable compensation rendered; but has been obtained only while I have been diffusing want, and woe, and death, through their abodes.”

Let the men engaged in this traffic look on their property thus gained; let them survey the woe which has

attended it; and then ask, as honest men, whether it is a moral employment.

3. A man is bound to pursue such a business as shall tend to *promote the welfare of the whole community*. This traffic does not. We have seen that an honorable and lawful employment conduces to the welfare of the whole social organization. But the welfare of the whole cannot be promoted by this traffic. *Somewhere* it must produce poverty, and idleness, and crime. Even granting, what cannot be established, that it may promote the happiness of a particular portion of the community, yet it must be at the expense of some other portion. You may export poison to Georgia, and the immediate effect may be to introduce money into Philadelphia, but the only important inquiry is, what will be the effect on the *whole body politic*? Will it do more good than evil on the whole? Will the money which you may receive here, be a compensation for all the evil which will be done there? Money a compensation for intemperance, and idleness, and crime, and the loss of the health, the happiness, and the souls of men?

Now we may easily determine this matter. The article thus exported will do as much evil *there* as it would if consumed *here*. It will spread just as much devastation somewhere, as it would if consumed in your own family, and among your own friends and neighbors. We have only to ask, what would be the effect if it were consumed in your own habitation, in your neighborhood, in your own city? Let all this poison, which is thus exported to spread woes and death somewhere, be concentrated and consumed where you might see it, and is there any man who will pretend that the paltry sum which he receives is a compensation for what he knows would be the effect of the consumption? You keep your own atmosphere pure, it may be, but you export the pestilence, and curses, and lamentation elsewhere, and receive a compensation for it. You sell disease,

and death, and poverty, and nakedness, and tears to other families, to clothe and feed your own. And as the result of this current of moral poison and pollution which you may cause to flow into hundreds of other families, you may point to a splendid palace, or to gay apparel of your sons and daughters, and proclaim that the evil is hidden from your eyes. Families, and neighborhoods, and states, may groan and bleed somewhere, and thousands may die, but *your* gain is to be a compensation for it all. Is this an honorable traffic?

Suppose a man were to advertise consumptions, and fevers, and pleurisies, and leprosy, for gold, and could and would sell them; what would the community say to such a traffic? Suppose, for gain, he could transport them to distant places. and now strike down by a secret power a family in Maine, and now at St. Mary's, and now at Texas, and now at St. Louis; what would the community think of wealth gained in such a traffic? Suppose he could, with the same ease, diffuse profaneness, and insanity, and robberies, and murders, and suicides, and should advertise all these to be propagated through the land, and could prevail on men to buy the talismanic nostrum for gold—what would the community think of such a traffic as this? True, he might plead that it brought a vast influx of money—that it enriched the city, or the country—that the effects were not seen there; but what would be the public estimate of a man who would be willing to engage in such a traffic, and who would set up such a plea? Or suppose it were understood that a farmer from the interior had arrived in Philadelphia with a load of flour, nine-tenths of whose barrels contained a mixture, more or less, of arsenic, and should offer them for sale; what would be the feelings of this community at such a traffic? True, the man might plead that it would produce gain to his country; that they had taken care to remove it to another population; that his own

family was secure. Can any words express the indignation which would be felt? Can any thing express the horror which all men would feel at such a transaction as this, and at the cold-blooded and inhuman guilt of the money-loving farmer? And yet we witness a thing like this every day, on our wharves, and in our ships, and our groceries, and our inns, and from our men of wealth, and our moral men, and our *professed Christians*—and a horror comes through the souls of men, when we dare to intimate that this is an immoral business.

4. A man is bound to pursue such a course of life as *not necessarily to increase the burdens and the taxes* of the community. The pauperism and crimes of this land grow out of this vice, as an overflowing fountain. Three-fourths of the taxes for prisons, and houses of refuge, and almshouses, would be cut off, but for this traffic and the attendant vices. Nine-tenths of the crimes of the country, and of the expenses of litigation for crime, would be prevented by arresting it. Of 653 who were in one year committed to the house of correction in Boston, 453 were drunkards. Of 3,000 persons admitted to the workhouse in Salem, Mass., 2,900 were brought there directly or indirectly by intemperance. Of 592 male adults in the almshouse in New York, not 20, says the superintendent, can be called sober; and of 601 women, not as many as 50. Only three instances of murder in the space of fifteen years, in New York, occurred, that could not be traced to ardent spirit as the cause. In Philadelphia, ten. This is the legitimate, regular effect of the business. It tends to poverty, crime, and woe, and greatly to increase the taxes and burdens of the community.

What is done then in this traffic? You are filling our almshouses, and jails, and penitentiaries, with victims loathsome and burdensome to the community. You are engaged in a business which is compelling your fellow-citizens to pay

taxes to support the victims of your employment. You are filling up these abodes of wretchedness and guilt, and then asking your fellow-citizens to pay enormous taxes indirectly to support this traffic. For, if every place where ardent spirits can be obtained, were closed in this city and its suburbs, how long might your splendid palaces for the poor be almost untenanted piles ; how soon would your jails disgorge their inmates, and be no more filled ; how soon would the habitations of guilt and infamy in every city become the abodes of contentment and peace ; and how soon would reeling loathsomeness and want cease to assail your doors with importunate pleadings for charity.

Now we have only to ask our fellow-citizens, what right they have to pursue an employment tending thus to burden the community with taxes, and to endanger the dwellings of their fellow-men, and to send to my door, and to every other man's door, hordes of beggars loathsome to the sight ; or to compel the virtuous to seek out their wives and children, amidst the squalidness of poverty, and the cold of winter, and the pinchings of hunger, to supply their wants ? Could impartial justice be done in the world, an end would soon be put to the traffic in ardent spirits. Were every man bound to alleviate all the wretchedness which his business creates, to support all the poor which his traffic causes, an end would soon be made of this employment. But alas, you can diffuse this poison for gain, and then call on your industrious and virtuous countrymen to alleviate the wretchedness, to tax themselves to build granite prisons for the inmates which your business has made ; and splendid palaces, at an enormous expense, to extend a shelter and a home for those whom your employment has turned from their own habitations. Is this a moral employment ? Would it be well to obtain a living in this way in any other business ?

5. The business is *inconsistent with the law of God,*

which requires us to love our neighbor as ourselves. A sufficient proof of this would be a fact which no one could deny, that no man yet, probably, ever undertook the business, or pursued it from that motive. Its defence is not, and cannot be put on that ground. No man in the community believes that a continuance in it is required by a regard to the welfare of his neighbor. Every one knows that his welfare does not require it; and that it would be conferring an inestimable blessing on other men, if the traffic was abandoned. The single, sole object is gain; and the sole question is, whether the love of gain is a sufficient motive for continuing that which works no good, but constant ill to your neighbor.

There is another law of God which has an important bearing on this subject. It is that golden rule of the New Testament, which commends itself to the conscience of all men, to do to others as you would wish them to do to you. You may easily conceive of your having a son, who was in danger of becoming a drunkard. Your hope might centre in him. He might be the stay of your age. He may be inclined to dissipation; and it may have required all your vigilance, and prayers, and tears, and authority, to keep him in the ways of soberness. The simple question now is, what would you wish a neighbor to do in such a case? Would it be the desire of your heart, that he should open a fountain of poison at your next door; that he should, for gain, be willing to put a cup into the hands of your son, and entice him to the ways of intemperance? Would you be pleased if he would listen to no remonstrance of yours, if he should even disregard your entreaties and your tears, and coolly see, for the love of gold, ruin coming into your family, and your prop taken from beneath you, and your gray hairs coming down with sorrow to the grave? And yet to many such a son may you sell the poison; to many a father whose children are clothed in rags; to many a man

whose wife sits weeping amidst poverty and want, and dreading to hear the tread and the voice of the husband of her youth, once her protector, who now comes to convert his own habitation into a hell. And there are not a few men of fair standing in society who are engaged in this; and not a few—O tell it not in Gath—who claim the honored name of Christian, and who profess to bear the image of Him who went about doing good. Can such be a *moral* business?

6. The traffic is *a violation of that law which requires a man to honor God*. Whether ye eat, or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God. And yet is this a business which was ever engaged in, or ever pursued, with a desire to honor God? Is it an employment over which a man will pray? Can he ask the God of heaven to give him success? Let him, then, in imagination, follow what he sells to its direct result; let him attend it to its final distribution of poverty, and woes, and crimes, and death, and then kneel before heaven's eternal King, and render thanksgiving for this success? Alas, it cannot be. Man pursues it not from a desire to honor God. And can the man who is engaged in a business on which he cannot implore the blessing of heaven; who is obliged to conceal all thoughts of it if he ever prays; who never engaged in it with a desire to glorify God, or to meet his approbation, can *he* be engaged in a business which is lawful and right?

I might dwell further on these points. But I am now prepared to ask, with emphasis, whether an employment that has been attended with so many ills to the bodies and souls of men; with so much woe and crime; whose results are evil, and only evil continually; an employment which cannot be pursued without tending to destroy the very purposes of the organization of society; without violating the rule which requires us to render a valuable consideration in business; without violating the rule which requires a

man to promote the welfare of the whole of the community; which promotes pauperism and crime, and imposes heavy burdens on your fellow-citizens; which is opposed equally to the love of man and the law of God—*whether this is a moral, or an immoral employment?*

The question is submitted. If moral, it should be driven on with all the power of American energy; with all the aids of wealth, and all the might of steam, and all the facilities of railroads and canals; for our country and the church calls the man to the honorable employment. But if it be immoral and wrong, it should be abandoned on the spot. Not another gallon should ever pass from your store, if it be evil, only evil, and that continually.

We are prepared now to examine a few of the OBJECTIONS to this doctrine.

1. The first is, that the traffic is not condemned in the Bible. To this the answer is very obvious. The article was then unknown. Nor was it known until 600 years after the Bible was completed. This mode of extending and perpetuating depravity in the world was not suggested by the father of evil, until it was too late to make a formal law against it in the Bible, or to fortify the argument of human depravity from this source. It is neither in the Bible, nor in any other code of laws, the custom to specify crimes which do not exist. How remarkable in a code of laws would have been such a declaration as the trafficker demands, "Thou shalt not deal in ardent spirits," hundreds of years before the article was known. The world would have stood in amazement, and would have been perplexed and confounded by an unmeaning statute. But further, it is not the practice in the Bible, or in any other book of laws, to specify each shade and degree of wrong. Had it been, there could have been no end of legislation, and no end to books of law. I ask the dealer in ardent spirits,

where is there a formal prohibition of piracy, or bigamy, or kidnapping, or suicide, or duelling, or the sale of obscene books and paintings? And yet does any man doubt that these are immoral? Does he believe that the Bible will countenance them? Will he engage in them, because they are not specified formally, and with technical precision, in the Scriptures? The truth is, that the Bible has laid down great principles of conduct, which on all these subjects can be easily applied, which *are* applied, and which, under the guidance of equal honesty, may be as easily applied to the traffic of which I am speaking. Still further, the Bible *has* forbidden it in principle, and with all the precision which can be demanded. A man cannot pursue the business, as has been shown, without violating its great principles. He cannot do justly in it; he cannot show mercy by it; he cannot seek to alleviate human woes by it; he cannot do as he would wish to be done unto; he cannot pursue it to glorify God. The great principles of the Bible, the spirit of the Bible, and a thousand texts of the Bible are pointed against it; and every step the trafficker takes, he infringes on the spirit and bearing of some declaration of God. And still further, it is *his* business to make out the propriety of the employment, not ours to make out the case against him. Here is the rule—for him to judge. By this he is to be tried; and unless he can find in the volume a rule that will justify him in a business for gain that scatters inevitable woes and death; that accomplishes more destruction than all the chariots of war and the desolations of gunpowder on the field of blood; that sends more human beings to the grave, than fire, and flood, and pestilence, and famine, altogether; that heaps on human society more burdens than all other causes combined; that sends armies on armies, in a form more appalling, and infinitely more loathsome than Napoleon's "food for cannon," to the grave: unless he can find some prophecy, or some princi-

ple, or some declaration, that will justify these, the Bible is against him, and he knows it. As well might he search for a principle to authorize him to plant a Bohon Upas on every man's farm, and in the heart of every city and hamlet.

2. A second plea is, "If I do not do it, others will; the traffic will go on." Then, I answer, *let* others do it, and on them, not on you, be the responsibility. But it is said, perhaps, if it is not in your hands—the hands of the respectable and the pious—it will be in the hands of the unprincipled and the profligate. I answer, THERE LET IT BE. There, if anywhere, it should be. There, if these principles are correct, is its appropriate place. And if that were done, intemperance would soon cease to curse the land. *It is just because it is upheld by the rich, and the reputable, and by professed Christians, that the reform drags so heavily.* The business has never found its proper level. And O that the dealers in it would kindly forego this plea of benevolence, and feel themselves released from this obligation. But is this a correct principle of conduct? Is this the rule which heaven has given, or which conscience gives, to direct the doings of man? Have I a right to do all which I know other men will do? Other men will commit murder. Have I a right to do it? Other men will commit adultery. Have I a right to do it? Other men will curse, and swear, and steal. Have you a right to do it? Other men will prey on unoffending Africa, and bear human sinews across the ocean to be sold. Have you a right to do it? The traffic in human flesh will go on; ships will be fitted out from American ports; and American hands will bear a part of the price of the tears and groans of enslaved men. And why should not you participate with them, on the same principle?

3. A third excuse is, that the traffic is the source of gain to the country. Now this is known to be not so. More

than 100,000,000 of dollars would be necessary to repair to this land the annual loss in this business. Is it no loss that 300,000 men are drunkards, and are the slaves of indolence and want? Is it no loss to the nation that 30,000 each year go to the grave? Is there no loss in the expense of supporting 75,000 criminals, and nine-tenths of the paupers in the land? Is it no loss that bad debts are made, and men are made unable and unwilling to pay their debts? Whence are *your* bad debts? Whence, but directly or indirectly from this business? From the indolence, and want of principle, and want of attention, which intemperance produces?

4. The man who is engaged in this business says, perhaps, "I have inherited it, and it is the source of my gain; and what shall I do?" I answer, beg, dig—do any thing *but* this. It would be a glorious martyrdom *to starve*, contrasted with obtaining a livelihood by such an employment. In this land, assuredly, men cannot plead that there are no honorable sources of livelihood open before them. Besides, from whom do we hear this plea? As often as otherwise from the man that rolls in wealth; that lives in a palace; that clothes his family in the attire of princes and of courts; and that moves in the circles of fashion and splendor. O how cheering is *consistent* pleading; how lovely the expressions of perfect honesty! This business may be abandoned without difficulty. The only question is, whether the love of man, and the dictates of conscience, and the fear of God, shall prevail over the love of that polluted gold which this traffic in the lives and souls of men shall introduce into your dwelling.

During a warmly contested election in the city of New York, it is stated in the daily papers that numerous applications were made for *pistols* to those who kept them for sale. It is added that the application was extensively denied, on the ground of the apprehension that they were intended for bloodshed in the excitement of the contest. This was a

noble instance of principle. But on the plea of the dealer in ardent spirits, why should they have been withheld? The dealer in fire-arms might have plead as the trafficker in poison does: "This is my business. I obtain a livelihood by it. *I am not responsible for what will be done with the fire-arms.* True, the people are agitated. I have every reason to believe that application is made with a purpose to take life. True, blood may flow and useful lives may be lost. But *I* am not responsible. If they take life, they are answerable. The excitement is a favorable opportunity to dispose of my stock on hand, and it is a part of my business to avail myself of all favorable circumstances in the community to make money." Who would not have been struck with the cold-blooded and inhuman avarice of such a man? And yet there was not *half* the moral certainty that those fire-arms would have been used for purposes of blood, that there is that ardent spirits will be employed to produce crime, and poverty, and death.

I have no time to notice other objections. Nor need I. I have stated the *principle* of all. I just add here, that the excuses which are set up for this traffic will apply just as well to any other business as this, and will fully vindicate any other employment, if they are to be sustained. Apply these excuses to the case of a bookseller. The question might be suggested, whether it was a moral or an immoral business to deal in infidel, profligate, and obscene pictures and books. True, it might be alleged that they did evil, and only evil continually. It might be said that neither the love of God or man would prompt to it. He might be pointed to the fact, that they *always* tended to corrupt the morals of youth; to blight the hopes of parents; to fill up houses of infamy; to blot out the hopes of heaven; and to sink men to hell. But then he might with commendable coolness add, "This traffic is not condemned in the Bible. If *I* do not engage in it, others will. It contributes to my livelihood; to the sup-

port of the press; to the promotion of business; and I am not responsible for *their* reading the books, nor for their desire for them. I am pursuing the way in which my fathers walked before me, and it is *my living, and I will do it.*" Wherein does this plea differ from that of the trafficker in ardent spirits? Alas, we have learned how to estimate its force in regard to other sins; but we shrink from its application in regard to this wide-spread business, that employs so much of the time and the wealth of the people of this land.

Here I close. The path of duty and of safety is plain. These evils may be corrected. A virtuous and an independent people may rise in their majesty and correct them all. I call on all whom I now address, to exert their influence in this cause; to abandon all connection with the traffic; and to become the firm, and warm, and thorough-going advocates of the temperance reformation. Your country calls you to it. Every man who loves her welfare, should pursue no half-way measures; should tread no vacillating course in this great and glorious reformation.

But more especially may I call on *young men*, and ask *their* patronage in this cause. For they are in danger; and they are the source of our hopes, and they are our strength. I appeal to them by their hopes of happiness; by their prospects of long life; by their desire of property and health; by their wish for reputation; and by the fact that by abstinence, strict abstinence alone, are they safe from the crimes, and loathsomeness, and grave of the drunkard. Young men, I beseech you to regard the liberties of your country; the purity of the churches; your own usefulness; and the honor of your family—the feelings of a father, a mother, and a sister. And I conjure you to take this stand by a reference to your own immortal welfare; by a regard to that heaven which a drunkard enters not—and by a fear of that hell which is his own appropriate, eternal home.

Again I appeal to my fellow professing Christians ; the ministers of religion, the officers and members of the pure church of God. The pulpit should speak, in tones deep, and solemn, and constant, and reverberating through the land. The watchmen should see eye to eye. Of every officer and member of a church it should be known where he may be found. We want no vacillating counsels ; no time-serving apologies ; no coldness, no reluctance, no shrinking back in this cause. Every church of Christ, the world over, should be, in very deed, an organization of pure temperance under the headship and patronage of Jesus Christ, the friend and the model of purity. Members of the church of God most pure, bear it in mind, that intemperance in our land, and the world over, stands in the way of the Gospel. It opposes the progress of the reign of Christ in every village and hamlet ; in every city ; and at every corner of the street. It stands in the way of revivals of religion, and of the glories of the millennial morn. Every drunkard opposes the millennium ; every dram-drinker stands in the way of it ; every dram-seller stands in the way of it. Let the sentiment be heard, and echoed, and reëchoed, all along the hills, and vales, and streams of the land, *that the conversion of a man who habitually uses ardent spirits is all but hopeless.* And let this sentiment be followed up with that other melancholy truth, that the money wasted in this business—now a curse to all nations—nay, the money wasted in one year in this land for it, would place a Bible in every family on the earth, and establish a school in every village ; and that the talent which intemperance consigns each year to infamy and eternal perdition, would be sufficient to bear the Gospel over sea and land—to polar snows, and to the sands of a burning sun. The pulpit must speak out. And the press must speak. And you, fellow-Christians, are summoned by the God of purity to take your stand, and cause your influence to be felt.

JOHN DE LONG;

OR

THE PRODIGAL OF FIFTY YEARS.

 BY A CLERGYMAN IN PENNSYLVANIA.

TAKING a ride of a few miles on horseback, and ascending an elevation, upon the top of which was a cluster of cottages, I visited an aged couple, whose reputation for piety had spread through all that country. Like Zacharias and Elizabeth, they were “both righteous before God, walking in all the ordinances and commandments of the Lord blameless.” Here the morning and the evening sacrifice of praise and thanksgiving was daily offered; and here the neighboring villagers came together, from time to time, to present to their Creator the humble homage of their hearts, and to unite their supplications before his throne. Their animated and cheerful countenances bespoke their peace of mind; a peace which the vicissitudes of life had, in a great measure, ceased to disturb; a peace which nothing but a sense of the divine approbation could afford, and which seemed daily to acquire new strength, as they felt life to be receding, and eternity, with its solemnities, drawing nigh.

The old man in former days had been an excellent singer, and there was still something in his voice and manner which seldom failed to awaken a kind of sacred enthusiasm in all who heard him. In former years he had stored his memory with worthless songs, with which he used to amuse the young; but since his return to God, he had been as diligent in treasuring up delightful hymns, which he sung for his own edification, and that of others.

As I entered the door of his dwelling, he met me with a pleasant look and a cordial shake of the hand, and gave

me an honest welcome. Having seated myself, and knowing, from long experience, that the readiest way to make a profitable religious visit is to enter at once upon some religious topic, without first complimenting the world with transient remarks upon its business or its changes, I said,

I suppose you are one of those favored few who feel always heaven-born and heaven-bound; you hardly know, I suppose, those ups and downs and changes of feeling which oftentimes distress us weaker Christians.

Blessed be God, said he, I do feel that I walk in the light, and that Jesus is constantly precious to my soul; still, there are seasons when I have not that full enjoyment with which God pleases to favor me at other times. Not that I have painful doubts as to the final issue, for I can truly say, "*I know in whom I have believed,*" and am confident that he will keep that which I have committed to him; but the infirmities of nature come in, and render the body dull and heavy, and seem, for a season, to cloud the soul and interrupt the Spirit's communications. Upon the whole, however, I have reason for unceasing thankfulness, that it is with me as well as it is. It is but a few years since I set my face heavenward, and, during that time, I can truly testify I have served a faithful Master, one who has said, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee," and who keepeth covenant for ever.

Well, said I, friend John, the saints of old often spoke to each other on the great concerns of the soul, and delighted to rehearse the dealings of divine Providence, for the encouragement of others. Suppose you give us a brief statement of the Spirit's operations with yourself, in bringing you out from nature's darkness into God's marvellous light. I have heard it said you was once a faithful ally of the powers of darkness, and it may be interesting and profitable to hear something of the way in which your views have been changed, and your mind disciplined in the obedience of Christ.

I have no objection, sir, he replied, to gratify you in this respect, for I am often called upon to speak of these

matters to neighbors and friends ; yet it is seldom I can do it with a suitable command of feeling, or without making my heart bleed afresh for sins and follies I would gladly, if possible, for ever erase from my memory. The rehearsal, however, of what I once was, when sin had uncontrolled dominion over me, while it would awaken in my own heart only painful recollections, could give you but little satisfaction ; I shall, therefore, be very brief in this part of my narrative.

The history of my former life is but the history of every other notoriously wicked man, with this difference, that while some men are distinguished for one species of immorality, and others for another, in me vice of every kind reigned triumphant. With the exception of murder, there is scarcely a crime with which I was not familiar. My youth was spent in the utter neglect of every thing that was good, and in greedily walking after the ways of my own heart, and according to the sight of my own eyes. The Sabbath was habitually violated, the house of God neglected, evil company carefully sought and delighted in, and the society of pious people as carefully avoided. My highest pleasure consisted in frolicking and carousing ; and for many years there was scarcely a midnight dance, or any other scene of riot and disorder, within many miles around, which was not graced, or rather *disgraced*, by my presence.

The same course was continued even after I was married, although I well knew that such irregularities were then less excusable ; yet such was the force of early habits that I could not deny myself. In such places I felt easy and at home—there I was sure to meet with others as corrupt as myself, who strengthened all my prejudices, and were disposed to run to as great lengths as I could, in intemperance and blasphemy, and in ridiculing holy men and holy things.

Such places are the very schools of Satan ; and those who habitually visit them not only run the risk of effacing, *ere long*, every good impression from their minds, but the truth is, whatever they may be willing to confess, their minds *already* are deeply corrupted.

Feeling myself lost, as it were, to all good, I took a ma-

lignant pleasure in trying to make others as abandoned as myself. Instead of going to church on the Sabbath, I held out every inducement to the young people and children in the neighborhood to come together on that day at my house; and studied to amuse them by relating some of my own wicked exploits, or telling them obscene stories. Possessing a kind of vulgar wit, I soon found my Sabbath audiences quite regular in their attendance, and, to appearance, mightily pleased. The amount of mischief which, in this way alone, I was guilty of, cannot be known until the final day; and I can never think of it but with the deepest compunction and self-abhorrence.

During this career of vice and folly I had, at times, it is true, deep convictions of guilt, and awful apprehensions of death and eternity; but I considered such feelings, for the most part, as a weakness, and endeavored always to stifle them as quickly as possible. I sometimes found it pretty difficult to effect this in my sober moments, but never failed to accomplish it by having recourse to my usual antidote, intoxication. With respect to religion, and all its concerns, I had the most gloomy impressions. I viewed it as something well enough to be possessed when men come to die, but as utterly inconsistent with all the enjoyments and comforts of life. Christians appeared to me a race of gloomy, unhappy mortals; and the breath of prayer, emphatically, as melancholy breath. It appeared to me, that if I became religious there was an end of all earthly comfort—that my friends would abandon me, and the remainder of my days be one unvaried scene of gloom and dulness.

Such had been my life until I reached about the 49th year of my age. At that time, which was nearly six years ago, it pleased God, in his holy providence, to bring you and brother S. C. into this country, to proclaim the truths of the everlasting Gospel. I did not go to hear you myself, but finding a considerable excitement among the people, I sometimes had a secret wish to go. I was, in truth, ashamed to show myself at a place of worship. Hearing, however, that you intended to administer the Lord's supper

in D. S.'s barn, and not recollecting ever to have seen it administered, and knowing that there would be a great crowd of people, among whom I might in a measure hide myself, I determined to attend that meeting. Accordingly I went, with most of my neighbors; but coming rather late, and finding the barn already filled, I was obliged to sit upon the sill of the door. It so happened that I seated myself by the side of an old man, who, in former years, had been my companion in sin; but, for some time, had been a reformed man, and a professed follower of Christ. Your text was, "By faith Noah, being warned of God of things not seen as yet, moved with fear, prepared an ark to the saving of his house; by the which he condemned the world, and became heir of the righteousness which is by faith." Heb. 11: 7. During the sermon my attention was fixed. I felt more than usually solemn. But at the close of the sermon, when the line was drawn between those who might and those who might not worthily partake, and I witnessed the movement of those that were going forward to the table, and saw among them some who, in former life, had run, with myself, the downward way; and particularly, when I saw my aged friend, who sat at my side, arise to find his seat at the table, my feelings became overwhelming, and I was forced to say to myself, "Just so it will be with me at the day of judgment; friend S. and hundreds of others that I was acquainted with here, will receive the joyful salute, 'Come, ye blessed, inherit the kingdom prepared for you,' and will go and dwell for ever with the Lord, while I shall be left behind. Just as we are separated now, shall we be for ever separated in a future state of existence." I felt worse than it is possible to describe, and did not know but I should sink. I then concluded to arise and stand up, and see if I did not feel better. This, however, made no difference; and although I was desirous to stay until the exercises were ended, yet I found it was impossible. I took my hat and hastened from the place, and took a walk down through the village.

As I walked along, I found the tears incessantly rolling

down my cheeks and watering the path on which I trod. It immediately occurred to me, "This will not answer. Suppose I should meet some of my former jolly companions, what would they say to see me coming away from the meeting crying? I should not know where to hide my head. These feelings must, in some way or other, be suppressed, and the sooner the better." I accordingly determined to go and get partly intoxicated, which I had always before found to be a speedy and effectual method of removing trouble. I went to a tavern and drank a gill of spirits. I shudder to think how I could thus peril my soul; yet still I found no abatement of my dreadful feelings. The judgment-day, with all its solemnities, was before me. I still, in imagination, saw the righteous receiving the plaudit, "Well done, good and faithful servants," and rising with their glorious Redeemer to a world of glory, while I was left behind to mingle my unavailing cries with those of devils and damned spirits, and to sink with them into everlasting night. In a little while, my guilty soul, with all its crimes unpardoned, must stand, helpless and naked, in the presence of a justly offended God. Now, thought I, there is no time for trifling; I shall soon be in that awful hell I have so much dreaded. To stand out any longer, I plainly saw, would not answer. Call on God I must, or be damned for ever.

I forthwith left the house, and aimed for a piece of wood near at hand. I came to a convenient spot, where a tree had fallen, and kneeled by the side of it, and endeavored to pray. I cried to God in the best way I could for mercy and forgiveness, and to save my guilty soul from going down the pit. But although my misery was intolerable, and my feelings almost agonized, yet I could say but little more than "God be merciful to me, the chief of sinners." If I could have wept, it would have been some relief; but the fountain of my tears was dried up. I returned, after a while, to my home, and, in course of the day, went several times to the same place for prayer; but there was no alteration in my feelings, and not a tear could I shed. The night that followed was a sleepless one to me. The pains

of hell seemed to get hold upon me, and the terrors of the Lord to distract me. Next day my exercises and feelings were very much the same. But the day following I experienced a little gleam of hope that there was yet forgiveness with God, through Christ, even for such a wretch as I. The thought of this so overwhelmed my heart that the fountain of my tears was now broken up, and my tongue unloosed for prayer. I continued by that log, praying and weeping, the greatest part of the day—it was almost drenched with my tears, and for several days afterwards it was never dry. I was enabled more and more to trust in the divine mercy, and to give myself up to Christ, determining, if I must perish, that I would die at his feet, crying for mercy; at the same time a secret whisper seemed to assure my heart, that there no soul was ever lost. He appeared to me a Saviour just suited to my wretched circumstances, as willing and able to save to the uttermost, all who come to God through him. Thus, by degrees, my painful and desponding feelings passed away, and light, and joy, and peace possessed my heart. Although I had been before an abandoned drunkard, yet it has now been more than five years since I met with this change, and I have had no more hankering after spirituous liquors than if I had never tasted them. I can truly say, I never knew what happiness was before; and if religion was followed by no blessed consequences beyond the grave, yet the peace of mind it here administers, renders it worthy of the pursuit of every individual. Its ways are ways of pleasantness, and it is profitable as well for the life that now is, as for that which is to come.

While our aged friend was going on with his narrative, several of his pious neighbors had, one after another, stepped in, and when he had ended, we improved the occasion for a little season of social prayer. After which, the old man sung the annexed hymn, which he had committed to memory, and which so well corresponded with his own feelings, and was sung with such a heavenly pathos as to draw tears from every eye.

Nay, I cannot let thee go,
Till a blessing thou bestow ;
Do not turn away thy face—
Mine's an urgent, pressing case.

Thou didst once a wretch behold,
In rebellion blindly bold,
Scorn thy grace, thy power defy—
That poor rebel, Lord, was I.

Once a sinner, near despair,
Sought thy mercy-seat by prayer ;
Mercy heard, and set him free—
Lord, that mercy came to me.

Many years have passed since then,
Many changes I have seen ;
Yet have been upheld till now—
Who could hold me up but thou ?

Thou hast help'd in every need,
This emboldens me to plead ;
After so much mercy past,
Canst thou let me sink at last ?

When these exercises were finished, I felt refreshed, and my spiritual strength renewed, and could not help repeating, again and again, "It was good to be there."

Reader, are you wandering from Christ, like JOHN DE LONG? Return; trust in his merits, and you also shall find mercy. Or is your own heart bleeding over the obduracy of some hopeless prodigal? Despair not of success. By your faithful labors and prayers he may yet be brought to bow at the Saviour's feet. There is mercy in Christ for "the chief of sinners."

THE
HARVEST PERISHING
FOR
WANT OF LABORERS.

AN APPEAL TO CHRISTIANS GENERALLY, TO PIOUS PHYSICIANS,
TO MINISTERS, AND TO PIOUS YOUNG MEN.

BY REV. JOHN SCUDDER, M. D.

MISSIONARY AT CEYLON.

It is a heart-rending truth, that though eighteen hundred years have passed away since the Saviour died, the greater part of our world is still involved in moral darkness. Nearly six hundred millions of Mohammedans and pagans know nothing of Christianity; more than one hundred and fifty millions of the Roman and Greek churches have buried its spirituality under the pomp of external forms, not to say of gross idolatry; and many called Protestants are almost as destitute of the means of grace as the heathen.

It is a momentous inquiry, What is to become of the eight hundred millions who inhabit our world? Are they on the road to heaven, or to hell? What says the volume of inspiration? "The wicked shall be turned into hell, and all the nations that forget God." With the exception of a few millions who give evidence of real piety, is there not awful reason to fear that the remainder are rushing in a mass to everlasting burnings? Amazing consideration!

I look around me with astonishment, and ask, Is there no remedy? Yes, says the same volume of inspiration, "the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin."

But before the way can be prepared for the application of this remedy, most of them will be beyond the reach of mercy for ever. Would that the evil could stop even here. But alas, if things move on in their present course, despair may be written in letters of blood on the door-posts of the dwellings of most of their children, and of their children's children. Placed as I am, in the midst of hundreds of thousands of perishing heathen, I see enough to keep me weeping night and day for them.

O that I had to weep for the heathen only! But when I look to the country which gave me birth, and see the extensive moral wastes, where the voice of the Christian minister is never heard, and mark the prevalence of desolating error, my heart almost dies within me. Popery already numbers not less than five hundred thousand in her ranks, and infidelity perhaps still more. Should these increase with the regular increase of our population, at the end of two hundred years, if they make not a single proselyte, they will amount to more than fifty millions. We are not, however, to suppose that they will make no proselytes. To say nothing of infidelity, popery will go forward with rapid strides in all our destitute settlements. An enterprise to bring them under the authority of the pope was commenced a few years ago, and has been crowned with remarkable success. "In 1828, \$25,000 were sent from Europe by the 'Papal Association for the Propagation of the Faith,' for supporting missions in the United States; and some hundreds of ecclesiastics are now exerting their influence from Canada to Louisiana."

From late accounts, it seems that great efforts have been

made for several years in the empire of Austria to diffuse popery through the United States. A Society was formed in 1829, called the "Leopold Foundation in the Austrian empire for the support of Catholic missions in America." The receipts of the Association, from July, 1829, to October, 1830, were about 50,000 florins; in the following year, 81,000; in the third year, 60,000; making in all 191,000 florins, or \$91,680.

It is stated that the number of Roman Catholic bishoprics is nine: namely, Cincinnati, Bardstown, St. Louis, New Orleans, Alabama, Charleston, Philadelphia, New York, Boston, and the archbishopric of Baltimore. It is mentioned that in the diocese of Philadelphia, which consists of the states of Pennsylvania and Delaware with a part of the state of New Jersey, there is a population of 100,000, of which 25,000 are residents in Philadelphia. The number of churches in the diocese is fifty, and of priests, thirty-eight. Papal seminaries of learning are poisoning the minds of many of your sons. That at Bardstown has contained, on an average, for the last four years, one hundred and fifty students. Their schools for girls have proved gins to entrap the daughters of unwary Protestants. To use their own language, "The Protestants themselves rejoice at the sight of our temples erected to the true God, and feel a peculiar attachment to the Catholic worship, whose pomp and splendor form so striking a contrast with the barrenness and nudity of Protestant worship." A theatre in our destitute settlements would not probably collect so many people as the farce they exhibit on "Good Friday." Other species of error will doubtless enlist in their ranks men of enlightened minds, who are willing to believe a lie, though unwilling to become the dupes of popery; but while these slay their thousands, popery will slay its ten thousands.

What mean such appeals as the following from a clergyman west of the Alleghany mountains? "Could your Committee," he says, "and the affluent friends of your Society, see the progress of error and vice at the West—the wide West, they would tremble as they never have trembled for our country. The progress of Romanism, together with open and disguised infidelity, will require, according to present appearances, but a few years to prepare for your presses a Tract which you may entitle, '*The last hope of the world fallen—America ruined!*' Be assured, that in all the departments of benevolence efforts altogether unprecedented must be made, and made soon, or our country is lost: our civil and religious institutions, all the blessings of a free government, will be swallowed up as with a flood; and woe, woe, will be written in tears and blood all over this once fair and happy land."

Such statements are either without foundation, or, if things proceed but a little longer as they have done, the knell of our departed liberties will soon be sounded.

But I turn again to this EASTERN WORLD, embracing *six hundred millions* to whom the beloved name of JESUS is unknown. When I take a view of these vast regions of spiritual death, my heart dies within me at the slow progress of Christianity. I have been here more than twelve years, but I regret to say that the number of ordained European and American missionaries is but a very little greater than when I came.

The Christian world does not seem to any great extent awake to the momentous business of missions. As the work is now carried on, there is scarcely a missionary to *a million of souls*. In some instances a single missionary is quite alone, and two, five, ten, or fifteen hundred miles from any fellow-laborer. In some cases, again, a number

of missionaries are together, and have but a few thousand souls around them. But more commonly you see one or two at a station in the midst of ten, fifty, or a hundred millions of souls, with no other laborer to help forward the conversion of the surrounding multitudes. The mode of conducting missions at present, in most cases, is in fact like sending one soldier to storm a fort, five to conquer a province, a hundred to subjugate an empire. While such is the case shall I hold my peace? No. This cannot be. If I forget you, ye perishing heathen, let my right hand forget her cunning: if I do not remember you, let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth—if I prefer not you to my chief joy. “O, when will the groans and dying agonies of a famishing world, which has long cried in vain for the bread and water of life, be heard, and the church of God roused to action?”

The *state of the heathen world* urges upon us the great duty of endeavoring to raise up and send forth preachers of the Gospel. If degradation, pollution, and every species of crime which can be enumerated, are calls for us to engage in this work, we have such calls. The very nature of the pagan religion forbids any other state of things. The characters of their gods are as debased as is possible to conceive. Brunha, who is called the creator, betrayed a criminal passion to his own daughter, and was deprived by Siva of the privilege of being worshipped, for his lying. Vishnu, the preserver, was an adulterer, a thief, and a liar. He was cursed by Paruvathe, the wife of Siva, for lying, and by her changed into a snake. Siva's adulteries are numbered by thousands. A modest person will not even dare mention the particulars of them. Many of the images which are worshipped are of the most indecent kind; some of them absolutely shocking. Belonging to the temples are dancing-

girls of the lowest character, supported wholly or in part by the revenues of the temple. One part of their daily business is to dance before the idols, at which time they sing the most corrupting songs, and exhibit the most lascivious gestures. Their dress is often so thin as not to deserve the name of clothing. During the festivals at their temples, their joy keeps pace with the number of these dancers and the gross obscenity of their songs. It is not uncommon for Brahmins, at such times, to mix with the multitude, and select the finest women they meet, and demand them of their relatives in the name of the idol. Their demand, though often rejected, is often complied with. Husbands deliver up their wives, and fathers their daughters. They become the wives of the gods, or in other words, the prostitutes of the Brahmins. Their public processions are of a piece with their other things. Men entirely naked dance before the idol in open day, and in the public streets. The celebrated Abbe Dubois, a Roman Catholic priest, who spent many years in the Mysore country, says, "*I have never beheld an Indian procession without its presenting me the image of hell.*"

As might be expected, the minds of men, women, and children become polluted to such a degree that they carry the pernicious lessons of their temples and festivals into all the walks of private life. As children are conversant with such scenes from their early childhood, and as no pains are taken by their parents to curb their passions, they of course soon show their degeneracy. Fornication is very common among them. Adultery is prevalent to a surprising degree. "A chaste woman, faithful to her husband, is scarcely to be found among the millions of the Hindoos." Vast numbers of married men keep concubines. If a climax be wanting to this horrid picture, it will be found at one of their

ceremonies, always held at night, in which there is a promiscuous intercourse among the sexes. Brahmins and pariahs, husbands and wives; in a word, all classes and descriptions of people, promiscuously degrade themselves to a level with irrational animals.

The religion I have now described must necessarily be a prolific source of every species of crime. In addition to those already mentioned, that of destroying illegitimate children before their birth is common. In Bengal it was represented to the late Mr. Ward, that the number could not be less than ten thousand a month. To the dishonesty of this people there are no bounds. *I have never seen a man who is not under the influence of Christianity, whose word I would trust.* Perjury prevails to such a degree, that I have no doubt I could hire a hundred men for a shilling to testify to any falsehood. "Pooree," says a Hindoo, "is the heaven of the Hindoos; yet there the practices of mankind are adultery, theft, lies, murder of the innocent, whoremongery, disobedience to, and abuse of parents, defiling of mothers, defiling of sisters, defiling of daughters. Such is the religion of Juggernaut."

In view of the preceding facts and statements, I wish to make a solemn appeal to four classes of evangelical Christians in the United States: *lay Christians, pious physicians, ministers of the Gospel, and pious young men.*

TO EVANGELICAL CHRISTIANS OF ALL DENOMINATIONS.

To my lay brethren and sisters I wish to say, you must *labor diligently, with fasting and prayer, to bring forward the thousands of pious young men belonging to your churches for the Christian ministry.* Are any of you the fathers and mothers of devotedly pious young men? You must not be merely willing to give them up, you must be ur-

gent with them to fly to the help of their perishing brethren in your destitute settlements, and in pagan lands ; yea, even more so than the Egyptians were with the Israelites to be gone from their borders. Are there young men of intelligence and piety among your neighbors or acquaintances ? Go to their houses, lay before them their duty, and urge them to hasten to its performance. Every professor of religion who does not employ *his tongue* in this business, is without excuse.

Your labors must be accompanied with *prayer*. The army which you are called upon to raise against the leagued hosts of Roman Catholics, Universalists, deists, and infidels of every name, must be raised, and must fight in the strength of heaven. Like Jehoshaphat, you must set yourselves to seek the Lord. "Prayer ardent opens heaven." Wield but this weapon aright, and five of you shall chase a hundred, and a hundred put ten thousand to flight. Your enemies shall fall before you, for the Lord your God, he it is who fighteth for you, as he has promised you. I fear that most of us have very little of the true spirit of prayer. We want more such assemblies as were convened in "an upper room," in the days of the apostles. We need more of the Annas and Hannahs of ancient days, and of the Susanna Anthonys of the modern church. When Christians understand more fully the mighty effects which proceed from an untiring intercourse with heaven, there will be more days of fasting and prayer, both public and private ; and it is not improbable that many individuals may be found who will devote a great portion of their lives to prayer.

You must also *contribute of your substance to educate these precious youth*. I know you have already done much. As far as the missionary cause is concerned, I take the liberty to thank you in the name of all my beloved brethren of

different denominations, who have been sent to the heathen of our western wilderness, of Burmah, of Ceylon, and of other countries and islands. I thank you in the name of the fifty thousand children instructed in their schools. I thank you in the name of all those who have triumphed over death, and are now singing "the song of Moses and the Lamb," as well as of the hundreds of converts now alive. I thank you again and again, for all these things. Though many of you may have made great sacrifices to do what you have done, and almost think you are able to do no more; yet let me ask you, cannot you give even a little more, to assist your education societies in their endeavors to supply the destitute parts of our country and the world with preachers of the Gospel? These societies were never so loudly called upon by the Head of the church, to go forward in their work. No other country has been blessed to such a degree with revivals of religion; and God has, in a peculiar manner, in these revivals, remembered our youth. He has heard your prayers, that he would send forth laborers into the harvest, so far as to pour out his Spirit upon your young men; and if you withhold the means for qualifying them and sending them forth, will he accept your prayers for the further outpouring of the Spirit?

Consider, too, that if these means are withheld, millions, to all human view, must be left to drag out a miserable existence without God, and without hope here; and after death, have inflicted on them, for ever, the awful curses denounced upon the ungodly and unbelieving: "He that believeth not, shall be damned." "If any man worship the beast and his image, and receive his mark in his forehead or in his hands, the same shall drink of the wine of the wrath of God, which is poured out, without mixture, into the cup of his indignation, and he shall be tormented with fire and

brimstone in the presence of the holy angels, and in the presence of the Lamb." And shall these awful curses be inflicted upon them from your neglect? Forbid it, O thou suffering Lamb of God, forbid it.

Let me entreat you, dear brethren, to reflect *how much you owe to your Saviour*. You are his redeemed people; bought with his own precious blood. Nothing else would suffice to satisfy offended justice. To pay the price demanded for your redemption, he left the glory he had with the Father, came to this earth, was a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief, and so poor that he had not where to lay his head. Follow him to the garden of Gethsemane, and view his bloody sweat; to the bar of Pilate, and see him crowned with thorns, spit upon, and buffeted; and lastly, up the hill of Calvary, bearing that cross upon which he was to expire. In view of this most affecting scene, are you not willing to make greater sacrifices for the promotion of his blessed cause?

Again, be excited to go forward in view of the *soul-animating joy* of seeing the world supplied with preachers of the Gospel. The joy of relieving a fellow-creature from bodily distress, or from death, is great; but what will be the joy of having been instrumental in turning a sinner from the error of his ways? What will it be, in the last day, when we shall, on the one hand, have a full view, afar off, of the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone, where the lost are to weep, and wail, and gnash their teeth for ever; and on the other, of those glorious mansions prepared for all the followers of the Lamb? Let the *value you put upon the Gospel* excite you to make this effort. Suppose you were deprived of it, and of all the hopes you have of escaping the damnation of hell, and obtaining the joys of heaven; and suppose you were as sensible as you now are

of its worth, what would you not give to obtain it? Would you not willingly part with all your possessions, and become beggars, rather than they should not send it to you? O, Christians, fly to the work. Do it with your might. The motives to it are infinite. Now is the accepted time. The heathen are before you. Your Redeemer bids you go and pluck them as brands from the burning. "To-day, if you will hear his voice, harden not your hearts." While you delay, the heathen perish, and you rob your Saviour of the joy and praise of receiving the heathen for his inheritance. You now stand solemnly charged to carry the glory of Immanuel into all nations, for their salvation.

TO PIOUS YOUNG PHYSICIANS.

Pious physicians, especially by entering the ministry and acting in the united capacity of physician to soul and body, have a very extensive opportunity of doing good. Such are greatly needed in our destitute settlements, and among heathen nations, where there is often extensive suffering from want of medical aid. That you may be better enabled to judge as to the course of duty to be pursued by you, I will mention three things, to which I beg you will give your attention.

By going to a heathen land, you will be instrumental in removing an immense amount of *bodily suffering*. This is true, especially in regard to operative surgery. That such may also be the case at home, I readily allow. But there is a vast difference. Generally, at home, most persons are so near several physicians and surgeons that they can obtain relief, even if he who ordinarily attends them is gone. Of operative surgery, the heathen, in this part of the world, are almost entirely ignorant. I doubt whether one of them, unless taught by a foreigner, ever performs so simple an

operation as blood-letting. Of course, in all those cases where the lives of the people might be spared if some one acquainted with the healing art was at hand, they must necessarily die.

By going to a heathen land, you will have a much more abundant opportunity of *communicating religious information* than at home. The probability is, that you may be the only physician among hundreds of thousands of people destitute of the knowledge of which I have just spoken. The consequence is, that you will soon acquire an influence which will induce them to flock to you in great numbers. When they have seen me amputate, or heard of my amputating limbs, performing the operation for cataract, tapping in dropsy, etc., they have called me the god of this world, and a worker of miracles. In point of miraculous powers, they have said that I have borne away the palm from their great idol, Corduswammy. As might naturally be expected among such a people, these vain expressions tend to inspire those who hear them with confidence in me. I may probably within bounds say, that if all who have come to me were different individuals, they, with persons who have accompanied them, would amount to tens of thousands. Of these, great numbers hear the Gospel who never would otherwise hear it. My present medical assistant, who has not yet been with me four years, thinks that, independently of others, he has read the Tract entitled "The Heavenly Way" to thousands.

If you go to a heathen land, you may also be instrumental in doing a great deal of good by *teaching the medical and surgical arts* to native young men. In this way, the amount of suffering which may be prevented beyond your own sphere of action will be immense. If these young men should become pious, as it might be expected many

of them would, the weight of their influence in their respective villages, on the side of Christianity, would be very great. Not long since, in a village near Madras, about one hundred and twenty Roman Catholics, if I remember correctly, deserted their corrupt faith, through the instrumentality of a young man who was formerly with Mr. Rhenius, of the church mission at Palameotta. The greatest loss, by far, which this mission ever sustained by death among its native members, was that of Philip M. Whelply, a pious young man, who had learned something of medicine and surgery from me.

So much do I feel the importance of this subject, that I think no mission, if possible, should be sent out without one who, like his adorable Master, will go about preaching the Gospel of the kingdom, and healing all manner of sickness and all manner of disease among the people.

Will you obey the loud calls which are made to you? The awful condition of immense multitudes who are on the road to eternal woe, and who must inevitably be lost unless you hasten to their relief, calls upon you to obey them. Beware, O beware, I entreat you, how you lightly dismiss the subject. Let every step you take in this matter, be taken in reference to that day when you must meet your Saviour at his dread tribunal, with all those heathen to whose help you are called to fly.

TO MINISTERS OF THE GOSPEL.

TO ALL EVANGELICAL MINISTERS OF THE GOSPEL in the United States, I beg to address a few brief considerations on the subject of their personal duties, in regard to bringing forward young men for the Christian ministry. My object is, to entreat you to take the same views you have taken a thousand times before, of the deplorable moral

condition of the millions inhabiting our world, and ask yourselves, What more can we do to send them preachers of the Gospel? Taking it for granted that the American churches have abundant means to go forward in evangelizing the world, it is a question of momentous import, What ought to be done by their ministers to promote it? I answer,

1. It appears to me they ought to exert themselves to *induce Christians to pray more*. I very much fear that one grand deficiency of the church in our day, consists in the want of fervent, importunate prayer. If all who are set for the defence and confirmation of the Gospel, could be more where Moses was, with the rod of God in our hands, and with the Aarons and Hurs in our respective congregations, to hold them up when weary, we should be giants in slaying its enemies. "I know not," says Jeremy Taylor, "which is the greatest wonder, either that prayer, which is a duty so easy and facile, and so ready and adapted to the powers, and skill, and opportunities of every man, should have so great effects, and be productive of such mighty blessings; or that we should be so unwilling to use so easy an instrument in doing so much good." "If the whole, or the greater number of the disciples of Christ," says John Foster, "were, with an earnest, unalterable resolution of each, to combine that heaven should not withhold one single influence which the very utmost effort of conspiring and persevering supplication could obtain, it would be a sign that a revolution of the world was at hand." Nothing can withstand the force of importunate prayer. Armies disappear before it, as the morning cloud and early dew before the scorching sun. Prison doors fly open, and chains burst as a thread of tow is broken when it touches the fire. What a noble spectacle would be presented to the angels in heaven, to see a million of Christians in

America prostrate before their Redeemer, all with one accord pleading for this one definite object, that the Lord of the harvest will send forth laborers into his harvest.

2. Greater exertions must also be made to *awaken the attention of the churches* to the momentous import of this subject. For this purpose, it appears to me that it should be brought before them, not merely from the pulpit, but especially in social meetings for prayer. There the wants of a perishing world, and the obligations of Christians to contribute of their substance and give up their sons to supply these wants, may be familiarly urged; and the opportunity will be favorable to press upon the minds of pious young men their duty to engage in the service of the church. I would further suggest the duty of frequently visiting such young men; ascertaining the state of their minds, and giving them the counsel and aid adapted to the case of each. Let them be brought seriously to consider whether they can so much glorify their Saviour in any other situation in life as in the ministry. You can urge the duty of their engaging in it with as much importunity as you would urge the subject of repentance upon a perishing sinner. I see not how they can eat, and drink, and sleep, or even pray, and read their Bibles, and go to the sanctuary of the Lord, with the least composure of mind, as long as you continue to make the groans and dying agonies of hundreds of millions sound in their ears, and they do not stretch out their hands to relieve them. While I deprecate the thought of introducing any into the ministry, unless they be of honest report, full of the Holy Ghost and wisdom, I must also deprecate the thought that we are quietly to sit down and say, if God has designed to bring forward young men for the ministry, he will do it without any personal exertions on our part. The reason why I lay so much

stress upon private, personal exertion, is, that I am persuaded that unless it is done, the church will lose the talents of some of the best of her sons. There are many young men who, of all others, are most fit to preach the Gospel; but who, like the ancient servants of God, have formed so low an estimate of themselves that they never dare think of it.

3. An enlarged and more systematic effort must be made to *obtain funds* for the education of your indigent young men. I fear this object has not engrossed sufficient attention. The Saviour has left the definite direction, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature;" and if there are pious young men to obey this command, and they are kept back by want of pecuniary means, will not the Saviour consider us as verily guilty if we do not exert ourselves to the utmost to bring them forward?

May I ask you, my brother in the ministry, now reading these lines, Are you doing all you can to supply your own country and the world with preachers of the Gospel? If so, go on, and tens of thousands will thank you in the last day.

TO PIOUS YOUNG MEN.

In closing these appeals, I wish to address a few words to the PIOUS YOUNG MEN connected with all the evangelical denominations in the United States.

I much doubt whether many of these young men have ever even agitated the question whether they are called of God to engage in this great business. Many, especially those who live in more remote places, where the publications of the education, missionary, and other societies are to a very limited extent circulated, have, it is to be feared, but little knowledge of the moral dearth of our land and

world. Or, if they have such knowledge, the subject is so seldom presented to their minds with the force it deserves, or with reference to personal duty, that but comparatively little impression is produced. Such could hardly be expected to inquire whether they ought to enter the ministry.

My friend, who are you, now reading these lines? Are you one of the pious young men belonging to the American churches? Though you may be included in the number who ought to preach the Gospel, you may have various reasons for concluding that you are not. Let us examine these reasons.

1. You say you cannot enter the ministry because you *have not the means* to obtain an education. But have you applied, through your pastor, or otherwise, for assistance from any society or board of education? If not, can you continue to urge the want of means as an excuse?

2. You urge that you have not *the requisite qualifications*. Let me inquire what qualifications you do need. Want of *piety*? Go to the foot of the cross, and lie there till you obtain it. As, however, you may form too low an estimate of your piety, you cannot confide solely in your own judgment in this matter, and consequently are under obligations to ask the opinion of judicious friends.

Do you urge want of *talents*? This may be a legitimate plea; but it has been urged by some of the most eminent men which the world has produced. When God required the services of Moses, how earnest was he in argument for declining. Jeremiah said, "Ah, Lord God, I cannot speak, for I am a child."

4. Do you say, "I do not *feel that I have a call* to the ministry? If I could ascertain that I had one, I would enter on a course of preparation." But is there no way to ascertain this? It appears to me there is. Consider the

momentous bearings of this question of duty. You allow that you are bound to do all the good and prevent all the evil you can in the world. By entering the ministry, with the aid of the Holy Spirit, you may be instrumental in converting many of your fellow-men; in raising up preachers of the Gospel; and in doing much good in various other ways. If you do not enter it, you leave the field to be filled with the natural and rapid growth of errors in doctrine and in practice, which will soon amount to little less than heathenism. Go to God in humble and importunate prayer for direction; follow the indications of his providence and the guidance of his Spirit; take counsel of his ministers; be willing to go where duty calls; and if you seriously believe *that you can glorify God more by preparing for the ministry*, and there be no valid reasons against it, then it appears to me plain that you are to wait for no other call; and woe be to you if, through your own criminal neglect, you preach not the Gospel.

To those of you, beloved brethren, who have such a belief, I will mention some of the MOTIVES which should constrain you to engage in this work.

1. Your *obligation to your Saviour* should move you. He has enrolled your name in heaven, and prepared a place for you at his right hand, where you are to drink for ever of the streams which make glad the city of your God. O had you a thousand lives to spend in the service of this adorable Being, or had you ten thousand tongues to sound abroad his praise, you should rejoice to dedicate all to him who has done so much for you.

2. Your *obligations to your neighbor*. Him you are commanded to love as yourself. Thousands of your fellow-men, who are all your neighbors, are perishing. The soul of every one of these has been pronounced by Him who has

the keys of death and hell, to be of more value than the whole world. This thought alone ought to be sufficient to make you rejoice to leave your farm, or your merchandise, or the law, or medicine, and fly to the help of any one who can possibly be rescued from so tremendous a doom.

3. *Consistency of conduct.* On your knees, at the throne of grace, you plead with your Saviour to send more laborers into the harvest. How can you spread forth your hands, while you are unwilling to do your part towards the advancement of his kingdom, and keep back a part of the price?

4. *The rewards* which await you, if found faithful. "They who turn many to righteousness," shall shine "as the stars for ever and ever." What joy shall thrill through your bosom, in seeing the honor which those whom you are instrumental in saving will bring to your Redeemer. You should never forget that every soul which is saved will, through some period of eternity, bring more glory to this adorable Being than yet has been brought by all the myriads who have gone to heaven.

In consideration of what has been said, I have two questions to ask, answers to which I solemnly enjoin it upon you to give to the Head of the church.

Do you intend to go up to the help of the Lord in this mighty work? If so, whatsoever your hands find to do, do it with your might.

Are you disposed to *decline entering the ministry*, or are you *halting between two opinions*? But are you prepared to resist the calls which are made upon you? I entreat you to think well of this matter before you come to a determination in the negative. As an ambassador of the King of heaven, I charge you to make these calls a subject of much prayer and meditation. Let the first question on

your self-examination list, for morning, be, Am I going to glorify my Saviour to-day by not setting my face towards the Christian ministry? And let your first question on your self-examination list, for evening, be, Have I glorified God to-day by not setting my face towards the ministry? While engaged on your farm, or in your shop, or in your law, or medicine, often put the question to your conscience, Do I believe my God looks down upon me with as much approbation as he would if I were now engaged in laboring in the vineyard of his Son?

Can you quietly stand still and see multitudes perish? Have you no bowels of pity? Have you no sentiments of compassion? Have you no tender concern for your perishing fellow-men? If you have, I beseech you to show it, by flying to their help. How will your very knees smite together with trembling, when you see them pointing out their hands towards you in the presence of the assembled universe, and hear them saying, "There stand the men who solemnly covenanted, over the body and blood of their Lord, that they would love their neighbor as themselves; but they loved us not: though they knew what evil was coming upon us for ever, they pitied us not?" How will your hearts die within you, when you hear your Saviour say, Is this the love you bear to your fellow-men, to let them sink into the fire never to be quenched, without one effort on your part to save them? Is this the way you have shown your gratitude to me, who shed my blood for you?

THE

FOOLS' PENCE.



HAVE you ever seen a London gin-shop? There is, perhaps, no statelier shop in the magnificent chief city of England. No expense seems to be spared in the building and the furnishing of a gin-shop.

Not many years ago a gin-shop was a mean-looking, and by no means a spacious place, with a few small bottles, not bigger than a doctor's largest vials, in the dusty window. But now, however poor many of the working classes may be, it seems to be their pleasure to squander their little remaining money upon a number of these palaces, as if they were determined that the persons whom they employ to sell them poison should dwell in the midst of luxury and splendor. I do not mean to say, that we have

a right to throw all the blame upon the master or the mistress of a gin-shop. For my part, I should not like to keep one, and be obliged to get rich upon the money of the poor infatuated creatures who will ruin both soul and body in gin-drinking; but the master of the gin-shop may be heard to say, "I don't force the people to drink; they will have gin, and if I do not sell to them somebody else will." The story of "The Fools' Pence," which follows, is worth attending to.

A little mean-looking man sat talking to Mrs. Crowder, the mistress of the Punch-bowl: "Why, Mrs. Crowder," said he, "I should hardly know you again. Really, I must say you have things in the first style. What an elegant paper; what noble chairs; what a pair of fire-screens; all so bright and so fresh; and yourself so well, and looking so well!"

Mrs. Crowder had dropped languidly into an arm-chair, and sat sighing and smiling with affectation, not turning a deaf ear to her visitor, but taking in with her eyes a full view of what passed in the shop; having drawn aside the curtain of rose-colored silk, which sometimes covered the window in the wall between the shop and the parlor.

"Why, you see, Mr. Berriman," she replied, "our business is a thriving one, and we don't love to neglect it, for one must work hard for an honest livelihood; and then you see, my two girls, Letitia and Lucy, were about to leave their boarding-school; so Mr. Crowder and I wished to make the old place as genteel and fashionable as we could; and what with new stone copings to the windows, and new French window-frames to the first floor, and a little paint, and a little papering, Mr. Berriman, we begin to look tolerable. I must say too, Mr. Crowder has laid out a deal of money in fitting up the shop, and in filling his cellars."

"Well, ma'am," continued Mr. Berriman, "I don't know where you find the needful for all these improvements. For my part, I can only say, our trade seems quite at a stand-still. There's my wife always begging for money to pay for this or that little necessary article, but I part from every penny with a pang. Dear Mrs. Crowder, how do you manage?"

Mrs. Crowder simpered, and raising her eyes, and look-

ing with a glance of smiling contempt towards the crowd of customers in the shop, "The fools' pence—'tis THE FOOLS' PENCE that does it for us," she said.

Perhaps it was owing to the door being just then opened and left ajar by Miss Lucy, who had been serving in the bar, that the words of Mrs. Crowder were heard by a man named George Manly, who stood at the upper end of the counter. He turned his eyes upon the customers who were standing near him, and saw pale, sunken cheeks, inflamed eyes, and ragged garments. He turned them upon the stately apartment in which they were assembled; he saw that it had been fitted up at no trifling cost; he stared through the partly open doorway into the parlor, and saw looking-glasses, and pictures, and gilding, and fine furniture, and a rich carpet, and Miss Lucy, in a silk gown, sitting down to her piano-forte: and he thought within himself, how strange it is, by what a curious process it is, that all this wretchedness on my left hand is made to turn into all this rich finery on my right!

"Well, sir, and what's for you?"

These words were spoken in the same shrill voice which had made the "fools' pence" ring in his ears.

George Manly was still in deep thought, and with the end of his rule—for he was a carpenter—he had been making a calculation, drawing the figures in the little puddles of gin upon the counter. He looked up and saw Mrs. Crowder herself as gay as her daughters, with a cap and colored ribbons flying off her head, and a pair of gold earrings almost touching her plump shoulders. "A glass of gin, ma'am, is what I was waiting for to-night, but I think I've paid the last '*fools' pence*' I shall put down on this counter for many a long day."

George Manly hastened home. His wife and his two little girls were sitting at work. They were thin and pale, really for want of food. The room looked very cheerless, and their fire was so small that its warmth was scarcely felt; yet the commonest observer must have been struck by the neatness and cleanliness of the apartment and every thing about it.

"This is indeed a treat, girls, to have dear father home so soon to-night," said Susan Manly, looking up at her

husband as he stood before the table, turning his eyes first upon one and then upon another of the little party; then throwing himself into a chair, and smiling, he said,

“Well, children, a’n’t you glad to see me? May not those busy little fingers stop a moment, just while you jump up and throw your arms about your father’s neck, and kiss him?”

“O yes, we have time for that,” said one of the girls, as they both sprang up to kiss their father.

“But we have no time to lose, dear father,” said Sally, pressing her cheek to his, and speaking in a kind of coaxing whisper close to his ear, “for these shirts are the last of the dozen we have been making for Mr. Farley, in the Corn-market.”

“And as no work can be done to-morrow,” added Betsy gravely, who stood with her little hand in her father’s, “we are all working as hard as we can; for mother has promised to take them home on Monday afternoon.”

“Either your eyes are very weak to-night, dear wife,” said George, “or you have been crying. I’m afraid you work too hard by candlelight.”

Susan smiled, and said, “*Working* does not hurt my eyes,” and as she spoke, she turned her head and beckoned with her finger to her little boy.

“Why, John, what’s this that I see?” said his father. “What, you in the corner! Come out, and tell me what you have been doing.”

“Nay, never mind it, dear husband; John will be very good, I hope, and we had better say no more about what is past.”

“Yes, but I must know,” said he, drawing John close to him. “Come, tell me what has been the matter.”

John was a plain-spoken boy, and had a straight-forward way of speaking the truth. He came up to his father, and looked full in his face, and said, “The baker came for his money to-night, and would not leave the loaves without mother paid for them; and though he was cross and rough to mother, he said it was not her fault, and that he was sure you had been drinking away all the money; and when he was gone, mother cried over her work, but she did not say any thing. I did not know she was crying, till I saw

her tears fall, drop, drop, on her hands; and then I said bad words, and mother sent me to stand in the corner."

"And now, John, you may bring me some coal," said Susan; "there's a fine lump in the coal-box."

"But first tell me what your bad words were, John," said his father; "not swearing, I hope?"

"No," said John, coloring, but speaking as bluntly as before, "I said that you were a bad man. I said, bad father."

"And they were bad words, I am sure," said Susan, very calmly; "but you are forgiven, and so you may get me the coal."

George looked at the face of his wife, and as he met the tender gaze of her mild eyes now turned to him, he felt the tears rise in his own. He rose up, and as he put the money into his wife's hands, he said, "There are my week's wages. Come, come, hold out both hands, for you have not got all yet. Well, now you have every farthing. Keep the whole, and lay it out to the best advantage, as you always do. I hope this will be a beginning of better doings on my part, and happier days on yours; and now put on your bonnet, and I'll walk with you to pay the baker, and buy a bushel or two of coal, or any thing else you may be in want of; and when we come back I'll read a chapter of the Bible to you and the girls, while you get on with the needle-work."

Susan went up stairs to put on her bonnet and shawl, and she remained a little longer, to kneel down on the spot where she had often knelt almost heart-broken in prayer—prayer that her heavenly Father would turn her husband's heart, first to his Saviour, and then to his wife and children; and that, in the meantime, he would give her patience. She knelt down this time to pour out her heart in thanksgiving and praise. The pleasant tones of her husband's voice called her from her knees.

George Manly told his wife that evening, after the children were gone to bed, that when he saw what the pence of the poor could do towards keeping up a fine house, and dressing out the landlord's wife and daughters; and when he thought of his own hard-working, uncomplaining Susan, and his children in want, and almost in rags, while he was sitting drinking, and drinking, night after night, more like

a beast than a man, destroying his own manly strength, and the fine health God had given him, he was so struck with sorrow and shame, that he seemed to come to himself at last. He made his determination, from that hour, never again to put the intoxicating glass to his lips, and he hoped he made it in dependence upon God for grace and strength to keep it.

It was more than a year after Mrs. Crowder, of the Punch-bowl, had first missed a regular customer from her house, and when she had forgotten to express her wonder as to what could have become of the good-looking carpenter that generally spent his earnings there, and drank and spent his money so freely—

“There, get on as fast as you can, dears; run, girls, and don’t stop for me, your beautiful dresses will be quite spoilt; never mind me, for my levantine is a French silk, and won’t spot.”

These words were screamed out as loud as her haste would permit, by Mrs. Crowder, who was accompanying her daughters, one Sunday evening, to the tea-gardens.

She was answered by Miss Lucy, “You know, ma, we can’t run, for our shoes are so tight.”

“Then turn into one of these houses, dears,” said the mother, who was bustling forward as fast as she could.

“No, indeed,” replied the other daughter, who found time to curl her lip with disdain, notwithstanding her haste and her distress, “I’ll not set a foot in such filthy hovels.”

“Well, dears, here is a comfortable, tidy place,” cried the mother at length, as they hastened forward; “here I’ll enter, nor will I stir till the rain is over; come in, girls, come in. You might eat off these boards, they are so clean.”

The rain was now coming down in torrents, and the two young ladies gladly followed their mother’s example, and entered the neat and cleanly dwelling. Their long hair hung dangling about their ears, their crape bonnets had been screened in vain by their fringed parasols, and the skirts of their silk gowns were draggled with mud. They all three began to stamp upon the floor of the room into which they had entered with very little ceremony; but the good-natured mistress of the house felt more for their disaster than for her floor, and came forward at once to console

and assist them. She brought forth clean cloths from the dresser-drawer, and she and her two daughters set to work to wipe off, with quick and delicate care, the rain-drops and mud-splashes from the silken dresses of the three fine ladies. The crape hats and the parasols were carefully dried at a safe distance from the fire, and a comb was offered to arrange the uncurled hair, such a white and delicately clean comb as may seldom be seen upon a poor woman's toilet.

When all had been done that could be done, and, as Miss Lucy said, "they began to look themselves again," Mrs. Crowder, who was lolling back at her ease in a large and comfortable arm-chair, and amusing herself by taking a good stare at every thing and every one in the room, suddenly started forward, and cried out, addressing herself to the master of the house, upon whose Bible and at whose face she had been last fixing her gaze, "Why, my good man, we are old friends: I know your face, I'm certain; still, there is some change in you, though I can't exactly say what it is."

"I used to be in ragged clothes, and out of health," said George Manly, smiling, as he looked up from his Bible; "I am now, blessed be God for it, comfortably clad, and in excellent health."

"But how is it," said Mrs. Crowder, "that we never catch a sight of you now?"

"Madam," said he, "I'm sure I wish well to you and all people; nay, I have reason to thank you, for words of yours were the first means of opening my eyes to my own foolish and sinful course. You seem to thrive—so do we. My wife and children were half-naked and half-starved only this time last year. Look at them, if you please, now; for, so far as sweet, contented looks go, and decent raiment befitting their station, I'll match them with any man's wife and children. And now, madam, I tell you, as you told a friend of yours one day last year, that 'tis the FOOLS' PENCE which have done all this for us.' The fools' pence! I ought to say, the pence earned by honest industry, and spent in such a manner that I can ask the blessing of God upon the pence."

When Mrs. Crowder and her daughters were gone, George Manly sat without speaking for some considerable

time. He was deep in thought, and his gentle, pious wife felt that she knew on what subject he had been thinking so deeply; for when he woke up from his fit of thought, a deep sigh stole from his lips, and he brushed away the tears which had filled his eyes.

"Susan," he said, "what can I render to the Lord for all his goodness to me? From what a fearful depth of ruin have I been snatched! Once I met some of my old companions, who so set upon me to draw me to drink with them, that I thought Satan must have urged them on. Another time, I went walking on, and found myself at the door of the poison-shop, without knowing how I got there; but God gave me strength to turn instantly away, and not linger a moment to dally with temptation.

"I could not help thinking, as I was reading this holy book, when that showy dame came in from whose hand I so often took the poisonous cup, how much I owed to God for saving me from ruin, and giving me that peace and satisfaction in religion which I now enjoy; and making me, I hope, a blessing to you all. O, what a love was the love of Christ to poor sinners! He gave his own blood as our precious ransom; he came to save us from our sins, that we may serve him in newness of life."

The above history, which is taken from a Tract of the Religious Tract Society in London, has its counterpart in the case of multitudes in our own country. Let him who would not shorten his days, and make his family wretched, and ruin his own soul, resolve with George Manly, "*never again to put the intoxicating glass to his lips;*" and like him, let him go humbly and with childlike confidence to God for strength to keep his resolution, and for grace to pardon all his sins, through the blood and righteousness of Christ. Then shall he have peace of mind, and be a blessing in his day; and when this brief life is ended, he shall enter into eternal joy.

MISCHIEFS OF SLANDER.

WHEN the celebrated Bernard was about to die, he declared that there were three things for which he felt bound to render thanks to God, one of which was, "that he had never willingly slandered another, and if any one had fallen, he had hidden it as much as possible." It would be well for religion, and happy for the world, if every professed Christian were able, at the close of life, to bear a similar testimony. How much hatred and strife would be prevented. How many of the offences which disturb the church would be for ever unknown. It is proposed to consider some of the *more specious forms* of this odious sin, *its malignity*, and the *means of avoiding it*.

Slander often consists merely in *signs or significant actions*. There may be calumny in an expression of the countenance; in a hint or inuendo; in an altered course of conduct; in *not* doing what you have been wont to do, staying away from a neighbor's house, or withholding some accustomed civility. You may both give pain to the heart of your brother, and awaken strong prejudice against him, by a lofty air, a nod of the head, a turning out of the way, a glance of the eye, a shrug, a smile, or a frown. This method of slander the Psalmist appears to have deprecated when he prayed, "Let not them that are mine enemies wrongfully rejoice over me; neither let them *wink with the eye* that hate me without a cause." You may avoid committing yourself by words which might be quoted to your disadvantage, and, perhaps, subject you to the discipline of the church, and yet slander your brother grievously in the sight of God. You may *insinuate* more to his injury, by a mysterious or distrustful look, or by silence when you ought to speak, than you could have done in a prolonged conversation. Nay, you may be aware of this, and it may be your purpose to convey by *signs* more than you dare express in *words*.

Another covert method of slander is, by *listening to the calumnies of others, without expressing your disapprobation*. "There are," says one, "not only slanderous *throats*, but slanderous *ears* also; not only wicked *inventions*, which engender and brood lies, but wicked *assents*, which hatch and foster them." It was a maxim of the Emperor Domitian, that such as give ear to slanderers are worse than slanderers themselves. No retailer of scandal ever tells his story without watching to discover, either in your countenance or your remarks, how you receive it. Hence, it is often in your power to arrest it before it proceeds any farther. In many cases this may be done simply by a look of disapprobation, and surely ought to be done, at whatever sacrifice. "The north wind," says Solomon, "driveth away rain; so doth an angry countenance a backbiting tongue." Austin, it is said, had an inscription on his table, the import of which was, that no one should ever have a seat there who would be guilty of detraction.

Again, if you may incur this guilt by listening to the calumnies of others, much more may you do it by *repeating* them. Your sin, in this way, may be greater than the original offence. Your station may be more prominent, and your means of rendering a false report injurious, far greater. It may originate, perhaps, with a discarded and angry servant, whom few or no one would believe. But when taken up by you, and reported, it goes out endorsed with your authority; and for the mischiefs which result from it *you* are justly responsible. "Where no wood is," says the wise man, "the fire goeth out; so, where there is no tale-bearer, the strife ceaseth."

Nor does it certainly palliate your guilt, that you report it with an air of regret: you "hope it is not so;" you "do not tell it for truth;" "it is only what you have heard." This may be but a device to shield your own reputation, while you hurl a poisoned arrow at your brother's.

Nor does it render you less criminal, that the malignant tale be substantially true. By the canons of Christ, it is lawful to "speak evil of no man." And it is no less slan-

derous in his sight to proclaim your brother's faults injuriously and uncalled for, than to *charge* him with faults of which he is not guilty. It is not enough that you speak the truth of others; you are required to speak it "*in love.*"

An adroit method of some for propagating calumny is, *by asking questions.* "Have you heard," say they, of this or that fault in one whom it is their purpose to malign? "Is it true," that he has done this or that? Their design in making these inquiries is malevolent, and so far, slanderous. They wish to originate a train of thought, to the injury of the person of whom they speak; to give a hint which shall awaken curiosity, and occasion further inquiry. It is a base method employed for drawing out and making public, through the agency of another, what they are afraid or ashamed to be considered the authors of themselves.

Akin to this cowardly expedient is that of *bestowing hypocritical praise.* You commend a man, perhaps, in the presence of a known enemy, for qualities to which his pretensions are very doubtful. You extol, it may be, his benevolence and liberality, before those who you know will not believe you, and who will be prompted by your insidious praise to speak of his parsimony. How often is this done for no other purpose than to elicit expressions of dislike in the hearing of others, at once to injure another in their opinion, and gratify the enmity of one's own heart.

Another method of slandering others, which is lamentably common, is, the *misconstruction of their language.* This may be done by a misplaced emphasis, or by exaggeration, or by drawing false or disallowed inferences. It is also done by lame and garbled quotations, of which the prince of slanderers gave a specimen worthy of himself, when he would have induced the Son of God to cast himself from the temple. Matt. 4 : 6. The text from David, Ps. 91 : 11, was wholly inapplicable; but was made to suit his purpose, by abridging it. The omission, by the tempter, of the words, "to keep thee in all thy ways," was a slight one in appearance, yet it was the pivot on which the meaning of the passage turned.

The same thing is virtually done when you *intentionally*, or through a *culpable carelessness*, misinterpret *the conduct* of others. "Men's actions," as one observes, "have two aspects: one, in which candor and charity *will*, another in which disingenuity and spite *may* view them;" and in such cases to misapprehend is calumnious. It is lamentable that so many illustrations of this species of slander may be found even among the professed friends of religion, in their jealousies and animosities; the "hard speeches" arising out of their differences of doctrine or policy, modes of administering ordinances, or governing the church; when, instead of exercising that charity which "hopeth all things," they nurture that jealousy which creates beams from motes, and makes a brother "an offender for a word;" when the extravagances of an individual are visited on the head of the whole party; when some word or phrase in a discourse is susceptible of two interpretations, and the more erroneous is given, and at once blazoned abroad as convicting the author of heresy; in short, when the mantle of charity is so narrow that it cannot hide a single error in opinion or conduct, no matter how trifling, which lies without the circumference of our own school or denomination. And is it strange, that out of the abundance of such a heart the mouth should often speak words which come within the prohibition of the command, "Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor?"

Such are some of the more specious modes of propagating calumny, and for which the occasions and incitements are occurring daily.

Sometimes it proceeds from a *narrowness of soul*, which cannot brook another's superiority; or from excessive *self-love* or *vanity*. Sometimes it is done to *be esteemed witty*, and to *raise a laugh*, at no matter what expense. Again, it is the offspring of *pure malignity*, which takes delight in satire; very frequently of *envy and jealousy*. The slanderer may be of the same trade or profession, and a less favored rival for public patronage. Despairing of success by honorable competition, he endeavors to help his *own* credit by injuring

that of his *rival*. He resorts to misrepresentation. Not unfrequently his invidious remark is made with the injunction of secrecy, which is too generally disregarded; and the slander is eventually whispered as widely as if it had been proclaimed in the market-place, or upon the house-tops.

At another time it proceeds from resentment. In the intercourse of trade, or as master and servant, employer and laborer, the one party has become displeased. There is, it may be, a misunderstanding about the contract, or the manner in which it has been fulfilled. And how exceedingly common to *conceal* all dissatisfaction in *making* a settlement, yet afterwards to go away and slanderously *whisper* it. He accuses the other of covetousness, or of double-dealing, of "grinding the face of the poor," of being a bad paymaster, and a hypocrite in religion. The slander goes abroad, producing an unfavorable impression upon the minds of those who do not know the injured individual, which may not be effaced to the end of *his* or of *their* life. Indeed, he may never know that such a calumnious report exists, nor the reproach to which he is subjected on account of it.

But let us turn for a moment to some of the EVILS resulting from this hateful and debasing sin. *And what havoc has it made upon private character.* How many persons of long-established integrity, with endowments suited to render them eminently useful, have been made the objects of suspicion, then shunned, then traduced, and ultimately ruined.

Thus it was an evil tongue which first set Naboth on high, and then murdered him. It was Ziba's slander which robbed Mephibosheth at once of his reputation and of his property. 2 Sam., ch. 16. This cast Jeremiah into a dungeon, and Daniel into a den of lions. "*The whisperer separateth chief friends,*" says Solomon; and the hearts that have been divided by this "sharp sword," the intimacies which have been sundered, who can enumerate?

Again, the *domestic* evils that follow it. What language can adequately set forth the desolation that an evil tongue has spread in households? The base insinuation against perhaps a virtuous and affectionate wife, or a kind and faith-

ful husband, has kindled a spark of jealousy, producing an explosion which has scattered the once-united family into fragments that could never be gathered again. In how many cases has it severed parent from child, brother from brother, and made irreconcilable foes of those who were before most tenderly attached.

But look yonder. Survey a scene at which the heart bleeds. That melancholy father without employment, was not long ago an enterprising man of business. A benignant Providence smiled on his industry; his affairs were prosperous; his means of meeting all just demands against him were ample, and his prospect of affluence was morally certain. But the breath of scandal whispers an insinuation to his prejudice, and his credit is brought into suspicion. A panic commences; his creditors rally, and in a single hour he is plundered. In their merciless strife to secure themselves, he is stripped at once of his *past* gains, and of the means of gain in future. His large and helpless family, from present abundance and prospective independence, are reduced to penury. A little while ago it was his happiness to minister to every rational want of his children—*now*, he has no home for them, and knows not where he shall find their daily bread. Such a picture may seem overwrought, but it is the faithful history of thousands.

But of all the disturbers of the *peace of neighborhoods and villages*, what agent half so successful as a tale-bearing, slanderous *tongue*? Its influence is pestiferous, and, like a moral sirocco, blasts every thing that lies within the field over which it sweeps. To the harmony, reciprocation of kind offices, and happiness that had hitherto prevailed, “succeeds a train of grovelling and base hostilities; depraving all who practise them, and distressing all against whom they are practised. Anxiety and dismay haunt every fire-side; and a funeral gloom settles upon every prospect, and broods over every hope.”

But when the victim of slander is a disciple of Christ, an officer of the church, or a minister of the Gospel, what skill in numbers can compute the extent of injury done by

the wound inflicted directly upon the cause of religion ; or of good prevented by crippling his ability to be useful ?

The affecting story of *Boerhaave*, so distinguished in the medical profession, is well known. With piety, and learning, and gifts, and an ardent zeal to glorify his divine Master, his heart was fixed upon consecrating his life to the sacred ministry. The preliminary steps had been so far taken, that he had gone to Leyden to obtain his license to preach—when, to his utter astonishment, he found the way completely hedged up. An insinuation was dispersed through the University, that made him suspected of error no less shocking than Atheism itself. It was in vain that his friends plead his published sentiments, which contained unanswerable confutations of the very heresies with which he was charged : the torrent of popular prejudice was irresistible ; and thus this preëminently great and good man was utterly frustrated in his pious purpose by the slander of an insignificant person, who had become his enemy from mortified pride. So true it is, as his biographer well observes, that no merit, however exalted, is exempt from being not only attacked, but wounded by the most contemptible whispers. Those who cannot strike with force, can *poison* their weapon, and, weak as they are, give mortal wounds, and bring a hero to the grave. This is but one example of *good prevented* which heads a long catalogue.

But the sins committed by Christians in their angry *disputes*, which have been engendered by a viperous tongue, admit of no rehearsal. How has the spectacle of such militant professors gladdened the hearts of the wicked, who, as they have looked on, have said to themselves, “ Ah, so would we have it ;” while the general result of these anti-Christian quarrels has been, not only to confirm the infidel in his unbelief, and render him more daring and blasphemous, but to add incalculable numbers to his party. Is not the tongue, then, well defined by James to be “ a world of iniquity ?” And when we take into view the variety and amount of wickedness in which the *grand adversary* and the *slanderer* coöperate, is it not very apparent why, in the sacred writings, the same word should be used to signify them both ?

From contemplating such pictures of ruin as have been presented, is it too much to hope that one and another hitherto heedless on this subject, will direct his attention to himself, and inquire, HOW SHALL I KEEP MY "TONGUE FROM EVIL, AND MY LIPS FROM SPEAKING GUILE?"

First of all, remember that *the preparation of the heart, and the answer of the tongue, are both from God*; and go to him, in humble believing prayer, for that aid which he alone can give, and which it is equally your privilege and duty to seek. It was one petition in the daily prayer of Jeremy Taylor, both for himself and his friends, that they might be delivered from the spirit of slander.

Again, would you cease to *speak* ill of others, you must cease to *think* ill of them. And I know of no means of attaining this so effectually, as to *study faithfully your own character*. "There are no souls so fearful to judge *others* as those who most judge *themselves*. They give a favorable interpretation to what others do, because they are acquainted with their own frailties; just as in the Olympic games, the wrestlers did not put the crown upon their *own* heads, but upon the heads of others." It is an excellent rule of some, never to speak evil of their enemies: it is a better rule of a singular few, to speak evil of none.

It is recorded of Peter the Great, that when one was speaking ill of another in his presence, he first listened attentively, but soon interrupted him with the question, "Is there not a *fair* side to his character? Come, tell me what *good* qualities you can remember." This is admirable. Here is true greatness, and an example which it would improve many professed Christians to copy.

When I behold a member of the church of Christ ready to animadvert on the faults of others, always discovering much to censure, but nothing to commend, I feel constrained to say to him, Go and learn a lesson of charity, not of Solomon, nor of Paul, nor of James, nor of Christ, but in the school of that wise Milesian, whose maxim, afterwards consecrated at the Delphic Oracle, was, "*Know thyself*."

How slow should you be to *hear*, and how much slower

to *believe* the evil that is whispered abroad concerning your brethren. It should be, moreover, your invariable rule, never to let your mind be decided by the representation of one party, until you have heard the other. "He that is first in his own cause seemeth just, but his neighbor cometh and searcheth him."

Again, if this is a sin which "so easily besets us," we should *never cease to watch against it*. There is a story of one Pambus, an unlettered man, in the early ages of the church, who came to another that was versed in the Scriptures, and desired to be taught a psalm. Upon his turning to the 39th, and reading the 1st verse, "I said, I will take heed to my ways, that I *sin not with my tongue*," "Hold!" exclaimed his grave pupil, "read no further; this verse will be enough, if I can practise it."

Especially should we be on our guard in times of temptation. It was sage advice given to Cæsar by an old Roman, not to speak or act when he was angry, until he had repeated the letters of the alphabet. At such seasons should we "keep our mouth as with a bridle;" and in most cases, no check will be more prompt and effectual than the question put to our conscience, What is my motive for speaking? Is it to be avenged? Then it is a hateful one, and I ought to hate myself on account of it, and repent. Is it to entertain the circle around me with a tale of scandal? Then I expose my own depravity, and have much more reason to speak evil of myself, than of him whom I am about to vilify. Or is it to discharge my Christian obligations, and do the person good? Why not then pursue the method enjoined by Christ? "Go and tell him his fault between thee and him alone, and if he hear thee, thou" hast made a noble conquest, thou "hast *gained thy brother*. But if he will not hear thee," then, as a matter of solemn duty, not of pique, "tell it to the church," the tribunal ordained by Christ to correct it.

In connection with this, we offer another remark, by way of caution, against an infirmity of many, who, by *reporting* in your ears the ill-natured speeches of others, often do

you a greater unkindness than they did by *inventing* them. For while, in some few cases, the information may serve a valuable end, by putting you on your guard, yet, in far more, it operates only to wound, without doing you any possible good: and it is proof of no ordinary grace in exercise, if, after hearing the tale of such a *slanderer*, and of such a *talebearer*, you do not think far less favorably of them *both*.

But what dissuasive from this sin should have such an abiding influence over a professor of religion, as the *precepts and examples of our blessed Redeemer*? Of all beings in the universe, who was ever slandered so cruelly and so causelessly? Yet "when he was reviled, he reviled not again." When his enemies called for curses on *him*, he sought for blessings to come down on *them*. And are you a professed disciple of such a Master? with what consistency, then, can you retain your name or your relation, if, when the language of love to his enemies was on *his* lips, "the poison of asps" is so often under *yours*?

Remember, moreover, how repugnant is your conduct to his "golden rule." Put yourself, calumniator, in the place of your injured brother, and imagine the tale to be told of yourself, which you are now telling of him. Would you think it kind, or Christian? Imagine that it is your own father, or mother, or brother, or sister, who is the subject of the slanderous story which you are reporting; and how do you view your conduct then? Do not forget, that reputation, peace of mind, and domestic happiness, are as dear to others as they are to you. Their sense of mortification and of ridicule is as keen, and their sensibilities no better fitted to endure the buffeting of public scorn.

Again, would you be *spared a thorny pillow for your death-bed*, begin in due season to govern your tongue. "Whoso keepeth his mouth and his tongue, keepeth his soul from troubles." And what great troubles in life, and how much greater in death, can in this way be prevented. How severe are the reproaches of that conscience which, in the last "honest hours" of life, begins to recount the mischiefs of a slanderous tongue.

I happened, says Cotton Mather, to be present in the room of a dying man, who could not leave the world in peace, until he had lamented to a Christian acquaintance, whom he had sent for on this account, the unjust calumnies which he had often cast upon him. And when asked what was the occasion of his abusive conduct, whether he had been imposed upon by false reports, he made, says Mather, this horrible reply: "No; it was merely this: I thought you were a good man, and that you did much good in the world, and therefore I hated you." And having made this confession, he added, Now is it possible for such a wretch as I am to find pardon?

And how large a proportion of the slanders of the world concerning the church, are the offspring of *malignity against the truth*. How careful then should they be, who love the truth, "to keep the door of their lips" so vigilantly as to cut off all occasion of reproach from those who desire and seek it.

In conclusion, let us prize more and more highly that *abounding grace* which is able to cleanse even the polluted heart of man, and render it pure and holy. Such are the power, the promise, and the effect of the Gospel. In the incarnation and sufferings of Christ we have ample atonement made to take away the guilt of sin; and in the gift of the Spirit, an influence which is able to separate us from its defilement. Here is provision made for the two-fold work of our pardon and sanctification. By this every corrupt passion and unhallowed desire may be eradicated, and this depraved creature restored to the image of God. Let it be the immediate concern of every reader, to examine this subject with reference to himself. How far am I guilty? What sins of the tongue have I contracted, which call for this blood of cleansing?

Are you a *minister of the Gospel*, who have often rebuked the sin of slander in others? let the question be put to your conscience, how far you have set them the example? What agency have *you* had, either by your tongue or your pen, in producing those commotions in the church,

or in the world, by which the mantle of charity has been so often rent, Christian fellowship interrupted, and the ministry blasphemed?

Are you a *member of the church*? What part have you had in creating those family divisions and alienations among brethren; and in procuring that reproach of the ungodly, through which the Saviour is so often wounded? Be entreated to examine your life, with a special view to your sins of speech. "If any man seem to be religious, and bridleth not his tongue, this man's religion is vain." A licentious tongue, habitually indulged, is presumptive evidence of an unregenerate heart. If this is *your* besetting sin, be persuaded either to restrain and bring it into subjection at once, or renounce your Christian hope. Indulging it, your religion is only *seeming*. To retain a sarcastic, bitter, reviling, slanderous tongue, is as inconsistent with your professed hope in Christ, as is drunkenness, or blasphemy, or murder.

Are you connected with an unbelieving husband or wife, or are you a member of an unbelieving household? be assured that your ungoverned tongue is doing more to quiet them in sin, to vilify the church and her ordinances, and all things sacred, than can be effected by any efforts of open blasphemers. From a regard to *their* souls, as well as your *own*, resolve at once to reform. Remember, that the love which you profess to bear towards others, not only *worketh* no ill to them, but it *thinketh* none. It does not blaze abroad their sins, but it covers them. It *weeps* over them, *prays* over them, endeavors to "convert the sinner from the error of his way," and so to save him.

As you would honor Christ, who has taught us this lesson of divine charity, "let this mind be in you that was in him;" be moved by the same benevolent spirit, and "let your speech be always with grace, seasoned with salt." "*If any man offend not in word, the same is a perfect man, and able also to bridle the whole body.*"

STRIKING

FULFILMENT OF PROPHECY.

THE prophecies, besides many other evidences, prove the Bible to be of divine origin. Some of those of Moses concerning the Jews will here be stated, with the evidence of their fulfilment.

PROPHECY IN NINETEEN PARTICULARS.

“But it shall come to pass, if thou wilt not hearken unto the voice of the Lord thy God, to observe to do all his commandments and his statutes which I command thee this day; that all these curses shall come upon thee.” Deut. 28:15.

1. “The Lord shall bring a nation against thee from far, from the end of the earth, as swift as the eagle flieth; a nation whose tongue thou shalt not understand.” Ver. 49.

2. “A nation of a fierce countenance, which shall not regard the person of the old, nor show favor to the young.” Ver. 50.

3. “And he shall besiege thee in all thy gates, until thy high and fenced walls shall come down, wherein thou trustedst, throughout all thy land.” Ver. 52.

4. “And thou shalt eat the flesh of thy sons and of thy daughters, in the siege and in the straitness wherewith thine enemies shall distress thee; so that the man that is tender among you, and very delicate, his eye shall be evil towards his brother, and towards the wife of his bosom, and towards the remnant of his children.” Ver. 53, 54.

5. “The tender and delicate woman, which would not adventure to set the sole of her foot upon the ground for delicateness, her eye shall be evil towards the husband of her bosom, and towards her son, and towards her daughter, and towards her infant; for she shall eat them, for want of all things, secretly in the siege.” Ver. 56, 57.

6. “And ye shall be left few in number, whereas ye were as the stars of heaven for multitude.” Ver. 62.

7. “And the Lord shall bring thee again into Egypt with ships.”

8. “And there ye shall be sold unto your enemies for bondmen and bondwomen, and no man shall buy you.” Ver. 68.

9. “And ye shall be plucked from off the land whither thou goest to possess it.” Ver. 63.

10. “And the Lord shall scatter thee among all people, from the one end of the earth even unto the other.” Ver. 64.

11. “And yet for all that, when they be in the land of their

enemies, I will not cast them away, neither will I abhor them, to destroy them utterly, and to break my covenant with them." Lev 26 : 44.

12. "And among these nations shalt thou find no ease, neither shall the sole of thy foot have rest." Deut. 28 : 65.

13. "And thou shalt be oppressed and spoiled evermore, and no man shall save thee." Ver. 29.

14. "Thy sons and thy daughters shall be given unto another people, and thine eyes shall look, and fail with longing for them all the day long." Ver. 32.

15. "The Lord shall smite thee with madness, and blindness, and astonishment of heart." Ver. 28.

16. "And thou shalt serve other gods." Ver. 36.

17. "And thou shalt become an astonishment, a proverb, and a byword, among all nations whither the Lord shall lead thee." Ver. 37.

18. "The Lord will make thy plagues wonderful, and of long continuance; even sore sicknesses, and of long continuance." Ver. 59.

19. "The generation to come of your children, and the stranger from a far land, shall say, What meaneth the heat of this great anger? Then men shall say, Because they have forsaken the covenant of the Lord God of their fathers, which he made with them when he brought them forth out of the land of Egypt, the Lord rooted them out of their land in anger and in wrath, and in great indignation, and cast them into another land, as it is this day." Deut. 29 : 22-28.

Here is the prophecy; on which it may be observed,

1. It is delivered in plain language; it is not dark, nor capable of bearing many meanings.

2. It was delivered *many hundreds of years* before the time of its fulfilment. This is here needless to be proved, for it has never been denied by the opposers of Christianity.

THE FULFILMENT.

We shall now attend to the fulfilment of the above nineteen particulars, in their regular order.

1. A nation was to be "brought against them from far; a nation whose tongue they should not understand." This description answers to the Romans, who actually did come against them. They were not from Syria, nor from Asia Minor, nor from Greece, but from distant Italy; and the two great generals, Adrian and Vespasian, came from commanding in the still more distant isle of Britain. It also answers to the language of the Romans. With the Syriac, the Ara-

bic, and the Chaldee, they were somewhat acquainted, as all these eastern languages bear a near resemblance. But of the Roman, in the far west, they knew nothing. Generally, also, the Roman conquests were "as swift as the eagle flieth." Said Cæsar, "I came, I saw, I conquered."

2. The nation should be "of a fierce countenance," and should show no mercy. The Romans were proverbially of a stern, fierce countenance; and although they were merciful to other conquered nations, still every historian says that here they were cruel. "When Vespasian entered Gadara," says Josephus, "he slew all, man by man, showing mercy to no age." The same slaughter was made at Gamala. "For nobody escaped," says the historian, "but two women; and they escaped by concealing themselves from the rage of the Romans. For they did not so much as spare young children, but every one snatching up numbers, cast them down the citadel."

3. "Throughout all their land" they were to be besieged in their cities, and their "walls, in which they trusted, were to come down." This became the case of the Jews. "They trusted in their walls," and would seldom fight in the open fields. But "throughout all their land" their walls did not secure them; and even Jerusalem itself, strongly fortified as it was by its three walls, its towers, its ravines, and its mountains, had many of its battlements "torn down" before the entrance of the army. And when it was finally taken, the conquering commander exclaimed, "Surely, God has been our assistant. He has driven them from these fortifications. For what could man do towards overthrowing such towers?" He then caused the whole to be demolished, except a part of the western wall and three of the towers, which were left to show its former strength, and the greatness of its fall.

4. The siege was to be held out until a famine ensued, and then the dearest relatives were to show towards one another the worst cruelty. Generally, under the pressure of a common evil, a common sympathy is excited. This is natural. Houses have been burned, and the remains of their inmates have been found in the nearest embrace. Vessels have been shipwrecked, and families have gone down into their watery grave linked in one another's arms. We might expect the same of the inhabitants of Jerusalem. But what says the historian who saw the whole of these doings?

“Women snatched the food out of the very mouths of their husbands, and sons of their fathers, and mothers of their infants.” “In every house, if there appeared any semblance of food, a battle ensued, and the dearest friends and relations fought with one another, snatching away the miserable provisions of life.”

5. Relations were not only to exercise towards one another an unnatural hatred, but the tender mother was to devour her child. This occurred both at the Babylonian and Roman conquests. The historians describe the particulars, but the painful task may here be spared. Let it suffice simply to say, it was done.

6. They should “be left few in number.” This is one of the wonderful features of their history. At the time of David and Solomon they were a large nation. They were very numerous also before the Roman conquest. And now at this late day, from slaughter and oppression, they are comparatively a small people. At one time the Romans destroyed the astonishing number of nearly one million and a half. Whereas, had they increased regularly from their first settlement, they would now have been one of the largest nations on the globe.

7. They should be carried again into Egypt by ships. The historians say, that “at the taking of Jerusalem by Titus, the captives who were above seventeen years of age, were sent bound to the works in Egypt; those under seventeen years were sold.” They do not mention whether they were sent by land or water. But as the distance to Egypt was long, especially by land, navigation common, and they were sent *bound*, the latter would be the easier mode.

8. While they were in Egypt they should want buyers. This also occurred. They were so valueless, from the scarcity of the buyers, that no care was taken of them, “and 11,000 perished from want.” Afterwards they were brought in such numbers that “the Egyptians massacred them.”

9. They should be driven from the land of Canaan. While the war was raging, their country was devastated, and many taking refuge at Antioch, the inhabitants petitioned Titus, the Roman commander, to have them expelled from their city. “No,” replied he humanely, “their own country is laid waste, and whither can they go?” Afterwards the emperor Adrian made a law forbidding them, on

pain of death, from entering Jerusalem—some say, the whole country. In the 12th century, Benjamin Tudela, a Jew, travelled in all parts to learn the state of his nation. In Jerusalem he found only two hundred Jews, in another city only two, and in another only twenty. The case is similar now. The traveller in that region meets with here and there a solitary Jew, who seems like an alien in his own land.

10. They should be “scattered from one end of the earth to the other.” They are found in Europe, Asia, Africa, and America; even in the extremities of China and Japan.

11. While thus scattered, they were not to be destroyed, but to exist distinctly, the same people. How astonishing the fulfilment. Every thing on earth is affected and altered by time. But the Jews, notwithstanding the assaults of a thousand different circumstances in every age and clime, remain the same people.

12. While remaining the same people, and scattered through every part of the world, they should find no permanent home. From various countries they have been driven again and again. In the year 600, they were compelled, in France, either to embrace Christianity, or to leave the kingdom. In 612, the same happened in Spain. In the middle of the 10th century a residence was given them at Prague, and soon after they were obliged to leave it. In the middle of the 11th century they were banished by the Caliphs from the East, and came in great numbers to Europe. But here they were soon exposed to the fury of the crusaders. In the latter end of the 13th century they were banished from England by Edward I., and not permitted to return until the days of Cromwell. In the latter end of the 14th century they were driven from France the seventh time. In the latter end of the 15th century they were banished from Spain by Ferdinand and Isabella. According to Mariana, they amounted to 170,000 families. Many of them perished, some sought refuge in Africa, and some in Portugal, from whence they were soon expelled. In the middle of the same century they were burnt alive in Germany, because they were supposed to be the cause of a contagious disease that prevailed there. And lately, in the 18th century, they were banished from Prague by the queen of Bohemia. Every other nation possesses a spot which it calls by the endearing title of home; but when we turn to the

Jews, we behold a different spectacle: like the wind of heaven, they wander round the earth, seeking rest, and finding none.

13. They should also suffer a continued series of oppression. Our own country is the only one in which they have not suffered a constant political oppression, and here they do not escape that of prejudice and public opinion. This is astonishing in a world where all is change. Babylon, Carthage, Macedonia, and Rome, have in turn been the oppressor and the oppressed. If they have ruled other nations with a rod of iron, these nations have in turn taken the rod in their own hands, and beaten their cruel masters; and they again have given way to other lords, who have ruled their little hour. But for Israel the laws of nature seem changed. Their night of adversity, during all these ages, is cheered by no rising morn.

14. Their children should be taken from them. In several countries, particularly Spain and Portugal, their children have been taken from them, to be educated in the Roman Catholic religion. Thousands have thus been torn from the arms of their parents and confined in monasteries. How singular the prophecy, and its fulfilment.

15. They should be filled with madness, blindness, and astonishment of heart. When they were conquered, they did not, like other conquered nations, submit quietly to their fate; but for centuries they were actuated by a mad and blinded fury. In one of their unsuccessful revolts against the Roman government, says the historian, "they murdered the Greeks and Romans wherever they could find them; cut their bodies in pieces, tore off their skin and wore it as a mantle, devoured their flesh and intestines, besmeared themselves with their blood, etc. etc." Delicacy forbids the pursuit of the subject through many centuries and different nations.

16. They should "serve other gods." This, as is well known, many of them have done, especially those of the ten tribes.

17. They should become an astonishment, "a proverb, and a byword." The description is as accurate as if it had been given in our own day. They are a proverb, a byword; and when we think of their dispersion, their sufferings, and their preservation, an astonishment. They have been in some

countries until their skin has turned black, and they are called "the black Jews," but in spirit they are still the same.

18. Their unhappy condition was to be "of long continuance." This is another of the astonishing traits of the prophecy. Since their dispersion, kingdoms and empires have arisen and passed away; revolutions have changed the face of the globe again and again; earthly magnificence and grandeur have flourished, and become hid in the ruins of time; but the Jewish nation, which in its dispersion seems like a bubble on the waves, is an ever-during monument.

19. The cause of their singular history was to be known. If they are an ever-during monument, that monument, for the benefit of mankind, is not without an inscription. It tells us, that for their inattention to the Bible, as containing the commands of Jehovah, their condition is thus. If a city is destroyed by a volcano or an earthquake, or a nation is compelled to bend under the yoke of an oppressor, the reasons why divine Providence permits the stroke are wrapped in mystery. But in the case of the Jews his purposes are known.

Here, then, is the fulfilment—a complete agreement with the prophecy in the several particulars.

WHENCE THIS AGREEMENT?

1. The agreement could not come from a *political foresight* in Moses, because there was nothing from which he could judge that such things would occur; nothing from which he could judge that an unknown nation would come from afar and conquer the Jews; nothing from which he could judge that they would behave with an unnatural barbarity towards one another while under the siege; nothing from which he could judge that they would be carried in ships to Egypt, and there sold as slaves; nothing from which he could judge that they would be scattered through every country under heaven, and while thus scattered, that they would remain for seventeen centuries a distinct people, with the cause of their dispersion told wherever they went, and with a burden of oppression for ever resting upon them. To suppose that Moses could predict such things by a political foresight, would be like supposing that Julius Cæsar, 1,800 years ago, could predict, by a political foresight, who would now sit on the throne of France, who on the throne of England, or who would be president of the United States.

2. The agreement could not come from *chance*, because the opposing chances are infinite, and therefore it is impossible. Many hundred years before, how many chances were there against the conquest of the Jews by the distant Romans? Nay, how many chances were there against the extension of the Roman arms beyond the limits of Italy? Nay, how many chances were there against the very existence of such a nation? How many chances were there against the unnatural barbarity of the Jews during the siege, or against their conveyance on the Mediterranean in ships to Egypt, or against their massacre there for want of sale? How many chances were there against their dispersion thousands of leagues through every land, and through every clime? How many chances were there against their continued oppression for so long a time? And while thus oppressed, and thus intermingled with every people, how many chances were there against their existence as a separate nation, for seventeen hundred years? Not to sum up all the nineteen particulars, where every particular increases, by an astonishing ratio, the number of chances against the occurrence as a whole, we see that the number of opposing chances is infinite; and therefore that the event of the agreement by chance is impossible.

Suppose that I had on cards many hundred letters, and should lay them on the floor in such an order that they would form a pleasing tale, or a beautiful poem: suppose, further, that a person should enter the room, and inquire of me how they all came in that order; should I be believed, were I to say that I threw them out of my hand, and they all fell in that position by chance? No. Because the chances against such an order are infinite; and therefore the event impossible. So it is with the present prophecy. Its fulfilment by chance is impossible.

3. This complete agreement between the prophecy and its fulfilment could come, therefore, in no other way than the one in which we are told it did—by *divine inspiration*. The conclusion is easy, and unavoidable; no other can be made. Let us, therefore, look upon the Bible as it is—a message from God, “bringing life and immortality to light.”

VISITING ON THE SABBATH.

IN no form, perhaps, is the day of the Lord dishonored with so little consciousness of criminality as by MAKING VISITS AND CALLS AMONG NEIGHBORS AND FRIENDS. Even professors of religion seem not sufficiently aware of the evil of the practice; and it is well, if in some places the prevalence of the custom does not blind the eyes of ministers of the Gospel, and deter them from giving the instruction and reproof which so injurious a practice demands.

As a dissuasive from such a violation of the divine command to "remember the Sabbath-day and keep it holy," let me urge, that visits exert an injurious influence on YOURSELF AND YOUR OWN FAMILY.

They keep you from *reading the Bible, and the other duties of the closet*. These duties, which are indispensable to the maintenance of religion in the soul, and should receive special attention on the Sabbath, can nowhere be so well performed as at home, where every one has, or ought to have, a place for retirement. Even on a visit to your nearest friends, you will be expected to mingle with the family in which you are, and will hardly be disposed to seek a place of seclusion, adapted to the serious performance of private religious duties.

The habit of visiting keeps you from *the house of God and the Sabbath-school*. No Sabbath visitor will be found uniformly in his pew at church, or at the head of a class, or scrupulous in the performance of the other appropriate duties of the day.

If you are the head of a family, that portion of it which remains at home *is left without your guidance*. The duty to sanctify the Sabbath extends not only to yourself, but to your children and household. Whatever directions to observe the Sabbath you may give on your leaving home, they will be apt to disregard; especially since they see you transgressing the very command you require them to obey. Besides, by your absence you leave your household exposed

to the temptation of going themselves from home ; visiting, rambling, playing, if not practising grosser forms of violating God's holy day. You leave them, moreover, exposed to the visits, evil example, and pernicious influence of intruders from other families. In short, you will have every reason to fear that in your absence the Sabbath will be shamefully violated by those of your own household, and by "the stranger within thy gates."

Your visits occasion *yourself, your beasts, or domestics*, unnecessary and unlawful labor on the Sabbath-day. You are not only to abstain from labor yourself, but you are required to see that your household and your beasts do the same. "Thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy man-servant, nor thy maid-servant, nor thy cattle." No matter whether the amount of labor is more or less ; it is clearly forbidden by the law of God.

This habit is equally injurious to THE FAMILY YOU VISIT.

It gives them *additional labor on the Sabbath*. Often the Sabbath is thus made a day of *feasting*. Whatever may be the wish of the visitors, there will be, even among their nearest friends, more preparation, and of course more secular and sinful labor, for the entertainment, than if the family had been alone.

The family you visit are also *hindered from attending to their proper Sabbath employments*. How can the head of the family find opportunity for instructing his household ; and how can he or they suitably engage in the reading of the Bible, or private prayer and meditation, when they are encumbered with visitors ? No family craves the character of being inhospitable ; and their members will hardly dare leave the visitors, even to instruct the Sabbath-school class, or attend to other appropriate duties of the day.

Too often you also introduce into the family you visit *worldly and unprofitable conversation*. If you do not do this yourself, you tempt them to do it. They will hardly suppose that you have left your own family for the sake of spiritual discourse at the house of another, and will not be likely to intrude such discourse upon you. Do not facts warrant these inferences ? Were a man to treat his Sabbath visitors with religious conversation, or with reading the Scriptures, how long would his house be thronged with

them? What more effectual, and I may add, what more proper expedient can be adopted by any family to rid themselves of such intruders? In view of this subject, I remark,

1. Visits to your relatives, even your parents or children, are for the most part attended with the *same evils* as visits to others.

2. Visits made by leaving home on *Saturday* and returning on *Monday*, are liable to most of the objections to visits which are begun and ended on the Sabbath. There may be a little less of labor on the Sabbath by the beasts that carry you, but the labor of the family you visit is increased; they are more or less hindered in their proper Sabbath employments for the whole day; that portion of your family which you leave at home is without a guide in their Sabbath duties, or any one to lead them in family worship; and your seat is vacant in the house of God, where you ought every Sabbath to be seen, for the encouragement of your minister and Christian friends, and as an example to your children and others.

3. Visits or calls on the Sabbath are often made under the *pretence of visiting the sick*. When this is done with the design of giving such relief to the bodily or spiritual wants of the sick as they will not be likely to obtain without your visit, then you perform an act of mercy, and your visit is not only lawful but commendable. But to visit or call on the Lord's day merely because there is a sick person in the family, is a most weak apology for the crime of Sabbath-breaking. If the family deem it a kindness, it is only because it is customary, and therefore expected, and because the family have inadequate views of the sanctity of the Lord's day. By such visits or calls, the sick, as well as the rest of the family, are really incommoded. The Sabbath is often a *hard day in the house of the sick*, when friends and neighbors come in throngs, merely or principally because they are unwilling to spare time for that purpose on other days.

4. Visits or calls made on the Sabbath because you are *unwilling to spare time* for them on other days of the week, are utterly inexcusable. God has consecrated the whole day to his worship and service, and we may not do our pleasure therein. You need all your time on that day to

learn the will of God, to worship him and to perform acts of mercy and benevolence, which you cannot neglect without incurring guilt.

5. The habit of visiting on the Lord's day must always keep professors of religion who indulge in it *uninstructed, worldly-minded, and unfruitful*. They misspend the time specially given them to read and meditate on the truths of religion, and to attain a spiritual frame of mind. If you inquire after well-informed, diligent, spiritual, and fruitful Christians, you will find them among those who perform on the Sabbath its appropriate duties, and scrupulously abstain from what they fear to be a violation of its sanctity; who "*exercise themselves*" on this subject to maintain "a conscience void of offence." On the other hand, those who are less scrupulous in the observance of the Sabbath, will be found to be less employed on other days of the week in prayer, reading the Scriptures, and other duties.

6. Visits on the Sabbath, *by professors of religion, tend to pour contempt upon this institution of God, and upon the Christian name*. The due observance of the Lord's day is the great means of preserving the fear and worship of God in the world. Let the sanctification of the Sabbath be neglected by Christians, and the world will soon forget that there is a Bible; the duties enjoined in it will not be performed, nor its requirements obeyed; and the ordinances of religion, and even the name of Christian will become a reproach.

7. *Long continued custom* can no more justify Sabbath visits than any other vicious practice. It is very easy to slide into the general practice of what is inexpedient and injurious. Mankind are not apt to reflect seriously upon their conduct when they see the same course pursued by others. We deem it the imperious duty of all, especially of every preacher of the Gospel, to consider, steadfastly to resist, and fearlessly to expose the evils of Sabbath-breaking in all its forms; and we venture to affirm, that where the practice of *visiting on the Lord's day* prevails, it furnishes a satisfactory reason why efforts to promote the cause of enlightened, spiritual, and fruitful religion, have been attended with so little success.

MY FATHER'S PRAYER.

AN AUTHENTIC NARRATIVE.

THE hour that gave birth to James —, witnessed the departure of his mother. His father had been attacked with a violent fever, and lay at that moment apparently in the agonies of death. The sound of the words, "Her spirit is departing," heard by the husband, roused him; and in the most imploring manner he begged to be carried to her bedside, that he might see her once more. The request was instantly complied with. She waved her hand in a last adieu, and her spirit took its upward flight.

The life of the father was spared; and as soon as the powers of his mind returned, he took the surviving pledge of a mother's love into his trembling arms, and in solemn prayer consecrated him to God. As his infant powers expanded, he felt the obligation to regard, first of all, the welfare of his soul, and labored faithfully to instil into his opening mind the great truths of religion.

He had thus made his infant son the object of his care for nine years, when he was attacked with a lingering disease that forewarned him the child must soon be left an orphan, and he had no resource but to cast him, by faith, upon the mercy of God, through Jesus Christ. Long had he taught him the sinfulness of his heart and the love of God manifested in the gift of his Son, and guided his infant lips in prayer; and just before he died he called him to his bedside, put his hand on his head, and with eyes and heart raised to heaven, recommitted him to the protection and guidance of the Father of the fatherless. The child lifted his eyes to those of his dying father, saw them suffused in tears, and heard his faltering voice committing his soul to God through Jesus Christ, and that FATHER'S PRAYER made an indelible impression on his heart.

The guardianship of James was committed to a near relative, who carefully invested his ample patrimony, and gave him the best advantages of education in a neighboring

school. Here he unhappily attracted the notice of one of the assistant teachers of the institution, a gentleman of fascinating manners, and an accomplished scholar, whose principles and conversation exerted over him a most controlling influence. This gentleman had travelled extensively, seen much of the world, and acquired a rich fund of entertaining information and anecdote. He had visited America; was a warm republican; and gave such glowing descriptions of American scenery and manners, and the happy results of freedom from European tyranny, as captivated the mind of his young pupil, and induced him to form the fixed resolution, that, when of age, he would hasten to this happy land, and become one of her *free* citizens.

Having thus gained the ear and the heart of James, this teacher took him into his own room, made him an intimate companion, and began gradually to poison his mind with the most deep-rooted and malignant principles of *infidelity*. Perceiving that he had firmly embraced the principles of religion, and fearing the consequences of an open attack, he at first raised no objection against Christianity as a revelation from God; but began by attacking such doctrines of the Gospel as he could present in an odious light: particularly the purpose of God eternally to punish any of his offending creatures. He pointed to the goodness of God in the works of nature, and argued that such a doctrine was the foulest stain upon the Most High. Then he proceeded to intimate that the Bible was a forgery, and Christianity a delusion; and at length to pour upon his mind the multiplied and specious objections and cavillings of infidel writers. It is not surprising that the unsuspecting youth fell a prey to the artifices of this arch-deceiver, who not only claimed to be his sincere friend, but by his fascinating manners, his false premises and erroneous conclusions, was prepared to deceive those far better fortified than his present victim.

The guardian of James was kept in profound ignorance of this change of his principles; and at length received him with open arms into his family, and placed him in an important and lucrative situation in his own employ.

James entered upon his new duties with high spirits, and resolved to do his utmost to give satisfaction to his guardian, who loved him as his own son; but with such principles secretly cherished, he was ill prepared to with-

stand the temptations of life. For twelve months he kept aloof from vicious society, with the exception that once, in the absence of his protector, he rambled to the theatre. He was captivated with the performance, and longed for the time when he could indulge his favorite passion without restraint. Soon after this he left the house of his guardian ; and in his new situation, destitute of religious principle, surrounded with the pleasures of a voluptuous city, and many gay, thoughtless companions, though during the day he attended to the duties of his office, yet at night he was often at the theatre, ensnared by the most vicious of society ; and from the theatre to the tavern, and a participation of the flowing bowl and the merry song, the transition was easy and natural. For some time he kept up a decent appearance, and regularly attended to business ; but being an infidel at heart, he forsook the house of God, and devoted the Sabbath to sinful amusements and indulgences. After the first transgression of this nature, conscience gnawed his heart like a viper, and set before him in fearful array the warnings and admonitions of his departed father, the remembrance of whose *last prayer* stung him to the heart. His frequent absence from the house of God excited the suspicions of his affectionate guardian, which were at length confirmed by his meeting him reeling home from a midnight debauch. He saw that he was already on the verge of ruin, warned him of his danger, and extorted promises of amendment ; but alas, his religious principles were gone ; and he sunk deeper and deeper in sin and folly, till, becoming of age, he made preparation to fulfil his favorite project of exchanging his native land for America. His infidel companions expressed their grief in the prospect of his leaving them, and showed their sincerity by joining him in a scene of mirth and dissipation previous to the parting hour.

While partaking in this scene, a pious lady entered : “ *Young man,*” said she, “ *I am sorry to see that you are in all things the reverse of your pious father ; but mark it, his prayers in your behalf will yet be answered.*” This was a dagger to his soul ; he hung his head abashed ; and though he persisted in his infidelity, often did this expression, like a warning angel, call upon him to return from the road of death.

He landed in this country, which had been viewed by

him as a paradise upon earth ; but it proved no paradise to him. He became a leader among infidels, an open scoffer and blasphemer. Having been seduced himself, he became a seducer of others ; and that he might be enabled successfully to contend with the unwary, he carefully read all the infidel writings he could procure.

But conscience, like an ever-gnawing worm, incessantly annoyed him. After being warmly engaged in casting contempt upon the religion of Christ, it would arise before his mind in all the majesty of truth, and thunder the threatenings of a holy God in his ears : " Perhaps this religion may be true ; perhaps Christ is the Son of God ; perhaps he will yet judge the world ; and if so, what will become of thee, proud blasphemer ? Wilt thou not tremble then, and call upon rocks and mountains to fall upon thee and hide thee from the face of Him that sitteth on the throne ? "

These thoughts often created painful misgivings ; but instead of investigating this most important of all subjects, he closed his eyes against the light ; and to strengthen himself in his ruinous system, when he returned to society he would again urge his objections, and endeavor to make proselytes to his soul-destroying scheme.

He appeared nearly gone beyond all hope of recovery, when a deadly disease seized upon him, and he was brought to the verge of the grave. Alas, he had no hope. All within was darkness and despair ; and he felt that he was about to launch upon a boundless ocean, and with neither pilot nor guide. But his life was spared.

He had spent five years in America, in the neglect of all the means of grace, and living without God in the world, when on a summer evening he wandered from his dwelling, and amused himself by following the windings of one of those narrow paths which are so common in the western wilderness. He seated himself beneath the foliage of a large oak ; and in this lone spot, secluded from all eyes but that of the Omnipresent, he was led imperceptibly to a new and unusual train of reflections. His earthly prospects had been blasted ; his infidel friends had stripped him of his patrimony ; he was now a wanderer in a foreign land, and penniless among strangers.

These sad reverses first occupied his mind. The next inquiry was their *cause*. This led him to a review of his

past life; the instructions and exhortations of his pious father; his warm expressions of gratitude to God for the gift of his Son; and now the dying scene was present to his view. He thought he could almost hear the fervent supplications of the man of God; and feel his hand upon his head, when he committed him to the protection of the Father of mercies. He burst into tears; his head sunk upon his bosom, and in an agony he clasped his hands. His boyish years passed in review before him; the suggestions, the artifices, and bold assertions of his false friend caused the bitter groan to burst from his heart; for to this he could trace the aberrations of his subsequent life—his daring rebellion—his avowed opposition to the cause of Christ—and his horrid blasphemies.

Alas, thought he, it is no wonder I am thus circumstanced, for every step I have taken in life has been wrong. As I have grown in years, I have grown in sin; and my astonishment is, that such a monster should be permitted to live upon the earth. Pursuing these painful reflections, he was led to think upon God; that awful Being against whom he had rebelled; whose presence he felt then pervaded him, and whose eye then scanned all his secret musings. He had such a view of the awful majesty and inflexible justice of Jehovah, as filled him with fearfulness and trembling.

“And this, O my soul,” said he, “is the tremendous God against whom thou hast rebelled—this is the awful Being whose holy law thou hast violated, and whose beloved Son thou hast contemned. O, I cannot stand before this dreadful God, who is now here present with me, and who surely has given me this fearful view of himself as the prelude to my eternal destruction. Down, down, guilty wretch—fall down before this terrible God.”

Instantly he prostrated himself upon the earth; but such was his sense of sin and shame that he was silent. He could not open his mouth, but the language of his heart was, GUILTY, GUILTY, GUILTY! There he lay for some time, but not a word could he speak. He rose, and in bitter anguish paced to and fro, while the awful majesty of God was exhibited before him, and the aggravation of his sins caused his heart, as it were, to bleed within him. He fell upon his knees—he smote upon his breast, and in bitter agony cried, “God be merciful to me a sinner.” The tears now fell

freely—a faint ray of hope that mercy might yet be sought and pardon found, sprang up in his heart: on rising from his knees he covenanted to live and die seeking the pardon of his manifold transgressions; and while he felt grateful that he had not long ago been sent to hell, his heart whispered, All this is in answer to *my father's prayer*.

With a bleeding heart he returned to his home; and there again fell upon his knees before the MOST HIGH, and implored his pardoning mercy. He resolved to abstain from all external sin, and live in the discharge of every duty; and on this ground he vainly hoped to obtain pardon. The next Sabbath his neighbors were astonished to see him in the house of God, and still more so, when he retired without making one ill-natured remark on what had been said. True to his resolution, three times a day he was upon his knees before God, and he was in a good degree enabled to refrain from external sin; but alas, his case appeared more and more desperate; for every day he made fresh discoveries of the sinfulness of his thoughts, which he found proceeded from a corrupt fountain. Still he persevered; but the longer, the worse he became in his own estimation; and the clearer his views of the inflexible justice of Jehovah, the more he discovered his own exposure to his righteous indignation. Such was his sense of guilt, that sleep forsook him; and when those around him were slumbering, he, in some secret and retired grove, lay prostrate on the ground, crying for mercy. Sometimes, when about to partake of the bounties of God's providence, he had such views of his unworthiness, that he was compelled to leave the table, feeling that such a sinner deserved not to breathe the air and tread upon the earth, much less to partake of God's rich blessings. Days and weeks passed away, and no peace reached his troubled mind.

The arrows of Jehovah's wrath were drinking up his spirits, and all his efforts to obtain pardon and acceptance had proved abortive. Almost in a state of despair, his bitter cry was, "O God, is there no hope for a wretch like me; and must I sink beneath thy wrath for ever? Justice says 'tis right, but appalling thought, to be banished from God, and shut up in eternal despair!"

In this sad frame, he called to his recollection a precious treasure he had preserved from the wreck of all his earthly

fortune. "Ah," said he, "to MY MOTHER'S BIBLE I will apply : here I may obtain relief from my bitter anguish." He opened that blessed book, and read, "Seeing we also are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses, let us lay aside every weight, and the sin which doth so easily beset us, and let us run with patience the race that is set before us, looking unto Jesus, the author and finisher of our faith."

These words melted his heart ; and this was his language : "Are the eyes of saints and angels fixed upon those who are running for the Christian crown ? Then these holy beings behold me laboring under a load of guilt which presses me to the earth. And does my sainted father behold me, thus self-condemned and longing after an interest in the pardoning love of God ? Above all, does the Holy One himself behold me, thus prostrate before him, stripped of all my self-dependence and all my false pleas, and sensible that, without his interposition, I am lost ; and O, will he spurn me from his feet, and cast me off for ever ? And shall I not be permitted to cast one look to Jesus, who is the author and finisher of faith ?"

Again he cast his eye upon the sacred page, and read, "Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth." These words were to his wounded heart as precious balm : "And is it possible," said he, "that God, in love, has thus chastened me ? And have I, poor guilty wanderer, been thus scourged previous to my being numbered among the sons of God ? Is it possible that I shall be thus privileged, who have been the chief of sinners, who have deserved the lowest hell ? Shall I yet be permitted to cry, 'ABBA, FATHER ?'"

Then it was that he experienced what words cannot describe, and none but those who have received the white stone, and in it a new name written, can comprehend. He heard no sound—he saw no sight with his natural eye—no miracle was performed on his physical system—he received no new faculty ; but to express it as near as we can, the eye of his mind was steadily fixed upon God, who caused his GOODNESS to pass before him, proclaiming his name, "The Lord, the Lord God, merciful and gracious, forgiving iniquity, transgression, and sin."

This view filled his mind with reverence, awe, and delight. Now, for the first time, he saw the beauty of holi-

ness, and that in *that* consists the chief excellency of God—now he saw that his sins reflected on the character of Jehovah—now he beheld the fitness and excellency of the plan of salvation, and Jesus appeared to him the “chief among ten thousands, and altogether lovely;” for he “beheld his glory as the glory of the only begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth.” With holy joy, he cast himself at his feet; and with deep contrition for his past offences, surrendered to him the throne of his heart, and swore allegiance to him for ever.

And O what an hour was that to his soul! For first, came pardon; then peace, and the love of God shed abroad in his heart; and joy in the Holy Ghost, thrilling through all the faculties of the soul, and refreshing it with the waters of those rivers of pleasure that flow at God's right hand. Now, for the first time in his life, was James a happy man; and now, for the first time, did he reflect with sincere pleasure and holy thankfulness on that scene when his father commended him to HIM who was true to his trust, and who felt for him as mortal cannot feel. And now, on his bended knees, he returned most grateful thanks to the FATHER OF MERCIES for his unspeakable goodness.

Years have passed away, and James is now a faithful minister of the Gospel, publishing its glad tidings to dying sinners. Often has he been heard to bless God for “MY FATHER'S PRAYER;” and scarcely less often for “MY MOTHER'S BIBLE,” which he has bound to his heart as a rich treasure, and which he expects, when he leaves the walls of Zion, to transmit to his descendants as a light to their path and a lamp to their feet—as their guide and counselor from life to life, and from world to world.

To the truth of every part of the above narrative he has given his solemn testimony; and at his desire, it is published, that God may be glorified, and that you, reader, moved by his goodness and mercy, may make no delay in embracing that Saviour whose service on earth is blessed, and whose praise must fill all holy hearts for ever.

THE
POOR MAN'S HOUSE REPAIRED;
OR,
THE WRETCHED MADE HAPPY.

A NARRATIVE OF FACTS.



For fifteen years of my married life I was as miserable as any woman could be. Our house was the picture of wretchedness externally, and it looked still more wretched within. The windows were patched, the walls shattered, the furniture defaced and broken, and every thing was going to ruins.

It had not always been so ; for, once my home was happy, and I used to take much pleasure and some pride in hearing the neighbors say, "How neat and trim neighbor N——'s house always looks !" But they could not say so long.

One thing after another changed. Our table was no longer spread with comfortable food, nor surrounded with cheerful faces; but there were scanty meals, sour looks, and loud and angry words; while, do the best I could, I was not able to conceal the tatters of my own and my children's clothing. My husband is a mechanic; his employment is good, and he might have made his family as happy as any family in the place; but he was in the habit of taking ardent spirit every day. *He* thought it did him good; *I* knew it did not, for I found him every day more and more unkind. Our comforts, one by one, were stripped away, till at last I saw myself the wife of a confirmed drunkard.

I well remember, one evening, I was sitting by the fire, mending my poor boy's tattered jacket. My heart was very sad. I had been thinking of the happy evenings I had spent with my husband before our marriage; of the few pleasant years that succeeded; of the misery that then came; of the misery yet to come; and for me there seemed no ray of hope or comfort. My husband was a terror to his family, and a nuisance to the neighborhood; my children were idle, ragged, and disobedient; myself a heart-broken wife and wretched mother. While I thought of all this, I could no longer retain my composure, but, dropping my work, I leaned my head upon my hand and wept bitterly. My husband had been absent all day, and I was now expecting him home every minute. It was growing late, so I wiped away my tears as well as I could, and put the embers together, to make my fireside look as inviting as possible. But I dreaded my husband's return—his sharp voice and bitter words pained me to the heart, and rougher treatment than all this I often experienced from him who had once been to me all that I could wish.

At length the door opened, and Robert entered. I saw by his flushed countenance and angry expression that I had better remain silent; so, with a sinking heart, I placed a chair for him by the fire, and continued my work without speaking.

Robert broke silence, and in a sharp tone said, "What

on earth do you sit there for, at work on that dirty rag? Why don't you give me something to eat?" and snatching the work roughly from my hands, he threw it into the fire. I sprang forward to rescue my poor child's garment, and so quick were my movements, that I saved it from much injury. But while I was shaking the ashes from it, my husband again snatched it from my hands, and with a terrible oath, defying me to touch it, once more threw it into the fire. I was afraid to attempt to save it; so I turned away, with bitter feelings to see my labor all lost, and my destitute child made still more destitute by its father's hand. But, as patiently and kindly as I could, I set before Robert the supper I had prepared for him. It did not look very inviting, to be sure; but I could offer nothing more. He swore he would not taste a particle. I now reproached him for not having provided any thing better for myself and children. But this was no time for reproach. Robert's anger rose to the highest pitch. He dashed the cup and plate I had placed for him to the floor, and seizing me roughly by the arm, he opened the door, and forcing me from the dwelling, bid me enter again, if I dared. The night was cold and windy. I was thinly dressed, and even ill. But I forbore to take refuge under a neighbor's roof. My heart was too sad and desolate to admit of human consolation. At this sorrowful moment I remembered that

"Earth hath no sorrow that heaven cannot heal;"

so, falling almost unconsciously upon my knees, I prayed that God would comfort my stricken heart; that my sins might be pardoned; that I might be enabled to repose all my griefs in the bosom of that gracious One who has kindly promised to give the heavy-laden rest. I then prayed for my miserable husband, that God would have mercy upon him, and deliver him from his dreadful delusion before it was too late. I prayed, too, for my poor children, with all the fervor of a mother's soul. This was the first prayer I had offered for years; for I had been an impenitent woman. Had I prayed sooner, I might have saved myself much

sorrow and distress. But as it was, I arose from my knees with feelings far less hopeless and bitter. I then crept back to the house, and on looking in at the window, I found that Robert had fallen asleep; so I opened the door quietly, without disturbing his heavy slumbers, and laid myself down to rest.

The events of this evening were no uncommon events to me. Each succeeding day brought but the same rough treatment, the same wretchedness and want. Robert grew worse and worse. He not only destroyed all our peace, but brought noise and discord into the whole neighborhood, till at last, for the sake of quiet, he was taken to the house of correction. I never can forget that dreadful night when he was carried away. He came home shockingly intoxicated. The little children crept into the farthest corner of the house to shield themselves from his fury. He threatened every thing with destruction. I was in danger of my life, and ran for safety into the nearest house, where a poor widow lived. Robert followed—we fastened the door—he swore he would set fire to the building, and burn it over our heads. But some one passing by heard the uproar, and went for the town officers. Several of them came, just as my infatuated husband was pelting the window with stones. They took him away by force, while he was uttering the most shocking oaths. I sat down and wept with shame and vexation. My little Jane put her arm round my neck, and said, “Don’t cry, ma—he has gone—wicked pa has gone, and I hope he will never come back—he is so cross, and beats us so.” I hardly knew what to say in answer to my little girl, but I felt that it was a dreadful thing to have my children speak so of him whom I would gladly have taught them to love and honor.

I determined, now my husband was away, to support my family by my own work; for wretched as my home was, I could not bear to leave it and come upon the town. I could not earn much, for my health was feeble, but I managed, by depriving myself of several meals, to save enough to mend my poor neighbor’s window.

But Robert longed to regain his liberty. He resolved that he would do better, and upon promising orderly conduct, was permitted to return to his family. Badly as he had treated me, I was glad to see him back again. He looked humble, and spoke to me kindly. He kissed the younger children, too, and for a while every thing went on smoothly. To me it seemed like the dawning of better days, and when Robert one evening brought home some new shoes for our oldest boy, and a new gown for my little Jane, I actually wept for joy, and Jane said, her "wicked pa had come back very good."

But these bright days were not to last. Darker ones came, darker than I had ever known before, or perhaps they seemed darker, from the transient sunshine that had gleamed upon us. I again heard my children crying for food, when I had no food to give them. I was again often turned from my dwelling, or, if I offered any resistance, was forced to receive harsh words and cruel blows. But it is in vain to tell all I suffered. Many have gone through the same fiery trial, and will feel that a recital of my woes is but a recital of what they too have borne.

There was one privilege, the want of which I at this time felt deeply. The village church was within sight of our door. I used to hear the bell ring, and see the children of the neighborhood go by, neatly dressed, to the Sabbath-school; but I had no gown, nor bonnet, nor shawl fit to wear, and my children were still more destitute than myself. So we were obliged to spend the Sabbath in sadness at home, while Robert, if the day was fine, would profane it by going on the water to fish, or would linger with his companions round the door of the grogshop—not to enter, it is true; for the dram-seller, with his wife and children, dressed very fine, and were accustomed to attend church; and but for that dreadful shop, I might have gone there too.

Our minister was one of those who thought it his duty to "reason on temperance," as well as "righteousness," and "judgment to come;" and through his exertions, and the

exertions of other good men, a reform had commenced, which gave great encouragement to the friends of human happiness and virtue. Temperance-meetings were held once a month in different parts of the town, and in spite of much opposition, and many prophecies to the contrary, the cause went on.

I heard much said about these meetings, and resolved to attend the next; so, when the evening came, I borrowed a cloak and bonnet of one of the neighbors, and hastened to the church. The prayers I there heard did my wounded spirit good, and the plain, impressive language of the minister spoke to my very heart. I resolved to persuade my husband, if possible, to go with me when there should be another meeting.

A circumstance occurred about this time that quite destroyed my remaining courage, and almost caused me to give Robert up for lost. We lived in a small, shabby-looking house, a part of which he rented to a very poor family. They could not pay the rent immediately upon its being due. It was in the depth of winter, and the poor woman had a little infant, not more than two weeks old. But Robert's heart was shut to all kind feelings. One very stormy day he drove the whole family out of doors, and they were obliged to seek some other dwelling. It was too much for the poor woman in her feeble state. She caught a severe cold, and died in a few days. After this heartless act, my faith quite failed me, and I felt as if nothing could recall my husband to a sense of duty. But I little knew the workings of his mind. He seemed to return a little to his senses, when he saw that his cruelty had probably caused the death of the poor woman, and rendered a large family of helpless children motherless. His countenance became more dark and gloomy, and he scarcely raised his eyes to notice any one.

Things were in this state, when one day our minister called, as he was visiting the people of his parish. I was very glad to see him, and told him all my griefs freely. He gave me what consolation he could, and informed me that

there was another temperance-meeting in the evening, which he hoped I would attend; "and," added he, "bring your husband along with you, if you can persuade him to come."

When Robert came home to supper, I was surprised and delighted to find him sober; so I told him of the minister's visit, and the meeting in the evening. He seemed pleased that the minister had called, and even asked me how things looked about the room, "for," said he, "we don't look quite so stylish here as we once did, Mary."

"No, Robert," said I, with a sigh, as I surveyed the wretched apartment; "but if you would attend the temperance-meeting, and hear what the minister says about saving money, I think it would soon look much better here, and the boys might have better jackets, and I might have a better gown. Oh, Robert"—

I would have said more, but my eyes filled with tears, and I could not. Robert hung down his head, and looked ashamed. He knew he had spent, for rum, money enough to feed and clothe his family well. I thought he had half a mind to tell me he would go with me. When I had cleared away the supper, and sent the children to bed, I put on my bonnet, and said, "I will just step into neighbor Warren's, and borrow Nancy's cloak."

"Have not you any cloak of your own?" said he.

"No," I replied, "I have been without one a long time."

Robert said no more, but when I came back with the cloak, and said to him, "Will you go with me?" he said, in a tone which seemed as if he were trying to suppress kinder feelings, "Go along, Mary, and don't be always fretting about me." I was grieved, but said nothing, and proceeded to the meeting alone, praying that Robert might think better of it, and come. The services were even more interesting than they had been at the preceding meeting. The minister said every thing to convince, and I felt a distressing anxiety, that I could not control, to have my husband hear all that was said. Judge, then, of my surprise and pleasure, when, a short time after I had returned home, Robert entered, and said, "Guess where I have been, Mary."

“Not to meeting, Robert.”

“Yes, Mary, to meeting. I took up my hat after you had gone, thinking that I would go down to the shop; for I felt uneasy, and wanted something to suppress my disagreeable thoughts. But as I passed by the meeting-house, it was so well lighted up, and the bell was ringing, and the people going in, I thought perhaps I had better go in too; and I am glad I did. Wife, I do believe the minister is right. I know that hard drinking has been the ruin of myself and family, and while the minister was speaking, I thought I would try to break away from my bad habits.”

“O, Robert, *will you try?*” I exclaimed, while my heart beat with pleasure to hear him thus speak.

“’Tis hard work, Mary, harder than you think for.”

“I know it is hard, my dear husband; but only think of the happiness it would bring to us all—of the ruin from which it will save our little boys—the agony from which it will save your poor wife. O, Robert, if you have one spark of love remaining in your bosom for any of us”—

I could not go on; but leaning my hands upon my husband’s shoulder, I sobbed aloud.

Robert seemed affected, and said, in a doubtful tone, “Perhaps I might leave it off by degrees.”

“O no, Robert, no,” I answered, “that will never do. Don’t you remember how particular the minister was to say, ‘*Leave it off at once?*’ You will never do it by degrees.”

Robert looked steadily into the fire, and did not say one word more. When not under the influence of strong drink, he is a man of good sense, and I thought it better to leave him to his own reflections. I know not what passed through his mind. The kinder and better feelings of other days seemed to be awakened from their slumber, or rather, He from whom “all just thoughts and holy desires proceed,” was influencing his determination. As for myself, I longed in secret to pour out my soul to God. So I went into the bedroom, where my poor children were fast asleep; and after seeing that they were well covered up, I kissed each one of them, and knelt down by their side to offer up my

prayer. I prayed as I had never done before. I seemed, through my Redeemer, to gain a nearer and bolder access to the throne of grace. My heart was filled with deep gratitude, penitence, humility, and joy; and from that hour I have dared to hope myself a child of God. O that blessed, blessed night. It caused joy among the angels in heaven, over the reconciliation of one soul to God—over the desire of another soul to return to the path of duty. It caused joy on earth, in our poor, humble dwelling—joy in the bosom of the long-afflicted wife—joy that her own soul was trusting in Christ—joy that her husband was purposing to forsake his wretched way, and turn into a happier, better path.

The next day, before Robert went out, I encouraged him all I could to persevere. I brought to his remembrance as much of the lecture as I could, so that it might be fresh in his mind. He left me in good spirits, and promised to see me again at night a sober man. But O, what an anxious day was it for me! I dreaded, and yet longed for evening to come, and my heart beat as I heard his footstep at the door. But he had kept his word—he had not tasted a drop of spirit during the day. He had seen, too, the minister and several members of the Temperance Society. In consequence of the meeting on the last evening, many new names were added to the temperance list, and they had promised, in case of entire abstinence till the next meeting, to receive his. I could scarcely believe my senses when I heard my husband speak thus, and the prospect of his becoming a sober man seemed too delightful to be ever realized. For a time, I rejoiced with trembling; but when, day after day, I saw him return orderly and quiet, my courage revived, and I felt that he *would persevere*.

At length the evening came round for the next meeting, and my husband and myself went, O so happy! and put our names to the pledge. What a different prospect did our home now present. I could not keep my countenance for joy, when the neighbors came in to congratulate me on the change. I could now dress my children neat and comfortable, and send them to the Sabbath-school. I went my-

self with my husband constantly to church, and on making known my wish to our minister, publicly professed my faith in the Saviour of sinners. Thus happily did the winter and summer pass away. One day in autumn, as the minister was passing by, my husband was in the road in front of the house.

The minister remarked, "I am glad, Robert, to see your *house repaired* and looking so well."

"Thank you, sir; why, it does look some better." As the minister was about to pass on, Robert added, "Mr. G., I have not drank a drop of rum for one year, come next Monday. So you see the effect upon my house. I used to work hard before, and spent about all I earned for rum, to drink myself, or to give away. Many a time I have been at my work on a Sunday, and earned a dollar or more in the course of the day, and taken the money, and then laid out the whole in rum. Now I can clothe my family well, and have something to lay out upon my house. Last summer, my boy and I saved sixty dollars besides supporting the family."

Sixty dollars saved! But who can tell the value of the happy days and nights of this year; or the worth of a kind, sober, industrious husband and father, compared with a cross, cruel, and drunken one? Ask the wife; what would she tell you? Ask the children; what would be their answer?

Some of my husband's former wicked companions felt piqued and envious that Robert was free from their degrading habit. They saw him thriving, respected, and happy. His life and prospects were a continued reflection upon theirs. They longed to see him fall, and determined, if possible, to effect his ruin. As he was quietly returning home one evening, he passed by the shop which he was once so much in the habit of frequenting. They accosted him: by taunts and jeers which he had not firmness enough to resist, they drew him into their company. Once there, they thought him within their power. When they could not induce him to violate his pledge by taking rum, they called him a "cold-

water man ;” “ a white-livered coward ;” “ priest-ridden ;” “ afraid of his minister,” and many other titles of reproach. They then told him he had not promised to drink no wine ; and, after much persuasion, they induced him to take a glass. But in this glass they had mingled the poison. Once stimulated, he called for more and yet more, till these wretches had the pleasure of seeing him who had so long stood firm, reeling from the shop, to mar at once all that was pleasant and peaceful at home. When my husband did not return at supper-time, I felt rather anxious, but thought he might be delayed, as he sometimes is ; so I put his supper to the fire and sat down to my knitting-work, while one of the boys read to me from his Sabbath-school book.

We were thus employed when my deluded husband entered. O the agony of that moment ! Had he been brought to me a corpse, I could not have been more shocked. Had those wicked men that thus seduced my husband entered my house and done the same things that they caused him to do, they might have been indicted for the outrage. In the morning Robert had come to himself ; but he saw in the broken furniture, in the distrustful looks of the children, in the swollen eyes and distressed countenance of his wife, more than he cared to know. There was a mixture of remorse and obstinacy in his looks, and when he left me for the morning, instead of his usual “ Good-morning, Mary,” he shut the door roughly after him and hurried away.

When evening came again, Robert returned to the shop, and asked for a glass of rum. He wanted something to stifle the keen reproaches of conscience. The dram-seller knew my husband, knew of his reform, that from being a nuisance to the town, he had become an orderly and respectable citizen ; and now that he had been seduced from the right way, instead of denying him the cause of all our former misery—instead of a little friendly advice—with his *usual courteous smile*, he put the fatal glass into his hand.

For a time my poor Robert continued in a very bad way. He mingled again with his profane and wicked associates ; he was ashamed to see his minister, and took no notice of

him when he passed ; hung down his head when he met any of his temperance friends, and seemed to be fast returning to his former miserable habits.

But he was not thus to become the dupe of wicked and designing men. His wife's prayers and tears were not thus to be of no avail. On a sudden he awoke from his delusion. He had lived a whole year without rum ; and though exposed to all weathers, he knew his health had been better, his head clearer, his nerves firmer, his purse heavier, and his home happier. He called one evening to see the President of the Temperance Society ; confessed his weakness in yielding to temptation ; asked the forgiveness of the Society ; requested to have his name, which had been erased from the temperance list, renewed ; and promised never again to violate the pledge. Since that night my husband has continued a perfectly temperate man. No temptation has ever led him again to violate his pledge.

I have been induced to give this history of his reform to the world, in order, if possible, to persuade others to follow his example, to show them *how* quiet and plenty were restored to a wretched dwelling, virtue and respectability to a ruined family, and the *poor man's house repaired*.

A clergyman, worthy of all confidence, and acquainted with the writer of the above, and the circumstances detailed, testifies, that the case is "literally and faithfully described."

DAVID ROUGE.

AN AUTHENTIC NARRATIVE.

BY REV. G. DE FELICE,

OF BALBEC, FRANCE.

With slight additions from *Le Semeur*, a French periodical.

DAVID ROUGE was a journeyman, of Plainchamp, a small village in the canton of Vaud, Switzerland. God had given him health; but he gave himself up to intemperance, uttered the most shocking blasphemies, and often indulged in the most violent paroxysms of rage.

One day, having labored long in the water, near the torrent of Vevay, he was seized with violent rheumatism. The disease made rapid progress. His legs and arms were covered with ulcers; his body was swollen in a frightful manner; and soon after, he was struck with a general paralysis, and became so emaciated as to resemble a living skeleton. The unhappy man could not move one of his limbs; but lay with his arms extended, as if upon a cross, and suffered the most excruciating pains.

This was his condition for two years. He murmured; he cried out; he blasphemed; he was transported with rage. Did not God know that he needed his limbs to labor and support his family? What had he done to be chastised in this manner? Were not his sufferings more than he could endure? Sometimes he gave himself up to despair. "Death!" he cried, "death, kill me; life is hateful to me!" He cursed the day of his birth, and attempted to kill himself; but as he could scarcely move, it was wholly beyond his power. His friends tried to console him; but in vain. His wife wished sometimes to read to him passages from the Bible; but he would not listen to her. "What avails the Bible?" said he; "will the Bible heal me? it is health I want, not the Bible."

At length a pious lady, who came to Vevay to spend Saturday and the Sabbath of each week, heard of his situation and visited him.

"Ah, I wish I could tell you," said David afterwards, "the good which her visit did me. There was something

in her manner that consoled me, without my knowing how. She offered to read to me from the Bible, where alone she said I could find consolation. I could not refuse; and from that hour, that dear, dear lady, forgetting that she had come here to breathe the fresh air, passed at my bedside nearly the whole of the time she was in the village. She read to me the Scriptures, choosing the portions which she thought suited me best, then explaining what she read, often praying with me, and begging the Lord to instruct and comfort me."

He now began to see his sins, and to feel that he must sink under the weight of them for ever. He was pointed to the promises of the Gospel.

"But are these addressed to *me*?" cried David.

"Yes, they are addressed to you," replied his pious friends; "Christ says to all, 'Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.'"

"But I have despised the Saviour to this day; I have openly offended him from my youth," continued David, "so that I dare not now go to him."

"Fear not," replied his friends, "Christ is ready to receive all who come to him. He has said in his word, 'I am not come to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance.'"

This was a ray of light for the paralytic. "Now," cried he with joy, "I understand the design of Jesus Christ's coming upon earth. Yes, now I see that he can save 'the chief of sinners.' He has said it; and he is able to accomplish it."

He cast his soul on Christ, to be washed and purified through his atoning blood. His faith in Christ brought peace to his mind, and peace of mind gave him patience to bear his sufferings. His wife no longer viewed him as the same person; she was astonished to see how this man, before so impatient, so irritable, had become, in a short time, so mild and so resigned to the will of God. Oh, what a precious treasure to know Christ and to believe in him. Then all is changed in our heart; what appeared to us an evil, we regard as a good; afflictions which caused us to murmur, excite us to bless the Lord; and the sick man on a bed of suffering, is more happy when he has chosen Christ for his portion, than are kings on their thrones.

David now became an object of deep interest to all who had the opportunity to visit him. It was, indeed, instruc-

tive to find in a small, obscure, damp chamber, confined for ten years upon a bed, where through a small window he merely got a glimpse of the sky and of an old tree that shaded his room, a man not only submissive to the will of his Creator, but contented with his lot, and who testified, both by the expression of his countenance and by his discourse, that his soul possessed true happiness. It was delightful and affecting to see the open and much-worn Bible lying upon the table, as if to invite some friend of his soul to read to him; and to hear from a body, wasted to a skeleton and exhibiting the livid aspect of death, a voice blessing God, and saying with David, "It is good for me that I have been afflicted." It was impossible, on seeing this contentment in a situation apparently so wretched, not to recognize the power of faith, the truth of the promises of God, and the reality of the agency of the Holy Spirit in the heart of him who believes and prays. The sight of this poor paralytic extolling the mercy of God, was so powerful on the heart, that several who came to see him were awakened from their indifference and hopefully converted to God.

"Do not deceive yourselves," he would say to them. "Take care; do not live as I have done, who made light, for forty years, of eternal punishment, not reflecting that because it is eternal, we should use all our efforts to escape it. Believe me; what I say can be despised by none but the thoughtless or profligate. Hear, though the warning comes from so vile a creature as myself. 'Fly from the wrath to come.' But this you can never do in your own strength. Jesus Christ must pardon your sins, and keep you to the end. Trust in him, and you shall find mercy. He has said, 'Him that cometh to me, I will in no wise cast out.' Do not put off to another day the things which concern your peace."

The fame of the paralytic soon spread into all the surrounding region. Every one admired the wisdom and goodness of God, who could glorify his name by the mouth of a man so poor and wretched in the eyes of the world. From all parts people came to see him, to hear him, and profit by his instructive exhortations. Pastors of churches went to learn the power of the Gospel from this humble paralytic; for they thought with reason, that all their studies and all their learning were not worth the simple, unaffected faith of David Rouge: they came to him that the pride of

human reason might be humbled, and they returned strengthened, rejoicing and blessing God.

David Rouge lived eight years after his conversion, to be a living witness of the effects of Christian faith. He experienced much uneasiness and pain in his whole body, particularly his legs and arms. It was often necessary, in order to ease him, to rub them till the skin was blistered; he had also on his back and feet great sores, which gave him much pain. He rarely slept more than fifteen minutes at once; and to a friend who spoke of his long and tedious nights, he said, "God is with me. When I think on him, and on the mercies he has shown me, and reflect on all his promises, I am not tired." He longed, indeed, to depart and be with Christ; but he committed himself to his disposal, and could say with the apostle, "I have learned in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content."

At length the time of his deliverance arrived. He felt symptoms which he had not felt before; and about fifteen days previous to his death, said to his wife, "Now I believe, thanks to God, my hour is come. Behold the moment I have so long expected." During these days, he suffered much, but enjoyed peace of mind. The day before his departure, he exhorted his youngest son, who was attending him, "to enter into the strait and narrow way that leads to eternal life." Only a moment before he died, he had a short delirium, and even then it could be seen what thoughts occupied his mind; all at once he asked his wife for his *shoes and cane, that he might depart*; and said to his son, "Hear me, we all go to God by faith."

Thus did David Rouge give up his last breath, and enter into rest, after ten years of sickness and sufferings. Ten years of pain. A long period; but O how short compared with eternity, on which he has now entered, and where he will sing the song of redeeming love for ever. Let no one murmur against God in suffering, which may be sent in great mercy; and let no one *postpone* repentance and faith in Christ till the day of sickness and death, lest he thus resist and grieve the Holy Spirit, and the sorrows of a death-bed be exchanged but for the deeper sorrows of despair eternal.

STRIVE TO ENTER IN AT THE STRAIT GATE.

THERE is not an enterprise we undertake that requires so much exertion as to reach heaven. Those who conclude that they know enough of the subject already, and that heaven will come as a thing of course, and fold their arms and slumber on, will die in their sins, and never see the King in his beauty. The few years of their probation will slip by before they are aware, and they will just begin to feel the importance of doing something, when they shall find themselves upon a dying bed, the harvest past, the summer ended, and they *unsanctified*. The divine direction is, "*Strive to enter in at the strait gate,*" *agonize to enter in*. There is here no tameness or waiting, no listlessness or indifference. We are to put on the whole armor of God, and force our way to heaven, as men cut themselves a path, by dint of prowess, through the ranks of the enemy, and make their escape when there seems nothing before them but death. Who can you expect to be concerned for your salvation, if you care not for it yourself? Who will agonize for your cleansing, and your pardon, and your acceptance, if you care for none of these things? If *God* ever interpose in your behalf, the first thing he will do will be to awaken you to the concerns of your own soul. If you are not now awakened, it is certain you are still in the broad way to destruction. Let me offer a few *reasons why you should try to be saved*.

1. *You cannot expect to be saved without trying.* "The kingdom of heaven," says Christ, "suffereth violence, and the violent take it by force;" implying, as all agree, that if we would be saved we must make great exertion.

If we would get to heaven, there is a great deal of *truth* that we must know and believe. We must be acquainted with the character of God, that we may love him; with the character, offices, and work of Jesus Christ, that

we may trust in him; with the nature and operations of the Holy Ghost, that we may feel his sanctifying influence. We must be acquainted with our hearts, or we shall never see the need of their being purified; and with all the great doctrines of the Gospel, or there will be no medium of our cleansing. "Sanctify them through thy truth." We must know the Scripture account of heaven, or we cannot wish to be there; and to learn all this truth will require great exertion.

We have a great many *sins* to subdue, and must calculate to wrestle hard for the mastery. Neither pride, nor envy, nor anger, nor vanity, nor ambition, nor lust, nor selfishness can enter heaven. We must put off all these: "anger, wrath, malice, blasphemy, filthy communication out of our mouth." These vile affections must all have been subdued when we reach heaven. The warfare is no mean one. And more yet: "We wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places." "We must fight the good fight of faith, and lay hold on eternal life."

Nor can we enter *heaven* unless we have all the features of the divine image: we must "add to our faith, virtue; and to virtue, knowledge; and to knowledge, temperance; and to temperance, patience; and to patience, godliness; and to godliness, brotherly-kindness; and to brotherly-kindness, charity." We must be familiar with the exercises of "love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance." We must "forget those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto the things which are before, press towards the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus." Now all this implies great exertion, which if we do not make, we cannot reach the kingdom of God.

2. Striving to be saved, you have *the most kind assurance of success*. The obstructions to your salvation are all removed by the death of the Lord Jesus Christ. God can now "be just, and the justifier of him that believeth." "Mercy and truth are met together, righteousness and peace embrace each other." If you seek wisdom "as silver, and search for her as for hid treasure," you shall "understand the fear of the Lord, and find the knowledge

of God." "He that seeketh findeth, and to him that knocketh it shall be opened." And hence the kind invitation, "Seek ye the Lord while he may be found; call ye upon him while he is near." "Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts; and let him return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon him, and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon."

Sinner, as God is true, who has given all these assurances and promises, it will be your own fault if you are not saved; and you will have, to torment you in the future world, the consciousness that you chose darkness rather than light, because your deeds were evil. You might have lived in heaven, had you not despised the mercy offered you, and counted yourself unworthy of everlasting life. When was it ever known that a sinner made any suitable exertions to be saved, and still was lost? Among all their unreasonable complaints of perdition, none ever had occasion to say, "I went to the Saviour at his invitation, I believed the promises, and had assurances of pardon, and hope of heaven, and yet am lost!" No; not one of the spirits in prison can have any such alleviation of his torment as the thought that he perished through the failure of a Saviour's promise. Why, then, will you not be saved? God will glorify himself by you, either in your destruction or salvation, and he commands you to choose life. But you must choose now: "Now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation." If you will not believe, the sin and the ruin will be your own.

3. You should try to be saved, because, with a heavenly temper, *you can be more useful in life*. How much can you do to induce men to respect the name of God, and obey his law, and honor his government, and keep his Sabbath, and revere his sanctuary, and obey his Gospel. You can set an example to men of all the duties of piety, and induce others, by your godly conversation, to glorify your Father in heaven, and thus become a light of the world. You can help to strengthen Christian affection, and bind into a still closer and lovelier union the members of the body of Christ. You can aid their joy, and promote their sanctification and their usefulness. You can set an example of the moral virtues, and by your conduct and precepts elevate public sentiment, till a great amount of the

misery that falls to the lot of sinners around you shall be cured or alleviated. And when saved yourself, you can, by God's blessing, induce other sinners to fly for refuge, and lay hold on the hope set before them in the Gospel. But none of this can it be hoped you will do till you are saved yourself.

4. You should try to be saved, *because you could be so useful in heaven*. God has given you a mind, and if not now the most brilliant, it might, perhaps, be such in heaven. The rough block of marble may embosom the most beautiful specimens of polished and useful workmanship. Your mind could at once be placed in the school of Christ, and afterwards in heaven might claim, for aught you know, a blessed elevation among its ransomed choirs. Unclog it, and none can say but it may yet vie with angelic powers; and God might then employ it, we know not how, in the loftiest enterprise. We do not believe that heaven will be a place of idleness. Some new anthem may perpetually elicit more delight through all the heavenly courts. Some new means of doing good to that world, or this, or some other, may from time to time arrest the attention of angels, and secure the coöperation of all the holy assembly. Such, we may suppose, was the visit of Gabriel to Daniel; and such the song of angels, heard by the watchful shepherds at the birth of Christ. None can say that the Redeemer may not employ, in administering the government of this world, the very beings he has redeemed from it with his blood. O sinner, we regret that you should be lost, for we know not how *useful* you might be in heaven.

5. You should try to be saved, also, because you could be *so happy in heaven*. Even in this poor world there is enjoyment. How much greater will be our bliss in heaven, where all obstructions to our happiness will be removed. There will be no unhallowed passions to be excited. No pain will there arise from anger, wrath, malice, envy, ambition, covetousness, pride, vanity, lust, jealousy, or revenge. There will be no natural body to hunger, thirst, faint, and tire; to suffer pain from frost, or heat, or famine, or pestilence, or wound, or bruise, or mutilation, or death. There will be no foe to hurt your character, your interest, your feelings, or your person; no rival to hate, or inferior to despise. There will be in heaven no sun to scorch, or storm

to destroy, or moon or sun to be eclipsed, or sky to be clouded. Suppose all this, and how much of life's misery is gone.

Add now to the removal of these obstructions every positive good that an Almighty God can bestow: a mind fully illuminated, a heart the seat of every kind and holy affection, a conscience exonerated from guilt, an imagination unlimited in its power of conception, a judgment that can never err. Let there be presented to the admiring view all that is lovely, all that can be included in the golden city, the rivers and the tree of life, the banquet of the Lamb, "the far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory," the everlasting song, the uninterrupted rest, and the society for ever of holy men and holy angels. All this would render you so happy, that we cannot endure the thought of your being lost. Try then to be saved, that you may be happy in heaven.

6. *What others have done for your salvation* should induce you to try to be saved. The plan for your redemption was laid in heaven. To accomplish it, the Son of God became incarnate, lived a life of sorrow, and died on the cross, and now ever lives to make intercession for you. How much he must have cared for your soul! In the achievement of the same plan of mercy, the Holy Spirit was sent from heaven to awaken and sanctify you. He has often strove with you, has produced alarm in your conscience, and perhaps deep conviction; has given the truth sometimes a fixed lodgment by the side of your heart. Thus has he evinced his readiness to save you. And his ministers, too, have long and earnestly pleaded with you. In many a sermon, unless you have absented yourself from the house of God, they have pleaded with you to "flee from the wrath to come, and lay hold on everlasting life." And they have sometimes felt an agony for your soul, that, it would seem, could not be denied. Many a time in the midnight hour they have prayed for you, and then have come from their closets and wept over you, and all, it seems, to no purpose.

It may be that a pious parent has long cared for your soul. Through the fear that you would be lost, that faithful friend may have wished many a time that you had never been born. O, could you have known the anxiety

and the agony of that parent, while watching over the slumbers of your cradle, then you would try to be saved.

And it may be that a pious brother, or sister, or wife, is at this moment pleading at the throne of grace for your salvation. And will you not then care for yourself, and try to be saved? All this care for you, and you none for yourself!

7. You should try to be saved, because you must be *infinitely degraded in hell*. You are to remember that you were made a little lower than the angels; that you have a nature capable of being elevated to a close companionship with them, and of pouring forth a praise as noble, and glowing with a love as ardent as theirs. And now, to think of sinking with such a nature down to hell, of being the companion of devils, and of employing your lips in unceasing blasphemy, how gloomy the conception! There will be in your case the shame of being convicted, and that before assembled worlds, and of being banished into outer darkness, where is weeping and gnashing of teeth. And your fall from the hope of heaven must be known. You must be for ever congregated with the meanest of your race, the thief, the robber, the murderer, the swindler, the liar, the drunkard, and the whole mass of convicts. And your employment will be suited to the temper of your heart, and all restraint removed. Hence, despair, and blasphemy, and malice, and revenge, will be the habitual and the degraded exercise of the damned.

8. You should try to be saved, because *the most bitter reflections await you if you are not saved*. You will reflect how much was done to save you; how much the Saviour did; how much the Father did; how much the Spirit did; how much your Christian friends did—all to no purpose. You will reflect how many sermons, and prayers, and tears, and entreaties, and Sabbaths, and sacraments, and admonitions of conscience, and revival seasons, and alarming events of Providence, have spent their force upon you to no purpose, hardening you, when perhaps they might have saved you.

You will reflect how easy were the terms of salvation; that you were offered life, if you would only believe; that no truth was required to be believed but that of which you had evidence, and no duty to be done but that which would

have been pleasant; that your life, if you had believed, would have been more happy, your death tranquil, and your eternity glorious. You will reflect how nigh you came to the kingdom of God, and was lost. Born in a Christian land, of Christian parents, the Bible early in your hand, and you as early taught to read it, given up to God from your birth, instructed carefully in the truth, and furnished with the Sabbath and all its holy appendages—it will seem to you for ever that you sunk down to perdition from the very threshold of heaven.

You will reflect how many, with no more, and perhaps fewer advantages than you, have escaped to heaven. Your brother or sister, it may be, was saved, while you were lost. Some, perhaps, of your immediate friends, of wicked families, and having nothing like the advantages that you had, have reached heaven, while you have been lost. Shall these bitter reflections prey upon you like a famine or a pestilence for ever? Will you not try to be saved? "Strive to enter in at the strait gate; for many, I say unto you, shall seek to enter in, and shall not be able."

9. You should now attempt to be saved, *because the longer you postpone, the less is the probability that the attempt will ever be made.* Whatever are the reasons of the postponement, they are reasons furnished by depravity, and will, of course, increase with the growth of sin. If it be enmity to the kind and lovely Saviour, it will multiply with your years, and ripen with your age. If his eternal excellencies have never yet won your heart—if the glories that have attracted the gaze, and waked the song of angels, and been echoed in notes of victory through the caverns of death, have produced no thrill of joy in your soul, how can you hope that, as his glories shall become more brilliant, and the notes of his conquest shall wax louder and louder, your spirit will become subdued? Will it not rise in its wrath, and envenomed at length like the serpent that has plunged its fangs into its own life-stream, seal its own damnation, and lie down in fire? Wait not till heaven has raised another shout of victory; stay not till Christ has conquered the gods of China, or quelled the demons of Ham's dark empire, lest his glories should pierce your soul through with the poisoned arrows of everlasting chagrin. O wait not to have the hero of Calvary put forth any

hidden glory of his name. Devils will taunt the sinner that waits for this, and is damned. His laurels wave already over their dark empire, and their king quails at his power, and dies anew, whenever another, and still another victory is sung.

10. Or do you postpone embracing the Saviour because you have not yet *had your fill of sin*? Surely, it has made you miserable enough. When it has assailed your *health*, or your *character*, or your *business*, you have wished you had never loved sin, or learned to sin; you have regretted that you ever formed an acquaintance with him who tempted you to sin; that you entered that circle whose bewitching snares have caught you and held you; that ever you visited that scene of dissipation, or went to that house of death. How horrid, to be filling up life with these regrets, and to pore unavailingly over what should be at once repented of and abandoned. How grovelling, to be howling upon your bed, when, if you would only be ingenuous enough to repent, you might be lifting up your voice in praise, and be singing, on your way to the grave, songs sweet as angels use. The meanness of sin will render it impossible that the lost should have any respect for themselves, or for each other, in the world of death. How utterly vain the expectation that there shall be in that world any thing worthy to be called *society*, or *kindness*, or *friendship*. O, it will be all a mass of *despair*, and *chagrin*, and *hatred*, and *shame*; when, if men would only be wise now, and accept the offered Saviour, all this might be exchanged for heaven, where kindred spirits might bask in everlasting sunshine through all the years of the existence of the unchanging God.

I WILL GIVE LIBERALLY.

I HAVE a number of REASONS.

1. The objects for which I am called to give are *great and noble*. It is the cause of letters and religion, of man and of God, for which my donations are wanted. The interests of time and eternity both are involved in it. I cannot give calculatingly and sparingly to such a cause, and for such objects.

2. Liberal donations are *needed*. The cause not only *deserves* them, but *requires* them. It takes a great deal to keep the present operations agoing; and we should every year extend the works. Do you not know that we have the world to go over, and that the millennium is just at hand? Behold, the morning of that day is getting bright. We can almost see the sun peering above the horizon.

3. I can *afford* to give liberally. My means either now enable me, or, by economy and self-denial, may be so increased as to enable me to give liberally. I will give liberally, so long as I do not resort to economy and self-denial; and if I do resort to them, that will enable me to give liberally.

4. I will give liberally, because I have *received* liberally. God has given liberally. He has not only filled my cup, but made it to run over. He has given me "good measure, pressed down, and shaken together, and running over." I will imitate him in my gifts to others, and especially in my donations to his cause.

5. I am liberal in my *expenditures*, and therefore I will be in my *donations*. Why should I *spend* much, and *give* little? Is spending the more blessed? No; it is giving that is said to be more blessed. The conduct of a man whose expenditures are large, and his donations small, is literally *monstrous*. I will not act so out of all proportion. If I must retrench, I will retrench from my expenditures, and not from my benefactions.

6. The *time for giving is short*, and therefore I will give liberally, while I have the opportunity of giving at all. Soon I shall be compelled to have done giving.

7. A *blessing* is promised to liberal giving, and I want it. "The liberal soul shall be made fat;" therefore I will be liberal. "And he that watereth shall be watered also himself;" therefore I will water. "There is that scattereth, and yet increaseth;" therefore I will scatter; and not sparingly, but bountifully: for "he which soweth sparingly, shall reap also sparingly; and he which soweth bountifully, shall reap also bountifully."

8. I will give liberally, because it is not a clear gift; it is a *loan*. "He that hath pity upon the poor, *lendeth* unto the Lord"—lendeth to the best of paymasters, on the best security, and at the highest rate of interest; for the Lord renders *double*, aye, a *hundred-fold*, *in this life*, to say nothing of the life to come. I will lend him liberally.

9. I will give liberally, because however *hard* the *times* may be with me, they are harder with those who have not the Gospel.

10. I will give liberally, because there are many who would give liberally, but *cannot*; and many that can, and *will not*. It is so much the more necessary, therefore, that those should, who are both able and inclined. I used to say, "I will not give liberally, because others do not. There is a richer man than I am who does not give so much as I do." But now, from the same premises, I will draw the opposite conclusion. Because others do *not* give liberally, I will.

11. I have sometimes tried giving liberally, and I do not believe I have *ever lost any thing* by it. I have seen others try it, and they did not seem to lose any thing by it; and, on the whole, I think a man is in no great danger of losing, who puts liberally into the treasury of the Lord and possessor of all things, who is himself the giver of every good and perfect gift.

12. And finally, when I ask myself if I shall ever be *sorry* for giving liberally, I hear from within me a prompt and most decided negative, "No, never."

Wherefore, I conclude that I will give liberally. And now I will take care that I do not nullify my resolution, by putting an *illiberal* construction on *liberally*. I will under-

stand it as meaning *freely, cheerfully, largely*; or, in other words, as meaning what I *ought* to give, and *something more*. I will tell you how I will do. An object being presented to me, when I have ascertained what *justice* requires me to give, I will add something, lest, through insidious selfishness, I may have underrated my ability; and that if I err, I may be sure to err on the right side. Then I will add a little to my donation, out of *generosity*. And when I have counted out what justice requires, and what generosity of her free-will offers, then I will think of Him who, "though he was rich, for our sakes became poor, that we, through his poverty, might be rich;" and I say not that I will add a little more, but how can I keep back any thing?

"Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small:
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all."

This is my resolution, and these are my reasons for it. Reader, what is your resolution? Will you not give liberally too? But perhaps you hesitate, and have some objections to suggest. Peradventure you say, for it is often said, "THE CALLS ARE SO MANY." Well, let us see how that is, and what sort of an objection it constitutes. *Are they really so many?* Reckon them up. Perhaps they are not, after all, so many as you imagine. Any thing which annoys us at intervals, is apt to be considered as coming oftener than it really does. When a man has rent to pay, how frequently quarter-day seems to come round. But it is not so with him who is the receiver.

But if the calls are many, are they more than the *wants*? And ought they not to be as many? Would you have the calls fewer than the wants? That would never do. In that case some wants would never be supplied. Besides, you should consider who makes or permits the wants—and therefore the calls—to be so many, lest your complaint cast a reflection on God.

If the calls are so many, and we must decline some of them, which shall they be? Widows and orphans, and the poor generally, you dare not, as you fear God, exclude from your charities. Will you refuse the call of the *Bible* agent, or the *Tract* agent. Will you withhold from the cause of *Sabbath-schools*, or of *Temperance*; from *Foreign Missions*,

or from *Home Missions*, or from both? Or will you contribute to send out and support missionaries, but refuse to aid in their *education*? For my part, I do not know what calls to except; and therefore I judge the safer way to be, to refuse none.

If the calls for *donations* are many, the calls for *expenditures* are more; and yet we are patient of these last. And perhaps we not only spend, but *waste*, in more ways than we give. Then it should be remembered, that if the calls are so many, the importunity *will not last long*. Not more than some seventy or eighty years does it ever continue. If it is an annoyance, yet you can bear it a few years. In eternity you will not receive these or any other calls. And if they vex you, yet consider, they very differently affect others. Yonder is a poor woman reading the Bible which your money paid for. There is another, weeping over a Tract, for which she is indebted to your donation. There is a third, blessing the good people who support domestic missions; and there is a heathen mother, who, perhaps, would, ere this, have immolated her child, if your contribution had not helped to send her the Gospel.

But perhaps you say, I would meet all these calls—I would give liberally, but “I CAN’T AFFORD IT.” This is another common apology. Let us look at it. *Can* you not afford it? It may be you are mistaken. Perhaps you can afford it. The heart is deceitful. We are very apt to say we can’t do things which we can do. But admitting that you cannot afford it, that is no sufficient apology. There is another thing besides the *fact* of the inability to be considered—the *cause* of the inability. *Why* can you not afford it? *Might* you not have the ability?

Perhaps you do not *earn* as much as you might. If that be the case, your not being able to afford it is no excuse. All you have to do is, to earn more, and then you can afford it. Only be a little more *industrious*, and a little more enterprising, and the difficulty will vanish. And why should not a man earn to *give*, as well as earn to *eat, drink, and put on*? Are these last more blessed than giving?

But perhaps the case is, that you do not *save* as much as you might. You earn enough, but you do not economically use it; and so it is for want of economy that you can-

not afford it. Neither is this any valid apology. You have only to practise economy, and then you will be able to exercise liberality. And is it not worth a man's while to *save*, that he may have it in his power to *give*?

It may be that I have not yet suggested the true cause of your inability. Perhaps you *wear* so much of your money that it leaves you without the means of giving. Or the reason you can't afford it may be found, if not in your apparel, yet in the style of your furniture, or in the service of your table, or in the expensiveness of your equipage. Now, if any one of these suppositions be correct, you see you are left without excuse. All you have to do is, to retrench in these respects, and then you can afford it. If you neither *can*, nor *could* afford it, then, and then only, do you make out a good apology. If you can earn no more, save no more, and spend no less, then you are excused—you can't afford it.

But it is my opinion, there are few persons who cannot better afford to give than *not* to give. There is no loss in giving. There is great gain in it. Giving is *sowing*. What farmer cannot afford to sow? The money that is bestowed in charity is *seed* money; and he that soweth bountifully, shall *reap* also bountifully. It is poor policy to be parsimonious in the use of seed money.

It will grieve me not a little, if any one, after reading all this, shall, instead of coming into the resolution I recommend, adopt another, which a certain member of the church once expressed in these words: "I HAVE DONE GIVING." The words made a great impression on my mind. Done giving, said I to myself. Has he, indeed? Has he given all? Has the disciple imitated the Master? Was he rich, and has he become poor for the sake of others, that they, through his poverty, might be rich? Oh no, he has something left yet—perhaps is rich still—perhaps, through the favor of Providence, richer at this moment than he would have been had he never given any thing. Who knows but his honoring the Lord with his substance has been the means of filling his barns with plenty? It may be bad policy in him to stop giving.

"Done giving." Why? Is there no more need of giving? Is every want abundantly supplied? Is the whole

population of our country furnished with the means of grace? Is the world evangelized? Have missionaries visited every shore? Is the Bible translated into every language, and distributed in every land—a copy in every family—and every member of every family taught to read it? Are the accommodations for widows and orphans as ample as they should be? Is there a house of refuge for every class of the human family that needs one? Have the poor ceased from the land? Oh no; there are no such good reasons as these for ceasing to give.

Well, does the man feel worse for having given away so much? Has it made him unhappy? Is his experience different from that of the Lord Jesus, who said, “It is more *blessed* to give, than to receive?”

Or has he come to the conclusion to give no more, from having found that what has been given hitherto has done no good? And is it so, that no good has been done by all the Bibles published, and all the Tracts distributed, and all the missionaries sent abroad into our own land, and into the world, and all the schools established, and all the children taught to read, and all the civilization introduced, and all the asylums opened, and all the poor relieved? No good been done! Great good has been done by what has been given; but still more will be done by what shall be given hereafter. Bibles and Tracts can now be printed at a cheaper rate than heretofore; and the conductors of our benevolent institutions have learned, by experience, that economy which can be learned in no other way. And yet now, when a dollar goes so much farther than ever before in doing good, will a man say, “I have done giving?” It is just the time to go on giving.

Had I, for a moment, the ear of him who says he has done giving, I would ask him if he has done *receiving*—if God has done giving to him.

“Done giving.” Done lending to the Lord. Done sowing and watering. Done offering the sacrifices with which God is well pleased. Done making the widow’s heart leap for joy, and bringing on himself the blessing of them that were ready to perish! So this is his determination. Well, I am sorry—sorry for the sake of the poor, and the sick, and the orphan, and the ignorant, and the heathen. But no less sorry am I for the man’s own sake. Poor man!

poor, with all his affluence; for there is really no one more poor than he who, with the ability to give, has not the inclination. He is enriched with abundance, but not with liberality.

“Done giving.” Well, then, if he will not give his money, he must *keep* it. And yet how short the time he can keep it. Had he not better freely give away some of it, than wait for it all to be taken from him? Reader, do you not think so? Then resolve for yourself, “I will give liberally.”

Are you not a Christian? Christians used to give liberally. Why should they not now? The primitive believers were bountiful. Many of them parted with *all* their worldly goods for the sake of Christ—sold their possessions and laid the entire proceeds at the apostles’ feet. Now, I do not say that we should do the same. But it strikes me, that if they gave their *principal*, we might, at least, afford to contribute our *interest*.

A remarkable example of liberality we find recorded in the 8th and 9th chapters of Paul’s 2d Epistle to the Corinthians, where, wishing to excite the Corinthians to the exercise of bountifulness, he tells them what their brethren of Macedonia had done—how liberally they had given.

They gave, though they were *very poor*—in “deep poverty,” ch. 8 : 2. They had the best of all excuses for not giving. Truly, *they* could not afford it. But having it in their heart to give, they contrived, by dint of some ingenuity, and perhaps no little self-denial, to get it into their power to give. Such liberal souls had they, that it made their very poverty abound unto the riches of their liberality. I have sometimes thought, if their deep poverty so abounded, what would not their *great riches* have done, had they been as wealthy as some *American* Christians?

Well, having, though so very poor, contrived to bring it within their power to give, what then did these Christians do? Why, they not only went to the full extent of their ability, but even beyond it. “For to their power, I bear record, yea, and beyond their power,” they gave. The disciples of our day do not give *more* than they are able. I wish it could be said that they give according to their ability.

But though they gave beyond their ability, they did not

give beyond their disposition. They gave *willingly*. They had it in their hearts to give even more. It was done, "not grudgingly, or of necessity." No one said, as it is sometimes said now, "Well, I suppose I *must* give you something." Nor was their willingness the effect of any appeals made to them. They were not put up to it. They were "*willing of themselves*." It was entirely spontaneous. The apostles had not to entreat them to give; but they had to entreat the apostles to receive their gift. "Praying us with much entreaty, that we would receive the gift." It is not so now. Now, the *begging* is on the other side. What Christians these were. They were of the same mind with Christ. They agreed with him in regard to its being more blessed to give than to receive. Few modern disciples appear to accord with the Master in that sentiment.

Do you wonder how these Christians came to be such cheerful and liberal givers? I will tell you. It was owing to "the grace of God bestowed on them," as it is related in verse 1. That always makes people liberal. Grace is a generous principle. There is nothing opens the heart like it. Under its influence they "first gave their own selves to the Lord." Now, when a man has given away *himself*, it is easy to give what only appertains to him. The great matter is, to give the *person*; the *property* follows as a matter of course; indeed, it is included in the first gift. The reason some give no more property to the Lord's cause is, that they have never given themselves to him. They have not begun right. Reader, have you begun right? Have you consecrated and made over your person to the Lord? Have you given liberally in that respect? He who has not given *himself*, has not imitated Christ, for he gave himself. HE GAVE LIBERALLY. He was rich—O how rich! And he became poor—who so poor?—and for our sakes. The Macedonians felt the force of this persuasive consideration. This love of Christ constrained them. They were emulous to do like him. What Christian will not yield himself to the cogency of this love, and not only give liberally of what he *has*, but make a full surrender of all he *is*, TO CHRIST AND HIS CAUSE?

CALL AND QUALIFICATIONS

FOR

THE CHRISTIAN MINISTRY.

BY REV. RALPH EMERSON, D. D.

What constitutes a call to the Christian ministry? And what are the proper qualifications for that work?

Seen by the intelligent and glowing eye of Christian philanthropy, this subject will excite deeper interest at every inspection. Why has not the world long since been converted to Christ? There has never been an adequate number of well-qualified men to "preach the Gospel to every creature." And why has the church been so harassed with internal dissensions and calamities? Improper men have been clothed with the sacred office. These answers are sufficient to account for the appalling facts, without recurring to subordinate causes.

It is the object of this Tract to help pious young men to discern their duty, and at the same time to aid those who may be called to advise and assist them. I begin with some remarks by way of PRECAUTION.

1. A young man is not to wait for an audible voice from heaven. The most useful men, since the days of the apostles, have heard no such call; while such as have followed an imaginary voice, have shown themselves blind enthusiasts. The same may be said of any miraculous indication since the days of inspiration. Should any man now present

such a claim, we may well demand of him the primitive evidence of his divine commission, the working of miracles.

2. No more reliance is to be placed on dreams or visions. The superstitious or the insane person will be more likely than the rational, to imagine some man of Macedonia standing by him at night and imploring his help.

3. Unaccountable impressions on the mind, however strong and solemn, do not of themselves indicate a call. The weak, the ignorant, the superstitious, the fanatical, and presumptuous, have ever been found more liable to such unaccountable impressions, than the sober and discreet. When the Spirit of God impresses any particular duty on an individual, it is, doubtless, in view of truths and facts which the attentive mind can designate.

4. Certain passages of Scripture coming suddenly to the mind, are no proof of such a call. Such a text as the following may unexpectedly enter the thoughts, and perhaps long ring in the ear of a recent convert—*Go thou and preach the Gospel.* But let him remember, that Satan once quoted Scripture to a much better personage, to induce him to cast himself headlong from the pinnacle of the temple, in presumptuous reliance on divine support. Still, let no one think lightly of the movings of the Holy Ghost on the heart, in seeking so good a work. The caution is against a counterfeit of the divine impulse. It is none but such as “God judges faithful and fit for the ministry,” that he thus moves to the work.

5. Neither are any remarkable dispensations of Providence to be regarded in themselves as indicating a call. Signal blessings or reverses in our business or prospects may, indeed, prepare the way for the consecration to the ministry of talents already possessed. Such is often the fact with merchants, lawyers, and others. Obligations which justly bound them to earthly occupations are thus unexpectedly severed, and they are left to the free choice

of that vocation for which the Spirit may recently have conferred the crowning qualification, a change of heart. But other men, besides those who have the requisite wisdom and grace for usefulness in the ministry, are liable to become bankrupt or hopeless in their worldly business, or to be so prospered as to open the way for an escape from worldly entanglements; and woe to the Judas who first turns his thoughts to the ministry *because* he can succeed in *nothing else*.

6. No strength of desire for the glorious work can of itself constitute a call. David desired to build a house to the name of that God who had redeemed his soul and prospered him in his kingdom. And this desire was highly commended; but God forbade him to do it. Eminent saint as he was, God saw him to be not the proper man for that sacred work. And it would be preposterous to suppose, that all who have a heart to the work of the ministry, are fully adapted to this highest vocation on earth. God himself has taught us, in illustrating the topic of divers gifts and callings, that he has framed the spiritual as he has the natural body—each member for its place; and it would be absurd for all the members to aspire to be the head. A proper desire for the divine work will lead one candidly to inquire for, and cheerfully to occupy his own sphere of usefulness.

7. The general charge which Christ gave his disciples, *to preach his Gospel among all nations*, does not imply a call on each individual personally to preach it. For if so, then it equally implies that all are to become *missionaries*, and the whole church is to emigrate to heathen lands. The import of Christ's language is plainly this: that the grand Christian enterprise of preaching the Gospel at home and abroad he commits to the church as a common concern. All are to bear their part in its accomplishment. And each individual is to inquire conscientiously, how he can effect

the most; whether by preaching the Gospel *in person*, or by doing all in his power to give it efficacy at home, and send it to the ends of the earth.

8. It is not every one who can pray with fervor, and speak with fluency in the social circle, that is fit to become a preacher. Many an excellent deacon has changed himself into a very poor minister. A ready and fervent utterance is but one out of many qualifications that are needed.

9. Nor is it sufficient for one to plead the pressing want of laborers as a reason for his admission to the field. True, in such an exigency, poor reapers are better than none; and many must now be accepted whose services would be of more use in some other department, if there were such a supply of first-rate men as the church may expect at a future day. Still, in order to be accepted at any time, the man must be truly a reaper—one who will gather, and not waste the precious grain.

We now turn to the positive side of the subject.

Here I may remark, that it is not my object to show what a minister *ought* to be, or to paint a clerical character of *ideal perfection*. Indeed, I am not to paint the *clerical* character at all; but I simply propose to notice some of the leading traits of character which a young man should possess, who is to commence a course of preparation for the ministry. Strong statement and brilliant coloring would of course be misplaced, where they would be liable either to allure or to intimidate such as are here called to the most calm and unimpassioned discrimination of the prevalent indication of duty.

1. *Personal holiness* is to be regarded as indispensable. A neglect of this rule has proved the bane of established churches, and likewise of some others. Where the neglect prevails widely, it is first a consumption on the vitals of religion, and then, in succeeding generations, the plague of

heresy or of infidelity. To the wicked, God saith, *What hast thou to do, to declare my statutes?* To whom can this apply, if not to ungodly ministers?

2. *Good common-sense* is a prime requisite. It may not be easy to define this term: still, few will be likely to mistake its import. We may call it *a sound and independent judgment in practical concerns*. It stands equally in contrast with a propensity to impracticable theories on the one hand, and to a blind application of general rules on the other. Thus, one may be a great scholar, while he has no judgment to reduce his facts and precedents to practice. Or he may possess great powers of speculation, with no skill to apply them in the moment of practical exigency. This trait of character is capable of great improvement. The best school for this purpose is the active business of life, and intercourse with men.

If, then, a young man has been detained on the paternal farm, or in the counting-room, or the workshop, till the age of sixteen, or even twenty, let him not think the years lost in regard to the sacred profession. It was, perhaps, the best school for him, though he may have been in it a little too long. Patience of labor, quickness of observation, judgment, practical tact, in short, a common-sense discipline of mind is thus attained, which is indispensable to his highest usefulness. To this add the value of such an acquaintance with common life and common men as he could not otherwise gain.

But while this talent, or rather this happy assortment and combination of talents, is capable of great improvement in most persons, yet it is doubtless implanted by nature in very different degrees—and in some it is scarcely found at all. These may be amiable in temper, and good in their intentions, but they can never do a thing right. They may be very laborious, but they bring little to pass. Some small, if not some great mistake is found to mar the whole. But

why it is they fail, they cannot imagine. Nor can you effectually teach them. To put them right in one thing, is, at best, but to fix one more rule or precedent in the memory, which they will, perhaps, as blindly or as fancifully apply in the next. You impart no practical wisdom; and consequently, though they may be very grateful, and may see their present fault, and be confident for the future, they are none the better. They are continually plunging into difficulty. Help them out of six troubles, and they are soon in the seventh. Such men are nature's incurables. "Bray them in a mortar with a pestle among wheat, yet will not their folly depart from them."

It is grievous that such men should ever enter the sacred ministry, where sound common-sense is more needed than anywhere else; where no two transactions, whether in the pulpit or out of it, are precisely alike, and nothing can be done by mere rule; and where wayward and fanciful experiments are the most unseemly and the most perilous.

If, then, a young man be particularly deficient in common-sense, let him remain in some more secluded sphere, or where he will be under the guidance of some other mind. If he has already become a scholar, and must live by his knowledge, let him translate books, or examine proof-sheets; but let him not enter the ministry, where he will involve himself and his people in troubles, and bring disgrace on the sacred profession and the cause of God.

3. *A good disposition* is highly important. Doubtless the disposition may be so bad as of itself to interpose a barrier to the prospect of usefulness. Christ was as harmless as he was undefiled; as amiable and beneficent as he was wise and dignified. Hence that winning grace in his lips, by which he spake as never man spake. Paul, with all his decision, we may regard as either naturally amiable, or as having become so by the mellowing power of deep conviction, and the sweetening joys of a glorious hope. Nor

is it merely a single species of bad inclination that unfits one for the ministry. Perhaps a selfish, mean, sordid, suspicious, or envious disposition, is even worse than that of a violent or irritable temper, as being more hopeless of cure.

4. *A respectable degree of native talent* is requisite. And it is not simply the *amount* of mental power that is to be considered. At least as great regard is to be paid to the *kind* of talents, or rather to the amount of excellence found in the combination. Some men move swiftly, but in such devious directions as to make but little progress. Much of the good they do is counterbalanced by the bad. If, then, a man has a well-balanced mind, and if that mind is fired by a burning soul, an ardent native temperament now turned into the channel of Christian love, with God's blessing he will effect much, though his simple strength of mind is not great. Much more depends on ardor and perseverance than on mere intellect. Some who have held but a low rank in college, have been successful in the ministry. Such men are humble and faithful. They go directly to their work, and toil all the day, and all the year. And that God whom they honor is pleased to honor them.

But let no young man be very confident that he shall thus supply his lack of mental power. The number of such men is small. A mere resolution will not make him such. That admirable balance of the mind, playing nimbly, yet safely, on its pivot, and the glowing devotedness by which it is fired, are seldom found in union.

5. *Diligence* is requisite. This has been already intimated, but is worthy of a distinct notice. Why should it ever be said of an idle boy, "He will be good for nothing but to send to college?" That is just the place to which he should not be sent, unless you would spend your money for naught. And most preposterous and wicked of all is it to think of sending him into the ministry, after he has slumbered away his ten or fifteen years of pretended prepara-

tion. If he will not labor in your vineyard, you may be sure he will not labor in the Lord's vineyard. By hard blows you may drive a sluggish *body* to its daily task; but a sluggish *mind*, never. If the ethereal spirit goes at all to any purpose, it goes like the breath of heaven, not impelled, but impelling and rejoicing in its career. And to toil day and night, with alert and wakeful movement—does the indolent youth give promise of this? Vain delusion. He will cumber the ground on which he will stand all the day idle. No; if he has given no signs of mental industry at school and in his leisure hours, and yet will not follow the plough, change his occupation; put him into the workshop—behind the counter—into a toll-house—anywhere rather than into a college, and afterwards into an occupation the most arduous, and calling for the most *spontaneous* labor of any which angels behold among the children of men.

“From such apostles, O ye mitred heads,
 Preserve the church; and lay not careless hands
 On skulls that cannot teach, and will not learn.”

6. *Firmness and holy boldness* are needful. He who is to be a standard-bearer in the Lord's host, must not be faint-hearted in view of real or imaginary dangers. In full but friendly tones he must be able to tell men their duty and their danger, whether they will hear or forbear.

On this trait, however, it is important to remark, that the inexperienced and unobserving are liable to err in judging of character. The bashful man is not always found to be a timid man, or wavering in the pursuit of measures which he sees of vital importance. And less frequent is it, that the shy and blushing boy grows up a timid man. On the contrary, he may become distinguished for cool, intrepid, and persevering courage; and this from the very fact, that his courage is founded in principle, instead of being a mere

animal attribute—in principle, the very soul of that moral courage which a minister needs. He has his well-weighed object to gain, and will not desert the field till it be accomplished. He has, moreover, like the sensitive female, already died his death in anticipation, and therefore he stands firm, while those of better but untested nerves desert around him. And further, in this holy warfare, through faith, even the timid become brave. Out of weakness they become strong; wax valiant in fight; put to flight the armies of the aliens. Indeed, in Paul's delineation of weakness made strong by the visions of faith and the fire of love, we have perhaps the best possible illustration of the distinctive nature of holy boldness. It is not mere strength of human nerve. There is a softening, a refining, an elevation, and a steadfastness even, to be gained, before a man will stand in chains before Felix and a haughty throng, and at once shake and melt the heart of his judge.

Self-diffidence, too—let it ever be remembered, where religion is concerned—impels the soul to look upward for strength, while native boldness reposes on a self-confidence of its own creating. The courage of the apostle John we may suppose to have partaken deeply of this celestial character; and that of Paul to have been remodelled after the same type by the powerful grace of God.

No one, then, need be discouraged because of his native modesty. God can give him a tongue to speak; and he will give it, as he would have given to Moses, if duly besought and confided in for such a blessing.

But courage and firmness there must be—the more of the right kind, the better; and the more these are wanting, the more must an elevating faith be cultivated, so that the youth may be brought to feel it is rather God who is to speak by him in vindication of his own cause. But if he give no rational promise of any such attainment, let him not seek an office for which he has no prospect of being com-

petent. Such a temperament, for instance, as that of Cowper, could not acquire the requisite self-possession by any ordinary attainments in faith.

7. He should have *a heart to enter with delight into the work*, provided there be a prospect of his greatest usefulness in that sphere. Some men seem as if born to delight in addressing popular assemblies, and laboring to sway the public mind. Such a native predilection may have its use, but is not essential. A much more important predilection, not native, but implanted by the Holy Ghost, is to be sought in every one who would be a coworker in the salvation of men: I mean a desire to be engaged in their salvation, resulting from love to their souls and to God. This language, though simple, is selected with special care to meet the exact case. Some men express a desire for the salvation of their fellow-men, and yet they seem not ready to *do much* to promote it, directly or indirectly. And some, on the other hand, appear very zealously engaged in saving men, who, paradoxical as it may seem, care but little for their salvation. Such feel but little joy at conversions by the preaching of others; and may know assuredly, that they have not the right spirit for a preacher of the Gospel. This is not the spirit that John the Baptist felt, when he had labored long and hard to prepare the way for the Lord's reception among men, and then felt his "joy fulfilled," when they forsook him to follow Christ. The object for which he longed, was the salvation of men and the glory of Christ: and for this he rejoiced to decrease while Christ should increase. Some of his disciples, it seems, felt not so, while they manifested a rival solicitude. The spirit of this great precursor of the new dispensation is the genuine spirit of the Gospel ministry; a spirit which Satan's kingdom more dreads than the whole array of the Christian world without it.

The man who possesses this spirit, has looked up to a

bleeding Saviour and been healed. He now looks abroad on a dying world, and his soul goes forth in longings which cannot be uttered; and like the spirit that moved on the deep, it seems to spread itself in tender sympathy over all. "Why may not they also be all healed?" it asks, with mingled hope and wonder. "There is balm enough, and a Physician that is adequate, and tongues enough to speak the joyful tidings. And speak it they soon must, and to the praise of this Redeemer, or the very rocks will cry out." Still, perhaps he scarcely dares to harbor the thought of ever being deemed worthy himself to proclaim the glad tidings. For the present, it seems enough for him to be permitted, in this "new world" on which he has opened his eyes, to bear some humble part in aid of those who shall be called as ambassadors of God to men. Viewed in this new relation to a dying world and to God, a radiance of glory comes down from heaven around the secluded sphere in which sovereign grace has found him. In that sphere, whether at the plough, the bench, the anvil, the counter, he is not merely content, but will rejoice to remain, provided it be the calling in which it may please God to make him the most useful in the salvation of souls. But yet, when he muses, with some gathering hope, on the most blessed employment on earth, his heart exclaims, "O, if I could be fitted for that employment, how should I delight to say, Here, Lord, am I, send me where thou wilt, to preach thy Gospel—in this or in other lands—to the rude or the refined—the poor or the rich—in evil report or good report—only let me be where I should be, and suitably preach thy Gospel for the salvation of men. Let the glory be all ascribed to the riches of thine own free grace and power."

Now, men of such a spirit are the men whom a dying world needs; and whom it must have, or its multitudes will continue to crowd the way to death. Such men see joy set before them which the world cannot proffer—that for which

the Saviour endured the cross, despising the shame. They are prepared to enjoy, not only their own success, but that of all the laborers. And when the world shall be filled with these alert and happy coworkers—not one of them a *contra*-worker—its salvation shall be rapidly hastened.

At least a germ of this buoyant spirit, to commence with, is needful in every one who is to devote himself to the celestial vocation. A mere leaden sense of duty will never serve him as a vivid spring of action. It is true, one may properly be led, by mere duty, first to examine the question; and every young man should be led by it to such an examination. But when a youth, who supposes himself converted, has deliberately contemplated the subject, and still finds not his soul beginning at all to glow with the kindlings of a sacred “desire for the good work;” if he had rather be a farmer, a merchant, a lawyer, a statesman; and his voice come a third time, *I pray thee have me excused*; and he prefers that others should reap the field, and reap the final reward, through grace, of turning many to righteousness, and be the men to shine as the stars for ever and ever: excused—alas for his hapless choice! he knows not the price put into his hand—yet, excused he must indeed be, both from the toil and the reward. The cause “needs not such aid.”

But happy for some younger brother of his, who may rejoice to accept the despised birthright, and who, mingled with suitable humility, feels a leaping forth of his heart to the work, coming, as came the Saviour from heaven on his embassy to dying men, saying, “I delight to do thy will, O my God.”

8. He should have a spirit to enter zealously into the cause of missions, temperance, ministerial education, and all the other *great enterprises for the salvation of the world*. The nature of this spirit is sufficiently indicated under the last head. And as to its vast importance, we have no space for the delineation. Still, the topic cannot be passed with-

out remarking, that the pastor who does not enter into these things, knows neither how to labor for the salvation of the whole world, nor yet for the salvation of his own people, or his own soul, as he ought. He will loiter behind his age, and soon be numbered with things obsolete.

9. *His constitution and habits* should be such as to admit of the requisite study, and of public speaking. In judging of these, it is to be remembered, that not every frail body, nor every species of disease, brings imbecility on the whole man. Some of the most efficient spirits in the church have put forth their energies through the organs of a sickly frame. Such were Baxter, Doddridge, Edwards, Martyn, and Robert Hall. Nor is it every robust constitution that is fitted to endure the peculiar toils of study and of speaking. Experiment alone can fully decide in a large number of cases.

But while some of a feeble frame may be found to endure such labor, and by their mental energy and pious zeal to do much good, yet let no one be consecrated to the sacred work merely because he is incapacitated for common employments. This would be reversing the rule God gave for the Jewish priesthood. The maimed, the blind, the *deformed*, were not to minister at his altar. And if such a rule is not now to be regarded as of divine obligation, yet surely a blemish ought not to be the leading reason for seeking the ministry. To enter God's special service because you cannot serve yourself in some more congenial way, is surely an insult to his majesty. Personal blemishes may not only give pain to an audience every Sabbath, but also prove a serious bar to influence and usefulness; and this was doubtless one reason for excluding the deformed from the ancient priesthood.

Weak lungs, or a feeble voice, may also be regarded, in decided cases, as proof that a youth is to glorify God in some other calling.

In the preceding remarks, I have endeavored to present the chief requisites in one who has a call in providence to enter on a course of preparation for the ministry. It is not to be supposed that all the qualifications that are desirable have been mentioned. The case of each individual must, of course, be decided, not in view of any single excellence, but by a comprehensive regard to his whole case, including his character, the age in which he lives, the country, indeed the whole circumstances in which he is placed. Nor can it be too deeply impressed on all minds, that the grand question is not, *whether one may do some good in the ministry, but, where can he be employed to the best advantage?*

Supposing, now, the question decided with a young man in favor of his entering on a course of preparation for the ministry, there remains yet a further consideration,

THE AMOUNT OF ACQUISITIONS IN KNOWLEDGE AND MENTAL DISCIPLINE TO BE SOUGHT.

This point, too, must be decided in view of the whole case. Were man's life now that of the antediluvians, it might be unwise in him to commence pastoral or missionary labors amid such a world of intellectual giants, and possessed of so much time, before the age of threescore years and ten. He would then be comparatively a boy. But now, man's life is a vapor that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away. What he does he must do quickly, though it be done but imperfectly. And amid such urgency as the present, doubtless many are called to seek the ministry, who are already too far advanced in life to admit of their passing through the more regular course of training. For some, it will be best to resort to a theological seminary by a shorter course than that of a college; particularly, if I may name a period in which not a few men of experience are agreed, it will be well for such as have passed the age of twenty-four before commencing the study

of Latin or Greek. And for others, especially those who have reached the age of about eight-and-twenty, a still shorter course, and perhaps of private instruction, may be conducive to their highest usefulness on the whole. The increased difficulty of acquiring new languages, and the haste that men usually feel for a profession at so late a period of life, are additional reasons for the shorter course, of greater or less force in the case of different individuals.

But while there may be exceptions, it is now deemed important, by competent judges, that generally a full and liberal course of study be pursued, including literature, science, and theology. Such a course in college and the theological seminary is increasingly demanded by the progress of society, the loud voice of public opinion, and especially of the ministers of most denominations, as already explicitly uttered.

“But,” says the zealous youth, glowing, perhaps, with the best feeling, “can I not be more speedily fitted to go forth and do at least some good?” Yes, doubtless, if your heart prove true to the work—and perhaps, inadvertently, some evil also, to balance the good. But have you yet closely examined the real object of this intense eagerness? You feel, it may be, “*an indescribable* longing to be engaged in saving souls.” But ought you not to ponder the nature and object of this ardent desire until you shall be able to describe it, or at least to conceive of it more definitely? There may be a youthful and heroic leaping forth of the soul, in its pantings for immediate action in so glorious a cause, which, at best, is of but a mixed and imperfect nature. We would neither blame nor check anything youthful, merely because it *is* youthful; but neither should it pass without moral scrutiny, because it is to be *expected* in the young. Young men, it was once remarked by Dr. Dwight, misjudge, not from the want of ability to discriminate, but because they are too precipitate to exam-

ine. If time for reflection, then, will help you to anticipate the wisdom of years, be entreated, in a case so momentous, prayerfully to take that time.

But perhaps you will plead that you have already done this, in respect to the motives that stir your zeal, and are ready to do it further in respect to the guidance of this zeal. "Without claiming perfection," you say, "I still find something more solemn and ethereal than a mere love of action, or even mere sympathy. I long to be engaged in saving souls, and to glorify Him who came from heaven to save them."

The answer is good; and, we would hope, from a good conscience. But a further question must now be put, if we would reach the point of true wisdom. Is it the object of your glowing zeal, to be publicly engaged in doing good *now*, at all events; or is it, in view of all the light you can gain, to aim at the utmost possible good while on earth—saving as many of these sinking souls as you can in the course of your *whole life*? This is the only just light in which to ponder the main question. Think of it, then, deeply in this light; and ask the voice of experience to aid your meditations.

To these last directions, perhaps, you also give your cordial assent. And it may furthermore be that you will say, "All this I have done from the beginning;" (would not Jesus love this young man?) "and I have sought to consult the best of experience, namely, that which was guided by his wisdom from above, and followed by the best results. It is the EXPERIENCE OF THE APOSTLES THEMSELVES; those faithful but ignorant fishermen, who went forth everywhere preaching that men should repent. This simple annunciation, which they made with a glowing tongue, was everywhere followed by divine power on the souls of men. And my heart pants to do the same, in hope of a like blessing."

It is, then, in closely following the true spirit of this example, that you hope for such a blessing. Of course, if any mistake be found here on your part, you desire its correction.

At what period, then, did these poor fishermen go forth on their final embassy ; and with what degree of preparation and endowment ? He who called them to the work, on a certain occasion, bade them lift up their eyes and behold the fields white already to the harvest. The harvest was also great, and the laborers few. Their hearts burned within them—as yours does now. And the Saviour’s heart likewise burned with a more intense flame to have them in the great field that was daily perishing. What, then, was his command to them ? Go, without a moment’s delay, and save whom you can ? No ; but, “Pray ye the Lord of the harvest, that he would send forth laborers.” And how long did he detain them about him, praying that laborers might be sent, and preparing themselves to go ? Certainly three, if not seven years. True, he sent some of them occasionally on short and simple messages, in preparing his way among the people, just as you may now go forth. But most of the time they were about him ; and during three years he spake to them as never man spake. Nor was it merely the brief but comprehensive epitome of instruction that is now left for our learning in the Gospels. One of their number affirms, that if the whole had been written, he supposes the world would not contain the books.

It is also to be remembered, that they had the promise of the divine Spirit to bring all these things to their remembrance. None of this vast amount of instruction was to be lost, but they were to have it always ready, as occasion should require.

Consider, likewise, that he who taught them, foreknew the situation in which each one would be placed. He could, therefore, impart exactly the knowledge and admonition

they needed, without spending their time in a preparation for mere contingencies.

Reflect further, that when all was done, and they had seen this same divine Teacher ascend up where he was before, they were not to embark on their embassy until clothed with miraculous powers, and filled with the Spirit of inspiration, and blessed with the gift of tongues.

Now, put all these things together, and say, *Did* Christ send forth ignorant men to preach his Gospel? Or did he seem in haste to send them? Or could this delay result from the want of that same ardor which *you* now so properly feel? "*I Wisdom dwell with prudence.*" He knew the training men need, in order to preach as he would have them preach. And the example he has thus given is worth more than the combined experience of the whole church besides, even had that experience appeared to teach a different lesson.

This divine example, if it convict of any thing, will convict the advocates for the most thorough training, of having been too lax and accommodating, in giving their consent that *any* should go forth with less than the comparatively imperfect preparation which is called liberal. We say, if a man is already of mature age, and has acquired wisdom in some pursuit of business, and has also a family which he cannot long leave, he may take a shorter course. But what says the example we are examining? Were not these men of mature age at the time Christ called them from the walks of common labor and the seat of civil office? Had they not acquired practical wisdom? Were not some of them even married and settled in families?

To the young man, then, who has no such incumbrance, and who does not inordinately wish for what the apostles could so freely forsake in order to be with Christ and gain their divine education—to such an one we would say, Ponder well the sacred precedent you have adduced. Have

you more wisdom than these men had when they came under Christ's teaching? Can you hope to gain more that will be to your purpose, in seven or ten years, than they gained while with him? Would you not rather be with Christ one year, than in a college or a theological seminary three years—with Christ, who could tell in a single breath respecting some doctrine, what it will now cost you months of study fully to settle in your mind? And then to be gifted with languages which it will cost you years to acquire. And will you not need as much wisdom and knowledge as they needed, who first spread Christianity? Is not the present age as learned as was that of the apostles? Is not even most of human knowledge of a later date? On what principle, then, will you think to curtail that thorough preparation which reason sanctions, and which Christ's example so plainly demands?

You may think it a great pity that you must spend so much of your precious life before you can begin to act effectively. But was it not equally sad, that the apostles should spend so much of theirs? And sadder still, that Christ should live on earth till he began to be about thirty years of age, before he commenced his public ministry? A pity that we must spend so much of our time. Are we, think you, wasting this time—mispending it? Are we doing otherwise than God would have us do—than he designed us to do, when he formed us men, and not angels? Could he not make us at once fit for action—full-grown men, without the gradations of infancy, childhood, and youth? Could he not raise up better ministers from the stones of the street, than you even hope to be? If so, where is the pity? Is it, that Providence has indeed so made man, that half his life must be spent in preparation for the highest usefulness during the other half? Engage then in thorough preparation, like a Christian man, grateful that God has given you capacities to gain such wisdom at

all, and deeply impressed that you have a great work before you in *preparing* to preach, as well as in the final discharge of that high office. When you have faithfully devoted the customary period to prayerful study, you will feel, as thousands have felt before you, that much more *remains* to be learned, than all which you at first imagined requisite. Then will you begin more deeply to feel the truth, that it requires much, very much, to constitute a good minister. This is a truth which will continually deepen in your view, in the course of actual experience; and you will exclaim, with increasing emotion, *There is not on earth another office which requires such a combination of excellences.*

Neither need you be troubled with the thought, that possibly you may die soon after completing your preparation. That is for God to decide. And if you must soon die, still it is quite possible you may accomplish as great amount of good in this way, as by a premature entrance on the ministry; for some persons of piety and discretion effect as much good while among their fellow-students, as in any equal portion of subsequent life. The early death, too, of one who is prepared for extensive usefulness, seems often to occasion as much good as could have been hoped from prolonged labors. It summons a fresh host to the onset. Such possibilities are a cheering offset to the ill-boding supposition just adduced.

But not to dwell on these possibilities, I remark, in favor of thorough preparation, that the hand of skill sometimes effects much by a single movement. A physician may save the most precious life by one prescription; but it cost him a life of study and experience to gain that skill. It has been well observed by a living preacher, that the battle of Waterloo, on which hung the destinies of half the globe, was soon fought; but the wisdom which dictated the victorious movement, was the attainment of many years. The signature of our chief magistrate can be given to a law

by the movement of his pen ; but what fearful interests hang on the moment of decision. Yet not more fearful, as eternity shall disclose, than may hang on some few of the sentences in the last sermon of your short life. Mighty events for both worlds were decided by Peter's short address on the day of Pentecost. Would he have made that address if he had not followed Jesus in his full course of preparation ? It is worth a life of prayerful study, to be privileged to preach such a sermon as that by Mr. Livingstone, at the kirk of Schotts, in Scotland, when about five hundred turned to the Lord. Such results come not by chance, either as it respects the means, or the grace that blesses them. If you would preach such a sermon, follow the pattern of preparation your Lord has given. It is as much a duty to *prepare* to preach the Gospel well, as actually to preach it well ; and he who is properly engaged in such preparation, is truly and acceptably serving Christ, and ready to meet him at a moment's warning.

Thus have I endeavored, as fully as the limits of this Tract would permit, to meet the true spirit of the questions proposed for discussion.

Having now seen the pressing need of young men to preach the Gospel, and the kind of men that are needed, and the acquisitions they should first make, it may not be improper, in conclusion, very briefly to inquire, HOW ARE THESE YOUNG MEN TO BE SUPPLIED ? A momentous question, truly, for the church at large, and particularly for those on whom the responsibility is more immediately devolved. And who are these responsible persons ? The following classes may be readily designated.

First, *the converted young men* in our country. If such as are gifted by nature and grace for the work, will not freely come forward and devote their lives to the divine calling, the world will not be saved. Are you, then, a

young man whose heart the Lord hath opened to rejoice in his kingdom? Seriously and prayerfully inquire with yourself, whether it may not be your duty and your most exalted privilege to bear a part in hastening his kingdom, by leaving your farm, your merchandise, your shop, your office, your endeared home, and giving up your life to preaching this same Jesus, whose word has now become so precious to your soul. Inquire of others, and especially of your minister, in hope that they may cast light on your path. Above all, inquire of God, with a mind that wishes to know and do his will. There is not a young man under the age of thirty, who ought not solemnly to ponder this question as a matter of personal duty. Perhaps you will be able—or will rather be compelled—very speedily to decide it in the negative. Be it so: still, the time spent in such examination is not lost. If properly spent, it will do you good while you live. It will make you a more active and practical Christian, by the elevation of mind and purity of purpose which such a contemplation is fitted to impart. Excite also your young brethren, perhaps more gifted than yourself, to make the same investigation for themselves.

The parents of promising young men belong to the responsible number. Are you, as a father, blessed with a son of the suitable natural endowments, and now doubly blessed by his hopeful conversion? Make yourself more than thrice happy in him, for this world and the future, by giving up this son to an employment so elevated, so needful, and in which angels would delight to minister. For mere worldly gain, or honor, or ease, to yourself or him, you cannot, you must not withhold him. The Lord hath need of him, and you must rejoice to send him forth. Are you a devout, but poor widowed mother, whose desolate heart is sustained by an only son, a child of many prayers, and that heart now overflowing with gratitude for the conversion of this son? Strange as it may seem to the eye of worldly wis-

dom, you will be the last to need exhortation to the duty now in question. If, like her who gave all her living, you find it consistent to gratify your strongest desire, and give your only son in cheerful faith, the God of the widow and the fatherless may make it a memorial better than that of sons and of daughters.

But with Christian parents we stop not here. Ye fathers and mothers in Israel, what to you are sons and worldly substance more than to other parents? Every thing, if you have but hearts to know it. Wait not, then, till your sons are converted, but from their birth feel that they are the Lord's, and continually pray that they may be sanctified for his service. While rearing them in faith, often tell them you have thus devoted them to him. In due time, cheerfully consent to the expense of their education at college, in hope that the divine Spirit will then meet them, if not before, and form them vessels of honor. Nor cease to hope, and pray, and labor in faith, provided they should not so soon be turned to the Lord; nor, indeed, ever regret your efforts for so good an object, though you should not see it accomplished in the manner you had hoped. But many such parents will see their object accomplished speedily; many are, in fact, seeing it accomplished, from year to year, through the revivals that so frequently bless our schools of learning.

Teachers, also, of every class, from the common and the Sabbath school, up to the college, belong to this responsible number. They have special opportunities for discerning and guiding the most useful talents the country contains. Well may it be expected of them, that they will not neglect so responsible a trust. God will require it. By a single word fitly spoken, the most obscure Sabbath-school teacher may give to the church a blessing that cannot be estimated.

And last, but chief of all, may be named the *ministers*

of the Gospel. To you, ye spiritual guides and watchmen, is given in charge a sacred deposit, which you are bidden, in turn, to commit to faithful men, who are able to teach others. And it is no less your duty to seek out and provide such men for the church, than to see to it that you intrust the deposit with no others. You, above all other men, are the guides of education. You are acquainted with the schools and the youth of the land, and with their parents; and God has given you a voice that will be heard on this subject by parent, child, and teacher. Let each Christian minister, then, speak this word of power as God would have him speak, and thus every year double the whole usefulness of his own public ministry by selecting at least one for the high calling from those who might otherwise remain in obscurity. And when seasons of refreshing come from the presence of the Lord, let the holy man preach each sermon as though he were going to convert men who were, in turn, to become ministers, and who would take him as their pattern for imitation through life. Let him teach the young converts as though he were teaching embryo ministers, and, without needless delay, direct the minds of those who give promise of usefulness to the work of the sanctuary. He that will be thus faithful over a little, will be made ruler over much. He will soon see another outpouring of the Spirit, and another, and another still. His sun will finally go down in glory, and his light will be long reflected by a hemisphere of stars.

Thus let Zion's watchmen and all her sons be intent on increasing this great and primordial source of Christian influence, and soon the earth will be full of the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea. Reader, will you stand in your lot, and do your part in this work? and though perhaps you may be neither a prophet nor a prophet's son, thus receive a prophet's reward, as having, at least, preached the Gospel by the mouth of another.

THE APOSTATE.

AN AUTHENTIC NARRATIVE.

THE writer was well acquainted with R—— A——, late of Maryland, whose brief history is here given. At the age of about twenty he became anxious for his soul, and convinced that the course he had hitherto pursued, if persisted in, would lead to endless misery. With this conviction he resolved to seek the Lord while he might be found, and it was not long before he thought he had obtained an interest in him, and joined the church. For some time his life was apparently consistent with his profession. At length he formed an acquaintance with a gay young lady, of great personal attractions, but an entire stranger to religion; and although she was not pleased with his religious profession, yet his family and personal appearance were such, that she consented to marriage; thinking that, in due time she would be able to cure him of his religious frenzy.

She soon commenced the attempt. At first she urged that, if they wished to be thought well of by their friends, they ought not to refuse to join them at places of diversion and amusement; that he must know how persons of his inclination were despised by people of respectability; and that he had so much reading and praying in his house, the neighbors laughed at him. In fine, said she, "I married you to be happy; but I utterly despair of happiness, unless you give up your religion and be like other people."

He told her that happiness was what he wanted, but he had never found it in the way she proposed; that the happiness which sprung from the customs and pleasures of this world was not substantial; though for the present it might be sweet, in the end it would be bitter as death.

Having found these efforts unavailing to obtain her purpose, she refused to attend family devotion. He wept, grieved, and in secret often prayed for her. She continued to employ every stratagem which her wicked imagination could invent. At length, wearied by her constant opposition and persecution, he resolved he would try to get to

heaven alone, as she would not go with him; and determined to attend to his private devotions, and omit those of the family. His wife, however, pursued him to his closet; and succeeded in driving him to the relinquishment of every religious duty. And now that he forsook God, God forsook him; the native corruptions of a wicked heart began to stir within him, and raged, till they broke out in greater excesses than he had ever been guilty of before.

Some time after this he heard a sermon, in which his sins were brought fully to his remembrance. He then renewedly promised to serve the Lord, let him meet with ever so much opposition. But the obstacles were greater than he supposed. He found himself in the hands of the enemy, with less ability to resist temptation than he had before. He was like a man who, bound while asleep, struggles, but cannot free himself; groans under his bondage and strives for liberty, but in vain. At this juncture his wife redoubled her efforts, and gained her point a second time. He continued sinning with little remorse, till, having lost all desire for the means of grace, and entirely forsaking the company of the people of God, he gave himself up to the customs and maxims of the world, and even to open vice; when at length he was laid on a bed of affliction, and his life was despaired of.

Now his fears were alarmed; his sins appeared in dreadful colors before him; and such was the sense of his guilt, that he dared not look to God for mercy. "How can I," said he, "expect that God will pardon me, when I have run contrary to his will, grieved his Spirit, sinned away all the peace I once enjoyed, and have gone farther since my apostasy, than I ever did before I named his name. Oh, that I had my time to live over again. Oh, that I had never been born." His disorder increased, and his fears were wrought up to terror. "If," said he, "God would give me another trial, I would amend my ways. If God will not hear me, perhaps he will hear the prayers of his people on my behalf. Oh, send for them, that they may pray for me; for how can I stand before the avenger of sin in this my lamentable condition."

His Christian friends visited him; God appeared to answer their prayers, and, contrary to expectation, he recovered. But as his bodily strength increased, his convictions

subsided ; and by the time he was fully restored to health, he forgot his danger, and actually returned to all his former vices.

Some years after his recovery I fell in company with him, and we entered into close conversation on the state of his soul. I asked him what he thought would be his destiny, if he died in his present state.

“Why,” said he, “as sure as God is in heaven, I should be damned.”

“Well,” said I, “do you mean to die in this state? Do you never think of changing your course of life?”

“My friend,” said he, “I have no desire to serve God ; I have no desire for any thing that is good : to tell you the truth, I as much believe that my damnation is sealed, as that I am now conversing with you. I remember the very time when the Spirit of God departed from me ; and what may surprise you more than all, I am no more troubled about it than if there was no God to punish sin, and no hell to punish sinners in.”

I was struck speechless at his narration : it is not in my power to describe my feelings. The bold indifference which marked his features, and the hardness of heart displayed by him, were truly shocking. After I parted with him my meditations were engaged upon the awful subject. “Lord,” thought I, “with whom have I been conversing? An immortal spirit clothed with flesh and blood, who appears to be sealed over to eternal damnation. A man who once had a day of grace and the offer of mercy, but now appears to be lost, for ever lost. To him the door of heaven is shut, never more to be opened. He once had it in his power to accept salvation, and because he did not improve his time and talents, God has judicially taken them all away, and given him over to blindness of mind. He is neither moved by mercy nor terrified by judgment.”

About two years after this he was laid upon the bed of death. His conscience roared like thunder against him, and his every sense appeared to be awake to torment him. His sickness was short, and his end was awful. His Christian friends visited him, and desired to administer comfort, but he was comfortless. They told him that perhaps he was mistaken—it was not so bad with him as he imagined.

“Ah,” said he, “would to God I was mistaken ; happy

would it be for me. But can I be mistaken about my sickness? is it imagination which confines me here? are my pains imaginary? No, no, they are a reality; and I am as certain of my damnation as of my pains."

Some persons offered to pray with him. But he forbade it, and charged them not to attempt it. For, said he, "that moment that you attempt to lift up your hearts to God on my behalf, I feel the flames of hell kindle in my soul: you might as well pray for Satan as for me; you would have as much success. Do you think to force God? do you think to force the gates of heaven, which are barred by justice against me? Never. Your prayers shall return upon your own head; I want none of them."

The distress of his mind seemed to make him forget the pains of his body, and he continued in nearly the same situation till the day of his death. All that Christians or Christian ministers could say to him, made no impression. He never asked one to pity or pray for him.

Just before his departure, after he had been rolling from side to side for some time, with horror depicted in every feature, he called to his wife to bring him a cup of cold water; for, said he, "in one hour I shall be where I shall never get another drop." She brought him the water, he drank it with greediness, and reached back the cup with a trembling hand; then staring her in the face, his eyes flashing with terror, he cried out, "Rebecca, Rebecca, you are the cause of my eternal damnation." He turned over, and with an awful groan left the world, to enter upon the untried realities of a dread eternity.

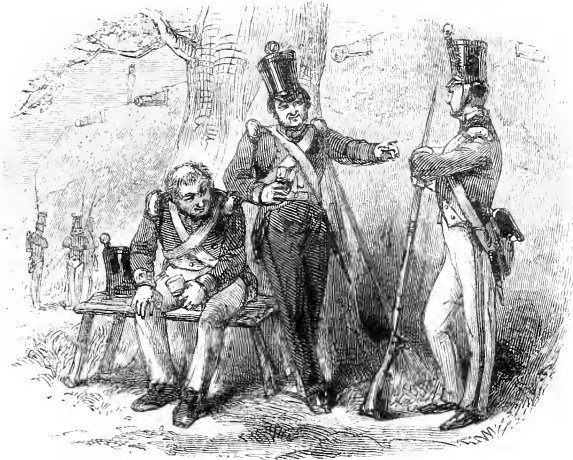
Beloved reader, meditate on this narrative. Be not conformed to this world. Yield not to the temptations of the adversary of souls. Fear much, lest a promise being left you of entering into the rest of the people of God, you come short; and a hardened, impenitent sinner, or a self-ruined backslider, finally inherit the portion of the hypocrite and unbeliever, "where their worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched," and where "the backslider shall be filled with his own ways."

HISTORY

OF

CORPORAL MURRAY,

OF THE FIFTH REGIMENT, UNITED STATES INFANTRY



“This day,” said the speaker, addressing companies A and B of the above-named regiment, at Chicago, September 15, 1834, “this day, you have carried to the grave the cold remains of *two* of your companions in arms. One wide grave contains them both. You have discharged over them the farewell shot ;

‘ But honor’s voice could not awake their dust,
Or flattery soothe the dull, cold ear of death.’

The sound echoed over the calm lake before you, but it reached them not ; nor will aught awake them till the trumpet shall sound that will call up the slumbering dead.

The morning gun, that has so often summoned them to duty, they will hear no more. The bugle's notes they will never more obey. Yet one summons they will obey: they will come forth 'in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump; for the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed.'

"How sudden has been their removal from you. Five nights since, they were on guard together; they came off touched with fearful disease, to enter the same ward of the hospital. In the same hour, between nine and ten this morning, they died; now their bodies are sleeping in the same grave, and their souls have appeared before God. At the same moment they shall arise, when 'all that are in their graves shall come forth: they that have done good, to the resurrection of life; and they that have done evil, to the resurrection of damnation.'"

One of these individuals was JAMES MURRAY, whose brief history is now presented. Those who knew him best, will rejoice to see his portrait *true to the life*, as he was after he had been taught by the Spirit of God.

He was a native of Ireland. His parents resided a few miles from Belfast, and were in very respectable circumstances in life. There he received the rudiments of a good education, as it was the wish of his parents to establish him in some mercantile employment.

In religious belief they were followers of the Romish church, and they trained their children in the same faith. From his school, where he had acquired some knowledge of the Latin and Greek, he was sent at an early age to Belfast, where his brothers were then engaged in profitable business. There he was apprenticed to an apothecary, with whom he remained three years. From that station he was

sent to the College of Physicians and Surgeons at Glasgow, Scotland ; but he remained there only a short period, when, without the knowledge of his parents, he shipped for America. The reasons which induced him to take this rash step are not now known with certainty. It is probable that among them were a roving spirit, and the flattering hope of accumulating wealth. In this last he was disappointed ; but his failure may have been the means of securing to him an eternal treasure.

Soon after reaching Canada, he opened in Quebec, in company with another, a store of drugs and medicines, of which he had considerable knowledge.

Not succeeding in this business, discouraged and heart-broken, he wandered from place to place, a stranger in a land of strangers ; and at length, wishing to forget his folly, his parents, and his native country, he enlisted as a soldier in the United States army at Boston, in the year 1830.

If he had not endeavored to drown his self-made sorrows by the use of ardent spirits before this period, and if this had not been one of the principal causes of his entering the service, he had not been long in the army, where the whiskey-ration was then dealt out to him as regularly as his bread and meat, before he was confirmed in habits of intemperance.

Indeed, he needed no small share of moral courage to stand erect as a temperate man, when, so universally,

“ Drinking was the soldier’s pleasure.”

Could he bear to have old soldiers laugh at him as they swallowed the liquid fire, and call him a *baby*, *white-livered*, because he could not drink his two gills a day ? How much reason have my friends of the army now to praise God that

this patronized, fostered *reign of whiskey* is passed; that they who now come temperate to the ranks, are not brought under its influence; that government now kindly provides the nutritious sugar and coffee, instead of that mischief-making, soul-destroying poison.

It was not so when Murray enlisted. Those who knew him will remember the influence which the drunkard's drink had upon his athletic form and vigorous mind, while using the daily whiskey-ration at *Fort Howard*.

Removed to the wild frontier, a thousand miles west from the place of his enlistment, exposed to temptations in every form, and wishing to cast oblivion over his past life, he often indulged in the most brutal intoxication. Frequent exposure and hardships, brought upon himself by that course of utter folly, soon undermined his strong constitution, and planted the seeds of disease which has so early terminated his life.

Yet the intelligence and skill of Murray soon drew the attention of his officers, and he was promoted to the rank of corporal.

But this did not conquer his craving thirst. How could it, when the fire was daily fed by the dealing out of his two gills? The vulture thus preying upon his liver, and encouraged by government sanction to drink, his allowance was soon not sufficient to answer the cry of "Give, give," which he felt coming up continually from his *burning breast*. Often intoxicated, the patience of his officers was exhausted, and he was at length *tried* for drunkenness, *broken*, and *reduced to the ranks*.

He had yet some ambition, and by a strong effort abstained for a season, till he regained the confidence of the commander and was restored to his station, which he re-

tained to the day when his fellow-soldiers accompanied him with *reversed arms* ; showing that these weapons would be used by him no more—that, as a soldier, he was at rest.

It was in the autumn of 1832 that my personal acquaintance with Corporal Murray commenced. Company “A” arrived at Fort Brady in October of that year. They had heard of the blessed outpouring of the Spirit of God which we had enjoyed the winter and spring previous ; that most of the officers at that post, and many of the enlisted men, had been converted, and had publicly professed their faith in Christ ; that ardent spirits had been entirely excluded from the fort ; and that most of the men had also given up the pernicious beer.

Their curiosity was of course excited about these “strange things.” For a time they watched cautiously the influence of these temperance measures and prayer-meetings upon the character of soldiers ; but soon some of them were led to wish they could share the happiness they saw their companions in arms enjoying. They were convinced that there is a joy in the duties of piety which they had never experienced, and that the religion of Christ is fitted to bless men in every condition in life ; that it can give comfort in the barracks, as well as in the quiet dwelling ; in the camp, as well as in the cottage ; on the wild frontier, as well as in the peaceful village. The first step in reform, with many of them, was to add their names to the Temperance Society.

In that distant outpost, near where the magnificent Lake Superior empties its crystal waters through the broad, translucent river St. Mary, withdrawn from the more busy scenes of public life, and removed from many of the temptations to drink with which they had long been surrounded

they found it comparatively easy to make the pledge of *total abstinence*, and to keep it.

Corporal Murray was among the first in company "A" that joined the Temperance Society. Before doing this, after he reached Fort Brady, notwithstanding the strength of his mind and his resolution to the contrary, he was once intoxicated. He knew that he was exposed again and again to fall, if he did not seek some new shield to defend himself. The Society offered him this defence; he took it, and it was the probable means of saving him from a drunkard's grave and a miserable eternity. He never repented that step. Happy are they who follow his example in this thing.

Being a Roman Catholic, he at first ridiculed the religious meetings; and instead of attending them, used to go to the quarters of an Irish family next door, and pass the time which we devoted to the worship of God, in card-playing. While we begged the Lord to forgive them, we could hear their fearful oaths and senseless laugh. In profaneness, I am told, he had then hardly his equal in the camp. One night he was determined to break up our praying by his oaths and noise. In this he did not succeed. Afterwards, when he looked back on that scene with shame and grief, he said, "I did not know what I was doing."

I was first led to inquire the name of this man, by seeing his manly form and generous features regularly at church on the Sabbath. And with great pleasure I learned that he had so far cast off the trammels of his Romish education as to listen with a degree of interest to the word of God.

Besides attending public worship on the Sabbath, he was at length brought into the Bible class. The pleasing, solemn scenes of that post-schoolhouse, where we studied

together "the glorious Gospel of the blessed God," many will never forget. The truths there heard, I doubt not, will prove to many "*a savor of life unto life*;" and thus be remembered to eternity.

It was there the Lord convinced Murray of sin, and showed him that all the ceremonies of the Romish church were in vain to his salvation. For a time he thought if he became moral, broke off drinking, swearing, and Sabbath-breaking, and did what the world calls honorable, he should secure heaven; but then he had not seen the depravity of his heart, his entire natural pollution, and the necessity of the blood of Christ to cleanse from all sin. He long concealed his feelings, too proud to acknowledge that he was seeking peace from religion. Then he was loud in arguments and full of cavilling against the truth. But conscience would not sleep. It was as a fire shut up in his bones. He saw the operations of the Spirit on the minds of others. Some of his companions were rejoicing in the hope that God had forgiven their sins, and others were asking what they should do to be saved.

In the spring of 1833 his feelings were such that he could conceal them no longer. He had been so opposed to religion that his associates could hardly believe him sincere when he told them he was resolved to seek the Lord. Yet his deep solemnity and perseverance soon convinced them that he was not trying to deceive.

With great pleasure I learned that he wished to be instructed in the way of life. With deep emotion he told me how conscious he was of his lost condition, and begged to know if there was mercy for such a sinner. He thought, he said, that he was willing to submit to God, but that God would not receive him. But the true reason why he was

not then accepted is contained in these words of Christ :
“Ye will not come to me, that ye may have life.”

I knelt and prayed with him, begging the Lord to break the chains of sin, and deliver him from that device of Satan which has destroyed so many souls ; but he arose, with others in the same state of mind, yet unsubdued. For days they remained in this darkness, inclined to cast the blame of their impenitence on God. The difficulty was, that they yet depended on themselves, and feared to trust their all to Christ. They would not, like the sinking Peter, feel that there was no hope except in the power and mercy of the Saviour, and cry confidently, “Lord, save ; I perish !”
They feared to trust their souls to Jesus.

But, thanks to our almighty Saviour, they at length saw their error ; and some found peace and joy in believing. In one of our delightful Bible-class meetings, corporal Murray hoped that his sins were forgiven ; and that, unworthy as he was, he had been accepted for Christ’s sake. As he told me of his hope, my soul, that had travailed for him, rejoiced exceedingly, and I could have fallen on his neck to kiss him, when I looked upon him as created anew in Christ Jesus. In a brief time he was again surrounded with clouds and fears, until, while reclining one night on his bunk in the guard-room, and offering ceaseless prayer to be enlightened from above, he hoped he was truly renewed by the Holy Ghost.

When I next met him, he said, “I think I have good news for you ;” and joy beamed in his countenance as he spoke. In describing that scene, he said, “The feelings of my heart remind me of that part of our Saviour’s instructions to Nicodemus : ‘Marvel not that I said unto you, ye must be born again. The wind bloweth where it listeth,

and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh, nor whither it goeth ; so is every one that is born of the Spirit.' ” I could not but rejoice in the hope that he had been thus born.

The last Sabbath of April following, he publicly professed his faith in Christ with several of his companions, and sat down to the table of the Lord with the little band of believers which had been gathered at this distant point, and which, eight days after, was scattered over this frontier, never again to meet as a church, till all who then partook worthily, shall meet in heaven, to feast at the great supper of the Lamb.

Sixteen months have now passed since that solemn, pleasing day. With excited hopes and many fears for the lambs of the scattered flock, who were thrown into scenes of trial, in a few days from that event we landed at Chicago and entered the fort. None entered it with a more healthful countenance or a firmer step than Corporal Murray ; but he is the first of that band of professed soldiers of the cross whose death we have been called to mourn.

Though, after his arrival here, temptations came in *new* and *ever-varying forms*, and on that account tenfold more dangerous, yet, by the grace of God, he was able to resist and come off more than conqueror.

Though, before conversion, he was notoriously and awfully profane, since then, not an oath has been heard from his lips. Though before often intoxicated, and at times apparently past hope, he has since entirely abstained, not only from ardent spirits, but from *wine, strong beer*, and all inebriating drinks. He saw that these enemies had cast down many wounded ; that the first drink generally broke the charm, and was followed by inevitable ruin ; and his

resolution *never to touch or taste* remained unshaken to the hour of death. By grace he was saved, through faith.

Although, previous to his conviction of sin, a strong supporter of the Romish church, he has since looked upon it as the deceiver of the nations; as “that man of sin, the son of perdition, who opposeth and exalteth himself above all that is called God, or that is worshipped; so that he, as God, sitteth in the temple of God, showing himself that he is God.” He deplored the influence of this faith over his native country, and feared that his parents were still enslaved in its iron fetters.

Even the enemies of the faith in which he died are constrained to confess that, from the time of his making a religious profession, he maintained an untarnished name. Sweet is the memory of the just.

Though, previous to his moral change, he felt that by his own good works he could secure eternal life, since then he has ever felt that all our righteousness is but filthy rags—that he could be accepted of God only on account of the merits and atonement of Christ.

As a Christian, he was meek and retiring, yet firm and unwavering. Where others fell, to the fearful wounding of the cause of the Lord, he, sustained by grace, stood unshaken. Let who else would be absent from church, his place was regularly filled when not detained by duty or sickness. Rarely was he absent from our evening prayer-meeting. And never was a word of accusation brought against Corporal Murray by brother or by enemy. Yet he had sad occasion to weep over the backsliding of many around. When speaking of the inactivity and remissness of some professed Christians, I once said to him, “Do these things make you doubt the truth of religion?” He replied

with a pleasing firmness, "O no, sir, no; I have that within me that will not let me doubt."

As a soldier, he was a pattern of faithfulness and punctuality. Pleased to obey every command of his superiors, he was strict in requiring obedience from those whom it was his duty to command. Though educated for a very different station in life from that which he at last filled, in this he was contented and happy, after he had learned, from experience, the true source of peace of mind, in the service of the Lord. And in this he intended to remain till he had kept his oath to serve the United States five years faithfully. Those years were fast passing away, and he was beginning to anticipate pleasure in civil life, as a teacher or farmer, when he was unexpectedly discharged from his warfare by death. From the army on earth we trust he has been transferred to the hosts of heaven; from the ranks of enlisted men, to the privileges of God's elected sons.

On Thursday, September 11, Major W. came to inform me of his illness. "Corporal Murray," said he, "and another man are very sick, and the physicians pronounce their disease cholera."

I hastened to the hospital and found the men in extreme pain. The features of Murray were ghastly; his flesh seemed to have vanished; the pain of his cramped limbs was severe, and a constant hiccough indicated a fearful stage of disease.

His first remark, as I took his cold, clammy hand, was, "I believe I am about to leave you, Mr. ——."

"It may be so; but I hope the Lord will please to spare you. How do you feel in this near prospect of death?"

"It does not look fearful," he replied; "I am not afraid to die."

“Your confidence at this hour is in Christ, I trust.”

“In Christ only—only through his merits do I hope for acceptance.”

His incessant hiccoughing made it impossible for him to say much. After praying with him, asking only that the will of the Lord might be done, I turned to mark his feelings. His hands were still clasped and raised in the attitude of prayer, and his eyes fixed as if beholding glory, invisible to those around him.

His actions and his words exhibited a cheerful resignation to the will of God. When allowed to quench his burning thirst with a spoonful of barley-water or a few drops of ether, he said to me, “This is a small allowance; my heart is burning in me.”

“Yes,” said I; “but how enviable is your condition, compared with theirs who, in the lake of fire, call in vain for a drop of water to cool their burning tongues.”

“Yes, yes,” he replied, “I hope that may never be my case.”

Sabbath noon, one week from the day we had been present together at the commemoration of the Saviour’s death, I conversed with him for the last time. Still, his confidence was in Christ Jesus, with whom he hoped to reign for ever and ever. In referring, then, to that last opportunity of communing with the people of God, and contemplating the prospects of soon meeting his ascended Lord at his table in heaven, he had strong consolation. Death was making rapid progress; and the friend whose spiritual life I had watched with so much interest from the hour of his new birth, could hardly be aroused from the fearful sleep that was stealing upon him. At times he was in a measure delirious. After this interview he had no rational conversation with any one.

In moments of mental wandering, however, he spoke of deliverance from sin ; and once, with great beauty and confidence, exclaimed, as though conscious of present pain and sure of speedy relief, “ *There’s rest hereafter ; I’ll go bail for it.*”

When I called on Monday morning, he had just ceased to breathe ; he had “ fallen asleep.”

“ His languishing head was at rest—
Its thinking and aching were o’er.”

It was pleasant to think, as I looked upon his noble features, silent in death, that his soul was now enjoying the society of the redeemed in heaven.

But with painful emotions I turned to the bed of his companion in suffering, whose blood-shot eyes and deep gasping told that soon his spirit too would be in eternity. In looking at him I was cheered with no comforting hope that his would be the death of the righteous. For him, that was a fearful hour. In fifteen minutes he too was dead. They fell together ; yet it may be true of them, that “ one was taken, and the other left ;” that one will arise to the resurrection of life, the other to the resurrection of damnation. Who will think it wise to put off preparation for death to such an hour as that ?

“ Death cannot make our souls afraid,
If God be with us there.”

But if God be not with us, who will dare to die ? “ It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God !”

It was faith in our Lord Jesus Christ which enabled our departed friend Murray to look with pleasure upon approaching death. Christ was his Rock. They who build on any other foundation will find it treacherous. May his

fellow-disciples, having begun by repentance and faith, "continue to the end;" and may those who know not his spiritual joy, break off their sins by repentance, and bring forth the fruits of righteousness. Only they who do so, can hope to enter the kingdom of heaven.

He fell *on guard*, both as an American soldier and as a soldier of the cross. Blessed are they whom the Lord, when he cometh, shall find so doing.

I may not detain the reader by telling my emotions as I watched the ebb of life from the sunken features of Murray, and thought of his parents four thousand miles distant, so ignorant of the fate of their son. How many, like him, wander from the friends of their childhood; yet how few, comparatively, secure the friendship of the Saviour, and exchange, in death, the pallet for a mansion in heaven.

"Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints." And every remembrance of those we love is precious, whom we have seen falling asleep in Jesus. This feeling prompted me to go immediately from the grave of Corporal Murray to his room, to inquire if he had left any manuscripts that would throw any light on his history, or on the feelings of his heart.

I found but three papers, yet these were pleasing mementos. His library consisted of a Bible, which he had purchased; a New Testament, presented to him by his pastor; a Village Hymn-book, given him by Mrs. H. at Fort Brady; and a few choice Tracts.

The manuscripts were, the Constitution and Proceedings of the Company "A" Temperance Society, of which he was Secretary; his answers to the questions of the Bible class, which he wrote out at the time he attended it; and

a memorandum, in which he had written two hymns and a brief comment on a passage of Scripture.

Not a letter, or any clue to his early history, could be found. And these three papers were all that showed any thing of the feelings of his heart. But these were peculiarly gratifying, since, though dead, he speaks forcibly by them of the ground of his hope, and the source of his consolation.

The sentiments of the first hymn were drawn from the passage of Scripture, John 16 : 2, "In my Father's house are many mansions," etc. I may not lengthen this narrative by copying both these beautiful hymns ; but leave the reader to judge of the feelings of his heart from the second, which follows.

"Now adieu, ye fields of gladness,
Fields wherein I used to roam ;
But without a tear of sadness,
I can leave thee, O my home :
Jesus calls me—
I am ready ; Lord, I come.

What though darkness, pain, and sorrow,
Consummate my early doom ;
What though dying moments borrow
Fearful shadows from the tomb :
Light immortal
Soon shall dissipate the gloom.

See unnumbered angels flinging
Golden crowns before his throne ;
Hark ! the ransomed spirits singing
Notes to mortal ears unknown :
 'Thou art worthy !
Jesus, Saviour, thou alone !

Lingering bonds of nature sever—
O for pinions like a dove ;
Heavenly wings, to soar for ever
With angelic hosts above :
Singing, ‘ Glory !
Glory to redeeming love !’”

The wish expressed in this last verse seems almost to have been a prophetic one ; and as it so beautifully shows that his treasure and his heart were in heaven, I cannot doubt but he who, six days before, was with us in the prayer-meeting, assisting our songs of praise with the sweet-tuned flute, is now striking a heavenly harp in concert with angel voices, as they sing with rapture the ceaseless song,

“ Glory, glory to redeeming love !”

“ MANY DIE AS SUDDEN, FEW AS SAFE.” Reader, would you meet death in peace ; would you shout victory as you enter the deep waters ; would you triumph over death, the last enemy of the redeemed ; seek now an assurance that the Saviour is your friend. Be faithful and honest with yourself and your God. Repent, and believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and you shall be saved.

“I’VE NO THOUGHT OF DYING SO.”

AN AUTHENTIC NARRATIVE.

A—— B—— was a son of wealthy and influential parents, in one of the northern counties of the state of New York; and the substance of what I am about to relate is well known in the neighborhood where he lived and died.

He commenced business for himself early in life, and exhibited considerable shrewdness and energy of mind. But the safeguards of virtue and piety did not shield him in the perilous season of youth; and he soon became, in the language of the world, a bold, generous-hearted fellow, growing in popularity and wealth. He was above the fear of religious admonition and the authority of the Bible; and was considered quite able to confute any Christian believer. He was indeed a young man of promise; but his life was a dreadful illustration of the words of holy writ: “the heart of the sons of men is full of evil, and madness is in their heart while they live;” and his end was a scene of thickening horrors.

About a year before his death, and not above five years ago, A—— B—— was riding with an intimate friend, when the conversation which follows was held. This friend, as he now says, was, at the time, considerably impressed by religious truth; but, that he might be comforted in his impenitence by the scepticism of his more intelligent and reckless comrade, or for some other reason, he felt desirous to know B——’s sentiments fully in religion. Accordingly, after a little hesitation, he commenced by saying,

“B——, you and I have been much together, and have confidence, I believe, in each other as friends. We have conversed freely upon almost every subject; but there is one that we have never seriously talked about. It is a subject

that has troubled me for some time ; and I should like to know what are really your candid opinions. If you don't wish to have them told, I will keep the matter to myself."

"O, certainly," was the reply, "I've no objection against making known any of my opinions."

"Well, then," said Henry—for so I will name his friend—"what do you think about the Bible? Is it true? And is there any such thing as religion; or is it all a delusion?"

"Why, as to that," said B——, "I've no more doubt that there is a God, and that religion is a reality, and that it is necessary to be what the Christians call pious in order to be happy hereafter, than that we are riding together."

Henry was greatly surprised ; and looking at him intently, to see whether there was not designed trifling, B—— proceeded.

"It is plain enough that the Bible is true. It's a book that no mere man could ever have written ; and a book, in my opinion, that no one, however wicked he may be, can read, and believe in his heart to be an imposition. I have tried often to believe so. And no one can look at the Christian religion, and see what it is designed to effect, without feeling that it must be from God. In fact, no man can be a Deist who isn't a —— fool. For reason and conscience confirm the Christian doctrines, and satisfy me that there is a place of happiness and of misery hereafter."

Henry was amazed at these confessions from one who had been nurtured in infidelity, and was regarded by the pious as a heaven-daring young man. At length he replied, "If this is your belief, B——, you're in an awful situation. What can you think of your present course?"

"Why, it's a pretty bad one, to be sure ; but *I've no thought of dying so*. I mean to become a Christian. But the fact is, a man must have property : unless he has, he is scarcely respected even by Christians themselves. And I mean to make money and enjoy life ; and when I've got things around me to my mind, then I will be liberal and

feed the poor, and do good—that’s the way church-members do.”

“But how long do you think it will be safe for you to indulge your present habits? Being out late and drinking have already injured your health.”

“I’ve thought of that,” answered B——. “But I’m young and hearty; though I intend to quit cards and drinking pretty soon.”

“I speak as a friend, B——; but I did not suppose, from what I have heard you say, that you believed in a Saviour, or in heaven or hell.”

“I do, as much as you or any man.”

“Do you remember playing cards at ——?” And here Henry referred to most horrid profanity uttered during a night of carousal.

“Oh, when I swore so, I was a little intoxicated; but I felt sorry for it afterwards. I know it’s wrong, and I always feel sorry. But when I’m among those fellows, I can’t very well help it.”

“But how often,” continued his still doubting friend, “have I heard you say, that religion was nothing but priest-craft, and that Christians were a pack of fools?”

“I know I’ve said so when they’ve crossed my path, and made me angry. And I think now, that a good many of those who pretend to be Christians are nothing but hypocrites. But that there is real religion, and that there are some who possess it, and have what you and I know nothing about, it’s no use to deny.”

The conversation continued much in this strain for some time; and made a deep and most happy impression on the mind of Henry.

As for his companion, “madness was in his heart” as long as he lived, and he soon went “to the dead.” He continued to drink, until he was known to be a drunkard. He mingled with gamblers, till his moral sensibilities seemed wholly blunted. At length, after a night of dissipation, he started for home—was thrown from his wagon, and badly

bruised; disease set in, with dreadful severity, upon his constitution, greatly enfeebled by irregularities; and in a little space delirium tremens hurried him to his grave.

Every reader may well be astonished at the inconsistencies, as well as shocked at the impiety of this poor wretch; yet who can avoid seeing that his character is essentially that of thousands who mean finally to enter the kingdom of heaven? Are there not many who read this, respectable before the world; free, as they think, from gross vices, and from danger; that have already entered the path which sunk this young man to eternal night? Let the gay and the fashionable, and especially let every young man remember, that the steps which take hold on hell are by no means seldom those which *first* lead to the convivial card-party. Here the lovers of pleasure find an atmosphere peculiarly intoxicating, which renders serious society and instructive employment altogether distasteful; and are drawn, step by step, into the associated vices which destroy body and soul.

Let him who peruses this narrative also remember, that, however confident and bold he may be in scepticism, his confidence will desert him at the hour of need. Nay, his hopes from any system of infidelity will vanish now, if he will only sit down and reflect—if he will but seriously listen, for a few hours, to the sober decisions of reason and conscience.

And finally, let no one imagine that religion is something always, as it were, waiting on him: a prize which, at any future time, he has little more to do than to reach out his hand and take. It is not so. And yet many trust in this delusion, and quiet themselves with this hope, at the very hour that they are passing the bounds of mercy. Reader, are you saying, "I've no thought of dying as I am—I mean to become a Christian?" Beware.

“WHERE DID HE GET THAT LAW?”

In a neat and beautiful city, in one of the northern states, lived a lawyer of eminence and talents. I do not know many particulars of his moral character ; but he was notoriously profane. He had a negro boy, at whom his neighbors used to hear him swear with awful violence. One day this gentlemen met a decided Christian, who was also a lawyer, and said to him, “I wish, sir, to examine into the truth of the Christian religion. What books would you advise me to read on the evidences of Christianity?”

The pious lawyer, surprised at the inquiry, replied, “That is a question, sir, which you ought to have settled long ago. You ought not to have put off a subject so important to this late period of life.”

“It is too late,” said the inquirer. “I never knew much about it ; but I always supposed that Christianity was rejected by the great majority of learned men. I intend, however, now to examine the subject thoroughly myself. I have upon me, as my physician says, a mortal disease, under which I may live a year and a half, or two years, but not probably longer. What books, sir, would you advise me to read?”

“The Bible,” said the other.

“I believe you do not understand me,” resumed the unbeliever, surprised in his turn ; “I wish to investigate the *truth* of the Bible.”

“I would advise you, sir,” repeated his Christian friend, “to read the Bible. And,” he continued, “I will give you my reasons. Most infidels are very ignorant of the Scriptures. Now, to reason on any subject with correctness, we must understand what it is about which we reason. In the next place, I consider the *internal evidence* of the truth of the Scriptures stronger than the external.”

“And where shall I begin?” inquired the unbeliever. “At the New Testament?”

“No,” said the other; “at the beginning—at Genesis.”

The infidel bought a commentary, went home, and sat down to the serious study of the Scriptures. He applied all his strong and well-disciplined powers of mind to the Bible, to try rigidly but impartially its truth. As he went on in the perusal, he received occasional calls from his professional friend. The infidel freely remarked upon what he had read, and stated his objections. He liked this passage—he thought that touching and beautiful—but he could not credit a third.

One evening the Christian lawyer called, and found the unbeliever at home, walking the room with a dejected look, his mind apparently absorbed in thought. He continued, not noticing that any one had come in, busily to trace and retrace his steps. His friend at length spoke. “You seem, sir,” said he, “to be in a brown study. Of what are you thinking?”

“I have been reading,” replied the infidel, “THE MORAL LAW.”

“Well, what do you think of it?” asked his friend.

“I will tell you what I *used* to think,” answered the infidel. “I supposed that Moses was the leader of a horde of banditti; that having a strong mind, he acquired great influence over a superstitious people; and that on Mount Sinai he played off some sort of fireworks, to the amazement of his ignorant followers, who imagined, in their mingled fear and superstition, that the exhibition was supernatural.”

“But what do you think now?” interposed his friend.

“I have been looking,” said the infidel, “into the *nature* of that law. I have been trying to see whether I can add any thing to it, or take any thing from it, so as to make it better. Sir, I cannot. It is *perfect*.”

“The first commandment,” continued he, “directs us to make the Creator the object of our supreme love and reverence. That is right. If he be our Creator, Preserver,

and supreme Benefactor, we ought to treat him, and *none other*, as such.

“The second forbids idolatry. That certainly is right.

“The third forbids profaneness.

“The fourth fixes a time for religious worship. If there be a God, he ought surely to be worshipped. It is suitable that there should be an outward homage, significant of our inward regard. If God be worshipped, it is proper that some *time* should be set apart for that purpose, when all may worship him harmoniously and without interruption. One day in seven is certainly not too much; and I do not know that it is too little.

“The fifth defines the peculiar duties arising from the family relations.

“Injuries to our neighbor are then *classified* by the moral law. They are divided into offences against life, chastity, property, and character. And,” said he, applying a legal idea with legal acuteness, “I notice that the greatest offence in each class is expressly forbidden. Thus, the greatest injury to life is murder; to chastity, adultery; to property, theft; to character, perjury. Now the greater offence must include the less of the same kind. Murder must include every injury to life; adultery every injury to purity; and so of the rest. And the moral code is closed and perfected by a command forbidding every improper *desire* in regard to our neighbor.

“I have been thinking,” he proceeded, “WHERE DID MOSES GET THAT LAW? I have read history: the Egyptians and the adjacent nations were idolaters; so were the Greeks and Romans; and the wisest and best Greeks or Romans never gave a code of morals like this. *Where did Moses get this law*, which surpasses the wisdom and philosophy of the most enlightened ages? He lived at a period comparatively barbarous; but he has given a law, in which the learning and sagacity of all subsequent time can detect no flaw. Where did he get it? He could not have soared so far above his age as to have devised it himself. I am satisfied where he obtained it. It must have come from

heaven. I am convinced of the truth of the religion of the Bible.”

The infidel—infidel no longer—remained to his death a firm believer in the truth of Christianity. He lived several years after this conversation; about three, I believe. He continued to pursue the study of the Bible—his views of the Christian religion expanding and growing correct. Profaneness was abandoned. An oath was now as offensive to him as it was familiar before. When his former gay companions used one, he habitually reprovèd them. He remonstrated with them upon its folly and want of meaning, and said that he could never imagine before, how painful profane language must be to a Christian. But did he become a sincere disciple of Christ? He always expressed great doubt upon that point. He could hope for nothing from the world, and he was afraid that he might choose other pleasures from that circumstance, without a radical change of heart.

I learned these particulars, a few years since, from one of the parties; and have endeavored to give them with strict accuracy.

Let the reader meditate on this history, for it is believed to be rich in practical instruction. The main thought is this, that the moral law is a monument—a sublime monument of the great moral transaction at Sinai, in the delivery of the ten commandments. But mark also the species of unbelief here exhibited; the improvement made of a lingering disease; the judicious advice and kind attention of the Christian friend; the beautiful arrangement of Providence by which these concurred; the excellence of the moral law as explained and felt; and, under the blessing of the Holy Spirit, the glorious reforming power of the Bible.

MOTIVES TO EARLY PIETY.

BY THE LATE HARLAN PAGE.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIEND—While I see so many youth hastening unprepared to eternity, I cannot forbear calling to you to stop for a moment, and consider what affecting MOTIVES urge you to make your peace with God.

Your *Christian friends* earnestly desire your salvation. They see your danger. They know that unless your heart is renewed by the Holy Spirit, your soul must be lost. It is with pain that they see you in the pursuit of sinful pleasure, trifling away your precious time, and treasuring up wrath against the day of wrath, preparing for a more aggravated doom. They plead with you. They weep and pray for you, night and day. They long to rejoice over you as a new-born heir of heaven. And must they plead, and weep, and pray for you in vain? O do not despise their reproof. Let them embrace you as a fellow-heir of the grace of life. Let their hearts be made glad by seeing you turning from sin and folly, and accepting the offers of eternal life.

The *angels of God* desire your salvation. Yes, their golden harps are tuned to raise a louder song of joy over every one who will repent. Will you not be the first to cause the arches of heaven to reëcho, that another wanderer has returned? Shall angels long for your salvation, and you be unconcerned about it yourself? But more,

Christ himself desires your salvation. For this he became “a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief.” For this he endured the agony of the garden and the cross. He calls you, by his word, by his providence, and by his Spirit. He declares that he “is not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance.” And shall he call in vain? Is it nothing to you, that he shed his precious blood, and bore the wrath of Jehovah for perishing sinners?

O heart of adamant, that will not melt in view of such condescension, suffering, and love. O vile ingratitude, that can behold, unmoved, "the Son of God in tears," offering himself for man's redemption.

Consider, also, *the glories of heaven*. There is the throne of God and of the Lamb. There, the pure river of the water of life for ever flows. There, saints and angels offer their unceasing praises. There, your departed Christian friends mingle their voices with the heavenly choir. There, all unite in shouting, "Hallelujah, hallelujah, for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth." "Blessing, and honor, and glory, and power, be unto Him that sitteth on the throne, and unto the Lamb for ever and ever." There, every humble penitent at last arrives. There is the consummation of all his happiness. There he takes his fill of pleasure, for ever to increase with his capacity. It is there the angels wait to rejoice at your conversion.

Think, too, of *the misery of hell*. O the horrors of despair! What pencil can paint, what tongue can tell, or what pen describe them? Weeping, and wailing, and gnashing of teeth constitute the horrid discord of the abodes of the damned. There, the stings of a guilty conscience, that worm that never dies; heart-rending reflections on murdered time; the view of saints in glory afar off; the surrounding gloom of the infernal pit; unavailing lamentations and despair, all conspire to render their misery complete. O, "who can dwell with devouring fire? Who can inhabit everlasting burnings?" Can you disregard the groans of those who are now suffering the just vengeance of an angry God? Will you sleep on, and delay, until you are awakened by the howlings of that tempest which will assuredly be poured out upon the wicked? Alas, what will you then do; how will you then escape, if you "neglect so great salvation?"

Consider *the worth of the soul*. Its value can be measured only by eternity. When millions of millions of ages shall have rolled away, your soul will still be active, and its capacity to suffer or enjoy for ever increasing.

“O the soul that never dies”—here spending its short probation, and preparing for the glories of heaven or miseries of hell.

Death is rapidly approaching. Perhaps this night you will close your eyes to awake in eternity. Thousands have been thus surprised. How many of your companions are gone, never to return. Their state is fixed. They are now enduring the wrath of God, or singing his praises in the paradise above. Whoever you are, you may be assured that death is nigh to you. To him you must yield, willing or unwilling; and eternal woe must be your doom, unless you haste to Christ, the only refuge from the impending storm. O remember, that you are mortal, that time flies, that death approaches, and that you have yet no hope, but are exposed every moment to be cut down, and consigned to everlasting ruin.

The day of judgment is at hand. Soon the loud trump of the archangel will awake the sleeping dead; and you among them will come forth to “the resurrection of life,” or “the resurrection of damnation.” Then the Saviour, whom you have loved, or despised, will appear in the clouds of heaven, to give to every one “according as his work shall be.” Before him you must stand with assembled millions, while he bids you depart, or welcomes you to a seat at his right hand. How dreadful must be that day to you, if you are not clothed with the robe of Christ’s righteousness. What will you do when the Judge shall pronounce your awful doom? How will you then feel, when your dear relatives and friends shall arise to meet Christ in the air, and go with him to the New Jerusalem above, while you are left behind, a companion of wretched men and devils—for ever to sink in misery—for ever to remain an outcast from the presence of God, from your Christian friends, and without the prospect of any alleviation of your woe? With what agony must you take up your final abode, where “the smoke of your torment will ascend up for ever and ever.”

Other motives might be urged, but if these will not

awaken you to a sense of your danger, others would be unavailing. Now, you have a day of grace. Now, the saints are praying for you; the angels of God wait to rejoice over you; the Lord Jesus Christ, by his word and by his Spirit, is entreating you to come; the glories of heaven are offered you; the miseries of hell are unveiled to your view; while the worth of your soul, the rapid approach of death and judgment, urge you to make haste—to escape for your life from the destruction that awaits you. O, my young friend, as you value your eternal well-being, I beseech you awake from this slumber. Arise, and go to Jesus. Go to him a humble beggar; go, penitent and believing. None such were ever sent empty away. While you tarry, your sins are accumulating, your danger is increasing. Delay a little longer, and your soul, your precious, immortal soul, is lost for ever.

As the beloved man who wrote these lines was drawing near to death, he was asked, “Do you feel that it is your choice now to go?” “Yes,” he replied, “if it is God’s will.”

“Should he please to restore you, would you not be willing to remain here and labor a little longer?”

“O yes, I think so, if it was his will. But my work on earth is *all done*. I want now to go and be with Christ. Prophets, and apostles, and martyrs are there; and many pious friends are there—I feel that I should like to meet them. Christ will be there; and we shall be like him, and see him as he is; that will be enough.”

Again he repeated the words, “Home, home,” and prayed, “O, for a free and full discharge. Lord Jesus, come quickly. Why wait thy chariot wheels so long? I dedicate myself to thee. O may I have the victory. O come quickly. Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly.”

THE

BIBLE AN INSPIRED BOOK.

PROVED BY SIX ARGUMENTS.

IF a revelation from God is *necessary*, that we may know his will, ascertain our duty, and secure our future safety, there is presumptive evidence springing from the divine benevolence, that it has been given.

Such revelation is necessary, because the light of nature, whether regarded in the works of creation and providence, or in the moral sense of right and wrong in man, fails entirely in communicating a knowledge of *the forgiveness of sin*, and therefore is insufficient to guide us in the very first step towards happiness.

If it be said that God is bountiful and kind, patient and forbearing, and therefore is merciful and will pardon sin; we reply, that the inference is at least exceedingly equivocal. A criminal may have a reprieve, and be allowed lodging and support between his condemnation and execution; but all these afford no pledge of his pardon. The argument from God's goodness, if carried out, would prove that there neither is, nor can be, evil of any kind in the world; a conclusion which our own experience sufficiently contradicts. A revelation, therefore, is *necessary*; and *this revelation we have in the Bible*.

I. PROOF FROM PROPHECY.

In the Bible we find *predictions* recorded, the *corresponding events* happening afterwards, and the events such as *no human sagacity could have foreseen*.

It is admitted that uninspired men have sometimes foretold events which have afterwards come to pass. In the diversified combination of things, they have been able to

conjecture shrewdly ; but, in the nature of the events foretold, the systematic arrangement, the precision of circumstance, the unfailing accomplishment, in every thing that can form the basis of an argument in favor of inspiration, the prophecies of Scripture are *peculiar and unrivalled*.

The bondage of the descendants of Abraham in Egypt was foretold to the patriarch, and its exact duration mentioned.

The captivity of the Jews in Babylon was matter of known prophecy, its limitation precisely defined, and Cyrus even mentioned by name, as their future restorer.

The utter destruction of Babylon was foretold in all its minutest circumstances, at the time of its greatest might and glory.

The ruin of the temple of the city of Jerusalem, and the dispersion and desolation of the Jewish nation, were all circumstantially foretold. And the condition of that people, scattered among the nations, peeled, and trodden under foot, yet still preserved distinct, and refusing, under every combination and pressure of circumstances, to blend with those around them, is a continual miracle—a standing certificate of the divine origin of Bible prophecy.

These, and many similar predictions, could only be made and fulfilled by that omniscient One, who knows the end from the beginning, and who in the empire of his providence does not fail to accomplish his own will.

Of all the prophecies contained in the Bible, however, those relating to the *mission and work of Messiah* are the most prominent and convincing. His incarnation, miraculous achievements, sufferings, death, including the very form and circumstances of it, resurrection, and subsequent glory, were foretold ages and centuries before the events took place. Consult especially Isa. 53, and Dan. 9. In all the predictions respecting Messiah, there is an entire *unity*, a perfect system ; a continual development of a single promise, age after age in the progress of the world's history, without its ever being contradicted or abandoned in one solitary instance throughout the Bible.

The writers of the Old Testament were men of different ages ; living at different periods ; of every variety of rank, habit, and pursuit ; liable to be influenced by the fluctuations of surrounding sentiments, views, and habits ; and

yet they all coincide in, and never lose sight of, one great object of expectation. To this there is no parallel in human things; nor can it be accounted for in any other way than by the superintendence and inspiration of the Almighty.

II. PROOF FROM MIRACLES.

A miracle is a suspension of a known law of nature—a result produced above, and contrary to the regular operating laws of nature; such as causing iron to swim, converting water into wine, and the like. Of these, many are recorded, both in the Old and New Testament Scriptures, wrought expressly in confirmation of the divine commission of those claiming to be the messengers of the divine will. They are the seal of God's authority to the truth of what was declared by those who performed them. The man who performs what is above his power, must be aided by a superior power. If he controls or suspends one law of nature without the aid of another, there is proof that the power by which these laws are ordained and influenced is exerted on his behalf; his divine mission is ratified, and *the truth* of what he declares under this sanction is not to be questioned. That follows of course; for it is mere atheism to imagine that the God of truth would thus prostitute his omnipotence to sanction imposture, and give falsehood currency.

That the miraculous facts recorded in the Scriptures actually took place, is scarcely a matter of controversy; indeed, they cannot be denied without discrediting *all* historical evidence. The unbelieving Jews and early infidels did not deny them, but they considered them as *impostures*: "He casteth out devils through Beelzebub, the prince of devils." Celsus, admitting the facts, asserted that Christ was a magician!

False and spurious pretences to miracle there have been in the world; but whence these counterfeits, if there never had been a reality? And let the miracles of Scripture be compared with all else that pretends to like authority, and their genuineness will at once be manifest to every ingenuous inquirer. With the magicians of Egypt, the confession will be made, "*This is the finger of God.*"

"These things were not done in a corner." They were openly performed; in the presence of multitudes—in the

presence of enemies. They were of such a kind, and wrought in such a manner, that the spectators of them could not be imposed on and deceived; their senses and understandings could judge of them. They were admitted at the time, and memorials of them instituted and regularly handed down. The acknowledgment of the rulers of the Jews respecting the healing of the impotent man by Peter and John, is applicable to them all: "that indeed a notable miracle hath been done by them is manifest to all them that dwell in Jerusalem, and we cannot deny it."

A whole nation was miraculously delivered from their oppressors; for forty years miraculously fed, led, and protected; and miraculously established in the land of their destination, according to previous prediction and promise. At the setting up of the Christian dispensation, the blind and the lame were restored, the maimed recovered from their blemishes, thousands fed by the miraculous production of the necessary materials, and the dead raised to life.

III. ARGUMENT FROM THE EARLY SPREAD OF THE GOSPEL.

The manner and extent of the first spread of the Gospel is proof direct of the divine interference in giving success to the efforts of those who labored in its propagation. And as was remarked in reference to the preceding argument, the God of truth and holiness cannot specially coöperate in the advancement of imposture.

The obstacles overcome were most formidable; the results achieved, stupendous; and the instrumentality employed, in itself totally inadequate.

Christianity, in its infancy, had to encounter the hostility of the world; the power and prejudices of both Jews and pagans; the *habits*, the *opinions* of mankind; the *interests* of all the privileged orders; the influence of the priesthood; of the aristocracy; the philosophy, the learning, the accustomed licentiousness and profligacy of manners; *the whole array of the moral, intellectual, and physical force of the world*. And all these were successfully encountered by a few obscure Jewish fishermen; without arms, without political power, without earthly patronage in any form, without pretension to human philosophy, without extraordinary natural endowments; and their only weapon was the Gospel of Christ, the very success of which demonstrates it to

be “the sword of the Spirit,” “the word of God.” They preached a crucified Saviour—Jesus and the resurrection, and the forgiveness of sins through his merits; and they prevailed. They made no compromise with the prevailing idolatry of the world; gave no immunity to any sinful indulgence; but plainly told the nations that *their* gods were no gods, and exacted their submission to the most rigorous rules of holy living—and they succeeded. To all this there is no parallel in our world’s history. Let the infidel satisfactorily account for it, and yet retain his infidelity, *if he can*.

Let not the wide spread of the Mohammedan delusion be objected. The cases are not parallel. The Gospel wages exterminating war against human corruption; the Koran ministers food to the passions of the licentious and ambitious. The weapons of Christianity are spiritual only: Mohammed and his disciples propagated their faith by the power of the sword. The religion of Christ is adapted to every form and condition of society, and to every clime: that of Mohammed could not have succeeded among nations enlightened and of active intellect.

Gibbon’s insinuation, that, when Christianity was introduced, the world was tired of its superstitions, and prepared for any change, is sufficiently disproved by the treatment which it gave the Christians: it resisted and persecuted them, and clung to its superstitions to the utmost.

The objection that Christianity owes its success to *persecution*, is alike false. This objection concedes that Christians were thoroughly convinced of the truth and reality of the religion for which they suffered. But persecution, when it goes beyond what is merely necessary to rouse the energies of men, is injurious to the cause of the persecuted. Men are not bribed by suffering.

Christianity, nevertheless, commencing its career at Jerusalem, the very place where occurred the great facts upon which it is founded, and which, were they untrue, might then and there have been for ever disproved, penetrated on every hand, subduing to the obedience of the faith, until, in a little while, it took possession of the throne of the Cæsars.

And not only its early success and spread, but also the *kind of influence* upon individuals and communities which it has exerted wherever truly received, prove its heavenly

origin. Its influence upon individual character, and upon all the relations of social life; upon all that pertains to the life that is, and every hope and prospect of that which is to come, have ever been most benign and blessed, and worthy the benevolence of the great Supreme. "The heart has become renewed; the impure have abjured vice; the covetous, the cruel, the faithless, the godless, have been gloriously changed into the holy, the gentle, the faithful, the worshippers of the true God in spirit and in truth." The passions which no earthly charm could tame, have been subdued and sanctified; and the religion of love has consecrated the domestic scene, and blended and beautified in sweetest accord the diversified members of the social body. It has filled with peace, and hope, and holy triumph, the hearts of millions just on the utmost verge of time, where infidelity is ever wont to leave its victims in despair. Is not such a religion divine?

IV. HARMONY OF THE SCRIPTURES.

The inspiration of the Scriptures is also shown in the *universal consent and harmony of all their parts*: in the doctrines and precepts they inculcate, as well as the facts which they state, and the predictions which they utter. The *morality* of the Bible has, in this respect, the impress of divinity. It is not only pure and sublime, but *harmonious* throughout; uninfluenced by all the intellectual and moral changes of the world. We know that the state and habits of society influence every thing human—the fine arts, painting, poetry—the *moral* sense and judgment, the perception of right and wrong; but from all this bias, the morality of the Bible is exempt. When the diversity of human opinions, and of moral codes adopted by men, are considered; and it is remembered that the writers of the Bible are dispersed over a period of thousands of years, and were taken from all the ranks of life—monarchs and courtiers, herdsmen and fishermen, learned and illiterate; this consent and harmony is entirely without a solution other than that which inspiration furnishes.

V. GENERAL SCOPE AND OBJECT OF THE SCRIPTURES.

The *scope* of the Scriptures, which is to abase the pride of man, and render all glory to God, furnishes another

proof of their divinity. A system like this, the vanity, self-love, and depravity of man would for ever have rendered him incapable of devising. No other system than that of the Bible has ever embraced such results. The heathen, whilst they sought by their sacrifices to deprecate wrath, and to be delivered from evil, never aimed themselves, to become holy. To humble pride, subdue the passions, and cultivate a universal benevolence, entered not into their system.

The Scriptures, and they only, whilst they search the heart and exhibit man as he is, a fallen, guilty, lost creature, present the abundant provision that is made for his salvation, for the pardon of sin, and the restoration of peace to the guilty conscience; for sanctification, comfort, guidance, glory—all in a way becoming the perfections of Deity. There is in them a divine sufficiency and perfection, an adaptation to all possible circumstances.

VI. ADAPTATION TO THE SPIRITUAL WANTS OF MAN.

The last argument which will now be adduced, is the *spiritual* evidence by which the Scriptures prove themselves divinely inspired to the soul of the true believer. They “make wise unto salvation.” And although this evidence is not perceived by the sceptic, the testimony of millions entitled to credit, that they have felt its convincing power, and fearlessly pledged their souls upon its truth, should make him pause. The apostles and martyrs, and all the Christian world from age to age, are not to be regarded as impostors, as fanatics, or idiots.

They assert, that, by the Scriptures, *God has spoken to their souls*; that, by the agency of the divine Spirit, the truth of the Bible has been borne home upon their hearts, with a force of evidence, a power of demonstration, altogether irrepressible; that they have been individually convinced of sin, made to feel it as the Bible reveals it, been spiritually enlightened, changed in the whole moral man, have embraced salvation therein revealed, received forgiveness, obtained peace, and been made to rejoice in hope of the glory of God; that they “*know* in whom they have believed, and are persuaded that he is able to keep that which is committed unto him against that day,” towards which they are looking with fondest anticipation;

and rather than relinquish their hope, they will surrender their lives.

The *experience* which the believer has of the light, and truth, and power of the Scripture upon his own soul, is a far better demonstration than all argument besides. He *feels* that the word of God is quick and powerful; a discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart; searching all the inner man; enlightening the conscience; exposing the deformity and danger of sin; revealing Christ as the way of salvation, all-perfect, all-sufficient, without whom there is neither life nor hope; in whom there is majesty and glory, a perfection of wisdom and richness of grace inexhaustible; pardon for guilt, strength for duty, consolation in sorrow—all this revealed and conveyed by the word: and the result is, the heart and life are purified, as nothing else can purify them; and the soul is sanctified and fitted to dwell with God, in that life and immortality which the Scriptures have brought to light.

Again we say, it behooves the sceptic to explain all this upon some *other* hypothesis than the acknowledgment that "all Scripture is given by inspiration of God," or to abandon his scepticism.

LAST DAYS OF REV. DR. PAYSON.

THE REV. EDWARD PAYSON, D. D., was the son of an estimable clergyman in Rindge, N. H., and, for the last twenty years of his life, pastor of a church in Portland, Maine, where he died, October 22, 1827, aged 44. His valuable and instructive memoir is published by the American Tract Society, and has been read with interest by thousands.

During much of the last year of his life he suffered the most severe bodily anguish. His right arm and left side lost all power of motion, and the flesh became insensible to external applications, while internally he experienced a sensation of burning which he compared to a stream of liquid fire poured through his bones. He continued his public ministrations a part of each Sabbath for some months after this attack; and when prostrated on his dying bed, was enabled, through the marvellous displays of divine grace, to plead, with unwonted eloquence, the cause of his Redeemer. On the 19th of September he dictated the following letter to his sister :

“ SEPTEMBER 19, 1827.

“ MY DEAR SISTER—Were I to adopt the figurative language of Bunyan, I might date this letter from the land of Beulah, of which I have been for some weeks a happy inhabitant. The celestial city is full in my view. Its glories beam upon me, its breezes fan me, its odors are wafted to me, its sounds strike upon my ears, and its spirit is breathed into my heart. Nothing separates me from it but the river of death, which now appears but as an insignificant rill that may be crossed at a single step, whenever God shall give permission. The Sun of righteousness has been gradually drawing nearer and nearer, appearing larger and brighter as he approached, and now he fills the whole hemisphere, pouring forth a flood of glory, in which I seem to float like an insect in the beams of the sun; exulting, yet almost trembling, while I gaze on this excessive brightness, and wondering, with unutterable wonder, why God should deign thus to shine upon a sinful worm. A single heart and a single tongue seem altogether inadequate to my wants: I

want a whole heart for every separate emotion, and a whole tongue to express that emotion.

“But why do I speak thus of myself and my feelings? why not speak only of our God and Redeemer? It is because I know not what to say. When I would speak of them, my words are all swallowed up. I can only tell you what effects their presence produces, and even of these I can tell you but very little. O, my sister, my sister, could you but know what awaits the Christian; could you only know so much as I know, you could not refrain from rejoicing, and even leaping for joy. Labors, trials, troubles would be nothing; you would rejoice in afflictions, and glory in tribulations; and, like Paul and Silas, sing God’s praises in the darkest night, and in the deepest dungeon. You have known a little of my trials and conflicts, and know that they have been neither few nor small; and I hope this glorious termination of them will serve to strengthen your faith, and elevate your hope.

“And now, my dear, DEAR sister, farewell. Hold on your Christian course but a few days longer, and you will meet, in heaven, your happy and affectionate brother,

“EDWARD PAYSON.”

September 21, he exclaimed, “O, what a blessed thing it is to lose one’s will. Since I have lost my will, I have found happiness. There can be no such thing as disappointment to me, for I have no desires but that God’s will may be accomplished.”

“It sounds so flat, when people tell me that it is *just* for God to afflict me, as if justice did not require infinitely more.”

He was asked, “Do you feel yourself reconciled?” “O, that is too cold. I rejoice, I triumph; and this happiness will endure as long as God himself, for it consists in admiring and adoring him.”

“I can find no words to express my happiness. I seem to be swimming in a river of pleasure, which is carrying me on to the great fountain.”

Sabbath morning, September 23, he said, “Last night I had a full, clear view of Death, as the king of terrors; how he comes and crowds the poor sinner to the very verge of the precipice of destruction, and then pushes him down

headlong. But I felt that I had nothing to do with this ; and I loved to sit like an infant at the feet of Christ, who saved *me* from this fate. I felt that death was disarmed of all its terrors ; all he could do would be to touch me, and let my soul loose to go to my Saviour."

"I am more and more convinced that the happiness of heaven is a benevolent happiness. In proportion as my joy has increased, I have been filled with intense love to all creatures. I long to measure out a full cup of happiness to every body, but Christ wisely keeps that prerogative in his own hands."

His exertions in conversing with visitors greatly increased his sufferings, but he could not refrain.

To a young convert he said, "You will have to go through many conflicts and trials ; you must be put in the furnace, and tempted, and tried, in order to show you what is in your heart. Sometimes it will seem as if Satan had you in his power, and that the more you struggle and pray against sin, the more it prevails against you. But when you are thus tried and desponding, remember me ; I have gone through all this, and now you see the end."

"Christians might avoid much trouble and inconvenience, if they would only believe what they profess—that God is able to make them happy without any thing else. They imagine that if such a dear friend were to die, or such and such blessings to be removed, they should be miserable ; whereas God can make them a thousand times happier without them. To mention my own case : God has been depriving me of one blessing after another ; but, as every one was removed, he has come in and filled up its place ; and now, when I am a cripple, and not able to move, I am happier than ever I was in my life before, or ever expected to be ; and, if I had believed this twenty years ago, I might have been spared much anxiety."

Fearing that his strength would not allow him to converse individually with all the members of his congregation, he directed invitations to be given from the pulpit, that they would visit him in classes. To the *heads of families* he spoke thus :

"It has often been remarked that people who have been into the other world, cannot come back to tell us what they have seen ; but I am so near the eternal world, that I can

see almost as clearly as if I were there ; and I see enough to satisfy myself, at least, of the truth of the doctrines which I have preached. I do not know that I should feel at all surer, had I been really there.

“ It is always interesting to see others in a situation in which we know that we must shortly be placed ourselves ; and we all know that we must die. And to see a poor creature, when, after an alternation of hopes and fears, he finds that his disease is mortal, and death comes to tear him away from every thing he loves, and crowds, and crowds him to the very verge of the precipice of destruction, and then thrusts him down headlong—there he is, cast into an unknown world ; no friend, no Saviour to receive him. O, how different is this from the state of a man who is prepared to die. He is not obliged to crowd reluctantly along ; but the other world comes like a great magnet, to draw him away from this ; and he knows that he is going to enjoy—and not only knows, but begins to taste it—perfect happiness ; for ever and ever ; for ever and ever ! * *

“ And now God is in this room ; I see him, and O, how unspeakably lovely and glorious does he appear—worthy of ten thousand thousand hearts, if we had them. He is here, and hears me pleading with the creatures that he has made, whom he preserves, and loads with blessings, to love him. And O, how terrible does it appear to me, to sin against this God ; to set up our wills in opposition to his ; and when we awake in the morning, instead of thinking, ‘ What shall I do to please my God to-day ? ’ to inquire, ‘ What shall I do to please myself to-day ? ’ ” After a short pause he continued, “ It makes my blood run cold to think how inexpressibly miserable I should now be without religion. To lie here, and see myself tottering on the verge of destruction. O, I should be distracted. And when I see my fellow-creatures liable every moment to be reduced to this situation, I am in an agony for them, that they may escape their danger before it be too late.”

On another occasion, he said, “ I find no satisfaction in looking at any thing I have done ; I want to leave all this behind—it is nothing—and fly to Christ to be clothed in his righteousness.”

Again, “ I have done nothing myself. I have not fought, but Christ has fought for me ; I have not run, but Christ

has carried me ; I have not worked, but Christ has wrought in me : Christ has done all."

"O, the loving-kindness of God—his loving-kindness ! This afternoon, while I was meditating on it, the Lord seemed to pass by, and proclaim himself 'The Lord, the Lord God, merciful and gracious!' O how gracious. Try to conceive of that, his *loving-kindness*, as if it were not enough to say kindness, but *loving-kindness*. What must be the loving-kindness of God, who is himself infinite love !"

"It seemed this afternoon as if Christ said to me, 'You have often wondered and been impatient at the way by which I have led you ; but what do you think of it now ?' And I was cut to the heart, when I looked back and saw the wisdom and goodness by which I had been guided, that I could ever for a moment distrust his love !"

Speaking of the temper requisite to the right discharge of ministerial duty, he said, "I never was fit to say a word to a sinner, except when I had a broken heart myself ; when I was subdued and melted into penitence, and felt as though I had just received pardon to my own soul, and when my heart was full of tenderness and pity."

As *the young men* of his congregation assembled in his chamber, he thus addressed them :

"You will all one day be obliged to embark on the same voyage on which I am just embarking ; and as it has been my especial employment, during my past life, to recommend to you a Pilot to guide you through this voyage, I wished to tell you what a precious Pilot he is, that you may be induced to choose him for yours. I felt desirous that you might see that the religion I have preached can support me in death. You know that I have many ties which bind me to earth ; a family to whom I am strongly attached, and a people whom I love almost as well : but the other world acts like a much stronger magnet, and draws my heart away from this. Death comes every night, and stands by my bedside in the form of terrible convulsions, every one of which threatens to separate the soul from the body. These continue to grow worse and worse, until every bone is almost dislocated with pain, leaving me with the certainty that I shall have it all to endure again the next night. Yet, while my body is thus tortured, the soul is perfectly happy and peaceful—more happy than I can possibly express to

you. I lie here, and feel these convulsions extending higher and higher; but my soul is filled with joy unspeakable. I seem to swim in a flood of glory which God pours down upon me. And I know, I *know*, that my happiness is but begun; I cannot doubt that it will last for ever. And now, is this all a delusion? Is it a delusion, that can fill the soul to overflowing with joy in such circumstances? If so, it is surely a delusion better than any reality. But no, it is not a delusion; I feel that it is not. I do not merely know that I *shall* enjoy all this—I *enjoy it now*.

“My young friends, were I master of the whole world, what could it do for me like this? Were all its wealth at my feet, and all its inhabitants striving to make me happy, what could they do for me? Nothing—nothing. Now, all this happiness I trace back to the religion which I have preached, and to the time when that great change took place in my heart which I have often told you is necessary to salvation; and I now tell you again, that without this change, you cannot, no, you *cannot* see the kingdom of God.

“And now, standing, as I do, on the ridge which separates two worlds; feeling what intense happiness or misery the soul is capable of sustaining; judging of your capacities by my own, and believing that those capacities will be filled to the very brim with joy or wretchedness for ever; can it be wondered at that my heart yearns over you, my children, that you may choose life, and not death? Is it to be wondered at, that I long to present every one of you with a full cup of happiness, and see you drink it; and that I long to have you make the same choice which I made, and from which springs all my happiness?”

While speaking of the rapturous views he had of the heavenly world, he was asked if it did not seem almost like the clear light of vision, rather than that of faith. “Oh,” he replied, “I don’t know—it is too much for the poor eyes of my soul to bear; they are almost blinded with the excessive brightness. All I want is to be a mirror, to reflect some of those rays to those around me.”

A friend, with whom he had been conversing on his extreme bodily sufferings, and his high spiritual joys, remarked, “I presume it is no longer incredible to you, if ever it was, that martyrs should rejoice and praise God in the flames and on the rack.” “No,” said he, “I can easily

believe it. I have suffered twenty times—yes, to speak within bounds—twenty times as much as I could in being burnt at the stake, while my joy in God so abounded as to render my sufferings not only tolerable, but welcome. *The sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory that shall be revealed.*”

At another time, “God is literally now my all in all. While he is present with me, no event can in the least diminish my happiness: and were the whole world at my feet, trying to minister to my comfort, they could not add one drop to the cup.”

“It seems as if the promise, ‘God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes,’ was already fulfilled to me, as it respects tears of sorrow. I have no tears to shed now, but those of love, and joy, and thankfulness.”

At one time he was heard to break forth in the following soliloquy: “What an assemblage of motives to holiness does the Gospel present. I am a Christian—what then? Why, I am a redeemed sinner—a pardoned rebel—all through grace, and by the most wonderful means which infinite wisdom could devise. I am a Christian—what then? Why, I am a temple of God, and surely I ought to be pure and holy. I am a Christian—what then? I am a child of God, and ought to be filled with filial love, reverence, joy, and gratitude. I am a Christian—what then? Why, I am a disciple of Christ, and must imitate him who was meek and lowly in heart, and pleased not himself. I am a Christian—what then? Why, I am an heir of heaven, and hastening on to the abodes of the blessed, to join the full choir of glorified ones, in singing the song of Moses and the Lamb; and surely I ought to learn that song on earth.”

To Mrs. Payson, who, while ministering to him, had observed, “Your head feels hot, and seems to be distended,” he replied, “It seems as if the soul disdained such a narrow prison, and was determined to break through with an angel’s energy, and I trust with no small portion of an angel’s feeling, until it mounts on high.”

Again, “It seems as if my soul had found a pair of new wings, and was so eager to try them, that, in her fluttering, she would rend the fine net-work of the body to pieces.”

At another time, "My dear, I should think it might encourage and strengthen you, under whatever trials you may be called to endure, to remember me. O, you must believe that it will be great peace at last."

At another time, he said to her, "After I am gone you will find many little streams of beneficence pouring in upon you, and you will perhaps say, 'I wish my dear husband were here to know this.' My dear, you may think that I do know it by anticipation, and praise God for it now."

"Hitherto I have viewed God as a fixed star, bright indeed, but often intercepted by clouds; but now he is coming nearer and nearer, and spreads into a Sun so vast and glorious, that the sight is too dazzling for flesh and blood to sustain." I see clearly that all these same glorious and dazzling perfections, which now only serve to kindle my affections into a flame, and to melt down my soul into the same blessed image, would burn and scorch me like a consuming fire, if I were an impenitent sinner."

On Sabbath, October 21, his last agony commenced. Even now, he greeted those who approached his bedside with a sweet smile. Once he exclaimed, "Peace! peace! Victory! victory!" He looked on his wife and children, and said, almost in the words of dying Joseph to his brethren—words which he had before spoken of as having a peculiar sweetness, and which he now wished to recall to her mind: "I am going, but God will surely be with you." A little before he died, in reply to an inquiry from Mrs. Payson, he was enabled, with extreme difficulty, to articulate the words, "Faith and patience hold out."

His ruling passion was strong in death. His love for preaching was as invincible as that of the miser for gold, who dies grasping his treasure. Dr. Payson directed a label to be attached to his breast, on which should be written, "*Remember the words which I spake unto you while I was yet present with you;*" that they might be read by all who came to look at his corpse, and by which he, being dead, still spoke.

“MY SPIRIT SHALL NOT ALWAYS STRIVE.”

THERE is a period in the life of man, to which if he live in a state of perverseness and impenitence, his cup of iniquity will be full; and to him “there remaineth no more sacrifice for sin, but a fearful looking for of judgment and fiery indignation.” There is some *one* of a series of rebellious acts, which, when committed, constitutes a point beyond which no ray of mercy will ever reach him.

So perverse and so sinful is the heart of man, that, left to himself, perdition will ensue. So bent is he on transgression, so alienated from God and holiness, that unless God induces him, by the aid of his Spirit, to forsake and repent of sin, he will persist in iniquity, and perish. That soul from whom the Spirit has taken his final flight, is *lost*.

This truth is taught explicitly in the word of God. “My Spirit shall not always strive with man.” “My people would not hearken to my voice, so I gave them up unto their own hearts’ lusts; and they walked in their own counsels.” “Though they cry unto me, I will not hearken unto them.” “Then God turned, and gave them up to worship the host of heaven.” “For this cause God gave them up unto vile affections.” “For this cause God shall send them strong delusion, that they should believe a lie; that they all might be damned who believe not the truth, but have pleasure in unrighteousness.” “Ephraim is joined to his idols; let him alone.” “They rebelled, and vexed the Holy Spirit; therefore he was turned to be their enemy, and fought against them.”

Thus the word of the Lord establishes the truth, that there is a period *somewhere* in the progress of man through this world, to which if he live in rebellion against his Maker, God’s forbearance and mercy will be extended to him no longer; beyond which the Spirit of the Lord is “turned to be his enemy, and fights against him;” beyond which his damnation is sealed.

The sinner knows not at any moment, whether he have already passed the line which separates the land of hope from

the land of despair; whether it lies far in the region of the future, or whether he stand on its verge. God has fixed this line, but to none other has he revealed where it lies. The impenitent transgressor goes onward in life at the hazard, and under the imminent peril, at each step, of passing the bounds of the regions of hope, and barring on himself eternally the doors of the kingdom of heaven. The next moral act, for aught that is revealed, may be *the act* which fills to overflowing the cup of his iniquity. A vessel nearly filled may run over by adding another *drop*. Though the sin may not be of so deep a dye as a series of others of which he has been guilty, yet *this*, added to the long catalogue of his former crimes, may close his probation. This, as the last crowning act of rebellion, may seal his doom.

A benevolent father may for ever disinherit his son for some seemingly venial act of transgression. This act is *the occasion*, not the *cause* of his disinheritance. A long series of rebellious acts may have evinced a spirit of irreconcilable aversion and hostility to the parent. Repeated persuasions and reproof have been tried, but he still continues in his wayward course. Repeated acts of disobedience enhance his guilt. The father now determines to execute his threatening on occasion of the *next* transgression. The son persists; he commits an act, not, perhaps, as glaringly vicious as some which have preceded it, but still evincing a spirit of insubordination. The father fulfils his threatening, and disinherits him for ever.

So God, on the occasion of some seemingly venial sin—but be it remembered, no sin is small—may determine to dry up the fountain of his mercy; when the sinner cries, not to hearken; to “laugh at his calamity, and mock when his fear cometh.” Nay, refusal on the part of the sinner to comply *now* with the call of mercy, and yield his heart to God, may be *the act*, which, when connected with the heinous sins already noted in the great book of remembrance, Jehovah determines to make the occasion of his Spirit’s final flight, and of the sealed perdition of the soul.

Go, stand by the death-bed of the aged, obdurate sinner; watch his restless and impure spirit, which is about to be yielded into the hands of Him who gave it. He writhes, it is true, under bodily torture, but this bears no contrast with the inward fire. Despair is depicted in his countenance.

He alternately supplicates and blasphemes his Maker. He already experiences the gnawings of “the worm that dieth not,” and of “the fire that is not quenched.” His doom is sealed. But *when?* Perhaps not in his dying hour. In the mind of God, it may be, his present despair and future torments are connected with some distant scene in the past, where, as he was seated under the droppings of the sanctuary, listened to the proclamation of the Gospel, heard the claims of God in Christ enforced, thought of duty and the yielding of his heart—he deferred obedience to the Spirit’s dictates to a more convenient season; and the heavenly messenger, thus grieved and mocked, took his final flight.

Reader, *the brevity and uncertainty of life are not the only inducements to immediate repentance.*

True, this life is “a vapor, that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away.” It is as “the flower of the grass, which, before the burning heat of the sun, withereth.” It is indeed, when most protracted, but a short period to employ in winning a crown of glory. Its *uncertainty*, too—for who knoweth he shall see the morrow?—is forcibly presented in the Scriptures, to wean from sin and draw to duty *now*. But with all these warnings sounding in his ears, under the delusions of sin, man practically views this world as his eternal home. He feels and rejoices in his present health and vigor, and thinks not that his body will soon die.

Yet mark, impenitent fellow-man, *God’s grace is sovereign*. Though your life be protracted to the end of the world; though you were assured by God you should not die until “the heavens shall pass away with a great noise, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat,” it becomes you not to defer repentance to a future day.

The inspired truth, “*Now* is the accepted time, behold, *now* is the day of salvation,” receives not all its solemnity and force from the brevity and uncertainty of life. It has another and more fearful import. “My Spirit shall not always strive with man.” The Holy Spirit may “turn to be thine enemy, and fight against thee.” The mandate may go forth, “He is joined to his idols; let him alone.” Then, like the barren fig-tree, you will be cut down, while yet you stand. In a world of hope, you will be in despair; in the midst of life, you will be in death; on this side the grave, you will yet be in hell.

Suffer me, then, affectionately, but honestly, to remind you that your state is fearfully critical and dangerous. Snares are beneath your feet. While remaining in impenitence, *you go onward*, not knowing but *the next step* your damnation will be certain—irretrievable. Fellow-man, stay your feet. Take not the fatal step. It may be, you are on the verge of that line, beyond which all is darkness, despair, and death. The pressing calls of God, by his providence, his word, and his preached Gospel, to repent, you have rejected. When aroused to the consideration of duty, you have heedlessly postponed its claims, and relapsed into listlessness and sin. Days speed away; Sabbath succeeds Sabbath; year after year is numbered with the past—and you are still the enemy of God. The time *will* come, if you persist, when, by some act of transgression, you will eternally mar the prospects of your salvation. May not *the present* be that critical moment, and your *next* act, *the act* which will destroy your soul? May not the act be your neglecting *now* the offer of mercy?

I shrink from the possibility of being made the instrument of your ruin; but this very warning, rejected, may seal your doom. Oh, I beseech you, in Christ's stead, suffer it not to pass unimproved, adding despair to doubt, and endless death to death.

The message is, "God in Christ Jesus is reconciling the world unto himself." The command has gone forth from God to all men everywhere, "Repent." The command to thee, fellow-sinner, is, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ," and the promise is, "Thou shalt be saved." But the fearful alternative made known by God, immutably true, is, "If thou believest not, thou shalt be damned." Embrace the offer of salvation *now*, lest it prove your last opportunity—lest God lift his hand and swear, "You shall not enter into my rest." After his irrevocable word is passed, your awful doom may indeed excite the compassion of God; he may lament over you, as over Jerusalem, "O that thou hadst known, even thou, in this thy day, the things that belong to thy peace;" yet it will be no less certain, "they are hid from thine eyes." Your doom will then be sealed. Your soul lost—lost for eternity.

CHILDREN

TO BE

EDUCATED FOR CHRIST.

 BY REV. EDWARD W. HOOKER, D. D.

THE Church of the Lord Jesus Christ was instituted in this sinful world to seek its conversion. It was said to her, eighteen hundred years ago, "preach the Gospel to every creature." Her time, talents, and resources, have all been justly owed to her Lord, for this purpose. Yet, "the whole world lieth in wickedness." Few, comparatively, have heard "the name of Jesus;" "that there is any Holy Ghost;" or that there is a God that ruleth in the earth.

In this affecting moral condition of the world, the questions are to be solemnly considered by the friends of Christ, "Have we not something more to do? Is there not some great duty which we have overlooked; some covenant which we have made with our Lord, yet unfulfilled?" And an answer will be found, if we look upon the *children* of Christian parents, who have professed to dedicate their all to God, but, to a great extent, have neglected to *educate their offspring for the express purpose of serving Christ in the advancement of his kingdom*. Said a Christian mother, "I fear that many of us think that parental duty is *limited* to labors for the *salvation* of our children; that we have *prayed* for them and *instructed* them only that they may be saved. Infinitely important, indeed, it is, that they should be saved. But if ardent desires for the glory of our Redeemer and the salvation of souls glowed in our hearts like an inextinguishable flame, our most earnest prayers, from their very birth, would be, that they might not only be saved themselves, but be *instrumental in saving others*."

So far as the service of Christ has been contemplated, it appears to have been regarded as consisting in becoming a Christian; professing religion; taking care of one's own soul; maintaining a reputable standing in the church; wishing well to the cause of Christ; giving as much as is *convenient* for its advancement; and, finally, taking a pious leave of the world to go and be happy in heaven. Thus "one generation passeth away, and another cometh," to live and die in the same manner. And truly the earth might "abide for ever," and the mass of its population still lie in ruin, should all Christians continue to live thus.

There is need, then, of an appeal to CHRISTIAN PARENTS, in view of the present condition of the world. You give your prayers and a portion of your money. But, as said the Christian already quoted, "What affectionate parent does not love his children more than his money; and why should not these *living treasures* be given to Christ?" This "seeking our own, not the things which are Christ's," must cease, if the world is ever to be converted. We must act, and teach our children to act more faithfully, according to that Scripture, "He died for all, *that they which live should not henceforth live unto themselves, but unto Him which died for them, and rose again.*"

Let us be understood. We do not say, dedicate your children to the cause of *missions exclusively*, or to any field of benevolence. You must leave their assignment to "the Lord of the harvest." He will appoint them to stations, public or private; to spheres of extended or limited influence, as shall "seem good in his sight." Your duty is to do all which is comprehended in the injunction, "*Bring up your children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord;*" assured that the time will come when it will be said to you by the voice of Providence, respecting each, "The Lord hath need of him;" and he will be led to that station in which the Lord will be pleased to bless him. And whether it prove a retired and lowly, or a public and eminent one, be assured of this, he will find work enough assigned him, and responsibilities enough laid upon him, to keep him at

the footstool, seeking grace to strengthen him, and to require the anxious and diligent employment of all his powers while life shall last.

It is, then, an interesting inquiry, Christian parents, “*What QUALIFICATIONS will best prepare our children to be efficient servants of Christ?*” There are many—pertaining to *the heart, the mind, and the physical constitution.*

First of all, *piety.* They must fervently love Christ and his kingdom; heartily consecrate themselves to his service, and be ready for any self-denial, sacrifice, or work to which he may call. *Eminent piety* it must be, “counting all things but loss for Christ.”

Said one, now the wife of an American missionary, “To make and receive visits, exchange friendly salutations, attend to one’s wardrobe, cultivate a garden, read good and entertaining books, and even attend religious meetings for one’s own enjoyment—all this does not satisfy me. I want to be where every arrangement will have unreserved and constant reference to eternity.”

A piety which thus glows and prays to live, labor, and suffer for Christ, is the first and grand qualification to be sought in your child. It is necessary, to act efficiently for Christ anywhere, at home or abroad, in an elevated or a lowly sphere. The Lord Jesus has no work adapted to Christians who live at the “poor dying rate” with which so many are content. It is all work for them that are “strong in the grace which is in Christ Jesus,” and willing and determined to be “faithful, even unto death.”

2. *Intellectual qualifications.* It is a great mistake of some, that moderate qualifications will suffice for “the work of Christ.” Shall Christians be satisfied with these, in the business of the Redeemer’s kingdom, when the men of the world are not, in their concerns? Be cautious of perverting dependence on divine aid, by trusting to warmth of heart to compensate for lack of knowledge. The injunction, “Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy mind,” applies to the *service*, as well as *love* of him. Your child will need a well-balanced and cultivated mind, as much as

a pious heart. Let his desires to do good never be frustrated through your neglect of his intellectual education. We are not saying, send all your sons to college, and your daughters to female seminaries; but prepare them to deal with minds under the dominion of sin anywhere, having intellectual qualifications not to be despised.

3. Qualifications pertaining to the *physical constitution*. The interests of religion have suffered enough through the breaking down of constitutions, and the premature deaths of promising young men. Do not dedicate a feeble, sickly son to the ministry, because he is not sufficiently robust for some secular employment or profession. No men more need iron constitutions than ministers and missionaries. "If ye offer the lame and the sick for sacrifice, is it not evil? Offer it now to thy governor, will he be pleased with thee, or accept thy person?" You have a daughter whom Providence may call to the self-denials of a missionary life. Do not nurse her in the lap of enervating indulgence, and allow her to follow habits and fashions injurious to health, and to become a "tender and delicate woman, that will not adventure to set the sole of her foot upon the ground, for very delicateness and tenderness;" and who will be at the sport of a morbid sensibility, or a disordered nervous temperament. Will you be satisfied with such an offering to the King of Sion? Will it be kindness to her, who may be called to suffer much, and will want all the capacity for endurance, as well as action, which can be acquired in a most thorough physical education? No: dedicate "to Christ and the church" your "young men that are strong," and your daughters prepared to be companions for such in labors and sufferings for Christ.

Thus far of qualifications. We come now to speak more particularly of the DUTIES OF PARENTS in training sons and daughters for the service of Christ.

First: *pray much*, respecting your great work. "Who is sufficient for these things?" well may you say. But says God, "my grace is sufficient for thee." Keep near the throne of grace, with this great subject weighing upon

your spirit. Half your work is to be done in your closet. If you fail there, you will fail in all you do out of it. You must have wisdom from above in training servants for the Most High. Commune with God respecting the particular case of each of your children. While you do this, you will obtain views of duty which human wisdom never can attain, and feel motives which will be nowhere else rightly appreciated. In the final day, there will, doubtless, be disclosures of transactions of Christian parents with God, respecting their children, which will delightfully explain the secret of their devotedness and usefulness. There will then be known more than can be now, respecting the prayers of mothers especially. The mother of Mills had some peculiar exercises in her closet, respecting him, which help to account for his remarkable usefulness. The interesting fact is stated in one of our religious journals, that "of one hundred and twenty students in one of our theological seminaries, more than one hundred had been borne by a mother's prayers, and directed by a mother's counsels, to the Saviour." See what prayer can do. "Be instant in prayer."

2. *Cultivate a tender sense of parental accountability.* God holds you accountable for the character of your children, so far as fidelity in the use of means is concerned. You are to "give account in the day of judgment for what you do, or neglect to do, for the right formation of your children's characters. You may so educate them, that, by the sanctifying grace of God, they will be the instruments of salvation to hundreds, yea, thousands; and through your neglect of them, hundreds, thousands may be lost, and their blood be required at your hands. You cannot divest yourself of this responsibility. You must act under it, and meet it "in the judgment." Remember this with godly fear, and yet "encourage yourself in the Lord." If faithful in the closet, and in doing what you there acknowledge your duty, you will find sustaining grace. And the thought will be delightful, as well as solemn, "I am permitted to train these immortals to glorify God in the salvation of souls."

3. *Have a devoted spirit yourself.* Your soul must be in health, and prosper; must burn with love to Christ and his kingdom; and all your instructions be enforced by a godly example, if you would lead your children to live devotedly. The father of a large family, most of them pious, was asked, "What means have you employed with your children?" "I have endeavored so to live," said he, "as to show them that it was my own grand purpose to go to heaven, and to take them along with me."

4. *Give religious instruction EARLY.* Watch opportunities for this, in every stage of childhood. Early impressions will last through life, when later ones fade away. Said an American missionary, "I recollect particularly, that once my mother came and stood by me as I sat in the door, and tenderly talked to me of God and my soul's concerns; and her tears dropped upon my head. That made me a missionary." Cecil says, "I had a pious mother, who dropped things in my way. I could never rid myself of them. I was a professed infidel, but then I liked to be an infidel in company rather than alone. I was wretched by myself. Parental influence thus cleaves to a man; it harasses him; it throws itself continually in his way." John Newton never could divest himself of the impressions of his mother's instructions.

5. Seek the *early conversion* of your children. Regard every day of their continuance out of Christ as an increase of their danger and guilt. "A mother who had brought up a large family, all of whom had become hopefully pious, was asked what means she had used for their conversion. She replied, 'I have felt that, if not converted before seven or eight years of age, they would probably be lost; and when they have approached that age, have been in agony lest they should pass it impenitent; and have gone to the Lord with my anguish. He has not turned away my prayers nor his mercy from me.'" Pray for this: "Arise, cry out in the night; in the beginning of the watches pour out thine heart like water before the face of the Lord; lift up thy hands towards him, for the life of thy young chil-

dren." Hope for the early bestowment of divine grace from such promises as this: "I will pour my Spirit upon thy seed, and my blessing upon thine offspring; and they shall spring up as among the grass, and as rivers by the water-courses. One shall say, I am the Lord's; and another shall call himself by the name of Jacob; and another shall subscribe with his hand, and shall surname himself by the name of Israel." The history of some families is a delightful fulfilment of this promise. Young hearts are the best in which to lay, deep and broad, the foundations of usefulness. There is no hope that your child will do any thing for Christ till you can see him at the foot of the cross, repenting, believing, devoting himself.

It seems to be supposed by some, that religion cannot enter a child's mind; that it demands maturity of years to "repent and believe the Gospel." A *Christian child*, therefore, seems often to be regarded as a prodigy; and grace in a young soul as a dispensation of divine mercy too unusual to be expected in the use of common means. "Parents," said a mother, "labor and pray *prospectively* for the conversion of their children." We have seen parents weeping over deceased children, of four, five, six, seven years, who seemed to feel no solicitude whether they had died in a safe spiritual state, nor self-reproach for neglect to labor for their conversion. It is an interesting fact, and a *serious* one in its bearing upon parental neglect, that children under the age of four years have been known to feel deep convictions of sin against God, and of their ruined state; and to sorrow for sin, believe on Christ, fix their affections on God, and to exhibit all the evidences of grace seen in persons of adult years. The late Mrs. Huntington, writing to her son, says her biographer, "speaks of having a distinct remembrance of a solemn consultation in her mind, when about three years old, whether it was best to be a Christian then or not, and of having come to the decision that it was not." The biographies of Janeway, and numerous others, forbid the idea that religion in a young heart is a miracle, and show that parents have reason to be anxious

lest their young children die without hope, as well as to be encouraged to seek their early conversion.

We should be cautious of *unreasonable distrust* of apparent conversions of children. Watch over the little disciple affectionately, faithfully. His tender years plead for more careful and tender protection. Give him not occasion to say, "I have been neglected, because supposed too young to be a Christian." True, parents and pastors have been often disappointed in children seemingly converted. But the day of judgment may reveal that there have been more cases of undetected deception and hypocrisy in adults, than disappointments respecting children supposed to be pious. Childhood is more guileless than manhood; sooner, perhaps always, throws off the mask, if it be but the mask of religion; and is again open to conviction—perhaps becomes converted. Manhood, more cautious in false profession, wears the mask, shuts out conviction, cries, "peace and safety," and goes on decently, solemnly, formally, down to hell.

Desire the early conversion of your children, that they may have the *longest possible time* in this world to serve Christ. If "the dew of our youth" be devoted to God, advancing years are sure to be marked with proportionate maturity of Christian character and fitness for more efficient labors for Christ.

6. *Maintain familiar Christian intercourse* with your children. Converse with them as freely and affectionately on religious subjects as on others. If you are a warm-hearted and prosperous Christian, you will do this naturally and easily. Let religious intimacy be interwoven with your whole family habits. You will thus know how to counsel, caution, reprove, encourage; what advances they make; what the "reason of the hope that is in them;" for what particular department of service for Christ they are fitted. And if they die early, or before you, then you will have the consolation of having watched and known the progress of their preparation to "depart and be with Christ."

7. *Place and keep before the mind of your child, as the*

great object for which he should live, the glory of God, and the salvation of men. We do much to give direction to the mind, and form the character of the man, by placing an object, for life, before him. Men of the world know and act on this principle. So should the Christian. The object above-named is the only one worthy of an immortal and renewed soul, and prepares the way for the noblest elevation of character: it will raise him above living to himself, and constrain him to fidelity in his Lord's service. Teach him to lay at the foot of the cross, attainments, eminence, influence, honor, wealth—all things; and to live in the desire, "Father, glorify thy name."

8. *Choose instructors for your children with great care.* Know to whose influence you commit the son or daughter of your vows. You have a great and sacred object to accomplish. The teachers of your children must be such as will aid you in that object. Correct moral character in a teacher is not enough. This is often allied with most dangerous religious opinions. Your child should be placed under the care of a self-dedicated teacher, who will feel in relation to his charge, "I am to aid this parent in training a servant for Christ." In your choice of a school, or seminary of learning, never be governed merely by its reputation as literary, fashionable, popular; irrespective of the possibility that its atmosphere may have no vitality from decided religious influence—may even be poisoned by erroneous religious views in the instructors. Respecting sending a daughter to a Catholic convent for education, said a judicious pastor to a parishioner, "If you do not wish your daughter to be burned, you must not put her into the fire." A widow was offered the education of one of her sons at a university where prevailed the influence of Unitarianism. She declined the offer, trusting in God to enable her to accomplish it in a safer situation. Her firmness and faith were rewarded with success. A young lady was placed under the care of a teacher who was not pious. When her mind was deeply interested and anxious on religious subjects, the idea, "What will my teacher think of

me," and the dread of her indifference, perhaps contempt, influenced her decision, and she grieved away the Spirit of God. Christian parent, your prayers, your best efforts may all be frustrated by the influence of a teacher who has no religion.

9. *Be cautious of defeating your own efforts for the spiritual welfare of your children.* Neglect of some essential duty, though you may perform many others, will do this. Prayer without instruction will not do; nor instruction without a right example; nor prayer in the family without earnest wrestlings in the closet; nor all these together, without watching over them, to keep them out of temptation. Be afraid of indulging them in vain amusements. A mother once went to a meeting of her female friends, and asked their supplications for her daughter, whom it appeared she had permitted, at that very time, to attend a dancing-party; and justified herself in the rashness and inconsistency of the permission, by reference to her own early habits of seeking amusements. If parents will permit their children to run directly into "the snare of the devil," let them, at least, not mock God by entreating Christians to pray that he will take care of them there. If they do, let them not wonder if their children live "the servants of sin," and die the "vessels of wrath."

Guard yourself against setting them the example of *fitfulness* in religion: now, all fervor and bustle; then, languid, having scarce the breath of spiritual life. If you would have your children serve Christ in uniform activity, do so yourself. Be afraid of that *periodical* religion, which all at once breaks out from the midst of worldliness and unfaithfulness, and in which feeling shows itself like "a deceitful brook." The deepest piety is like the deep, full river; noiseless, fed by living springs; never disappointing; always flowing, fertilizing, beautifying. Be of that humble, steadfast, heartfelt, industrious, active cast of Christian character, by which your children shall see that *the service of Christ is the great business of life*, and be constrained to enter into it "with all their hearts."

10. *Be cautious of countenancing your children in living "after the manner of this world ;"* in seeking its honors, entering into its ambitious strifes, its secularizing habits and fashions. The children of pious parents must not be found among the votaries of fashion ; emulating their display and useless accomplishments. "How is Christ thus robbed of his own !" said a Christian parent. "I have observed many instances of parents, exemplary, faithful, and judicious with their children, till perhaps fifteen years old ; and then the desire to have them associate with distinguished people, and the dread of having them singular, would cause them to turn right about and dress them like worldly people, and even court their intimacy for them." And parents have smarted severely under the rod of divine chastisement, been mortified, yea, had their hearts broken for such sins, in their disastrous consequences to the characters of their children.

11. *Be cautious what views you foster in your children respecting PROPERTY.* The love of property, in families called Christian, is one of the greatest hinderances to the spread of the Gospel. The systems of Christian benevolence are all embarrassed, every year, from this cause. Parents set their children the example of "making haste to be rich ;" as though this were all for which God made them. They give a pittance to the cause of Christ. And sons and daughters follow in the same course ; even after having professed to know the way of holiness, and *said*, "We are not our own." Facts might be mentioned by hundreds, which would make any true-hearted Christian blush for the church of God. Teach your children to remember what God has said : "The silver is mine, and the gold is mine." Remind them that you and they are stewards, going to give up your account. Treat the acquirement of property as of importance only that you may do good, and honor Christ. Let not your children expect you to make them heirs to large possessions. Let them see you annually giving, "as God has prospered you," to all the great objects of Christian benevolence. They will follow your example when

you have gone to your reward. To leave your children the inheritance of your own devoted spirit and benevolent habits, will be infinitely more desirable than to bequeath to them "thousands of gold and silver." Such examples we have seen. When every Christian parent thus causes his light to shine, and trains his children to do the same, the millennium will come on apace.

As an aid to this, every parent should teach his family *economy*, as a matter of religious principle. Early gain over their consciences to the side of a benevolent, spirited economy. Teach them that "it is more blessed to give than to receive;" to write "holiness to the Lord" upon their pocket-money, instead of spending it for useless or hurtful indulgences; to study simplicity and economy in dress, furniture, style of living; and to regard all useless expenditure of money as sin against God.

12. Be cautious of frustrating your efforts for the spiritual good of your children, *by wrong habits in your family*. Levity in conversation; dull and hasty formality in family worship; worldly conversation on the Sabbath; censorious remarks, we fear, keep whole families of children in the neglect of religion. There is a heavenly cheerfulness and sweetness in some Christians, which declares to their families that religion is a *blessed*, as well as *serious* reality; and gives them an influence and a power to win them to the service of Christ inestimable. Cultivate this. Let "the love of God, shed abroad in your hearts by the Holy Ghost," continually prove to your children that religion is the source of the truest enjoyment, of the richest blessings.

13. If you would have your children obedient servants of Christ, *you must govern them well*. Subordination is one grand law of his kingdom. Implicit obedience to your authority will well accord with the submission your child must render to Christ. How must the habit of insubordination and self-will increase the sorrows of his Christian conflict; render him often unamiable and uncomfortable in his social and domestic relations; and in the church an unmanageable member, or an unlovely minister; or, if in the

missionary work, an occasion of trials, frequent and bitter, to all his associates. Said a minister, respecting a departed member of his church, for whom he hoped the best he could, "he was one of the *stubbornest* oaks that ever grew upon Mount Zion."

A child well-governed, when he becomes a Christian, is ready to "serve the Lord Jesus Christ, with all humility of mind," in any work to which he is called; and will work kindly, harmoniously, and efficiently with others. He enters his Lord's field, saying, "Lo, I come to do thy will, O my God." He will have that heavenly spirit, "the meekness and gentleness of Christ," and as he goes forward from duty to duty, will be able to say with David, "My soul is as a weaned child:" "I delight to do thy will, O my God!" And with such a spirit, he will find precious satisfaction in a life of successful labor for his Lord on earth, and "in hope of the glory of God."

That, by a right government, your children may be fitted to serve Christ, study *the manner in which a holy God governs*. His is the government of a Father; persuasive without weakness; in love and mercy, and yet in accordance with justice; patient and forbearing, yet strict in the rebuke and punishment of offences. He loves his children, but chastens them, for their profit; employs encouragements to obedience; but in his determination to be obeyed, he is firm as his own everlasting throne. He gives his children every reason to fear offending him; still he assures them, that to love and serve him shall be to them the beginning of heaven on earth.

We have incidentally spoken of the interest of MOTHERS in this subject. Maternal duty and influence, in truth, lie at the foundation of the whole work of educating children for the service of Christ. A Christian mother may more richly bless the world, through her children, than many who have sat on thrones. Mothers, divine Providence places your children under your peculiar care, at that period of life when first and eternal impressions will be made. Let your influence be "sanctified by the word of

God and prayer;" and consecrated to the high object of educating sons and daughters for "the work of Christ."

BRETHREN IN THE SACRED OFFICE OF THE MINISTRY—Have we done what we could, or estimated our responsibilities, relative to this subject, as we ought? Have our labors been conducted with sufficient reference to our younger hearers, and their preparation to serve "the Lord of the harvest?" A minister should acquaint himself with the children of his charge, and know what their parents are doing for their good, and their preparation to serve the Lord Jesus Christ. We must act steadily and efficiently on the minds of parents; preach to them; converse with them; prompt their consciences respecting their duties. We should sit down with them in the retirement of their homes, and ask them such questions as these: "What are your views of your duty to God respecting your children? What are your expectations relative to their future usefulness to the kingdom of God on earth? Are you fulfilling your duty with your eyes on the judgment-seat of Christ? What means do you employ that you may realize your expectations? Do you wish to see the glory of God, and the conversion of this lost world, aided by 'the children God has graciously given you?'" Such inquiries, made in the affectionate seriousness of watchmen for souls, will come home to hearts in which there is grace; will awaken to thoughtfulness, and quicken to activity. We shall assist parents to see how they and their families stand related to God, and to this revolted world. And if we would promote their personal prosperity in the divine life, there is no way in which, better than in this, we can stimulate them to their high and solemn duties.

CHRISTIAN PARENTS—Our children have too long been educated without that direct and single reference to the glory of Christ, and the good of this fallen world, which becomes us. Their dedication to the work of Christ, too, has been exceedingly imperfect. For this reason, among others, the work of evangelizing the world has gone on slowly. To address you in the language of a Christian par-

ent, whose feelings are deeply interested in this subject—“There is much said, and justly, of the duty of Christians to hold their property consecrated to Christ; and it is often remarked, that till they act upon higher principles, the world cannot be converted.” It is true; but our delinquency here is not the basis of our unfaithfulness. It is to be feared that many who feel their obligations respecting their property, forget that they are answerable to Christ, to the church, and to the heathen, for *their children*. Thousands of gold and silver are wanted to carry on the work of evangelizing the world; but a thousand *sanctified minds* will do more than millions of money. And, when the children of pious parents shall, with the spirit of true Christians, give *themselves* for the saving of the world, there will be no more any “dark places, full of the habitations of cruelty.”

“Has a greater duty ever rested on men than that which binds them to educate their children for the benefit of the world? Were this our constant, prominent desire, it would give definiteness to our instructions and prayers; we should watch against every habit or influence which would hinder the accomplishment of our wishes. Our children would be taught self-government, self-denial, industry, and effort. We should not be guilty of such a miserable wavering between Christ and the world. Every parent would know for what he was training his children. Every child would know for what he was living. His conscience would feel the pressure of duty. He could not be faithless to the object set before him without violating his conscience. Would not such education be owned and blessed of the Spirit of God, and our children be converted early? Then their powers would all be given to God.”

Christian parents, “whatsoever our hand findeth to do, let us do it with our might.” The pupilage of our children is passing away on the swift wings of time. Let us enter into the spirit of the first propagators of Christianity, and take our children along with us in the labors of love. Let our aim be at higher attainments in piety. “The feeble”

should become "as David ; and David as the Son of God." It must cease to be, that a *few* men and women only, in a century, shall appear, with the spirit of Schwartz, Buchanan, Brainerd, Martyn ; and of Susanna Anthony, Isabella Graham, and Harriet Newell. There ought to be Christians of their standard in every church. Yea, why should not every church be composed of such ; so that the places of their abode should become "too strait for them ;" and they, with "the love of Christ constraining them, go forth, in the untiring spirit of Christian enterprise, over the whole face of the earth ? With such pillars and "polished stones," the temple of the Lord would indeed be beautiful. Blessed with such supporters of the cause of Christ at home, the church will be strong for her Lord's work. Blessed with such messengers of salvation to the heathen, the work of evangelizing the nations will go rapidly on. As they go forth and proclaim the Saviour's love, there will break forth from all "the dark places" the cry, "How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace ; that bringeth good tidings of good, that publisheth salvation ; that saith unto Zion, *Thy God reigneth !*"

THE
WORLD TO COME.

AND IS THERE A WORLD TO COME? Who believes it? See that rich man, reposing in ease, surrounded with splendor, sated with abundance, and living only to himself—does he believe it?

See that poor man, pining in want, murmuring at his lot, and envious of the rich—does he believe it?

That man of pleasure, busy only in contriving new means of ministering to his passions and appetites—does he believe it?

The thoughtless multitudes that gaily pass along our streets, heedless of death and judgment—do they believe it?

Yet *there is a world to come*. Conscience gives warning of it; the eager craving, the fond anticipations of a mind that can never be satisfied with earthly good, foretell it; above all, the Bible, the sure word of inspiration, clearly reveals it. Yes, there is a world to come. It is coming *rapidly*. It will soon be here; and you, my reader, and I shall very soon have exchanged our dwelling here for a habitation in that world to come.

WHAT KIND OF A WORLD IS IT? Very unlike this world.

This world is *transient*: “the fashion of it passeth away.” The dearest objects on which our hearts fasten, perish. Riches, honors, pleasures, friends, are all mortal. The very “heavens shall pass away with a great noise, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat; the earth also, and the things that are therein, shall be burned up.” But the world to come is *eternal*. Its inhabitants, its scenes, its destinies, all will last for ever. Days, months, and years are lost in the boundless duration of eternity.

This world is *changing*. Scarcely any thing remains the same to-day that it was yesterday. Circumstances

change—reducing the prosperous to adversity; raising the poor and wretched to competence and joy; sickness and health alternately succeed each other; characters are changed—the virtuous and moral become profligate, and there is hope that the vicious may be reclaimed. But in the world to come all is *unchanging*. Its pleasures and its pains, its sorrows and its joys, and the conditions of its inhabitants, will be the same for ever. Character also will be fixed. “He that is holy,” will be “holy still; and he that is filthy,” will be “filthy still.”

That world is the world of *retribution*—this is the scene of *probation*. God does not visit sin in this world with its immediate punishment; but “is long-suffering to us-ward, not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance.” He has provided an atonement. He sends his word, and ministers, and Spirit, to awaken sinners, and induce them to receive his grace. He sets before them life and death; commands them to choose life; and “whosoever will” may “take of the water of life freely.” But O how different will it be in the world to come. *There* he will bestow the rewards or inflict the woes for which men have been prepared in this world. Some will be raised to seats of honor, and glory, and blessedness, “at his right hand,” where is “fulness of joy,” and where are “pleasures for evermore.” Others will “depart accursed into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels;” “where their worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched,” and where are “weeping and gnashing of teeth.”

The world to come is *perfect*. Every thing here is *imperfect*. The best are, in many respects, imperfect, and the worst have some good traits of character, at least as it respects their fellow-men and their condition here. The purest happiness here has some alloy, and the deepest woe some mitigating circumstances. But *there*, every thing will be fixed, settled, perfect. The heavenly city will be furnished and fitted in the most perfect manner to make its inhabitants happy. The world of woe will be perfectly

fitted to express the awful wrath of God against sin. The spirits of the just will be made perfect, in character and in bliss. Not a pain, not a sorrow, not a want, not a sin will be found among all the hosts of heaven. And in the pit of darkness not a joy will thrill the bosom, not a hope cheer the heart. It will be "the blackness of darkness for ever."

My friend, ARE YOU PREPARED FOR THE WORLD TO COME ?

Not if your heart is placed *supremely on this world*. The two worlds are so unlike, that he who loves this world will find no corresponding object of affection in that which is to come. Place him in the midst of heaven, and he would be completely miserable ; for he would not find in all its glories an object that he could love, or that could minister delight : all his sources of happiness are gone for ever, and there is nothing to supply their place.

You are not prepared, if living in *the habitual commission of sin*. Not prepared, certainly, for the pure society and holy employments of heaven ; for "without holiness no man shall see the Lord." Nothing can enter the holy city "that defileth or worketh abomination, or maketh a lie."

You are not prepared unless you have *experienced a great change*—a change which is called in the Scriptures being "born again ;" "created anew in Christ Jesus ;" having "passed from death unto life." If you have experienced this change, you have repented of your sins, humbly mourning over them, confessing them to God, and forsaking them. You have believed in the Lord Jesus Christ, renouncing all dependence upon your own righteousness, and trusting in him alone for salvation. What then is your condition ? What says conscience ? If it decides against you, your situation is dangerous beyond conception. With all the guilt of a life of wickedness resting upon you, and the law of God denouncing on you its curses, should you now enter the world to come, how wretched, how hopeless would be your doom. Let me urge you immediately to set about preparation—yes, *immediately*, for you have no time to lose. "This night thy soul may be required of thee."

Do you ask WHAT IS TO BE DONE? Give up this world as the object of your love. It is impossible for you to be saved, so long as you cleave to this world as your portion. "Ye cannot serve God and mammon." If you cannot give up the world; if its honors, or riches, or pleasures have such a hold upon you that you cannot renounce them for Christ, then settle it in your mind that, continuing as you are, your damnation is sure. Renounce your sins. "Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts; and let him return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon him, and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon." Go, then, humbly and penitently confess your sins to God, and, in the name of Christ, ask his forgiveness. Trust no longer in yourself; but by a living faith commit your guilty soul to the Saviour, to be washed and purified through his all-cleansing blood. Resolve at once, in dependence upon the Holy Spirit, that henceforth you will live to God; that you will make his glory the end, and his will the rule of all your future life.

Are these "hard sayings?" You will not think so when you shall have entered the world to come. You will then see that these were the most reasonable and easy terms that God could give, and the only ones consistent either with his own honor or your happiness. They *must be complied with*, or you are lost for ever. They never can be given up, or relaxed. *God* will not change. *You* must change, or die.

My dear reader, why should you hesitate a moment? You have every thing to gain by complying—every thing to lose by refusing. Why will you die? Your soul is precious. Remember, it is a choice between eternal happiness and eternal woe. *Can* you hesitate? O decide for God and heaven; decide *now*, and for ever. The God of infinite mercy help you to fix the purpose; accept the consecration; and make you eternally blessed.

THE
CHRISTIAN TRAVELLER.

AN AUTHENTIC NARRATIVE.



HAVING tarried a few days in a beautiful village of the West, I embarked in a vessel which was crossing one of the great lakes. Three other individuals had taken passage, and night coming on found us waiting for a breeze.

About nine o'clock, as the sails were hoisted, another passenger came on board. When we had cleared the harbor he entered the cabin, and seemed to suppose that he was alone; for we had all retired to our berths. The lamp was burning dimly on the table, but it afforded sufficient light for me to discover that he was young. Seating himself beside it, he drew a book from his pocket and read a few minutes. Suddenly, from on deck, was heard the voice of the

captain uttering oaths, terrific beyond description. The youth arose, laid his book in the chair, and kneeling beside it, in a low whisper engaged in prayer. I listened attentively, and though his soul seemed to burn within him, I could gather only an occasional word, or part of a sentence, such as, "mercy," "dying heathen," "sinners," etc. Presently he seemed in an agony of spirit for these swearers, and could scarcely suppress his voice while pleading with God to have mercy on them. My soul was stirred within me. There was a sacredness in this place, and I was self-condemned, knowing that I also professed the name of Jesus, and had retired with my fellow-passengers to rest, not having spoken of God or committed myself to his care.

Early in the morning I was waked by a loud voice at the door of the companion-way: "Here, whose Tracts are these?" followed by other voices in threats and imprecations against Tract distributors, Bethels, Temperance Societies, etc.

I thought of the young stranger, and feared they would execute their threats upon him; but he calmly said, "Those Tracts, sir, are mine. I have but few, as you see, but they are very good, and you may take one, if you wish. I brought them on board to distribute, but you were all too busy last night." The sailor smiled, and walked away, making no reply.

We were soon called to breakfast with the captain and mate. When we were seated at the table, "Captain," said our young companion, "as the Lord supplies all our wants, if neither you nor the passengers object, I would like to ask his blessing on our repast."

"If you please," replied the captain, with apparent good-will. In a few minutes the cook was on deck, and informed the sailors, who were instantly in an uproar, and their mouths filled with curses. The captain attempted to apologize for the profanity of his men, saying, "it was perfectly common among sailors, and they meant no harm by it."

"With your leave, captain," said the young stranger, "I think we can put an end to it."

Himself a swearer, and having just apologized for his men, the captain was puzzled for an answer; but after a little hesitation replied, "I might as well attempt to sail against a head-wind, as to think of such a thing."

“But I meant all I said,” added the young man.

“Well, if you think it possible, you may try it,” said the captain.

As soon as breakfast was over, the oldest and most profane of the sailors seated himself on the quarter-deck to smoke his pipe. The young man entered into conversation with him, and soon drew from him a history of the adventures of his life. From his boyhood he had followed the ocean. He had been tossed on the billows in many a tempest; had visited several missionary stations in different parts of the world, and gave his testimony to the good effects of missionary efforts among the natives of the Sandwich Islands. Proud of his nautical skill, he at length boasted that he could do any thing that could be done by a sailor.

“I doubt it,” said the young man.

“I can,” answered the hardy tar, “and will not be out done, my word for it.”

“Well, when a sailor passes his word he ought to be believed. I know a sailor who resolved that he would stop swearing, and did so.”

“Ah,” said the old sailor, “you’ve anchored me; I’m fast—but I can do it.”

“I know you can,” said the young man, “and I hope you will anchor all your shipmates’ oaths with yours.”

Not a word of profanity was afterwards heard on board the vessel. During the day, as opportunity presented itself, he conversed with each sailor singly on the subject of his soul’s salvation, and gained the hearts of all.

By this time I was much interested in the young stranger, and determined to know more of him. There was nothing prepossessing in his appearance: his dress was plain, his manners unassuming; but his influence had, by the blessing of God, in a few short hours, greatly changed the aspect of our crew. The tiger seemed softened to a lamb, and peace and quiet had succeeded confusion and blasphemy.

After supper he requested of the captain the privilege of attending worship in the cabin. His wishes were complied with, and soon all on board, except the man at the helm, were assembled. The captain brought out a Bible, which he said was given him in early life by his father, with

a request that he would never part with it. We listened as our friend read Matthew's account of Christ's crucifixion and resurrection; and then looking round upon us, he said, "He is risen—yes, Jesus lives, let us worship him."

It was a melting scene. Knees that seldom bowed before, now knelt at the altar of prayer, while the solemnities of eternity seemed hanging over us. After prayer, we went on deck and sang a hymn. It was a happy place, a *floating Bethel*. Instead of confusion and wrath, there was sweet peace and solemnity. We ceased just as the setting sun was flinging upon us his last cheering rays.

"Look yonder," he exclaimed. "You who have been nursed in the storm and cradled in the tempest, look at the setting sun, and learn a lesson that will make you happy when it shall set to rise no more. As rose that sun this morning to afford us light and comfort, so has the Son of God arisen to secure salvation to all who accept and love him; and as that sun withdraws its beams, and we are veiled in darkness for a season, so will the Sun of righteousness withdraw his offers of mercy from all who continue to neglect them. But remember, that season is one that never ends—one dark, perpetual night."

The captain, deeply affected, went into the cabin, lit his lamp, took his Bible, and was engaged in reading till we had retired to rest.

In the morning, as soon as we were seated at the breakfast-table, the captain invited our friend to ask a blessing. "There, gentlemen," said he, "this is the first time I ever made such a request; and never, till this young man came on board, have I been asked for the privilege of holding prayers, though I have a thousand times expected it, both on the ocean and the lake; and have as often, on being disappointed, cursed religion in my heart, and believed that it was all delusion. Now I see the influence of the Bible, and though I make no claims to religion myself, I respect it, for my parents were Christians; and though I have never followed their counsels, I cannot forget them."

After this, for three days, we regularly attended family worship, and had much interesting conversation on various subjects; for there was nothing in the religion of the young stranger to repress the cheerfulness of social intercourse.

From his familiarity with the Bible, his readiness in illustrating its truths and presenting its motives, and from his fearless, but judicious and persevering steps, we concluded that he was a minister of the Gospel. From all he saw he gathered laurels to cast at his Master's feet, and in all his movements aimed to show that eternity was not to be trifled with. A few hours before we arrived in port, we ascertained that he was a *mechanic*.

Before we reached the wharf the captain came forward, and with much feeling bade him farewell; declared that he was resolved to live as he had done no longer—his wife, he said, was a Christian, and he meant to go and live with her; and added, "I have had ministers as passengers on my vessel Sabbath-days and week-days, but never before have I been reminded of the family altar where my departed parents knelt." As we left the vessel, every countenance showed that our friend had, by his decided, yet mild and Christian faithfulness, won the gratitude of many, and the esteem of all.

We soon found ourselves in a canal-boat, where were about thirty passengers of various ages and characters; and my curiosity was not a little excited to learn how my companion would proceed among them. The afternoon had nearly passed away, and he had conversed with no one but myself. At length he inquired of the captain if he were willing to have prayers on board.

"I have no objection," said he, "if the passengers have not; but *I* shan't attend."

At an early hour the passengers were invited into the cabin, and in a few minutes the captain was seated among them. After reading a short portion of Scripture, our friend made a few appropriate remarks, and earnestly commended us to God.

As soon as he rose from prayer, a gentleman whose head was whitening for the grave, said, "Sir, I should like to converse with you. I profess to be a Deist. I once professed religion, but now I believe it is all delusion."

"Sir," said the young man, "I respect age, and will listen to you; and as you proceed, may, perhaps, ask a few questions; but I cannot debate, I can only say that I must love Jesus Christ. He died to save me, and I am a great sinner."

“I do not deny that men are sinners,” said the old man, “but I don’t believe in Christ.”

“Will you, then, tell us how sinners can be saved in some other way, and God’s law be honored?”

We waited in vain for a reply, when my friend proceeded: “Not many years since, I was an infidel, because I did not love the truth, and was unwilling to examine it. Now I see my error; and the more I study the Bible, the firmer is my conviction of its truth, and that there is no way of salvation but through a crucified Redeemer.”

As the passengers sat engaged in conversation, one of them at length turned to our young friend, and related the circumstances of a murder recently perpetrated by a man in the neighborhood while in a fit of intoxication. To this all paid the strictest attention. The captain joined them to hear the story, the conclusion of which afforded an opportunity for the stranger to begin his work. He was the fearless advocate of Temperance as well as religion, and here gained some friends to this cause.

“But,” said he at length, “though alcohol occasions an immense amount of crime and misery in our world, I recollect one instance of murder with which it had no connection.” He then related, as nearly as I can remember, the following story.

“In a populous city at the East was a man who seemed to live only for the good of others. He daily exhibited the most perfect benevolence towards his fellow-men; sought out the poor and needy, and relieved their wants; sympathized with and comforted the sick and the afflicted; and though he was rich, his unsparing beneficence reduced him to poverty. He deserved the esteem of all, yet he had enemies. He took no part in politics, yet many feared that his generosity was a cloak of ambition, and that he was making friends in order to secure to himself the reins of government. Others feared that his religious sentiments, connected with his consistent life, would expose their hypocrisy. At length a mock trial was held by an infuriated mob, and he was condemned and put to death.”

“Where was that?” “When was it?” “Who was it?” was heard from several voices.

“It was in the city of Jerusalem, and the person was none other than the Lord Jesus Christ. By his enemies

he was hung upon the cross, and for us guilty sinners he died."

Every eye was fixed upon the young man, and a solemn awe rested on every countenance. He opened a Bible which lay upon the table, and read the account of Christ's condemnation and death: the captain nodded to him as a signal for prayer, and we all again fell on our knees, while he wept over the condition of sinners, and, for the sake of Christ, besought God's mercy upon them. Here again was a floating Bethel.

In the morning the stranger was not forgotten, and he evidently did not forget that there were immortal souls around him, hastening with him to the bar of God. During the day he conversed separately with each individual, except an elderly gentleman who had followed him from seat to seat, and showed much uneasiness of mind; the realities of eternity were set before us, and the Holy Spirit seemed to be striving with many hearts.

As the mantle of evening was drawing around us, our friend requested an interview with the aged man.

"Yes, yes," said he, "I have been wishing all day to see you, but you were talking with others."

He acknowledged that he had tried to be a Universalist; and though he could not rest in that belief, he never, until the previous evening, saw his lost condition. "And now," said he, "I want you to tell me what I shall do."

The young man raised his eyes to heaven, as if imploring the Spirit's influences, and then briefly explained the nature and reasonableness of repentance and faith, accompanied by a few striking illustrations, in proof of the justice of God in condemning, and his mercy in pardoning sinners.

The old man saw the plan of redemption so clearly, that he burst into tears, and exclaimed, "O, my soul, my soul. How have I sinned against God. I see it—I feel it—yes, I have sinned all my days."

"But Jesus died to save sinners," replied the young man; "will you, my friend, give him your heart?"

"O yes, yes, if I had a thousand hearts he should have them all," was the answer.

The young man turned away and wept. For some minutes silence was broken only by the deep sighs of the aged penitent. There was something, in an hour like this,

awfully solemn. Heaven was rejoicing, I doubt not, over a returning prodigal. As he stood alone and wept, he reiterated again and again, "Yes, I will serve God, I will, I will." After a time his feelings became more calm, and lifting his eyes towards heaven, with both hands raised, he broke out in singing,

"There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast."

And then again he wept, and said, "Yes, O Jesus, precious Saviour."

The time had come for our young friend to leave us. By his zeal in his Master's service he had stolen our hearts, and each pressed forward to express their friendship in an affectionate farewell.

Such was the influence of one individual, whose unwavering purpose it was to *live* for God. He felt for dying sinners, and relying on the influences of the Holy Spirit for success, labored for the salvation of souls around him. Will not the reader solemnly resolve, in God's strength, that henceforth, *whether at home or abroad*, he will make the glory of Christ, in the salvation of men, the one object of his life? When Christians universally shall do this, we may expect soon to hear the song of Zion float on every breeze, "Hallelujah." "The kingdoms of this world are become the kingdom of our Lord and of his Christ."

WHAT MUST I DO?

BY REV. WILLIAM NEVINS, D. D.

“WHAT MUST I DO TO BE SAVED?” The reader will find this question in Acts 16:30. A man subject to like passions as we are, is there reported to have asked it. An answer was immediately returned to the question by those who were the best qualified to give it. It was forthwith acted on by him who asked it, and he was saved. Innumerable others have made the same inquiry, have acted in compliance with the same answer, and have themselves been saved. “And yet there is room.” The propitiation is not exhausted. The intercession has not ceased. The Holy Spirit has not fulfilled the whole of his commission, and returned to heaven. And his office is the same as when he first undertook it: to convince the world of sin, and to take of the things of Christ and show them unto men. There is hope for thee, fellow-sinner. Thou hast encouragement to inquire and to act.

Here is a question; and it has well been called “THE GREAT QUESTION.” There are many questions which men concern themselves to ask. “What shall I eat?” asks one. “What shall I drink?” inquires another; and there be *many* that say, “Who will show us any good?” But these are not great questions; much less is any one of them *the* great question. The great question concerns the soul, thy immortal nature, and inquires respecting a provision for it, in view of what it *is*, and *has done*, and *is to meet* at the judgment, on its way thither, and far and for ever beyond it. It asks what is to be done in consideration of its depravity, its guilt, its responsibility, its trials here, and its destiny for the world to come. This is the great question. In comparison with others, not only is it the greatest question, but other questions have no magnitude. It is *the great* question.

It is a question of *universal* concern. Its importance is as general as it is great. Every man has equal occasion to ask it. Every man needs to be saved. “All have sinned

and come short of the glory of God. There is none that doeth good, no, not one. Judgment has come upon all men to condemnation. The heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked. The carnal mind is enmity against God. The whole world lieth in wickedness." *Does not every man need to be saved? No man needs any thing so much as to be saved. No man needs any thing in comparison with it. All else is nothing. This alone is every thing. It is the desideratum of the race—not merely needful, most needful, but the "one thing needful."*

This question should be the *first*, as it is the great question. No man can ask it too *early*. The inquiry, "What must I do to be saved?" *was* never, never can be premature. As soon as one can understand its import, there is necessity to ask it. Even children ought to make the inquiry, for they are sinners; and to be a sinner is to be lost. We want salvation now more than we want any thing else. We want it if we live. We want it if we die. Childhood, youth, manhood, old age—every season and stage of life wants it. And every condition of life wants it. Prosperity wants it. Adversity wants it. To-day we need it, both for to-day's exigencies, and because to us there may be no to-morrow. If we do not ask the question early, we may never have opportunity to ask it, or we may ask it in vain. Such is human life, that the most important inquiry ought to be made first, and the most important work first done. Now this is not merely the most important, but the only work of any importance, in case of being overtaken by death. You may leave other things undone, and dying feel no regret; but dying, and leaving this undone, though every thing else may have been done, you can feel no complacency in looking back, and nothing but despair in looking forward. Wherefore it should be with every one the *first* question. He is mad who defers asking it, under any circumstances, however engrossing; or for any period, however brief the period may be. "Seek *first* the kingdom of God and his righteousness. *To-day* if ye will hear his voice, harden not your hearts. Behold, *now* is the day of salvation."

Some have asked this question, and *have acted* appropriately on the answer to it. They have done what was necessary to be done, and now each asks, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do" farther?

Others, having asked it, and obtained the answer, are *hesitating*. They know what they must do, but they have not done it. The Holy Spirit has convinced them of sin, but there his work has stopped. Why has he not gone on? There must be some counteraction. This is a *critical* condition. "My Spirit shall not always strive with man." It is *unreasonable*. "How long halt ye between two opinions?" It is *dangerous*. Death may intervene. The Spirit may depart. We are not saved by asking the question, but by acting conformably to the answer. It is also an *unnecessary* state to be in. There is no need of lingering there. The case of the jailer proves this. Neither is there any *advantage* in it. Your doing what is required is not promoted by delaying to do it, but rather impeded. There is no getting ready to do it: certainly, no *long* preparation necessary. The jailer's case proves this. Reader, are you hesitating? Hesitate no longer, but do what Paul and Silas said: "Believe in Christ."

Some, having been concerned for their salvation, have asked the question; and having heard the answer, have declined doing the thing, as *not liking* what is to be done. And they have relapsed into carelessness; or are vainly imagining to find a substitute which will be accepted; or they have concluded to defer the thing, in the hope that it will be more easily done hereafter, though they know at the same time that it will not be, and it is not difficult to convince them that it cannot become more easy, but must daily become less so. Some have *never* asked the question; or have asked it only in a spirit of curiosity, without any intention of doing, though desirous to know what is to be done. Some, again, are so taken up with other questions, such as, "What shall we eat? Who will show us any good?" that they plead they have no time for the great question.

Some think they must be a long time asking it before they proceed any farther. Why? Is the answer long deferred? Why ask a question a second time, when, on the first asking, it has been satisfactorily answered?

Some ask the question seriously, and with a degree of concern, but the judgment is convinced rather than the heart affected. They *believe* that they are lost, and need salvation, but they do not *feel* it. Their conviction requires to be more thorough, more deep, more of the heart. Con-

scious that they are sinners, they infer that they are lost ; but they have not such a view of the evil of sin, and of the extent of their own depravity, as to acknowledge the entire justice of their condemnation, and to seize with avidity on a scheme of salvation by the merest grace. Yet even these I would not advise to wait for deeper conviction. That may come afterwards. They may never know the depth of the disease till the cure has been commenced. "To the cross—to the cross," I would say to these, go, as well for deeper conviction as for salvation. There, looking on that, you shall learn not only what a Saviour you have, but what a sinner you are.

But I proceed to the import of the question. The end proposed in it is SALVATION. The inquirer would know what he must do *to be saved*. And what is it to be saved ? It is to be delivered from sin and from suffering ; to be made holy and happy ; to be recovered from the condemnation and corruption brought upon the soul by transgression ; to be restored to the favor and image of God. It includes being pardoned, justified, adopted and made an heir of God, as well as being renewed and sanctified. Salvation comprehends both grace and glory. It commences in time ; it is continued through eternity. Peace that passeth understanding, hope that maketh not ashamed, joy unspeakable and full of glory, and everlasting consolation, belong to this salvation. These begin to be realized here ; and beyond the grave, a crown unfading, a throne exalted, a kingdom that cannot be moved, and an inheritance incorruptible and undefiled, are reserved for the happy and glorified subject of this salvation. He shall want no more, suffer, fear, weep, sin, die no more—no more for ever. And the positive good that God has prepared for him, sense cannot discern, and imagination cannot conceive. It is an "exceeding and eternal weight of glory."

Now, the sinner asks what he must do in order to gain this salvation. Not to *merit* it, nor to *earn* it. That the awakened sinner knows he cannot do. But to *have* it—to come into possession of it. Nothing which he is capable of doing would avail to this, had not others undertaken and done for him. Before I tell him what *he* must do to be saved, let me tell him *what others have done* that he might be saved.

“*God* so loved the world that he gave his only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.” This Son, whom his Father spared not though he was his only-begotten and well-beloved, the *Lord Jesus*, though rich, became poor for our sakes ; took upon him the form of a servant ; humbled himself, and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross. Yes, for us he condescended, and came down ; lived in earthly circumstances ; moved in human society ; was subject to all our ills ; was insulted and despised ; wanted, wept, bled, and died. This is what he did for our sakes, and in our stead. It was the hardest of doing. It was *suffering*. For the same object he is *doing* now in heaven ; and for this God in providence is ever doing ; and *the Holy Spirit* is doing within us ; and angels are waiting to do ; and men are doing—ministers preaching, and Christians praying.

In the midst of all this doing for him, the sinner asks what he must do for himself. “What must *I* do to be saved ?” And it is true, he must do something, after all that has been done by others, or never be saved. *He* must act. His coöperation is indispensable. He cannot be the subject of salvation without being an agent in it. That about which he inquires is not merely permitted, but required. It is not what he *may* do, but what he *must* do—not what he ought to do, or had better do, but what it is indispensable he should do. Salvation includes a work done *for* us, *in* us, and *by* us. The question is about this last ; which is as essential in its place as was the death of Christ in its place, or as is the influence of the Holy Spirit. I would have this truth grounded and settled in your mind. Every sinner must *do* in order to be saved. His salvation can no more be without his action, than it could be without the action of God. *Not doing* destroys, but it does not save. Men may perish by omission, but to their salvation action is necessary. “*He that believeth shall be saved. Except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish. Strive to enter in at the strait gate.*”

But *what* is it ? He asks *what* he must do to be saved. I will answer. And here let me pass to the method of direct address, for it is your case, my fellow-sinner, for which I am going to prescribe. What you must do has imme-

diate respect to the Lord Jesus Christ. It is not any exercise of which sin is the object, that saves the soul. Our sins have ruined us. It is no looking at *them* that can save us. Neither are we saved by any exercise of which God, absolutely considered, is the object. The words whereby we may be saved are about Jesus. He is the object of the saving act. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."

But you ask, and very properly, "*Who is Christ?* How stands he connected with my salvation? Why am I directed to him?" That the act may be intelligently done, it is necessary these questions should be satisfactorily answered. Faith presupposes knowledge. I reply, that Christ is God, and that he became man, and so was "God manifest in the flesh;" was made under the law for sinners, in which capacity he obeyed for them the precept they broke, and suffered for them the penalty they had incurred—and as he was delivered for their offences, so he rose again for their justification, and ascended to heaven, where he ever liveth to make intercession. Now, in him, in consequence of this undertaking, work, and passion, there is salvation. There is redemption through his blood. It cleanses from all sin. He is the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth; so that God can be just, and yet justify such; for by his obedience they are made righteous. "Neither is there salvation in any other." You see, then, why you are directed to him.

Now, here is the object. Observe, it is with him you have to do—with him *immediately*. You need no daysman between you and the Mediator. We come to God *by him*—but *to* Christ without any medium. And it is only one thing you are directed to do with respect to him. It is to *believe* on him. It is true, the exercise is sometimes expressed by other terms, and it is also true that believing includes or draws after it other exercises. It implies confidence. It works by love. It is the principle of all evangelical obedience; and the eye that looks to Jesus, believing, is always moistened with the tears of ingenuous repentance for all sin. But it is faith that saves the soul—or rather, that brings the soul to Christ, that he may save it.

The connection between believing and being saved is certain and infallible. Believe, and thou *shalt* be saved.

There is no peradventure here. Thou *shalt* be saved. Depend upon it. Doubt it not. Thou *shalt* be saved—and that, whoever you be, whatever your age, how many soever and great your sins, *thou shalt* be saved. Yes, *thou*. “Him that cometh to me, I will in nowise cast out.” *Only believe*. If all the sins of all men met on you, yet, believing, you should be saved from them all.

But what is it to *believe*? It is to give credit to the testimony of God. This supposes that you *understand* it—that you give credit to it *as his*, and *for his sake*—and that you *feel* and *act* suitably to it. To believe a *command*, is to obey it. To believe a *threatening*, is to be awed by it. To believe an *admonition*, is to take heed to what it recommends. To believe a *promise*, is to rely on it, and plead it; and to give credit to an *invitation*, is to comply with the terms of it.

But what, in particular, is believing *in Christ*? It is to give credit to what is testified of him as a Saviour; and to exercise implicit, unbounded confidence in him as such. It is to receive him—to look to him—to commit the soul to him; and this not merely that he may be its Priest, but also its King and Lord, its Master and Teacher too. Is Christ divided, that one can receive him in one of his offices and not in all? Does he say, “Come unto me?” in the same breath he adds, “Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me.” It is all one invitation; and in the compliance the parts cannot be separated.

But do you ask *how* you are to believe? Faith is a *moral exercise*. “*With the heart* man believeth unto righteousness.” Do you ask how you may know if you have believed? “By their fruits ye shall know them.” Faith works by love. The heart is purified by faith. And “this is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith.” These are among its achievements. It is a holy and heroic principle. Read a record of its exploits in Hebrews 11.

Now your question is answered. Act upon it. I have done my part. Do you yours. Practise upon your knowledge. If you know this thing, happy are you if you do it. Believe, since that is the thing you *must* do. Believe on Christ, and be saved. Believe without delay. It is a present duty. Believe, while it is your privilege. To-day. Now.

Not believing, you remain not saved ; and “ how shall we escape, if we neglect so great salvation ? ” Not saved—and soon the harvest will be past, the summer ended, and you not saved—not saved, and never to be saved. O sinner, act immediately and with thy might. Be instant. Be in earnest. The Saviour looks towards thee. He calls to thee. He comes after thee. His arms are extended ; his heart is open. By the love that was stronger than death, he pleads with thee to let him save thee.

But perhaps you say, “ I hear all this, and I approve it, and I do make the attempt to believe. But it is all in vain. I experience no relief, no change. ” Renew the attempt. There is no alternative. There is no second thing you are to be directed to do, in case the first does not succeed.

“ But may I not pray, and read my Bible, and break off my evil habits, and attend on the means of grace ? ” Most assuredly you may ; and if you are in earnest you will do it, whoever says nay. Salvation includes a work *for* you. Read about it. Think about it. Hear about it—the incarnation, the agony, the crucifixion, the resurrection, the intercession. Be grateful for it. It includes also a work *in* you, done by another. For that pray. Ask the Holy Spirit to do it in *you*. But do not on that account neglect the work that is to be done *by* you. And remember that that which is to be done by you, is more than reading about the work of Christ, and praying for the work of the Spirit. Propitiation was the work of Christ. Regeneration is the work of the Spirit. To repent and believe is thine. “ Study to do *thy own* business. ” And then thou shalt not only have to praise Christ for having done his work, but thou shalt bless the Spirit too for having accomplished his. And to the divine Trinity, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, shall be due, and shall be rendered by thee, the glad subject of the salvation, and by the general assembly of the redeemed, and by the whole fraternity of angels, the praise, all the praise, and the praise for ever, *that thou art saved*.

INFIDEL OBJECTIONS.

FROM ABBOTT'S MAGAZINE.

UNWEARIED efforts are made at the present day to undermine the Christian faith of the young and the thoughtless. Infidel tracts are extensively circulated, and societies formed, that the institutions and the restraints of Christianity may be swept from the land. But there never yet has been an argument adduced against Christianity, which has not been triumphantly refuted. Notwithstanding the efforts which have been made by unbelievers in all ages of the church, Christianity has been advancing with a steady and ever-increasing power. It has triumphed over all former opposition. Voltaire boasted that he could overthrow it. And if there ever was a man who could have shaken Christianity to its foundation, Voltaire was the man. He was the idol of his nation. The theatres of Paris, and every literary circle in the empire, resounded with his praises. Whatever he wrote was at once communicated to millions of minds. He was possessed of a memory almost miraculous in its powers of retention. His command of language was perfect. His powers of sarcasm unrivalled. The peculiar circumstances of the times were remarkably favorable to his enterprise. He summoned all his powers for the work.

Voltaire is now dead. He has gone to judgment. Christianity still lives and thrives with ever-increasing vigor. Every day tells us of her triumphs; every hour proclaims her victories. The sarcasm of Voltaire, the sneers of Gibbon, the sophistry of Hume, were alike unavailing. Christianity still lives, and is extending from sea to sea, and from shore to shore. Modern infidels are retailing, at second-

hand, the objections which have already been refuted, and which have proved powerless. We have no fears for Christianity. Her omnipotence is proved. The only thing to be feared from the efforts of infidels at the present day is, that they may blast the hopes of many families, and bring down the gray hairs of many parents in sorrow to the grave. They may succeed in undermining the foundations of virtue in the bosoms of not a few of the young and the thoughtless; leading them to cast off the fear of God and to restrain prayer, and thus to come to all the horrors of the infidel's death-bed, and to grope through the gloom of eternity undone for ever. It is for them that we write, that they may be guarded against the seductions of vice, and against the sophistry of those who would betray them.

Again we say, we have no fears for Christianity. From a lowly origin it has risen to greatness, and has spread over a large portion of the globe. Wherever it has appeared, it has been the dispenser of the choicest blessings. Every weapon that has been lifted against it has proved of no avail. Where can you find infidels more powerful than Hume and Gibbon and Bolingbroke, Rousseau and Voltaire? Where can you find persecution more violent and bloody than that of Nero or Domitian? If Christianity could have been overthrown, it would have been done long before now. But the lash of the satirist, the sophistry of the philosopher, and the sword of the persecutor have been alike ineffectual. In defiance of all opposition, religion has been steadily advancing, and her progress is now more rapid than it ever has been before. If what we write may be instrumental in saving any young man from the downward path of sin and woe, our object will be accomplished, and our reward will be great.

THE OLD TESTAMENT is the great storehouse of infidel objections. Most persons are less acquainted with the Old Testament than with the New, and are therefore less pre-

pared to contradict bold assertions, or to detect incorrect statements and sophistical reasonings. We shall now answer a few of the most plausible objections which are urged against the divine authority of the Bible. Commencing with the first chapter of Genesis, we shall take the objections in the order in which they arise, and shall endeavor to present the arguments of the infidel in all their strength, assured that Christianity has nothing to fear from the most determined attacks of her foes.

OBJECTION 1. Of the history of the creation, it is said by Palmer, "One thing is remarkable in the account : that there were three days and three nights before the creation of the sun, which is the sole cause of day and night. This proves that Moses, or whoever wrote the first chapter of Genesis, was neither a good world-maker nor a good astronomer."

ANSWER. This objection infidels have urged for many centuries. But, unfortunately for them, the light of modern science has disclosed that the sun is not *a great globe of fire*, as they have supposed. Dr. Herschel's telescope has completely annihilated their argument. It has shown, to the satisfaction of every scientific man, that the sun is a solid globe, similar to the earth and other planets, and that the splendor which it emits comes from a region of luminous clouds with which it is enveloped. Thus modern philosophy has shown that the Mosaic account is minutely and even scientifically accurate. The *matter of light* is a substance altogether distinct from the sun. It was called into existence the first day of the creation. On the fourth day the sun assumed his station as the *great light-bearer*. This is the precise word which Moses uses.

This objection is thus blown to the winds. And yet, founded as it is in ignorance, it still holds sway over the minds of the ignorant. It happens that Moses was the good astronomer, and that Palmer and his coadjutors were

the dupes of objections founded on ignorance. It happens that Moses, in the very infancy of science, and before the powers of the telescope were known, had attained a degree of accuracy in astronomical statements which surpassed the knowledge of those who are enjoying all the light of the nineteenth century. It is the recent perfection of science which has proved the scientific accuracy of the Mosaic account. How tremendously, then, is the objection rolled back upon the objector. And if he be susceptible of shame, how must he be confounded, to learn, that with all his boasting he has been urging the argument of ignorance and folly. And if he will allow himself to think, how must he be perplexed to account for the fact, that Moses, without the advantage of modern science, and without the perfection of modern art, was so far in advance of the learned men who have lived even within half a century of the present day.

Sir Isaac Newton, whose mind was as familiar with suns and stars as with household things, would have laughed to scorn the man who should adduce such an argument against revelation ; and yet it is still circulated, by the ignorant and the designing, to build up the cause of infidelity.

There is no geologist of more distinguished reputation than Cuvier. He says the Mosaic account of the creation of the world, "considered in a purely scientific view, is extremely remarkable, inasmuch as the order which it assigns to the different epochs of creation, is precisely the same as that which has been deduced from geological observations."

Where did Moses obtain this knowledge? Did he borrow it from the Egyptians? They were not acquainted with the science of geology. It is the laborious research of many centuries which has enabled learned men to come scientifically to those conclusions which Moses has stated with so much simplicity in the first chapter of Genesis. Again we ask, how are we to account for the fact, that, thousands of years ago, the leader of a half-civilized nation

had attained a degree of knowledge about the structure of the world, which is now only discovered by the observation of centuries and the intense study of the most gifted minds? The man who can account for this on common principles, must be credulous indeed.

The Christian has a very simple and satisfactory answer. "He who made the world, could reveal to Moses how it was made. It is a fact of deep interest, that 'science, when matured by a series of careful observations and legitimate induction, teaches us precisely what Moses had taught more than three thousand years ago.'"

OBJECTION 2. "It is said in the Bible that Moses wrote the first five books of the Old Testament; but it is impossible that he could have written them, for in his day the art of writing was not known." This is a bold assertion, and if true, a very formidable one. Let us inquire into its truth.

ANSWER. Not long since, the French army invaded Egypt. A corps of scientific men, under the patronage of the French government, accompanied this army, to examine the hieroglyphics, and to explore the far-famed antiquities of this land. They found, in the pyramids—the sepulchral chambers of Egypt's embalmed kings—many manuscripts written in the time of Moses, *and one in particular which was written two centuries before his day.* These manuscripts were found with the mummies and funeral relics which were deposited in the tombs of the pyramids. They were read, and their contents published to the world.

And yet infidels have been asserting for centuries, that Moses could not have written the Pentateuch, because people did not know how to write then. This matter-of-fact discovery of the French philosophers has for ever removed the argument from the mouths of intelligent men, but it is still bandied about, to do its work among the ignorant.

OBJECTION 3. "The creation of the world, according to the account of Moses, took place but about six thousand

years ago. But the science of geology affords abundance of evidence that this world must have existed *millions of ages.*"

ANSWER. The first chapter of Genesis, in its details, is not an account of the original creation of the globe, but of its adaptation to its present purposes, and of the introduction of man upon its surface. "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth." When was "*the beginning?*" Does Moses say it was but six thousand years ago? No such thing. Moses says not one word upon the subject. For aught we are told, it may have been millions of ages.

"And the earth was without form, and void; and darkness was upon the face of the deep." How long had the earth remained this shapeless mass of inorganic matter? The Bible does not inform us. For aught we can tell, it may have been through the long lapse of many ages. Moses simply informs us that the earth had been created "in the beginning," and was in this situation when God said, "Let there be light."

But here again science appears in attestation of the truth of Scripture. By a process of investigation of petrified bones and organic remains, which it is not necessary here to endeavor to explain, the most eminent geologists are satisfied that the human race cannot have existed on this globe for a longer period than that asserted by Moses. Thus science, instead of contradicting the Mosaic account, gives whatever influence she has in its favor.

OBJECTION 4. "Modern astronomy teaches us, that the world upon which we live is but one among unnumbered millions. As far as the eye of the telescope can penetrate into the regions of infinite space, we find suns and systems strewed with a profusion which no combination of numbers can express. This world is one of the most insignificant of them all, and, compared with the rest, is but as a sand upon the shore of the ocean, or as a single leaf amid the countless

myriads of the forest. It is, therefore, ridiculous to suppose that this insignificant world, with its puny inhabitants, *should attract so much of the attention of God* as is represented in the Bible."

ANSWER. This argument implies, first, the assertion that Christianity is intended for the exclusive benefit of this world. We cannot reply to this assertion better than in the eloquent language of Chalmers.

"How does the infidel know that Christianity is set up for the single benefit of this earth and its inhabitants? How is he able to tell us that the person and the religion of Jesus are unknown in other worlds? We challenge him to the proof of this said positive announcement. He may make his argument out of an assertion which he has no means whatever of verifying; an assertion, the truth or the falsehood of which can only be gathered out of some supernatural message, for it lies completely beyond the range of human observation. For any thing he can tell, sin has found its way into these other worlds. For any thing he can tell, many a visit has been made to each of them, on the subject of our common Christianity, by commissioned messengers from the throne of the Eternal. For any thing he can tell, the redemption proclaimed to us, is not one solitary instance, or not the whole of that redemption which is by the Son of God, but only our part in a plan of mercy equal in magnificence to all that astronomy has brought within the range of human contemplation."

But the Christian can go farther than this. In the Bible he finds positive evidence that the plan of redemption is not confined, in its moral effects, to this world alone. The inhabitants of other worlds look with interest upon the scenes which are occurring here. And in these scenes they witness such a display of the Creator's love as constitutes one of the high songs of eternity.

The Christian can go farther still. Even admitting the

infidel's bare and proofless assertion, that Christianity was intended for this world alone, his argument remains still to be defended.

He says, "Since astronomy has unfolded to us such a number of worlds, it is not likely that God would pay *so much attention to this one world*, and set up such wonderful provisions for its benefit as are announced to us in the Christian revelation."

And is this the character of the infidel's God? Is he so exhausted with his many cares, that he cannot attend to the wants of the creatures he has made? Is he such a languid, powerless being, that he has called worlds into existence which he has no time to take care of? Is the God whom the infidel professes to worship, so overwhelmed with business and perplexed with cares, that he cannot be the guide and protector of his frail children?

Such is not the God of the Christian. The God we worship is not like feeble man. He rules over an empire, vast in extent, beyond the conceptions of any finite mind. Infinity is filled with rolling worlds, over which his boundless monarchy extends. And yet there is no minuteness which can escape his observant eye. Again, to quote the language of Dr. Chalmers, "In a word, I am told by the telescope, that the Almighty is now at work in regions more distant than geometry has ever measured, and among worlds more manifold than numbers have ever reached. But by the microscope I am also told, that with a mind to comprehend the whole in the vast compass of its generality, he has also a mind to concentrate a close and a separate attention on each and all of its particulars; and that the same God who sends forth an upholding influence among the orbs and the movements of astronomy, can fill the recesses of every single atom with the intimacy of his presence, and travels in all the greatness of his unimpaired attributes, upon every spot and corner of the universe he has formed. Does it not

add much to the perfection of the benevolence of God, that while it is expatiating over the vast field of created things, there is not one portion of the field overlooked by it; that while it scatters blessings over the whole of an infinite range, it causes them to descend in a shower of plenty on every separate habitation; that while his arm is underneath and round about all worlds, he enters within the precincts of every one of them, and gives a care and a tenderness to each individual of their teeming population?"

What low and degraded views the infidel must have of the character of God. The God he worships is a powerless being, so distracted with care that he cannot attend to his children's wants.

OBJECTION 5. "It can be proved by mathematical calculation, that there is not water enough in the world for a general deluge; and therefore the account which is given in the Bible of such a deluge, is a fable, and the book which contains such fables, is not worthy of any credit."

ANSWER. 1. It is difficult to know how to reply to a man who has such a crooked mind as to think that he who made all worlds, and holds the ocean in his hand, is unable to roll a flood of waters over this little globe. The God of the Deist must be impotent indeed, if he cannot make a flood of any dimensions to suit his purposes. The God of the Christian is all-powerful, there is nothing which he cannot do.

2. But even this frivolous assertion is not to be assented to as true. Nearly three-fourths of the whole surface of the globe are now covered with water, and it is not so easy to prove that the comparatively small portion of land may not sink and be inundated by the deep. Bold assertions are not arguments.

3. The fact of a deluge is almost universally asserted by geologists. The present appearance of the rocks and mountains and caverns of the earth, irresistibly proves that

it must have been at some former period covered with water. This is now admitted by every distinguished geologist, whether he be friend or foe to the Christian cause. The wreck and ruin everywhere visible upon the surface of our planet, have satisfied every careful observer, that wild floods and rushing torrents have swept over the globe. Thus does science give her testimony to the truth of revelation. Skeletons of whales have been found upon the sides of high mountains far from the ocean. The remains of animals, which can live only in the torrid zone, are found far away in the frigid regions of the north, showing that they must have been borne there by the mighty rush of waters. Immense forests are found many feet beneath the surface of the earth, indisputably proving that the action of the water must have washed them down and covered them with earth. And there are evidences still more striking in the position of the various strata of which this earth is composed. The fact that there has been a deluge is written in living characters upon the face of nature. Blot out the record from the Bible, and still the evidence remains indisputable.

OBJECTION 6. "Noah's ark, as described in the Bible, was not large enough to contain one-half of the animals for which it was intended."

ANSWER. By an accurate measurement, taken from the proportions given by Moses, it is ascertained that the ark was about as large as eighteen of the largest ships of the present day. The *distinct species* of four-footed animals, known, amount to but about two hundred and fifty. These eighteen ships will carry twenty thousand men, with eighteen hundred pieces of cannon, and provisions for six months. Who then can for a moment doubt that the ark, built not for speed nor for beauty, but merely for buoyancy and strength, would afford accommodations for these two hundred and fifty pairs of quadrupeds, with the specified number of birds and insects, and eight human beings, with pro-

visions for a year? It seems almost like trifling to answer such arguments, and yet deists are scattering them about among the ignorant and the credulous as powerful objections to the credibility of the Scriptures. The fact is, as stated by Bishop Wilkins, "that of the two, it is more difficult to assign a number and bulk of necessary things to answer to the capacity of the ark, than to find sufficient room for the several species of animals, and their food, already known to have been there."

There is one very interesting fact in this connection, deserving of notice. "It can be proved to demonstration, that the proportion of the length to the breadth, and of both to the height, in Noah's ark, is exactly that which renders any substance most buoyant and the most perfectly secure even in a storm." Now it is a question really deserving of thought, how did Noah obtain such skill in architectural dimensions? It has been the result of long experience and careful observation, by which architects of the present day have obtained this knowledge. It did not come to them intuitively. How then did it happen that Noah, far back in the infancy of the world, was so accomplished a ship-builder? It is not an easy question for the deist to answer.

OBJECTION 7. "The Israelites were ordered to wage exterminating war against the Canaanites. They were to show no mercy, they were to feel no compassion. Neither helpless age nor innocent infancy were to be spared. Men, women, and children were to be exterminated by indiscriminate massacre. Is it possible to believe that God would issue such a command—that he would commission one nation to carry fire and blood to the habitations of another?"

ANSWER. 1. May not God use any instruments he pleases in the execution of his judgments? God poured an ocean of burning lava on Herculaneum and Pompeii. He spared neither age nor infancy, neither mother nor babe.

All were overwhelmed in indiscriminate destruction. He shook the foundations of the earth, and opened one wide grave, in which was swallowed Lisbon, with her thousands of inhabitants. He sends pestilence and famine to desolate a city and a nation. Neither women nor children are spared. For hours and days they cry in the protracted agony of incurable disease. And are the horrors of war more fearful? May not God with as much propriety deliver up an abandoned city to the horrors of war, as to the ocean of liquid fire, or the earthquake, or the all-devouring famine, or the dreadful plague? They who urge this objection, seem to be perfectly unconscious that it is just as powerful against the *God of nature* as against the *God of revelation*. In point of fact, God is continually sending judgments which spare neither age nor sex, neither female helplessness nor unoffending infancy.

2. It is represented in the Bible, that on a certain occasion God found it to be necessary to check the pride and presumption of the Israelites by sending upon them deserved punishment. A judgment was to be sent sufficiently appalling to produce an impression upon their obdurate hearts. The choice was therefore offered to David, between *seven years of famine, three months of exposure to conquering enemies, and three days of pestilence*. Now, is the sending of the horrors of war a greater impeachment of the divine justice, than sending the famine or the pestilence? The deist says, God may send the famine—he may send the pestilence—but he must not send the sword. How perfectly childish such a distinction! And what arrogant presumption, for a *man* to sit in judgment upon the *instruments* which God may use in the execution of his will!

3. Is it asked, why did God desire the extermination of the Canaanites? We reply, why did he desire the destruction of Herculaneum and Pompeii? Why does he roll the cloud of pestilence over Barbary and Turkey? Why

does he suffer a third part of the human race annually to die in infancy? This asking of questions is easy work, and when the deist has answered one half of those which are continually arising before the thinking mind, he may begin to expect that perhaps the human mind will eventually be able to answer all. Even if we could see no reason why God should desire the extermination of the Canaanites, the occurrence would be burdened with no greater difficulties than everywhere meet us as we look upon the universally admitted acts of God.

4. But we *can* see a reason why God should desire the destruction of the Canaanites. They were abandoned to the most polluting idolatry. They were celebrating their degrading rites, with deeds of impurity and crime of the most revolting character. Will the deist say that it was criminal for God to exterminate such a race? Will he say that it was expedient to expose the Israelites to the temptation of their sensual rites, or to the attacks of such a savage race? He must indeed be sorely pressed for an answer, to assert this. If God had swallowed them up by an earthquake, or rolled the waves of the Mediterranean over their habitations, or rained upon them the fires of heaven, destroying age and infancy together, all objection would be silenced. It seems, then, the only difficulty is, that God should have made use of the instrumentality of man in executing his judgments.

5. Why, then, the infidel asks, admitting that it was right that they should be exterminated, was it not done in some other way? Why not send pestilence or famine, rather than excite the passions of man, and deliver them over to the fury of the sword? Even here God has so unfolded to us the circumstances, as to furnish us with a conclusive answer.

The great object God had in view, in his dealings with the children of Israel, was to preserve them from the sin

of idolatry, and to confirm them in the true religion. This object is to be seen in many of the otherwise unmeaning ceremonies of the Mosaic law. Now, what could produce upon the mind of the Jew such a deep conviction of God's utter abhorrence of idolatry, as to be himself the commissioned executor of the divine judgment? God did not send the pestilence, or the famine, or the flood. They would have produced but a comparatively trifling impression. He said to the Israelites, "Go, and exterminate that abandoned nation. Spare neither age nor sex. Purify the earth from the polluted race of idolaters with which it is now deformed." Can the ingenuity of man devise a measure more effectually calculated to produce the impression desired? Think you that the Israelite, as he passed through these awful scenes of fiery judgment, did not feel more deeply than he ever felt before, the danger of incurring the displeasure of God? As he saw the armies of God prosecuting their work of extermination from village to village, destroying root and branch, and every vestige of idolatry, think you, he could easily be guilty of the same sin, and expose himself to the same awful judgment? The very measure adopted, bears the impress of the hand of that God who is wise in council, and fearful in judgment. In fact, no one can look at the measure, in all its bearings, without seeing that it was dictated by infinite wisdom.

The objection of the deist then is simply this, either,

1. God has no right to exterminate an abandoned nation in any way, either by flood, or pestilence, or famine, or sword. Or,

2. He has no right to exterminate them in that way which will produce the deepest impression of the enormity of sin upon the minds of those that remain.

The man who will attempt to defend either of these positions, is beyond the reach of argument. The man who has sufficient candor to admit that neither of them is defen-

sible, must also admit that this much-vaunted objection of the deist is completely overthrown.

Will any one say, that if God can wage exterminating war with his enemies, and deliver them over to the sword, man may do the same, and, uncommissioned of God, take the sword into his hand?

And is it so? May man do what God does? God sends disease, and takes away my neighbor's life. May I therefore poison my neighbor? God sends the lightning and burns my neighbor's dwelling. May I therefore kindle the flame of midnight conflagration? These are the frivolous cavils that the deists of the present day are putting forth as arguments which demand refutation. And they are received as arguments only by the giddy who are wedded to worldly pleasure, by the ignorant who are sunk in degraded sin, and the unreflecting who are in chase of the honors and opulence of the world.

Our rulers have authority from God under certain circumstances to take away life, and leave a family in a situation worse than death. They are thus, as Moses was, the executors of the divine will, and are they therefore murderers? Does it impeach the divine goodness? Why, then, was Moses a murderer? Why did his conduct impeach the divine goodness?

The destruction of the Canaanites showed the Jews how powerless were the gods on whom the heathen relied, and impressed upon their minds the power of Jehovah, the God of Israel.

OBJECTION 8. "David was a murderer and an adulterer. The catalogue of human crimes can hardly afford one of greater atrocity than his conduct in the affair of Uriah; and yet he is represented in the Bible as a man after God's own heart."

ANSWER. 1. The Bible condemns his sin as severely as it can be condemned by any one. The plain truth is stated,

that David was guilty of such a crime, and it is spoken of in terms of the most unmeasured abhorrence. God sent a prophet to David with a special message of condemnation. He punished David for the crime with great severity. "Because," said the prophet, "by this deed thou hast given great occasion to the enemies of the Lord to blaspheme."

1. Your beloved child shall die. 2. For the remainder of life you shall not have one moment of domestic peace, but shall suffer as severely as man can suffer from domestic sorrows. 3. You shall have no more peace upon the throne. Bereaved of your child, and harassed for the remainder of your days with domestic discord and political disasters, you shall drag out a melancholy existence.

This was the sentence God sent the prophet to pass upon David; and this is the occurrence the deist quotes to prove that the God of the Bible countenances sin. Is this palliating sin? Is this passing it by as a slight occurrence?

What is the objection of the deist? It is, that notwithstanding this sin, God regarded David with approbation.

And what is the answer? It is, that God regarded his sin with the utmost abhorrence, and that for it David suffered to the very last hour of his life. He *did not in this respect* regard David with approbation. He was approved only for those things in which he did justly, and loved mercy, and walked humbly with God.

Even David himself does not attempt to palliate the sin. He acknowledges the righteousness of God's judgment. He condemns himself in language of the most abject humility and the deepest penitence. Read the fifty-first Psalm, which he wrote in reference to this transaction. How heartrending his penitence. How is he overwhelmed with self-loathing and self-abhorrence. "Have mercy upon me, O God," he cries. "Wash me thoroughly from mine iniquity, and cleanse me from my sin. For I acknowledge my transgression, and my sin is ever before me. Behold,

I was shapen in iniquity, and in sin did my mother conceive me. Hide thy face from my sins, and blot out all mine iniquities. Create in me a clean heart, O God; and renew a right spirit within me. Cast me not away from thy presence, and take not thy Holy Spirit from me." These were the confessions which David made; the feelings with which he was oppressed. And yet, strange to tell—almost incredible to believe, this is the transaction which the deist quotes to prove that the God of the Bible encourages adultery and murder.

Why did the writers of the Bible record this sin of David? They must have been very honest men, to give such an impartial statement of the vices as well as the virtues of those whose lives they describe. The historian surely knew, for he declares, "that the deed would give great occasion to the enemies of the Lord to blaspheme." Why then did he place this deed upon record, to be handed down through all coming time, to furnish occasion of scorn to the enemies of religion? The historian might have been silent upon this point. He might have recorded only the virtues of David. But without one word of palliation or extenuation, he records this sin in all its atrocity. And these are the writers who, the deist thinks, are trying to impose upon the world: men who are so honest that they state the whole truth, without asking whether it will strengthen the believer, or furnish arguments to the infidel.

This affair of David, taken in all its circumstances, is a strong evidence of the truth of religion.

1. It shows the inflexible impartiality of the sacred writers.

2. It shows God's utter abhorrence of David's sin, and the awful judgments with which he visits sin.

3. It shows the nature of genuine repentance, with all its heart-rending agony, and the consolation which religion

can afford to the penitent soul, burdened with the consciousness and enduring the awful consequences of guilt.

OBJECTION 9. "The prayers of David are dictated by a spirit of most bitter revenge. Instead of forgiving his enemies, and praying that God would bless them, he imprecates vengeance upon their heads, and even pronounces a benediction upon those who shall dash their children against the stones. And yet it is said in the Bible that these prayers are dictated by the Holy Spirit."

ANSWER. "Suppose there is a horrid murder committed in our neighborhood. The axe and the knife of robbers have covered the floor of our friend's dwelling with the mangled corpses of the family. The Christian, appalled by the horrid spectacle, in the fervor of his morning prayer, says, O God, bring these guilty men to justice; O let them not escape; let swift retribution overtake them; let them suffer the just punishment for their crime, that the honor of our laws may be preserved, and that terror may fill the hearts of the wicked."

While thus praying, the infidel cries out, "What a revengeful wretch this man must be. Instead of praying that these murderers may escape, and be prospered, he prays that the unhappy men may be caught and hung; and yet the man pretends that he is a Christian."

And does the infidel really think that David, the king of Israel, ought not to pray that the laws should be honored, that the community should be protected, that the violators of law should be punished? Does he really think that it is wicked to pray that those who are scattering firebrands, arrows, and death through the community, may be shut up in prison; may be punished with all the rigor which wholesome laws enjoin? If he does think so, he must think that all law is malignity, and all penalty revenge. Perhaps he does think so: for he most pertinaciously asserts that God must be cruel to threaten transgressors with punishment—

that is, to make laws ; and that he must be malignant and revengeful to execute the penalty—that is, to shut up the wicked in the prison of hell. No wonder he is unwilling honestly to sit down to the study of the Bible. If he comes to the light, he will see the truth, and his deeds will be reprov'd.

Such are some of the most plausible and most popular of the arguments* urged by infidels at the present day. And there are not a few who are persuaded by such arguments to renounce the hopes and consolations and restraints of Christianity. I cannot find it in my heart to speak of such in any other spirit than that of sorrow. They are depriving themselves of that which magnifies every earthly joy, and alleviates every earthly sorrow ; which promotes peace on earth, and good-will among men ; which sustains in sickness, and gives triumph in the hour of death. Yes, we mourn for the unhappy infidel.

LAST WORDS OF THE BELIEVER AND OF THE
UNBELIEVER.

PAYSON.

NEWPORT.

“ And now God is in this room. I see him ; and O how unspeakably lovely and glorious does he appear, worthy of ten thousand hearts, if we had them. He is here, and

“ That there is a God I *know*, because I continually felt the effects of his wrath ; that there is a *hell*, I am equally certain, having received an earnest of my in-

* The objection that “the prophecies of the Bible are so obscure that their fulfilment can furnish no evidence in favor of Christianity,” is so fully met in “Keith on Prophecy,” published by the American Tract Society, that nothing further need be urged in this short Tract. The present state of the Jews, compared with the predictions by Moses, is alone a standing and unanswerable testimony. See “Striking Fulfilment of Prophecy,” Tract No. 310.

hears me pleading with the creatures he has made, whom he preserves and loads with blessings, to love him."

"The celestial city is full in my view. Its glories beam upon me, its breezes fan me, its odors are wafted to me, its sounds strike upon my ears, and its spirit is breathed into my heart. Nothing separates me from it but the river of death, which now appears but as an insignificant rill, that may be crossed at a single step whenever God shall give permission."

"The Sun of righteousness has been gradually drawing nearer and nearer, appearing larger and larger as he approached, and now he fills the whole hemisphere, pouring forth a flood of glory, in which I seem to float like an insect in the beams of the sun; exulting, yet almost trembling, while I gaze on this excessive brightness, and wondering with unutterable wonder, why God should deign thus to shine upon a sinful worm."

heritance there already in my breast. That there is a natural conscience, I now feel with horror and amazement, being continually upbraided by it with my impieties and with all my sins brought to my remembrance."

"My happiness is at an end; and as for my rest to-night, thus I spend the little remainder of my miserable moments. All the ease I expect, will be wishing for the day, as in the daytime I wish for the night, with a fearful expectation of my dissolution, and the account I must make upon it."

"How heavily my minutes move on. When will be the last breath, the last pulse that shall beat my spirit out of this decayed mansion into the desired regions of death and hell? Oh, I find that it is just at hand; and what shall I say now? Am not I afraid again to die? Ah, the forlorn hopes of him that has not God to go to. Nothing to fly to for peace and comfort."

PARENTAL EXAMPLES.

FROM ABBOTT'S MAGAZINE.

THE wise man consults the records of experience; and the parent, solicitous for the welfare of his children, is desirous of knowing what are the methods adopted by other parents, that have been crowned with favorable results.

We may go back to the sacred record and the earliest time, and find in *Abraham* a noble example of fidelity and success in domestic religious instruction. "For I know him," says Jehovah, "that he will command his children and his household after him, and they shall keep the way of the Lord, to do justice and judgment." Here we have a divinely approved instance of the employment of solicitude, effort, and authority in the religious training of children and dependents.

The mother of *Augustine* presents an instructive case of perseverance in prayer for the conversion of a son. Augustine was an eminent divine, who died at Hippo, in Africa, in A. D. 480. Until he was thirty years of age he was sceptical and immoral; yet his mother, the devoted Monica, cherished an unshaken belief that he would become a Christian; and this expectation gave ardor and importunity to her prayers in his behalf. "For nine years," he says, "while I was rolling in the filth of sin, often attempting to rise, and still sinking deeper, did she, in vigorous hope, persist in incessant prayer." In connection with her prayers to God, she frequently and affectionately admonished him, and with weeping, entreated him to abandon his sins and devote himself to God. These tears made a deep impression on his heart. She went to a certain bishop in her agony, to get him to help her by his friendly counsels to her son. He put her off, and advised her to leave her son to his own course and the providence of God. But no:

she persisted in her request with floods of tears ; whereupon the bishop, a little disturbed by her importunity, said, "Begone, good woman, it is not possible that the child of such tears should perish."

Bishop Hall, who flourished in the first half of the seventeenth century, a man of strong intellect, and of eminent piety and usefulness, thus briefly describes the course and fidelity of his mother: "How often have I blessed the memory of those divine passages which I have heard from her mouth! What day did she pass, without being much engaged in private devotion! Never have any lips read to me such feeling lectures of piety."

Almost every body has read some of the writings of *Richard Baxter*. They have doubtless been instrumental in conducting a great multitude of souls to the cross and to heaven. It was his father's faithful conversation with him respecting the life to come, in connection with his holy example in his family, and his meekness under reproach, that first awakened Baxter to serious consideration, and led him in early life to choose the service of God.

The *Rev. John Flavel* died in 1601. His works still live, rich in thought, luminous in instruction, deep in the spirit of piety, and will long continue to live, to guide and bless the world. He says, "I bless God for a religious, tender father, who often poured out his soul to God for me ; and this stock of prayers I esteem above the fairest inheritance on earth."

The name of *John Newton* is precious to the memory of every Christian, so lovely was his character, so holy and useful his life. His pious mother devoted him, from his birth, to the ministry. He says, "She made it the chief business and pleasure of her life, to instruct me and bring me up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord." In his narrative he says again, "that his mother stored his memory with whole chapters, and smaller portions of scripture, catechisms, hymns, and poems, and often commended him with many prayers and tears to God." His mother died

before he was seven years old. But these teachings, prayers, and tears were not forgotten by the wicked and wayward young man; they were remembered, and at length employed by the Spirit to lead him back to God.

Richard Cecil, who died in 1810, was an eminent and useful minister of the Gospel. In early life he was inclined to infidelity and profligacy. But he was the child of many tears, admonitions, and prayers. He says, "I had a pious mother, who dropped things in my way. I never could rid myself of them." Again he says, "My mother would talk to me, and weep as she talked. I flung out of the house with an oath, but wept too, when I got into the street." The teaching of her conduct confirmed the teaching of her lips, gave it authority and efficacy. He saw that his mother had something to sustain her, which he had not. "I shall never forget," he says, "standing by the bed of my sick mother. 'Are not you afraid to die?' I asked her. 'No.' 'No! Why does the uncertainty of another state give you no concern?' 'Because God has said to me, 'Fear not: when thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee.'" The remembrance of this scene has oftentimes since drawn an ardent prayer from me, that I might die the death of the righteous." The mother conquered; her son became a Christian.

Mr. Cecil was skilful and successful in training his own children. It was his practice to encourage even the smallest indications of virtue or piety, and try to allure and draw them on in the paths of wisdom. He labored especially to train them to industry and effort. He would say, "DO SOMETHING—HAVE A PROFESSION—BE EMINENT in it." Instead of set formality, he seized upon opportunities as they were furnished by daily incidents, public facts, or by their own inquiries, to convey religious sentiments and impressions to their minds. The well-known method he took to teach his little daughter faith, may be taken as an example of his manner and success. He did not allow his children

to mix much in general society ; saying, when censured for it, that purity of character is to be preferred to accomplishments.

Rev. Thomas Scott records this emphatic testimony respecting his general course with his family: "The grand secret of my success appears to have been this, that I always sought, for my children as well as for myself, IN THE FIRST PLACE, *the kingdom of God and his righteousness.*" In his view, this would extend not only to the instruction directly given, and the prayers offered on behalf of his family, but to his whole conduct respecting them ; to the spirit and behavior habitually exhibited before them ; to the value practically and evidently set upon eternal, in preference to temporal things ; and very particularly to the disposal of them in life—the places of instruction to which they should be sent, the families they should visit, the connections which should be formed, and the openings which should be embraced or rejected for them.

Mr. Scott remarks, "that he had not attempted a great deal in the way of talking directly to his children, and drawing them forth to talk upon religious subjects ; but much indirectly, by explaining the Scriptures, and by conversation in the family, especially by the improvement of passing events, of occurrences relating to their own conduct and that of others, as the occasions of religious remark—teaching them to take a religious and Christian view of whatever took place."

Rev. Legh Richmond is a very pleasing example of devotedness and success in the training of children. "He made home the school and the sanctuary." His first object was to make home the happiest place to his children ; to render them independent of foreign alliances in their pursuits and friendships, and so to interest them in domestic enjoyments, that there should be no restlessness and longing to wander abroad in search of pleasure and employment. Mr. Richmond's system was, throughout, one of severe exclusion from all external influences. His arrangements and

method for the religious impression and guidance of his children were somewhat peculiar. "He provided each child with a separate sleeping-room, thus securing a comfortable place of retirement and devotion. These little sanctuaries were always accessible to himself; he often visited them to leave a note on the table; for while at home, as well as when abroad, he kept up a correspondence with his family, which he used to call his *Home Mission*; and to these notes he requested a reply." Mr. Richmond was accustomed "to read with his children in his study at as early an hour as six o'clock in the morning, and as occasions arose, prayed with them in succession."

Rev. Robert Hall, though he had no particular plan of training and discipline with his children, seems to have been deeply solicitous for their spiritual welfare. This solicitude manifested itself in one very interesting and impressive practice. "When any of his children," says his biographer, "were about to quit home for a short time, it was his practice to summon them into his study, exhort them, and pray with them." One of his daughters, on writing to a friend after his death, says, "Well I remember that when I was a child, on leaving home for a few days, or on going to school, he would call me into his study, give me the tenderest advice, make me kneel down by him at the same chair, and then, both bathed in tears, would he fervently supplicate the divine protection for me." Their minds were also often deeply impressed by hearing him, as they passed his study-door, commending them by name, with the utmost fervency, to God, and entreating those blessings for each, which in his judgment each most needed.

Not to add the examples of others, these facts present a few important PRACTICAL HINTS.

1. We are reminded of *the power of the mother*. By her lessons to her little one in her lap, she may fix a grasp upon him which he will never be able to displace. She may entwine cords of truth and affection about his spirit which he will never succeed in sundering. They will re-

main, and keep him in all his wanderings, and probably draw him at length, by a gentle constraint, to the feet of Jesus. When this is done, the power of the mother will extend; it terminates not upon her child, but through him operates widely and beneficently upon the world. She may educate the preacher, who will be the instrument of turning thousands to righteousness. She may implant the principles and instil the spirit which will afterwards form and inspire the devoted missionary of the cross.

2. We are reminded of another general truth—though a common one, yet important, imperishable—namely, That *prayer is the basis of all success* in training children for God's kingdom and service. The Scriptures everywhere attach preëminent importance to prayer, on the ground that Paul may plant, Apollos water, but God gives the increase. All precedent shows the indispensableness and efficacy of prayer. Those parents who neglect it are apt to fail in their anxieties and exertions for their offspring; whilst those who avail themselves of this privilege, and approach the throne with special intercedings, are generally successful. Let the parent pray *for* his children; let him distinguish them in the family devotions. Let them be taken *individually* to the private room, by the father or the mother, and there singly and alone be prayed for, according as their respective ages, circumstances, and habits require. Parents should have *special seasons of prayer* for the conversion of their children. An aged minister in M——, all of whose children are now hopefully pious, invariably observed their respective birthdays as seasons of fasting and prayer in their behalf. Wherever he might be on the occurrence of these days, they were held sacred to devotion. Another who has been permitted to rejoice over the return of most of his children to God, has long observed every Tuesday evening as a season of prayer for their conversion.

3. *Instruction* must be associated with prayer. Some parents have long and most earnestly prayed that their children might be saved, and have wondered why their

prayers have not been answered. But the fact is, they have not been faithful in teaching them. They have not conversed with them closely, and warned them affectionately of their guilt and danger. As to the mode of instruction, successful precedents seem to declare these two things :

(1.) That the teaching should not always be formal, given on set and periodical occasions, with a staid and forbidding gravity, but should be interwoven with all the occurrences of life. Brief opportunities furnished by passing events, wisely and pleasantly improved, do not weary, but refresh the mind of the child, and show him that religion has to do with all the business and pleasures of life.

(2.) That in addition to this informal sprinkling of religious precept and influence upon the mind, there should be, at proper intervals, *something special*, out of the ordinary course, in order to draw the attention more closely and for a longer time to the claims of God and the interests of the soul.

4. We are reminded that *the necessity of right example* on the part of parents is absolute. Without it, all praying and teaching may be in vain. Children are very early and shrewd observers of conduct. They soon know what is right and wrong, and they will be more influenced by what is done than by what is said. If there be inconsistency in the life of a parent, if his spirit is rough and his passions uncontrolled, the precepts given to the child will have but little effect. But if the conduct of the parent be according to the Gospel, if there be seen a holy temper, benevolent affections, submission to God, support in trials, in sickness, and in death, the child will be impressed by it, and feel that the faith and the hope which so guide and sustain a beloved parent, are from heaven, and inestimably precious.

5. We see in some of the cases adduced, that *sympathy, feeling, affection*, are powerful weapons in the hand of a parent; no others so powerful for breaking and subduing the heart. The voice of all experience is, let every thing be done kindly, with a warm and tender spirit. Let reproof and correction be administered kindly, with no symptom

of anger or revenge. Let the child discover that it is very painful to the parent to inflict chastisement; let the rod be used with tears and prayer. If the child perceives that the parent's heart is grieved and afflicted when he has done wrong, his own heart will very likely be visited with compunction for what he has done.

6. Combined with this sympathy and tenderness, it is necessary that there be, on the part of the parent, *uniform decision and firmness*. All our facts and precedents concur in this. Parents must secure obedience. The whole character for time and eternity depends very much upon the habits of submission or rebellion which are early formed in the family circle. Parents should be *united* in insisting upon and enforcing subjection to the authority of each other. If they are not, the consequences may be disastrous. A mother was accustomed to take the part of her son when her husband undertook to correct him. That mother has lived to see that son brought into her dwelling from the gallows, a blackened corpse.

7. There is another precept somewhat connected with the preceding, which all precedent concurs in enjoining, namely, That the parent *regard truth most scrupulously* in all his intercourse with his children. Let every promise be performed, and every threatening be executed.

8. We add but one other item—the principle that *prevention is better than cure* is of great moment in the education of children. A respectable lady, just before her death, in fits of derangement was heard to sing worthless and indecent songs. In her lucid hours she was reminded of it. "Those songs," said she, "were taught me when I was not four years old. If you have any thing to do with the education of children," she added, "I beseech you be sure and keep their minds uncontaminated with evil." The mother of seven children, all of whom are pious, and three of them Missionaries to the heathen, says, "I always made it a great principle to defend my children from contact with all sources of iniquity and moral injury."

CONVERSION OF RAMA CHUNDRA,

A HINDOO NATIVE PREACHER IN ORISSA.

Written by himself, and translated and condensed by Rev. Amos Sutton.

THE father of Rama Chundra was a Mahratta chief, and governor of the fort in Cuttack. Gold, jewels, elephants, horses, implements of war—all kinds of wealth he had in abundance. The governors of the thirty-four forts in the district of Orissa were all subject to him. When his son was five years of age, the English conquered Orissa, and the father fled to Boyerpoor, where, after seven years, he died. At about eighteen, Rama was married, and supported his family by farming the village of Boyerpoor. He says,

“At this time my religion consisted in ignorantly repeating the name of my idol on my sacred necklace. I assumed the sacred thread of the military class. I received the sacred incantation, or mysterious sentence, from my spiritual guide, and the distinguishing mark of my sect. I worshipped the toolsee-tree for my god, and on my mala repeated the name of Hurree Ram Krishnoo. The family idols and many others I now worshipped with great regularity and zeal, procuring offerings and sacrifices to present to them. I moreover performed pilgrimages, cultivated abstraction of thought, repeated the names of the gods, offered clarified butter to Agne, the god of fire, attended to the ancestral shradda, served the Brahmins and other devotees, heard the shastres daily, *and desired very earnestly to discover the true knowledge of the gods, and the right way to worship them.* I connected myself with the holy devotees of the mountains, and with them ate intoxicating drugs—and by playing on many instruments of music, to the tunes of impure songs, I became intoxicated with delusive joys.

“When I was about twenty-seven, the Padre Sahibs (missionaries) came into the country and distributed the Holy Book. We obtained the Testament, the ten commandments, and the Tract ‘Jewel Mine of Salvation.’ Sabbath after Sabbath we came together in the evening, and sat down and read these books, and united in singing holy songs.

“As I read and conversed with the Sahibs, I had in my mind a sense of indescribable guilt. At the same time my soul despised the things which are worshipped in this country. Yea, beginning at Juggernaut, whatever idols are worshipped, I despised them all.

“One mind said, ‘These things man has formed; they are not God!’ In order to try their divinity, I threw unclean things upon them; upon some I trod, some I threw away, some I burned, and some I broke in pieces. The moon, and sun, and water, and fire worship, as well as the worship of Brahmins, and devotees, and holy places, I forsook. My mind also turned away from the sacred books of this country. To this mind my other mind said, ‘What, are you turned against these? To a certainty you will die and fall into hell. No person will endure you, for your forefathers all worshipped these. Against these have you sinned, and you cannot possibly live.’ Hence, my mind became oppressed with sorrow, and I was buried in a sea of distress. I had no desire for food, and no certainty of life. My soul exclaimed, ‘Ah! Ah!’ and I wept.

“I got a little better, and as I lay in my house, I thought in my soul, ‘Who can tell but that merciful God who made all things will save me?’ But again the other mind said, ‘That God will never save you, for he hates sin, and does not hear the words of sinners. This body is full of evil desires and base propensities;’ and in the twinkling of an eye I was filled full of evil thoughts. I read the Holy Book, and other books that are excellent, but my mind would not obey. One mind said, ‘I will commit sin;’ another said, ‘I will hope in God, and do his will.’ Thus in my body did two minds war, and I could not steadily preserve my resolution. My heart was distracted. ‘O that I had never been born,’ I cried; ‘or why died I not in my mother’s womb? or why grew I up in the world? or why read I the Scriptures? Had I died in ignorance I had not had guilt!’

“Then again my mind said, ‘They against whom you have sinned can forgive your transgression,’ and I thought I would once more worship the gods. But against this my heart rose up, for I saw that these gods themselves are sinners, and I could not be saved from sin by worshipping them. ‘What,’ said I, ‘can a sinner save a sinner? What, can a blind man lead a blind? What, trusting in that which

is false, can I obtain truth ?' So I was hopeless of being delivered by them.

"Just at this time I resolved to read the Gospel of Jesus Christ, or good news, away from home. My soul labored hard in this, and said, 'By trusting in this Saviour thou mayest be delivered.' I then had some conversation with Gunga Dhor, [the first Hindoo convert in Orissa.] He was going to Cuttack to be baptized. I said, 'Stay yet a little while and I will accompany you; for truly this is the true Lord; we will together devote ourselves to this Lord.' 'No,' he said, 'I am determined to go and be baptized. You can make your mind steady, and then follow me.'

"Soon after this I went to the house of a deceased brother in Deckhanall. His sister and other relations said to me, 'Come, O brother, and marry the wife of your brother, and you shall have this house, and these bullocks, and this money, and all these goods.' I said, 'In all these there is no use; for riches, money, kingdoms, will last but a short time, and in eternity they will not save me.'

"After the baptism of Gunga my friends became very violent against him and the Sahibs, and forbade my reading their books. But in my apartments secretly I spent much time in comparing the Gospel and Tracts with the books esteemed excellent and divine in this country. One day as I was bathing—it was Lord's day—I tore off my small necklace [the badge of his cast] and said, 'O soul, art thou not from this day baptized into Christ Jesus?' From this day in secret, closing the door of my apartment, I prayed unto the Lord, saying, 'Thou God of heaven and earth, I will bless thy name a thousand times; for whereas I was in the valley of death, thou hast opened to me the path of life. I was overwhelmed in guilt, but thou hast made known a way of holiness in our Lord Jesus Christ. Taking his name I confess my guilt, and do thou forgive all mine iniquities. Thy Holy Spirit giving, sanctify my soul.'" [He then describes, in a long poem, his lost condition, and the person and work of Jesus Christ.]

"I soon resolved to be baptized, and accompanied Gunga Dhor as he went out to preach the Gospel. One day I called my wife and family, and said, 'To-day is Saturday, and to-morrow is the Lord's day. I will arise and go to Cuttack, and be baptized in the name of the Lord.' Hearing this they

began to weep, and cried out, 'Ah! Ah!' and were filled with distress. Many people of the village came together to dissuade me, but I could not regard their words. So I left my house. As, when a corpse is carried out to be buried, the people follow weeping and wailing, so did they all follow me. Sudanunda my son threw himself down at my feet many times, and would not release me, saying, 'Indeed, father, if you will go to Cuttack, then tying a rope round my neck, I will hang myself, or plunging in water, I will die.' I said, 'If you will destroy yourself, what can I do? I must go to Cuttack and profess the Lord. Henceforth I am dead to these people, and dead towards thee, and towards all. But if thou wilt be the Lord's, then I will be thine.' Thus speaking, I repeated to them the following lines:

“My father and my mother who? and who my wife and child?
 Illusions strong surround me here in this deceitful wild.
 Follow, my soul, the certain light which JESUS to thee gives;
 The soul that firmly follows him, with him FOR EVER lives.”

[He then took a faithful but affectionate leave of his family, and was baptized. He subsequently endured much persecution and loss of his property. He concludes his narrative by saying,]

“Thus has the Lord changed my heart, and gathering me out of the world, has brought me into his fold. That I may remain in that fold faithful unto the end, in your times of daily prayer, pray daily for me to God.

“After my baptism I removed to Cuttack, and lived in my old house. Then my wife turned to the Lord; and we are united in one heart, and with our children daily live praising God. *O all my brethren and sisters in the Lord, to you all Rama Chundra sends thousand, thousand loving salutations.*”

CHRISTIAN READER, have you embraced that Saviour whom Rama Chundra found so precious?

Are you doing *all you can* to send his Gospel to other lost and perishing heathen?

LOVEST THOU ME?

CONSIDER the INQUIRER. He is the Lord Jesus Christ. He is now on the eternal throne. Angels and archangels veil their faces before him, and cast their crowns at his feet. The sweetest incense which sanctified minds can offer goes up before him. The swiftest wings are spread to execute his pleasure. All power is his. All destiny hangs upon his will. But his relation to you—how peculiar and affecting! He became poor for you. He bore contempt for you—suffered agonizing pains of body and mind for you—died for you—rose again for you—lives to intercede for you; and so is your only Deliverer from that scene of everlasting suffering which is the penalty of the law you have broken. His friendship for you has been written in his blood, and sealed by his death; and as your friend “above all others,” he now asks you this question, “Lovest thou me?” Reader, this is a personal appeal. What is your reply?

“I have been trained from my youth to respect the Saviour. I believe the whole Scripture revelation concerning him. I have wept over the touching incidents of his life, and the affecting tragedy of his death.”

But mark the question: “*Lovest thou me?*”

“My moral character is beyond reproach. I violate none of my fellow-creatures’ rights. I can fearlessly say I am just, kind, true, temperate. I challenge investigation of my character.”

Yet consider well the inquiry: “*Lovest thou me?*”

“I have had serious and anxious thoughts concerning eternal things. I have heard conscience and trembled. Sermons have troubled me. Providences have alarmed me. Few have had more solemn reflections than myself.”

Still, “*Lovest thou me?*”

“I have wept as a sense of guilt and danger has come over my soul. Freely have my tears flowed as I have reviewed life, and thought of death and eternity.”

But ponder well the question: “*Lovest thou me?*”

“I have prayed often. Pressing appeals of divine truth, affecting providences, the presence of danger, and the warnings of conscience have urged prayer, and I have not refused.”

But yet, "*Lovest thou me?*"

"I have made earnest and firm purposes of a religious life. So dangerous has appeared my course of sin, so reasonable the path of piety, so affecting the spectacle of others entering that path, that I, too, have solemnly resolved."

Nevertheless, "*Lovest thou me?*"

"I have been an unfailing supporter of religious institutions, an attendant on the house of God, a friend of the Christian ministry and the holy Sabbath, and have not refused my aid in sending gospel privileges to my countrymen and the heathen."

But the question is, "*Lovest thou me?*"

"I am a member of the Christian church, having subscribed with mine own hand unto the Lord. I honor the ordinances of his house. No impeachment has ever been made of my Christian character, and in pleasing anticipation I hope for everlasting life."

After all, "*Lovest thou me?*"

Weigh well the IMPORT of this question. Do you not see its aim? It admits any one, and every one of the things you have mentioned, yet presses on in pursuit of still another object. It denies nothing that is valuable in all your claims, but it reaches beyond them all. See you not that it touches not one merely outward circumstance of your life, nor one of the merely natural properties of your mind. It is not an inquiry about the vigor of your intellect, the correctness of your social feelings, or the strength of your sympathies. Your lips may have honored Christ, and perhaps your pen. Gross reproach may not have stained your Christian profession. But the inquiry is deeper than all this. The *heart*, the *heart*; how do you in heart treat Jesus Christ? The most splendid external virtues may gild your character; but O the gloom, the darkness, the moral death, if you *love* not our Lord Jesus Christ!

The TENDERNESS of the appeal: look at that. It was no harsh and unfeeling rebuke as it met the fallen Peter's ears: it was searching and solemn, so that tears of grief were started by it; but more tender language could not have fallen from the lips of infinite love. And it brings no harsh accusation against you; it mentions nothing wrong that you have ever done. The foulest sins may have stained your life, so that your Redeemer might have sent his rebuke on

the wing of the lightning, or in the bursting thunder's voice. But no. Here is rebuke; but not so uttered. You cannot conceive in what form you could be reproved for sin, more tender and melting to the soul than this.

Can you say it is an UNREASONABLE appeal? Were it irrelevant to your character, or insignificant in consequence, it might be so. But it is relevant to your case. It is so, if you can answer it affirmatively, for it is suited to turn your thoughts towards the sweetest theme upon which they can ever dwell. But if you must give a negative reply, then surely the question is one of fearful interest to you. That denial throws light upon your character, and character determines the great question of eternal destiny.

Consider, therefore, the IMPORTANCE of the point the question would lead you to ascertain. It would put you in possession of a fact of more consequence to you than any other in the universe. That fact is your own moral standing in the sight of your Saviour and Judge. It respects the great point, whether there is between you and him that harmony of feeling and character which will qualify you for the summons to meet him; an event the next hour may realize. An honest answer to this question, obtained by solemn inquiry in the light of divine truth, may be of more importance to you than power to fathom all the depths of human knowledge.

And does not the BENEVOLENCE of the great Inquirer beam upon you in the question now urged? He trims his sail in peril, that does it, fearless and rash, amid the shoals and breakers of an unknown coast. And is not his a voice of kindness, who, knowing the incautious mariner's exposure, urges a keener scrutiny of surrounding danger? You, reader, are on the dark and perilous sea of life. Here is the heavenly Pilot's voice. It urges your scrutiny of that great source of all dangers, your desperately deceitful heart. It bids you examine it, that you may thus know your peril or your safety. It is therefore a voice of mercy, and is now uttered in your ears only that it may guide you to the haven of eternal rest.

Perhaps the Inquirer now addresses one who can, in humble sincerity, exclaim, "Lord, thou knowest that I love thee." Let, then, your daily sweet communion with the Saviour answer it thus; and your watchful and persevering

effort to be more entirely conformed to his image; and your affectionate obedience to all his holy will; and your labor to life's end, that all within your influence may be enabled to give the same answer.

But you, perhaps, *cannot* give an affirmation. The aversion of your heart, the sinfulness of your life, the entire consecration of your affections to other objects, the neglect of Christ in all the plans of life—all this shows you can give no other than a negative reply. And solemnly consider how much such a reply means. "I do not love infinite moral excellence. I do not love one whom all the good in the universe delight to honor. I do not love one who submitted to the deepest humiliation possible to any being, on my personal account. I do not love one who endured the most exquisite bodily and mental sufferings to save me from the eternal endurance of both, if I will trust in Him. I do not love one, who, though he has the power and right of inflicting instant perdition, yet, instead of it, freely offers me pardon and eternal life, and that on the easiest terms, consistent with the safety of the divine government and my own best happiness. I do not love the Being who has provided happiness for mankind, the most sweet and satisfying the rational mind can desire, and in degree meeting, to the full, all the ever-enlarging capacities of an immortal soul. I do not love one, who, though I have treated all this kindness of his with the most base and hard-hearted ingratitude, has not for a single hour of life suffered his faithfulness to fail, and who, I doubt not, is as ready as ever, even after ten thousand provocations, to fulfil his promise of mercy to me, if a true penitent. But notwithstanding all, I love him not."

Impenitent reader, look on this picture, true to the life, respecting your own case. Such treatment of such a Friend, how long shall it continue? Shall it not now cease as you finish this Tract? He is near you, witnessing the result of this appeal. Let him now witness the broken heart, the soul's deep abhorrence of past guilt—its grateful joy in all the riches of his mercy—its entire, cordial consecration to him. And let him now hear from lips that speak the deep and solemn sincerity of the soul, "Lord, thou knowest all things; thou knowest that I LOVE thee."

DON'T BREAK THE SABBATH.

 BY REV. WILLIAM NEVINS, D. D.

SOME people consider that this caution is quite unnecessary; that we have no Sabbath now which we are under any particular obligation to keep, and therefore no Sabbath to break; that it is a privilege of the new dispensation over the old, that it has no day of rest, but now they are all working-days; that the Sabbath was a Jewish institution, and is *done away*.

It is very true, that the Sabbath is done away in the *practice* of many, but I know of no *precept* doing it away. The *subject* may have done it away, but the *Lawgiver* has not. Now, I very much question the right of the subject to do away a law. I can show any one, who wishes to see it, the *enactment* of the law of the Sabbath. I can tell him *when* it was enacted, under what circumstances, and in what language. But can any one point me to the *repeal* of the law? *When* was it repealed? *Where* is the account of it?

If a law is enacted, and is not repealed, it of course continues in force, unless it expires by its own limitation, or there is something in the reason of the law which restricts its obligation to a limited period. Can this be said of the law of the Sabbath? Does it expire by its own limitation? Or is the reason of the law applicable to only one nation, or one age of the world? Hear the reason: "For in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day; *wherefore* the Lord blessed the Sabbath-day, and hallowed it." If this was a reason why the Jewish people should keep a seventh part of their time holy, is it not equally a reason why every Gentile nation should also? Are not all mankind equally interested in the creation of the world? Do not all alike

need a memorial of it? Or, if that was a reason why the Sabbath should be in force 4,000 years, is it not equally a reason why it should be in force 6,000 years? Should the creation of the world be forgotten, and cease to be commemorated, at the end of 4,000 years? It is strange that since the *reason* of the Sabbath is not exclusively Jewish, the *obligation* of it should be supposed to be. It seems surprising that God should derive the reason of a *particular* law from a *general* event—an event in which the whole race are equally interested, and which it is equally important all should remember.

I am aware that another reason is given, Deuteronomy 5 : 15, why the Jews should observe the Sabbath, which does not apply to all people. But that does not nullify the force of the first and main reason. It was, manifestly, a secondary and subordinate reason; and if one looks at the passage, he will find that it was rather a reason for a particular requirement in the law, than the general ground of it. It was a reason why *servants*, as well as others, should be allowed to *rest* on that day.

The Sabbath is also spoken of as a *sign* between God and his chosen people; but this was only putting a general law to a particular use; just as in the case of the rainbow, God used a natural phenomenon as a token of a particular covenant.

But why need we spend time in showing that the Sabbath was not exclusively a Jewish institution? Our Saviour, it seems to me, settles that point. He says, "*The Son of man is Lord also of the Sabbath.*" Now, he would not be the Lord of it, if there was to be no Sabbath under his dispensation, unless some one will say that he was the Lord of it just to do it away, in opposition to his own declaration that he came not to destroy any part of the law; and in defect of any precept repealing it; and in contrariety to his own practice, which was a strict observance of it. What did the Lord of the Sabbath do or allow on that day, which the most scrupulous Sabbath-keeper can object to? Oh,

that men, who plead the example and declarations of the Lord of the Sabbath for a relaxation of that law, would keep it as he did. He *healed* on the Sabbath: he did that work of *mercy*. It is true the Jews were angry with him for it, but did any Christian ever complain of such work as that being done on the Sabbath? So, also, he justified his disciples in taking measures to satisfy their hunger on the Sabbath. He justified affording relief to suffering animals on the Sabbath. This is the extent of his permissions and performances. But see how men can reason when they have a favorite point to carry: because our Saviour performed and authorized works of mercy on the Sabbath, they conclude that they may do any works whatever. Because he healed, they may *visit* or *travel*. Because he pronounces it lawful to do well on the Sabbath, they infer that they may do any thing they please. Because they may lift a poor animal out of a pit, therefore they may use the same, or other animals, in journeys of business, or excursions of pleasure. Does any one suppose this is good reasoning?

There is another remark of Christ which, it seems to me, decides, beyond all question, that the Sabbath was not exclusively a Jewish institution. He says, "The Sabbath was made for MAN," employing the most unrestricted and universal term he could select. It was made, not for this or that man—the Jewish man, the man of past centuries—but for *man* in all his universality and perpetuity—in all his generations and dispersions. It is a law for the whole race, and for all time; an institution adapted to human nature, and intended for the human family. The Sabbath was made for *man*. I stand upon this passage, and proclaim the institution universal and perpetual, and challenge confutation. It belongs as much to the American of the 19th century, as it did to the Jew before the Christian era.

This is the interpretation I put on the Saviour's declaration, "The Sabbath was made for man." It moreover corrects an error into which some fall, of supposing that

the Sabbath was made for *God*, in contradistinction to the other days which were made for man. Now, the whole seven were made for man—*six* for labor, and *one* for rest. All were made for him, though to be used by him for different purposes. All were designed to be for his advantage. No one of them was intended to be a tax on him, or an onerous tribute exacted from him. Should man complain that God allows and appoints him one day of rest, as well as six of labor? Is not rest after toil a merciful appointment? Is it not a privilege? I have sometimes thought what an ado would have been made about it, had there been a precept in the New Testament repealing the law of the Sabbath—a statute taking away from man his day of rest. What a handle would have been made of it. *Now* men regard the Sabbath as a sort of exaction—a task; and they complain that it is in force. But take it from them, and they would presently discover it to be a privilege, and would complain that it was *not* in force. It was never intended to be a mere *duty*, but mainly a privilege. It was made *for* man, not *against* him; and it was commanded, rather than simply recommended, perhaps because God saw its *utility* to be so great that it was meet its observance should be made a matter of binding obligation. It is a merciful arrangement, that converts privileges into duties, and makes that imperative on us which is seen to be highly beneficial to us. The Sabbath was made for man as truly as the Saviour was provided for man; and no Christian would break the Sabbath—*any* Sabbath, or *any part* of any Sabbath, by any work not called for by rigorous necessity or imploring mercy—but would do all his work, of every kind, in the six days, and would keep the whole of every Sabbath holy, if he knew or considered what he was about. They know not what they do, who, by toil, or travel, or pleasure, disturb the day of rest. They violate a law of love; they not only disregard a duty, but forego a privilege. They injure themselves; depriving themselves of the whole, or a part, of that which a wise and benevolent God,

knowing their wants and caring for their happiness, mercifully made for them. It can never be expedient for them so to do.

I am aware that some persons are not entirely satisfied when we show them that there is no repeal of the law of the Sabbath in the New Testament. They would have had it reënacted: they wonder why it was not. But do laws require to be reënacted in order to remain in force? Who ever heard of such a thing as reënacting unrepealed laws? Do human legislatures so? and should the divine Lawgiver resort to that novelty, that trifling?

I do not at all like some of the CONSEQUENCES which follow from the doctrine that the Sabbath is done away. Then we have but *nine* commandments left us: only nine of the ten written by the finger of God on the tables of stone are in force. We do as bad as some others; they erase the *second*, and we the fourth. Now, the second was not reënacted by Christ any more than was the fourth; he left them all just as he found them.

Another consequence of this doctrine is, that we have no day now which is a *memorial* of the great works of God. There used to be a day to remind men of the work of creation; but, according to this doctrine, there is none now. It lasted only 4,000 years—and there used to be a day called by St. John “*the Lord’s day*,” which was considered by Christians as a memorial of the new creation—of redemption; but even that some will not leave us. There is no *pledge* of heaven now, according to them. The Jews had one; but we, in this respect, are worse off than they, though our dispensation is regarded as far surpassing theirs in privileges. We have no portion of time that is a memento and pledge of the everlasting rest. We have a rest; “there remaineth a rest to the people of God;” but we have no pledge, no earnest of it. Yes, we have a rest; and in speaking of it the Apostle uses not the word *katapausis*, which expresses simply a rest, but *sabbatismos*, which designates a rest of the nature of a Sabbath. A *sabbatismos*

(an eternal Sabbath of rest) we have, but no *Sabbaton*, (Sabbath.) What Christian will admit this? Reader, it must be that we have a Sabbath—a consecrated seventh of time. Yes, we have a Sabbath: the *ten* commandments are all obligatory. We have a memorial of the creation of God, and a pledge of the heavenly rest. There is something to break, and the caution with which this Tract commences is not superfluous.

But why was the DAY CHANGED? Why was that liberty taken with the Sabbath? If that might be taken, why not another, and still another? But would you annihilate the Sabbath because the day of celebrating it is changed? The change is not material; the substance of the law is retained; only a circumstance of it is altered. Now, does a change in a mere circumstance of a law authorize a taking away of the entire substance of it? The Sabbath is still a seventh portion of our time. The week is no longer, and the day is as long, and it comes as the other did, a day of rest after six days of labor. Where is the very great change? It is true, we call our Sabbath the *first* day of the week, but it is the *seventh* with reference to the preceding six of labor. If any think it ought to go one day back, and that we should keep Saturday instead of Sunday, yet let them not therefore remember no day to keep it holy. We hallow the first day of the week, because the apostles observed that day, and doubtless it was by the authority of their divine Master, who being the Lord of the Sabbath, had, of course, a right to change the day on which it should be kept, and to call it after himself, "the Lord's day." If we have no recorded *precept*, directing us to keep our Sabbath on the first day of the week, yet we have, what is as satisfactory, the *practice* of men, who, in matters of religion, acted never without divine direction.

So, then, we have a Sabbath, or Lord's day, call it as you will—a seventh portion of time distinguished by divine authority from the other parts of time.

But HOW ARE WE TO SPEND this seventh portion of time? How are we to distinguish by our *practice* the day which the Lord has distinguished by his *blessing*? That it is to be distinguished in some way, by us, will not be doubted. But how? Have we any rule to direct us how to observe it? It would seem as if we ought to have one. But we have none, unless the fourth commandment is that rule; and if the fourth commandment is still obligatory, it must, since it relates to the manner of observing a day, be designed to instruct how we are to keep our Sabbath, or Lord's day. The inference is irresistible.

Well, what does that precept of the decalogue command? It begins by enjoining that the day be *remembered to be kept holy*. "Remember the Sabbath-day to keep it holy." It is not merely to be remembered in the sense of being recognized as it comes along in course, just as Saturday or Monday is remembered; nor is it to be remembered merely as a day to be spent differently from the other days. Few fail of remembering it so far as in some manner to distinguish it from the other days of the week. But they do not remember it to *hallow* it—to *keep it holy*. Its return is recognized by them, but not its sacredness. They cease from one sort of work only to do another. They do not work in the shop or on the farm, but they are employed in just as worldly a manner as on the other days. They do not keep the Sabbath any more holy than any other day, though they do differently on that day from what they do on others. It is just as *secular* a day with them as any other, only the *manner* of their worldliness is different.

Every one knows, without the necessity of being informed, what it is for a day to be kept holy; to be hallowed; to be regarded and used as sacred. When it is said that a day is to be sanctified, or kept holy, common sense teaches how its hours should be spent, and what things should, and what should not, be done on it. The keeping a day holy manifestly implies that on it we refrain from every thing of a secular or worldly nature, which either

necessity does not require or mercy dictate. Those secular things, which necessity does require or mercy call for, do, by that very fact, become invested with a sacredness which renders them quite in keeping with the day. To do any other secular thing on the Sabbath, every one must see to be inconsistent with keeping it holy. It is, so far as the doing of those things is concerned, to use it as any other day; and to use the Lord's day as any other day, is surely not to keep it holy, for then all the days of the week would be kept holy.

No one who sincerely desires to know and do his duty, can be at any loss how to act on the Sabbath. It is easy to discriminate between sacred things and things secular. How promptly the mind decides that *travelling* on the Sabbath is not keeping it holy; and *visiting*, and reading worldly books, or secular newspapers, and conversing on every-day topics. This is no hallowing of the Sabbath, every one sees. What more secular things can one do on Monday? What is more purely secular than travelling and visiting—the things which men of business and people of fashion are most apt to do on the Sabbath? Is ploughing or sowing more so? The latter are, perhaps, more *laborious*, but they are not more *worldly*—they are not more *anti-sabbatical*.

Therefore, if God had only commanded the day to be kept holy, no honest mind could have been at a loss to discover its duty. But he has been more explicit. The law proceeds to something more particular, and designed to be explanatory of the general direction to keep the day holy. "Six days shalt thou labor." It may seem strange, that in a law regulating the observance of the Sabbath, an injunction should be introduced directing how the six days are to be employed. But the wonder ceases with the next clause, "and do all thy work." It is not so much with a view to enjoin labor on those days that this is introduced, as to direct us to *confine* our labor to them. Now this is very plain. On the six days which precede the Sabbath, we are to labor so as to do in them *all* our work, leaving *none* of it to be

done on the seventh—no, not any of it. *All* thy work—not all, except a few small jobs to be done early on the Sabbath morning, or in the evening of the day—*all* thy work is to be done in the six days. A work begun on Saturday may not be finished on the Sabbath, neither preparation made for a work to be done on Monday. A journey may not be terminated on the morning, nor commenced on the evening of the Sabbath. That is doing a part of your work on the Sabbath.

The law proceeds: “but the seventh is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God.” Sabbath means rest. The seventh is the rest of the Lord, and therefore should be ours. He did all his work on the six days; so should we. His work ran not over into the Sabbath; ours should not.

“In it thou shalt not do *any* work.” How explicit. Not *any* work is to be done on the Sabbath. But what is *work*? Some shelter themselves under that word. They understand it to mean hard labor, toil, such as brings sweat upon the brow; the work of the farmer, the mechanic, or the day-laborer. But was the law made merely for these? Some never work in the sense of labor; are they not to rest from any thing? May they do on the Sabbath as on other days? Do they keep the other days holy? Are building, sowing, selling, manufacturing, the only kind of things to be rested from? Are not all the secular things which the wealthy and fashionable do on the other days, equally to be abstained from on the Sabbath? Work means whatever of a secular nature may employ our mind or hands; and this is to be rested from on the Sabbath.

So, then, we see what *work* is, and that we are not to do *any* of it on the Sabbath—no, not on *any part* of the Sabbath, for the Sabbath includes all its parts. It was a *day* that the Lord blessed and hallowed; a *whole* day—a day of equal length with the other days. He commanded us to remember the Sabbath-*day* to keep it holy: not the Sabbath after sunrise, nor the Sabbath forenoon; not two or three hours of the Sabbath, nor twelve, but the whole twenty-four. The Sabbath is as complete a day, and as

long a day, as any other. It has a morning and an evening as well as the rest; nor is its morning all one with Saturday, and its evening with Monday. Pray, how should one part of the Sabbath be entitled to more religious respect than another part? and how is *any* part entitled to such respect, if *every* part is not? If the whole of the Sabbath was not hallowed, none of it was.

And need I say that the whole of *every* Sabbath was hallowed by God, so that not any work may be done on any part of *any* Sabbath in all the year? What is more plain than the obligation to keep holy *fifty-two* Sabbaths annually? Whatever can release us from the obligation of sanctifying one, gives us an equal liberty with respect to all. We may not forget every other Sabbath, or one a month, or one in three months. They must every one be remembered. Some persons seem to think that an *occasional* interference with the Sabbath, by a journey on it, or some other unnecessary thing, is quite excusable, provided it is not the individual's habit to desecrate the day. But may a person even occasionally break a law of God? Is it a good apology for secularizing one Sabbath, that all the rest are sanctified? Does the habit of obedience form an excuse for the act of disobedience?

I suppose there is not any way in which the Sabbath is broken more than by TRAVELLING on it. Certainly professors of religion desecrate it not so much in any other way. Travelling may, almost, be called the *Christian* mode of breaking the Sabbath. What church has not, among its members, those who, while they would not break the Sabbath in any other manner, will yet sometimes journey on that sacred day? One would suppose, to judge from the common practice, that the law had made an exception in favor of travelling, forbidding every other species of secular employment on the day of *rest*, but allowing men to journey on it. They that would not do any other labor on the Sabbath, will yet, without compunction, travel on that day. The farmer, who would not toil in his field; the merchant,

who would not sell an article out of his store ; the mechanic, who would not labor at his trade ; and the mistress of the family, who scrupulously avoids certain household occupations on the Sabbath, will yet, all of them, without any relentings, travel on the Sabbath, and that whether the object of the journey be business or pleasure. No other work, appropriate to the six days, will they do on the Sabbath—it would shock them ; but to commence, continue, or finish a journey on it, offends not their consciences in the least. There are those who would not, for the world, travel to a place on Saturday, accomplish the business, which is the object of their journey, on Sunday, and return on Monday. Oh, never. Do worldly business on the Lord's day ! Yet these same persons will, for a very little of the world, and without hesitation, go to the place on Friday, do their business on Saturday, and return on Sunday. But where is the difference ? In the judgment of God there is not the slightest. The Sabbath is as little honored in the one case as in the other. To perform the journey on the Sabbath desecrates it as truly as to accomplish on it the object of the journey.

I would ask the candid traveller, if any thing can *secularize* the Sabbath more completely—if any thing can more effectually *nullify* it, than ordinary travelling ? If a man may lawfully travel on the Sabbath, except in a case of stern necessity, such as would justify any species of work, I see not what he may *not* lawfully do on that day. Indeed, I dare affirm, and defy successful contradiction, that *there is nothing a man may not do on the Sabbath, if he may travel on the Sabbath.* What an absurdity, that it should be unlawful and improper to buy or sell, to sow or reap, to spin or weave on the Sabbath, yet perfectly lawful and proper to *journey* on the day set apart and sanctified for *rest*. Does journeying comport so well with rest ? And then the plea that travelling is not work, and therefore not included in the prohibition, when often it proves the most fatiguing work, and no greater weariness follows any thing.

But what if it be not work to the passenger, is it not work to those who are employed in conveying him? and is he not as truly responsible for the work which he renders necessary on the Sabbath, as for that which he does with his own hands? What if he can sit apart and read his good book, and have his good thoughts, or even listen to the sermon, by which some conscience-smitten clergyman on board seeks to mend the matter, do those who convey him, *the hands*, find their situation as favorable to devotion? Are they not to be taken into the account? Have they no souls? Are they under no responsibility to God? Is it no matter though they should never enjoy the privileges of a Sabbath? Was not the Sabbath made for them too? How would the traveller like to spend all his Sabbaths in a steam-boat or stage? He would not like it at all. Why, then, will he sanction and encourage a system by which others, whom he is bound to love as himself, are, in a manner, compelled to pass all their Sabbaths in these vehicles of journeying, and do actually spend them all there? *One* wants to make use of the public conveyance this Sabbath, and perhaps he does not care to use it again the whole year; another's convenience requires it on the next Sabbath; and another's on the Sabbath after; and so, to accommodate all, it must run every Sabbath, and those employed in propelling or directing it, must work every Sabbath or lose their places. And thus it comes to pass that some thousands of accountable subjects of God's government in our own country, are, for the sake of the public convenience, prevented from ever hallowing a Sabbath or hearing a sermon; and are driven, as it were, to do violence to the fourth of the precepts which the finger of God wrote on the tables of stone.

It is an abominable arrangement to make some men break every Sabbath in the year, in order that yourself may be able to break one; to compel them to work every Lord's day, that you may travel on some Lord's day when it suits you. How any one, who has a conscience at all enlightened—much more, how any one, whose heart harbors

the least love to God and his neighbor, can encourage such a system, is to me inexplicable. And yet it is done, even by members, and sometimes also by officers of the church of Christ.

It is to no purpose that they tell us the conveyance would go whether they went in it or not—for every traveller may, with equal propriety, say the same, and then none are responsible for its going—and yet it would not go unless some went in it. Does any one say, by way of excusing himself, that he uses the conveyance but rarely, perhaps not more than once in a whole year? I answer, that is all the encouragement any one individual need give it. If every man in the community travelled one Sabbath in the year, it would fill the steamboats and stages every Sabbath. The proprietors would not ask for better encouragement.

But what if no *human* being is employed to forward the traveller on his journey, does he not deprive the *beast* of his day of rest? And is it nothing to withhold from the poor animal the privilege of the Sabbath—to compel him to work on the day on which God has directed that he should be permitted to rest? According to this theory, that it is lawful to journey on the Sabbath, a man may so arrange it as never to be under obligation to keep a Sabbath. He has only to set apart that day of the week for travelling. Moreover, he who gets his living by travelling, or by the journeying of others, has, on this supposition, a manifest advantage—if such it may be called—over his neighbors. He has seven days for profit, while they have only six. The day-laborer and the poor mechanic may not use the seventh day as they do the other days of the week; *they* must make a distinction between them; but those who travel for their pleasure, or whose business calls them abroad, and those who accommodate them with conveyances, may use the seven days indiscriminately. Is this equal?

I think I have made it evident to every unprejudiced mind, that to travel on the Sabbath is to use it as any other

day. It is to make no distinction between it and Monday or Saturday. It is to disregard the peculiarity of the day altogether. But some are so wicked or thoughtless as to travel on the Sabbath, and in some cases public conveyances still continue to run. But it is in disobedience to the command of God, and is highly injurious to men. Those who commit the sin will themselves be injured by it; and they will be the means of bringing great evil upon others. Increasing numbers, from their own experience, have become convinced of this, and have ceased to violate the holy Sabbath. They neither commence, prosecute, or close a journey on that day. And let all, even if it cost them some present sacrifice, rest according to the commandment, and they will in the end find it to be great gain. To travel on the Sabbath is an IMMORALITY, and those who do it are wicked men; men who regard themselves more than they do God or the best good of their fellow-men. And whatever they may hope to gain by it, they will find the way of transgressors to be hard.

But has the Sunday traveller NOTHING TO SAY FOR HIMSELF? Yes, much. What transgressor, from Adam down, has not had an apology at hand? It is not here that sinners are speechless; it is not until the King comes in and calls them to account.

Some tell us they are very *sorry* to travel on the Sabbath, and think that should go far towards excusing them. But why are they sorry? It must be because they regard, or at least suspect, the act to be sinful. Why, then, do they do it? It does not affect the criminality of an act that it is perpetrated with some degree of regret. Herod was sorry to put John the Baptist to death.

Some tell us it is *against their principles* to travel on the Sabbath. Why, then, do they practise in opposition to their principles? What are principles for but to regulate practice? A man's principles may as well be in favor of Sabbath-breaking as against it, if his practice is in favor of it.

One says it is not his *habit* to travel on the Sabbath. Why, then, does he allow it to be his *act*? He must be at a loss for reasons, who alleges, as an apology for travelling one Sabbath, that he does not travel other Sabbaths.

One says he would never *commence* a journey on Sunday, but he can see no harm in proceeding when once set out. But where is the difference between setting out on the Sabbath, and going on on the Sabbath? Are they not both travelling—both equally opposed to rest?

One travels on the Sabbath because it is the only day the stage runs to the place to which he wishes to go. It is no justification. Let him decline going to the place, or else procure a private conveyance on another day. What if it would be more expensive? Doing right pays so well, that one can afford to be at some expense to do it.

But another pleads, that if he had laid by on the Lord's day, he would have lost his seat in the stage, and might have had to wait on the road a whole week. That would be an inconvenience certainly; but does the obligation to obey the commands of God bind us only when it is perfectly convenient to obey them? Better, I should think, the detention of many days, than the transgression of a precept of the decalogue.

One, having been some time absent from his family, is anxious to know how it goes with them. They may require his presence; but cannot he trust the Lord to take care of them one day more without his aid?

One travels to reach an ecclesiastical meeting in season; another in order to fulfil an appointment to preach. They plead the necessity of the case; but there is no necessity in it; the business of the meeting can go on without this individual. The appointment to preach should be broken. It ought never to have been made, if a journey on the Sabbath was necessary to fulfil it.

They all endeavor to make out a case of *necessity*. But there is no real necessity in the case. It is an abuse of language to call it necessity. There is no necessity in the

sense in which that word is used, either in the dictionary or in the Bible. The merchant tells us that his business *requires* him to be at home on a certain day. It *invites*, it perhaps *solicits* him—but does it *require* him? That is a strong word to use. Suppose sickness should detain him a day on the road, and he should get home a day later on that account; is it at all likely his business would suffer? Does it occur in one case out of ten thousand that a man's business suffers in consequence of such a detention? And is a man's business likely to suffer more, when, out of regard to the law of God, he voluntarily rests on the Sabbath, than when, in involuntary submission to his providence, he is compelled to rest on it? He who said, "Remember the Sabbath-day to keep it holy," will take care that no man suffer loss in consequence of obedience to that command. Hear his promise: "If thou turn away thy foot from the Sabbath, from doing thy pleasure on my holy day, and call the Sabbath a delight, the holy of the Lord, honorable; and shalt honor him, not doing thine own ways, nor finding thine own pleasure, nor speaking thine own words, then shalt thou delight thyself in the Lord; and I will cause thee to ride upon the high places of the earth, and feed thee with the heritage of Jacob thy father; for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it." Wherefore, "remember the Sabbath-day to keep it holy." Let all thy arrangements be subservient to God's appointment; and whatever the inconvenience, or the immediate loss, hallow the day which God has blessed.

DON'T BREAK THE SABBATH.

A premium of \$50, offered by a friend, was awarded to the orphan children of the lamented author of this Tract.

VOICE OF TIME.

TIME PAST, PRESENT, and TO COME—*yesterday, to-day,* and *to-morrow*—each suggest lessons of moral instruction. Will the reader receive the friendly warning?

TIME PAST appeals to us; and ascribing to God our existence, our social affections and enjoyments, together with the needful supply of all our temporal wants, its voice emphatically inquires, “Has not God nourished and brought you up as a child?” In distinction from the Pagan and Mohammedan, you have been surrounded with the light of the Gospel, and the name which is above every name—JESUS, who saves his people from their sins—is familiar to your ear. The gate of life, and the narrow way of eternal salvation, have been opened before you. The Bible has been in your hands, and the strivings of God’s Spirit in your heart. A gentle whisper, “This is the way, walk ye in it,” has arrested you amidst the bustle of business and the whirl of pleasure; has followed you to your retirement, and to the pillow of your repose. You have felt that you needed an interest in the Saviour. The cup of sin has been embittered by remorse and affliction. Unwearied in patience, God has pursued you with invitations and warnings, with mercies and judgments; thus pressing upon you the thrilling admonition, *Why will you die?*

How have you requited him? What use has been made of your existence, your strength, your faculties? Have they been consecrated to the service of God? Have you acted under the abiding conviction that you are not your own, but belong to HIM? In your plans and pursuits, have you sought to please yourself, or to obey HIM? To what purpose have your temporal mercies been devoted? Have you ate and drank to glorify your Maker; or, by perverting the tokens of his goodness to self-indulgence and licentiousness, have you “made him to serve in your sins?” What has been your treatment of his blessed Son, who left heaven and gave his life a ransom for your soul? Have your

thoughts, affections, and labors been for him ; or have you kept aloof from the knowledge of his ways ? How have you valued the Bible and the throne of grace ? Have you searched the one as for hid treasure, and perseveringly bowed before the other in humble supplication ? What reception have you given, in his personal visits, to the Holy Ghost ? Have you yielded to his entreaties, casting all your cares and hopes upon the Lord ; or have you resisted his strivings, hardened your heart, and bid him be gone ? Have you not preferred the company of your sinful associates to communion with him ? sin to holiness ? earth to heaven ?

TIME PRESENT also addresses us, and says, *To-day be grateful to your injured Benefactor.* Adopting the sentiment of the Psalmist, exclaim, “How precious are thy thoughts unto me, O God ; how great is the sum of them.” Call upon your soul, and all that is within you, to bless and magnify his name.

To-day exercise unfeigned repentance. Confess, deplore, forsake your sins. Open the volume of your moral history, and read on your knees at the throne of grace the chapter of your *secret faults* and of your *outbreaking sins*—of your perverted endowments—of your hatred, malice, envy—temporary good obtained at the expense of disobeying God—lusts of the flesh, of the eye, and the pride of life. Let each act, which you fain would have forgotten, prove an arrow of conviction, in the hand of the Holy Spirit, to penetrate your conscience. Is there not enough to bewail—enough to make an angel weep ?

To-day receive the atonement—embrace the satisfaction of Christ. “Sins which are as scarlet and as crimson, through his merits, may become as wool and as snow.” Do you inquire *how* to believe ? Nothing is plainer : the Saviour has paid the debt to infinite justice due for human crimes, and proclaims acceptance to all who, with a sincere heart, desire to return to their allegiance with heaven. Until you know the plague of your own heart, you cannot appreciate the necessity of a renovation, nor be willing to solicit pardon on the ground of a Saviour’s righteousness. The disease that is concealed cannot be cured. Of this, however, rest assured, that, on your repentance and faith in the Son of God, there is no depth of depravity, no moral

leprosy, no blot on the soul, no passion too inveterate for the Gospel, in its purifying omnipotence, to remove.

“The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my stains away.”

To-day devote yourself to the service of the Saviour. An ample and fruitful field of labor opens before you. The *poor* are always with you; *sinners* are perishing, who, through your instrumentality, may be rescued; and a **WORLD** is to be enlightened and converted. The Christian's business is, “to do good and to communicate.” What a contrast with the selfish pursuits of those who live only to receive. The Christian, while he freely *receives*, freely *gives*. He that dwelleth in God, dwelleth in **LOVE**, and God in him.

To-day—now—is the accepted time. Every individual who is saved comes to the determination to accept of mercy **now**. Every individual who is lost, is lost for neglecting, when the gospel salvation is offered, to embrace it **now**. Will the reader ever have a more favorable season to attend to the interests of the soul than **TO-DAY**?

TIME TO COME—the **FUTURE** also prefers her solemn warning. **TO-MORROW** the Spirit of God may cease to strive; your conscience may be seared as with a hot iron; your heart may be hardened, and you may be given over to a reprobate mind. God may swear in his wrath that you shall not enter into his rest.

TO-MORROW your intellectual vigor may be lost; your reason dethroned; your bones may be full of pain, and the multitude of your bones full of strong pain—enough to endure without the agony of spirit which must result from a faithful examination of your heart, and a review of your life. It is related of a distinguished civilian, that during his last sickness, suddenly opening his eyes from what seemed a disturbed sleep, he said sharply, “*remorse* ;” soon after, more emphatically, “**REMORSE** ;” presently at the top of his strength he cried out, “**REMORSE**.” He then required the word to be written and understood. “Ah,” said he to the by-standers, gazing earnestly upon it, “*Remorse* ! You don't know what it means. You don't know

what it means!" What gloomy attendants upon a sick-bed are such reminiscences. May God save us from the sad experience.

Yes, TO-MORROW, amid the scenes of a dying chamber you may be the principal figure. The cold and palsying touch of dissolution may creep over your frame; the vital current may ebb back to its fountain; and the spirit, divested of every privilege of probation, may return to God who gave it. What is your life? How slender the thread. And yet eternity, with its tremendous infinite consequences, depending. What multitudes in the bloom of youth, in the strength of manhood, and amidst the circles of social affection, while stretching out their arms in joyous anticipation to embrace a future, prospective good, have found TO-MORROW the executioner of all their hopes.

TO-MORROW the soul of the righteous may be in heaven. In contemplating the uncertain future, the world of eternal, divine enjoyment draws near, and sheds a lustre warm with hope and promise upon our earthly pilgrimage. Innumerable happy spirits, full of love and good-will, displaying their crowns, their harps, and seraph-wings, unite their voices to allure the wandering sinner from his downward course to the chambers of death. In choral harmony their music breaks upon the ears of mortals: "*Come away from sin, from care, from fear, from woe—to glory come. TO-MORROW may bring you here.*" So thin a veil.

To him who refuses to embrace the Gospel *to-day*, *to-morrow* may be the commencement of endless "weeping, and gnashing of teeth." While, reader, you hesitate whether to yield yourself into the hands of your compassionate Redeemer—remember, the decision you *now* form may be your *last*.

Thus the *past* and the *future* concentrate their energy of motive upon the PRESENT—

"This isthmian NOW of two eternities."

Yesterday will return no more—*to-day* there is hope—*to-morrow* all may be over. Come, then, embrace the Saviour NOW.

DO YOUR CHILDREN REVERENCE THE SABBATH?

WHAT benevolent and Christian heart is not pained to witness the sad profanation of our blessed Sabbath by rude and lawless children, who run at will in our streets, or assemble in their places of resort on this holy day? To see these youthful wanderers, these future fathers of the land, the hope of their country and the church, thus roaming in paths of sin, and preparing for ruin. To see them left not only to destroy *themselves*, but to scatter as they go, fire-brands, arrows, and death, through a thousand domestic circles, and amid ten thousand associates, the wrecks of whose souls lie along the downward path of every Sabbath-breaker.

Scarcely can we pass from our dwellings to the house of God without observing their profanations of the day. *Here* is one loitering idly, *there* a company amusing themselves with their ordinary sports; yonder is a large group wrestling, playing at ball, or roaming from place to place; now and then you see them issuing from the dram-shop or the confectionary, and your ear is pained with their shouts of rudeness, vulgarity, and profaneness. The dress and carriage of many of them show that they are not from the families of the low, the vicious, and the ignorant. The parents of some may at that very hour have presented themselves in the sanctuary, while their children are thus left to wax bold in sin.

Guilty children of still more guilty parents. Had your *father* restrained you from profaning the Sabbath; had your *mother* taught you to keep it holy; had you been led to the happy Sabbath-school, the instructive Bible-class, and the blessed courts of the Lord, and been cut off from corrupt companions, how different might have been your course; how changed your character; how bright your example!

PARENT, God has cast upon you the responsibility of your child's observance of the Sabbath. Your own soul is involved in his guilt. The same awful voice that amid the

thunders of Sinai proclaimed, "Remember the Sabbath-day to keep it holy; in it thou shalt not do any work," added, also, "*nor thy son, nor thy daughter, nor thy servant, nor thy cattle, nor the stranger that is within thy gates.*" Alas, how many neglect *one-half* of the divine injunction. How many, who are conscientious in the performance of duty themselves, fail to "command their children and their household after them," that they "keep the way of the Lord."

PARENTS, GUARDIANS, AND MASTERS—*You* may think the Sabbath of little importance, but God makes a vast account of it. Both in his moral government and in his word, he has laid a tenfold stress upon it, and guarded it with sanctions high as heaven. Warn your child of the doom that awaits the transgressor. If the sound of merry sports reach his ear; if the stage or the pleasure-carriage roll by; if the shop or the post-office shows its open door; if the ship sails or the steamboat arrives on this holy day, lift up your voice, and say, "God has forbidden it." Interpose your authority, and see that it is obeyed.

Beware how you *lower the standard* of Sabbath duties. One man would not be guilty of manual labor, of buying and selling, or settling accounts on the Lord's day; but he likes to amuse himself with the public journals; to walk out into the green fields with his children; to have an hour of cheerful conversation with his family and friends; and sometimes even to take a ride or a sail. Does this man honor the Sabbath? Will not such a course soon lead to the open and shameless profanation of the day?

Who could bear the responsibility of such a parent? Who meet the frown of an offended God, that hangs over him and his household? If his providence does not speak out in sudden judgments upon the transgressor—if punishment is not executed speedily, yet *it is sure*. Sooner or later, God makes known that he will bless no one who profanes his holy day; or, by connivance or neglect, suffers those under his charge to profane it. Look a little way down the stream of life, and you will find punishment for your disobedience falling here and there upon your character, your comforts, your descendants, or your property. Your social relations may be embittered, your hopes crushed, your fields blighted, your treasure corrupted, your merchandise buried in the sea; or, worse than all, the children

whom you neglected to restrain may plant thorns in your bosoms, and as they rush on to their destruction, reproach *you* with being the cause of it. Nothing is promised, nothing is secure, unless you obey God's command.

Think not, that because you may count the failure a small one—your servants only are detained from public worship; your son or your ward is but allowed to go out for a little amusement or exercise; you only close your eyes while your daughter spends her time unprofitably, or while your family are going on in their worldly concerns, and indulging in worldly conversation—think not that God will also consider it a trifle. How dare you treat the divine law with such contempt as to make it bend to every little deviation which your convenience or your love of ease may claim? *It is not a slight thing, if the Sabbath is polluted*; and remember, that you are made responsible for *your family*, and will have to answer for all transgressions which you might have prevented, and did not. And the influence of your example may extend far and wide, through large circles, and into other generations. You cannot shake off these responsibilities. Your own soul is in peril, if your child is a Sabbath-breaker.

Blessed is the man to whom the Sabbath is “a delight, the holy of the Lord, honorable.” His common pursuits, his physical and mental recreations, are his six days' work, and never allowed to intrude on the heritage of the Lord. The law which he feels to be binding on himself, he inculcates, as far as his example, his influence, his counsel, or his authority can reach. And he finds that “in keeping” God's “commands there is a great reward.” His children and his dependants flourish happily around him. In the midst of them he falls to the ground as a shock of corn fully ripe. Their tears and their blessings drop upon his dying bed, and rise again as sweet memorials to heaven, that make his passage thither pleasant, and his reception glorious.

Follow his family into the bosom of succeeding years. His children copy his example; and in the midst of their own domestic circle, the son or the daughter will often lift the moistened eye to heaven, and exclaim, “Blessed be the memory of my parents, who taught me early to revere the Sabbath.” And the orphan, as he grows up amid the cares and business of life, when the Holy Spirit has strengthened him to resist temptation, will raise the voice of thanksgiving,

and say, "I thank thee, O God, that when my father and mother were taken away, thou didst give me a protector, wise and faithful, who would never allow me to profane the Sabbath." And as he enters the mansions of the blest, think you that the heavenly dwellers have no salutation of unwonted joy for this faithful parent who has dared to resist evil, and bring up his household in the fear of the Lord?

And now, parents and guardians, we leave you with the command of God before you. You see that it has a distinct clause for you as the head of a family, and by keeping it, you have the promise of the life that now is, as well as that which is to come. Think what a floodgate of iniquity you open, when you allow your children to violate the Sabbath; how much you contribute to the sins of the land. O let your own roofs shelter them from corrupt associates, or lead them yourselves to the house of God, and teach them that a day in his courts is better than a thousand. Where is the community that can prosper, if the Sabbath is profaned? Will there be parental tenderness and filial piety, the endearments of home, the thirst for improvement, the march of science, the charms of taste and refinement? No; every thing good will retrograde: the morning prayer, and the evening hymn, the dutiful respect, the gentle deportment, the interests of education, the authority of law, the reverence for the ministry, the study of the word of God, all decline. If you would advance the mental cultivation, the respectability, the correct habits, the virtuous principles, or the everlasting welfare of those under your charge, throw around them the salutary restraints of the Sabbath.

Let the scythe of desolation sweep over the Sabbath, and you cut down, by thousands, the hopes, the joys, the comforts, the dearest inheritance of man. Interpose, then, your authority; uphold this pillar of society; watch, guard, compel your children and dependents to keep holy the day of the Lord. Remember, that the command of God lies upon you, strong, urgent, and uncompromising—that you and yours should preserve this beautiful memento of creating power and redeeming love, this blessed pledge of the favor of God to man, pure from every spot and stain.

THE GAIN IS LOSS ;

OR,

THE UNPROFITABLE EXCHANGE.

THE Lord Jesus Christ utters the voice from heaven, *What is a man profited, if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul ? or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul ?* To these inquiries let the reader be entreated to devote a few moments of solemn attention. Compare the two points—the value of the soul, and the gaining of the world ; weigh them in the balance of the sanctuary, and then render a rational, a just decision of their respective worth.

THE WORLD, THE WHOLE WORLD.

The depth of the import of the inquiry of our Lord will not be apprehended, unless we attend to the emphasis which he lays upon the term, *the whole world*. It embraces the entire surface of our globe : its various states, its several empires, every island, and every continent ; every river, every lake, and every sea. It embraces every species of soil, and the innumerable products of every clime ; the trees of the forest, and the spices of tropical lands ; the abundant fruits of untamed nature, and the more costly ones of the cultivated field. The mines, too, are comprehended in the sum ; the iron, the silver, the gold, and the richer gem of every water ; the treasures of the deep, with all the facilities which, as the highway of nations, it affords for the interchange of the comforts and luxuries of life, and the accumulation of wealth.

Every clime is furnished with some precious material, that addresses itself with peculiar adaptation to one or other portion of our sensitive constitution ; and when each clime and soil unites with every other clime and soil to minister

to the senses, how abundant and exquisite the delight. In the charms of a rich and polished literature, in the depths of absorbing science, in the arts, useful and fine, intellect can revel, and have its hour of ecstasy. Ambition, too, if not too proud for feeling, may have its ecstatic moment: an obedient world, the fame of the schools, the glories of conquest, the diadems of empires, crouching millions—what can be desired more?

This is a rough draft of the outlines of the map of “the whole world.” This, man of the world, this, all this, son of earth, is, by supposition, yours. You have secured it; and to do so, you have pledged *the price*. This is the world, the whole world. During those few years in which it may be supposed you will desire it, or be capable of relishing its enjoyments, it is yours. How many exclaim, Happy man. But ere we join the shouts of congratulation, let us hear *the price* at which this supposed possession has been obtained.

THE SOUL.

That upon which Almighty God stamped, at its creation, his own *image* of light, blessedness, and glory, was the *soul* of man. Alas, how marred by sin. How is the gold become dim; how is the fine gold changed; the crown is fallen from our head. Woe unto us that we have sinned. Still, it is the soul of man; and even in its moral ruins, it is beyond the power of calculation precious. Were it not thus precious, the Son of God would not, for its redemption, have poured out his own life's blood. Its intellectual efficiency is not confined to the great variety of earthly objects with which it is called to be conversant; nor limited to the admeasurement of the fields where comets trace their erratic and rapid course, or the exposition of the laws that govern suns and stars. Man's mind is capable, in the inspired light of heaven, and guided by its spirit, of reaching the eternal throne, and of holding sweet and near communion with the Creator and Redeemer of men. The spirit of man, in possession of its own constitutional principles of intellection, of volition, of moral sense, of religion, of affec-

tion, has capacities of interminable improvement; of high and varied activity, and susceptibilities of enjoyment which the pen of the ready writer cannot describe, which the tongue is inadequate to express, and to the bounds of which the heart's own conceptions have never reached. Immortality has stamped her seal upon this chief of the works of God on earth. But Oh, this soul of man, thus endowed with faculties, in the likeness of God, is susceptible of degradation as deep, and of misery as intense and everlasting, as it is of felicity immortal, and of glory unspeakable. This is the soul of man. The price at which the world is to be gained, is,

THE LOSS OF THE SOUL.

Loss of the soul! What is this? Must it fall into the unfathomable abyss of annihilation? Ah, no. This, to the lost soul, would be a refuge which it shall seek in vain. The soul will lose much, but interminable existence it cannot lose. From non-existence it will for ever be at an infinite distance. With an existence of wretchedness its immortality will connect it in endless duration. Equally vain will be its desire of forgetfulness of the past, unconsciousness of the present, and thoughtlessness of the future. Memory will be terribly tenacious of the past, consciousness will be all awake to the present, and thought will be upon the wing in anticipation of the future. What, then, is the loss? It is happiness that is lost. The means of happiness, every association in which it might be expected, shall have departed; hope, the last friend of the miserable, shall have fled for ever. Every foundation where hope could have found even a temporary resting-place, shall be torn up.

Does the sinner say, This is hard? Why say so? Was it not thy choice? Was not this the understood condition of this transaction? *Gain the world—lose the soul.* Didst not thou with eagerness seek, habitually seek, in some form, what the world could afford thee? Thy heaven-born intellect was separated from thy God. Its eye was turned from the contemplation of his glories, and was bent upon the

earth, not to trace its relation to thy Creator and Redeemer, nor to mark the impression of his excellencies left upon the work of his hands, but to ascertain how far it furnished the means of a temporary indulgence, or of a low gratification of thy ill-regulated propensities. Those fine affections of the immortal heart, fine in their primitive formation, and still capable of being raised to celestial perfection, were alienated from the Divinity, from things above, "where Christ sitteth at the right hand of God;" and instead of mingling in the delights of heaven, became absorbed in the dregs of earth. Thy moral sense became unfeeling; and amidst profane associates, in the mean pursuits and the low indulgences of the world, the voice of conscience in thy breast became well-nigh silenced. Why, then, when thou must leave that world which was thy choice, and to whose pursuits thou didst so entirely surrender all thy immortal powers; why, when that world abandons thee, shouldst thou complain if the God of truth and righteousness, whom thou didst contemn, now abandons thee to the consequences of thine own ways? Alas, ruined sinner, deserted by that world which thou didst so ardently love, and forsaken of that God, who alone is able to bless for ever, woful is thy condition.

And is this *all*? is this all that is involved in the loss of the soul? Happiness, and hopes of happiness are gone, for ever gone. The favor of God, which is better than life, is lost. Heaven and all its joys have been bartered. But this is not all. Positive pain, misery indescribable, shall be added to the losses already told—pain, misery, that shall never end.

Until the resurrection morning, the lost soul, in the separate state of spirits, shall be in woe. From that eventful morn, soul and body, reunited, shall add to each other's pain. The whole person shall be the miserable subject of the executed curse of the violated law. Through every faculty, the bitterness of that curse shall flow in upon the guilty and condemned soul. Every sense shall be a medium of anguish. Visions of horror, far and near, and on every side, shall meet the eye. Doleful sounds, despairing cries, bitter

execrations, shall fall, perpetually fall upon the ear. Ungratified propensities, stimulating the infuriated soul to increasing rage, will add to the torments of this dreadful state. Actual associates, recollected relationships, blighted prospects, neglected means, severally and unitedly, will crowd before the mind, and unceasingly contribute to augment the anguish of the hopeless soul. Parental counsels, tears, and prayers, the admonitions of friendship, the assemblies and solemnities of the sanctuary, the rest of the Sabbath, with all its consecrated associations, will there be things of memory, but can be enjoyed no more. The day of grace shall then be ended; the sun of hope has set; the night of the blackness of darkness has spread its curtains, and no light remains; no beam of brightness comes athwart the gloom, except from the awful gleams of justice, bursting forth from the thick clouds of God's displeasure. "*The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and we are not saved,*" will be the language of those in the place of wailing and gnashing of teeth; "where the worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched;" where "the smoke of their torment ascendeth up for ever and ever." Eternity as infallibly marks the duration of the misery of the ruined soul, as it does the duration of its existence. When ages, long lasting ages of agony, more than imagination could ever number, shall have rolled over it, the FOR EVER—dreadful thought!—the FOR EVER, in all its extent of dreadfulness, shall be still before, not shortened by a single hour. This is what is meant by the loss of the soul.

Grant that for a few years the world is yours. Connection with the world must cease. Though gained, the capacity of man is found too limited to enjoy it. Its perplexities constituted an unforeseen and extensive drawback upon its enjoyments, while they were in reach. Even its freshness withered under the eye, and its possession fell from the feeble grasp. Both possession and enjoyment are matters of recollection, objects that recede from the view, as unending ages of agony are rolling on; and however the remem-

brance of them, as past, may aggravate, assuredly it will never mitigate the experience of present wretchedness; nor will it sustain the soul under the dreadful anticipations of future and increasing woe. The enjoyment furnished by the world, was in no proportion to the amount of guilt contracted in its acquisition, nor to the intensity of anguish connected with that guilt; the transient possession, and its advantages, are lost in the eternity of privation and misery that are future. What, then, is the gain? Inconceivable loss.

But was ever the whole world gained by any one? Small, very small is that portion of the whole world which any individual can possess. The unsatisfied desire of acquisition, indeed, may prompt him on and on, and claim nothing less than the undiminished whole. But human life is too short for him to attain the object. And if the gain of the whole, at the price of the soul's loss, would be an unspeakably wretched adventure, what shall be said of him who pays the mighty sum for a very trifle?

And can the soul be lost for less than the gaining of the whole world? Its loss depends not upon the extent of worldly possessions or gratification. It is the prevailing temper of the heart, the habit of mind, giving character to the life, that settles the account in this dreadful issue. Thirty pieces of silver was the amount of what Judas got, in exchange for his soul. Many, very many, have trafficked theirs for less. "The love of money is the root of all evil; which, while some coveted after, they have erred from the faith, and pierced themselves through with many sorrows." It is an awful consideration, one which ought often and pressingly to be urged upon the attention of men in our age and country, that "they that will be rich, fall into temptation, and a snare, and into many foolish and hurtful lusts, which drown men in destruction and perdition." How many, ah, how many, in the criminal pursuit of wealth, carry along with them their sons, their daughters, their domestics, all over whom they have influence, into the same gulf of perdition. How small the temptation. How transient

the possession, and short-lived the joy, that must by so many be set over against the loss of the immortal spirit—an eternity of privation and of anguish.

“*What shall a man give in exchange for his soul?*” When life ends, the hope of redemption ceases. With the possessions of earth, of which the condemned soul is now bereft, the means of salvation are likewise gone. In the grave, and beyond the grave, these have no place. “There remaineth no more sacrifice for sin.” What would the ruined and suffering soul not give, to obtain exemption from the pains of the lake of fire? But there is no place for repentance in that abode of sorrow. There the sinner’s doom is for ever sealed. Between the habitations of woe, and the mansions of joy at God’s right hand, “there is a great gulf fixed,” which none shall ever pass.

Reader of cultivated mind, whose heart is given up to the pursuits of earth, pause for a moment, and direct thy thoughts to the solemnities of immortality. Of thy constitutional conformation thou knowest much, and to a great extent thou art capable of tracing the faculties, the susceptibilities, and relations of thy immortal spirit. That spirit, remember, is a subject of high and lasting responsibilities. There is a futurity of endless duration, in which thou hast a deep concern; and there is a tribunal of impartial justice, of omniscient scrutiny, and almighty efficiency, before which thou must pass, in entering upon that untried futurity. Ask—do more than ask—*ascertain*, ere the awful inquest commences, what is likely to be the state of thy soul in that futurity.

Man of business, in gaining thy estate, hast thou lost thy soul? Thou hast pushed, successfully, thy mercantile speculations, and escaped the perils of the deep; but hast thou drowned thy immortal spirit in perdition? Son of arrogance, thou hast sought, and, to some extent, gained the object of thy ambition. But in the ascending of that ladder hast thou not morally degraded thy immortal mind? Is thy fall, from that elevation on which thou now standest, into everlasting contempt, inevitable? Trifle not with this

inquiry. And still more, votary of mental cultivation, man of business, son of ambition, what of that fine *family* intrusted to thy care—committed to thy hand to be educated for eternity? In the ardor of earthly pursuits, it was forgotten by thee, that they were immortal. Hast thou given to them the impress of thine own character? Do they bear thy image of ruin? Must they, through thy example, and under thy influence, with thyself be hurried down to hell? Is it so, then, that thy soul, in its tremendous fall, brings so many others under the same ruin—ruined minds, ruined consciences, ruined hearts, eternally ruined souls?

How inexpressible the folly of that man, and how inconceivable the amount of his criminality, who barter his virtue, his religion, his God, and all the prospects of a blessed immortality, opened before him in the Gospel of his Son, for the toy of an hour! Reader, you are not beyond the regions of redemption, of means, of activity, and of hope. Trifle not with your immortal interests. Your Bible is in your hands, the way to the throne of grace is open, the condescending ear of Him who occupies that throne is bending to hear the feeble prayer of the humbled heart; the blessed Mediator, the Son of God in our nature, is there to intercede on the supplicant's behalf; the Spirit of grace and supplication, in his blessed influence, is ready to descend to aid the struggling expression of the laboring soul. Go, then, without delay, to the throne of divine mercy, and, in the name of the Redeemer, plead, plead in faith, plead with fervor, for deliverance from a worldly spirit; plead for the hallowed influences of the spirit of adoption, that, rising above the world, and escaping from all its debasing attractions, you may evince yourself a child of God, an heir of life, and inherit an immortality of blessedness.

“IT IS THE LAST TIME.”

HEARD you that voice? It is the voice of God by an inspired apostle. The last—O how precious is the *last* time; and yet how rarely suspected to be the last, when it actually arrives. With many, the present is literally the last time. From *sixty to eighty* thousand immortal souls will be summoned to the bar of God within the next twenty-four hours. And do they expect it? Are they aware that it is with them the *last* time? A few may realize it; but the great multitude, whose next step will be into the grave, have hardly a suspicion of it. How is it, reader, with thee?

Man of business, thou art “careful and troubled about many things”—thy farm, thy merchandise, thy bank, thy policies of insurance, thy thousand-handed machinery, thy professional calls—some one of these engrosses all thy thoughts, and puts far off the great work of repentance. And yet, it may be the *last* time with thee. That bargain which thou hast just closed, that entry which thou art making in thy ledger, that ship which thou hast just freighted, that sum of money which this morning came into thy hands, that patient whom thou hast just visited, that cause which thou hast just argued with so much ability—may be the *last*. Think of it, O think of it, and do not let “the cares of this world, the deceitfulness of riches,” cheat thee out of “durable riches and righteousness.”

Votary of ambition, while thousands have been disappointed, thou hast, perhaps, been steadily advancing towards the bright summit of thy wishes. Thou art now receiving the greetings and inhaling the incense of popular favor, utterly regardless of that “honor which cometh from God only.” But it may be the *last time*. Death may be at the door. He may come in the very next moment, and with his cold hand strip off thy robes of office, and lay thy body and thine honors in the dust. And Oh, the soul that never dies, where will that be? on which side of the great gulf? Think of Herod, “arrayed in his royal apparel,” at Cesarea. It was the *last* time he ever put it on. See him enthroned in all the pomp and pride of majesty. It was the *last* time he ever sat upon that throne. Hear him address the admir-

ing throng. It was his *last* oration. Listen to the impious shouts of the multitude: "It is the voice of a God, and not of a man." It was the *last* shout he ever heard, for "the angel of the Lord smote him, because he gave not God the glory."

Child of pleasure, art thou adorning thyself for the theatre, the card-party, or the ball-room? Call in all the helps of taste and fashion, adjust every article of thy dress, and every lock of thy hair, as if thy life depended upon the nodding of a plume, or the color of a ribbon. Deck thyself with jewels, and display all thy charms, for it may be the *last time*. Drink deep of the cup of pleasure—drain it while it is yet in thy hand, for it may *never* be handed to thee again. But stay—is it wise—is it safe? Should this be the *last time* with thee—should it be the *last night* of thine appearance with the giddy throng, what will become of thine immortal soul? Can it solace itself in the world to come with the pleasures and flatteries of this? O no, no, no. But whether this should prove the *last night* of thy going out or not, the *last* will certainly come, and come soon. And then death will deal roughly with thy toilet and thy wardrobe. Methinks I behold thee summoned as in a moment to the bar of God, and that I hear the Judge demand of thee, "Where wast thou when that fever, or consumption, seized thee, which so unexpectedly brought the hearse to thy door? How hast thou spent the last few weeks of thy life?" Oh I seem to see thee then, but not to hear thy answer. For what canst thou say? No sounds escape thy lips but the wailings of despair, as thou goest away into the blackness of darkness for ever.

Miserable slave of appetite, where wast thou on the last Sabbath? In whose temple didst thou worship? On whose altar didst thou pour out thy libations? The odor of what incense went up to heaven from that altar? Thy companions—who were they? The song, too—was it the song of Zion, or of the drunkard? What if it had been thy *last Sabbath* upon earth, as it was of many who spent it like thee? What if those three bosom companions, horrid oaths, gross obscenity, and strong drink, had strangled thee to death? What would have been thy condition now? Where would have been that soul which was formed for a blissful immortality—*where?* In the Holy City, in the New Jerusalem, or *without*, where are "dogs, and sorcer-

ers, and whoremongers, and murderers, and idolaters, and whatsoever loveth and maketh a lie?"

Where art thou in the habit of spending thine evenings, and thy money, and sacrificing thy health, and thine honor, and thy morals, and turning all thy domestic affections into gall and wormwood? What if the last night of thy carousals had been thy last on earth? Pause, pause, I beseech you. It may be with you the last time.

Fearless unbeliever, art thou making a mock at sin, and pouring out thine impious ribaldry upon the Holy Bible, and lying in wait to catch the innocent? It may be the *last* time. The arrow which is to strike thee dead, may have already left the string. While the impious sneer is on thy lip, "the Lord may consume thee with the spirit of his mouth." And then, be assured, thy doubts will all vanish. The truth of the Scriptures will flash upon thy soul like lightning. An atheist, or sceptic, thou canst not remain another moment. With devils thou wilt "believe and tremble." The undying worm will gnaw thy now seared conscience for ever and ever. And canst thou, *wilt* thou, "mock on?" wouldst thou, knowing it to be the *last* time? Ah, why those secret misgivings? Why that unconscious flush, that terror which thy tongue scornfully denies? The *last* time will certainly and soon come. The *last* profane jest will have passed thy lips. Thy last bitter sneer will have been stiffened into a cold marble horror. But thy *last wail*, alas, alas, that will never have been heard.

Hardened, stupid sinner, methinks I hear the accents fall upon thy dull ear—*it is the last time*. And wilt thou not rouse thyself up to instant thought and effort? As well mightest thou think of sleeping in a den of enraged scorpions, with a thousand fangs in thy flesh, as of remaining stupid one moment after death. And how canst thou still hum over the fatal lullaby, "Yet a little sleep, a little slumber, a little folding of the hands to sleep?" Perhaps thou hast just returned from the house of God, where the ambassador of Christ besought thee to be reconciled, and offered thee pardon through his blood. And didst thou heed the appeal? O no; thy thoughts were far away, or perhaps thou wast slumbering at the very gate of heaven. And it may have been thy *last* opportunity in the house of prayer. With what feelings do those who went down to

death, stupid, and hardened as thou art, now look back upon their *last* Sabbath, their *last* sermon, their *last* sleep under the thunders of Sinai or the moving accents of Calvary?

Thoughtful sinner, has the Lord Jesus Christ come into the place where thou art, upon the chariot of salvation? It may be the *last* time. It is highly probable thou wilt never witness his triumphs again. Before another season of refreshing, thou mayest hear thy eternal doom. Wilt thou not, then, while he is passing by, wilt thou not cry unto him, "Jesus, thou son of David, have mercy on me?" Pious friends, it may be, are praying for thee, and exhorting thee to seek the Lord while he may be found. And it may be the *last* time. While they are yet speaking, death may call and drown all other voices in a moment.

Awakened sinner, is the Spirit of God actually striving with thee? O what a perilous crisis—what a moment pregnant with all the joys or woes of eternal ages. The Holy Ghost striving with thy rebellious heart, to bring thee to Christ and to heaven. It may be his *last* call. It probably will be, if resisted now. And why wilt thou not embrace it at once? What hinders? What does God require? "My son, give me thy heart." What does he require, but repentance, and faith, and love, and new obedience? Yield him these this moment, I entreat thee. Do you reply, "I would yield, but I cannot; my heart refuses." But what is this obdurate heart, but thy wicked self? Do you say, "I am trying to repent with all my might?" No, conscience will not bear you out in that. Trying? how? In whose strength? Trying to do what? To make yourself *worthy* of the divine favor. That is impossible. To *get ready* to yield up thy soul to Christ? That is not what he requires. He comes to the point at once. He insists upon instant submission. "God now commandeth all men everywhere to repent." And with you, O awakened, lingering sinner, it may be the *last* time. The next hour, the next moment, God may withdraw his Spirit. And then—but who can speak the rest?

"Haste, O sinner—now return;
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest thy lamp should cease to burn
Ere salvation's work is done."

OBSTACLES TO CONVERSION.

THERE are persons who think they wish to be Christians, and yet are conscious they are not. Why are they not Christians? What is the obstacle that prevents so many from accepting the terms of salvation which God has offered?

1. Is it that *God is unwilling* to save them? No. No one dares say so, or even think so. God has removed all doubt upon that point, not only by his invitations and entreaties, but by his unqualified declaration, "As I live, saith the Lord God, I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked; but that the wicked turn from his way, and live."

2. Is it that God has not made suitable *provision* for the return of all? The atonement which the Saviour has offered is so ample, that he can say, "Whosoever cometh to me, I will in nowise cast out." Whosoever will believe in him shall not perish, but have everlasting life.

3. Is it that there are not *motives* to influence to a Christian life? What more powerful motives can be conceived than those which are urged upon almost every page of the Bible? Eternal happiness is the reward of obedience—eternal woe, the consequence of continued sin.

4. Is it because the sinner is not *elected*, that he is not saved? The terms of salvation are offered equally to all. And whoever is willing to accept these terms, shall have everlasting life. They who *will not accept*, and they only, will perish.

5. Is the duty of repentance neglected because there are no *convictions of sin*? Where is the heart that has not felt such convictions? Who has not at times felt the reproaches of conscience? Who in truth must not plead guilty to the charge of having often grieved the Spirit away? O how importunate has God been in his strivings with us by his Spirit. We have heard his warning voice in every funeral bell, in every dying scene we have witnessed, in every joy that has "crowned our days," and in every pain we have borne. But the voice of conscience we have stifled, and the warnings of the Spirit we have disregarded.

6. Is *this world so full of happiness* that we have no inducement to look to another world for joy? There is in

every heart an aching void which the joys of earth cannot fill. O how constantly is our path through life strewn with disappointed hopes. How often is one almost persuaded to be a Christian.

Why then is it that so many continue unreconciled to God? What ARE THE OBSTACLES so powerful, that the entreaties of God, the sufferings of the Saviour, the strivings of the Spirit, do not remove them? Among them are,

1. *An indistinct belief in universal salvation.* Many indulge in a vague impression that all will be saved. This lulls them into security. They think, of course, that no especial effort is necessary for salvation. Some openly avow this belief; others secretly cherish it. But whenever it has any hold upon the heart, it seems to deaden conscience, and to lead one to feel that a life of sin is not inconsistent with eternal happiness in heaven. How often does one ward off the arguments and appeals of the pulpit, by the soothing reply, that live as he may, he shall eventually be drawn smoothly and pleasantly to blest abodes. While one cherishes this impression, be it ever so vague, ever so indistinct, it is the most effectual preventive of contrition for sin and faith in Christ. With thousands it stands in the way of eternal redemption. Thousands it entices through paths of sinful indulgence, to a death-bed of despair and an eternity of woe. They will not enter the door which Christ has opened, because they hope to climb over some other way.

2. *Thoughtlessness* is another most formidable and most ruinous obstacle. There are thousands in Christian lands, and with intelligent minds, who will never allow themselves time for serious reflection. They enter the church upon the Sabbath, that the sound of the Gospel may fall upon the ear, but make no mental effort that its truth may be conveyed to their hearts. They hear the funeral bell, but will not think that they must die. They look upon the cold corpse, but will not, by reflection, make the case their own. They hear of eternity, but will not send the mind in serious thought to explore its limitless duration, its overwhelming scenes. Most studiously and most wickedly do they exclude reflection, and are borne as bubbles on the deceitful surface of life's gliding stream. O how strange it is that any mind can refrain from reflection, when placed in the scenes which now surround us. Death is certain. The trump of the

archangel will soon burst upon the ear. The resurrection-morn will soon gleam upon the eye. The eternal glories of heaven will soon fill the heart with rapture, or the glooms of hell pervade it with undying despair. And yet men will not think. How strange. How incomprehensible. *They will not think*, and thus by thousands they are perishing, to be eternal outcasts from heaven.

3. *A wrong view of the mercy of God* is another source of ruin, not uncommon in the world. It is not very unusual for persons to think that God is so merciful that he will not be strict in his requirements. But can God receive to heaven those who will not repent of sin, and who will acquire no taste for heaven's purity and heaven's joy? Can those who here never will bow the knee to Jesus, never will speak his praise, be admitted to those blest abodes where he reigns supreme, where every knee bows at the mention of his name, and every heart thrills at the remembrance of his love. "I cast myself upon the mercy of God for salvation," said a hardened, and impenitent, and dying sinner. O, what infatuation. The goodness of God should lead to *repentance*; if it does not, it never can be manifested in our salvation. The only way to be saved is the way which God has pointed out.

4. Another obstacle, far from uncommon, is *a desire to obtain a new heart in a different way from that in which alone the Bible assures us a new heart can be obtained*. Such persons will wish they were Christians. They will try to feel interested in serious things. They will read the Bible. They will do any thing but just what God requires them to do: repent of sin, seek forgiveness in the name of Jesus, put their trust in him, and at once commence a life of prayer, and of active effort in his service. Thousands thus go on through life, though they know their neglect is sinful, and conscience reproaches them every day.

5. *Unwillingness to give up a worldly spirit* is another obstacle which ruins thousands. Every man in heart knows that if he would be a Christian, he must make it the one great object of life to prepare for heaven, and to reclaim a guilty world to God. And in almost every bosom there is a struggle, *arduous*, though it be hidden, between the claims of religion and the allurements of the world. How often will the ambitious, and the worldly, and the gay, confess the

emptiness of their pursuits, and express regret that they are not walking in the Christian's path. Ah, this is the confession which conscience, that faithful monitor, will at times extort from the tortured bosom; and yet will the infatuated votary of the world glide along, through empty and heartless joys, till the lamentation is upon his lips, "the harvest is past, the summer is ended, and I am not saved."

6. *Pride*, or an unwillingness to confess being in the wrong, is another obstacle which ruins thousands. Nothing is harder for the unsubdued heart, than the sincere, open confession of having lived in sin, and needing forgiveness. The attitude which the sinner assumes, practically and really is, that God must yield to the stubbornness of his own heart. Every man who does not cry for mercy, is exhibiting this feeling to God. This pride of heart must be subdued, even to the lowly spirit of a little child, or there can be no admission to his courts above.

Such are some of the principal obstacles which stand in the way of the conversion of the sinner. The path to woe is downward, and the passage rapid. The current bears you onward, and you need but float upon its surface, and you will soon enter those gloomy depths whence there is no return. The obstacles in the way of conversion are powerful. They are not to be overcome by the transient feeling of a moment; they are not to be removed by waiting in indolence. They demand great effort to overcome them. If there be any thing in nature which calls for strenuous exertion, and which holds out sufficient motives to encourage such exertion, it is the salvation of your soul. O, do you ever think of that eternity which is before you, of those realms of boundless space, where in a short time must be your endless home? Do you ever think of the wonders of a Saviour's love, of the sympathy of celestial bands, of the glittering mansion, of the heavenly robe, of the everlasting song? Can you think of such things, and not have your heart burn within you, and not be impelled by desires, which never can be extinguished, to reach forward by every possible exertion to the attainment of that world? "Ask, and ye shall receive; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened to you."

S E C R E T P R A Y E R .

OUR Saviour, in language the most emphatic, has enjoined upon us this duty: "Enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut thy door, pray to thy Father who is in secret; and thy Father, who seeth in secret, shall reward thee openly." How distinct is this command. And yet it is to be feared that, by many professed Christians, it is more neglected than almost any other.

1. Let us contemplate ITS IMPORTANCE. When midnight spread its gloom over Judah, why was our Saviour found a lonely wanderer in its most unfrequented wilds? Luke tells us it was his custom to retire to those solitudes for private devotion. We have many instances given in which he united with his disciples in social prayer; but every day he left the crowds with which he was surrounded, and went *alone* to hold communion with God. Christian, is it not important that a duty should be fulfilled which is enjoined by the Saviour's lips, and enforced by the Saviour's example. And remember, that this is *secret prayer*; the prayer of retirement; the communion of the soul with God, when that soul is withdrawn as far as possible from every external influence.

The example of pious men in all ages of the world shows the importance of secret prayer. Witness Daniel, three times a day retiring to his chamber for prayer. Read the biography of any eminent Christian, and you will find that it is in secret prayer that his strength has been obtained. O, there is a host of worthies who rise at once in attestation of its infinite importance. And another host may be seen of languid, spiritless, desponding professors, whose lives are passing unprofitably and wretchedly away because they do not strengthen their faith and animate their zeal by the devotions of the closet. Here lies the cause of so many doubts and fears of the Christian; of that paralysis of Christian feeling which makes so many professors an incumbrance and a burden to the church.

There are peculiar sins to be confessed, which it is not proper to confess in public or in social prayer. The Christian needs to go to God in all the confidence of a private

interview, and there to unfold the inmost secrets of his heart. He has peculiar temptations from which he needs to be guarded; peculiar trials, under which he needs support; and he must in private go to God, that he may seek relief for these private wants.

Secret prayer affords the most direct intercourse the soul can have with God. In the hour of retirement and solitude the soul is most perfectly cut off from all external influences. It can then be more easily ushered into the immediate presence of its Maker. These are the occasions in which the soul breaks from the trammels of earth, and soars, as it were, on angels' pinions, to the bosom of its God. And it is from such visits as these, that the soul returns to earth refreshed with draughts from the fountain of life, warmed by the joys it has felt, and showing to the world around, by the glow of its feelings, that it has, like Moses, seen God in the mount.

2. The MANNER in which this duty should be performed. When our Saviour says, "Enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut thy door, pray to thy Father," he does most undeniably mean that we should seek actual retirement; that we should go to some place alone, where we may pray to our Father in secret. It does not do to say that we can pray anywhere; that we can, in the bustle of business, withdraw our minds and have sufficient communion with God. The Saviour's command is positive, that we must seek retirement, and there in secret make known our requests to God. Surely, if Christ found it necessary to withdraw from the crowd, and even from every friend, that his devotions might not be disturbed by passing scenes, it is the most egregious folly for the frail *disciple* of Jesus to pretend that secrecy and retirement are not essential in his own acts of devotion. Yes, follower of Jesus, you must actually go to the place of retirement. It may be to the chamber; it may be to the grove: but it must be to some place where, alone and uninterrupted, you may commune with God.

There should be *stated times* for secret prayer. The habit should be formed of going at particular hours of the day into the presence of God. Unless the Christian has resolution to form a plan, and to abide by that plan, he cannot make advances in the Christian life; he cannot enjoy religion. If you say, "I will daily enjoy the privilege of

secret prayer," and yet do not set apart some particular portion of the day, which you will appropriate to this duty, you will find that your resolutions are made but to be broken. The evening twilight appears to have been the favorite hour with our Saviour for this purpose. Daniel selected the morning, the noon, and the evening, as his seasons of private devotion.

The very design of secret prayer is to enable the Christian to approach God with the *least possible restraint*. We should at such times, with great particularity, acknowledge sin. Has any temptation excited irritated feeling? In your closet confess that individual sin to God. Have you neglected duty? In penitential prayer allude to the time and to the circumstances, that your heart may not be sheltered by the vagueness of mere general confession. In your closet review your actions, and speak to your Maker distinctly what you mean, when you confess you are a sinner. In the solitude and the silence of the soul's retirement with God we may become acquainted with ourselves. This is the way to make confession of sin which is acceptable to God.

We should also, in secret prayer, pray for *particular blessings*. You are a parent. Your son is at a distant school, surrounded by new and trying temptations. In retirement plead for him by name. State distinctly the temptations to which he is exposed. Thus may you pray with a degree of fervor and distinctness which would be impossible and even improper in the more public circles of social prayer. When our Saviour united with his disciples in prayer, his petitions were general: "Thy kingdom come," "give us day by day our daily bread," "forgive us our debts," "lead us not into temptation." But when he retired to the garden, in solitude, his prayer was, "O my Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me." Here he unveiled all his secret sorrows to a Father's view. Imitate your Saviour, and daily in secret prayer remember your friends, calling them by name. Remember your own particular temptations, and your own particular sins, and thus will your Father, who heareth in secret, himself reward you openly.

3. Consider the *ADVANTAGES* of secret prayer. There is no exercise of the Christian which has so powerful an

influence in promoting *spirituality of mind*. Secret communion with God seems to introduce us into his immediate presence. If we go to the closet with the distinct confession of sin, and asking particular blessings, we can hardly fail of receiving an influence into our own hearts which will be abiding. There never can have been a case of one who perseveringly frequented his closet, and there found rest to his soul, who was not a spiritual man and a growing Christian. And the Christian who does not pray in secret must be a languid and a heartless disciple.

There is no *preservative from sin* so potent as this. An hour of temptation may overcome the Christian. He may be left to the commission of sins, the thought of which now makes him shudder. Temptations may be thrown in your way, and you have no safety—you have no protection but in prayer. He who comes from the audience chamber of God, from intimate communion with his Maker, has faith so bright and strong that temptation will in vain assail him. Standing in the very verge of heaven, breathing the very atmosphere of that pure world, he will be enabled to say, "Get thee behind me, Satan." The path to the commission of sin lies invariably through the neglect of secret prayer.

There is no exercise which can so *purify and tranquilize the mind*. It is this which gives that "closer walk with God," which insures "a calm and heavenly frame." This is the mount upon which the Christian may stand above earth's vapors and smile at earth's storms. When Jesus went to the garden, as the hour of death approached, he was in an agony. But he came from the retirement of that garden calm and composed. Thus, Christian, may you obtain a composure of mind, and a calm, steady enjoyment, which no opposition or trials can ruffle. And how happy is the heart, thus fixed on God—thus steadfast in a joyful serenity which nothing can disturb. Neglecting this duty, how full does the heart become of worldly cares. How often depressed with anxiety. How will trifling obstacles disturb and irritate. The remedy for all this is secret prayer. Then is the spirit alike independent of great calamities and of petty vexations.

H I N T S

FOR

VISITORS AND TRAVELLERS.

FROM AN ADDRESS BY THE LATE REV. DR. BEDELL, OF PHILADELPHIA, TO
THE PEOPLE OF HIS CHARGE.

SINCE I have been settled in this city, the most cases of religious depression and declension which have come under my notice, have occurred in the autumn of the year, and amongst those professors of religion who have spent their summers in the country, or in travelling. This is a fact, the causes of which are well worthy of investigation. I can discuss the subject experimentally, because what I say is not abstract reasoning, but truth gathered from the history of some melancholy cases. Not that I would object to travelling, or passing the distressing heats of the summer among the shades and delicious retirements of the country; no—I am an advocate for these, and the necessities of my own health require the relaxation and refreshment which such changes are calculated to produce. But let us not be blind to the attendant evils. I mention,

1. *An inattention to secret religious duties.* The duties of the closet, such as reading, meditation, prayer, self-examination, are indispensably necessary to the welfare of the soul. In travelling, or in the retirement of the country, there is temptation to neglect these duties. In the former case, public conveyances hurry us along, as if the object was to annihilate time and space; and public-houses afford small accommodation for reading, and meditation, and prayer. We start early in the morning, and travel till late at night, all is hurry and bustle, and nothing is thought of but to accomplish our wish. If we are in the country, perhaps there are other persons with us of uncongenial dispositions and habits. We have small rooms, new occupa-

tions, a variety of new engagements, and the duties of the closet are neglected. Public duties are also broken in upon; there are not the same Sabbath privileges as at home; or if there are, the heat and the want of conveyances are pleaded in excuse for neglecting them. All these, by a process just as natural as any which can be imagined, lead to depression; the light of God's countenance is not sought, and the soul is left to darkness and to doubt.

2. But, *to omission of duty, many add actual sin.* Forced by circumstances, as they say, they travel on the Sabbath, on the vain plea, that they shall commit as little sin by doing so, as by staying where they happen to be uncomfortably placed. Some are in large public establishments, and spend the day, not in their rooms, but in promiscuous company. Those who do not travel, but who are in the country, are apt to spend the day very idly, or else improperly; neither going to church, nor occupied in prayer and meditation.

And besides this, there are many professing Christians, who, in the country, are the actual cause of sin in others. For instance, a family in the country, a few miles from the city, has the father or the brother remaining behind. What then? The wife and the relatives must be visited. Shall I leave my business? asks the husband. Oh no, I cannot spare time to see my family and friends during the week. When can I go? Oh, there is Sunday. It is no matter if I break God's law. I will go out on Saturday, and stay till Monday. I shall gain two things by it: I shall see my family, and spend my time with ease and comfort, and I shall lose nothing, but rather save a day. Some ride out on Sunday morning, and return again in the evening, and spend the day without religion. Thus the man breaks the commandment of God; the wife and the children are taught that the institutions of public worship are mere matters of convenience; duties are neglected; God is insulted. Is it wonderful that God withdraws his presence from those thus tempting him? Is it not rather wonderful that he does not cast them off for ever?

At length the travellers return from their tours, and those from the country to their homes; the closet is sought, but it has been too much neglected to give pleasure now. Spiritual darkness overwhelms the soul, and in anguish the individual cries out, "O that I were as in months past." My friends, you bring this on yourselves. There is no necessity that you should neglect your duties of reading, meditation, prayer, and self-examination. You permit your enemy to get the advantage over you. You gradually become careless and indifferent. One duty gives way, then another; one sin is committed, then another; and religious declension in some, and depression in others, ensue. This leads me,

3. *To the remedy.* If you must go into the country, or if you must travel, determine upon one thing before you go: *God goes with you* wherever you go. Set your face like a flint against sin; determine to do nothing, and encourage nothing, which you would not do and encourage at home. If you travel, where the Sabbath meets you, stop; if there is a place of worship, go to it. If not, go to your chamber, and spend the day with the best of company, your God. Carry your Bible with you; think not to escape out of the presence of God; mingle not with indiscriminate or light company; give the day, and give your heart to God. If you are in the country, within reach of any place of worship, go to it; put yourself to some inconvenience: if not, spend the day with God. Do not encourage your husband or relatives in ruining their souls to enjoy your company. You thus become a partaker of their sins. There must be a positive determination made to set your face against any thing which will draw you from God, directly or indirectly. You must be on your guard, and determine that on no account whatever will you bring yourself into the difficulty.

But perhaps some may say, then we must never travel, and never go into the country; we must stay and suffer in health; it is impossible to do otherwise, there are so many disadvantages. Permit me, my dear friends, to say to you, in the honesty and simplicity of the Gospel, that if, in your

individual case, these things are inseparable from your circumstances ; if you cannot travel or go into the country without neglecting God and your soul, then it is your imperative duty never to travel, and never to go into the country. It cannot possibly be your duty to ruin your soul. You had better stay in the heat of the city ; aye, if there should even be here the “ pestilence that walketh in darkness, and the sickness that destroyeth at noonday.” Your children had better go to heaven before they have the guilt of actual sin on their souls ; every inconvenience had better be endured, than that you should lose both soul and body in hell, and be the ruin of your children also. The great business of your lives, permit me to tell you, is to regard eternity, not time ; to see that you are prepared for death and judgment, rather than prepared for mere employment. You know not when your Lord may come. You may be called away to judgment while far distant from your home ; or from the shades and delights of your summer residence, you may be summoned to give an account of your stewardship. And if this should take place while you are thus neglecting God, your doom at the day of judgment will be terrible indeed. I say, and the reason of every one cannot but respond to it, if you think travelling and country residence incompatible with precisely the same state of mind and exercises of heart as are indispensable at home, then your duty is to stay, and if the body perishes, the soul may be safe. But I do not believe these things incompatible. The situation is more difficult, it is true ; but because it is difficult, it ought to rouse new energies. God can be served, and yet the distant journey taken, or the country quiet resorted to. But it requires you to fight against your inward corruptions, and to resist your great and spiritual adversary. You must be decided against the world, and friends and relatives, if you would save your soul from neglect of God.

THE
CHRISTIAN'S DUTY.

THERE is hardly any thing in this world which can be efficiently carried on without system. In every branch of business, order and punctuality, it is well known, are essential to success. Why, then, should the Christian feel that the church can be prospered, if its meetings be not attended with punctuality, and its affairs conducted with energy? He should feel, that next to the duties he owes his family, are the duties he owes to the church; and he should feel as deeply bound to attend the stated meetings of the church, as he does to attend to any duties which he is called to perform in life.

You have stood before a large congregation of your fellow-men, and solemnly called God to witness that you would consecrate the affections of your heart and the energies of your life to his service. And now, with what possible propriety can you allow the ordinary claims of business to draw you away from the evening lecture, where your brethren are assembled for worship; or from the church meeting, convened for prayer and to further the interests of our blessed Redeemer's kingdom? You have vowed fidelity, and your vow is recorded in heaven; and will you now, in total disregard of these your obligations, leave the church unaided by your prayers or exertions? After having entered into engagements with your Maker, can you, with any conscience, engage in other pursuits to such a degree as to prevent your fulfilling these your prior and most solemn engagements?

If a man had engaged to perform certain services for you, and afterwards should enter into new obligations to some other individual, which rendered it impossible to discharge his duty to you, and should offer this as an excuse for violating his promise and proving unfaithful to his trust, would you not say to him, "You have no right to form new engagements which will prevent you from discharging the obligations into which you have already entered?"

Would you not consider such a man as false in word, and unfaithful in action? How then can you, after having promised fidelity and activity in God's service, and taken upon yourself the obligations of the church, how can you enter into new obligations with the world, which make you unfaithful to God, and an apostate from the responsibilities and labors of the church? And yet how frequently do we hear it said, "My worldly cares are so numerous that I have not time to attend the meetings of the church, and to take an active interest in efforts to convert the world." What impiety and what insanity is such an excuse.

Here is a man who has recently become interested in religion, and he most sincerely resolves that he will give his life to his Maker. He is humble, and prayerful, and active. Look into his family, and you see him the engaged Christian. Go to the evening lecture, and you see him there one of the most devout and happy of the worshippers. Follow him to his business, and he is ever ready to speak a word for his Saviour. He unites with the church, and takes a deep and active interest in all its proceedings. And thus he continues, for some months, apparently a happy and growing Christian. But he is prospered in business, and by and by begins to think of enlarging his establishment. Perhaps some new branch of business opens before him which promises profit. He hesitates, for his time is now fully occupied, and if he enlists in this new enterprise he must neglect some of his Christian duties; at last, however, he concludes to take upon himself these additional cares. As a consequence, he becomes a less frequent attendant upon the social evening prayer-meeting. Before many months have elapsed he neglects these meetings entirely; soon you look in vain for his presence at the monthly concert: his prayer is not offered there; his pecuniary aid is not felt there. Next he abandons his brethren at the business meetings of the church. He leaves them to bear alone the responsibilities and toils of the church, to form and execute their own plans of usefulness, unaided by his coöperation or encouragement. The lecture preparatory to the communion is next forsaken. Hurried and heartless family prayers, and the total neglect of active Christian effort, follow in the train of this sad declension. Christians are disappointed and grieved. Those who are not Christians,

but feel friendly to religion, are, by his example, repelled from duty, and begin to fear that all professions are delusive; and the enemies of religion point contemptuously to him, and say, "What do ye more than others?" The influence of such a professor is decidedly disastrous to the prosperity of the church.

What right have you to have so much business upon your hands that you cannot attend to those duties you owe to God? When has your Saviour absolved you from your covenant obligations, and permitted you to neglect his service, that you may more energetically engage in laying up treasures upon earth? The duties you owe to God can never, with impunity, be laid aside for new and unnecessary obligations; and yet in every church there are some who are thus neglecting duty, and are endeavoring to quiet conscience by an excuse so fallacious and so wicked. You would never dream that they were professed disciples of Jesus, did you not occasionally see them at the communion table. Such professors are but a mockery; and if such a man be not in truth a hypocrite, he makes others believe that he is so, and that the religion which he professes is a delusion.

It is necessary for the prosperity of a church, that the members should be acquainted with one another, and that there should be that bond of union which, in former times, attracted the attention and admiration even of heathen adversaries. But this acquaintance can only be obtained by frequently meeting together as Christian brethren. It is generally the case, when difficulties arise in a church, that it is in consequence of that want of sympathy and confidence which a more intimate acquaintance would insure. The church is surrounded with many dangers, and there is great need of that strength which can only be found in united hearts. It is this alone which can prevent occasional collisions and strife. And he who stands in the way of this union of affection, by not cultivating the acquaintance of his brethren, and by giving them no opportunity to sympathize and commune with him, is weakening the energies of the whole church. He not only withdraws his own influence, but throws an obstacle in the way of others.

Plans must be formed to awaken deeper interest, and to extend the power of religion through the community. Here

is a call for all the energy of mind of which the church is possessed ; for all the ingenuity of skill, for all the strength of combined action. Such questions as the following are constantly arising :

What shall be done to give more efficiency to Christian effort in connection with Tract distribution ?

How shall we enlarge the Sabbath-school ?

What measures shall be adopted to promote more system in collecting money for charitable purposes ?

Is it desirable that a day should be set apart by the church for fasting and prayer ; or that a committee be appointed to visit all the members of the church ; or that some other measures be adopted to arouse the attention of a slumbering community ?

Now, who are to sustain the responsibility of forming and carrying out these plans ? Does it belong to the pastor alone ; or rest solely upon the officers of the church ? By no means. Here is a call for the prayerful, self-denying attention and coöperation of every member of the church.

And what is the influence of the example of a cold and lukewarm professor ? He is continually enticing other Christians to do as he does. He is thus paralyzing the efforts of the more faithful members ; he is speaking to the community around, telling them that religion is but a name ; and the more respectable the man is in character, the more unimpeachable in conduct, and the more extensive his influence, the more disastrous to the welfare of the church is his example.

It is the silent influence of a holy life, the constant exhibition of deep interest in the welfare of the church, which, more than all things else, impresses the community with the belief of the reality of religion. And he who practically says, "I will take care of my own concerns, and they who please may plan and execute for the interests of the church," practically says, "I have no confidence whatever in the demands of the Bible."

THE ANXIOUS SERVANT.

BY REV. RICHARD KNILL
OF ST. PETERSBURG.

THIS young woman lived in an ancient town in Great Britain, where some of the best people in the world reside. On the 18th day of May, 1834, these zealous Christians made a noble effort to send the Gospel to the heathen; and, while they were thus exerting themselves for the good of others, they were cheered with the hope that God came down among them and brought a sinner to repentance.

A repenting sinner is one of the most interesting sights we can behold. It gives joy to the angels in heaven. It is very probable, that if an angel were passing over London, he would not be attracted by the palaces, the ships, or the merchandise; but if a poor, guilty creature were upon his knees in a garret, crying, "God be merciful to me a sinner," *that* would arrest him in his flight: he would stop, and gaze, and admire, and clap his wings, and fly back to his companions and announce the fact. Here was a repenting sinner. She went home from the chapel deeply affected, and spent the greater part of the night in offering up prayers and supplications, with strong crying and tears.

The day following we met again at the chapel; and just as I was going to commence the service, an elderly, respectable-looking woman came to me and said, "There is a young woman in great distress of mind, who wishes to speak with you." Immediately after service she conducted me to the seat where the young woman sat. She was dressed in a plain, neat manner, and by her side sat three other young women. I said to her, "Do you wish to speak with me?" "Yes," she replied, "I am in great distress about my soul; the services of yesterday made a deep impression upon me. I have spent most of the night in weeping and in prayer. O, sir, I am afraid I shall be lost."

"Ah," said I, "many are lost; but it is because they have destroyed themselves. Many are lost; but it is because they have neglected the great salvation. You will certainly be lost, if Christ do not save you; but you will certainly be saved, if you trust in him; for it is written, 'Whosoever believeth in him shall not perish, but have

everlasting life.' Do you know who Christ is?" "O, yes, sir." "Do you know that Christ came to seek and to save that which was lost?" "Yes, I know *that* too."

On a little farther inquiry, I found that she had enjoyed religious advantages in early life, but had since neglected them; still, she knew the way in which God can "be just, and yet the justifier of him that believeth in Jesus."

After a good deal of conversation, to which her companions listened in tearful silence, I said to her, "If these things are important for you, then they must be important for your companions also. You should tell them what you see and feel of the need of salvation." "O, sir," she replied, "I have been telling them about it all the morning." At this they, each of them, began to weep, and added, "Yes, sir, she has been warning us of our danger, and calling upon us to flee from the wrath to come." This was as it ought to be. I always consider it a good sign when persons feel deeply for their fellow-sinners, and, like the woman of Samaria, are willing even to leave their water-pot at the well to go and rouse the guilty, slumbering world to seek a Saviour. Indeed, if I may judge from my own feelings, I can hardly conceive how a person can be in earnest about the salvation of his own soul, and not be anxious to snatch every poor sinner from the everlasting burning.

In the evening of the day we had a missionary meeting, when the young woman brought me two half-crowns to assist in sending missionaries to the heathen. I said to her, "Is not this too much for you to give? Perhaps you had better keep it and buy some good books for yourself." "No, sir, you must keep it; I have many good books which I have never read yet, but I shall begin to read them *now*; and I give this to you to send the Gospel to those who are yet ignorant and out of the way."

Here my conversation with her ended; but the events connected with it will be lasting as eternity. It suggests,

1. *How important it is to attend to the souls of domestics.* Here is a fine field of labor for pious and intelligent heads of families, especially for ladies. Many young people come into our families who have received much instruction in Sunday-schools; and if this is followed up by the pious care of godly matrons, unspeakable good must result. Or, peradventure, some may come to live with us who are to-

tally ignorant of the way of salvation; these ought to excite the pity of the pious, and to call forth every energy to direct them to the Lamb of God. The writer of this can speak with confidence of the comfort connected with caring for the souls of the inmates of his family.

One young woman came to live in my family who was in the grossest spiritual darkness; but she became not only pious, but *eminently useful*. Another, when she first came to my house, had never heard that she had a soul; but she learned to read and to write with great fluency. And if we could communicate to other families the joy and happiness which we have had in teaching our domestics the way to heaven, it would produce a new feeling in half the families in the land. A minister once told me that he had received seven men into his church, at different times, who had all been domestics in the same house, and who were all converted through the pious and zealous labors of a young lady who lived in the family. What a rich reward for a little toil!

2. *How greatly may pious domestics assist the ministers of the Gospel.* It is very probable that the three young women who sat in tears listening to what their companion said to them, were completely out of the reach of pastoral visitation. Ministers are not expected to go into a gentleman's kitchen, or into the nursery, to converse with the domestics: they are, in a great measure, shut out from all the pious counsel which ministers are in the habit of imparting. But here is a specimen of what may be done by a servant. Here were three young persons in tears, "because of the saying of the woman." "Yes, sir," said they, "she has been warning us of our danger, and calling upon us to flee from the wrath to come." Interesting sight. What honor was God putting on this feeble effort. O, how it should call forth the pious endeavors of servants. Who would not wish for the same honor? Pious servant, will you not labor for this honor? Souls are precious; souls are perishing. Opportunities for doing them good will soon be over. A prayerful concern for the good of souls will lead to many plans, and inventions, and endeavors, upon which God will smile. One of these is to make known to your minister the state of all who need, and are willing to receive instruction. O, then, think how much good you may do, and begin, and persevere, and take courage.

3. *How many servants are there exactly in the same state as this young woman on the day before she attended the missionary meeting?* Her sins were unpardoned; her heart was unsanctified; and she was altogether unprepared to meet her God. If she had died in that state, she would have perished; but it gave her no alarm. She was standing on the brink of hell, but she was not terrified. She had received good instruction in early life, but it was like good seed in bad ground—no fruit appeared. She had good books in abundance, but they were left unread. There was *a total neglect of the soul.*

Is not the state of such a sinner dreadful? And yet how many there are in this unpardoned and condemned condition. O, what will become of them? Ought they not to be faithfully and affectionately warned? Ought not their condition to rouse all that are connected with them? What, are their souls of so little value that no one will care for them? Is there not reason to fear that half the young men in counting-houses, and two-thirds of those in shops and warehouses, and three-fourths of the apprentices, and tens of thousands of servants in our great cities, are unconverted? And if they die in this state, what will become of them? Where will they appear? Will they not lift up their eyes in hell? Tremendous, overwhelming thought. And to whose account will their guilt be charged? There must be blame somewhere. "As I live, saith the Lord, I have no pleasure in the death of a sinner;" therefore the blame cannot be with God. The angels rejoice over one sinner that repenteth; therefore it cannot be with angels. Ministers, in most cases, cannot gain access to these persons—at whose door, then, will the blame be laid? Have masters been faithful to the souls of the young persons in their employ? Have apprentices who love the Saviour been faithful to their youthful friends? Have servants dealt faithfully with the souls of their fellow-servants? O, it is high time that every one of us should awake from our lethargy, and improve the present moment, lest God should hereafter say to us, "Thou didst not speak to warn the wicked from his evil way, and that wicked man has died in his iniquity, but his blood will I require at thy hand."

BOB THE CABIN-BOY.

BY REV. G. C. SMITH,

OF PENZANCE.

A FEW months since, a vessel sailed from England with a captain whose habitual blasphemy, drunkenness, and tyranny so disgusted the crew, that some of the most fatal consequences might have taken place, but for his sudden and alarming illness. The mate took charge of the ship, and the captain, greatly afflicted in his cabin, was left, by the unanimous voice of a hardened crew, to perish. He had continued nearly a week in this neglected state, no one venturing to visit him, when the heart of a poor boy on board was touched with his sufferings, and he determined to enter the cabin and speak to him. He descended the companion-ladder, and opening the state-room door, called out, "Captain, how are you?" A surly voice replied, "What's that to you? be off." Next morning, however, he went down again. "Captain, hope you are better." "O, Bob, I'm very bad; been very ill all night." "Captain, please to let me wash your hands and face; it will refresh you very much." The captain nodded assent. Having performed this kind office, the boy said, "Please, master, let me shave you." He was permitted to do this also; and, having adjusted the bedclothes, he grew bolder, and proposed some tea. The kindness of this poor boy found its way to his heart; and, in spite of all his daring, independent spirit, his bowels melted, and his iron face displayed the starting tear.

The captain now declined apace: his weakness was daily increasing, and he became gradually convinced that he should not live many weeks at farthest. Alarmed at the idea of death, and ignorant of the way of salvation, with a conscience thundering conviction to his guilty soul, he cried one morning, as Bob opened the state-room door and affectionately inquired, "Well, master, how is it with you this morning?" "Ah, Bob, I'm very bad; my body is getting worse and worse, but I should not mind that so much, were it not for my soul. O, Bob, what shall I do? I am a great sinner. I'm afraid I shall go to hell—I deserve it. Alas, Bob, I'm a lost man." "O no, master," said the boy, "Jesus Christ can save you." "No, Bob, no, I cannot see the least pros-

pect of being saved. O, what a sinner I have been ; what will become of me ?” His stony heart was broken, and he poured out his complaints before the boy, who strove all he could to comfort him, but in vain.

One morning, as soon as the boy appeared, the captain said, “ O, Bob, I’ve been thinking of a Bible. I know there is not one in the cabin ; go forward and see if you can find one in the men’s chests.” The boy succeeded, and the poor dying man beheld him enter with tears of joy. “ Ah, Bob, that will do, that will do ; you must read to me, and I shall soon know whether such a wicked man as I am can be saved, and how it is to be done. Now, Bob, sit down on my chest, and read to me out of that blessed book.” “ Where shall I read, master ?” “ I do not know, Bob. I never read it myself ; but try and pick out some places that speak about *sinners* and *salvation*.” “ Well, master, then I’ll take the New Testament ; you and I shall understand it better, for as my poor mother used to say, there are not so many hard words there.” The boy read for two hours, while the captain, stretching his neck over the bed-place, listened with the eagerness of a man on the verge of eternity. Every word conveyed light to his mind, and his astonished soul soon beheld sin as he had never seen it before. The justice of God in his eternal ruin struck him with amazing force ; and though he heard of a Saviour, still the great difficulty of knowing how *he* could be saved appeared a mystery unfathomable. He ruminated a great part of the night on some passages Bob read, but they only served to depress his spirits and terrify his soul.

The next morning, when the boy entered the state-room, he exclaimed, “ O, Bob, I shall never live to reach the land. I am dying very fast ; you’ll soon have to cast me overboard ; but all this is nothing ; my soul, my poor soul. Ah, Bob, my dear lad, what will become of my soul ? Oh, I shall be lost for ever. Can’t you pray ?” “ No, master, I never prayed in my life, any more than the Lord’s prayer my mother taught me.” “ O, Bob, pray for me : go down on your knees, and cry for mercy ; do, Bob, God will bless you for it. O kneel down, and pray for your poor wicked captain.” The boy hesitated, the master urged ; the lad wept, the master groaned, “ God be merciful to me a sinner.” Both cried greatly. “ O, Bob, for God’s sake kneel

down and pray for me." Overcome by importunity and compassion, the boy fell on his knees, and with heavy sobs and in broken words, begged God to have pity on his poor dying master.

The captain was too much affected to speak. The simplicity, sincerity, and humility of the lad's prayer had so much impressed his mind, that he lay groaning inwardly with spiritual anguish, and wetting his couch with his tears. Bob retired on deck, for the scene had quite overcome him. In the evening he again read the Bible to the captain, whose soul appeared to receive every word with indescribable eagerness. The next morning, on entering the state-room, the boy was struck with the extraordinary change visible in his master's features. That gloomy horror which had so long added to the natural ferocity of his weather-beaten countenance was fled, and the circumstance of the past night had settled the whole arrangement of his features into a holy, pleasant, calm, and resigned state, that would seem to say, An heir of grace can find "glory begun below."

"O, Bob, my dear lad," said the captain with great humility, "I have had such a night! After you left me, I fell into a sort of doze; my mind was full of the many blessed things you had been reading to me from the precious Bible. All on a sudden I thought I saw, in that corner of my bed-place, Jesus Christ bleeding on his cross. Struck with the view, I thought I arose and crawled to the place, and casting myself at his feet in the greatest agony of soul, I cried out for a long time, like the blind man you read of, 'Jesus, thou Son of David, have mercy on me.' At length I thought he looked on me. Yes, my dear lad, he looked at your poor wicked captain; and O, Bob, what a look it was. I shall never forget it. My blood rushed to my heart; my pulse beat high; my soul thrilled with agitation, and, waiting for him to speak, with fear, not unmixed with hope, I saw him smile. O, my child, I saw him smile—yes, and he smiled on *me*—on *me*, Bob. O, my dear boy, he smiled on wretched, guilty me. Ah, what did I feel at that moment; my heart was too full to speak, but I waited, and ventured to look up, when I heard him say, hanging as he did on the cross, the blood streaming from his hands, and feet, and side—O, Bob, what sounds were these; shall I ever hear his beloved voice again?—I heard him say, in

sounds that angels cannot reach, ‘*Son, be of good cheer ; thy sins, which be many, are forgiven thee !*’ My heart burst with joy ; I fell prostrate at his feet ; I could not utter a word but glory, glory, glory. The vision vanished ; I fell back on my pillow ; I opened my eyes ; I was covered with perspiration. I said, O, this cannot be a dream. No, Bob, I know that Jesus bled and died for me ; I can believe the promises, the many precious promises you have read to me out of the Bible, and I feel that the blood of the cross can cleanse even *me*. I am not now afraid to die ; no, Bob, my sins are pardoned through Jesus. I want no more ; I am now ready to die ; I have no wish to live. I cannot, I feel I cannot be many days longer on this side of eternity. The extreme agitation of my mind of late, has increased the fever of my body, and I shall soon breathe my last.”

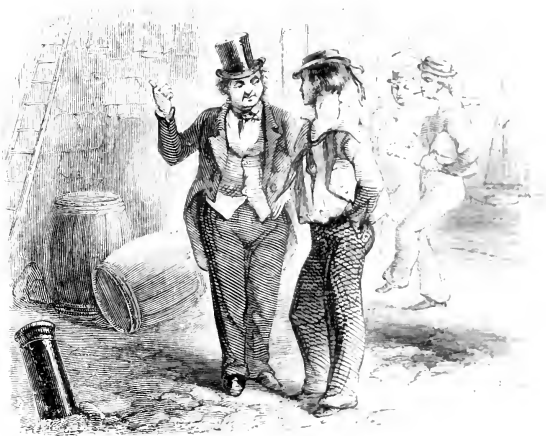
The boy, who had silently shed many tears, now burst into a flood of sorrow, and involuntarily cried, “No, my dear master, don’t leave me.” “Bob,” said he, calmly, “my dear boy, comfort your mind ; I am happy, I am going to be happy for ever. I feel for you ; my bowels yearn over you as if you were my own child. I am sorry to leave you in such a wicked world, and with such wicked men as sailors are in general. O, may you ever be kept from those crimes into which I have fallen. Your kindness to me, my dear lad, has been great ; God will reward you for it. To you I owe every thing as an instrument in the Lord’s hands. Surely he sent you to me. God bless you, my dear boy ; tell my crew to forgive me, as I forgive and pray for them. Thus the day passed in the most pleasing and profitable manner, when Bob, after reading the Bible as usual, retired to his hammock.

The next morning Bob arose at daylight, and opening the state-room door, saw his master had risen from his pillow and crawled to the corner of his bed-place, where, in his dream, he beheld the cross. There he appeared kneeling down in the attitude of prayer, his hands clasped and raised, and his body leaning against the ship-side. But the spirit had fled some hours before, we hope, to be with Christ, which is far better.

LAND TACKS ABOARD;

OR,

ADVICE TO A SAILOR ON COMING ASHORE.



You have just returned from a voyage—perhaps a long one—perhaps a dangerous one. At any rate it might have been dangerous; and, if it has been safe and prosperous, God has made it so. It is he that makes the wind blow, and restrains its fury. He rouses the ocean from its sleep, and quiets it again. Sailor, thank him now, that he has not dashed your vessel to pieces, and sunk it, with all on board, to the bottom of the ocean, where lie the bones of thousands of poor sailors.

But whether your voyage has been prosperous or not, you are welcome on land. If you have a family and home in this port, we say, *Peace be to you and to your house*; if not, we still say, *Peace be to you*. You have some good friends on shore. The landsmen will not all cheat you out of your hard earnings, and, when you begin to complain, turn you out of doors. There are some among them who can pity a sailor in distress, and do him a favor if he needs it.

Let me tell you then, as a friend, that there are DANGERS ON LAND as well as at sea. Some sailors know this as well as I do, but others seem to think that all the danger is over as soon as they set their foot on shore. If you spring from your vessel with a light heart, thinking that there is no need of keeping a good look-out upon land as well as at sea, I fear you will soon be found in distress. More sailors are ruined on land than on the ocean.

The first danger to which you are exposed on land, is that of being *cheated out of your hard-earned money*. Too many shopkeepers and landlords take advantage of the ignorance or generosity of seamen, and charge extravagant prices for goods or lodgings. Frequently, as soon as a ship reaches her destined port, one or more greedy landlords beset the crew with entreaties to take lodgings with them. They refuse to take any denial. And so fair are their promises, that they often succeed in leading away the whole crew with them. But, alas, these promises, in too many instances, are never fulfilled. All these landlords, or rather *land-sharks*, care for, is the sailor's money; and frequently do they fleece him of that at a round rate, especially if they can persuade him to pour down ardent spirits until he no longer knows what he is doing, or what is done to him. I could relate many facts of this kind, which would fill every fair and generous mind with indignation.

"Not six months since," says the master of a vessel, "I shipped a cook at New Orleans, who had boarded at a sailor boarding-house three days, for which the landlord was to have charged him at the rate of three dollars fifty cents per week. I paid him twenty dollars in advance, which the landlord pocketed, and the cook came on board without clothes or money, and with a promise from his master landlord that he would settle with him on his return. When he returned, the cook went several times for his

money, but was put off by his old master, telling him that he had not time to look over his books. At last he stayed so late one night, waiting for his honest old friend, as he still supposed him to be, to get time to adjust the account, that he concluded to take a bed in the house for the night, and did so, for which the landlord charged him four dollars, and threatened to commence a suit against him for that sum, and put him in jail, which so alarmed the ignorant fellow that he speedily fled from his presence, and called for his money no more."

Yes, not unfrequently, in a few days after entering one of these abominable grogshops, called, as if in mockery, seamen's boarding-houses, with a full purse, is the poor sea-weary mariner driven into the street friendless and penniless, compelled to seek employment wherever he can get it, to avoid starvation.

Now take a word of advice. Do not be in haste to take board, or to make purchases. Take some observations first. Look around and make inquiries. If there is a seamen's chaplain in port, go to him, and he will give you such information as you need. He is one of the best friends you can possibly find. I will tell you more about him before I close. At any rate, do not lay out your money for things which you do not need; and do not pay double prices for things which you do need. *Give me the worth of my money,* should be your language to every man you deal with.

As to boarding-houses, there are some very good ones established by the *true friends* of seamen, in which efforts are made to render them as comfortable as possible. In these no ardent spirits are sold. If you can find one of them, take lodgings there; and you will soon find out how much more comfortable it is to be in one of them than in the rum-selling taverns. Many officers and seamen have tried them already, and say they never found so much comfort in any boarding-houses before.

Perhaps you have a *mother*, or a *sister*, who is suffering from poverty. How thankful she would be for a little money, if you can spare it. Don't forget your mother, sailor—don't forget your mother, nor your poor sister. How much better it would be to dry up their tears with some of your money, than to spend it all, as too many sailors do, for that which does them no good, but much harm.

Would it not be well to *lay up a little money* to help yourself with, if you should ever become old and disabled? Remember, you will not always be able to perform the duty of a seaman. After a little while, you will become so shattered by the storms of time, that you will be laid aside, like an old hulk that is no longer seaworthy. How much it would add to your comfort then to have a little store of your own to draw upon. True, say you, but where can I lay up my money so as to have it secure? I will tell you. There are, in several of our cities, what are called *Savings Banks*. If you put what money you can spare at the end of every voyage into one of these banks, it will be kept safely for you; and you can draw it out again, with interest, at any time when you need it. By taking this plan, you will save your money, keep out of many scrapes, become more respectable, and after a while be able to quit the seas with a competent support for the remainder of your days, especially if you should continue to be economical and industriously pursue such business as you can on land.

There was once a man who earned seventy dollars a month, and wasted the whole of it by a careless, extravagant, and dissipated course of life. On paying him off one evening, his employer urged him to put some of his money in the savings bank. At first he was offended. He thought nobody had any business to tell him what to do with his money. Afterwards, however, he concluded to deposit twenty dollars in the bank. He did so, and soon found that this was a good way of saving his money. He now determined to deposit some every month, and soon became prudent, economical, and steady in his habits. Every body saw that he had changed for the better. After a few years, he bought a store, and drew out of the savings bank two thousand dollars towards paying for it. By careful management the store was soon entirely paid for. The income which it now brings, supports himself and his family comfortably. His children are well educated and neatly dressed; and every thing prospers around him. Sailor, will you not put some of your hard-earned money into the savings bank?

The next danger against which I would warn you, is *drunkenness*. This, indeed, is a danger to which many sailors are exposed on shipboard as well as on land. The

danger, however, is greater on land than at sea. In many ships no ardent spirits are now used; and even in those in which their use is allowed, the sailor is expected to do his duty, and exposes himself to punishment if he becomes too drunk to perform it. On land this restraint is taken away. The sailor now feels himself at liberty to drink as much as he pleases; and, as he has just received his wages, and grogshops are found at every corner, there is great danger that he will become a victim to this shameful vice; and this danger is still greater if he has taken lodgings at a rum-selling tavern or boarding-house. It is truly distressing to see so many noble sailors ruined by this abominable vice. One can scarcely take a walk along the wharves or streets of our large cities without meeting some drunken sailors; and, if a peep is taken into some of the grogshops, what a disgusting spectacle is beheld. A dozen sailors in a spree, so drunk as scarcely to know whether they are on sea or on dry land. No wonder that sailors are so often cheated out of their money. What does a drunken sailor care for money? When crazed with rum, he would as soon give five dollars for a glass of grog, as five cents. Besides, how can he tell the number of glasses he calls for in a drunken frolic, and how many he is charged with which he never had?

But the loss of money is not the worst evil connected with intemperance. It *destroys health*. Thousands of poor sailors are brought down to their graves, at an early period in life, by the use of ardent spirits. Nor is the mere death of the body the worst evil which is inflicted by intemperance. It *destroys the precious soul*. Yes, sailor, if you fall a victim to it, you will be shut out of heaven, and sent down to a miserable and an endless hell. The Bible declares that no drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of God. Gal. 5 : 21.

If you wish, therefore, to save your money—to preserve your health—to escape hell and gain heaven—see to it that you shun this dreadful vice. This is the rock upon which thousands of poor sailors strike, are dashed to pieces, and then sink into the gulf of perdition, called in God's word, "the lake that burns with fire and brimstone." Its bottom is strewed with the bones of poor sailors who have been wrecked on the rock of intemperance. See to it that

you steer wide of this fatal rock. Give it a good birth. Keep at so great a distance from it as to be sure of receiving no damage.

Perhaps you are ready to ask, How can I shun the vice of intemperance? I will tell you. *Drink nothing that will make you drunk, and you will always be sober.* Depend upon it, this is the only plan which is perfectly safe. If you drink a little, you will be in danger of drinking much. Drunkards are made out of sober men by drinking a little, and then a little more, and then more still, till the process is completed. Hence, the best, the wisest, and the only safe plan is, not to taste any thing, as a drink, that can make a man drunk.

But can a sailor cross the ocean, and be exposed to storms, and heat, and cold, and sickly climates, without tasting gin, whiskey, rum, or brandy? Yes, hundreds of sailors, since Temperance Societies were first established, have made the experiment. They have gone on long voyages, performed the hardest duties, visited sickly climates, and returned home safe and sound, without tasting a drop of these dangerous liquors. What they have done, you can do—can you not? Sailor, wont you join the Temperance Society? At least, will you not abstain from intoxicating drinks? What say you? Will you be a cold-water man? Others have adopted this principle, and find themselves much the better for it. Will not you give it a fair trial? Perhaps you will be pleased with it too.

But there is still another danger on land, against which I must warn you. It is that which arises from *bad women*. These abandoned, miserable, filthy creatures, are found prowling about in all our large cities; and many are the sailors who fall a prey to them. They are the *land pirates*. Their object is to rob, and plunder, and destroy. Did you ever visit the hospital? There you may see some of their miserable victims dragging out the last remains of a wretched existence, the flesh even rotting from their bones before death releases them from their sufferings. But, does death indeed release them? Ah, no—death is to them the gateway to hell. Is it not said in the Bible, that those who are guilty of the works of the flesh, such as adultery, fornication, uncleanness, lasciviousness, shall not inherit the kingdom of God; that no whoremonger, nor unclean per-

son, nor covetous man, who is an idolater, hath any inheritance in the kingdom of Christ and of God; that marriage is honorable in all, and the bed undefiled, but that whoremongers and adulterers God will judge; and that whoremongers shall have their portion in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone? Gal. 5 : 19–21; 1 Cor. 6 : 9, 10; Eph. 5 : 5; Heb. 13 : 4; Rev. 21 : 8. Ah, if you could follow one of those miserable sailors who has fallen a prey to these *land pirates*, to the hospital, to the grave, and then to the lake which burns with fire and brimstone, and witness his bitter lamentations—his weeping, and wailing, and gnashing of teeth—you would need no persuasion of mine to induce you to keep out of their way.

Do you ask me how you shall escape this great danger? I answer, in the words of the Bible, FLEE FORNICATION. 1 Cor. 6 : 18. Other dangers you must boldly face and grapple with; but to avoid this, you must fly. When the pirate raises the red flag, and you are not sufficiently armed to fight with him, you must spread the sail, and ply the oar, and pray that the winds of heaven may carry you out of his way. Now, these land pirates may generally be known by their colors. When you see them, pray to God for deliverance, and fly for your life. If you come near them, you will be in danger of being taken, and robbed, and ruined, soul and body.

It is difficult to say which ruins most sailors, drunkenness or lewdness. It is certain, however, that those who are addicted to the one are generally addicted also to the other. In order, therefore, to escape either, it is best to shun both.

Bad company ruins a great many sailors. Solomon says, "He that walketh with wise men shall be wise; but a companion of fools shall be destroyed." Prov. 13 : 20. Select, therefore, the best sailors you can find for your companions. And if you at any time fall into the company of those who would persuade you to go to the grog-shop, or to the house of ill-fame, leave them as soon as you can. They are dangerous companions; and, however much they may persuade you to go to these places, or to engage in any kind of mischief or sin, see that you firmly refuse. Take the good advice of king Solomon, "My son, if sinners entice thee, consent thou not." Prov. 1 : 10.

I trust you are satisfied by this time, that all danger is not over as soon as you step on dry land, and that you may be ruined in a city as well as on the ocean. Yes, rely upon it, brother sailor, there are perils to be encountered upon land as well as upon sea. You have stood in the evening upon the deck of your vessel, and cast your eyes above upon the blue heavens, and around upon the dark ocean, and all was just as a sailor would wish. The stars were looking down upon you, and a gentle breeze was wafting you rapidly forward to your desired haven. You went to your hammock, fell asleep, and dreamed of no evil. But, in the dead of night, the stamp of your captain's foot, and his commanding call, *Turn out! turn out!* awoke you from your slumbers. You came on deck—the heavens were black with clouds—the lightnings flashed—the thunder rolled—the wind howled through the rigging—the ocean heaved—your frail bark now rose on the mountain wave, now plunged into the threatening trough—you feared that every plunge would be the last—you thought, too, of the reef, the breakers, the *iron-bound coast*. Death was riding in the storm, and threatened destruction to all on board. Perhaps, if you never prayed before, you prayed then. These are scenes with which you are familiar.

Now let me tell you what landsmen often see. They see the sailor, after having escaped the perils of the ocean, spring from his vessel, with a light heart and a full purse, about, as he supposes, to realize the happiness on land which he has long anticipated. In rigging himself out with a new suit of clothes, he is cheated. He enters the grog-shop, and the habitation of her whose "house is the way to hell," and whose "guests are in the depths of hell." Prov. 7: 27; 9: 18. Shortly he is seen in the streets with tattered garments and downcast looks, pennyless and friendless. Many are the blows he has received. His body is bruised, his eyes are bloodshot. How miserable is he! He is next found in the hospital, wasting away with the most shameful, loathsome, and painful of all diseases, wishing for death, and yet afraid to die, because he expects, when he dies, to be shut up in that dismal hell which God has prepared for drunkards and whoremongers. Yes, sailor, *there are dangers on land*. Be on your guard, that you may avoid them.

If you wish to gratify your curiosity on land, you may visit the museum, the hospital, the almshouse, the orphan asylum, and similar public and charitable institutions. These are places which you may visit with safety and profit. But do not go to the theatre. You will meet with bad company there, and be in danger of having your morals corrupted. And do not go to see any of the silly shows which are got up merely to make money, without affording any real benefit.

There is one place especially to which you must not fail to go. I mean the *Mariners' church*.

“The Mariners’ church! What do you mean by the Mariners’ church? Messmates, can you tell what the Mariners’ church is?”

The Mariners’ church is the house in which sailors meet to worship God. Formerly there was little attention paid to the souls of poor sailors. They were suffered to live in sin, and go to hell without a warning, or an attempt to show them the way to heaven. It was thought that sailors were so wicked that it was vain to try to reform them. After a while, however, a minister of the gospel, called the seamen’s chaplain, was employed to preach to them. They met together, first on one ship and then on another. A flag with the word BETHEL on it was hoisted to show the sailors when and where to meet. The word *Bethel* means *the house of God*. Gen. 28 : 16–22. It was now found that sailors were not so hardened in sin as had been supposed. Many of them shed tears of repentance, believed in Christ, reformed their lives, died in peace, and went to heaven. The landsmen saw this, and were glad. Those who were pious among them now felt encouraged to do all they could to benefit poor seamen; and, as they knew that sailors, dressed in their jackets and tarpaulins, did not like to go to the churches in which the finely dressed city folks worshipped, they went to work and built churches on purpose for them, called *Mariners’ churches*. Now the sailor can go to these churches, and sit down among sailors dressed like himself, and hear the word of God read and preached by the chaplain. These chaplains are supported principally by landsmen. Their business is, to do good to seamen in every possible way; especially to teach them how their souls may be saved, and how they

may steer their course on the voyage of life, so as to reach the happy port of heaven when they die. Hence, they preach to sailors, and give them tracts and Bibles, and pray with them, and pray for them. O, sailor, these chaplains love you, and you should love them. As I told you before, they are the very best friends you can find on land.

Now, sailor, when Sunday comes, instead of strolling about the city, or lounging in the grog-shops, go to the Mariners' church. Look out in the morning over the city, and at the mastheads of the ships in the harbor; and if you see the Bethel flag waving, whether on the top of a house, or at the masthead of some vessel, go there, and you will have an opportunity of becoming acquainted with the chaplain, and of hearing him preach the word of the Lord. What say you, sailor, will you go? Methinks I hear you answer, *Yes, and persuade my messmates to go too.*

I said that the business of the chaplain is especially to teach sailors how their souls may be saved. But is there any danger that their souls will be lost? O yes, there is great danger. The soul of every man, woman, or child, that commits but one sin, is in danger of being lost, and must certainly be lost, unless God pardons that sin. To be lost, is to be cast into hell, into the lake that burns with fire and brimstone, where there will be weeping, and wailing, and gnashing of teeth for ever and ever. Lest you should doubt whether one sin unpardoned will destroy the soul, I will prove it from the Bible. Hear what the apostle Paul says, "Cursed is every one that continueth not in *all things* which are written in the book of the law to do them." Gal. 3 : 10. The law of God, as you perceive from this passage, is very strict. You may read that law, as contained in the ten commandments, in the 20th chapter of Exodus. It requires us to do some things, and to abstain from others. Jesus has summed it up in two great commands, requiring us to love God with all our heart, and soul, and strength, and mind; and our neighbor as ourselves. Luke 10 : 27. Now observe, it is not enough to avoid what the law forbids, *we must do what it requires*; and we must not only do some things, or many things, but *all things*; and that not only for a few days, but *continually*—we must *continue* in all things—and if we fail in a

single point, *we are cursed*, that is, we are liable to be cast into hell. See also James 2 : 10.

And is it true, that one sin will destroy the soul? Then, poor sailor, what will become of you? Call to mind your wicked oaths, your quarrels, your lies, your Sabbath-breaking, your drunkenness, your debauchery, your want of love to God, your neglect of prayer, your disregard of the Lord Jesus Christ. O, sailor, you have not only sinned once, but thousands of times. God knows it, and your own heart knows it too. Ah, are you not in danger of being cast, soul and body, into hell?

But, although you have sinned long, and sinned much, you need not despair. If no sinner could be saved, then all must perish; for all have sinned. But remember that we cannot save ourselves. We cannot make satisfaction to God for our sins. Who can then save us? "Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." 1 Tim. 1 : 15. He is the Son of God. He is both God and man; and thus qualified to reconcile God and man to each other. Hence it is said, "God was in Christ reconciling the world unto himself." 2 Cor. 5 : 19. It cost the Son of God dreadful suffering—tears, and groans, and bloody sweat, to save vile, sinful man. Yet he loved the race of men so well that he cheerfully endured it all. He knew that he must even suffer death, or sinners must go to hell; yet he did not refuse to die. O what love and mercy was it in God to send his dear Son into this world to die for sinners! Says the apostle Paul, "God commendeth his love to us, in that while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us." Romans 5 : 8. Remember, too, what a painful and disgraceful death he suffered. He died on the cross. "He bore our sins in his own body on the tree." 1 Pet. 2 : 24. And is it true that "God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life?" John 3 : 16. How then can you forbear to exclaim, "Thanks be unto God for his unspeakable gift?" 2 Cor. 9 : 15. And how can you refuse to put your trust in such a Saviour? Go to him, sailor, go to him, just as you are, covered with the pollution of your sins, and he will wash it all away. "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin." 1 John, 1 : 7. Is not this glad tidings? Sailor, listen to it—yes, "the blood of Je-

sus Christ cleanseth from all sin." Go to God, then, on your bended knees. Ask him, with sorrow in your heart, to pardon your sins for Jesus' sake. And then go and sin no more. Bring forth fruits meet for repentance. Live a life of prayer—live by faith on the Son of God; and then, when the voyage of life is finished, God will give you an everlasting habitation in the happy port of heaven.

And now, sailor, what is your determination? Will you accept of Christ, and go to heaven; or neglect him, and go to hell? If you believe, you shall be saved—if you believe not, you must be damned. Yes, salvation or damnation is near at hand. You are constantly exposed to death, and when you die your soul will immediately rise to glory, or sink into the lake of fire. Your body will lie in the grave, or repose in the bottom of the ocean, it may be for a thousand years; but, at the awful day of judgment, Jesus will come in power and great glory, and awaken it from the long sleep of death. "All that are in the graves shall hear his voice, and shall come forth;" *even the sea shall give up the dead which are in it.* Rev. 20 : 13. Then shall every man be judged according to the deeds done in the body. What a solemn scrutiny will that be! What a multitude of secret sins will then be brought to light! What a comfort it will then be to have Jesus for our friend! How the poor sinner that has neglected Christ and died without pardon, will fear and tremble, as the Judge brings his past conduct to his recollection, and charges him with all his crimes! But listen to the sentence which the Judge will pronounce. To his faithful followers he will say, "Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world." Matt. 25 : 34. But to all others he will say, "Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels." Matt. 25 : 41. Sailor, what will be your doom in that day? The Lord grant you may be saved. Farewell.

JAMIE ;

OR,

A VOICE FROM IRELAND FOR TEMPERANCE.

A TRUE NARRATIVE.

BY PROFESSOR EDGAR,

OF BELFAST.

IN a populous and civilized district of Ulster lived JAMIE, a day-laborer; a fellow of right good sense and practical talent, carpenter and mason, shoemaker and blacksmith, and aught else the case required. The variety of his powers had nearly ruined him. On all hands he was in requisition, and everywhere he was a favorite—kindness flowing to him in its common channel, spirituous liquor. Wherever he went, he was *treated*. This was too much for flesh and blood, and Jamie became, in the style of the world's false charity, "fond of the drop." His cash flew to the spirit-shop, and brought neither health nor happiness in return. The neighbors called him—alas, for such lullabies to conscience!—an honest, good-hearted fellow, who did nobody any harm but himself. While, however, they tempted, and flattered, and deceived, their victim was posting to ruin.

But, while moderate drinkers were training him to drunkenness, God was raising up the Temperance Society as an ark of safety to him from the flood of their temptations. One of the publications of the Ulster Temperance

Society fell into his hands, and he read it, for he was of an inquiring spirit, and a blessing attended it. What, said he, in amazement, can this be true?—distilled spirits of no more use to any man in health than arsenic or opium? “Distilled spirits are too tempting, and dangerous, and violently intoxicating, to be used as a common beverage at all!” O, thought he, that at least is true. “Distilled spirits are in their very nature injurious to the human constitution; and every man who indulges even in their moderate use, injures himself in proportion to the quantity which he consumes.” Jamie was astonished, and well he might be; but Jamie was conscientious, and though he had the manhood to confess, what few moderate drinkers will, that he liked a glass, yet, because he had still a conscience, notwithstanding the searing it had got from the fiery drink, he said to himself, “I must, at least, *try* whether these wonderful statements respecting distilled spirits be true.” James *tried*, and the effects were delightful. In a very short time he found, from happy experience, that his health was better from the change; that his purse was better; that soul and body, the whole man of him was far better, in all respects, since he renounced the maddening draught.

His duty was now clear before him—to *abstain* from the raging drink which, in time past, had been emptying his pocket, destroying his character, and bringing down his body to the grave, and his soul to hell. He did his duty in the right way for doing duty—*at once*, and *right on*.

He saw, however, that something more was incumbent on him than merely doing his duty in this particular—he must, for the good of others, let it be known, without ostentation, that his duty was done. Abstaining, he said to himself, has done me good; the banishment of spirituous liquors would do my country good; what is every man’s duty is my duty; and therefore, in love to my brethren, I’ll freely give the blessing which to me has been so freely given. Union is strength, thought he: separate efforts are

a rope of sand ; united, they are the cable which holds the mighty ship. He resolved to establish a Temperance Society.

For this purpose, he supplied himself *immediately* with a number of Tracts on temperance ; for Jamie knew that when self-interest or passion come in, second thoughts are not always best ; and forthwith he commenced travelling around, reading them, at spare hours throughout the neighborhood, wherever he could find half-a-dozen people to listen to him. He was a good reader, and very soon found that his reading was not without effect ; for in a short time he heard of a decent woman telling her neighbor to send for Jamie to the wake which was to be held in her house, if she wished to save her whiskey, and have peace and quietness ; for, said she, he came to the wake in my house, and read and talked about temperance, till both the whiskey and the people seemed either persuaded or frightened, for hardly one had the courage to put to his lips what Jamie called, indeed too truly, "the accursed thing."

Jamie, however, soon found to his cost that he had commenced a very great and a very sore work. The spirit-sellers, four of whom were at a single cross-roads in his neighborhood, he expected to be against him, and drunkards he expected would be against him too ; but he soon found that his chief opponents lay in quite another quarter. Sensible people soon began to see that spirit-sellers are drones on the community, doing no good, but much harm : and, besides, one of them having first allowed a temperance meeting to be held in his barn, conscientiously shut up his spirit-shop, and joined the Temperance Society, being convinced that spirit-selling is poison-selling, and that each spirit-shop might justly have on its sign-board, "Beggars made here." Of the drunkards, some indeed did call him hard names, and impute to him base motives ; but from among even these, lost as they seemed to be to all hope, he was, by God's grace, enabled to reclaim some, as brands

snatched from the burning, while others of them said to him, in the bitterness of their reflecting moments, Go on, Jamie, your work is God's work. Had you commenced but a little sooner, what a blessing might your Society have been to us ; but alas, it is all over with us now !

What at first surprised Jamie much was, that the fathers or husbands of these very drunkards were his most bitter opponents. He went to them with a glad heart, expecting that they would hear with delight of a plan by which drunkards, in great numbers, have been reclaimed, and by which the temperate can be effectually secured against temptation ; but his heart sunk when he found, not that they received him coldly, for to such receptions he was accustomed, but that they, as well as others who boast much of being "temperate enough already," lost all temper at the very sound of temperance.

Some of these neighbors of Jamie were regular in attendance on public worship, orthodox and strict, which gave them an influence in the neighborhood. Jamie, therefore, was anxious to enlist them on the side of temperance. Yet he could not but know, and very seriously consider, that whether, in market or fair, these same men either bought or sold, there could be no such thing as a *dry* bargain ; that at *churns*, and wakes, and funerals, and marriages, and such like, they always pushed round the bottle cheerily ; that they held it churlish to refuse either to give or take a treat ; that at their evening tea-parties it was not uncommon for six or eight gallons of spirituous liquor to be consumed by a few neighbors, men and women, in a single night ; that in every house which their minister visited, the bottle was put to his mouth ; and that as the natural consequence of all this and far more, not only was the crime of drunkenness, whether in minister or private layman, treated with much false charity, and called by many soft names, but drunkenness was spreading its ravages through many families, and bringing down many heads in sorrow to the grave.

Jamie was indeed charitable, but he was unable to persuade himself that, amid such universal drinking, all the objections to his Temperance Society arose merely from ignorance, or prejudice, or conscience; and therefore, when people were telling him, as they often did, that they cared not a rush about spirituous liquor, "they could either drink it or let it alone," he used sometimes to reply, "Oh, I know well enough that you can drink it; what I want to know is, whether you can let it alone?" and at other times he would tell them Dean Swift's story of the three men who called for whiskey in a spirit-shop: I want a glass, said the first, for I'm very hot; I want a glass, said the second, for I'm very cold; let me have a glass, said the third, because I like it!

As Jamie's opponents were no match for him in argument, they tried the plans usually resorted to when the wisdom and the spirit by which truth speaks cannot be resisted. For a while they tried ridicule. That, however, neither satisfied their own consciences nor frightened Jamie, for Jamie could stand a laugh, what many a man can't do who has stood grape-shot. Then they circulated reports about his having got drunk on different occasions, and having been caught drinking in secret; and some believed them, being of the same mind with the distiller, who asserted it to be mere humbug that any man could live without whiskey, and that wherever the croaking cold water society men did not drink in the daytime, they made up for it by drinking at night. These evil reports, however, fell dead after a little, and nobody was vile enough to take them up again; and though attempts were made to circulate the lie, that Jamie had grown weak and sickly since he gave up drinking, yet every body who looked him in the face saw, that though he had neither a purple nose nor whiskey blossoms on his chin, yet he was stronger and healthier than ever; and that he could say, what every member of the Temperance Society, whether temperate or intemperate

formerly, can say with truth, after abstaining for a single month from distilled spirits, that in every sense of the word he is better for the change.

Foiled thus in all their attempts, the opponents of Jamie and of temperance rallied strong for one last charge ; and as it was against Jamie's weak side—who has not a weak side?—they already chuckled in triumph. Jamie had thrown away his glass for ever, but his pipe stuck firm between his teeth still. The time was, when he was strong and well without tobacco, and when the taste of tobacco was disgusting and sickening to him ; but respectable people were smoking, and chewing, and snuffing around him, and when he went to the wake, the funeral, or the evening gathering, “ Why,” thought he, “ should I be singular, and not take a whiff like the rest ? ” He chose smoking, probably, because he considered it to be the most *genteel* way of being dirty and disgusting ; and, according to the general law of habits, being most inveterate where the article used was at first most nauseous, he soon became so confirmed a smoker that one-half of what he smoked would have kept him decently clothed.

The lovers of strong drink, therefore, thought that they had Jamie on the hip completely, when they told him that his only reason for giving up whiskey was, that he could not afford to buy both it and tobacco ; and promised, though with no sincerity, that they would quit drinking if he would quit smoking.

The reproach stuck like a burr to Jamie's conscience. He asked himself again and again, Is my use of tobacco a stumbling-block in the way of any ? Does it do injury to the great cause which has all my heart ? He read, he thought, and read and thought again ; and the more he read and thought, the more was he convinced that the habitual use of tobacco in any of its forms is useless ; is wasteful of time and money ; is dirty ; is offensive to others, and a breach of Christian charity ; is a bad example to the

simple and young; is a temptation to drunkenness, and injurious to health. He resolved to renounce it, and flung the old black pipe from him to lift it again no more. Thus Jamie was conqueror still; and his victory was one which Alexander, the conqueror of the world, could not gain. Jamie gained a victory over himself, and he that ruleth over his own spirit is better than he that taketh a city; but Alexander, who wept because he had not other worlds besides his own to subdue, died as a fool dieth, and sleeps in a drunkard's grave.

Jamie learned an important lesson in his victory, which will be of use to him as long as he lives. Whatever bad habit, he says, has got hold upon you, *break it off at once*. Would you pull your child out of the fire cautiously and gradually; or would you out with him at once? So let it be with every thing wrong. Don't prepare for ceasing from sin to-morrow, or next year, but cease from it *now*. Do so yourself; go right up to your neighbor without fear, and in love tell him to do the same, having this assurance on your mind continually, that *what ought to be done, can be done*.

Jamie seemed from the commencement, to have taken for his motto, Expect great things, work for them, and you shall have them. Work as though all depended on self; pray as knowing all to depend upon God. He knew his place, and modestly kept it; yet when opportunity offered for dropping a word on behalf of temperance, in the ear either of clergyman or layman, whatever his rank, he did what conscience told him was right towards a neighbor and a brother. Jamie's pockets and hat were filled with tracts, which, as the most suitable plan for his shallow purse, and perhaps, too, for securing a reading of them, he generally lent, and sometimes gave away, to all who promised to read.

Let it not be supposed that amidst such active benevolence he neglected his own business. No; Jamie had not learned in vain the apostle's maxim, "Let him labor, work-

ing with his hands the thing which is good, that he may have to give to him that needeth." It was nothing for him to start off half a dozen miles of an evening after his work was finished, to procure some new tracts, or attend a temperance-meeting, or read and talk kindly to some poor drunkard, whose wife had sent him a hint that her husband would be glad to see him; or else to procure the services of some clergyman to address the next meeting of his Temperance Society. Jamie is one of those who imagine that the business of a minister of the Gospel is not finished when he has preached a couple of discourses on the Sabbath; he really presumes to say, that both minister and layman should be "instant in season and out of season," and like their great Master, going about continually doing good. He does not set up for a preacher, nevertheless, but confines himself to his own proper sphere. He applied to ministers to address his meetings, and though some few of them refused, telling him significantly that they preach the Gospel, even when Jamie did ask in his simplicity, if Paul forgot his resolution to know nothing but Christ and him crucified, when he reasoned of righteousness, *temperance*, and judgment to come; yet to the honor of the ministry around him be it told, that whenever he got up a meeting, a minister was at Jamie's service to address it.

Though, as a body, Jamie's Temperance Society was most steady, yet a few, and only a few, fell. It would be harsh to say that some were glad at their fall; at least many temptations were thrown in their way; and when they fell, a shout of triumph was raised against the Temperance Society. Such trials as these only urged Jamie on with fresh vigor.

Suppose, he used to say, that every drunkard should return again to drunkenness and ruin; would not this be another proof that truth, and honor, and principle, are all as nothing before the drunken appetite? Would not this be a louder and a stronger call to save the young, to stop

young sons and daughters, now safe, from filling the place of drunken parents when they are gone? What ruins these poor wretches? he would ask. Is it the mere *abuse* of a good and wholesome thing? No. Distilled spirits are tempting, deceitful, and too violently intoxicating to be at all habitually used with safety; and as four hundred of the ablest doctors now living have established, and unnumbered facts prove, they are unwholesome and injurious to body and soul. Let every man, then, for his own sake abstain; and for the sake of others too, especially such as are near and dear to him, O let him abstain for ever.

Who, he would ask, give currency and influence to the absurd fooleries which are circulated respecting the marvellous excellences of spirituous liquors, while common-sense tells that they are of no more use to a man than to a cow or horse? Not drunkards, surely; for, on such a subject at least, they would not be believed. Who give support and respectability to spirit-shops, and the whole spirit-trade? Drunkards surely could make nothing respectable, and no spirit-seller would put on his sign-board, "The drunkard's spirit-shop." Again, he would put it to men's consciences to answer, who give respectability and permanence to all the *treatings* and other customs by which each successive generation of drunkards is trained? There was no getting over the undeniable fact, that moderate spirit-drinkers must bear the responsibility of all this; and the more the matter was canvassed, the more clearly was it seen, that the only way in which drunkenness can be put down is the very way which Jamie and the Temperance Society proposed—the *union of the temperate in refraining from intoxicating drinks, and promoting temperance.*

To *parents* Jamie addressed himself with unwearied and anxious importunity. Would you object, he would say to them, when other arguments had failed—would you object to your son becoming a member when going away from you to live, perhaps, amidst the temptations of a large

town? Would you be afraid, lest keeping him away from the temptations of the bottle would make him an easier prey to the solicitations of the strange woman, whose house is the way to death, and whose steps take hold on hell? He met with none, whether spirit-sellers or spirit-drinkers, who were able to resist this appeal; and from this, as well as other causes, the young formed a large and zealous portion of Jamie's Society. The young he was particularly anxious to enlist in his cause, not merely because youth is the time of truth, and of open, warm hearts, and in an especial manner God's time, but because he believed spirit-drinking parents to be the great agents in making their children drunkards.

A case which happened in his own neighborhood, gave him a melancholy confirmation of this opinion. A respectable moderate drinker, who only now and then exceeded his single tumbler of punch, had seven daughters, whom he was in the habit of treating to a little glass of punch each day after dinner. He, of course, considered it good, and they were soon taught to consider it so too. They began first to like their one glass; then they began to like two glasses much better; one glass called for another, till, in the end, they found, according to the adage, that though one glass of spirits is too much for any one, two glasses are quite too little. Right onward they went to drunkenness and crime; for, alas, it was too true in their case, as in all others, that any one may be ruined who can be persuaded to drink intoxicating liquors. With the help of whiskey, as the murderer said, a man can do any thing; so, at least, it was with these poor girls; they are living with broken character, virtue and all lost. There is, however, one exception, the youngest; and how did she escape? She was too young when her father died to be influenced by her father's example; and her father, with the character of a moderate, regular man, died sitting at table with his tumbler of punch before him.

Principally through the prudent and laborious exertions of Jamie, a great moral reformation has been effected throughout an extensive district; three hundred names are enrolled on the list of his Temperance Society; wives and sisters are blessing him for husbands and brothers reformed; the standard of public sentiment in regard to temperance has been nobly raised; people don't talk now as formerly of a man's being *somewhat elevated* or *tipsy*, or merely *overtaken*, when he is drunk, for they have learned to call things by their right names, and not practise imposture by slang phrases. Public resolutions have been passed against giving spirituous liquor at wakes or funerals, churns, ploughing-matches, or evening parties; men and women can go to market and fair, buy and sell, and yet never think of *treating* or being *treated* with spirits; and what still more fully exhibits the extent of the reformation, it has reached, in some cases, even the most degraded victims of iniquity, some of whom at least are now consistent members of the Temperance Society.

Arguing on the subject of temperance has, in a good degree, ceased in the neighborhood; and though a number of the old or ill-disposed appear decidedly resolved to have their glass, whatever the consequences, in the spirit of the fellow who told his doctor that he loved his glass, and did not care a fig for his liver, yet the young and conscientious are becoming more hearty in the cause of Jamie and temperance.

Nothing gladdened Jamie's heart more than the success which crowned his efforts in the Sabbath-school, of which he is superintendent. Spirit-drinking he not only knew to be a barrier against the progress of the Gospel, in preventing drunkards from hearing it, and grieving away the Spirit of God from the moderate drinker, but he felt it to be peculiarly injurious to the young, in often swallowing up that money which should be spent in their education, and in withholding from many even the poor pittance which should

cover their nakedness in the Sabbath-school and the house of God.

As, therefore, the children of the poor had wrung out so much of the bitter dregs of spirit-drinking, he was anxious that Temperance Societies, the sworn foes of spirit-drinking, should, with their earliest, warmest efforts, return blessings to them for years of sorrow, oppression, and wrong. Sabbath-school teachers, too, he saw to be among God's choicest instruments in the work of reform. Young, yet serious, active, and benevolent, possessed of the confidence of their scholars and their parents, and from their own character, and their connection with a noble system of Christian enterprise, exercising a mighty moral influence, wide as the world, what could they not do for the regeneration of the public mind, especially of that mind which shall be all active, in good or ill, when the present generation are mouldering in the grave.

He commenced, therefore, the work of reformation in his own Sabbath-school, and he commenced in the right way, by communicating information, and bringing both teachers and scholars to think and apply the truth for themselves. He wished none, he said, to join his ranks against the great enemy, but volunteers; he wished for no influence over any one, but the influence of truth, and no bond upon any but the bond of an enlightened conscience. He introduced a proposal for each teacher in rotation to read an interesting extract to the scholars on some suitable subject, and temperance of course was not excluded. The mere hearing of the principles of Temperance Societies was sufficient to make converts of some of the teachers; for what can be more rational than abstaining from intoxicating drinks and promoting temperance? but it was not so with others.

Freethinkers may talk as they please about a man having no more control over his belief than over the hue of his skin or the height of his stature, still it is a simple

fact of Jamie's experience, that it is mighty hard to convince a man who does not wish to be convinced, and that, when anybody first resolves to continue to drink, he is then marvellously fertile in objections against the Temperance Society.

One of the teachers especially, who had been at different times *overtaken* by the bottle coming from the market or fair, was so opposed to temperance, that when his turn for reading on the subject came, he had still some excuse; and Jamie, without in any way wounding his feelings, was prepared with an extract to read for him, till at length, finding him softening down under the influence of truth and love, he, on one morning of his turn for reading, put an extract into his hand, and said kindly, Just go out for a little and read it over by yourself, and that will prepare you for reading it nicely to the children. He did so, and came in and read it as one who felt its power. Jamie saw that his heart was full, he knew that *now* is the time for doing good, and not to-morrow, and therefore rising up and proposing that a Temperance Society should be formed in the school, he put his own name to the usual declaration, *We resolve to refrain from intoxicating drinks, and promote temperance.*

The next man who stepped forward was the self-same teacher who had so long opposed. "Children," said he, "spirituous liquor is a bad thing; it has done me harm; it is doing harm to every thing good, and to show that I hate it and renounce it, I put down my name." The other teachers followed; the elder children followed the noble example of their teachers, and as a proof that they knew and felt what they did, when after school-hours on next Candlemas-day, the master of a day-school which some of them attended, brought forth whiskey to treat the scholars according to custom, the noble little temperance heroes rose, as if by concert, and marched out of the room.

While thus Jamie urged on the good work of reforming

others, his own soul knew the blessings of the promise, "He that watereth others, shall be watered also himself." After renouncing whiskey, he felt a sweetness and power in God's word which he had never known before. He almost doubted whether it could be the same old Bible that he used to read. He had been abusing God's mercy by indulging in sin in time past, as if in expectation that sovereign grace would some moment descend in a miracle and drag him to holiness and heaven; but now he saw clearly that God is sincere in all his promises, and that the gracious invitations of the Gospel mean just what they say.

His first duty, he saw clearly, was to give his own self to the Lord. To that God of love who asked his heart, he gave it. He heard God in his word saying, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved;" and he took God at his word, and obeyed his command. From what he knew to be sin, he ceased at once; and what God told him was duty, he did at once, as God enabled him, without stopping to calculate consequences, for he left them with his Maker. He knew that no one goes to heaven or hell alone, the influence of the most humble being necessarily exerted either for good or ill; and as though travailing in birth for immortal souls, he was each day, by his conversation and example, saying to his neighbor, Come with us, and we will do you good. The more heartily and fully he obeyed God, the better he liked God's service; and the more extensive acquaintance he obtained of the great salvation of the Gospel, the more strongly did he feel himself drawn by a Saviour's love to accept, to adorn, and propagate it. Though beyond middle life, he had never celebrated his Saviour's love at the Lord's table. Now, however, he saw it to be his duty and privilege; and those whose hearts are set on winning souls, can conceive with what holy joy a worthy young minister, whose church Jamie had lately joined, saw him sitting down to com-

memorate with his fellow-Christians the dying love of the great Redeemer.

“Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto thy name give glory, for thy mercy, and for thy truth’s sake.”

I knew a man by the name of D——, who was a very skilful, robust, and prosperous blacksmith, and a man of more than ordinary intelligence. He yielded to the temptation to which his trade exposed him, till he became habitually intemperate, and actually a nuisance to the neighborhood. The innkeeper, who was also a store-keeper, on whom he depended for his daily supplies of strong drink, amounting, it is believed, to little less than a barrel and a half annually, at length hired him to abstain for one year, by giving him his note of hand of ten dollars. He immediately became a calm and peaceable man. His health, and appetite, and business returned to him. And he would tell you that the innkeeper had done him the greatest kindness he had ever received. “I was undone,” said he. “Now I enjoy myself and my family, and the best farm in the town would not tempt me to return to the use of ardent spirits.” The poor man kept his resolution till the end of the eleventh month, which it seems he had mistaken for the end of the year, and then ventured to indulge a little; and alas, when I saw him last, he was dragging his legs along, supported by two of his companions, who I feared were pursuing the same miserable course to destruction, and seemed to be lending him their sympathy; and he was one of the most loathsome and degraded human beings my eyes ever beheld. I should not be surprised to know that he is now with the dead. May my latter end not be like his.

A respectable merchant in P——, having long observed that a farmer, with whom he often traded, was in the habit of using ardent spirits to great excess, offered one day to

give him fifty dollars, if he would drink no more for ten years; except so much as his physician should think necessary for his health. The farmer agreed to the proposition, and the bargain was confirmed in writing. It was not long before he felt unwell, applied to his physician, and bitters were prescribed. He had scarcely begun to use them, when he found that his appetite for ardent spirits was returning with almost irresistible violence. He foresaw the evil that would probably ensue, threw away his bitters, and dashed his bottle to pieces. He drunk no more ardent spirits till the ten years had expired, when he called on the merchant, and informed him that the conditions of the obligation had been, on his part, fulfilled. "Of course, then," said the merchant, "you want your money." "No," he replied, "I cannot take it. I have saved far more than my fifty dollars in my bills at your store, and I have made ten times that sum by attention to my business." The merchant has long since gone to his rest. The farmer still lives, has a large estate, and a fine family around him, and is a respectable and worthy citizen; for, till this day, he drinks no ardent spirits.

DECLARATION OF THIRTY-EIGHT PHYSICIANS.

"The undersigned, physicians of Cincinnati, feel it their duty to express their decided opinion in opposition to the habitual, as well as occasional use of ardent spirits. They are convinced, from all their observation and experience, that ardent spirits are not only *unnecessary*, but absolutely *injurious* in a healthy state of the system; that they produce many, and aggravate most of the diseases to which the human frame is liable; that they are unnecessary in relieving the effects of cold and fatigue, which are best relieved by rest and food; that their use in families, in the form of bitters, toddy, punch, etc., is decidedly pernicious, perverting the appetite, and undermining the constitution; that they are equally as poisonous as opium or arsenic, operating sometimes more slowly, but with equal certainty."

PREPARE TO MEET THY GOD!

SOLEMN admonition! To whom is it addressed? Reader, it is addressed to YOU. It may be the last that the God of infinite mercy will ever give you. He has often spoken to you before; sometimes in the language of threatening, sometimes in the tender tones of invitation and promise. He has addressed you by his word, and by his ministers—by his judgments, and by his mercies. His next call may be from the throne of judgment. O, then, as you value your immortal soul, “*To-day*, if you will hear his voice, harden not your heart.” “Prepare to meet thy God.”

Consider the *certainty* of the event. *You must meet God.* Other events may be doubtful; other meetings may never take place; but from this there is no escape: “We must all appear before the judgment-seat of Christ.” “So then every one of us shall give account of himself to God.” Willing or unwilling, prepared or unprepared, *you must appear in the presence of God.*

This meeting *may take place soon*—it cannot be *very* far distant. If delayed to old age, it will soon arrive. The intervening years are lost in comparison with eternity. But you may never see old age; you may never see another year; nay, another *day*, another *hour* may usher your soul into the presence of your Judge.

Consider *whom you are to meet.* Not a man like yourself; not an angel, however exalted, but God! the infinite Creator and Governor of the universe; a Being whose majesty and glory fill the highest seraph with awe; a Being of perfect holiness, inflexible justice, unchanging truth, as well as boundless goodness and mercy. Reader, he is *thy God.* Thou mayest never have acknowledged him as such; thou mayest never have chosen him as thy portion: yet he is thy Creator, thy Preserver, thy Benefactor, thy Sovereign and Judge. On him thou art entirely dependent: to him indebted for every blessing; and to him thou art accountable for the use thou hast made of all his gifts. Art thou ready to appear in his presence? *He is coming to judgment.* “The voice of the archangel and the trump of God” announce

his approach. "Behold, he cometh with clouds." The startled world look up in amazement; the millions of the dead are waked, and stand before the Judge in silent and awful expectation; and thou among them, reader. The books are opened, and the dead are judged out of the things that are written in the books, every one according to his deeds.

Say not with the cavillers of "the last days," "Where is the promise of his coming?" "The day of the Lord *will* come as a thief in the night." The *day of death* will be to you the day of judgment; the sentence of which will be confirmed amid the pomp and splendors of the final scene.

How fearful will be the consequences if found UNPREPARED! What shame and confusion, what consternation and despair will overwhelm the spirit, as it is ushered into the presence of the infinite Judge, with all its neglected opportunities, its unheeded calls, and warnings, and invitations full in recollection! What self-reproaches, what bitter regrets, what agonies of remorse will convulse and tear the soul! But the righteous sentence must be pronounced: "Depart, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels." Oh, what a pang of insufferable woe does this sentence strike through the soul! and yet it is but the beginning of sorrows. It is but a foretaste of the *worm that never dies*, and the *fire that is never quenched*. The sinner now finds himself in the hands of an Omnipotent God, beneath whose all-consuming wrath he must sink for ever. Resistance is vain; tears are of no avail. Repentance now comes too late. The day of probation is closed; *his doom is sealed*. And Oh, what a doom!

Banishment from heaven, and eternal misery in hell! Yes, the bright abodes of purity and peace, where angels and saints mingle their praises and joys in sweet and holy fellowship, he shall never see, except "afar off," and only to aggravate his pain. Separated for ever from the good and holy, his dwelling is amidst the "blackness of darkness," his companions devils and damned souls, destitute of every lovely feature, "hateful, and hating one another." Scenes of horror and sounds of woe, the mournful fruits of sin, such as eye has not seen, nor imagination conceived, meet his eye and his ear in every direction: it is, indeed, "a place of torment." Hope, that sweet solace amid the

trials of this life, now dies. ETERNAL PUNISHMENT is written on all sides of this infernal prison, and is echoed in all the wailings of the lost.

Reader, is this to be your portion? It will be, unless you listen to the gracious admonition now addressed to you—"Prepare to meet thy God." Can you be so thoughtless, so rash, so hardened, as to neglect it? Will you give heed to the admonition of an earthly friend, and not listen to "Him who speaks from heaven?" Will you prepare in summer for the desolation of winter; in health, for sickness; in youth, for approaching age: prepare for every earthly contingency, and yet make no preparation for eternity? Will you prepare a habitation for the body, which must soon crumble to dust, and neglect the never-dying spirit? Will you prepare to meet the chief magistrate of the nation, and make no preparation to meet God, the Judge of all?

Is the happiness of the immortal soul of so little value, that you can afford to part with it for the few uncertain and short-lived pleasures of this life? Are *they* sufficient to counterbalance the *endless pains of the second death*? Oh, no, you cannot say this, you do not believe it. Why, then, not awake immediately to your peril and your duty? God is now calling upon you; the Saviour extends his compassionate arms; the Holy Spirit, it may be, is striving with you; Christians are praying for you; the angels are waiting to rejoice over you; and are *you only* indifferent?

Do you plead your pressing engagements? What engagements can you have so important as this? This is the prime business of life—the only thing worth living for; and this neglected, whatever else is attended to or obtained, life is spent in vain; life is *lost*; *all* is lost for ever.

Are you waiting for a more convenient season? What reason have you to believe that you will ever see such a season? The present is all the time of which you are sure; the future may be in eternity. If not, it may find you surrounded with more hinderances, and more callous to every impression of truth. God, in his righteous anger, may withdraw his Spirit, give you up to your own lusts, and swear, in his wrath, that you shall *never enter his rest*.

O, how many beacons warn you of the danger of delay! How many blighted hopes and ruined souls admonish you to prepare *now* to meet God! It falls from the gasping lips

of the dying sinner, and comes up in tones of anguish and despair from the bottomless pit: "Prepare to meet thy God." It is echoed from heaven and earth, from time and eternity, and from the voice of your own conscience within, "Prepare to meet thy God." Now, in this accepted time, this day of salvation, make your peace with God.

I will indulge the thought that your careless mind at length begins to think, and your hard heart to feel, and that you begin to inquire, "What shall I do to be saved?"

Most gladly will I endeavor to answer the question. If, then, a single serious thought has arisen in your mind, cherish it. As you value your immortal soul, let it not go till it has led you to peace and safety. Now, form the purpose at once, that preparation to meet God shall, from this moment, be the great business of life. Look up to God to confirm this purpose. And now, think what you have been doing all your life. How have you lived without God; how ungrateful have you been for all his mercies; how disobedient to his plain commands. How have you lived wholly to yourself in the gratification of "the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eye, and the pride of life." How has your life been full of sin; what an awful weight of guilt rests upon you. Fall at once before God, and with a broken and penitent heart *confess your sins, and resolve, in his strength, utterly and for ever to forsake them. Implore his forgiveness, and yield yourself up to him to be his servant for ever.*

Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ. Without him you are lost. "There is no other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved." Trust in him *with all your heart*, and you are safe. "His blood cleanses from all sin." Guilty and hell-deserving as you are, you need not fear to go to him. He himself has said, "Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out." Go, then, at once, and commit your condemned and polluted soul to his hands, and you will find "how freely Jesus can forgive." You may have a title secured to you of an interest in the everlasting inheritance, and a hope full of immortality.

And now, my friend, what is your decision? Whatever it is, it is recorded in heaven, and you will meet it at the last day. Will it be with joy or grief?

THE

PEQUOT OF A HUNDRED YEARS.

AN AUTHENTIC NARRATIVE.

“I AM an aged hemlock. The winds of a hundred winters have whistled through my branches. I am dead at the top,” said a venerable Mohawk chieftain. The ancient Pequot woman, whose brief history is here given, expressed herself in language equally figurative: “I am a withered shrub: I have stood a hundred years: all my leaves are fallen; but water from the river of God, still keeps my root alive.” Here was a bright allusion, wanting in the speech of the Mohawk, which implied confidence in God. This individual, long known in her neighborhood as the *Good Old Ruth*, died February 5, 1833, aged 100 years.

The Pequots, her native tribe, were distinguished for cruelty and hatred of the Christian religion; and she herself, in early life, possessed the same characteristics. Her memory reached back to the period when the eastern part of Connecticut was full of Mohegans and Pequots, and the Narragansetts were numerous in Rhode Island. Among these tribes, more than half of her life was passed. She well remembered the enlistment of the Indians in the army that took Louisburg from the French in 1745, and to her last days would describe their march in glowing language; the women and children following them for some miles, wailing and lamenting according to their native custom. In her youth, she resided a while among the Narragansetts, and married one of that tribe, named Pomham, with whom she removed to the Mohegan settlements in the vicinity of New London, Connecticut. They lived together about a dozen years, in a low, irregular manner. Pomham at length died; the sons went to sea, the daughters to service; and, at fifty years of age, Ruth was left a lonely widow, ignorant of Christ, and with no cheering hope either for this world or the next.

About this period she became a constant attendant upon an aged lady, who was very infirm, but intelligent and pious. This lady often conversed with her on the subject of religion, and two young children connected with the family took great pains to teach her to read and understand the New Testament. Its truths, now for the first time brought home to her understanding, made a deep impression on her soul. She soon began to confess her sins to God, and to cry to him for mercy. The knowledge that she imbibed from the lips of these children seemed to her, as she afterwards said, "*sweeter than meat or sleep.*" Her situation was one of great confinement, but whenever permission was given her to go out for refreshment or exercise, instead of availing herself of it, she would spend the time with these children, sitting down on a low stool by their side, while they instructed her from the Bible, or other good books—preferring this privilege to the enjoyment of the fresh air, or rambling in the green fields. Thus was she gently led, like a *little child*, by the instrumentality of *little children*, to the feet of the Saviour; and after having, for some time, given decided evidence of piety, she was received into the communion of the Baptist church, about the year 1790.

During the last thirty years of her life, she resided with her youngest daughter in a comfortable tenement, where the charitable and the pious often went to see her, and took care that in her old age she should not be without some of the comforts of life. Those who knew her origin and her early history, were surprised at the depth of her Christian experience, and even strangers were often affected to tears, to find such a heavenly relish of divine things in one so poor, so ignorant, and so aged.

Her senses were very little impaired at ninety years of age, but she had never been able to read very fluently, and a visit from a Christian, or even from a child, who would read to her in one of her two precious books, her Bible and Psalm-book, was a blessing for which she used most devoutly to thank God. For every little article of comfort also that was presented to her, she would first give thanks to God, and then express her gratitude to her earthly benefactor. The smallest of these gifts would instantly carry her mind away to its Author, and lead her to dwell upon his goodness, sometimes with calm delight, and sometimes

with deep emotion. "God is good," she would say; "O, how good! The air that comes in at my window, the singing of birds, and all the sounds I hear, tell me that he is good. This fruit that I hold in my hand, speaks of his goodness; I see it everywhere; I learn more of it every day. Yes, he is good, and he is *my* heavenly Father—that is my exceeding joy."

She often spoke of the sweet views she had of God, and Christ, and heaven, during the silence of the night—always preferring to sleep alone, that her communion with God might be undisturbed. "It is sweet," said she, "to be alone in the night-season with my Saviour."

A visitor once wished to ascertain whether her love to the Saviour was truly spiritual, or merely like what we feel for a dear earthly friend: "Ruth," said she, "do you love the Saviour more"—she could proceed no further before the aged woman raised her shrivelled hand from the bed, and exclaimed with great animation, "Better than all the world besides—better than friend or kindred; he is all my hope, and all my joy."

She manifested such confidence in God, and such a happy assurance of heaven, that faith seemed at times lost in vision. Life had no distressing doubts or cares—neither had death any terrors. "I am in the hands of my Father," she would say: "God will take care of me all the days of my appointed time—I will wait. But I am not afraid of death. Jesus has been through the valley, and he will go with *me*. I will lean upon his rod and his staff."

All who came near her shared in her prayers and exhortations; and after she had lost her eyesight, even the sound of footsteps passing by would make her heart beat quick with desire for the salvation of the wayfaring man and the stranger. To some teachers who had been instrumental in establishing a Sabbath-school in the neighborhood, she said, "I thank my God for what you have done. May he bless you for it. I cannot see it, but I can hear the little feet as they patter along on the Sabbath morning, and I rejoice that they are going where they will be taught to love the Lord Jesus Christ."

Once, on a cold day in winter, the almoners of a charitable society carried her a donation very opportunely. As they opened their stores, her daughter remarked, "Mother

will surely think this comes in answer to prayer ; for when I told her this morning that we had nothing left, she bade me trust in God and take courage, saying, 'I have been young, and now am old, yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread.' " Her mother from her bed overheard this last sentence, and interrupting her, exclaimed, "O, he has always fed me, and he always will ; none ever trusted in him and were forsaken." At another time they arrived on their charitable errand just as Ruth was about to take her dinner. As she was blind, they entered unobserved. Her food consisted of a kind of soup, made by boiling bones in corn-water, and it stood before her in a rusty tin basin. After tasting it, she folded her hands and asked, to borrow the language of one of the visitors, "a most heavenly blessing." Her words were slow, but she expressed herself with great propriety and fervency. The idea she conveyed was, that as God had fed the Israelites in the wilderness with manna from heaven, so she in her poverty had been sustained by the same kind hand ; and she prayed that she might always have a thankful heart, and as good and as sweet food as that which was now before her.

In a message to an absent minister, whose prayers and conversation had yielded her great delight and comfort, she said, "Tell that *dear man* what happiness I have. Last night I had such views of heaven, that I thought I heard the music of the angelic host, and saw the Saviour face to face. I could not believe but I was there, till I called to my child, and she answered me. O, it was a foretaste of heavenly bliss ! Tell him that this is my continual frame of mind."

Her death was sudden. The last distinct words she uttered were, "Come, my Saviour, come !" A short time previous, she breathed the prayer which may be found upon her gravestone in New London : "Thou hast been my hope, O Lord God ; I have trusted in thee ; now take me to thyself."

THE
SINNER'S FRIEND.

BY A LAYMAN, LONG A HARDENED TRANSGRESSOR, NOW HAPPY IN THE SERVICE OF CHRIST.

Look unto me, and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth. ISAIAH 45 : 22. Ye who were *enemies* to God. ROM. 5 : 10. Afar off, fulfilling the desires of the flesh and of the mind. EPH. 2 : 3, 13. Seek *ye* the Lord. ISAIAH 55 : 6.

HEAR this blessed invitation, thou guilty, heavy-laden sinner ; hear the voice of God. See him a God reconciled by the blood of Christ. Hear the voice of mercy, extended to the very ends of the earth, calling the drunkard, the blasphemer, the infidel, the wicked of every denomination and degree—calling every wandering stout-hearted rebel to *repent*, and partake of that mercy which endureth for ever.

Were the holy angels to call forth all their highest powers, with all their loftiest strains of song, these could not express the vastness of the love of God to *sinners* !

“God only knows the love of God.”

HE alone knows the immensity of his own mercy ; but *we* know it to be fully sufficient for all our need, and that no polluted sinner can come in vain, who comes to God by JESUS CHRIST. Do you then linger ? Do you tarry ? Do you halt ? Do you *refuse* an entrance into heaven ? Do you prefer the downward road to HELL ?

O sinner, stay—stay, and turn to GOD. Look not merely at your sins, but look to CHRIST. *To-morrow* may be your *last*. Seek him *to-day*, this very hour—this very moment, and escape for your life ; *escape*, before the flames of hell surround you, and your soul be lost for *ever*.

Stay, sinner, on the gospel plains ;
Behold the Son of God unfold
The glories of his dying love,
For ever telling—yet untold.

The wicked *pardoned*. See Ezekiel, c. 18, v. 21, to the end ; also c. 33, v. 11. Examine these.

PARDON FOR THE WORST OF SINNERS.

The Son of man is come to seek and to *save* that which was *lost*.
LUKE 19 : 10.

This was the kind errand of the everlasting Son of God, the Messenger of *Peace*, the *Reconciler* between God and man. "*Save the lost!*" There is something stupendously magnificent in the mercy here proclaimed. "SAVE the LOST?" What, the *most* abandoned—the *most* sinful? Are these to be saved? Yes; *every one* who comes to JESUS will *indeed be saved*; for he has declared, that all manner of sin and blasphemy shall be forgiven *to the true penitent*. Matt. 12 : 31. Peter and Paul were blasphemers, but they were pardoned, and commissioned to preach the Gospel to a *lost* world. John 21 : 17 ; 1 Tim. 1 : 12–16.

Look up, then, poor sinner, whoever thou art, or however thou mayest have sinned against God—look up and believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt assuredly be saved; for he himself has declared that he came to save such as you. *Repent*, then, that thy sins may be *blotted out*. Acts 3 : 19. Every true penitent will be pardoned; for the Lord hath no pleasure in the death of a sinner, but rejoiceth in mercy. Thousands of *drunkards*, *swearers*, and *unbelievers* have been pardoned, on *repentance*, and received into the kingdom of God. Look up, then, poor, trembling sinner; *repent*, and *believe* the willingness of God to receive you also into favor, and you will not be cast out. Nothing but *unbelief* can cause your ruin. Only come to JESUS as a poor lost sinner, and salvation is YOURS—it is CERTAIN. Look to CHRIST, and be saved.

It pleased God to make this portion the means of conversion to a young man who had been a dissipated prodigal. He died rejoicing in Christ. To the LORD be all the praise.

NONE CAST OUT.

Him that cometh to me, *I will in no wise cast out.* It is the will of him that sent me, that *every one* who seeth the Son, and believeth on him, may have everlasting life: and I will raise him up at the last day. JOHN 6 : 37-40.

This implies an assurance that no degree of previous guilt, no inveterate habits of vice, no slavery to Satan, no secret decree of God, no involuntary mistake, no feebleness in coming to Christ, would induce him to reject a single person who applied to him for the salvation of his soul, with a sincere desire to obtain that blessing, depending on his truth, power, and grace, and using the means he hath appointed. In this, the Father's will, which the Son came down from heaven to perform, perfectly concurs; it is his will that not one of those given to his Son should be rejected or lost, in life or death; but that every one of them should be raised up to eternal happiness at the last day.

JESUS not only *saves* all who believe and obey him, but he delivers them from the guilt, condemnation, dominion, and pollution of all their sins; and, finally, he will save them from the very existence, and from the effects of sin, when death shall be swallowed up in victory, and sorrow in everlasting joy.

SINNER, do you hesitate? Do you, for a single moment, reject this glorious offer of mercy? *Now* is the day of salvation; and *your* time is happily come, when all your manifold sins may be blotted out, and your soul be everlastingly saved. Jesus yearns over you to do you good. O receive him into your heart, and he will carry you to heaven.

May this portion be as great a blessing and encouragement to all who read it, as it has been to the writer.

REST FOR THE WEARY.

Come unto me, all ye that labor, and are heavy laden, and I *will give you rest.* MATT. 11 : 28.

This is a free invitation to *every* weary and heavy-laden sinner, made by Him who alone is able to take away the load of guilt and sin ; every person under the pressure of sin, not only may, but *must* come to Jesus, thus laden with guilt, if he hope to succeed, for pardon. While we endeavor to prepare our way by holy *qualifications*, we rather fill it with *stumbling-blocks*, whereby our souls are hindered from attaining to the salvation of Christ. Christ would have us to believe on Him who justifies the *ungodly*, and therefore he doth not require us to be godly *before* we believe ; he came as a physician for the *sick*, and doth not expect they should recover their health in the least degree *before* they come to him. The *vilest* sinners are fitly prepared and qualified for this design, which is to show forth the exceeding riches of his grace, pardoning our sins and saving us freely. Eph. 2 : 5-9. It is no affront to Christ, or slighting, or contemning the justice and holiness of God, to come to God while we are *polluted sinners* ; but rather it is affronting and contemning the saving grace, merit, and fullness of JESUS, if we endeavor to make ourselves righteous and holy before we receive Christ himself, and all holiness and righteousness *in him* by grace.

Be persuaded to come just as you are ; it is *the very situation in which Christ receiveth sinners.* Could you prove your state to be such, that mercy could not possibly be shown to you, it might excuse delay, that you might endeavor to be prepared ; but this cannot be done. In the sight of God, your unfitness is no unfitness at all ; the worse you are, the greater reason have you for an immediate application to Christ, and the more dangerous is delay.

ASK, AND IT SHALL BE GIVEN.

Ask, and it shall be given you ; seek, and ye shall find ; knock, and it shall be opened unto you : for every one that asketh, receiveth ; and he that seeketh, findeth ; and to him that knocketh, it *shall be opened*.
MATT. 7 : 7-8.

He who comes, as a sinner, to a merciful God, through Jesus Christ, for all the blessings of salvation, in sincerity, and with earnest prayer, as having hope in this way, and none in any other—he who seeks spiritual blessings without delay, and in the use of all appointed means ; and he who knocks and waits at mercy's gate, as resolved to find admission, or perish knocking, will be sure to succeed. The promise is absolute and express : “ Every one that asketh, *receiveth*,” etc.

Such suppliants *always* find admission : their previous character, *however vile*, does not preclude them from the benefit ; for He who opens the way of access, has taught them to come in it, and HE giveth liberally and upbraideth not.

“ Open thy mouth wide,” says the Lord, “ and I will fill it.” “ Ye shall ask what ye will,” says Christ, and it “ shall be done.” The pardon of all our sins, free, complete, and eternal ; a victory over every lust ; the presence of God with us all through this dark world ; his glory passing before our eyes and shining into our hearts ; guidance, protection, strength ; heavenly consolation while we live, and heaven itself when we die—all are within the reach of *prayer* ; within *our* reach—held up, as it were, before our face, with this inscription shining on them all, “ Ask, and ye shall receive.” Mercies purchased, prepared, waiting for every praying man.

PEACE TO A GUILTY CONSCIENCE.

Thy faith hath saved thee ; go in *peace*. LUKE 7 : 50.

The poor woman to whom Christ addressed these words, had performed no previous good *works* to recommend her to the Lord, but she came to him the moment she was *convinced of sin*—*believed* in his power to *pardon*, and was *instantly* forgiven, although her sins were *many*.

Now, my fellow-sinner, here is every possible encouragement for *you* to do the same, in order that you may obtain the same blessing, the same mercy, the same forgiveness. Christ is as willing *now* as he was eighteen hundred years ago, to welcome and pardon every self-condemned sinner who comes to him for shelter and relief: and it is no obstacle that your sins have been of the deepest dye, or have been continued many years; the power, and love, and mercy of Christ far exceed the sins of the whole world.

The poor woman who came to the Lord, had probably been a most notorious sinner, of the lowest kind, for many years; yet she was not reviled nor taunted on this account; her *sins* were not even mentioned to her, Ezekiel 33 : 16; and instead of being driven away in her wickedness, she found nothing but love and mercy to pardon her guilt, and bid her go in *peace*.

This portion may possibly fall into the hands of some poor woman equally debased by a wicked course of life; but there is no reason for despair—CHRIST is still the same—full of mercy, full of truth; and “he *saves* to the *utmost* all who come to God by him.”

ARISE and flee to CHRIST; flee to him, and escape eternal woe.

FREE JUSTIFICATION.

Their sins and iniquities will I remember no more. HEB. 10 : 17 ;
JER. 31 : 34 ; ISA. 43 : 25 ; EZEK. 36 : 25-27 ; MICAH 7 : 19.

In the free justification of a sinner before God, and giving him acceptance and peace of conscience, the Gospel displays its power unto salvation. It comes to the penitent transgressor as a ministration of righteousness—as a word of reconciliation and peace. It opens the prison doors, and bids the captive go free. The power of the law was for destruction. The power of the Gospel is a life-giving power. The law could only hold down the man who was down before ; it could never give him life again. But the power to give life is far greater than the power to kill. The Gospel is thus mighty to pass by transgressions and sins, to set at liberty the souls that are bound, and to give boldness in the presence of the King of saints to the poor captives of Satan. When the sinner's heart is brought under the influence of the Gospel by the power of the Holy Spirit, it takes away the burden of guilt ; it silences every accuser ; it fills the believer with the confidence of hope ; it forbids every weapon to prosper which is formed against him ; and condemns every tongue which rises up in judgment against his soul. The justification which the Gospel gives is perfect and entire. *The sins of a whole life, however accumulated, however aggravated, are blotted out in one moment, and that for ever.* Luke 7 : 47. “Who shall lay any thing to the charge of God's elect ? It is God who justifieth. Who is he that condemneth ? It is CHRIST who died—yea, rather, that is risen again ; who is at the right hand of God” for ever : and where Christ is, there must his followers be also.

In this total change in the relation of a sinner towards God, the Gospel shows its power ; it turns aside the edge of judgment, and rejoices in a victory over condemnation and relieving a soul from fear—from danger—and from death—it shows itself to be the power of God unto SALVATION. Sinner, rejoice.

SALVATION BY GRACE.

We are justified freely by his grace, through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus ; whom God hath set forth to be a propitiation through faith in his blood, to declare his righteousness for the remission of sins that are past. ROM. 3 : 24, 25.

How sweet are the words, “ By grace,” without merit, “ ye are saved.” Here is an overflowing fountain of comfort and divine strength. But how little are the generality of vain and worldly people, who still feed upon husks, acquainted with these words. How little are they relished by our self-righteous and moral Christians. But O, how deliciously does a poor hungering sinner fare upon them. There is hardly any thing less known and understood, as to the power and experience, than the mystery of Christ’s suffering and dying for us, and justification by faith in him ; though it is the only paradise and element of believers, and the greatest jewel restored by the Reformation. Such talking and representations of sin as only strike the imagination, are not sufficient ; but we must also *feel* the mortal wounds of sin, by which the flesh is mortified, and be actually healed by the stripes of Christ. There is no *other* way ; for Christ himself has declared that HE is the *Way*, the *Truth*, and the *Life*. John 14 : 6. That no man cometh to the Father but by *him*. That HE giveth his life for the sheep, John 10 : 11 ; he giveth even eternal life ; declaring, John 10 : 28, 29, that they shall never perish, neither shall any man pluck them out of *his* hand, nor out of his *Father’s* hand. Here, my fellow sinner—here is security doubly secure ; and this is for *you*, if you be but willing to accept it. May the Lord make you willing.

THE BROKEN-HEARTED.

The Lord hath sent me to heal the broken-hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, to set at liberty them that are bruised. LUKE 4 : 18.

READER, thou mayest be a poor broken-hearted widow, mourning the loss of one dearer to thee than thine own life ; or thou mayest be a man of a tender heart, recently bereaved of one who was the delight of thine eyes—the partner of thy joys and sorrows. Well, my friend, whoever thou art, or whatever thy sorrows may be, here is ONE ready and willing to bear it all away, and heal thy broken heart ; to turn thy mourning into rejoicing, by the gift of himself, as an ample return for all you have lost.

This very providence, dark and mysterious as it may appear in your *present* view, may be the very means of bringing you into the way of salvation, by bringing you to the footstool of mercy. Have you not neglected the best interests of your soul when all went *well* with you ? Have you not frequently neglected opportunities of prayer and of praise ? Have you not fixed your affections more on the *creature* than on the CREATOR ? Or have you not indulged in sinful pursuits instead of holiness ? You may have been a drunkard, a swearer, or a backslider, and thus stand broken-hearted before the Lord. But is there no help ? *Go to Jesus*, so exactly suited to thy melancholy case : cast thyself at the feet of him who came from heaven “to set at liberty them that are bruised—to preach deliverance to the captive, and to *heal* the broken-hearted ;” and, vile as you may have been, he will not cast you off, nor send you away without a blessing.

“Come, sinner, seize the present hour,
A Saviour's grace to prove :
He *can* relieve, for he has power ;
He *will*—for he is *love*.”

Sinners can never be *so* willing to *be* healed as Christ is willing to *heal* them.

There is joy in the presence of the angels of God over *one* sinner that repenteth. LUKE 15 : 10. I will arise and go to my father : but when he was yet a great way off, his father saw him, and had compassion, and ran, and fell on his neck, and kissed him. LUKE 15 : 20. This my son was dead, and is alive again ; was *lost*, and is *found*.

Here is a fulness of encouragement for every poor wandering, outcast sinner to return to his Father—to his God. The vilest wretch under heaven may embrace the offered mercy of the Lord, whose tenderness and compassion are most beautifully detailed and set forth in the parable of the prodigal son. See Luke 15 : 11–32.

We are all prodigals by nature, and should be *lost* for ever, were it not for divine grace softening the heart, and bringing us to the footstool of mercy—to our heavenly Father, who waits to be gracious—full of pity, full of love.

Try the experiment, thou poor, tempted, tossed, and heavy-laden sinner ; try the experiment ; cast thyself before the Lord, and ere thou canst even reach his feet, he will bend forward to embrace thee in his arms of mercy and forgiving love.

The writer of this portion knows, by happy experience, the *power* of redeeming love ; and he who was once *a great way off*—within a step of being LOST FOR EVER—has now, as a monument of mercy, been brought *nigh* by the blood of CHRIST, and can safely recommend such a Saviour to the vilest of the vile.

You cannot be deceived—cannot be mistaken, trusting in him. Our gracious God will never break the bruised reed nor quench the smoking flax. The name of JESUS is too dear to him to reject a sinner's cry. John 16 : 23. Try the experiment, and heaven is yours. May the Lord give you courage, strength, and faith, that your soul may be saved, and his name be glorified. Amen.

Verily, verily, I say unto thee, except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God. Ye must be born again. JOHN 3: 3, 7.

This evidently shows that a bare profession of Christ will not do. Nothing but a real possession of him in the heart, by faith, will suffice. And before we can attain this, we must experience a renovation of the heart by the Spirit of God. We must be led to see the horrid nature and consequence of sin; and this will lead us to hate and abhor it. We must be born of the Spirit. Let me exhort you to make this strict inquiry, AM I BORN AGAIN? Have you a desire to know whether you are in this state? Examine yourself by the apostle's definition of the doctrine, 2 Cor. 5: 17: "If any man be in Christ, he is a new creature: old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new." Are you a new creature? Are old things passed away, and all things become new? Do you act from new principles, and aim at new ends? Is sin hateful, and holiness pleasant? Is Christ precious? Do you wish to enjoy him, and be like him? Are you concerned to glorify him with your body and spirit, which are his? If so, you may answer the question, and say, I AM BORN AGAIN.

This new birth will give new desires, new affections, and new enjoyments. The soul thus renewed will look back with astonishment at the long-suffering and mercy of God when in a state of rebellion against him, and wonder how it was that he was not driven away into everlasting woe. The heart will now be filled with *holy* desires and a constant longing after CHRIST; and those who have had this new and living principle wrought *within*, may feel assured that the Lord hath set his seal upon them for EVER. Nothing can separate them from his unchanging love. May this portion give hope and comfort to every desponding soul.

The preaching of the cross (of Christ) is, to them that perish, foolishness ; but to us who are saved, (to those who believe,) it is the *power of God*. 1 COR. 1 : 18.

This doctrine, so simple in its nature, so grand in its effects, is foolishness to the wise of this world. It is clearly understood by those who *believe*, but by none else. GOD hath chosen the *foolish* things of this world to confound the *wise*, not many of whom are called to be heirs of glory, being shut out by their own wisdom and self-conceit. Such persons are too high-minded to be taught of God, too wise to believe in the need of a *second birth* ; therefore their eyes are closed to the full blaze of heavenly light, though shining with an effulgence of love and mercy everywhere around.

It is not by human eloquence that sinners are won to God, but it is by the foolishness, or simplicity of gospel *truths* that souls are saved. 1 Cor. 1 : 21.

O, my friend, whoever you may be, or whatever station of life you may fill, whether high or low, rich or poor, O listen to the admonition of one who has been brought out of this fatal delusion, and has happily found CHRIST to be the POWER OF GOD—the EVERY THING to a poor sinner, to heal his soul, and reconcile him to the living God.

How great, then—how *all-important* is CHRIST—the *power*—the strength of God. CHRIST, our redemption—OUR ALL. 1 Cor. 1 : 31.

Remember, that our gracious Lord is no respecter of persons. Acts 10 : 35, 36. ALL who love GOD and hate sin, all are invited to CHRIST, and he will own *such* at the last day. Matt. 10 : 32.

Search the Scriptures, for out of this heavenly treasure are drawn all the exhortations, warnings, and encouragements of this little book, which the Lord has mercifully owned and blest in the conversion of sinners of the foulest dye, and made them to be heirs of everlasting life.

JOY IN GOD.

Delight thyself in the Lord, and he shall give thee the desires of thine heart. PSALM 37 : 4.

If thou desirest to delight thyself only in the Lord, and art more solicitous for the increase of faith, love, and holiness than temporal happiness ; and wouldst even part with some earthly good, provided it would enlarge thy spiritual welfare ; *this comes not from nature, but is an infallible mark of grace and regeneration* ; and the Lord shall give thee also the desires of thine heart, and even *more* than thou desirest.

Nothing can be more foolish than to harbor one or more secret lusts in our hearts after we have been once awakened. We must certainly suffer for it ; our conscience will check us ; we cannot enjoy it with half the pleasure as before ; our course is hindered and our peace is disturbed. How much more prudent and profitable then would it be to forsake all and follow Christ fully, who only can satisfy the desires of our heart. Consider this, O my soul ; act the wiser part ; let thine eye be single, and cleave to him alone ; while others, seeking to serve two masters, God and Mammon, are wofully disappointed at last ; avoid thou this folly, and be wholly for Christ. The hearts of sinners must be prepared, before they can welcome the privileges and perform the duties of the kingdom of God. Numbers may be led to confess their sins, and to profess repentance ; but without faith in Christ, through the regeneration of the Holy Spirit, they cannot be accepted as servants or worshippers of God. REMEMBER, the Lord will have nothing to do with a divided heart, except to punish its hypocrisy.

THE FRUITLESS TREE.

Behold, these three years I come seeking fruit on this fig-tree, and find none: cut it down; why cumbereth it the ground? Lord, let it alone this year also, till I shall dig about it, and dung it; and if it bear fruit, well; and if not, then after that thou shalt cut it down. LUKE 13: 7-9.

Thou fruitless fig-tree; thou barren professor; dost thou hear this, and not tremble? God is come seeking *fruit*. Will thy bare profession, thy knowledge of the principles of religion satisfy the great God? Will the notions of truth in thy head, thy talking and disputing, and hearing the word preached; thy commending or censuring sermons and preachers, just as thou art in the mood; will this serve thy turn; and wilt thou thus endeavor to ward off the heart-searching God? Know thou, God is come to seek for *fruit*, and for *good* fruit from *thee*; not the fruit of good *words* only, but the fruit of good *works*; not the fruit of *talking* well, but of *living* well; the fruits of holiness in life and conversation; fruit short of this God will not regard. If thy conscience be awakened, look to thy merciful High-priest; consider well his intercession for such a barren soul as thou art: "Lord, let it alone," etc. Father, let this man live one year longer; O turn away from this thine anger. I will yet try what corrections may do; perhaps the rod may work more upon him than my word hath hitherto done, and may tend to make his barren heart fruitful; I will also stir up my servants to awaken him by a more sharp and searching manner; and if these new efforts be blessed to him, all shall yet be well, thy grace magnified, and his soul saved; if not, then thou shalt *cut him down*.

Trifle not with time, but instantly seek the favor of God, or be for ever LOST.

FOLLOW CHRIST.

Follow me. LUKE 5 : 27. Endure hardness, as a good soldier of Jesus Christ. 2 TIM. 2 : 3.

Would you follow Christ? Then follow him in *self-denial*, in humility, in patience, and in readiness for every good work. Follow him with a daily cross upon your back, and look to *his cross* to make your burden light. Follow him as your guide and guard, and learn to see with his eyes, and trust in his arm for defence. Follow him as the FRIEND OF SINNERS, who *healeth the broken heart*, and *giveth rest to weary souls*, and *casteth out none that come unto him*. Follow him with faith, resting your whole acceptance with God, and your title to heaven on his meritorious blood and righteousness. Lastly, follow him with *much prayer*. For though he is full of compassion, *he loves to be much entreated*, and when he is determined to give a blessing, you must yet wrestle with him for it. Be of good courage: be strong in the Lord; for HE is the help of the helpless—the hope of the hopeless—the health of the sick—the strength of the weak—the riches of the poor—the peace of the disquieted—the comfort of the afflicted—the light of those that sit in darkness—the companion of the desolate—the friend of the friendless—the way of the bewildered—the wisdom of the foolish—the righteousness of the ungodly—the sanctification of the unholy—the redemption of captives—the joy of mourners—and, in a word, the salvation of the LOST. O then follow JESUS, and he will lead you to glory.

To follow *Christ*, we must be in the continual exercise of *prayer*. The neglect of prayer opens a chasm, which is soon filled up with sin, and then we follow *Satan*.

We must all appear before the judgment-seat of Christ. 2 COR. 5 : 10.

And are there scoffers, who madly walk after their own lusts, and question the coming of the Lord? The hour hastens, when infidelity shall doubt no more: "The Lord himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God." How shall sinners fade away, and be afraid in their close places, when, visible to all, the Judge shall appear on his great white throne, and from his face the earth and the heavens flee away. Before him shall stand the whole race of men, small and great; and by the testimony of God, and their own consciences, it shall be fully proved and openly declared what they have been, and what they have done. Then, sentence, most righteous, irrevocable, and big with eternity, shall be pronounced. On the wicked, everlasting punishment; on the righteous, life eternal. Think, O think what destruction is hanging over your heads, ye obstinate transgressors; for "Behold, he cometh with clouds, and every eye shall see him; they also who pierced him, and all" the wicked "kindreds of the earth, shall wail because of him." "Now, now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation;" now embrace him, as your offered, your all-sufficient Saviour; so shall you be for ever delivered from him as your angry Judge. If this you neglect, how shall you abide the day of his coming, in flaming fire to take vengeance on all them that know not God, and who reject his offered mercy?

"An awful day is drawing near,
 When Christ shall judge the quick and dead:
 Ah, sinner, how wilt thou appear,
 With all thy sins upon thy head?
Now mercy seek, which may be found,
 For yet you stand on praying ground."

FUTURE PUNISHMENT;

OR,

THE UNIVERSALIST REFUTED.

No benevolent being delights in the suffering of others, for its own sake; but it is one of the clearest dictates of reason, that sin should be visited with punishment. Men may differ widely in opinion as to what sin is, in regard to many particulars, but every one sees and feels the propriety of punishing crimes, which he acknowledges to be such, in proportion to their evil. Indeed, it would be difficult to give a definition of sin which does not involve this idea; and a better definition of moral evil could not easily be given, than that *it is that which deserves punishment*. None are found, therefore, who, while they acknowledge a difference between virtue and vice, deny that the latter deserves punishment. And as all sinful acts are not of equal malignity or turpitude, it will be agreed by all, that, in justice, every one ought to receive according to his deeds; and that he whose sins are less, should not suffer equally with him whose sins are greater.

Whether the end of punishment is always the good of the sufferer, is disputed. On this point it may here be observed, that that intuitive perception, which exists in every mind, of the connection between sin and punishment, has no respect whatever to the good of the guilty person. Punishment, according to the clearest and simplest idea of its nature, is some pain or loss to the person who endures it. Suffering, which brings no injury to the sufferer, can scarcely be called punishment in a strict sense. In our intuitive, original judgment of the connection between sin and punishment, we regard nothing but the nature of the crime, the demerit of the act. No man needs to know more, or think

of more, in determining that punishment is deserved, than that a crime has been committed. We may conclude, or rather conjecture, that the reason why we are so constituted as to be under the necessity of forming such a judgment, is because sin obstructs the general good, or is injurious to others, as we see that this is its tendency; but this enters not into our original conception. It is a clear dictate of the human mind, that if there be a crime, some punishment is due to it; and when the sin contemplated is atrocious, there is not merely a dispassionate judgment that it ought to be punished, but an earnest demand, an indignant feeling, a vehement desire that the guilty perpetrator of the act should suffer condign punishment. These are the genuine feelings of nature, experienced by all men, in all countries, and in all ages; and no one is conscious, that when they rise in his breast, they are excited by a regard to the welfare of the guilty person. The truth is, his welfare is so far from being regarded, that, as far as he is considered as deserving of punishment, we do not consult his felicity; but, on the contrary, our judgment is, that his happiness ought to be lessened, or taken away, to the extent of his guilt.

Although we are so constituted as to perceive and feel that sin deserves punishment according to its evil, yet we have no precise standard of the *degree of punishment* which any sin deserves. Reason cannot tell how much pain is due to any particular offence: its clear perception goes no further than to the general proposition that it ought to be punished according to its desert, whatever that may be. Yet it has appeared exceedingly evident to most men, that although some degree of punishment follows sinful actions in this life, yet men do not receive here a full retribution for their crimes; since very often great transgressors are prosperous, and some of them die in the commission of atrocious sins. This has furnished the strongest of all the arguments which reason can discover, for a future state of existence. Indeed, admitting the fact that men are not rewarded and punished here according to their respective

deserts, the conclusion is inevitable, if God be just. But some moral Deists who could not deny the difference between virtue and vice, and that the former ought to be rewarded and the latter punished, held that virtue is its own reward, and vice its own punishment. That is, that good men, in the performance of good actions, and in the consequences which naturally follow them, have their reward; and that wicked men, in the remorse which attends the commission of sin, and in its effects, suffer all the punishment which they deserve. Therefore they maintained that there is no future existence to be expected or feared. This theory, however grateful it may be to the wishes of wicked men, as freeing them from all apprehension of a future judgment, has found but few abettors. The reason is, that the evidence against its truth is obvious. All men must see, if they have even a small share of discernment and impartiality, that crimes are not punished in this life according to their demerit.

But in our times, and in our country, a new phenomenon has appeared in the religious world. A sect has risen up, calling themselves UNIVERSALISTS, who profess to receive the Bible as the word of God, and yet utterly deny all future punishment. From early times there have been a few persons, among whom were some men of learning, who entertained the opinion that the punishment of the wicked in a future world would not be strictly eternal, or without end; but they all held that the impenitent would certainly suffer condign punishment after death. This scheme was defended on various principles, by different persons; and the arguments of the same persons were *not* commonly *consistent with one another*. At one time, they asserted that it would be *unjust* in the Ruler of the universe to make his creatures eternally miserable on account of the sins committed here in the course of a short life. But again, not satisfied with this ground, they resorted to the *mercy and goodness* of God as revealed in the Gospel, and endeavored to prove, that as God loved all his creatures equally, and

that as Christ died equally for all, all would certainly be saved, if not here, yet, without doubt, hereafter. These topics of argument were popular, and many would have been the converts to this system, had it not been for a number of plain and stubborn texts of Scripture, which these men, with all their critical efforts, found to be rather intractable. Most people, too, feared to trust their eternal salvation on the criticisms of fallible men. They did not know but that at last it might be found, that the words *everlasting* and *eternal* might mean endless punishment. Moreover, it was demonstrated by the defenders of the orthodox doctrine, that the two grand topics of argument used by the Universalists, were perfectly incompatible with each other: for if, in the nature of things, it was *unjust* to punish men with eternal misery, there was *no need for a Saviour* to come into the world and die, to prevent the Almighty from doing an act of flagrant injustice. Upon this principle, universal salvation would have occurred in due time, as a matter of course; and therefore the death of Christ was unnecessary, and there was no occasion for mercy or pardon. But if they built their argument on the principle of God's *mercy* and Christ's death, and ascribed the salvation of all men to free-grace, then it was manifest, that, had not this mediatorial scheme intervened, men must have perished for ever; for there is no mercy or grace in redeeming from misery to which men were never exposed. This, therefore, which was the principal argument, could not be employed without recognizing the *justice* of condemning men to endless punishment for their sins. But if that was the punishment to which men were condemned by the Law, no reason could be assigned why rejecters of the Gospel might not be left to suffer what was before due to them. Upon this ground, there was no presumption against the plain, literal interpretation of those texts which seem to represent future punishment to be eternal. And that which perplexed the subject still more, was the fact, that no punishment mentioned in the Scriptures, was so great as that

threatened against those who refused to believe the Gospel: whereas, according to this theory, the penalty of the law ought to be endless punishment, and the misery actually inflicted on those redeemed from the curse of the law, ought to be something very different. Indeed it was difficult to explain why they should suffer in the future world at all, if Christ died for them, so as to free them from the curse of the law; especially, it was almost incredible that they should suffer so long, as the phrases used in Scripture, limit them as they would, must import. It was also a perplexing point to determine whether those severe sufferings for *ages of ages*, were *penal*, *expiatory*, or merely *castigatory*. If they maintained the first, how could they reconcile it with their cardinal position, that Christ redeemed all men from the curse of the law? If, after all, sinners might be left to suffer part of the penalty, why not all? But if the sufferings of the wicked in a future world are held to be expiatory, then they are saved independently of Christ; or their expiation must be added to his: both of which suppositions are derogatory to the Saviour, and inconsistent with the radical principle of their system, that all are saved by grace, through the merit of Christ. And finally, if the punishment which sinners endure in hell is merely castigatory, why is it so long and so tremendously severe? This idea, however, is manifestly repugnant to the whole tenor of Scripture, which uniformly represents the sufferings of the damned as destructive, and never as salutary.

But even on the supposition that the punishment due to each sin was limited, and as short as any one might choose to make it; yet the punishment of the sinner might be justly without end, because, being a moral agent still, and under obligations to obey his Creator, from which he never can be released, he may be *continually contracting new guilt*; so that if one should suppose that the punishment of one sin was momentary, yet if the sinner in hell is every moment committing fresh sin, it does not appear how he can ever be released. There is no way by which this conclusion

can be evaded but by supposing that men and devils in hell are incapable of sinning, or that the sins which they commit there do not incur any additional punishment. But neither of these positions can be maintained. That men whose nature is sinful, and who by long custom have formed inveterate habits of sinning, when removed to another world should cease to commit sin, is an unreasonable supposition; and to suppose that sin, in a future state, does not incur the curse of the law, or the displeasure of God, is equally unreasonable. God, from the holiness of his nature, must hate sin wherever it appears, and he always acts agreeably to his nature. To suppose men in hell to be divested of their moral agency, would be to suppose them in such a condition as scarcely to be capable of suffering for their sins. No doubt the devil sinned when he tempted our first parents, and in all his other temptations; otherwise he could not be called a murderer from the beginning, and a liar, and the father of lies. Indeed, no one who believes that there is a devil, doubts that he is continually sinning and rebelling against God; and I think it can scarcely be doubted that he will suffer punishment for these sins. Then what reason can be assigned why the reprobate from among men will not continue to sin in another world, and to heap up fresh wrath upon their guilty souls?

Other formidable difficulties encumber this scheme of universal salvation. It was not easy to understand *how the inmates of this prison were to be released*: whether by a due course of law, they should come out after having suffered the full demand of justice, and after having paid the last farthing, as the Scriptures speak; or whether the offers of the Gospel should follow them there, and they should not be delivered until they cordially embrace the terms of salvation. Each of these plans has its peculiar difficulties. According to the first, Christ and his merits are completely set aside, and the sinner gets to heaven upon the strict principles of retributive justice; just as, among us, the convict comes out of the penitentiary and enjoys his liberty and

the rights of a citizen when he has served out his time, in pursuance of the sentence of the law. But if the sinner comes out of hell by believing the Gospel, then the Gospel must be preached in hell, but by whom does not appear. And its efficacy there must depend on the Holy Spirit, or on the freewill of the creature. If the former, the Holy Spirit (I tremble to write it) must be poured out in hell; if the latter, it remains to be shown that severe pain will make men willing to believe. But if it depend on our freewill, and this may resist for *ages of ages*, why not for ever? It may happen then, after all, according to this theory, that some sinners, by their obstinacy, will never be saved. And if efficacious grace rescues them, what reason can be assigned why that grace did not operate effectually in this world to prevent them from going to that infernal prison?

But the difficulties do not end here. Suppose the prison doors thrown open, and the law to make no further demands, how is the miserable *sinner to be fitted* for the pure and blessed society of heaven? Whatever hell may be in other respects, surely it is no school of virtue—no place to acquire holy habits, and relish for the praises of the heavenly hosts; unless ages of blasphemy should be thought to prepare a sinner for the exalted hallelujahs of heaven, or the society of devils to qualify for the society of angels and the spirits of just men made perfect; since it is true for ever, that *without holiness no man shall see the Lord*, and it is demonstrable that there can be no enjoyment in that pure and blessed place, for those whose minds are full of malignant passions. Universalists must therefore make it a part of their system to have the soul purified by regeneration and sanctification by the Holy Spirit. Or will they cast indignity on the office and work of the Holy Spirit, as before on that of the Redeemer, by maintaining that his peculiar work can be performed by the fire of hell? It is very remarkable that the holy Scriptures shed a clear light on the path which leads to future misery, but not a solitary ray on the way of *escape* from that dismal place. Yet, if this

is a doctrine of the Scriptures, it is marvellous that they have never mentioned the case of any one saved from hell, nor left us a single hint respecting the method of passing the wide gulf which separates the two places. When the rich man in torment begged Abraham for a drop of water, we surely might have expected some word of encouragement to the poor sufferer, if that venerable patriarch had known any thing of a passage from hell to heaven. But no; he seems to preclude all hope of the kind. "Between us and you," says he, "there is a great gulf fixed: so that they who would pass from hence to you, cannot; neither can they pass to us, that would come from thence." Call this discourse a parable, or what you will, it matters not: no word is spoken respecting a way of escape from torment. Nor is there, from the beginning to the end of the Bible, one word to inform us of the method of being delivered from hell, and prepared for heaven, for those who once go away *into everlasting punishment*.

There was still another defect in this scheme, which, I doubt not, has had, practically, more efficacy in exploding it than all the rest. It cannot be concealed, and perhaps will not be denied, that the *primary motive* which has led men to Universalism, is the desire of removing from the minds of worldly and wicked men, the dreadful apprehension of endless torments. I say worldly and wicked men, for the true Christian does not need this doctrine for his consolation. He is safe without it. Therefore the humble and devout Christian is not commonly, if ever, the advocate of this system. It was a doctrine invented for the lawless and disobedient; a doctrine to bring comfort, not to penitent believers, but to impenitent sinners, who are not willing to forsake their sins. Now, it is manifest that the old scheme of Universalism, which admitted not only of future punishment, but of a duration of punishment which might, in some sense, be called *everlasting*, did but half answer the purpose contemplated. When the abandoned profligate, the murderer, the robber, the debauchee, the defrauder of the or-

phan and widow, and every description of ungodly men, saw eternity approaching, supposing that they firmly believed their own tenets, the prospect before them was appalling. What, to lie for *ages of ages* in fire, or in torment comparable to fire! The thought was intolerable. This subject brings to recollection a fact which occurred more than thirty years ago. A popular preacher of universal salvation thought it necessary to guard his doctrine against the common objection, that its tendency was to encourage wicked men to continue in sin, whereupon he undertook to represent to his hearers how long future punishment might possibly last. And he took the illustration so often used by preachers who wish to give some faint idea of eternity, of a bird taking one grain of sand from the earth every thousand or million years, until the whole was taken away, and bringing it back, grain by grain, after the same intervals: "so long," said he, "may some atrocious and obstinate sinners have to suffer in hell." A young man who had become a convert to this flesh-pleasing doctrine, upon hearing this representation, was struck with horror. No idea of a duration *so long* had ever before entered his mind, and he began to be seriously concerned how he should escape from sufferings so tremendous. And it is said that his conviction of danger was only removed by a believing application to the Lord Jesus Christ. But, as might be expected, he was no longer an advocate for the salvation of impenitent sinners.

The reader, I think, will now be able to understand why Universalists* in this country—or at least some of them—have forsaken their old ground, and are now endeavoring to build on an entirely new foundation. They certainly avoid the last-mentioned difficulty of their predecessors. They now have made their doctrine palatable enough

* The Universalists of the old school have recently separated from those of the new school, and have taken the name of RESTORATIONISTS, leaving the old name UNIVERSALISTS to those who deny all future punishment.

to the worst of sinners. There is no danger that the new doctrine, by its terrors, will drive any poor sinner to seek refuge in a crucified Saviour. They preach no appalling doctrine of burning torments in hell for *ages of ages*. According to the new theory, ALL THAT THE MOST ENORMOUS SINNER HAS TO FEAR OR SUFFER, IS CONFINED TO THIS WORLD. Even if he should die blaspheming; by his own hand, as Judas; or in the act of giving command to commit complicated murder, as Herod, it matters not, all is safe: there is no judgment after death, no casting of soul and body into hell, except what takes place here; for as to hell itself, what is it, they ask, when critically explained, but the *valley of Hinnom*, outside of Jerusalem? Sinners, if this doctrine be true, may dismiss all their foreboding apprehensions. They may, indeed, "eat, drink, and be merry:" and if they will only make up their minds to bear the inconvenience which sin may bring upon them here, (and few are restrained from the indulgence of revenge, ambition, avarice, and lust, by this consideration,) they may give full swing to their corrupt inclinations, and be just as wicked as they please. And indeed, if there be no future reckoning, the principal source of uneasiness to the sinner here will be removed, namely, the fear of judgment to come. This is, indeed, a glorious doctrine for impenitent sinners. They may even set their Maker at defiance, for they have nothing to fear from him after this life. Nothing which they can do will either retard or hinder their eternal happiness.

I was perhaps wrong in calling this a new doctrine. It is as old as the fall of man, and was distinctly preached in the garden of Eden, when the tempter said to the woman, *Thou shalt not surely die*; and it has had a willing reception in the minds of many abandoned profligates and hardened apostates from the truth; but I do suppose they never anticipated the time when it should be gravely preached to them from the Bible, as the very essence of the Gospel. In this respect, then, it may be called *new*; for surely no sect before our times, who professed to receive the Scripture

in whole or in part, whether in the church or among heretics, ever held and taught such a doctrine as this.

What I propose further in this Tract is, to show that THIS DOCTRINE HAS NOT THE SHADOW OF EVIDENCE FROM THE WORD OF GOD TO SUPPORT IT.

But here, I confess, I feel a difficulty in the very commencement. What, am I called upon to prove that doctrine false, which maintains that the New Testament teaches that the impenitent sinner will not be punished for his crimes after death? Why, it would be almost as reasonable to be required to refute the assertion that there were neither words nor letters in the Bible, or to demonstrate that he spoke falsely who should declare that there was no such book in existence. Some things are so manifest, that it would be ridiculous to attempt their proof by reasoning. In fact, reasoning and argument are not intended for truths so plain that he that runs may read them. Who would undertake to refute the fool who should insist upon it that the sun did not shine at noonday? Much like this, it seems to me, is the task I have taken upon myself. When I first heard of men who professed to believe the Scriptures, and at the same time denied all future punishment, I knew not how to believe it. But since that time I have had evidence enough of their existence, and have had the humiliation to be convinced that many follow their pernicious ways. But it may be asked, Why do these deceivers connect their doctrine with the BIBLE? Would it not be much easier to take the ground of infidelity at once, and depend upon reason for support, instead of Scripture? It would seem so at first view, but this ground has been heretofore occupied without success. Infidelity is out of fashion, and as most people have a veneration for the Bible, they wish to avail themselves of these common sentiments in favor of the Scriptures; and by this means they get a handle for working on the credulity and prejudice of unstable souls, who are ever gaping after something new and strange in religion: "ever

learning, and never able to come to the knowledge of the truth." By the perversion of the sacred Scriptures, also, they are able to promise their followers not only exemption from future misery, but positive felicity in heaven, which they could not do on the principles of infidelity.

Let us see, then, in what way the advocates of the complete and unconditional salvation of impenitent sinners attempt to defend their doctrine. The texts relied on are such as these :

1. "All the ends of the earth shall remember and turn unto the Lord ; and all the kindreds of the nations shall come and worship before him"—"all nations whom he hath made shall come and worship before him, and glorify his name." Now, this text has nothing to do with the subject, more or less. It is obviously a prophecy of the universal spread of the Gospel in the millennium, or glorious latter days of the church. This is a kind of universalism in which we rejoice to believe ; for it is predicted by Him who cannot lie, that the earth shall in those latter days be full of the glory of God. *Then, indeed, shall* "the ends of the earth turn unto the Lord, and all the kindreds of the nations come and worship before him." But I ask, What has this to do with the future salvation of those who never turn unto the Lord, nor render him any worship, but die in their sins ? Whether the language of this prophecy is to be taken in its most unlimited signification, is a matter of no consequence. If not one unconverted sinner should, in those blessed times of gospel grace, be found upon earth, that will have no effect on the condition of those who continue in their obstinate rebellion until death. The text asserts nothing respecting past times, nor any times that may intervene before the blessed era of universal grace shall commence.

2. "The righteous shall be recompensed in the earth ; much more the wicked and the sinner." This, I find, is a favorite text with the advocates of the doctrine under consideration. They have caught at the words *recompensed in the earth*, as if they furnished a proof that the sinner re-

ceived, in this world, a full retribution for his crimes. But they must be very short-sighted critics, or must be confident that their followers have no discernment at all, or they would never have selected this passage of Scripture as the corner-stone of their fabric. The plain meaning of the wise man in this text is, that in the righteous dispensations of divine Providence, the righteous man shall receive some recompense for his good deeds, and much more will the wicked and the sinner be visited, even here, more or less, with divine judgments, by which a holy God testifies his displeasure against their evil ways. But does the text assert that their whole recompense shall be received in this world? It does not. And if it did, it would contradict the whole tenor of Scripture. But these pretended critics, in their haste to prove that the wicked sinners receive their whole recompense in the earth, forget to notice that the words are spoken primarily of the righteous, and therefore, if the bare use of the word *recompense* proves that the wicked receive all their punishment here, then the righteous, as they receive their full recompense here, must expect no felicity hereafter. And so we have got round to the conclusion of the atheist, or moral deist, that there is neither good nor evil beyond the grave. And let them escape from this conclusion if they can. But this is not all. Their interpretation of this text utterly sets aside the Gospel of Jesus Christ. There is, according to this, no manner of need that Christ should die to atone for sin, or rescue the sinner from its punishment; for he bears the whole himself in the earth. He has his full *recompense*, and what need of a Saviour to interfere in his behalf?

3. A third text alleged in proof of the non-existence of future punishment is, "The Lord is good unto all, and his tender mercies are over all his works." Now it is plain, if this text furnishes conclusive proof that there will be no punishment of sin in the *future* world, it is equally as strong to prove that there is no punishment of sin in *this* world; and so it overthrows their fundamental principle, that sin

is recompensed here. If sin deserves punishment, it is no how inconsistent with God's goodness to inflict it; and it is as little incompatible with this amiable attribute to inflict deserved punishment in the future world as in the present. All that it is requisite to be assured of is, that the pain inflicted is just. Manifestly, then, nothing can be inferred from this, and similar texts, unless we will draw conclusions in direct opposition to plain facts, and also to principles acknowledged by those who use the argument. Declamation concerning the goodness and tender mercy of God may beguile the simple, but will have no effect on those who know that the name of Jehovah, as given by himself, is, "The Lord, the Lord God, merciful and gracious, slow to anger, and abundant in goodness and truth—but *will by no means clear the guilty.*" Exod. 34 : 6, 7.

4. Another text adduced in favor of the salvation of all without future punishment, is, that Christ "must reign till he hath put all enemies under his feet; the last enemy that shall be destroyed is death." But what has this to do with the question, whether the impenitent sinner shall be punished in a future state? And who before ever thought, that, in order to subdue an enemy, and put him under one's feet, it was requisite that he must be made completely and everlastingly happy? The apostle Paul, in this chapter, is treating of the resurrection of the bodies of believers to immortality and glory, and says nothing of the unbelieving and impenitent. But even if we should admit, that by the *all made alive in Christ*, the whole of mankind should be understood, the only consequence that can legitimately be derived from the words is, that all men will be raised from the dead by the power of Christ: a doctrine clearly taught in other parts of Scripture. But because all men shall be raised from the dead, that they may be judged according to the deeds done in the body, it does by no means follow that they shall all be received into heaven; for some will rise, as our Saviour declares, *unto the resurrection of damnation.*

5. The only other text which I shall now consider, is,

that "all things shall be reconciled to God." There are many texts in the Bible in which general expressions of this sort are used; but it is very evident that they are not always intended to embrace every individual of the human family. If we should interpret them without limitation or qualification, wherever they are found, we should inevitably be involved in contradictions and absurdities. According to this mode of interpretation, it might be proved as easily that all men will be lost, as that all will be saved. Every good interpreter of the Bible feels the necessity of comparing Scripture with Scripture, and deducing such a meaning from each passage as shall not be repugnant to the plain dictates of the Spirit in other places. Because it is said that *the whole world lieth in wickedness*, we do not so understand the apostle, as if he meant to teach that every man in the world was lying in wickedness, and that there was no Christian sanctified in part; but this is spoken of the greater number of men, or rather of the heathen nations, who are commonly called the *world* in the New Testament.

But we will now adduce TEXTS OF SCRIPTURE SUFFICIENT TO CONVINCE ALL CANDID INQUIRERS, THAT THE DOCTRINE OF UNIVERSALISTS IS IN UTTER CONTRADICTION TO THE WORD OF GOD.

1. Our blessed Saviour says, "Fear not them that kill the body, but are not able to kill the soul: but rather fear him which is able to destroy both soul and body in hell." The same awful truth is repeated in Luke: "But I will forewarn you whom you shall fear: fear him, which, after he hath killed, hath power to cast into hell." Matt. 10: 28; Luke 12: 5. Here *the casting into hell* comes after the death of the body, and must therefore mean future punishment beyond the grave. The truth is so plain, that argument or comment seems to be superfluous: it cannot be made more evident. Feeling, however, a curiosity to know what gloss these deniers of all future punishment could put on a text so plain, we turned to a pamphlet written by one

of their most popular preachers, and found that by *being cast into hell*, he understands, being thrown into the valley of Hinnom, near Jerusalem. The body, indeed, after being killed, might have been cast into this valley, but how the soul could be punished in this valley, he has not explained; nor has he assigned any reason why being cast into this valley is so much more fearful than having the body killed by men. Such an interpretation is too absurd to require refutation.

2. "The hour is coming, in the which all that are in the graves shall come forth: they that have done good, to the resurrection of life; and they that have done evil, to the resurrection of damnation." John 5:29. These are also the words of him who is TRUTH itself, and they teach as clearly as words can teach, that after the bodies of the wicked have lain for a time in the grave, they will come forth *unto the resurrection of damnation*. Is not this future punishment? What evasion can the most perverse ingenuity find here? They tell us, that by *graves* we are not to understand literal graves, and that the death here spoken of is a *moral*, not a *natural* death. Well, then, what is the import of the passage? What, according to this interpretation, is the meaning of the *resurrection to damnation*?

3. "Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world." "Depart, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels." "These shall go away into everlasting punishment, and the righteous into life eternal." Matt., ch. 25. Is there no reference to future punishment in these solemn declarations of our Lord? If not, then there is no reference to the future blessedness of the righteous. If ten thousand persons were set to read this portion of Scripture, and each to declare what he believed to be the plain import of the words, can it be believed that there would be found one individual who would doubt whether or not future punishment was threatened here? Certainly not, unless he had been perverted by the false glosses of Universalist teachers.

One of them, whose words are now before me, calls this a *parable*: "It is supposed," says he, "to furnish an argument in favor of endless happiness on the one hand, and ceaseless perdition on the other. But is there any thing said in the parable about either endless happiness or ceaseless misery? No, there is not." What unblushing assurance must the man possess, who could allow himself to utter and print such a declaration. With such, all reasoning is useless; and if Scripture testimony, of the clearest and most solemn kind, can be set aside by a positive denial of the plain, common meaning of the words, surely, it is vain to cite Scripture in proof of any position. But these opposers of the truth, when a text is too evidently against their doctrine, and when they are not satisfied with their own attempts at perverting its meaning, do not scruple to call its authenticity in question. Thus, in regard to this text, the writer already referred to, after denominating the whole passage *a parable*, and denying that it contains the doctrine of endless happiness and ceaseless misery, apparently dissatisfied with his own exposition, says, "If Mark, Luke, and John believed that Christ taught the awful doctrine of endless woe and misery to any part of the human race, why did none of them record the parable? But neither the parable of the *tares*, nor any part of the 30th chapter of Matthew, is to be found in either of the other evangelists. If they had known any thing about these parables, and believed that they contained proof of so awful a doctrine as that of ceaseless perdition, would they have passed them over in silence?" Here the disregard to the authority of Scripture is manifest. Is not the clear testimony of one inspired apostle sufficient to establish a doctrine? A great part of what is read in the gospel of John, is not recorded by any of the other evangelists; must it, on this account, be rejected? And if the passage does not teach the doctrine of future punishment, why are they so solicitous to get rid of it?

4. Our Lord, in the explanation of the parable of the

tares, Matt. 13 : 40-43, says, "As therefore the tares are gathered and burned in the fire, so shall it be in the end of the world. The Son of man shall send forth his angels, and they shall gather out of his kingdom all things that offend, and them which do iniquity, and shall cast them into a furnace of fire; there shall be wailing and gnashing of teeth." And in the parable of the net cast into the sea, in the same chapter, Matt. 13 : 47-50, our Lord, in the application, says, "So shall it be at the end of the world: the angels shall come forth, and sever the wicked from among the just, and shall cast them into the furnace of fire; there shall be wailing and gnashing of teeth." In these passages the punishment threatened is to be inflicted by the ministry of angels at *the end of the world*, and must, of course, be future punishment. And as this tremendous punishment of being cast into a furnace of fire, is threatened to all workers of iniquity, it must be endured after the resurrection. There is here no need of exposition. Every word is as plain as it is terrible. There is no room for plausible evasion. The Universalist may say, as in the former case, that there is no account of this in the other evangelists. If that was an argument of any force, we might as well lay aside the Bible; but one "thus saith the Lord" is enough: the testimony of one inspired apostle will satisfy every one who believes in the inspiration of the sacred Scriptures. But although these parables are not repeated by the other evangelists, the same doctrine of future punishment is inculcated with equal clearness by them all, as will appear by the following testimonies.

5. Mark, chapter 9, records a discourse of Christ, in which the certainty and perpetuity of future punishment are taught as explicitly and strongly as they can be in words. "And if thy hand offend thee, cut it off: it is better for thee to enter into life maimed, than having two hands to go into hell, into the fire that never shall be quenched; where the worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched." And to give emphasis to this awful declaration, our Lord

repeats it three several times. Surely, it becomes us to tremble at the word of the Lord, and to obey his voice, by denying ourselves and repenting of our sins, rather than to invent such glosses as would make him speak in a way totally unworthy of a divine teacher.

6. Our next testimony for future punishment shall be taken from the gospel of Luke, chapter 16 : 19-31. Here we have set before us the different conditions of men in the state after death, in the case of two persons—the rich man and Lazarus. It matters not whether this be considered the history of real personages, or a parable ; the doctrine inculcated is the same. If the plainest words can teach any thing, we are here taught that, to some, the state after death is a state of misery—hopeless, excruciating misery. The man here spoken of, is expressly said to be dead and buried ; and what our Lord testifies that he suffered, was after his death and burial. “The rich man also died, and was buried ; and in hell he lifted up his eyes, being in torments.” The dreadful nature of his suffering is strongly described in the words which he is represented as employing in his address to Abraham : “Send Lazarus, that he may dip the tip of his finger in water, and cool my tongue ; for I am tormented in this flame.” And the hopelessness of his miserable condition may be learned from Abraham’s answer : “Besides all this, between us and you there is a great gulf fixed : so that they which would pass from hence to you, cannot ; neither can they pass to us, that would come from thence.” If this discourse of our Lord does not teach that there is misery to some men after death, then we may give up all hope of learning any thing from his plainest and most pointed discourses.

7. The evangelist John also records clear and frequent testimonies of this doctrine. We have already cited one testimony from him. We give another : “He that believeth on the Son, hath everlasting life ; and he that believeth not the Son, shall not see life, but the wrath of God abideth on him.” John 3 : 36. Here there is no room for any doubt

on account of the import of particular terms. That the life here spoken of, is life in a future state, cannot be denied, for it is expressly called *everlasting life*; and it is expressly asserted, that unbelievers shall not partake of this life. Now, if they are deprived of life in the future world, they are deprived of happiness; there is no medium between life and death, happiness and misery. Unbelievers must, therefore, be miserable in the future world. And this seems to be asserted strongly in the last words quoted: "And the wrath of God abideth on him." These words do not merely signify that the final unbeliever is under wrath while in this world, but that this is an *abiding* state. It is the contrast to the possession of eternal life. While the wicked are in this world, they are, indeed, under a sentence of wrath, but the execution of this wrath is reserved for a future state. The greatest sinners and most obstinate unbelievers live in ease and pleasure here, and do not suffer the wrath under the sentence of which they lie. But it will *abide upon them*, and the vials of this divine wrath will be poured out upon them to all eternity.

8. "I said, therefore, that ye shall die in your sins; and whither I go, ye cannot come." John 8 : 21. With this may be connected several other testimonies in which it is clearly implied, that the wicked cannot escape future punishment: "Strive to enter in at the strait gate; for many shall seek to enter in, and shall not be able." "How shall we escape, if we neglect so great salvation?" "For what is a man profited, if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?" Luke 13 : 24; Heb. 2 : 3; Matt. 16 : 26.

9. "But the blasphemy against the Holy Ghost shall not be forgiven unto men. Whosoever speaketh against the Holy Ghost, it shall not be forgiven him, neither in this world, neither in the world to come." "There is a sin unto death: I do not say that he shall pray for it." Matt. 12 : 31, 32: 1 John, 5 : 16. But if there is no future punishment, then this sin must be forgiven; or forgiveness is of no consequence to obtain future happiness.

10. "But woe unto that man by whom the Son of man is betrayed; it had been good for that man if he had not been born." Matt. 26 : 24. But if there will be no future punishment, Judas will fare as well as the greatest saint. Indeed, his case was more eligible than that of any of the apostles; for they lived in the midst of persecution, while he was enjoying pleasure. How, then, could it have been good for him never to have been born? According to Universalists, he has an eternity of bliss before him, and therefore, if he had suffered a thousand ages of years, it would be an infinite benefit to be born.

11. Let us now attend to a few testimonies from the apostle Paul. "For the wages of sin is death; but the gift of God is eternal life, through Jesus Christ our Lord." Rom. 6 : 23. Here the just rules of interpretation require us to consider death, as it stands in contrast with eternal life, to be *eternal death*.

"For many walk, of whom I have told you often, and now tell you even weeping, that they are the enemies of the cross of Christ; whose end is destruction." Phil. 3 : 18, 19. This destruction, which comes at the end of the sinner's course, cannot be natural death; for to this all are subject, the friends as well as the enemies of the cross. It is certainly a destruction which is peculiar to the wicked, and as it is their *end*, must be future punishment, or the second death.

"And thinkest thou this, O man, that judgest them which do such things, that thou shalt escape the judgment of God? Or despisest thou the riches of his goodness, and forbearance, and long-suffering; not knowing that the goodness of God leadeth thee to repentance? but after thy hardness and impenitent heart, treasurest up wrath against the day of wrath and revelation of the righteous judgment of God, who will render to every man according to his deeds: to them who, by patient continuance in well-doing, seek for glory, and honor, and immortality, eternal life; but unto them that are contentious, and obey not the truth, but

obey unrighteousness, indignation and wrath, tribulation and anguish, upon every soul of man that doeth evil ; of the Jew first, and also of the Gentile ; but glory, honor, and peace, to every man that worketh good ; to the Jew first, and also to the Greek ; for there is no respect of persons with God. For as many as have sinned without law, shall also perish without law ; and as many as have sinned in the law, shall be judged by the law." Rom. 2 : 3-12. The apostle is here laying down the principles on which the whole world will be judged at the last day ; and can there be a doubt in any mind, that the wicked are here threatened with future punishment ? "When the Lord shall be revealed from heaven with his mighty angels, in flaming fire taking vengeance on them that know not God, and obey not the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ ; who shall be punished with everlasting destruction from the presence of the Lord, and from the glory of his power, when he shall come to be glorified in his saints." 2 Thess. 1 : 7-10. The punishment here threatened is of the nature of vengeance—*taking vengeance* : it is to be inflicted on all who obey not the Gospel when the Lord shall come ; that is, at the day of judgment. The duration of the punishment is *everlasting*. In whatever sense this word is understood, the argument is equally conclusive in favor of future punishment. No testimony can be made more direct and explicit to prove future punishment than these words of Paul. We should be at a loss, if required to frame a declaration which should fully express the doctrine of the future punishment of the wicked, to invent one more clear and positive.

"For if we sin wilfully after that we have received the knowledge of the truth, there remaineth no more sacrifice for sins, but a certain fearful looking for of judgment and fiery indignation, which shall devour the adversaries. For we know Him that hath said, Vengeance belongeth unto me, I will recompense, saith the Lord. It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God." Heb. 10 : 26, 27, 30, 31. Perhaps we have adduced more texts than are

necessary ; for if one were to rise from the dead and testify that there was a dreadful hell, these Universalists would not believe him. They will not believe Moses and the prophets ; yea, they refuse to give credit to the repeated declarations of Christ himself and his inspired apostles. It is to be feared, that some of them are of the number whom God hath given up “to believe a lie” in just judgment, because they were unwilling to obey the truth. In regard to such, our labor will be altogether in vain ; but there are many others who have been induced to lend a favorable ear to this flesh-pleasing doctrine, who have yet some respect for the holy Scriptures, and whose consciences are not yet seared as with a hot iron. To pluck some of these as brands from the burning, may be practicable. But our chief hope is, to secure those from falling into the snare of the devil who are exposed to this soul-destroying heresy.

THE LEGITIMATE AND PRACTICAL CONSEQUENCES OF THIS DOCTRINE are of such an appalling nature, that if the propagators of it were not reckless of consequences, they would pause in their course, and hesitate about casting around them firebrands, arrows, and death. Greater mischief cannot be done to men, than by disseminating among them such erroneous opinions as remove from their minds those salutary restraints which preserve them from giving indulgence to sin, or such as lull them into a false security, and persuade them to neglect attention to that preparation which is necessary to fit them for death and judgment. And if any opinion is dangerous above all others to the best interests of men, it is the one which I have refuted in this Tract. Among the many evil consequences of this doctrine I would mention the following.

1. *It does violence to the holy Scriptures*, and perverts the plain and obvious meaning of numerous passages which speak of the future punishment of impenitent sinners. And if in one case we may thus set aside the express and repeated declarations of God, to accommodate the doctrine to our

own reason or inclinations, the volume of inspiration is dishonored and rendered useless; for upon these principles we may reject every fundamental truth of the Bible. If the doctrine of future punishment is not taught in the Bible, neither is the doctrine of future happiness; for they are commonly inculcated in the same passages, and in similar language.

2. If it be true that sin is not punished in the future world, then it would follow that God exercises *no moral government over the world*; for in the present life the wicked often live at ease and are prosperous, while the virtuous are afflicted. This doctrine goes far to annihilate all difference between virtue and vice, for we must judge of these according to the treatment which they respectively receive from the Supreme Ruler; but if there be no future punishment, there is no strong mark of disapprobation set on vice. A doctrine which involves such a consequence as this, must be false and dangerous.

3. If this doctrine should become general, *human society could not exist*. Like atheism, to which it is near akin, its malignant tendency is not fully seen while society at large is under the influence of a contrary belief. But take away from the minds of all men the fear of judgment and eternity, and this world becomes a scene of violence—an aceldama. All confidence among men would be destroyed; all the bonds of civil society would be severed. Do not say that vice might be coerced by the civil law—a vain hope. Where the whole mass is corrupt, laws are useless. What means of ascertaining the truth in courts of justice will remain, without which justice cannot be administered, if no man fears the consequences of perjury? Suppose a man who has no fear of judgment, to be solemnly called upon to declare the truth in a case where his own honor and interest, or that of some friend, is at stake; what is there to prevent him from perjuring himself? Or if he can gratify secret malice, by swearing against the life of an enemy, what shall restrain him? He may reason with himself thus: “I know

this is a wicked act, but it will serve my purpose, it will enable me to gratify my revenge; I have nothing to fear. Detection here is impossible, and hereafter I am sure of heaven, do as I will." What security should we have that our food and medicine would not be mingled with poison in every house? The men who propagate such doctrines, are manifestly pursuing a course destructive to the peace and good order of society. I would fully as soon have an atheist to bear witness against me on oath, or to sit in judgment as a juror, as one of these new-fangled Universalists.

4. If there is no future punishment, *the wicked*, who are driven away in their wickedness, are *happier than the righteous* who are preserved to suffer. The wicked antediluvians who perished in the flood, had a better portion and a richer reward than Noah; for they all escaped the troubles of life and went to heaven, while Noah and his family were subjected to innumerable hardships for some hundreds of years. The inhabitants of Sodom and Gomorrah were better off, though they were destroyed by fire from heaven, than righteous Lot, who escaped; for they were released at once from all pain and sorrow, but his afflictions were many. The wicked Canaanites were too bad to live upon earth, and therefore God enjoined it on Joshua to extirpate them; but not too bad to be admitted at once to heaven without any repentance or sanctification! Their lot was, therefore, greatly preferable to that of the Israelites, who endured many toils and sufferings. Upon this theory, Judas was rather benefited than injured by his base and ungrateful crime of betraying his Lord, and by his suicide. Indeed, if there be no future punishment, and the next world be better than this, not only will suicide be innocent and beneficial, but there can be no great harm in *murder*. It only ushers a fellow-creature into superior bliss a little earlier than if he were left to die a natural death.

5. Upon the supposition that this doctrine is true, *repentance is useless; neither is there any need of sanctification*. Heaven is the sinner's *right*, without any condition or prep-

aration. How the ungodly will be pleased with the place and its exercises, is another question. Whether dying will take away their disrelish for devotional exercises, is not explained. But there is no need of undergoing the sorrows of repentance for sin. This the Universalist acknowledges. A writer before referred to declares, that "there is not the least occasion for solicitude about salvation, neither is it in our power to promote or hinder it." We did suppose that the advocates of this doctrine would have pleaded for *repentance*, which is nothing else but a turning from sin to God, as useful to prevent evil in this life; but we find that in this we mistook their views, for the same writer asserts, concerning the evils which sin produces here, that "these consequences are inevitable, and cannot be escaped, even by repentance." What these men can preach, or why they should preach at all, we do not see.

6. Upon this theory there is *no need of religion of any kind*: no connection exists between religion and salvation; between the man who loves and serves God, and him who hates him and despises his service. Atheism is as good as piety; idolatry and heresy as safe a way to heaven as truth and righteousness. *The one thing needful is, to be fully persuaded that nothing is needful.* If men are only informed that there will be no future reckoning, no condemnation of the wicked, no future punishment, they need know nothing else; and whether they believe it or not, all are in the safe way to heaven! We presume that the principal preaching of Universalists is on the single point, that the wicked have nothing to fear on account of their sins; for why should they disturb their hearers about believing or doing other things? But the benefits of this system will, in the future world, be as fully enjoyed by those who oppose the doctrine, as by those who believe and preach it.

7. This doctrine encourages men to continue in sin, by *removing all fear of future judgment and punishment.* In this respect its tendency is as bad as atheism itself; for the most impious denial of a divine Being cannot promise more

to its foolish votaries than exemption from judgment and future punishment. This species of Universalism is fraught with the very worst poison of atheism. It tells the sinner, that, let him act as wickedly as he will, or as he can, there is no fear of future misery. Indeed it is in some respects worse than atheism, for it not only promises exemption from punishment, but the reward of eternal happiness to the impenitent sinner. It says to the atrocious murderer and cruel assassin, "You need fear no evil hereafter: though you should die in the commission of the foulest deeds, heaven, with all its glory and happiness, is yours." Is not this shocking to every honest mind? And what must the effect be on profane, cruel, and abandoned profligates? How pernicious its influence in the hour of temptation! Suppose an inexperienced youth in a place of trust to have imbibed this doctrine. An opportunity occurs of defrauding his employer of a vast sum of money, with the prospect of escaping detection. Well, what shall hinder him from enriching himself at once? If the belief of a future judgment were now to rise in his mind, he would be ready, like Joseph, to say, "How can I do this great evil, and sin against God?" But having no apprehension of any judgment to come, and sure of heaven let him do what he will, he is led into temptation, and is deprived of every consideration which would lead him to resist it. Even the faint hope that there is no future punishment, has a powerful effect in leading corrupt men to commit atrocious crimes, although this hope is contrary to all that they have ever been taught; but who can calculate the influence of a persuasion that there is no future punishment for the greatest crimes, derived from men who pretend to be preachers of the gospel? Doubtless a large portion of the most abominable crimes that ever were perpetrated, owe their existence to a secret belief or hope of the truth of the very doctrine which Universalists preach.

8. It is a horrible consequence of this doctrine, that it puts it in the power of the sinner to *set God himself at de-*

fiance with impunity. The malignant, ungrateful wretch, instead of praising, may blaspheme the great Jehovah every day of his life, and may die with horrid blasphemies on his lips, and yet he shall be rewarded with everlasting happiness! Indeed, as all the punishment of sin is supposed to be in this life, when a sinner commits some horrible crime in the last moments of his life, as in a late case where a man first shot an innocent person, and then blew out his own brains, where or how will he receive his due punishment? His death is but the pang of a moment, and if there be no retribution for such crimes in the government of God, it cannot be believed that he is a righteous moral Governor.

9. But *how are sinners prepared* for the enjoyment of the pure and elevated pleasures of heaven? The Scriptures everywhere teach the necessity of a change of heart, before sinners can enjoy the kingdom of God; and this is not an arbitrary appointment, but arises from the nature of the case. Reason and experience assure us, that there must be a congruity between the state of the mind and those objects from which it derives its pleasure. Where no such suitability exists, there is a natural incapacity for that particular species of pleasure. This is a fact so evident and so well understood, that it stands in no need of illustration. How, then, we ask, can men of depraved habits, all whose moral sensibilities have been blunted by a long course of sinning, relish the pure and sublime joys of heaven without a change? Such men cannot endure the mention, much less the participation of holy exercises while here; nothing is so much the object of their detestation as spiritual religion. And there is no ground for the opinion, that death can make any radical change in the moral character and feelings. The wicked, therefore, who die in impenitence, never can go to heaven; and if admitted, they could have no real enjoyment themselves, while they would disturb the harmony and interrupt the felicity of that high and holy place.

10. This doctrine renders *totally unnecessary the medi-*

ation and atonement of Jesus Christ. For if the sinner be fully recompensed for his sin here, what need of a Saviour to die for those sins, the punishment of which he himself endures in this world?

But if the Universalist should choose to rest his doctrine on the ground that sinners would have suffered hereafter if Christ had not atoned for their sins, I would ask how long they would have suffered? Or in other words, what is the original penalty of the law of God? Now, if it can be shown that any future punishment in the Scriptures is threatened, it will be easy to show that the rejecters of the gospel, or impenitent sinners, will suffer that punishment; for what can be plainer, than that the heaviest penalties, and those most clearly and repeatedly expressed in the word of God, are those denounced by Christ against them who refuse to believe his doctrine? If, then, men were exposed to any future punishment before Christ came, it is most evident that the impenitent are still exposed to the same, and greater. Therefore the Universalist doctrine cannot rest on this ground. And it is clear as any thing can be, that, according to this system, there was no need of a Saviour. Christ came without an errand, and shed his blood for no purpose, which is blasphemy.

In conclusion, I would solemnly warn all who may cast their eyes on these pages, to beware of this pernicious doctrine, and not to encourage those who go about the country preaching this soul-destroying error. Only suppose for a moment that their doctrine is false, and in what a deplorable condition are their disciples! How dreadful their mistake! These deceivers endeavor to seduce men from the doctrine of Christ by a great show of philanthropy and benevolence. They call the doctrine of endless punishment cruel and unmerciful, and rail against pious and orthodox ministers who hold it and preach it, as monsters of cruelty. This is a cheap way of showing benevolence. It is just that sort of philanthropy which an unfaithful watchman would exhibit.

who should pertinaciously insist that there was no danger near, even when the enemy was in sight, and boast of his kindness because he would not suffer the citizens to be awakened from their sleep; or the physician, who should lay claim to the character of peculiar benevolence, because, when a pestilential disease was destroying the lives of the citizens, he should obstinately maintain that no such disease existed, and that every measure recommended for preventing its extension, or curing the sick, was unnecessary. The belief that many millions of our race are living in misery, and that all of the hundreds of millions now on earth will, in a short time, be cut off by death, is no evidence of a want of philanthropy. Benevolence does not consist in holding and teaching that men are liable to little or no misery, but in active exertions to relieve them from that evil which they suffer, and to arouse them to flee from the misery which impends. Which, then, I ask, are the friends of men; they who endeavor to lull them into a fatal security in regard to the future, or those who faithfully warn them of their danger? Are they to be reckoned the truly benevolent, whose doctrine tends to encourage men in sin, and to induce them to think that repentance and reformation are useless; or they who labor to bring their fellow-creatures to forsake sin, and live piously and justly? Suppose the latter even to be mistaken, their error is on the safe side, and will hurt no body: but if the Universalist should be in error, what imagination can conceive the dreadful consequences of his mistake? They say that the doctrine of endless punishment is "cruel and unmerciful;" but this is not true, unless it is unjust—and this they cannot prove. It is customary with them to appeal to the tender feelings and sympathies of their hearers, and to conclude that if a parent would not inflict such a punishment on his children, much less will God on his creatures. But this is a false method of reasoning. An amiable child shudders at seeing a criminal suffer the just punishment of the law, but this is no argument against the punishment of the guilty.

It would be easy to persuade a set of convicted felons that the law which condemned them was cruel and unmerciful, because they are deeply interested persons, and do not take into consideration the important ends to be answered to the public by their punishment. Thus wicked men are easily brought to believe that the penalties threatened in the Scriptures are cruel and unmerciful; but such opinions ought to have no weight with the candid and impartial inquirer after truth. All comparisons on this subject fail; for neither parents, nor civil rulers, nor any other beings in the universe, except the Supreme Ruler, are under obligations to punish sin according to its merit. "Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord." No other is capable of estimating the evil of sin, and of inflicting punishment in exact proportion to its evil. If reasoning from the sympathies of our nature, and especially from the tender feelings of parents, were of real force, it would be as conclusive against the judgments of God on individuals and communities in this world, as against future punishment. For what benevolent parent would subject his children to the innumerable forms of evil and suffering which are everywhere witnessed in our world? How many perish by shipwreck, by pestilence, by earthquakes, by oppression, by war, and by persecution! But because a kind earthly father could not endure to see his children suffer such things, must we conclude that it is an unrighteous thing in the Governor of the universe to recompense the wicked by such judgments? Or will these men deny that God has any thing to do in bringing these evils upon men?

How is it possible that reasonable men, with the Bible in their hands, can believe in the doctrine of Universalists? If they would only listen to the dictates of conscience, they never could think that there was no future punishment for sinners of the deepest dye. The very heathen, as many of them as believe in a future state, hold the doctrine of future punishment for the crimes of a wicked life. There never before was a sect of heretics who altogether denied the doc-

trine of future punishment. Even the Mohammedans maintain the doctrine of eternal punishment. Most Unitarians, however they may hesitate about everlasting punishment, teach the doctrine of future punishment. The maintenance of a tenet so absurd and dangerous, seems to have been reserved for these last times, and is even now almost entirely confined to these United States. It seems to be the most desperate effort of the father of lies. As we said before, this doctrine had its origin in paradise, and was the very doctrine by which the grand adversary murdered our whole race; but never, until recently, could any number of men be found of sufficient hardihood to avow it as the main article of their creed. It contains within itself the virulent poison of all other errors and heresies; yea, it leaves in the distance every form of infidelity. Atheism, black and blasphemous as it is, is not so dangerous as this doctrine; for it as completely removes all restraint from the sinner as atheism, assuring the vilest sinners that they have nothing to fear hereafter; and not only so, but promising them the rich reward of eternal life. The prevalence of this soul-destroying error, in some parts of our land, is truly alarming. Every patriot, as well as every Christian, is bound to use his best endeavors to check the progress of an error fraught with so many dreadful consequences.

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