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THE
CHRISTIAN ABROAD
ON
A SUMMER EXCURSION.



THERE is a charm about a summer trip which is quite independent of the mere power of *fashion*. We are not all fashionable people, but we all like to break away from our ordinary occupations, and enjoy, at least once a year, a temporary change of scene.

Were it not foreign to our design, it would be pleasant to inquire in what this charm consists. We could remark upon the renovated health and energy of body; the expansion of mind and heart, growing out of new and diversified

occasions of thought and feeling ; the interchanges of debt and credit on the score of hospitality ; and not least, the appreciation of home, by finding no such place abroad. But this brief sketch has quite another aim. It intends not to excite its readers to this summer pilgrimage, though it *does* ask the privilege of *going with them* ; more particularly, with those who “declare plainly, that they seek a country”—not on earth, but in heaven.

It may, or may not be, that the pocket-library of the traveller contains sufficient detail as to the routes, the expenses, the rules and customs to be observed, the sights to be enjoyed, and the dangers to be shunned. Probably there is, by this time, counsel enough on the score of health, economy, and expedition. But is there any treatise, large or small, which sets before the tourist the advantages and difficulties of the journey with reference to his eternal state ? The Christian knows, at least he must have heard, that in leaving his settled habits, and venturing into the whirl of travel, he is exposed to *unusual danger* in his spiritual prospects. This is the uniform and emphatic testimony of all who have tried it. A gentleman from South Carolina, who recently visited Philadelphia as a lay-delegate in an ecclesiastical body, stated to the writer, that the hurry and bustle which filled his eyes and ears, and the whole tenor of conversation around him, relating to no higher interests than those of money, pleasure, and politics, all combined to unfit him for his sacred duties, and almost disposed him to turn about, and travel home as rapidly as he came. On the other hand, there are special *benefits* to the Christian tourist, such as he only can enjoy, and such as he ought to be well apprised of, lest he lose them.

We shall speak first of the DANGERS to be avoided, though desiring rather to dwell upon the other branch of the subject ; as it would be a thankless task to convert a jaunt for pleasure into a mere watching for “lions in the way,”

and as a participation in the *peculiar advantages* will be the best means of setting all those dangers aside.

1. One source of danger is, that, as we go abroad avowedly for relaxation of body and mind, we shall be inclined to extend the indulgence to *our religious affections*. The treacherous heart claims its share in the furlough, and will plead for a "breathing-spell" in the Christian warfare. It will ask for this on the ground of past labors; of a previous autumn, winter, and spring, passed in spiritual exercises; possibly on the ground of a cheering increase of personal holiness, as the fruit of this protracted warfare, or of a participation in the spirit of revival which has been enjoyed; and, to crown the deceit, it will profess, that by a little remission of vigilance *now*, it will come home again, to gird on the armor with new strength and zeal. All this process of reasoning may be carried on with so much subtlety, that without careful self-examination we should not suspect it to be at work in our own bosoms. But "the mystery of iniquity doth already work" in the bare prospect of our journey, and if not detected and overcome before we bid farewell to home, will quickly manifest itself in times and ways which we had not anticipated.

If, then, we would have a fair start in our journey, there are two things to do before the passage is bespoken, or the trunk is packed. First, we should, with earnest confession and prayer to God, purge out this old leaven, and acquit ourselves of any treacherous intention. Then, with that abandonment of self-will which did honor to the ancient leader of the Israelites, we should say to our Father, "If thy presence go not with me, carry me not up hence." With an humble, holy fixedness of soul, to decline to stir one step without the encouragement of his covenant God, and only to proceed when satisfied that he has it—this is the Christian's duty, privilege, passport, and earnest of all journeying mercies. Perhaps, in answer to this prayer, the

Lord will try him by a detention. If so, it will probably not be long before some signal providence, some proof of a divine and parental care, will bring him to his knees, adoring the mercy which kept him in his place. Or the prayer may be responded to, by pointing out a better route of travel. By some indication or other, the sincere Christian will find his account in giving the whole direction to his heavenly Father; starting out upon that basis, and adhering to it "all the journey through."

2. Whether the cross be wearisome to us or not, there is great danger that we shall be made *ashamed* of it. This mean, this heinous sin, which the worldling allows in himself without a thought, and which embarrasses the Christian at all times, is never so likely to get the mastery, as when we are abroad. The reason is plain. When we are at home, we live and move among those who know our opinions and habits of life, and are willing to respect our feelings as professed Christians. But in travelling among strangers, we have to earn this character afresh; and that as often as we change our company. We are surrounded by persons who have not seen us at the communion-table, or at church; and if they had, might not regard us the more favorably for it. Those who are like-minded with us are too scarce to keep us in countenance by the mere force of numbers. The followers of Christ are comparatively few, and very few of these can afford a summer recreation. Hence, it is never taken for granted, among fellow-travellers, that any one of the company is a pious person; if there be one, the burden of proof lies upon him to show it.

Conceive the effect, then, upon such an individual, shut up in a stage-coach, or boarding at a place of public resort, in the midst of persons who would color at the imputation of piety, whatever they might pretend to on the score of respectability and morality. Is there not great reason to fear, that he will be led away from his integrity by the

noiseless, but powerful influences around him, all adverse to his faith? Is there no fear that he may conceal his Christian profession, or at least be content that it should not be known? While the rest are amusing themselves with novels and newspapers, will he be delighting himself in his Testament, or in Tracts, or in pious memoirs? Will there appear in him an exception to the general gayety and haste with which the company sit down at table, by his pausing to give silent, but sincere thanks? These and many other and more searching tests, will make him feel that he has need to be "strong in the Lord." They will sometimes cause him to revolve that solemn passage, "Whosoever is ashamed of me, and of my words, in this adulterous and sinful generation, of him will the Son of man be ashamed, when he shall come in his glory." Happy, indeed, will he be, if by grace he can habitually say, "I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ, for it is the power of God unto salvation."

3. Another danger to be avoided is, that of falling into a *selfish and fretful* spirit. The writer does not assert it as a settled point, that travelling brings out, in an unwonted degree, this unbecoming and unchristian temper. He would rather take the occasion to invite the attention of others to the remark during their intended trips. Be pleased to note particularly, whether politeness is not apt to be laid aside in public conveyances; whether there is not too often a selfish disregard for the accommodation of others, especially those whose exterior has nothing to recommend them; whether there is not a great deal of unnecessary and childish complaint about detention, slow motion, and other way-faring incidents, which, instead of affording ground for peevishness, might easily be turned into an occasion for pleasantry. Indeed, we shall hardly ask the trial of many days' journey, to justify our hint; a ride of ten minutes in a city omnibus will often prove sufficient.

4. One more caution should be added, and that is, against *worldliness of mind*. Christian traveller, rely upon it, you will be beset by an uncommon languor and disrelish towards spiritual duties. Without any thing especially to draw you away, beyond the incessant change of company and scene, you will find your spirit often remarkably unfitted for devotion. You have been accustomed literally to enter into your closet, and shut the door. Now, your morning and evening prayers must be offered as you lie upon a narrow shelf in a steamboat, disturbed by noisy machinery, and people in motion and conversation around you; or perhaps in some chamber among other lodgers, who lie down and rise as if they knew no God. If ever you are *in the world*, in the Scripture sense, it is now. You are thrown into the society of those who have lost all scruples about Sunday-travelling; and you are compelled to see how many even lay their plans to spend that day upon the road.

You fall in with many whose object is not so much to get out of the city, as to carry the city with them; not to ramble in green fields, but to crowd into halls of dancing and dissipation. You are now to witness what men are capable of, even the best of them, when the restraints of home and acquaintance are removed. And once more, you shall perceive how much it is the folly of summer tourists, that they must create an impression of their rank, or family, or wealth; anxious to enjoy distinction, if it be only for a day. Against all these carnal influences we must brace ourselves. Let me affectionately urge you, as I would my own soul, to maintain such a disposition for heavenly delights as shall enable you, at any moment, to read the third chapter of Colossians, or the twelfth of Romans, without repugnance—rather with positive pleasure. Take a calm survey of all the tinselled glory which glitters around you, and then say, “God forbid that *I* should glory, save in the cross of Jesus Christ.”

We have thus offered some cautions which were deemed indispensable : let us proceed to the more pleasing task of explaining what are the peculiar ADVANTAGES which the Christian may derive from his summer tour. Travelling affords many pleasures which are common to all ; but there are still others, into which the earthly mind cannot, or will not enter, and which can be appreciated only by the renewed heart. Our present scope includes merely these *peculiar* benefits.

1. An excellent opportunity offers for *pious meditation*. How often we have regretted the want of time to dwell upon some striking passage of Scripture—some incident in the Saviour's life. How often we have just entered into an interesting train of thought, and then, through pressure of other engagements, have been obliged, as it were, to lay it on the shelf, intending to take it down, and dwell upon it at some future moment of leisure. That leisure moment has come. Hours and days are now before us, in which we shall have scarce any thing to do but *think*, and in which we must be thinking of *something*. Let us not suffer a vagrant imagination to rob us of this favorable juncture—this time for “redeeming time.” Let us get our spirits strengthened by thoroughly digesting some of the vital truths of our religion. Let us look back, and review all the way in which the Lord has led us. Let us test the point, whether our former postponements of reflection were really for want of leisure, or for want of heart.

2. Occasions will be constantly offering for getting spiritual good from something exterior to us. Communion with our own hearts will form but a small part of our opportunity for improvement. Thus, when we behold the amazing diversities of creation—the mountain, the cataract, the boundless forest, the agitated ocean—we shall enjoy the pleasure—of which the worldly mind knows nothing—of recognizing our Father's mighty hand in all ; and we shall

be reminded that his power is as great as his love. Farther, we shall sometimes discover in a fellow-traveller, a fellow-Christian. This will give a new exercise to our best affections ; and it may occur at a moment when such a discovery would be particularly needful and desirable. What a strange pleasure it is, to meet a beloved friend in some out-of-the-way place where we could have no such expectation. It is not an inferior satisfaction to find out a fellow-disciple, although it may be only in the features of his soul that we can recognize an acquaintance. Once more, we shall enjoy the pleasing excitement of worshipping in novel circumstances, in the plain, old-fashioned, and simple way ; and there learn how unimportant to heartfelt devotion are the mere externals which attract our senses. Our feet may be led to some rude school-house, or upper chamber, or humble cottage, where we shall find a praying circle, and our Saviour "in the midst of them, to bless them."

3. The last especial benefit we shall mention is, the peculiar privilege of *going about to do good* ; the same that resulted from the dispersion of the infant church, as recorded in the eighth chapter of Acts. "They that were scattered abroad, went everywhere preaching the word." Brethren, when our hearts have been warmed, as we united at the monthly concert, or listened to some parting words at a farewell missionary meeting, have we not felt that it was truly a godlike embassy to carry salvation to the destitute ? Have we not, in the ardor of fellow-feeling, been almost ready to embark in the same ship with those devoted soldiers of the cross, and go far hence to the Gentiles ? See here an opportunity to act out our benevolent desires, and become coworkers with such brethren. In plain terms, if it please God not to send us from home as invalids, let us go as missionaries. Let us have the pleasure of feeling, when we come back, that our travelling expenses were a legitimate contribution to the great cause of Christian missions .

and that we have each "*supported one laborer* in the field." So doing, we shall be most likely to prosper in health, both of body and soul. We shall have the best security, under God, against the various dangers to which we may be exposed. And we shall come back—it may be for the first time—more spiritual, more animated, more fitted for usefulness, than we went.

But in what particular ways can we carry out this purpose?

1. We should take with us a good supply of religious Tracts; and if it will not be too cumbrous, let us add a package of children's books, and cheap Testaments, or other volumes. They will serve as letters of introduction to some households, straitened in every thing but faith; and will afford us an excuse for entering other dwellings, where the inmates are destitute alike of the poor comforts of this life, and of the solid hopes of the life to come. These little publications will be better received and appreciated in country places, than in cities and large towns; where, if they are not made too cheap, they are but too cheaply esteemed. By all means, then, let us visit the Tract depository before we go, and arm ourselves with a good assortment. Let us break up the useless and inglorious repose of invaluable publications resting on their shelves. Let us consider, prospectively, the poor drunkard, swearer, Sabbath-breaker, infidel, or Universalist, we shall meet; and let us lay in store some "words in season" for the encouragement and warning of fellow-Christians whom we hope to find out.

2. Whenever we stay over the Sabbath, we should make it a point to *visit the Sabbath-school*, if there be one. It will be pleasing to the teachers, and animating to the scholars, to see a stranger taking an interest in their little institution; and in proportion to the rarity of the event, will be the strength of this good impression. In fact, the attention one inspires from the mere circum-

stance of his being a stranger, is a talent which he ought not to overlook, and which he may often turn to good account.

If there be no Sabbath-school, it will be well to consider whether we may not be instrumental in *establishing* one. Certainly we could not better employ the leisure of a day or two; and if, upon inquiry, the opening seem favorable in any hitherto neglected region through which we may be passing, it would be justifiable, no doubt, to arrest our travelling plans, and tarry for a brief season, on purpose to supply the destitution. Often we may find the material in such readiness that there wants nothing but the exciting cause of a visit from an active stranger to set the machine in lively and enduring motion. Your Sabbath-school, thus planted, and fostered by your after-care, may lay the foundation for a church; a result not at all unlikely or uncommon. And should it please God to crown your labors even with a moderate blessing, you will know of *one* place where you can go when another summer rolls around, and be sure of meeting a joyful welcome.

3. Let us find our way into *the houses of the poor*. Such a visit will be an epoch in their "short and simple annals;" especially if it be made in a Christian spirit. The writer is reminded of an incident related to him by a lady who made a short sojourn at a country retreat famed for its beautiful scenery and cool breezes, and forming a great centre of attraction in warm weather. As her custom was, she called at a lowly cabin not far from the hotel, and found there an aged woman engaged about her household duties. It required only the adroitness of *kindness* to banish her timidity and surprise at receiving a visit from one entirely unknown to her, and evidently above her sphere in life. At the close of an interesting conversation, she made this remark: "Madam, I have lived many years at this place, and have seen a great many people coming

here to enjoy themselves ; but you are *the first* one that ever entered my door."

It is too late to ask, in this age of Christian activity, what *object* we have in making such visits. It is to employ our opportunity of exciting attention from the mere fact of our being *strangers* ; and to make it a means of impressing their minds with the truths necessary to their salvation. Our blessed Master remarked how much more he was noticed and listened to in strange places than at home. We can present Tracts to them ; we can comfort their sick ; we can unite with them in prayer ; we can tell them of the progress of religion where we came from, and in all parts of the earth ; in fine, we can give them more matter to think about, and profitably too, in an hour's conversation, than they would perhaps collect in a month with their scanty opportunities.

After all, it is but a few hints we can offer on this comprehensive subject. The heart that really intends to keep its covenant with the Redeemer, will devise many ways and means for doing good. We have only to add one remark to justify the ground assumed—that the Christian tourist enjoys a *peculiar* benefit, in his opportunity for blessing others. The peculiarity is found in these two points : first, that the traveller who is *not* a Christian, will only have the gratification of self in view, and will scout the idea of taking an excursion for any other end ; the other is, that there is an *enlarging of the sphere of effort* for the child of God, making him feel that he is a laborer not only for his own corner, but for the world of mankind, as far abroad as divine Providence may send him. If the archfiend finds it his policy to *go about* seeking whom he may devour, there must be a peculiar necessity of following in his wake, to undo his wicked work.

Fellow-Christian, you have been kind enough to accom-

pany the writer thus far : come now with me, and let us, by a stretch of imagination, place ourselves upon some lofty watch-tower, whence we can see our great cities, from Boston to New Orleans, sending forth their inhabitants in crowds to enjoy the refreshment of a summer trip. Among them let us particularly observe our brethren, who perhaps are but scores among the thousands. In former times they have borne the reproach, that when abroad they could not easily be distinguished from the world. Now let us mark the difference. They are going, indeed, in quest of enjoyment ; but it is a generous, not a selfish gratification that they seek. They go for health ; they find it in forgetting their ailments, and losing them unconsciously by the roadside, while doing good to others. They go for relaxation ; but it is from the iron cares of worldly business, and not from pious zeal. They go to carry a revival with them ; to scatter, and yet increase ; to leave a blessing, and to bring one back. Let us go down and join them in bearing the precious seed ; and shall we not “ return again, bringing our sheaves with us ? ”

MEMOIR

OF

ANNA MARY ADAMS.

A MEMBER OF THE SOCIETY OF FRIENDS.

IN this memoir of a beloved child, we aim not to eulogize her personal merits, closely as they entwined her in our affections, but desire that her brief history may illustrate the unsatisfying nature of earthly pursuits, the serious importance of vital religion, and that it may open to the view of some, that complete redemption, which, as she proved, can only be obtained through the atoning merits of a crucified and risen *Saviour*. May her deep conflicts, her ardent supplications, and victory obtained over death and sin, teach survivors the preparation necessary to an admittance into that kingdom where no impurity can enter.

She was born at M——, Ulster Co., N. Y., in 1813, and her delicate constitution subjected her to repeated attacks of severe illness in early life. As maturer years advanced, her health improved; but at the age of 21, there appeared some disposition to a cough, from which she was never permanently relieved.

In the spring of 1837, that disease which was inwoven with her constitution again displayed itself in an inflammatory form, and was at length followed by expectoration of blood. These symptoms led her to feel that her days were numbered, and that the period of her dissolution could not be very remote, the view of which awakened her to a sense of the value of the intervening moments; but she evinced no disposition to murmur at the dispensations of Providence, knowing that they were ordered in wisdom, and that patient resignation was the proper disposition in which to receive them.

Relief, however, was obtained, and it was not until about the 25th of the first month, 1838, that we again called a physician. She was then confined to her room,

and was the subject of much bodily as well as mental suffering; yet she endured all without complaining, even though she spent many hours of darkness in tearful solicitude for her future well-being.

She lingered thus for several months, and on the 22nd of tenth month, when the disease assumed a more formidable aspect, and her debility increased to an almost insupportable degree, relinquished the hope of recovery. On the morning of the 23d, she proposed to me the serious inquiry, "Dost thou think that I shall get well?" Without waiting for a reply, she said, "I think I shall not get well, but shall die." I expressed the hope that she might be prepared for all the will of God concerning her. She responded, "I hope so too; and, dear mother, do not leave me, but stay and pray for me, that I may go triumphantly home to heaven, giving the glory to God." Her mental exercises during that day evinced close searching of heart, and as I was reading for her in the 68th Psalm of the safety of God's people, she exclaimed with animation, "Mother, I hope that will be my case." I expressed a wish in unison with hers. Towards evening she was requested to take a little nourishment, which she declined; and upon my repeating the request to take a little bread, she answered, "No, mother, no more bread, until I eat it new in the *kingdom of heaven*."

From that time her conflict was great; and so potent were the wiles of the enemy, that for several hours she felt as though she was abandoned to his power, insomuch that she remarked that she could not think a good thought; and amidst her struggles against his influence, she would sometimes exclaim, "O, that enemy of my soul's peace, how he troubles me!" I endeavored to encourage her by displaying the mercy of the promises, all of which she heard with attention, and appeared anxious to catch each word.

She manifested much pleasure in listening to the reading of the holy Scriptures, the contents of which afforded consolation amidst the severity of suffering in which she seemed involved; and, indeed, she requested the perusal of no other book, feeling that they alone contained the precepts of a compassionate Redeemer for his erring children.

A relative, whom she seemed pleased to see, called upon her. She exhorted him so to live as to rejoin her in heaven, if she should be so happy as to arrive there. When her physician called to see her, she said to him, "Thou hast come too late," and solemnly exhorted him to prepare to meet her in a future state of existence, and not defer that preparation until laid on a bed of sickness, for then he would find it sufficient to endure his bodily pains; but added with emphasis those beautiful lines,

"Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are,
While on his breast I lean my head,
And breathe my life out sweetly there."

After giving much pertinent and weighty counsel to those about her, she desired me to read for her; which being done, her attention was particularly arrested by that passage in Isaiah, "A bruised reed shall he not break, and the smoking flax shall he not quench: he shall bring forth judgment unto truth." She requested my views of its meaning, which when given in a conversation on the majestic theme of salvation through the mediation and atoning merits of a crucified Redeemer, she seemed convinced that it had a particular allusion to her state; yet, in the overwhelming consciousness of her own worthlessness, she exclaimed, "Can it be possible that there is mercy for such a sinner as I am!" Again she requested me to pray with her, which feeling happy to do, I knelt by her bedside, and united my intercessions with hers, earnestly imploring that her spirit might find access through the pearly gates, and be clad in the white robe of righteousness, which is the vesture of the saints. She expressed some relief; but repeatedly exclaimed with emphasis, "O, the pearly gates! O, the white robe!" and added, "Happy conflict when it is over; but can it be possible that I shall ever attain to it?" and frequently was she engaged in ardent supplications, though her gracious Redeemer still in some degree veiled his countenance from her.

As night advanced, her sufferings and conflicts continued; and apprehending that her end was near, her father and myself were called, and she expressed a wish to have us around her in this hour of trial. I endeavored to com-

fort her by an allusion to the preservation of ancient Israel in the wilderness, and the all-supporting hand that divided the waters of Jordan, and led them safely through; and requested her to understand the illustration as applicable to her own condition. She assented. I then desired her to keep her feet firm through faith, to fix her eye on the divine and merciful Redeemer, and to reap encouragement from the promises, repeating at the same time those consoling passages: "When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee: when thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned, neither shall the flame kindle upon thee." "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for thou art with me, thy rod and thy staff, they comfort me." When she heard these words, she ejaculated, "O gracious God, be near and support me in the very bottom of Jordan; quench the violence of fire, and be with me through the valley and shadow of death; for thou hast promised that thou wilt never leave nor forsake me."

Still her spirit was tossed by conflicting doubts and fears, and in the midst of her mental agony she desired me to inquire of her father, who had retired, whether he believed there was any mercy for her; and again she wished me to ask him if he thought that God would accept such a wretch as she. Upon his replying that he could not question her acceptance with God, she appeared encouraged to a perseverance in earnest intercessions for mercy and forgiveness, which she continued almost without intermission. After a short pause she said, and more than once repeated, "Dear mother, I see Jesus hanging on the cross, and the blood trickling down for poor sinners;" and then exclaimed, "O, for one drop of that precious blood, to cleanse my immortal soul and fit it for the realms of peace!" Her nurse, fearing that her exertions would exceed her strength, desired her to seek repose. She replied that she dared not sleep, lest she should lose the blissful vision. When I desired her to persevere, and let the fire burn, she answered, "Yes, let the fire burn, and do its office." These and other consoling evidences of the regard of her heavenly Father tended to animate her drooping spirits, and fix her reliance on the power and mediatorial offices of her bleed-

ing Saviour, whose mercy she had already proved in his dealings towards her.

Fourth-day morning she was comfortable in mind, though she had not yet the assurance which she so ardently desired, of "the establishment of her feet on the Rock of ages." And for the attainment of this object, she continued fervent in supplication, scarcely allowing repose to her exhausted frame. In a conversation which followed, respecting the events of her past life, she alluded to some degree of censure she had received, signifying that on her dying bed, and in the presence of God, she could declare her innocence; and adding, "I wish my dying love given to them; and tell them that I forgive, and exhort them to repent and prepare to die, that they may meet me in heaven."

Thus she sought reconciliation with her heavenly Father, craving for others that spirit of forgiveness which her merciful Saviour had extended to her. A happy composure of spirit succeeded, which remained during the day; and in this peaceful frame of mind, those beautiful and comprehensive lines of the pious Watts were applicable to her condition.

"Yet, gracious God, amid these storms of nature,
Thine eyes behold a sweet and sacred calm
Reign through the realms of conscience: all within
Lies peaceful, all composed. 'Tis wondrous grace
Keeps off thy terrors from this humble bosom:
Though stained with sin and follies, yet serene
In penitential peace and cheerful hope,
Sprinkled and guarded with atoning blood.
Thy vital smiles amidst this desolation,
Like heavenly sunbeams hid behind the clouds,
Break out in happy moments, with bright radiance
Cleaving the gloom; the fair celestial light
Softens and gilds the horrors of the storm,
And richest cordials to the heart conveys."

With great composure she divided her clothes, books, etc., amongst her relatives and friends, frequently raising her hands and eyes in silent devotion. Two of her friends calling to see her, she requested them to pray that her spirit might have an easy transition to its heavenly home. At evening, being much distressed, she again interceded

for strength: "Gracious God, be near and support me in my deep afflictions; thou hast promised to go with me through the valley and shadow of death. O, thou beloved of my soul, thou knowest that I long to depart and be with *Christ!*"

She passed the night in much suffering and frequent intercessions, recounting the goodness of her God, and giving thanks for his long forbearance, saying, "If he had cut me off in my sins, O where should I have been? but now I can adopt the language of the Psalmist, and say, 'The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want;' 'blessed be his glorious name.'" She seemed grateful for every pain, blessing the Lord that in the midst of suffering he had diffused the brightness of his countenance upon her whilst in the land of the living.

Fifth-day morning her strength was much prostrated, though her ardor remained unabated; and when her father strove to comfort her by reminding her of her past obedience and respect to her parents, she replied, "Dear father, do not tell me that I have ever done any thing good; I have been very remiss, have departed from plainness, have attended parties when I knew better, and by my sins I have pierced my soul with many sorrows." During the day, three of her brothers and a sister-in-law came to see her, whom she met with admirable composure, desiring them to restrain their grief, lest it should disturb her serenity, while her tranquil movements and tearless eye bespoke her resignation to the divine will.

At another time she exclaimed with rapture, "Dear mother, I rejoice to tell thee that all is light and peace;" adding, "I am ready to depart and be with Christ, and am only waiting the Lord's time." I desired directions respecting her grave-clothes, to which she seemed quite indifferent. Upon my mentioning the probability of her having a choice, she replied with a pleasant look, "Dear mother, it is no matter about the poor body, but the precious soul—that's all," repeating with emphasis, "that's all." She only desired her clothes made plain.

She took leave of us all in the most touching manner, imparting excellent counsel to all about her; her heart seemed replete with universal love; and she desired her dying love remembered to all her absent friends. She

several times spoke of the solemnities of the hour of death, saying that she had often contemplated the scene as she believed it would appear in her last moments, and then expressed the fear that she should shrink at the prospect of the narrow sea; and desired our prayers for her easy passage, repeating with earnestness, "Dear mother, pray for me, that I may be supported in the hour of death."

A little after, she said, "Oh, I long to depart and be with Christ. Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly, and take me to thyself; thou knowest that I love thee." She frequently clasped her hands in ardent devotion, saying, "Glory, glory, glory!" and asked if we did not think her dying. When she found we did not, she evinced patient resignation to the will of God.

About 3 o'clock on the following morning it appeared evident to those around her that her spirit was about to take its final leave of earth; and when the family was called, and stood around her, she raised her voice in an angelic strain, repeating, "Glory to God; I am now going home to Jesus: glory to God!" adding, "whilst you are toiling here on earth, I shall be praising my Redeemer;" "you all know what to do as well as I can tell you."

A little after, she said, "Is this dying?" Her father replied, "Yes, dear daughter, this is dying." She continued, "Am I not almost over?" "Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly, and take me to thyself." "Heavenly Father, thou knowest that I love thee." When her expiring strength seemed to forbid her speaking, she repeatedly ejaculated, "Glory, glory, glory!" and thrice whilst the lamp of life seemed near extinguished, she raised her own trembling hands and closed her eyes; soon after which she audibly uttered, "Alpha and Omega," and then, without sigh or struggle, on the 26th of tenth month, 1838, about 7 o'clock A. M., in the 26th year of her age, quietly sunk to rest in the arms of that Saviour in whom she trusted.

Thus we were called to part with one whose opening prospects bade fair for the enjoyment of life. Surrounded by the most endearing ties of parental and relative affection, and united to a large circle of friends and acquaintances, she felt that it was no easy attainment to disengage her affections from earth, and secure the protection of a Mediator who has personally vanquished, in all its forms,

that bane of life which has been emphatically called "the sting of death."

And though, for the trial of her faith and patience, her Saviour saw fit to veil his face, and appear to her trembling spirit as he did to ancient Israel in the thunderings of Sinai, yet when he had sufficiently proved her constancy, he whispered "peace" to the winds, and bade the waves of sorrow cease. It was then that her heart melted in pity for those who are strenuously rejecting the offers of redeeming love, and are reposing their trust in the towers of an empty profession, without considering that there is but one "Door" by which they can have access to the Father, and an admission into the gates of paradise. And it was then that she so ardently desired that they might seek the knowledge requisite to their eternal happiness, and secure the approbation of heaven, ere the visitations from on high had ceased, and the sun of their existence set in the darkness of eternal night. She spent her dying breath in exhortations to seek Him who never "said to the seed of Jacob, seek ye me in vain."

Let us be consoled with the evidence that our loss is her eternal gain, and that by a patient continuance in well-doing we shall, ere long, reap the reward, if we faint not, and partake with her the joys of that rest into which she has entered but a little before us; and may we ascribe all praise to whom it is due, even honor and glory to the Lord God, and the Lamb for ever.

THE

FIRST PRAYER IN THE FAMILY.

IN S——, about twenty-five years ago, lived the father of an interesting family, who, by a blessing on his well-directed endeavors, had become one of the most prosperous of the enterprising yeomanry of New England. He was a man of public spirit, supporting the institutions of learning and religion; presenting himself with his numerous family regularly in the house of God; a good citizen, and with no stain upon his reputation; but the prospects of himself and his family for eternity, he did not consider.

When he was a little more than fifty, finding that his neighbors were much interested in religious meetings then held, he one evening was induced to attend. "*Pray without ceasing,*" was the subject of discourse; and after showing its reasonableness, and the encouragements to the duty, the preacher, in a strain of earnest remonstrance, said, "There is an impenitent sinner here to-night. I will describe him. He arose in the morning and did not pray. He has asked no blessing for his own soul, or for his friends, to-day. He has come to this meeting, but he has not prayed that it might be blessed to his own soul. O, if he should ever become a good man, the first record respecting him would be, '*Behold, he prayeth.*'"

Plain, unadorned, as were the matter and the manner of the speaker, they deeply affected this man. He thought himself singled out, and that every word was for him. His prayerless life troubled him. Why he had lived so, when the Bible was so plain on the subject, and the duty so reasonable, and the way so easy, he could not tell. He at once determined to try. Before he reached his home, though the earth was covered with snow, and the wind blowing, he knelt, in a retired place, and attempted to call upon God for mercy.

It was new and strange business for him to pray. The

attempt taught him useful lessons respecting the condition of his heart. He found there were evils there which he had never imagined. More than once previous to reaching home, he attempted to ask *pardon* for his past life, and *help* for time to come. But there seemed to be a wall of sin between him and his Maker. For some days he tried to make himself better, and learn to pray; but like Bunyan's pilgrim in the slough of Despond, the more he struggled the deeper he sunk.

After various expedients, in reading, in fasting, and trying to pray, he at length came to the conclusion that it was too late for him—that he had sinned beyond the limit of mercy. With this impression, he went one day into his barn, and engaged in his work, with his mind very much dejected. He was threshing wheat, and meditating upon his lost condition, his wasted years, his having cast off the fear of God, and restrained prayer. He thought that he was having all his good things in this life. While he in heaviness was thus reflecting upon his sins, the text, "My son, give me thine heart," occurred to him. Can it be, that God makes such a requisition as this? He knows what a heart I have, how hard, how polluted, how unfit for life, or for death, and yet he says, "Give me thine heart." What can he want of my heart? He wants it to make it good, to create it anew, to wash it in the blood of Christ, and make it a temple meet for the residence of his Spirit. "I dropped my flail," said he, "and prostrating myself upon the straw, I said, O Lord, if thou canst accept of such a heart as mine, here it is. I give myself, just I am, a poor, vile sinner."

So wonderful did the plan of salvation now appear to him, so new, so suited to the condition of the *lost*, that it seemed to him he had spent all his life in the dark, and he was affected to tears that nobody had ever explained to him the way of salvation. But even after this, some days passed before he informed his wife and children of any change in his feelings.

It was very soon impressed upon his mind, that he must *pray in his family*. Here was a great struggle. His children were now from twelve to twenty years of age, and the older ones much better educated than himself. They had been abroad to the best schools, while from his neg-

lected youth, his mind was but little cultivated. He was naturally diffident, and the tempter now made violent assaults upon that amiable trait in his character. His children conversed respecting grammar and rhetoric, and the elegances of refined conversation with occasional criticisms upon the language and pronunciation in common use. How could he pray before them?

Many days passed, and his mental agony increased. At times duty seemed plain, and then again his want of qualifications seemed more plain. He resolved that he would commence family prayer on a given day. The period arrived, but company was present, and his plans were defeated. It was then postponed to another, but difficulties only increased. These conflicts were, to this time, shut up in his own bosom, he had not disclosed them even to his wife. From reason and revelation it seemed plainly his duty to pray with his family, and he had fearful apprehensions lest *his* should be found among the "families that call not on His name."

One Sabbath, he was determined that he would make a beginning. He thought it would be a good time, and endeavored to store his mind with expressions and passages of Scripture, and petitions he heard in the sanctuary, and hoped that he might succeed. The evening was passing away, his children one after another retired, and he and his wife were left together. Then, for the first time, he disclosed to her the trial which agitated his bosom. He proposed to pray with her. He arose, took his position by his chair, and said, "Our Father which art in heaven." It was the first exclamation that ever fell from his lips, as a social address to the object of worship. He repeated it again. Not another word did he say. He still stood in the attitude of devotion; it seemed to him as though his mind went out—such a darkness came over him. He burst into a flood of tears, and sat down. His wife wept with him. It was a moment of torturing anguish. His wife retired, and he took the Bible. In his reading, he came to this passage, "But thou, when thou prayest, enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut thy door, pray to thy Father which is in secret; and thy Father, which seeth in secret, shall reward thee openly." The thought occurred to him, that he must pray in secret for aid to pray in his family.

This was the meaning of "*reward thee openly.*" He had been reading and meditating, and seeking qualifications to lead his family devotions, but he had not made it a subject of special prayer in his closet, that he might be enabled to pray in his family.

He knelt at once, and spread before "his Father who seeth in secret," his desires. The dark cloud seemed to break away. God could help him, though so weak in himself. The next morning, before engaging in any other service, he hastened to his closet and earnestly plead for aid in conducting his family devotions. He came from that retirement, and asked all his children to be assembled. He said first to his wife, "I have a confession to make to you—you have never heard me pray. I have lived fifty years and have never prayed in my family." Addressing his children, he said, "Will you forgive your father for neglecting to pray with you. I am verily guilty, for I ought to have prayed with you from your earliest infancy. God has required it, and it is a most reasonable duty. Will you forgive me?" He then took the Bible, and read the fifty-first Psalm. "Have mercy upon me, O God; according to the multitude of thy tender mercies, blot out my transgressions," etc. He then said, "Let us pray to God, that he may forgive us."

In speaking of that hour, he said, "How delightful it seemed to come to God with my family. I could have prayed all day. I never loved my wife and children so well before. I thought of them as immortal beings. That they had souls seemed a new consideration to me; and from that moment, I had not only a new degree of happiness in my family, but a new and more interesting kind of enjoyment than ever before." In relating this to the writer, some years afterwards, he remarked, "I have ever since, in my prayers in the closet, asked for help to pray in my family."

Some happy years passed over that household, and the father went to join the blessed "dead that die in the Lord."

THE

SINNER CONDEMNED ALREADY.

THAT such as die without repentance will not be able to stand in the judgment, is denied by few who receive the Bible as a revelation from God. Many who cannot be persuaded to forsake their sins, are yet free to acknowledge, that if they continue in their present condition until death, they will be doomed to hopeless misery. So the Bible everywhere teaches. "The ungodly shall not stand in the judgment." "Who shall be punished with everlasting destruction."

But it teaches more. It not merely declares what *shall be*, when the judgment is set and the books are opened; it anticipates the decisions of the final day, and pronounces sentence of condemnation *even now*, upon every unbelieving and impenitent sinner. It pronounces him guilty, and tells him plainly, that the wrath of God, as a mighty mountain, rests upon his soul in the present world, before he has had a hearing at the judgment-day. "He that believeth not, is *condemned already*."

The state of the sinner is not that of one who is merely *suspected* of crime, but whose guilt has not been established. Nor is it that of one who is *arraigned*, awaiting the investigation which may ascertain his criminality and consign him to punishment, or may establish his innocence and send him back to freedom. Before one thus arraigned can be sentenced, witnesses must be summoned, testimony in his favor must be heard, and his guilt be incontrovertibly proved. But in this light, unrepenting sinner, the Bible does not contemplate *you*. You are already arraigned and *convicted*. The *sentence* of condemnation *has gone forth* from the lips of Him who is to be the judge of the world:

“Cursed is every one that continueth not in all things written in the book of the law to do them.”

Look again at the nature of that deliverance which *believers* are said to experience. “There is, therefore, now *no condemnation* to them which are in Christ Jesus.” “Christ hath redeemed us from the curse of the law, being made a curse for us.” The state of the believer before his deliverance was that of condemnation. There is no admission of his innocence. On the contrary, the act of pardon itself assumes his guilt. It tells him unequivocally, that without forgiveness he is undone; that “the wrath of God abideth on him;” that there is before him a “fearful looking for of judgment and fiery indignation.” God’s system of grace abates nothing from the fearfulness of the unpardoned sinner’s condition. Whatever is true of those who are *in Christ Jesus*, it is not true of you who have slighted the Saviour, that you are free from condemnation; no, the frowning eye of God is upon you, as a criminal. On the list of the condemned, you are reserved for the officer of justice, to be led forth, at the time appointed, to execution.

O, sinner, how appalling is your situation. You have not even the poor alleviation of looking forward to the close of a protracted life, before the sentence can be executed upon you. When the convicted criminal has received his sentence from the lips of the judge, no principle of justice is violated, though he be carried *at once* from the place of trial to the place of execution. It is true, in Christian communities, some delay of days, or weeks, is usually allotted to the criminal after he is doomed to death. But this is the merey of the court. No claim of justice can be set up. Justice has condemned him to death. How then can it plead for delay? And what should hinder the immediate execution of the sentence upon the transgressor of God’s law? His guilt is no longer to be ascertained. The crime is fastened upon him. Yes, sinner, and that sentence *is executed*, in thousands of cases, suddenly. No sickness admonishes of approaching death.

The convicted criminal may be full of life and gayety, executing his plans of business or pleasure, when lo, the death-warrant grates upon his ear. He is claimed as a victim. The justice he has outraged can no longer sleep.

Such is the *sudden death* of a sinner. It is an *execution*. It is not the kind, the sudden summoning away to his rest of the Christian, worn out in the service of his Master. To the Christian, death is infinite gain, whether he come to his grave after protracted sickness, or by a flash of lightning. Whenever and however his spirit is separated from the body, it is "present with the Lord." It is but escaping unexpectedly from his sins—an early victory granted him by his gracious Lord, before he could hope to find the notes of triumph breaking from his lips. But how different is it to the condemned sinner. He has lived by indulgence. The hand of justice has been stayed. His sudden removal terminates the period of forbearance, and executes upon him the sentence. Such an event may fill us with alarm, but it is no mystery. It is not a reversal of the righteous order of trial and then execution, but carrying into effect the doom already pronounced. The only mystery is, that his sins have not sooner brought upon him exemplary punishment.

But let me not be thought to awaken groundless forebodings of wrath to come. Blessed be God, there is a way of escape. Yes, though a prisoner under sentence of death, you are "a prisoner of hope." The sentence which binds you to death, is not irreversible.

True, you cannot look to a higher tribunal, or hope that the claims of the law will be disregarded. Neither of these is possible. Your guilt has been established, and the law which condemns you is holy, and just, and good. Yet you may escape through the door of *forgiveness*. God has provided a way by which the penitent and believing sinner may be pardoned—even by "the death of his Son." There is forgiveness with God, "being justified freely by his grace, through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus." He became a curse for men, that he might deliver them that were

under the curse. To give the sinner, under sentence of death, an opportunity to avail himself of the provisions of the Gospel, he is suffered to live. Year after year of forbearance is allotted him. The criminal convicted and sentenced at a human tribunal, is yet allowed the opportunity to *apply*, if he pleases, to the supreme authority. So may you now approach the Ruler of the universe for pardon. And what is more, *not one* who went humbly to him, pleading the merits of Christ, was ever rejected.

But what would you think of the hardened wretch, who in sullen silence awaits the execution of his sentence, and suffers days and weeks of his reprieve to pass away without suing for pardon? Would you not cry out against such infatuation? And what less than this is your own slumbering over the fearful doom that awaits you? Do you imagine that the day of execution will *never* overtake you? Not so, the time of your reprieve has its limit. The very day on which you have entered, may bring it to a close. At the longest, it will *soon* be ended. Think you the violated law will relinquish its victim? No. There is but one way of escaping its penalty, and that is, by *faith in a crucified Saviour*. O bestir yourself. Seek forgiveness while you may.

“So shall that curse remove,
By which the Saviour bled;
And the last awful day shall pour
Its blessings on your head.”

Delay a little longer, and the day of mercy will be over. The death-warrant will be in the hands of the officer, and while you dream of peace, sudden destruction will come upon you, and you cannot escape.

THE
RUSSIAN NURSE.

BY REV. RICHARD KNILL.



THE imperial city of St. Petersburg is one of the most magnificent in the world. Its spacious streets, and gilded spires, and numerous palaces, have a most imposing effect on strangers. The population is upwards of three hundred thousand. I lived among them thirteen years, and received nothing but kindness from every class of the community. People from the four quarters of the world come and settle there—some for pleasure, and others for trade; and it is a pleasing sight to see, on a fine day at one of the fashionable promenades, people of every color and clime dressed in the costume of their native countries.

Almost every family keeps a crowd of servants: now and then you see a Tartar coachman, or hear of a Flemish cook; but the persons employed are chiefly Russian peasants, who come to the metropolis from all parts of the empire, in hope of getting higher wages than they can earn at home. Among them was Erena, a deserving, intelligent young woman, who came to live with us in 1827.

All went on well until Ash-Wednesday. This is the first day of Lent, and then begins the long fast, which many of the Greek church observe as if it secured the salvation of their souls. Besides rigid fasting, they go to church two or three times daily, and in "Passion-week," many of them go there four times a day.

Erena was a strict observer of the Greek ceremonies, and she was determined to perform them. Her mistress spoke to her of the impropriety of going out so often, but she replied, "Do you wish me to lose my soul, ma'am?" "No," was the answer; "far from it: I wish your soul to be saved; but your fasting, praying, and going to church will not save your soul. There must be something more than all this. The Lord Jesus Christ is the Saviour of sinners, and it is by faith in him alone that sinners are saved." "Ah," said she, "that is your religion, but I have been taught differently, and I must attend to my own religion."

Frequent conversations to the same effect took place, until my wife said to me, "I think we shall be obliged to part with Erena, she is so superstitious." I said, "The poor girl is ignorant. Try to throw a little light into her mind, and then the superstitions will drop off like the leaves in autumn; there will be nothing to hold them." The next day her mistress said to her, "Erena, I wish to teach you to read; would you like to learn?" "O yes, ma'am, I should be delighted to learn." So the work of education commenced; and, in the course of a few weeks, she could make out an easy lesson very well. Then she was supplied with a Russian Testament, which she studied diligently whenever she had a little leisure. She has told us since, that from the first day she came to live with us, she was very observant about our religion, and that she was much struck with our family worship. She saw the propriety of it, and often felt it deeply, though she could not then understand a word we said. These things were all

new to her. She had never lived in a house where there was family prayer before; but God was thus about to prepare her mind for the great change which she was soon to experience.

That "great change" evidently took place on the Lord's day, and in the following manner: When we went to chapel, her mistress left Erena in charge of our children, and said to her, "I recommend you, Erena, to read the tenth chapter of the Acts of the Apostles." "Very well," she replied. This excited her curiosity. "What can there be in the tenth chapter of the Acts?" and she soon began to read. As she proceeded, she found that Cornelius fasted, and prayed, and gave alms. "Ah, this is delightful," she thought. "This man was of our religion; he kept the fast." But when she found that an angel was sent to him to tell him what he must do, this staggered her. She was astonished, and seemed disappointed; and on our return home, she came to her instructress, and with an inquiring countenance said, "I wish you would explain this to me, ma'am; I don't understand it. Here is a very good man who kept the fast, and prayed to God, and gave alms; but that was not enough: now, why was it not enough? I never was taught to do any thing more. Tell me, why was the angel sent to him?" Her mistress cautiously avoided saying any thing that would appear like an attack upon her religion, but answered, "Do you think God would send an angel to you, or to us, or to any other person, unless some important end was to be answered by it?" "Ah," said she, "I did not think of that." "Very well, then; read the chapter through, and examine every verse, and you will find out why the angel was sent to him."

She returned to her room and read the chapter attentively, until she came to that beautiful verse where Peter says of Christ, "To Him give all the prophets witness, that through his name *whosoever believeth in him* shall receive remission of sins." This was enough. "God, who commanded the light to shine out of darkness, shone into her heart, to give her the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ." 2 Cor. 4:6. The scales fell from her eyes, and she saw in a moment the way of salvation. She could read no more. She arose, and running to her mistress, clasped her hands, and exclaimed, "Oh,

ma'am, now I see it—now I see it—now I see it! It was not by fasting that he was to be saved; not by praying that he was to be saved; not by giving alms that he was to be saved; but by *believing on the Son of God*. Now I see it!" and from that day the change was glorious. She became one of the most active and devoted, and perhaps useful young Christians that we had ever seen.

About a year after her conversion, a circumstance occurred which afforded her continual opportunities for explaining God's method of saving sinners to persons whom she had never seen before. I began to be extensively employed in circulating the Scriptures, and religious books and Tracts. This brought multitudes of people about us; and there was scarcely a person who came, to whom she could speak, but she would in simple, striking language, show them how God can "be just," and yet "the justifier of him which believeth in Jesus." Rom. 3:26. She spoke the German, and Finnish, and Russian languages, and thus she had ample scope for gratifying the desires of her heart; nor did she ever appear so happy as when she could get the ear of a poor sinner to listen to the words of eternal life.

One striking instance of her usefulness must not be passed over; and I hope that every one who reads or hears it may be encouraged to attempt great things. A hawker called at my house to sell his wares, when she inquired, "Have you a New Testament, brother?" "No," said the man; "a Testament would be of no use to me." "Why?" "Because I cannot read." "Ah, but it might be of use to you though you cannot read." "How?" said the hawker. "Perhaps some of your family can read." "Yes, I did not think of that; my brother has two boys at school who can read." "Well, then, buy a Testament, and let the boys read to your poor old father, that he may hear something about the Lord Jesus Christ before he dies." The man bought it, and as he was going away, she said to him, "Where do you live?" "I am a thousand versts from home," he replied, "but at present I live in a lodging-house." "Are there many lodgers besides you?" "Yes, many." "Perhaps some of them can read." "I do not know. I never saw a book among them." So he departed, and we saw him no more until the winter commenced, when thousands of the laboring classes go back into the interior to

their families. And now the hawker made his appearance again, and said to my wife, "Will you please to let me have a copy of every book you have in the house?" "That is a large order, friend; what are you going to do with so many books?" "You would not ask that question, ma'am, if you knew what good that New Testament has done which Erena recommended to me in the spring." "What good has it done? I should like to hear." "Before I bought that book, it was the custom with many of the lodgers to go out into the city after supper, and come home at midnight drunk, while others were playing at cards at home; but as soon as I showed them the New Testament, one said, 'I can read;' and another said, 'I can read;' and a third said, 'I can read;' so they took it by turns, and read chapter after chapter. This excited a deep interest, and the drunkards forsook their glass and the gamblers their cards; and there are neither drunkards nor card-players in our lodging now, ma'am. They hear two or three chapters, and then lie down to sleep. And as these men are returning to their families, they wish to take home a copy of that book which has been so beneficial to themselves."

Who could help exclaiming, on hearing this, "Surely the Lord hath done great things, whereof we are glad." Psa. 126 : 3. Here were vices forsaken; sinners reformed; the Scriptures circulated; many copies of the holy book going to villages where it had never been seen before. Oh, what pleasure can be so great as that connected with doing good to souls?

But some may say, "It is not in my power to imitate such an example, for I have not the opportunity." True, it may be so; but there are several things in which you may imitate her.

1. Her endeavor to *do good to those in the same condition in life*. Her kind and winning manner had a happy effect on young people. It was irresistible. They appeared as if held by a charm while she spoke to them about their souls. Take the following as a specimen.

A family near us had many domestics. One of them came to my door on a Sabbath evening, when Erena was sitting in the porch reading the gospel of John. "Come in," said the devout reader. "Be seated. Would you like to hear a portion of God's holy word?" "Oh yes, by all

means—proceed.” The place of the Scripture which she read was the narrative of our Lord’s discourse with the woman of Samaria, in which occurs the passage, “The hour cometh, and now is, when the true worshippers shall worship the Father *in spirit and in truth*; for the Father seeketh such to worship him. God is a Spirit; and they that worship him, must worship him in spirit and in truth.” John 4. “Delightful,” said the visitor. “Pray stop a moment, and I will go and call my fellow-servants. I think they will rejoice to hear it, for surely they have never heard such things since they were born.” She then arose, and ran and called them, and brought three of them with her, and the same chapter was read again, accompanied by many solemn remarks on the state of unconverted sinners, and the suitability and all-sufficiency of Jesus to save all that come unto God by him. Erena also urged on them the necessity of coming to Christ immediately, as every effort to get to heaven in any other way would be of no avail. These remarks were delivered with peculiar emotion, and frequently watered with her tears, and her hearers were as much affected as she was. When the chapter was finished they departed, acknowledging with gratitude the pleasure they had enjoyed from hearing words which they had never heard before.

The mistress of Erena listened with great delight to a part of these proceedings, and when she saw the visitors, the tears were still glistening in their eyes. It ought to be noticed, that none of these four young women were able to read, and it is more than probable that they had lived until that day without hearing a chapter in a language which they could understand. But now the seal was loosed, and the book was opened, and the blessed Saviour seemed to be speaking to them. One of these young women afterwards came to my wife for a New Testament, and “The Dairyman’s Daughter,” and “The Young Cottager,” in the Russian language, to send to her brother, who could read, and who lived several hundred miles off. On receiving these precious treasures, her heart seemed to swell with ecstasy. She pressed them to her bosom, and kissed the hand from which she received them. Had some cold-hearted professor, some neglecter of his Bible, witnessed this scene, he would have felt it as a dagger to his conscience. And could the

lovers of the Bible have witnessed it, they would have felt a joy similar to that which angels feel when a sinner is brought to repentance.

2. We had constant proofs of her *fidelity*, especially in the care which she took of our dear children. We could leave them without any anxiety, if Erena was there. We had no fears that they would be neglected, or that any thing improper would be taught them in her presence. When that dreadful scourge the cholera visited St. Petersburg, it pleased God to send it to my house, and by it to remove two of our sons. My wife also was in a perilous condition, and I was attacked; and now it was that the religion of the nurse shone most brightly in her tenderness, watchfulness, prayerfulness, diligence, and untiring efforts to serve us. Indeed she was like a sister to us; and now we had a rich reward for all the pains which had been taken to lead her to the Saviour. We had a man-servant, but he was frightened and ran away. We had a cook, but she was supposed to be dying. Our chief support was our nurse. Many kind friends came by turns to help us; but Erena was always there, until our children were put into the silent grave, and we began to recover. Then she was attacked also; but even then she seemed almost to forget herself in her anxiety about us. I have often thought, if masters and mistresses knew what a blessing such a young woman is in a family, much more would be done to promote the piety of their households than has yet been attempted.

3. You can imitate her *love to her relatives*. Amidst all her attempts to do good to strangers, she was not unmindful of her connections. They had the first claim, and she met it. We have often known her leave herself without a rouble in order to send a few comforts to her aged mother; and these were always accompanied with some good books and a pressing letter on the subject of salvation. Nor was this labor in vain. We had every reason to believe that God blessed her pious solicitude in the genuine conversion of her mother. Not long before we left Russia, she came to visit her daughter; and that she might have frequent opportunities of conversing with her, we asked the old woman to stop a few weeks at our house. While she was with us, she fell sick and died; and it was particularly gratifying to us to witness the tender solicitude of Erena, both for the body

and the soul of her parent. One day, as she was supposed to be drawing near her end, my little boy said, "Erena, I think the fourteenth chapter of John would just suit your mother." The girl took the hint, and went immediately to the bedside and told what the boy had said, and then read the chapter to her mother. This seemed to rouse every energy. The old woman arose and sat up in the bed, and thanked God for putting it into the heart of the boy to send her such strong consolation, and then, while praying down blessings on her daughter, she expired.

Erena was wonderfully supported, and tried to turn the death of her mother to good account. It is customary, as soon as a Russian dies, for two or more persons, called "Readers for the dead," to be employed in reading over the corpse night and day until the funeral. This is dreary work. The reading is generally very monotonous, and, if it could be understood, would be very unprofitable. Therefore Erena gave the book of Psalms to the men, saying, "Read that;" hoping that thereby her mother's death might be blessed to them.

Not long after this excellent young woman had followed her mother to the grave, she accompanied us to the steamer; and, as she stood gazing on us to take the last farewell, she wiped away her tears with one hand and waved the other in the air, as if to say, "We shall meet again in heaven!"

YOUR BEST FRIEND.

You rejoice in the *kindness* of earthly friends. You are comforted in time of trouble, by knowing that the tidings of your sorrows will bring them promptly to your relief. But your best Friend is not wanting here. As the vast scene of human guilt and woe was before him, the INFINITE REDEEMER exclaimed, "Lo, I come." His human nature made him acquainted with all the woes of man's earthly existence. What can mangled and bleeding flesh suffer, that his did not? Whose spirit was ever more keenly wounded by calumny, than his? What could a pure mind endure from the spectacle of odious guilt, which his did not endure? How exhausting the trial of his patience and love, while in contact with this guilty, hating, and hateful world! His tears moistened the earth of Gethsemane, and his blood, the soil of Calvary; but the deep agonies of his soul, "made an offering for sin," must have been great beyond all our comprehension. All the anguish of his body, and all the agony of his soul, accumulates the proof of the deep sincerity of his love.

You triumph, also, in the *power* of earthly friends, rejoicing in their ability to relieve, as well as in their promptness to sympathize. Nor is your best Friend wanting here. Is not creative power illimitable? It is found in Jesus: "For by him were all things created, that are in heaven, and that are in earth, visible and invisible, whether they be thrones, or dominions, or principalities, or powers: all things were created by him, and for him." If, as preserver of the universe, one must have an omnipotent arm, then is Christ omnipotent, for he "upholdeth all things by the word of his power." What realm of nature, then, and what region of eternity is not subject to his sway? The best Friend has

therefore *power* to render his kindness effective. To the sweet benevolence of his heart, he can add the omnipotence of his hand. Tell me the want he cannot relieve, the danger he cannot avert. His human nature, and experience of its frailties, give him sympathy in your earthly sorrows; while his infinite elevation, as Maker and Upholder of all worlds, qualifies him for any act of friendship eternity may require.

Must you not, however, look upon him as an unrequited and INJURED FRIEND? Tender and affectionate friendship is cruelly wounded by mere neglect. The odiousness of gross guilt may not be upon you, but has there not been cold indifference towards this infinite Friend? Has not the world appeared more bright and beautiful to you than all the attractions of the Lord of glory? It would seem that such a friend would have been welcomed to your heart on the first appeal for admittance; that there would not have been the guilt of a moment's delay. So sweet, pure, disinterested, and ineffably great has been his love, that the least *indifference* to it is a deep affront. To be unaffected by it is a glaring injury of Christ.—But how great, also, has been this guilty indifference towards the best Friend! Earthly friendship towards you has been as the cold moon-beams, compared with the warm, sunlike radiance of the Redeemer's love; yet by human kindness has your heart been softened, while the divine has left it like the unmelted polar snows. You have refused Christ your love and obedience, and he now stands before you in a most affecting attitude, that of a *deeply injured Friend*.

Yet he has been a PATIENT FRIEND. You must add this star to his diadem of glory. Human friendship cools rapidly when unrequited. It is utterly extinguished often by long provocation. What a contrast in the Redeemer's friendship! Its character has been tried by the ordeal through which it has passed. The kindness of no human being could have stood the test of such provocations. Consider what *you* have done to try it. Let your youthful

years declare in how many ways redeeming love has been pressed upon your attention, only to be slighted. Let the long periods of later life proclaim in how many, and in what affecting forms, the claims of your best Friend have been urged, to meet only with constant disregard. All the instances of your denial of him have been registered in his book, and stand in all their aggravations before him. But he has not laid his hand on vengeance. He has seen, and heard, and felt all your abuse of his goodness, and yet has been a long-suffering Friend.

But must he not be an INDIGNANT FRIEND? He cannot be insensible to the claims of his own excellence, nor blind to the odious guilt of ill-treatment. Do not all the myriads of heaven honor him in the sweetest love, and the swiftest obedience? Is not every heavenly crown cast at his feet in profound adoration? And when the sinning angels refused that homage, was he backward to recognize his own rights and their odious guilt? Are not his claims as strong upon you as upon angels? Is not his *redeeming* love an appeal more affecting than can be addressed to sinless beings? Say not your infinite Friend is not indignant, because he is long-suffering. Do not commit a fresh act of guilt by thus lightly esteeming the moral glory of his character. I would not ask for him your obedience and love, were he capable of receiving, unaffected, such treatment as sinners give him. This would imply such indifference to his own glory, and such disregard of the violation of his own laws, as would be incompatible with his character as a righteous moral Governor. Dwell as much as you may upon the infinite benevolence and patience of Christ, yet never indulge for a moment the thought that he is not indignant at every resistance of his will, and every abuse of his goodness. Is he tender and compassionate? So is he glorious in holiness. Is he the Lamb of God? So is he the Lion of the tribe of Judah.

Beware, then, that your best Friend does not become a LOST FRIEND! Your present course of guilt is tending to

alienate him for ever from you. His patience has been amazing, but you are rapidly exhausting it. It should startle you to think that you know not the boundary of his forbearance, and know not, of course, how near that limit you may this moment be. A few more repulses of infinite love, perhaps but one, may settle this great question, causing his mercy to be clean gone for ever.

Our anguish at the loss of a friend is in proportion to the clearness of our views of the value of his friendship. Look, then, at the value of Christ's friendship in the light of his infinite attributes, and the blessings he is able to bestow. The loss is great to be an alien and a stranger to such a friend, in the present life. What brightness his friendship can throw over the dark scenes of adversity! What cheerless midnight is that bosom that enjoys none of the beams of the Sun of righteousness! How gloomy, without him, the valley of the shadow of death!

But what an opportunity ETERNITY will furnish, for estimating the loss of such a friend! There will be no dimness of the mental eye. No worldly cares or pleasures will prevent intensity of thought upon that dreadful theme. With what terrible vividness will all the expressions of the lost Friend's kindness, recur to the mind! His power and willingness to save, his tender sympathy, his humiliation and his sufferings, his patience, his invitations and his promises; what topics of thought, as life's unfolded map receives the terrific brightness of the beams of truth as they shine in eternity. Beware that *you* do not encounter in eternity the dreadful fact, that your best Friend, is a LOST FRIEND.

HOW TO SPEND THE LORD'S DAY.

MY DEAR SIR—Placed as you are, at the head of a household, it becomes your duty, in the arrangement of your domestic affairs, to adopt such principles and regulations as will secure to those you tenderly love the blessing of Him who “taketh the desolate and setteth him in families.” Especially am I solicitous that you should so order your affairs as to enable every member of your family to keep holy the LORD'S DAY. I know that you acknowledge its divine origin and authority; yet I fear lest you should insensibly form habits and adopt customs which will lead to its desecration.

That some *preparation* for this holy day is a duty, is obvious from the very words of the fourth commandment, “REMEMBER the Sabbath-day to keep it holy.” He cannot possibly be in a state rightly to observe it, who remembers it not until its joyful light falls on his eyes. The example of holy men in every age is in accordance with this view of the subject. Thus the Israelites in the wilderness remembered the Sabbath-day, and gathered manna for it on the day previous. Exodus 16 : 23. Nehemiah, early the evening previous, caused the gates of the city to be shut. Neh. 13 : 19. So also in the time of our Saviour, the sixth day in the week was observed as a season for making ready for the Sabbath, because “that day was the preparation, and the Sabbath drew on.” And so conscientious were the holy women who followed Christ, that they employed the day before the Sabbath in “preparing spices and ointments” for embalming the body of our blessed Lord, and “rested the Sabbath-day, according to the commandment.” Luke 23 : 54–56. I therefore submit it to your conscience whether he

does not sin who fails to make all possible arrangements for properly disposing of his worldly business before the Sabbath arrives.

Another manifest duty is, to give the body *sufficient rest in sleep*, so that when this holy day shall come, you may not be dull and drowsy, but refreshed and invigorated for its solemn services. How many persons keep their shops open, write letters, or read novels, newspapers, or secular books, or do something even less becoming, until a late hour on Saturday night, sleep till a late hour on Sabbath morning, and then go to the sanctuary in a frame ill-suited to the worship of God. Who dare say that such "remember the Sabbath?" He who would properly prepare for the Sabbath-day, must also mould his heart into a becoming state by suitable meditation, conversation, and prayer.

I have lately visited an old friend. Few men have had more worldly business, or greater success. On Saturday afternoon, I noticed a large pile of wood made ready for the fire. In the farmyard every thing was in the neatest order, and all such work was done as could be done before the Sabbath. His miller was directed to stop grinding before the usual bedtime. Every laborer had received his week's allowance of food or wages, so as to be at home with his family before a late hour.

Early in the evening the whole family assembled for the worship of God. The venerable man began the exercises by noticing, in a solemn yet familiar manner, the mercies of the past week, some of which had been special and striking. He and his family then sung a hymn, the first line of which is,

"Begone, my worldly cares, away."

He then read a chapter in one of the gospels, and afterwards offered an appropriate prayer. Worship being ended, part of the family left the room; but some remained for a while longer. The whole conversation that now took place was consistent with what had before occurred. Manifestly

each one was looking forward to the next day with real pleasure.

At an early hour we all retired, with the prospect of refreshment from rest. I could not but reflect, when alone, on the difference between a Saturday evening here, and one in some other families with which we are both acquainted.

Sabbath morning came ; but with it appeared no bright sun rejoicing like a strong man to run a race, yet all seemed cheerful. After morning devotions and breakfast, I went to the *Sabbath-school*, and found more than fifty scholars and all the teachers in their places. The school was closed at the regular time, and a *social meeting* was soon afterwards commenced. The exercises consisted of prayer, singing, and reading a discourse. It was founded on Isaiah 58 : 13, 14, "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." I know you will concur with me that the *text* was excellent. The *discourse* was itself also very good. Permit me to give an extract from it. The author says,

"We may as easily and grossly profane the Sabbath, so far as ourselves only are concerned, by *thoughts* which are unsuited to its nature, as we can by any actions whatever. If our minds are intent on our business or our pleasures ; if our affections wander after them ; if we are cold or lukewarm with respect to our religious duties ; if we are negligent of a serious and cordial attention to them ; if we regard with impatience the interruption occasioned to our secular concerns ; if we wish the institution had not been appointed, or that the time in which it is to be kept were lessened, then plainly we do not esteem 'the Sabbath a delight,' nor abstain from *finding our own pleasure*. Every oblation from such a mind will be vain, and all its incense an abomi-

nation. The Sabbaths and the calling of assemblies among persons who act thus, will be such as God cannot away with; and their solemn *meeting* will be *iniquity*.

“The heart gives birth to all the movements of the *tongue*. We profane the Sabbath whenever we employ the time in worldly conversation. Such conversation is, in the text, denoted by the phrase ‘speaking thine own words.’ There is no way in which the Sabbath is more easily, more insensibly, more frequently, and more fatally violated, than this. Temptations to it are always at hand. The transgression always seems a small one; usually a doubtful one at the worst; and often no transgression at all.

“Multitudes of persons, beginning with religious subjects, slide imperceptibly towards those which are considered moral in such a degree as scarcely to differ from religious ones; thence to secular themes bordering on these; and thence to mere matters of business or amusement. Such persons, before they are aware, find themselves conversing about the affairs of the neighborhood, the strangers who were at church, the new dresses, fashions, business, diversions, news, and politics. To these they are led by mere *worldly conversation* concerning the prayers, the psalmody, or the sermon, as having been well or ill-devised, written, spoken, or performed; by a history, merely secular, of the sickness and deaths in the neighborhood or elsewhere, or of the dangerous or fatal accidents which have lately happened; the weather, the seasons, the crops, the prospects, the affairs of the family, and by innumerable other things of a similar nature.

“The next step is, ordinarily, an habitual employment of this holy day in open, cool, and self-satisfied conversations about business, schemes of worldly pursuits, bargains, gains, and losses. It is not to be understood that *Christians* go all these lengths. It is greatly to be feared, however, that they often go much farther than they can justify, and thus fail of their duty, and of the improvement, the usefulness, the hope, the joy, and the peace which they would otherwise attain.

“The profanation of the Sabbath by *actions* is seen and conceded by all decent men who acknowledge it as a day consecrated by God to himself. The common and favorite modes of profaning the Sabbath in this way, are spending our time in dress, in ministering to a luxurious appetite, in walking or riding for amusement, in writing letters of friendship, in secular visits, and in reading books which are not of a decidedly religious character.

“The end of this progress is the devotion of this sacred day to downright business, such as writing letters of business, posting accounts, visiting post-offices, making bargains, transmitting money to correspondents, going or sending to markets, making journeys, at first with, and afterwards without pretences of necessity, and ultimately laboring openly in the ordinary employments of life. This is what is called in the text *doing our own ways.*”

I scarcely need add, that I heartily concur in all the foregoing sentiments, or that the dear family of whom I now must take leave, seemed to practise during the rest of the day what they had heard in the social meeting.

But the Lord's day has its POSITIVE DUTIES. A portion of it is to be spent in works of necessity and mercy. Such are preparation for a decent and comfortable appearance at the house of God, the use of necessary food, attention to the wants of animals, visiting the sick and afflicted with the intention of being useful and serviceable, and similar acts of benevolence. All such labors become the day of that blessed Lord who “will have mercy and not sacrifice,” and who made the Sabbath for man, and not man for the Sabbath.

We must guard, however, against the abuse of the divine law, as in any wise giving us permission to *defer* acts of necessity or mercy from secular portions of the week until the Sabbath, that we may save time, or have an expedient for misspending the day of God. He who visits his sick neighbors on the Lord's day *only*, or who spends all his Sab-

baths in such service, is a profane man, and the Lord will not hold him guiltless. Besides, whenever we regard these works of necessity and mercy as indulgences *granted*, and not as duties *required*, we do err exceedingly respecting them.

Another method of sanctifying this holy day, consists in a proper attention to the *private duties* of religion, such as secret and family prayer, reading the word of God and other pious and edifying books, and speaking one to another of the things of the kingdom of Jesus Christ. Nor may we neglect the important duties of self-examination, and devout meditation on the word and works of God, and especially on the wonders of redemption.

This season should also be specially employed in *giving proper religious instruction* to children and others under our care, taking due pains to render the lessons we would teach *interesting* and *profitable*, by choosing out acceptable words, by employing suitable helps furnished us in catechisms and other good books, and by a solemn yet cheerful engagedness in the work on our part.

It is also in most cases our duty, and that of our families, to unite in some way in maintaining those nurseries of piety, *Sabbath-schools*. If we are not fit to be teachers, let us not be too proud to become learners at first; and afterwards we may at least be teachers of babes, instructors of the foolish.

It is also our obvious duty to go with the multitude *to the house of God*, "with the voice of joy and praise, with a multitude that keep holy day." Religion and its public ordinances are the glory, and beauty, and defence of the land. Without our churches, our country would soon be filled with lewdness, and robbery, and blasphemy, and blood, and atheism.

And if there be a general "forsaking of the assembling of ourselves together, as the manner of some is," our churches will soon be but a name for what once existed. Besides, every man needs for himself the instruction and the aids to

devotion which the public ministrations of God's house afford. Even the man whose knowledge surpasses that of the plain but pious and sensible man of God on whose ministry he attends, will find his "pure mind stirred up by way of remembrance" in a manner highly useful. All who can, are under strong obligations to "appear in Zion before God," to obey the exhortation given us by inspiration: "O come, let us sing unto the Lord, let us make a joyful noise unto the Rock of our salvation. Let us come before his presence with thanksgiving, and make a joyful noise unto him with psalms. O come, let us worship and bow down; let us kneel before the Lord our Maker." Then let us go in company to the house of God. Our feet shall stand within thy gates, O Jerusalem; and on thy heights, O Zion.

The words of the decalogue show the *extent* of the command to keep holy one day in seven. According to that divine law it is not enough that you yourself respect the Sabbath; it requires of you to see that the precept is not infringed by your "son, nor your daughter, nor your manservant, nor your maid-servant, nor your cattle, nor by the stranger that is within your gates." Should you and your family disregard this law, you may expect soon to hear a message which will make both your ears to tingle.

In closing this letter I would observe, that the Lord's day being ended, we ought to endeavor to *retain* a savor of the spirit becoming it during the subsequent week. This seems proper, because one object in observing the Sabbath is to enable us to spend the week aright; and if you are truly pious, you will not be afraid of being too devout or too spiritually-minded.

I would further remark, that the faithful and strict observance of holy time is *imperiously demanded at the present time*. Steamboats, stages, railroads, and similar facilities are so increased, and our country is so filled as with a nation of travellers, and the general tendency to profane the Sabbath is so great, that if the friends of religion shall remit

proper exertions in behalf of sacred institutions, a speedy and dreadful overthrow must await us. The enemy has come in like a flood. The good example and scriptural remonstrances of the pious must be, under God, lifted up as a standard. Just as wickedness increases, must the righteous be vigilant. It was in times of dreadful apostacy that those old saints secured so rich a blessing. See Malachi 3 : 16, 17.

Finally, if you will sanctify the Lord's day, you shall know that in keeping this command there is *great reward*. The refreshing rest from worldly occupations, the solemn stillness, the elevating devotions, and the pure and sacred character of the whole institution of the Lord's day are felt, and seen, and confessed by all who are not so profane as to sell this birthright of creation for a paltry consideration. Rest assured, it is not a vain thing to keep the Sabbath holy, even to the end of it.

Be not moved, except to pity, by those who make a mock at the sin of misspending holy time. Their folly surpasses all names of madness. Two things will probably have a keener edge in wounding the lost soul than all others. One will be, the recollection of *Christ rejected*. The other will be, the remembrance of *time, especially holy time, misspent*. "Remember the Sabbath-day to keep it holy." Let this law be written on your whole domestic economy, and your enemies themselves being judges, you shall be blessed in your deed.

PRAYER-MEETING OF FORTY YEARS.

A NARRATIVE OF FACTS.

As "one sinner destroyeth much good," so one devoted Christian may do much for the kingdom of Christ. Mr. W——, of ——, New York, was a plain man, a farmer, and received, in his youth, only a very limited common-school education. But he studied the Bible diligently, not to theorize, but that he might know the will of God, and obey it. His piety was consistent, humble, meek, benevolent, active, uniform. It seldom rose to ecstasy, and never sunk into such apathy or depression that he had nothing to say for his Lord and Master. His light was never hid under a bushel. He was acknowledged by all as an every-day Christian. He lived in an out district of the congregation, quite remote from the sanctuary.

At a time when the church was small, and but two or three brethren lived in his vicinity, he consulted his pastor, and established a *neighborhood prayer-meeting*, to be held on Sabbath evening in the district school-house. In the circle of attendance there were sixteen or eighteen families, in very few of which the domestic altar had ever been erected. The meeting was commenced in the year 1800. Mr. W—— led it for twenty years, when, with a hope full of immortality, and a faith which triumphed over death, he entered his eternal rest.

The Lord had provided for this emergency, by preparing others to receive his mantle, and discharge his duties. They, too, have gone to their reward. And now, after a lapse of *forty years*, when death has produced so entire a change, that but two individuals of the original heads of families yet live, the prayer-meeting, which no heat or cold, no darkness or storm breaks up, is still sustained and cherished with warm affection.

From the beginning, persons of all ages have been accustomed to attend it. Though there was seldom any direct address to the small children, some well remember that

serious impressions were made on their minds when but four or five years old ; impressions, too, which afterwards were revived, never to be effaced. Children should be taken to the prayer-meeting.

During the first year of the meeting, several parents and a few youth were brought publicly to confess Christ. Then succeeded a long and severe trial of faith and perseverance. For fourteen years very few were added to the church, and "the ways of Zion mourned." Thoughtlessness and mirth prevailed. Few came to the prayer-meeting, but it was never relinquished. Mr. W—— and one or two others, now in heaven, were always at their post, to pray, and speak a word for the Redeemer ; to warn sinners of the error of their way, and beseech them to become reconciled to God.

During the fourteenth year of this spiritual dearth, these individuals became so deeply affected in view of the condition of the impenitent, and so anxious that "Zion might arise and shine," that after others had retired from the school-house, they frequently remained one, two, or three hours in prayer. In the opening spring their hopes were revived. The meetings became full and solemn. Their cries had reached heaven, and the Holy Spirit came down. One evening a youth who had been deeply impressed for several days, could no longer suppress his feelings. He gave vent to his burdened heart by a single expression of warning to his companions, which carried conviction to several other minds ; and from that hour a deep solemnity pervaded the neighborhood, and resulted in a glorious and powerful work of grace. The means blessed of God, were personal conversation, family visiting, and frequent prayer-meetings ; all conducted among themselves with very little help from ministers.

This revival continued through the summer, and extended into other parts of the congregation. In fact, the evidences of the special presence of the Holy Spirit continued in that highly-favored district for two years ; in which time the work of grace spread over the town and into all the neighboring churches, and hundreds renounced their sins, and consecrated themselves to God. In this district the work was great. Nearly every family had now erected a domestic altar, and nearly every adult was rejoicing in hope of the glory of God.

Next, their attention was turned to the study of a doctrinal catechism; each answer being given in the language of the Scriptures, without note or comment. This, with devotional exercises, occupied one evening in the week. Parents and their children united in it. God honored the study of his word. While thus engaged one evening, "the Spirit filled the room where they were sitting," and another work of grace began and extended over the congregation. Other seasons of refreshing have been from time to time enjoyed. Eternity only can make known the number of souls that have been, and will be converted in answer to the prayers offered in that school-house.

It is interesting and instructive to trace *the history of the families* in that district for forty years. Some whole households, down to the second and third generations, give evidence that they will be united in the great family above; and of habitual attendants, seldom has one continued long in impenitence.

As another result, not less than ten men have been raised up in these families *to preach the blessed Gospel*. Seven are in the field, and three in a course of preparation. Their labors, perhaps in answer to prayer offered at this meeting, have been owned of the Lord in "turning many to righteousness."

These families have also entered warmly into the *benevolent enterprises of the age*. They have felt deeply, prayed fervently, and contributed liberally for the conversion of the world. It is also a district proverbial for *peace*. A praying people cannot be a contentious people. Those who often meet together before the heart-searching Jehovah, will not retain ill-will towards each other. Such are a few of the blessed results; but the whole amount of good effected by establishing and sustaining this little social meeting, will not be known till time shall end.

Christian reader, *do not forget the prayer-meeting*. If you have none in your neighborhood, be the first to propose one, and the last to forsake it, and the blessing of many ready to perish may come on you. Does Mr. W— now regret that he did not give up the prayer-meeting during the fourteen years of spiritual dearth? His only lamentation on his death-bed was, that he "had not done more for the Lord."

Should this Tract fall into the hands of one still impenitent, dear reader, *go to the prayer-meeting*. God may there meet your soul in mercy.

If any ask additional *reasons for attending a stated prayer-meeting*, they are such as the following:

1. *United prayer is pleasing to God*. "Then they that feared the Lord spake often one to another, and the Lord hearkened, and heard it; and a book of remembrance was written."

2. *Blessings are given in answer to united prayer*. "If two of you shall agree on earth, as touching any thing that they shall ask, it shall be done for them of my Father which is in heaven."

3. *The Holy Spirit is given in answer to prayer*. "If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask him."

4. *Almost every conversion and revival is in answer to prayer*. When the Spirit came with such power on the day of Pentecost, "the disciples were with one accord in one place."

5. Nothing more effectually *sustains a devoted minister* in his labors and trials, than a full attendance of his people on the prayer-meeting.

6. *Prayer makes the truth preached efficacious*. "When the Lord shall build up Zion, he shall appear in his glory. He will regard the prayer of the destitute, and not despise their prayer." "Brethren, pray for us, that the word of the Lord may have free course, and be glorified."

7. *The world itself is to be converted in answer to prayer*. "Ask of me, and I will give thee the heathen for thine inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for thy possession."

Dear reader, with these facts and reasons before you, what will you do? Dare you take the fearful responsibility of forsaking or neglecting the prayer-meeting? If you do, your account is with God, "who will render unto every man according to his deeds."

DO YOU LOVE GOD ?

We like to think of those we love. When we become attached to an individual, that one is often and much in our thoughts. Do you think *often* of God? Do you think *much* of him? Do you *love* to think of God? And when you do think of him, is it with delight, or with dread? Are thoughts of him *precious*? Do you cherish thoughts of God; or do you banish them as soon as you can?

We delight in the society of those we love. We wish to be much and often with them. We cannot bear a long absence from them. Do you delight in the society of God? Do you love to hold communion with him? Do you read your *Bible* for this purpose, and frequent your *closet*? What testimony will your Bible and your closet bear in the judgment? Do you pray at all? When? where? how often? Do you pray once a day? once a week? once a month? Do you pray in your closet? in your family? in public? *Did you ever pray?*

We endeavor to please those we love. Do you endeavor to please God? From what do you abstain, that you may please him? What do you do, that you may please him? Do you seek his pleasure in any thing? How or in what do you serve him? Do you *delight* in his service? Do you *obey* him? He commands all men everywhere to repent. Acts 17:30. Do you *obey* that command? And if you do not obey God, how can you *please* him? And if you do not strive to please him, how can you *love* him?

We are careful not to offend those we love. We do nothing to injure their feelings, nothing to incur their displeasure. Are you careful not to offend God? But see how you live. You do not obey his commands, nor regard his threatenings, nor accept his invitations, nor embrace his Son, nor yield to his Spirit, nor live to his glory. Suppose a native from the western wilds should visit your dwelling, and abide with you a month or a year, see all you do, and hear all you say; could he infer from your conduct that

there is a God ? Must he not conclude, either that there is no God, or that, if there be a God, you do not believe in his existence ? Such a conclusion must be natural and necessary, for he would see you eat and drink without thanking God or asking his blessing. He would see you lie down and rise up without prayer ; see you plough and sow, and attend to your affairs, without any reference to a superintending Providence. In one word, he would see you living, practically, to all intents and purposes, without God, as an *atheist* in the world. Does the pursuit of such a course show a desire and purpose not to offend God ? And if you are not careful to avoid offending God, how can you love him ? If you loved God, could you live as you do ?

We *feel interested in the objects which interest those we love*. What interests them, interests us. The conversion of sinners interests the Godhead. As angels love God, so they rejoice over repenting sinners. Luke 15 : 10. So do Christians and all holy beings. But the repentance of a sinner excites no joy in your heart. You are not interested in the advancement of the cause of Christ and the conversion and salvation of men. If you are, why not repent yourself, and turn to God ? If interested in the things which interest God, why not turn from your sins and live, that God, angels, and men may rejoice over you ?

We *love the friends* of those we love. As the circle of their friendship is endeared to them, so it is to us. Their friends are ours, and we love them. Christians are the friends of God. Do you love Christians ? Do you love them because they bear the moral image of their divine Master ? Do you love them at all ? Jesus Christ is *the well-beloved* of the Father, elect, precious. Do you love Jesus Christ ? How do you treat him ? He is offered you as a Saviour from sin and death, but you receive him not, you reject and despise him. This rejection of Christ and your treatment of him show that you have not the love of God in you. God says, "They will reverence my Son." Matt. 21 : 37. He has a right to expect this. But you reverence him not. Jesus says, in John 5 : 43, "I am come in my Father's name, and ye receive me not." This he says in proof of the preceding declaration, "Ye have not the love of God in you ;" for how could they—how can you, love the Father, when they and you receive not the Son ?

But further, *you dislike to have the claims of God urged upon you.* Let the preaching you hear be plain and pointed, or let Christians be faithful in conversation, and very likely you will be offended. Why? If you loved God, you would delight to hear his truth plainly and faithfully preached, to have your duty plainly and faithfully, but affectionately urged upon you. And how can you love God, when thus opposed to his claims, and displeased when they are pressed upon your attention?

Again, *you have broken the law of God, and yet you feel no sorrow for it.* You are not grieved that you have broken the law of God, and set at naught his commands; how then can you love him? Love always leads us to embrace the first opportunity to confess our faults to those whom we have injured; but when did you confess your sins to God? You have injured him by your transgressions; but when and where have you made confession, and sued for his forgiveness?

And *what regard have you for God's honor and glory?* Are you grieved when his name is dishonored and his law broken? Do rivers of waters run down your eyes because men keep not his law? Ps. 119 : 136. But how do *you* treat his law, his Bible, his Sabbath, his sanctuary, his worship, his ordinances, his people? Are you honoring and glorifying God? Is this your aim? Is God honored and glorified by your unholy, and prayerless, and irreligious life? But, reader, not to reason further, I ask you plainly, must you not confess that you have not the love of God in you? Are you not *convinced* that you are wholly destitute of all true evangelical love to God? Whether convinced or not, remember the Saviour says, and it is true, *I know you, that you have not the love of God in you.* This is your condition; I would to God you might realize it, repent of it, and forsake it.

In the above do we not see most clearly, that,

1. *Sinners, unrenewed, are not fit for heaven.* Reader, what would you do in heaven, if admitted there? You have no love to God. You could not delight in his praise. You could not be happy in the society of those who are filled with the love of God. *Negative goodness*, be it remembered, is not sufficient. Nor is *morality* sufficient. Many, it would seem, pride themselves on their *harmlessness*.

They have injured no one; they have done, they say, nothing very bad. This is the amount of their *righteousness*. On this they build their hopes of heaven. But such hopes are vain. To be *destitute of good fruits* is damning. Matt. 25: 41-43, and 14-30. "Ye have not the love of God in you," is the *description and condemnation* of impenitent, unregenerate men. John 5: 42. It is a sufficient *crime* to be *destitute* of love to God. Of this crime you are guilty. You do not love God. This has been proved. You, therefore, are not fit for heaven. You *know* you are not, you *feel* you are not. If you die as you are, you must be forever excluded from the paradise of God. Are you willing thus to die, and sink down in endless despair? I know you are not. Then why not turn and live? Why need so much urging—so much entreaty?

2. Again I remark, *you must be born again, or perish*. There is no escape. To dream of going to heaven as you are, without the love of God in you, with a heart opposed to God, and at enmity with him, Rom. 8: 7, is folly and madness. There must be a change, or you are lost. The enmity of your heart must be subdued, and a principle of holy love be begotten within you. You must be renewed in the spirit of your mind, Eph. 4: 23—become a new creature in Christ Jesus, 2 Cor. 5: 17—experience the washing of regeneration and renewing of the Holy Ghost, Titus 3: 5—be born again, John 3: 5-8—born of the Spirit, or you will perish in your sins and sink to hell. Ask, that you may receive. Luke 11: 1-13. And beware how you resist and grieve the Spirit! He will not always strive. Gen. 6: 3. If you grieve him away, you are forevermore undone! O yield to his influences. Submit to God without delay. Repent and believe. Receive Jesus Christ as your Saviour and you shall receive remission of sins. He is your only hope. Reject him, and you are lost; "He that, being often reprov'd, hardeneth his neck, shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy." Prov. 29: 1.

WILL IT EVER BE KNOWN?

YES, *conscience* will tell of it. Conscience is a traitor; and when you trust her with your secret sins, you must not be disappointed if she betrays you. She was on the spot, and recorded them. She tried to restrain you; she whispered in your ear not to do the fearful deed; and because you would not listen to her, she told you then that she would publish it to the world.

More than twenty years rolled away, and Joseph's brethren appear to have had no compunction for their crime. They had kept the secret, and no doubt imagined that it would for ever lie buried in their own breasts. But in the providence of God, they were sent into Egypt, and by a cluster of circumstances, stood agitated and trembling before that very brother whom they had so cruelly sold as a slave. "Joseph knew his brethren, but they knew not him." Yet conscience could no longer sleep; "And they said one to another, We are verily guilty concerning our brother, in that we saw the anguish of his soul when he besought us, and we would not hear; therefore is this distress come upon us."

A "fire not blown" consumes the man who has a guilty conscience. In the midst of laughter, his heart is sorrowful. Like that pagan monarch surrounded by his guards and princes, and amid all the delights of music and banqueting, he is terrified by a sentence which he cannot even understand.

Conscience is the great betrayer of secret sin. It would seem to be one of the laws of God's moral government, that the apprehensions and forebodings of the mind under the influence of remorse, should, sooner or later, force the offender to the confession of his own guilt, and to be the publisher of his own shame. No vigor of intellect, no strength of nerve, no sworn purpose of secrecy is able to withstand the urgent pressure of an incensed conscience. When God commands her to speak, she will speak, and *speak out*, to the confusion of the worker of iniquity. Noth-

ing can surpass the outward murmurings of that inward condemnation which the terrified mind feels when bleeding, writhing under the agonies of an accusing conscience. You can clothe yourself with no splendor of which conscience will not divest you; you can enter no solitude where conscience will not follow you: conscience will make you pale on your lonely pillow; and even in your soundest slumber she will whisper, "Thou art the man."

And *the providence of God* will tell of it. "His eyes are upon the ways of men." There is "no darkness, neither shadow of death, where the workers of iniquity may hide themselves." In a thousand ways, unknown and unsuspected by you, he can bring it to light. Men are sometimes most unaccountably infatuated in the commission of what they themselves suppose to be secret sin. Saul spared "the best of the sheep, and the oxen, and the fatlings," themselves to proclaim the sad tale of his disobedience. Your wonted prudence may forsake you, and you may act as if you were determined to be your own accuser. The very plans which you have devised with the greatest art for concealing your guilt, may lead to discovery. God is above you. Say not, "Can he judge through the dark cloud?" He so controls and governs all your devices, that their very secrecy may prove the occasion of their disclosure. He has your heart, your *lips* at his disposal, and he can make them tell the mournful and astounding tale of all your secret wickedness.

If "the eyes of the Lord run to and fro throughout the whole earth, to show him strong in behalf of those whose heart is perfect towards him," so are they ever present and ever wakeful to discover the secret transgressor. Your eye cannot see him, your ear cannot hear him, your touch cannot feel him, nor is he in any view the object of your senses; yet are you everywhere encircled with God. No darkness, no distance hides you from God. You cannot be so unknown, or so forgotten by men, but that He who sees the sparrow and the worm, and counts the sands on the shore, inspects you with his omniscient eye. It is a comfort to the people of God, amid all the sorrows that are unknown to men—sorrows which they cannot or may not disclose—that God sees them. And what a discomfort to the wicked! What fearful terrors to the secret trans-

gressor amid sins with which no human being sympathizes, and which neither friends nor foes have witnessed, that God, the great Witness and Judge, sees them all, and that the voice of his own almighty providence will publish them to the world.

Evil spirits will tell of it. They know it who tempted you to commit the wickedness, who helped you to palliate its aggravations, and who promised you the veil of secrecy. They were artful in leading you into embarrassment and difficulty; but they will be faithless to rescue you. They wait only for the permission of their great Sovereign, not only to proclaim your folly, but unmercifully to aggravate it. The devil despises you for being the victim of his devices; and he is just mean enough to triumph over you when you have fallen. He is your greatest enemy, and seeks nothing more than to involve you in difficulty, and then cover you with confusion. He is familiar with scenes of wickedness. He notes and marks them all, and visits them to see who is there, and to lend a helping hand in all their iniquity. And no sooner do you become the victim of his subtlety, than his revengeful and malignant heart boasts and glories that you were taken captive by him at his will.

Holy angels will tell of it. Though unseen by you, they saw what you so vainly hoped to conceal. They noted it down. They have preserved it in long remembrance, and are witnesses against you. They were grieved when you committed it, and wondered at your presumption. They stood near you, and entreated you not to do that abominable thing which God's soul hateth. They were commissioned to come down from heaven on purpose to resist the seductions of those evil spirits that were tempting you. But you would not listen to them. They could have foiled the great adversary but for *you*. But you would not be diverted from your purpose; and now these holy and angelic ones stand ready to attest your folly.

Men will tell of it. They know it too. Your accomplice knows it. All your guilty companions know it. And the oath of secrecy will be dissolved whenever selfishness and pride shall become the gainers by the perjury.

There was another who was witness to it. His grim form stalks unseen amid the frequented and the solitary

abodes of men. His ghastly eye was there ; and on his ear fell that soft whisper, those still and almost sepulchral breathings, that were never designed for mortal man. All-pervading, unrelenting *Death*, will reveal the secret. Nothing shall have power to silence his testimony. He shall come up into your windows ; he shall have a place near that pillow of anguish, there to recount your crimes and fill you with reproaches.

“And after death, the *judgment*.” This is the great revealer. “The Lord himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and the trump of God.” The Son of man shall come with power and great glory, and all nations shall stand at his bar. Sovereigns and slaves shall be there. Rich and poor, young and old, male and female, every saint and every sinner shall be there. Deeds of solitary wickedness shall then stand forth. Deeds long forgotten shall then be remembered. Deeds committed under the veil of night and darkness shall then be set in the light of God’s countenance. Deeds done far away from human eyes shall no longer lose their atrocity in the distance of place, or time, or retirement ; but every eye shall see them. The sentence of the world will be of little moment then, compared with the judgment of God ; and yet will his judgment be sanctioned, and justified, and honored, by the unanimous concurrence of the world. The magnificent scenes of that day, and all its solemn splendor, impressive and affecting as they will be, will be lost sight of in the more impressive and affecting developments of human character. God will do justice to the secret transgressor then ; and the secret transgressor will be constrained to do justice to himself. His history shall no longer be secret, and he shall no more ask the question, *Will it ever be known ?*

LOGIC OF THE LIFE.

A NARRATIVE OF FACTS.

BY REV. HUGH STOWELL.

THERE is one way, and that the best way, in which the simplest and least learned believer may meet and confute the subtlest infidel—not so much by words, as by deeds; not so much by the logic of the lip, as by *the logic of the life*. I shall best make my meaning plain by a simple account of what lately happened in my own neighborhood, and partly under my own eye.

John — is a dyer; and mingling with men of bad character, he had become a drunkard, a blasphemer, a cruel husband, a noted boxer, a practical infidel. As is usual in such cases, his house was the home of wretchedness, unfurnished and deserted; his wife was in rags, his cupboard empty, and debt and shame were his constant companions.

About three years ago, through the efforts of an assistant of mine, his wife was induced to open her house for a cottage lecture; and the husband, after a time, began to steal into the back part of the dwelling during the little services, and to lend a half-unwilling ear to what was going on. It pleased Him “who leads the blind by a way that they know not,” to reach his conscience in this manner. He became very uneasy, and in spite of his mean clothes, began to attend church. For a time his anguish of mind was greater than can be told. But at last that Saviour who came “to bind up the broken-hearted,” and who died on the cross to save sinners, manifested himself to him as he doth not to the world, giving him “beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness.”

The calm morning after a stormy night is not a greater

change than that which followed in the life and lot of happy John. All things became new. His house was made tidy, and one piece of furniture after another was purchased, till the whole face of his cottage was changed. His wife and himself, decently dressed, were in their places at church whenever the sabbath-speaking bell bade them to the house of prayer, and ere long they were seen side by side at the table of the Lord.

A light thus put on a candlestick, could not be hid. So striking a change in one who had been so notorious, called forth much notice. He became a wonder unto many. Some admired, others mocked, and many persecuted him. His former infidel companions were more especially mad against him. They jeered him, reproached him, enticed him, swore at him, and did all in their power to draw or to drive him from his Saviour. But deeply sensible of his own utter helplessness, he clung to the strength of God, and thus, "out of weakness being made strong," his enemies only served to prove his faith, exercise his patience, and increase his watchfulness. The blast of temptation, which lays in the dust the plant which our heavenly Father hath not planted, only roots the deeper every "tree of righteousness" which he has planted in the garden of his grace.

John had most to bear at his daily labor in the dye-house. It was his hard lot to work amongst a band of low infidels, and they had it nearly all their own way. For a time, indeed, two men timidly took the Christian's part; but after a while, even those, worn out by annoyance and ashamed of the cross, deserted both him and their profession of religion, becoming apostates, the vilest of the vile. The humble confessor was thus left alone, like a sheep in the midst of wolves; but he was not alone, for "the Lord stood by him." He was enabled to walk blamelessly and unrebukably before them. Sometimes he reasoned with them, at other times he entreated them, but most commonly he did as his Master had done when beset by his accusers, "he answered not a word." His meekness was the more lovely, because he had been aforetime a terror to his com-

panions, nor was there one of them who would have dared to provoke him. But now the gentleness of the lamb restrained the strength of the lion.

The quiet influence of John's consistent walk could not fail to be felt. His life was harder to answer than his tongue. A beautiful proof of this occurred one day, and shall form the point of my little narrative. His fellow-workmen had been nearly an hour decrying Christianity as the source of all crime and wretchedness, whilst they boasted what their system would do if fairly tried—what peace and purity would reign in their "new moral world." John held his peace for a long time, till at last "the fire kindled," and lifting up his voice, he turned upon them, and said feelingly, but firmly, "Well, I am a plain-dealing man, and I like to judge of the tree by the fruit it bears. Come, then, let us look at what your principles do. I suppose they will do in a little way what they would do in a great. Now there," said he, pointing at the two apostates, "are Tom and Jem, on whom you have tried your system. What then has it done for them? When they professed to be Christians, they were civil, sober, good-tempered; kind husbands, and fond fathers. They were cheerful, hard-working, and ready to oblige. What are they now? What have you made them? Look at them. How changed they are. But not for the better. They seem downcast and surly; they cannot give one a civil word; their mouths are full of cursing and filthiness; they are drunk every week; their children are nearly naked; their wives broken-hearted, and their houses desolate. *There* is what your principles have done. This is the 'new moral world' they have made.

"Now, I have tried Christianity; and what has it done for me? I need not tell you what I was before; you all too well know. There was not one of you that could drink so deeply, or swear so desperately, or fight so fiercely; I was always out of humor, discontented, and unhappy. My wife was starved and ill-used: I had no money, nor could I get any thing upon trust. I was hateful and hating.

What am I now? What has religion made me? Thank God, I am not afraid to put it to you. He has helped me to walk carefully amongst you. Am I not a happier man than I was? Can you deny that I am a better servant to my master, and a kinder companion to you? Would I once have put up with what I daily bear from you? I could beat any of you as easily as ever: why don't I do it? Do you hear a foul word come out of my mouth? Do you ever catch me in a public-house? Is there any one that has got a score against me? Go and ask my neighbors if I am not altered for the better. Go and ask my wife; she can tell you. Go and see my house; let that bear witness. God be praised for it, *here* is what Christianity has done for me: *there* is what infidelity has done for Tom and Jem."

He stopped. The appeal was not to be withstood. For that time, at least, the scoffers had not a word to answer. They were overpowered by the eloquence of example.

My brethren of the working class, follow this beautiful pattern; "With well-doing put to silence the ignorance of foolish men." "Be not afraid of their terror." "Witness a good confession." Stand fast, like Daniel before the den of lions, or Shadrach, Meshack, and Abednego, before the burning fiery furnace. If you cannot argue, you can act. If you cannot reason down, you can *live* down the artful infidel. There is a logic of which, through grace, you may be masters—a logic so simple that a child can understand it—so conclusive that a philosopher cannot disprove it: it is the logic John made use of—*the logic of the life*.

INQUIRING-MEETING.

During one of those seasons of religious attention with which the churches in New England have been visited by the Holy Spirit, I employed a few weeks in the interior of the country. It was the month of August. The early harvest still waved in rich and brown luxuriance over hill and vale, and formed a delightful and welcome contrast to the heated walls, burning pavement, and arid atmosphere of a crowded city. Mountain and river, the vivid verdure and refreshing breezes of a rural sky, the dense, dark forest, with emphasis and sweetest harmony seemed to say, "Marvellous are thy works, Lord God Almighty, in wisdom hast thou made them all!"

There was every thing in the scenery that invited to heavenly contemplation. Why, thought I, are not the dwellers in these tranquil and inviting regions all the devoted children of God? What is there here to allure the soul to fellowship with earth? I knew, indeed, that human nature is the same every where, and that the same general virtues and vices are to be found in both city and country. But the febrile excitement, the stimulated intercourse, the wealth, luxury and dissipation, the pomps and vanities of the world, the refinements of philosophy, and the gross vices which exert so powerful and melancholy an influence in populous cities, seemed here to have no power. The rural christian is placed in circumstances most favorable to his best moral habits and feelings. His trains and associations of devoted thought seem to spring up and flow spontaneously, like the stream that flows from a fountain of living water. Love to God—communion with God—devotedness to God, seem almost natural to such exemption from care, to the solitude

of such retirement, to such persuasives to hallowed meditation. I was irresistibly reminded of those beautiful lines of Cowper :

“ Far from the world, O God, I flee,
“ From strife and tumult far ;
“ From scenes where Satan wages still
“ His most successful war.

“ The calm retreat, the silent shade,
“ With prayer and praise agree ;
“ And seem by thy sweet bounty made
“ For those that follow thee.”

It was towards the close of the week, and just as the lengthened shadows reminded us that the sun was going down, that we drew near a quiet and lovely village in the county of Berkshire, not far from the luxuriant meadows beautified by the Housatonic River. Every thing was still, except here and there a hurried effort in the field to prepare for the approaching Lord's day. We alighted at the village hotel just as the sun went down. There was a tranquillity—an air of seriousness about the place to which we had not been accustomed even in the best conducted inns of New England, which led us to congratulate one another in the anticipation of a pleasant Sabbath. And what added not a little to our anticipations, we learned in the course of the evening that our host was a pious man, and that there was a revival of religion in the village of several months standing.

Our expectations in relation to the approaching day were not disappointed. It was the week of the most powerful influence of the Divine Spirit upon the people, and of this week the Sabbath was the crown. I shall never forget the tenderness and solemnity of this day. The unbroken silence of the morning—the quietness and decency of the inn—the respectful deportment of the attendants—the delightful season of family worship, in-

errupted by no blowing of horns, or arrival and departure of stages—the tears which trickled down the withered cheeks of an elderly lady, more venerable for her piety even than for her years, as we sung, *Welcome, sweet day of rest*—all led us to respond to the sentiments we had just been reading, “Surely the Lord is in this place, and I knew it not!”

As the first bell was ringing for church, I saw the villagers crossing the plain from every direction, and going into the school-house. It was a meeting for *prayer*. It had caught the eye of Mrs. S. before it had caught my own, and she was just descending from her chamber, with her bonnet on her arm, to say, *Let us not miss the prayer-meeting*. We hastened across the green and took our seats in a remote corner of the building. It was truly the hour of prayer. Confession, thanksgiving, entreaty—so humble, and yet so confiding—so confiding, and yet so unpresumptuous—so importunate, and yet so submissive, distinguished their addresses to the throne, that we could not but feel that it was given them to have power with God.

At ten o'clock the meeting quietly dispersed, and we repaired to the church. We were strangers, and yet no eye seemed to wander but our own. And ours not long. The prayers, the praises, the appearance of the assembly, the awful stillness, the deep thought and suppressed emotion of the worshippers, told us that it was none other than the house of God and the gate of heaven. I was acquainted with the pastor, and assisted him in the services of a part of the day. He was one of the staid sons of the pilgrims—with more sense than sound—and yet knew well how to employ the

“Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn.”

His theme was, *How can we escape, if we neglect so great*

salvation? He spake not in the enticing words of man's wisdom, but in demonstration of the Spirit and with power. He rose with the sacredness and grandeur of his subject, till it seemed as though his message proceeded from the throne of God, and reached the consciences of all his auditory. I had always respected and loved him, but never so much as now. It was not the declamation of enthusiasm, but the power of truth. It was logical, and yet mingled with ardent and impassioned emotion. When he came to speak of the sinner's perdition, he wept. And who did not weep? How worthless and insignificant, thought I, are all other interests and claims, when compared with the interests of immortal truth, and the claims of eternity! Such was my old friend, the village pastor. His faithful reproof—his affectionate spirit—his meekness of wisdom—his gentleness and simplicity—his holy zeal and unostentatious love—his devotedness to the cause of truth and the honor of God—these, thought I, are characteristics in the ambassador of Christ which

“Allure to brighter worlds, and lead the way.”

The subject of the afternoon discourse was, *And when he beheld the city he wept over it.* Nor could I refrain from saying, with the disciples on the mount, “Lord, it is good to be here.”

At the close both of the morning and afternoon service, notice was given of a meeting for prayer in the school-house, and a meeting for religious inquiry in the academy, both to be attended in the evening. After church, we accompanied the pastor and took tea with his family. No sooner were we seated in the parlor, than it was obvious that deep solicitude was felt for the results of this Sabbath, and strong confidence was expressed that the gracious Lord had appeared in his glory. Two

of the dear children of the family and a female domestic had returned from the sanctuary in deep distress, and with their heads bowed down like a bulrush. The daughter could not suppress her emotions, and exclaimed, *O father! how shall I escape?* We were all affected, and for several moments none of us could speak. The mother looked towards me, and I took my seat by the side of her weeping child. After some conversation, the father proposed a little family prayer-meeting, during which, after singing the fifty-first Psalm, two prayers were offered with a special view of supplicating the Divine presence with the exercises of the approaching evening. While seated at the tea-table I inquired of my friend whether there was "any thing peculiar in the inquiring-meeting, or any peculiarity in his manner of conducting it?"—"No," said he, "none at all. The object of the meeting is to give those persons in the congregation, who feel an interest in the subject of religion, and who desire it, the opportunity of conversing with their pastor. But," added he, "you will attend and assist me in the exercises."

While Mrs. H. and Mrs. S. went to the prayer-meeting in the school-house, Mr. H. and myself and the children went to the inquiring-meeting in the academy. It was a large hall, and was nearly filled. I should judge there were from one hundred and thirty to one hundred and fifty persons present,—chiefly of those who were from sixteen to thirty years of age, together with a few in more advanced years, and a few who were children. All were seated—some with their heads leaning upon the railing of the seats—some in a fixedness of look that seemed to say, God and eternity are near—some with a settled gloom and depression of countenance—some few with marks of indescribable anguish—and some with a serenity and smile, placid and beautiful as the loveliest

sky after a storm. I know not what brought the thought to my mind, but I was instinctively led to dwell a moment, in my reflections, upon that beautiful representation in the Apocalypse, "And there was a rainbow round about the throne." I felt that God was holy. I could not look upon the splendor of his unveiled glory. But its blazing splendors were all subdued and softened here, like the blended coloring of the rainbow. It seemed to me that I was within the most holy place; where I had new views of the God that is invisible, and where, amid all that was solemn and fearful, this well known emblem of his covenant of peace reflected a beauty and splendor so soft and gentle, that even the most guilty and vile might look upon him and live. This, thought I, is that rain of heaven, and these those dews which descend so plentifully upon the mountains of Zion, that the bow of promise completely encircles the throne. The meeting was opened by singing the following hymn :

"Come, sacred Spirit, from above,
 "And fill the coldest heart with love;
 "Soften to flesh the flinty stone,
 "And let thy god-like power be known:
 "Speak, Thou, and from the haughtiest eyes
 "Shall floods of pious sorrow rise;
 "While all their glowing souls are borne
 "To seek that grace which now they scorn.
 "O let a holy flock await,
 "Num'rous around thy temple gate,
 "Each pressing on with zeal to be
 "A living sacrifice to thee!"

While this hymn was singing, I observed several persons drop their heads, and during the short interval of rest between the stanzas, heard now and then a deep sigh, and beheld some in tears. When the hymn was closed, the object of the meeting was briefly stated, and

all were requested to kneel and unite in prayer. After prayer, the pastor himself, together with three other gentlemen, who, as I supposed, were officers of the church, dispersed themselves throughout different parts of the room, and entered into conversation with the individuals who were present. Here and there were clusters of persons, with whom they conversed collectively. The conversation with individuals was sometimes continued two or three minutes, and sometimes elicited no answer. Sometimes it consisted of a single inquiry and an appended observation or two. And sometimes it continued for eight or ten minutes. So that at the close of the meeting there were none who had not the opportunity of a personal interview with their pastor, or some one of us who assisted him. The conversation was conducted rather in a low tone of voice, and much as it would have been had the parties been alone in a private parlor. Very much of it I heard, and will now narrate with as much accuracy as I can.

Addressing himself to a middle aged man who sat near us, "Do you feel, sir," inquired the pastor, "any special interest in the subject of religion?"

"I know not what to say," was the reply. "I do not feel as I did a few weeks since. I see that religion is important, and I know that I cannot be happy without it. The world looks dark to me. But I am for the most part very unconcerned. I am *ignorant*, and wish you to instruct me, and to deal with me plainly and faithfully."

"Have you ever been sensible," continued the pastor, "that you are the enemy of God? Do you see for yourself, that notwithstanding all his kindness and love, you are still unwilling to forsake your sins, and fall in with the method of mercy by Jesus Christ?"

"I fear, sir," said he, "I do not feel this, though I know

it is true. I have no proper conviction of my sins. My conscience is right, but my heart is wrong. My conscience tells me that God would do me no injustice if I should be left to perish. And yet my heart rises in dreadful opposition to his justice and sovereignty. I feel as though I could not submit to such a God."

"Do you think such feelings are right?" said his pastor. "Would it be right for angels to feel thus towards the ever-blessed God? Would it be right for saints? Is it right in you?"

"I know it is not right."

"And will you persist in what you yourself acknowledge to be wrong?"

"I know I am wrong; but what shall I do?"

"O what *would* you do, but be reconciled to God? The blessed Saviour, who shed his blood for you; the Holy Spirit, who is now striving with you; your own conscience, which now reproaches you; all require you to cease from contending with your Maker. These rebellious feelings show you what is in your heart. They show you how unfit you are, with such a spirit, to enter into the kingdom of God. You must give them up. Pray, pray for grace to give them up. They make you miserable here, and if persevered in, must make you miserable for ever."

To a young man who had overheard the previous conversation, the pastor said, "Can you give me some account of the exercises of your mind, my young friend?"

The youth was for a moment too much affected to speak; when his pastor, with a tenderness that seemed to forbid reserve, inquired, "When was your attention first called up to the state of your own soul?"

"The first thing," replied the young man, "that affected my mind, was at the lecture, the week before

last. I saw that I was a sinner, and in danger of endless punishment. When I went home I determined to seek religion. I made a solemn promise. I read the Bible, and prayed several times a day."

"And have you found the Saviour?"

"No, I cannot find him."

"And yet he says, *Seek and ye shall find. Him that cometh to me, I will in no wise cast out.* Does it seem to you that Christ is either unable or unwilling to save?"

"I will tell you," replied the young man, "just how I have felt. The last Sabbath morning you preached from these words, *The heart is full of evil.* I thought you were *personal* in your remarks. You showed me what a wicked heart I had, and how full of evil it was. I thought that all the people were looking at me, and that you were showing them my wicked heart. And I was displeased and angry. But when I went home, I was very much distressed. My mother said nothing to me, and this distressed me more. I overheard her praying for me in her chamber, and this distressed me still more. I went and tried to pray for myself, and I could not pray, and this distressed me more still. I felt that I was lost. I thought I should never find an interest in Christ. It seemed to me that I was so wicked I must perish."

"And how has it been with you through the week?"

"Just the same, sir. When I read the Bible and try to pray, I feel that God is all the while angry with me."

"He is a holy God, and cannot look on sin."

"O sir," replied the young man, "I know I must perish unless God take away my obstinate heart, and give me a heart of flesh."

"It is indeed so," replied his pastor. "*Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God.*"

"I know it, sir, I know it. Never can I enter into that kingdom with such a heart."

“*No, never!*” was the reply; and it was uttered with a tenderness and solemnity with which a father would address a dying child. “And never, unless God give you up to awful blindness, can you be happy any more on earth, with such a heart.”

“Sometimes,” said the young man, “the thought crosses my mind that I had rather go back to my former stupidity than remain as I am.”

“O my dear young friend,” said his pastor, “strive and pray against such thoughts as these. The adversary would tempt you to such thoughts, and triumph over his poor deluded victim, if he could thus stifle these convictions. He knows you would gain nothing by going back, but become ten-fold more the child of hell than before. You may get rid of this distress, and lose these convictions; but believe me, it will be only for a little while. They will all return, either in this world or another, and in ten-fold power. And there will be nothing to relieve them then:—no inviting Saviour—no mercy-seat—no hope of pardon—no mighty Healer—no peace-speaking blood of the cross:—no, nothing but an angry God, a lost soul, and the most distressing convictions for ever.”

Here the poor young man looked us both full in the face without uttering a word. The deep lines of sullen dejection were imprinted on his countenance, and he could neither weep nor speak. “O eternity!” said the pastor, while a deep sigh involuntarily escaped his bosom. “O eternity! eternity!” responded the youth in a whisper, “there will be no end to eternity!” For a moment we were all silent. I could not help taking his hand and saying with tears, *Is there no balm in Gilead?*—He wept. “*Balm,*” said he, “balm for my wounded, guilty soul!”—Here I observed his pastor weep, while he distinctly uttered the ejaculation, “Lord, give us help from trouble!”

“O sir,” replied the agitated youth, “what shall I do? I have felt all this week as though I hated God, and would fain flee out of his hands. I have been so long in this wretched state of mind, while so many others have been brought in rejoicing, that it seems to me as though God meant to give me up. It does no good for me to read or pray, so long as God is against me.”

“So long as you are against God,” replied his minister, almost with an air of severity. “God will do you no wrong. He sees you. He hears you. And yet he bears with you.” And then with subdued and tender accents proceeded; “His love is infinite. Nothing but his patience and long-suffering have kept you out of hell so long. Nor would he have showed you thus your guilt and danger, if he were not willing you should come to repentance. He wounds that he may heal. He waits that he may be gracious. There is bread enough in your Father’s house, and to spare. O against what love are you uttering these ungrateful complaints! If you ever become his child, you will wonder that you stood out so long against his love and mercy.”

There was a young lady just behind us, whose countenance wore a very different appearance from that of this unhappy youth. She was peaceful, and yet solemn; joyful, and yet serious. It seemed as though the fountains of consolation were springing up in her mind, and her very visage shone, I had almost said, like the face of Moses when he came down from the mount

“I perceive, Mary,” said her pastor, “that your mind is more tranquil than when I last saw you.”

She looked up and smiled. “I have peace,” said she, “sweet peace—yet I know not what to think. I fear I am growing stupid. And yet I am happy. I am afraid it is wrong for such a sinner as I am to feel so happy.”

“What makes you happy?” said her pastor.

“I do not know,” said she, “my heart-risings against God are gone—and yet I have none of the love I have heard others speak of.”

“Does it appear to you that you are entitled to the promises of the Gospel?”

“Not that I know of,” she replied; “but my anxiety is gone. My fear is that I have lost my convictions.”

“How,” said her pastor, “does God appear to you?”

“God is love. God is in Christ reconciling sinners unto himself. He is glorious in holiness, fearful in praises, doing wonders.”

“Do you love him?”

With great simplicity she replied, “I think I do not *hate* him now. I have been thinking of his character and government, and love to think of them. They do not distress me as they did once. You know, sir, they used to distress me. But I can think of him now as a sin-hating God, without desiring that he should be less holy.”

“Mary,” said her pastor, distinctly, “does God appear glorious in your eyes for being a sin-hating, sin-avenging God?”

“He does,” said she, “appear glorious.”

“What do you think of yourself as a sinner, Mary?” inquired her pastor.

“I have seen my own extreme vileness, sir, and see it more and more; and yet I no longer wish to run away from God.”

“And what,” said her pastor, “do you think of Christ?”

She simply answered, “His blood cleanseth from all sin.”

“And can you not believe in him, and receive him as your *own* Saviour, and say, with Thomas, *my* Lord and *my* God?”

“I know if I do not believe in him I must perish.”

“You know, too, that God can be *just*, and justify every one that believeth. *This* is the record, that God hath given us eternal life, and this life is in his Son. And will you not put honor upon God, by believing in him whom he hath sent?”

“Indeed, sir, I know not what to say. I do not think I am a christian. I do not disbelieve nor distrust God. Nor am I afraid to commit myself to the hands of the mighty Saviour. But I do not know that I am accepted of him. And if not, I cannot complain. I thought this afternoon of the Saviour’s love for sinners, and felt that I could say with Job, ‘Though he slay me yet will I trust in him.’” And there was so much meekness and humility when she uttered this sentence, that I could not doubt it bespoke her heart.

It was the sister of Mary, who, as I was afterward informed, sat next her. These sisters were two of five children who, within a few weeks, had been brought out of darkness into God’s marvellous light. Elizabeth, of whom I am now speaking, was the elder.

“You expressed some relief from your anxiety,” said her pastor, “when you were at the meeting last week, Elizabeth.”

“Yes, sir, I had some hope of having made my peace with God; and I think it is stronger since I saw you.”

“Well, Elizabeth, I will leave my friend to converse with you, while I go to another part of the room. State your views and feelings to him with the same frankness with which you would to me.”

“What induces you to believe,” I inquired, “that you have experienced a change of heart?”

“My views and desires, sir, are very different from what they once were.”

“Pardon me for inquiring, in what particulars they are different?”

“In many particulars, sir, but especially towards God. I used to care nothing about God. I scarcely ever thought of him, and felt and acted much as I would have done were there no God. But now I think of none so much as him. It seems to me I see him every where, and every where enjoy him.

“Are you *sure*,” said I, “that there is nothing you prefer above God?”

“I will not say I am *sure*, because it is a very easy thing for me to be deceived. But if my heart is set on any thing more than God, I do not know what it is. I am sure it is not wealth; it is not fashion and pleasure; it is not gay society; it is not fame, nor any earthly good. God is more to me than all.”

“But why do you delight so much in God?”

I was struck with her reply, and wished that all the world could hear it—“*Why should I not delight in him?*”—

“And is there nothing in God,” said I, “that displeases you?—no part of his character that you dislike?”

“No, nothing. There is nothing that is wrong. There is no blemish. God is infinitely lovely, and he does what is right. There is no reason why I, or any one else, should be displeased with God.” And she said this with so much decision and meekness, that I observed it made a deep impression on several persons who sat near us.

“But,” said I, “did you never, my young friend, look upon God as a hard master, and upon his law as a hard and severe law?”

“I used to think so,” she replied, “when I thought at all. I used often to try to banish God from my thoughts. I used to endeavor to reason away my obligations to him. I used to think, that as I could not make me a new heart,

so, until God performed this work for me, I could not be bound to love him, nor blamed for not loving him. In this way I used to contend with God, though I was not sensible of it at the time. But I have none of these feelings now."

"You have been a great sinner, then, thus to contend with God?"

"O I have been a great sinner. I am a great sinner still. I know if God should punish me according to my ill-desert, I must perish. And if I should perish, I know it would be just. It would be right—*exactly right*." Here she wept, and said, "O how wonderful is it, that he should forgive such a sinner!"

"But *how* can God forgive? what becomes of his justice?"

"Sir, you have told us to-day. He so loved the world that he gave his only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him might not perish, but have everlasting life. The Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all. He who knew no sin was made sin for us, that we might be made the righteousness of God in him. I have no hopes but here."

"But how is this," said I, "and what do you understand by it?"

"I do not know that I can tell you, sir. I am but a child in knowledge and grace. It is a very precious truth to me, that Jesus died; that he bore my sins, and that his righteousness, in the judgment of God, is counted as mine."

"But do you suppose that Christ was a sinner?"

"No; but he bore *my* sins."

"And because his righteousness is imputed to you, do you consider yourself less guilty and ill-deserving?"

"In *myself*, sir, I am guilty and deserve to suffer; but *in him* I hope to be acquitted from the punishment I deserve, because he endured it for me."

“And how does this method of salvation appear to you?”

“It is just what I need—Christ is my only Saviour. He is a full and complete Saviour. His cross is my only refuge. O, sir, I have felt the worth and tasted the sweetness of the Saviour’s dying love, and long to tell it to the world.”

“Do you recollect that you were ever displeased with the doctrines of the Bible, and felt offended when you heard ministers preach plainly its most humbling and searching truths?”

“Often, very often. These doctrines were displeasing to me. They disturbed me. But I do not complain of them now.”

“Why?”

“I do not know, sir. I cannot say that I understand them. But it appears to me that God has a right to do what he will with his own. We all deserve to die. He hath mercy on whom he will have mercy. I know he will do right. I leave all this with God. He is of one mind, and none can turn him; and what his soul desireth, that he doeth.”

“And how do you feel toward God’s people?”

“He loves them, and I love them. Thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God.”

“How do you feel toward the work of God that is going on in this place?”

“When it first began, I felt opposed to it. I thought we should have a gloomy summer, and that all my mirth was spoiled. When our dear father first spoke to us about the revival and about our own souls, I inwardly sneered, and thought all our pleasures were over. But I feel very differently now. It has been a memorable summer to our dear family, and to many precious souls in this place. It is in my heart to bless God that I did

not leave town, as I thought of doing, and that I have not been called out of the world before his blessed Spirit came down."

"And *who* has brought you to this state of mind, and given you this peace and joy in believing?"

"None but God. His grace, his almighty and sovereign grace has done it. There was nothing in *me*.

'Jesus sought me when a stranger,
'Wandering from the fold of God.'

I did not take a step till he led me. I withstood him as long as I could."

"And what if he had left *you* and taken *others*?"

"It would have been right. I was greatly comforted under a sermon our pastor preached from this text: *I thank thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, that thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes. Even so, Father! for so it seemed good in thy sight.*"

"It is a sweet thought," I replied. "It made the weeping Saviour *rejoice in spirit.*"

I now rejoined the pastor. He was just taking his seat near an elderly man whose countenance was unmeaning and inexpressive. What, thought I, can have induced this man to come to the inquiring-meeting? His pastor treated him with a great deal of kindness and condescension, and though he was slow to speak, at length elicited the state of his mind in the following conversation:

"I perceive you are growing old rapidly, my good friend."

"Yes, sir, I am sixty-eight years of age, a very ignorant man."

"Have you ever thought much about your soul?"

"No, sir, I have not. I have never read the Bible

much. I have not attended church, nor kept the Sabbath.”

“Have you not thought more of the subject within a few weeks?”

“I have been to church of late more than I used to go, and have been thinking of my sinful and miserable condition. But I do not know *how to get religion*. I want to repent and become a child of God, but do not know *how to do it*.”

“Does any one prevent your repenting?”

“No, sir.”

“God has done a great deal to lead you to repentance. He has given you the Bible, and you say, you have neglected it. He has given you his Sabbaths, and you have neglected these. He has given you his Son, and you have neglected him. He has given you time enough to repent, and though he has long been grieved with you, yet has he borne with you these sixty years. What excuse can you have to offer, when God calls you to his bar, why you have not repented?”

“I have no excuse, and yet I do not know *how to repent*.”

“Well, I will tell you. *Think of your sins*. Reflect upon them *deeply*. Think how *many* they are, and how *great* they are, and how *long* you have sinned. Recollect that they have all been committed against a great and holy God; a God who has been unspeakably kind to you, and who has given his Son to die for you; and be *humbled and abased* that you are such a sinner.”

“O sir, I know I ought to feel so.”

“Think, too, what evil your sins have done. Reflect upon your exceeding vileness and turpitude. See how your sins have grieved the people of God, and injured his cause, and ruined your own soul, and the souls of others, and crucified the Lord of glory; and then loathe and abhor yourself, and repent in dust and ashes.”

“ Ah me !” exclaimed the old man ! “ what a sinner I am !”

“ Forsake your sins,” exclaimed his minister. “ Break off your iniquity by righteousness, and your transgressions by turning to God ; and go with an humble and contrite spirit to the cross of Christ, and confess all your guilt there, and ask the God of mercy if there can be any hope for you now in this eleventh hour.”

“ I wish I could do it. It seems to me I would give the world if I *knew how* to go to Christ.”

“ I have no doubt you desire to be delivered from your present burden, you are anxious to escape from the coming wrath ; but if you saw the plague and vileness of your heart, you would see that there is no good thing in it, and that the sweet exercises of genuine *repentance* you have never yet desired. Sure I am, that if you truly wish to repent, there is nothing in the universe to keep you from repenting.”

While we were listening to this conversation, the attention of the pastor was turned to a lady in a remote corner of the room. She was past the meridian of life, the mother of several children, and much of a gentlewoman in her appearance and mien. One of her daughters was present, who had already expressed the hope of reconciliation to God. I perceived that her pastor addressed her with familiarity, and as though she had often been at the inquiring-meeting before.

Taking a seat on a bench immediately before her, he said, “ Well, madam, I hope you have given up the controversy, and enjoy peace with God.”

She shook her head, and remained silent.

“ Do you feel willing to be left behind, while so many are pressing into the kingdom of God ?”

She replied, “ I do not see that I can do any thing more than I have done.”

“Do you think, that when you come to stand at the bar of God you will feel that you have done all that you could?”

“What can I do more?” was her only reply.

“And *what* have you done?” said her pastor. “*What* have you done, except sin against God all your days? And what are you doing now, when his Spirit is so tenderly striving with you, except contending with your Maker?”

“But, sir, I cannot change my own heart. So the Bible teaches me, and so you have instructed me often.”

“Pardon me for inquiring,” said the pastor, “what is the object of this remark? Do you make it because you see and feel it to be true, or because you want an excuse for not loving God? If it is a mere excuse for not giving your heart to God, it behoves you to be satisfied that it is such an one as God will accept. If it is not such as you yourself are persuaded God will accept, then do not utter it. Never, never utter it again. But if it is not because you want an excuse; if you feel this weighty truth; if you are deeply sensible that you are in the hands of God; if you know that you are so vile that unless the living God, by the power of his grace, take from you the heart of stone, and give you a heart of flesh; then do you indeed see that you are in a lost condition.”

“O sir,” she exclaimed, “I am just this lost creature! Why did God create me? Why did he give me existence only to make me miserable?” And she burst into a flood of tears.

There was no small emotion in the room. Every person saw what it was to contend with God. Numbers seemed moved by sympathy; but their ears were open to instruction. The lady continued weeping, while her pastor entreated her no longer to contend with God, and

resist that sovereign power which alone could save her from despair.

Just at this moment an incident took place, the mention of which I may not suppress. The daughter of this lady was present, and had herself, a few days before, found peace and joy in believing. During the previous conversation, unobserved, she had removed from a remote part of the room, and occupied a seat near her mother. She was deeply affected by her mother's state of mind, and with one arm thrown around her neck, and in a low beseeching tone of voice, said, *Dear mother! O the fulness there is in Christ! Come with us to this ocean of mercy!*" We were all in tears. We literally turned away to weep. "O Mrs. M——," said her pastor, "the blame is on your side, and not on God's. God is right and the sinner is wrong. That ocean of mercy! Will you not repair with your children to that ocean of mercy?"

There was a young lady occupying a seat near the centre of the room, who had gathered around her six or seven others not far from her own age, with whom she was conversing, though in a subdued and scarcely audible voice.

One of this little cluster I observed wept bitterly. What a group! thought I. How delightful if this little company should all be seeking Jesus! if this youthful loveliness, these honors as they just begin to bloom, should be devoted to him!

"Sarah," said her pastor, "do you retain your hope of the Divine favor still?"

"O sir," said she, "I have been very happy since I last saw you. A little while after you left me I was again oppressed with a sense of my desperate wickedness. I looked up and saw against what a God I had

been sinning all my life long, and I was oppressed and filled with shame. O what a God he is! How good! how lovely! and yet how fearful! These thoughts of God filled my mind with great joy, and it seemed as though I could do nothing but admire the excellency and loveliness of God. God was very near to me. I could not help thinking how delightful it was to live in God's world—to be his creature—to be in his hand—to be his child—to call him my Father, and to love and trust him for ever."

"The Bible," observed her pastor, "if I mistake not, speaks of the glory of God *in the face of Jesus Christ.*"

"Yes, sir," said she, "I see an infinite fulness and sufficiency in this salvation. He is a hiding-place from the storm, a covert from the tempest, as rivers of water in a dry place, and as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land. I think I can say, Lord, I believe, help thou mine unbelief. But, sir, these dear friends of mine—I thought I could certainly persuade them all to come to Jesus; it seemed to me so *easy* to come to him, and so wicked to stay away; and Christ appears so lovely. But O, sir, I cannot persuade them. I desire to take them all in my arms and carry them to Christ." It seemed as though the young ladies could scarcely refrain from loud weeping. I was waiting to hear what my friend would address to this interesting circle, but he simply repeated the following lines:

"Welcome, welcome, dear Redeemer,

"Welcome to this heart of mine;

"Lord, I make a full surrender,

"Every power and thought be thine:

"Thine entirely,

"Through eternal ages thine."

There was one person present, who, from his appearance, I judged moved in the higher walks of society, and who, from his conversation, was a very intelligent man, and not ignorant either of letters or the world. I afterwards learned that he was a counsellor at law, of very respectable standing in his profession, and the father of a numerous family. As we drew near him, he rose and extended his hand to his minister, and remarked :

“Sir, this, I presume, is as unexpected to you, as to me.”

“It affords me great pleasure,” replied the clergyman, “to meet you here. Are not some of your children in the room ?”

“One of my sons I saw as I entered the door. Two weeks ago I should have been not a little displeased to have known of his being present at such a place, but I rejoice now to *meet* him even here.”

“Your views of religious subjects then are somewhat changed ?”

“I was once a confirmed universalist, as you well know.”

“And what has disturbed you in this belief ?”

“Not long after the day of fasting and prayer, which was set apart by the church about six weeks ago, I had a conversation with my family physician, who is a sensible and pious man, on the subject of universalism. After he left me there was some inquietude on my mind I felt unhappy, I knew not why. I took no pleasure in the world, and lost my zeal in my profession.”

“Perhaps you feared the doctrine of universalism was not true ?”

“I cannot say that I *feared* it was false, or *desired* it might be true. I was desirous to see it as it is, let it be true or false. But, sir, I was greatly agitated on this subject, and so much so that I could not sleep. I took

my Bible and turned to those texts which I had long considered as a proof of my sentiments; but, on carefully reading and considering them, they did not appear so conclusive as they had done."

"What were your reflections?"

"I determined I would be on the safe side; and as I knew I had no religion, resolved to attend to it, and to repent and believe on Jesus Christ as the Saviour of lost sinners."

"Did you find no difficulty in doing this?"

"I thought I could do it; and then, if my sentiments concerning the salvation of all men should not prove true, I should be safe. Accordingly I set about it, but in a few days I relapsed into my old careless habits. This alarmed me, and I resolved to enter on the business again. Again I relapsed into carelessness, and again I resolved to become religious; but to no better effect than before, until at length I felt in some measure my dependance on God to enable me to keep my resolutions."

"And what became of your universalism?"

"My confidence in it gradually weakened, and I had much anxiety and concern of mind."

"How did you feel toward those truths of the Bible which stand opposed to universalism, and which have been so much insisted on during this season of the outpouring of God's Spirit?"

"I contended with them, and even more than I was in the habit of doing when I was a confirmed universalist. The doctrines of the entire depravity of the human heart, and of salvation only by the mercy of God, through the merits of Christ, appeared hard sayings."

"Have you become reconciled to these doctrines?"

"As I was riding alone, God was pleased so to discover to me my own heart, that for a considerable time

I have no recollection of any circumstance or object about me. My attention was so entirely swallowed up by the dreadful discoveries of my own sinfulness, that I knew of nothing else which passed in my mind, until at length I found myself miles beyond the place of my destination, and the shadows of evening shut in upon me. I found my way to such lodgings as I could, but could not sleep. There was a heavy load on my mind. In the morning I returned home, without attempting to transact my business, and was unable for several days to go into my office."

"Have you found relief? and if you have, how did you find it?"

"I scarcely know how to answer you, because, though I do not feel happy, yet my burden has passed away. I found no relief until about ten days since, when feeling my absolute dependance on the sovereign will of God to dispose of me as he should see fit, I resigned myself into his hands, sensible that if he should change my vile heart I should be saved; but if not, and he should send me to hell, that it would be perfectly just, and I should see it and know it for ever."

"Have you established the worship of God in your family?"

"No, I have not, but it is my purpose to do so."

"Will you do it this evening?"

"God helping me, I will."

I was anxious to hear this conversation continued, but a collection of young men were sitting just behind us, to whom I perceived the clergyman was anxious to address himself. He remained standing, and in a tone of voice which all who were near him could hear, said,

"And which of you, my young friends, has any interest in this great subject? It is a time when God is draw-

ing near, and when it is awfully hazardous to trifle with the concerns of the soul."

For a moment there was no reply. At length one of the company said:

"Sir, we wish to obtain religion. We shall never have a better time. If we suffer this revival to pass away without becoming the children of God, we shall probably live and die in our sins."

"And have none of you," said the minister, "reason to believe you have made your peace with God?"

All replied in the negative except one, and he looked up as though he would, but durst not give a different answer.

"James," said the minister, "do you think you are a christian?"

"My distress is gone, sir," he replied, "but I am afraid I am not a christian. I feel willing now to be in the hands of God. I know that he is great and good, holy and gracious, and I am rejoiced that so many are turning to the Lord and loving him. But I am afraid I do not love him."

"James," replied his pastor, "I hope you will call and see me to-morrow. And you, my young friends, I know it is very possible that you may die as you have lived, without God and without hope. It is no small matter to enter into the kingdom of heaven. You are sinners, and under the condemnation of God's holy law. Already are you doomed to eternal death, and unless the execution of this sentence can be averted, and you can obtain pardon from your offended God, you must perish. But to obtain pardoning mercy, you must first see that you need it. You must see and feel that you are *lost*. Lost! lost! lost! O how certainly is the sinner *lost*, who is out of Christ! Death may come and find you *lost*. And then you cannot escape. No, you cannot escape the

damnation of hell. O what a view is it to look upon such a collection of youth going down to endless, remediless ruin! Men and angels might weep over such a scene as this."

As we turned from this interesting group, and approached a different part of the room, we passed a young lady sobbing almost aloud. The pastor turned back.

"O sir," said she, "I am a poor sinner, going down to hell."

"How long," said the minister, "have you been in this state of mind?"

"My mind was distressed to-day, under the morning sermon; and my distress increased in the afternoon. I did not mean to come to this meeting, nor let any body know how I felt. But I am undone. I must become reconciled to God, or perish. I have been hanging over a precipice all my days, but never saw it until now."

"And if you see it now, so much the more inexcusable and guilty will you be if you do not escape the gulf."

"But how can I escape? I would be glad to do it if I could."

"My young friend, what prevents your escaping but your own reluctant heart?"

She still wept, and we passed on to a young man, who, I afterwards ascertained, was a professor of religion.

"I did not expect to see *you* at the inquiring-meeting," said the minister.

"I suppose not, sir," replied the young man. "As you well know, I once thought myself a christian. Nor did I mean or desire to deceive myself, or be deceived in this hope. But when God appeared to revive his work among us, I thought it was a favorable season for me to enter into the foundation of my hopes, and examine the ground on which I stood. This thought was strongly

impressed on my mind, especially for the greater part of the night, and I could not sleep for fear I was building on the sand. I then solemnly resolved to give up my confidence, if I could not find Scripture evidence of a change of heart. And that evidence I cannot find. I am convinced I have never been born of God. On Thursday evening last at the lecture my hope perished."

This young man was in deep distress. It seemed to me that he saw himself in the gall of bitterness and bonds of iniquity. I could not help saying within myself, "The spirit of a man can sustain his infirmity, but a wounded spirit who can bear?" "Though I have professed religion," continued this distressed youth, "almost four years, yet I just begin to feel that the Bible is true, that God is in earnest, that I am a lost sinner, and wholly in the hands of a sovereign God."

Why is it, thought I, that ministers and the people of God have so much more sympathy for those who are professedly impenitent, than for the self-deceived? Are there no solitudes for the false professor? no sympathies for those who have a name that they live, while they are dead? There was a mournful tone and emphasis about every thing this young man spoke that sunk to my soul. There were great tenderness and sincerity in his manner, and I felt that it was truly an awful thing to have a hope that might perish when God should take away the soul.

"I scarcely know," said the minister, "how to address you. It may be just as you say, that you have been deceived with a false hope. God often shows his mighty power in undeceiving the deceived at such a time as this. How kind is it in him to do so, and at a season when his Spirit is descending, not only to reclaim the backslider and convert the self-hardened, but to awaken, and convince, and convert the self-deceived! Be ever

grateful to God, my young friend, for opening your eyes, and for not leaving you to make this melancholy discovery when it is for ever too late."

"O sir," replied he, "I fear it is too late now."

"Why should you fear this?" replied his pastor. "It is never too late while you have opportunity to repent and believe the Gospel. The blessed Saviour invites you now."

Toward the lower part of the room, and near the entrance, sat a man of fine visage, gentlemanly appearance, and, as I should suppose, nearly fifty years of age. As we turned our eyes toward the place where he sat, my friend remarked to me, "The gentleman you see near the door has been a great opposer of religion. He moves in the higher orders of society, has great influence, and a strong and well cultivated mind. Nothing could have brought him here this evening but the Spirit of God." We sat ourselves down beside him, and after a moment's pause he himself broke the silence, and as it seemed to me, almost abruptly.

"It is here," said he, "it is here!"

"What is here?" replied his minister.

"It is here, just as you have preached. I hate his character; I hate his laws; I hate his government; I hate his Son. I have always acted from a sinful heart. I have never done any thing right. I used to think I had done many things that were right and acceptable in the sight of God; but I am all wrong. God is angry with me, and dooms me to hell. It is impossible for me ever to be happy. I shall soon be called to meet death, and stand before God; and I must perish! It seems to me, that with every thought, and every breath, I am waxing worse and worse, and only preparing to sink deeper into hell."

“How long, sir,” said my friend, “have you been in this unhappy state of mind?”

“Sir, it is now three days, and it seems to me I cannot live. I heard to-day that my son is happy in the hope of the Gospel, and this has greatly distressed me on my own account.”

“And can you not come and accept of mercy? All things are ready. The Son of man came to seek and save that which was lost. Why should you not take the water of life freely? God makes no hard conditions.”

“They are hard to *me*. I feel that I can never save myself. If God does not take away my obstinate heart, and make me willing in the day of his power, I am as certain that I shall sink to hell as that I am now in this house of prayer.”

“I know it is so,” replied the minister, “but is there not hope in that sovereign, omnipotent grace, when every other hope is fled?”

“There is,” replied the trembling sinner, “hope nowhere else. But to my mind it is awfully uncertain whether God will ever consent to make me a vessel of mercy. I am so vile that it seems to me I *must* be left to perish.”

“I know,” replied his minister, “that it would be right. God may leave you to be the victim of your own obduracy. I cannot help you. No creature can help you; you are in God’s hands.”

“Yes,” said he, “as the clay is in the hands of the potter.”

“Go, then, go to his mercy-seat, and throw yourself upon his sovereign power and love. Tell him you deserve to die; but inquire of him whether there may not yet be hope. Go in the name and love of Jesus the great Mediator. Go in happy and encouraged dependance on almighty grace. God says to every convinced sinner,

Let him take hold of my strength and be at peace with me, and he shall be at peace with me."

"O sir," said he, "pray for me."

We rose to leave him, and just as we were going, we heard him say, "*Him that cometh to me, I will in no wise cast out.*" "Yes," answered I, "*He is not a man that he should lie, nor the son of man that he should repent. It is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners.*"

I could perceive that he wept. "I have not a word to say," observed he, "if he casts me off." And he wept profusely.

It was now after 9 o'clock, and it was thought best to bring the meeting to a close. I have wept with the afflicted in the chambers of mourning. I have stood by the couch of the dying sinner. I have passed through scenes where some twenty or thirty of my fellow-men were in the agonies of dissolution, and groans, and sighs, and songs of praise mingled with every breath. But never before did I witness such a scene as this. Here were the old and the young, the rich and the poor, the ignorant and the learned, the mother and the daughter, together inquiring what they should do to be saved. Here was the alarmed and awakened sinner, just prepared to suppress the incipient remonstrances of conscience, and return to his wonted security, or lay hold of a premature and delusive hope. Here was the old professor, with all his former confidence shaken and his hopes shivering as though they had been blasted by the tempest. Here were the burdened and convinced, who felt as though their iniquity and their punishment were greater than they could bear, who sat speechless and condemned, while despair and anguish seemed settled on every feature. Here was one whose enmity to God

but a few days since was so deep-rooted and implacable that he seemed almost like a fiend in human form, now "clothed, in his right mind," and soft and gentle as a lamb. Here was a circle of young converts into whose bosom light had dawned like the rays of the morning, and who had just begun their everlasting song. And here were others who for weeks had been under deep dejection; who complained that wearisome nights were appointed unto them, and who were still wading through deep waters and thick darkness. I could not but advert to the glory of that scene at Sinai, when the camp of Israel trembled, and even Moses said, "I do exceedingly fear and quake." But though it was a time of trembling, it was a time of awful stillness. It was the still small voice which made the prophet "wrap his face in his mantle." God was there, and in the glory of his existence, power, justice, mercy, sovereignty and faithfulness.

I felt no small degree of solicitude that so solemn a meeting should leave a right impression on every mind present. And while this thought was passing through my mind, my worthy brother rose and made in substance the following appropriate and affecting remarks:

My dear friends, I have been deeply interested in this meeting. I trust we shall all remember it, and carry the remembrance of it to our graves, and to the bar of judgment. God grant that we may *all* bear it in humble and grateful remembrance, when his ransomed ones come to Mount Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads!

Some of you, I would fondly hope, God has made willing in the day of his power. O what a subject of contemplation to a benevolent mind! To be redeemed from the bondage of sin and receive the adoption of sons; to

be plucked as brands out of the fire, and set forth to shine as lights in the world; what a change is this! How immeasurable the goodness of God in making you the subjects of his grace and the heirs of his kingdom! Others are left blinded by the deceitfulness and chained by the depravity of their own hearts, while *you* are brought out of darkness into God's marvellous light, and enjoy the liberty of the sons of God. O will you not feel that you are not your own, but bought with a price, and glorify God in your body and spirit, which are his? "By their *fruits* ye shall know them." God grant that you may "*endure unto the end!*"

But what shall I say to some persons present? Beloved friends, some of you have never yet seen the plague of your hearts. You are not thoughtless. You are not immersed in the enjoyments of this perishable world. You are afraid of death, and eternity, and the wrath of God. You have formed solemn resolutions to enter on a new course of life; and you do not as yet see any insuperable difficulty in your way. But my dear friends, you are *bound*—bound by the cords of sin. Your feet stand on slippery places. It is a very doubtful matter whether you will ever enter into the kingdom of God. You may live through this revival, and become more and more hardened. And you may at last see many come from the north and the south, the east and the west, and sit down with Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, in the kingdom of God, and you yourselves cast out. O that my head were waters, and mine eyes a fountain of tears, that I might weep day and night *for you* who are thus grieving the Holy Spirit of God.

There are some among you also whom I would fain comfort, but may not, because they stay away from Christ. You feel the burden of your sins, and yet refuse to come to the Saviour. You fear that you are

condemned, and well may you fear it. God is angry with the wicked every day. So long as you are out of Christ there is cause for fear. If you die without an interest in his atoning blood, nothing can keep you from everlasting burnings. And who can tell when death will invade your pillow? Who can tell but you have well nigh exhausted the Divine long-suffering, and may soon be called to give up your account? O consider that you are going down to hell. This night, this hour, turn and live. If you have nothing of your own to plead, see the fulness, the unspeakable fulness of Christ. If you have no good thing, come as you are to Jesus Christ. If you are utterly unworthy, remember it will not make you worthy to stay away from Christ. If you deserve to sink to hell, come and tell him your ill-desert; confess it all; throw yourselves at his feet; and cast yourselves upon his free and sovereign grace. Go from this house humbled and repenting sinners. Go silently to your closets. Look not, speak not to creatures, but to Christ. He is the hiding-place. He will save you by himself alone, or leave you all to perish. He will have all the glory, or you shall never join the song of his redeemed.

After these remarks, which were listened to with eagerness and tears, we all bowed ourselves before God in a short prayer, and the exercises of the evening were closed with the following hymn:

“ Come, ye weary, heavy laden,
“ Lost and ruined by the fall;
“ If you tarry till you're better,
“ You will never come at all:
“ Not the righteous—
“ *Sinners* Jesus came to call ”

" Let not conscience make you linger,
 " Nor of fitness fondly dream ;
 " All the fitness he requireth,
 " Is to feel your need of him :
 " This he gives you—
 " 'Tis the Spirit's rising beam.

" Lo! th' incarnate God ascended,
 " Pleads the merit of his blood ;
 " Venture on him, venture wholly,
 " Let no other trust intrude :
 " None but Jesus
 " Can do helpless sinners good."

The last two lines were repeated with a sweet and subdued emphasis, and seemed to reach every heart :

" None but Jesus,
 " None but Jesus,
 " Can do helpless sinners good."

I returned to my lodgings, and gave thanks to the Father of lights that I had been permitted to witness such a scene. The meeting for prayer in the school-room, I learned from Mrs. S——, was truly a blessed meeting. The next morning we awoke early, and pursued our journey with emotions we shall not easily forget. We rode over the plain, and began to ascend the hills just as the sun dawned. Whether my mind had become unusually tranquil and elevated by the scenes I had witnessed, or whether some kind and gracious influence moved it at that sweet hour, I cannot tell. But joys that were past were brought back upon my soul, and I was reminded of the hour when I have hoped *old things passed away, and all things became new*. I then saw God in every thing, and was happy. So now, every thing around me was full of God—O how full of God! The plain, the village, the distant mountains, as I stop-

ped to look back upon them, were delightfully resplendent with the goodness, wisdom, and power of their great Maker. The very light and atmosphere seemed all full of God. My mind was as calm as the soft breezes which fanned the forest, and buoyant as its bending foliage. It seemed to me the face of nature was never lighted up with such smiles before. The distant horizon was spread out far as the eye could extend itself, like the bosom of a peaceful lake. Just hovering over its remote verge was a deep mild cloud, resembling a chain of mountains stretching along for leagues on either side, while in its rear the rising sun shed upward his blushing radiance every where waking the melody of praise.

The above is selected from "Fragments from the Study of a Pastor," by Gardiner Spring, D. D. of the city of New-York.

SCRIPTURE ILLUSTRATIONS

OF

THE ALL-SUFFICIENCY OF CHRIST.

It is a fact which cannot be denied, and which need not be concealed, that there are many who have fallen short of the salvation which has been offered to their acceptance. But how is this? It is not owing to any unwillingness in the Saviour to receive them. It is just *because they have rejected him* in the spirit of infidelity, like the malefactor who railed against him on the cross—or lifted up the heel against him, like the traitor who betrayed him into the hands of his enemies—or abandoned themselves to the spirit of persecution, like Herod, who set him at naught and mocked him—or perverted the right ways of the Lord, like Elymas the sorcerer, who was full of all subtlety and mischief—or departed from him sorrowful, like the young man who had great possessions—or deemed themselves independent of the riches of his grace, like the proud Pharisee, who trusted in himself that he was righteous, and despised others—or satisfied themselves with the form, without the power of godliness, like the foolish virgins, who went out to meet the bridegroom, but had no oil in their lamps—or sought to escape from their conviction, like Felix, who deferred the overtures of the Gospel to a more convenient season—or manifested the indecision of Agrippa, who, though almost, was not altogether persuaded to be a Christian—or lightly esteemed the blessings of the great salvation, like Gallio, who cared for none of these things.

But, with regard to ALL WHO HAVE COME TO THE SAVIOUR in the sincerity of their hearts, sensible of their burdens, their helplessness, and their misery, how different has been their experience, and how encouraging! Just look at a few of the cases recorded in the sacred volume, and mark how cordial was the reception they met with, yet how varied the attitudes in which they appear.

One is standing afar off, with a cloud on his countenance, and a burden of guilt on his heart, not venturing to lift so much as his eye unto heaven: thus did the Publican when he smote upon his breast, and gave utterance to the humble but accepted prayer, "God be merciful to me a sinner."

Another appears to be rising up, as if coming to his right mind, disgusted with the abominations after which he had been walking, and so touched with the tender mercies he had hitherto despised, as to be saying in his heart, "I will arise and go to my Father:" thus did the prodigal; and his father saw him, even while he was yet a great way off, and had compassion, and ran, and fell upon his neck, and kissed him.

Another is in the act of coming to the Saviour, but coming *secretly*, satisfied in his own heart that he is a teacher come from God, who teaches savingly and to profit, yet afraid of the reproaches of men, and scarce fortified as yet for the bold and open avowal of his name: thus did Nicodemus, the ruler of the Jews, when he came to him by night.

Another is coming to him openly, and with great ardor and impetuosity of spirit, heedless of every difficulty, and in the very face of peril and of death: thus did Peter, when he walked alone on the bosom of the dark and tempestuous sea.

Another is following after him, but with a less bold and intrepid spirit, timid, silent, trembling, shrinking from the presence of his awful majesty: thus did the woman who came behind him in the press, and touched but the hem of his garment.

Another is running before him, almost afraid he may lose the sight of him, yet putting himself in the way by which he was to pass, and diligently seeking him while he was to be found: thus did Zaccheus, when the Saviour looked up and saw him in the sycamore-tree, and said to him, "Make haste, and come down; for to-day I must abide at thy house."

Another is sitting at the very feet of Christ, entertaining the recollection of past guilt, and weeping as one weepeth for an only child: thus did the penitent in the house of Simon the Pharisee, when she washed his feet with her tears, and wiped them with the hair of her head.

Another is lying prostrate on the ground, overwhelmed

with the force of irresistible convictions, and crying out in the agony of his spirit, "What must I do to be saved?" Thus did the jailer at Philippi, when the glad message fell like music on his heart, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."

Another is seeking for the Saviour, the same Saviour whom she had formerly found, and whose footsteps she had been following, but whose presence had again departed, seeking him with sorrowfulness of heart, seeking him early and with intense desire, seeking him in the dark, and at the grave where her sins had laid him: thus did the Mary Magdalene out of whom seven devils had been cast.

Others, again, are attending eagerly on instituted ordinances, or searching the Scriptures with all diligence, such as Lydia of Thyatira, whose heart the Lord opened when frequenting the place where prayer was wont to be made—or Mary of Bethany, who sat at the feet of Jesus listening to the words of everlasting life—or Timothy, who from a child had known the holy Scriptures which are able to make wise unto salvation—or the Eunuch of Ethiopia, to whom Philip preached Jesus on his return from Jerusalem, where he had gone to worship—or Apollos of Alexandria, who was an eloquent man, and mighty in the Scriptures, and instructed in the way of the Lord.

And others still, are occupied with the solemn exercises of *prayer*: the blind man crying in his darkness, "Jesus, thou Son of David, have mercy on me"—the leper in his uncleanness, "Lord, if thou wilt, thou canst make me clean"—the woman of Canaan in the extremity of her distress, "Lord, help me"—the persecuting Saul amid the terror of his convictions, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?"—the woman of Samaria at the well of Sychar, "Give me this water, that I thirst not, neither come hither to draw"—the malefactor in his last agonies, "Lord, remember me when thou comest into thy kingdom"—and the martyred Stephen, with the view of heaven's glories opening up before him, "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit."

It is especially deserving of notice, that in the experience of each of these individuals, there was something peculiar or characteristic. Not one of them was possessed of the same attainments, or placed in the same position, or precisely in the same state of mind as another. There was

dejection in one, and penitence in another; timidity in one, and anxiety in another; intrepidity in one, and trembling in another; expectation in one, and weeping in another, and apprehension in another, and serenity in another, and full assurance in another. Nevertheless they were all coming, or had already come to the Saviour. Therefore *none of them was cast out*. They were all treated as children of the same family—as believers; and whether they were standing afar off, or coming by night, or sitting at his feet, or weeping at his grave, or reclining on his bosom, or looking to his cross, or interceding at his throne—the throne where light is given to the blind, and purity to the unclean, and help to the afflicted, and direction to the doubtful, and relief to the destitute, and the bright entrance into heaven to the dying—still, the Saviour had a kindly look, or a helping hand, or a word of comfort for them all: and how diversified soever were their cases, the experience of every one of them was accordant with the declaration of the great Redeemer, “*him that cometh to me, I will in no wise cast out.*”

And what is the practical lesson taught by these cases, and which every man should be anxious to learn for himself? It is this: that *there is an all-sufficiency* in the riches of the Saviour’s grace, that is equal to the necessities of your own case, however urgent these necessities may be; if you come to the Saviour as you are, with all your burdens and with all your miseries, you will assuredly meet a kind and gracious reception, and be enabled to set your seal to the truth of the Gospel declaration, that it is “a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, even the chief.”

REFORMATION OF DRUNKARDS.

TRULY we live in an age of wonders. Under peculiar influences, hundreds and thousands of once hopeless drunkards are becoming sober men—yet the work of reform has but commenced. It is computed that there are in the land no less than five hundred thousand habitual inebriates. The condition of each individual calls for sympathy and aid, that he may become a sober man, and, through the blessing of God, gain eternal life.

For drunkenness there is and can be no apology; but the condition of the drunkard is often pitiable in the extreme. However gradual, or respectable, may have been his progress in the descent called *temperate drinking*, the appetite now *is formed* within him—the drunkard's appetite. Wretched man! He feels what not faintly resembles the gnawing of "the worm that never dies." He asks for help. There are times when he would give worlds to be reformed. Every drunkard's life, could it be written, would tell this in letters of fire. He struggles to resist the temptation, causes himself to be shut up in prison, throws himself on board a temperance-ship for a distant voyage, seeks new alliances and new employments, wrestles, agonizes, but all in vain. He rises to-day but to fall to-morrow; and amid disappointment and reproach, poverty and degradation, he says, "Let me alone, I cannot live," and plunges headlong to destruction.

Who will come to his rescue? Who will aid in the deliverance of thousands of thousands from this debasing thralldom of sin and Satan? Our aid they must have.

Their *number* demands it. Half a million, chiefly adults, often heads of families, having each a wife and children, making miserable a million and a half of relatives and friends. They pass, too, in rapid succession. Ten years is the measure of a generation, and if nothing is done to save them, in the next forty years two millions may be swept into eternity.

Their personal degradation and suffering require it. What would we not do to pull a neighbor out of the water, or out of the fire, or to deliver him from Algerine captivity,

or wrest him from the hand of a pirate or midnight assassin? But what captivity, what pirate, what murderer so cruel as Alcohol?

Their *families* plead for it. The innocent and the helpless—the lambs in the paw of the tiger, and that tiger a husband and father. Amid hungering and thirsting, cold and nakedness, humiliation and shame, sufferings which no pen can describe, they ask for aid.

The good of the community demands it. While they live as they do, they are only a moth and a curse. The moment they are reformed, society is relieved of its greatest burden. The poor-house and the jail become almost tenantless.

The practicability of a sudden and complete reform of every drunkard in the land calls for it. This science has denied. Religion has only said, “With man it is impossible, but not with God; for with God all things are possible.” But science yields to experiment, and religion marches on joyful in the footsteps of Providence. Thousands amongst us say, “How it has been done, we know not. One thing we know, that whereas once we were drunkards, now we are sober men.”

But above all, *the salvation of the soul* makes it indispensable. Temperance is not religion. Outward reformation is not religion; but by this reform a great obstacle is removed, and thousands of these miserable men may be brought into the kingdom of God. The strong chain that has been thrown around them by the “prince of the power of the air,” is broken. They may be approached as they never could be before. Conviction of sin is fastened upon their conscience. Gratitude inspires their bosoms. Good men are, of choice, their companions. The dram-shop is exchanged for the house of God. A Bible is purchased. Their little ones they bring to the door of the Sabbath-school. They flee affrighted from the pit; and, through grace, many lift up their hands imploringly to heaven, as the only refuge for the outcast, the home for the weary. This has been the operation of the reform in England. Of thirty-five thousand reformed drunkards in that country, fifty-six hundred have become members of Christian churches, having hope in God and joy in the Holy Ghost. So it has been in Scotland; many there now sing of grace

and glory. So it manifestly is in America, and so will it be more and more around the world, as ministers and Christians meet them in kindness and lead them to the waters of salvation.

But what can we do? How can we aid the poor unfortunate drunkard? This is the question.

All can do a little. Some can do much. Every man can get out of the way of his reform; cease setting him an example which proves his ruin; cease selling him an article which is death to the soul; discountenance the drinking usages of society, and those licensed and unlicensed dram-shops which darken the land. Every man can speak an encouraging word to the wretched inebriate; tell him of what is doing in the land, allure him and go with him to the temperance-meeting, and urge him to sign the pledge; and when he has signed, comfort and strengthen him, give him employment, give him clothing; and if he falls, raise him up, and if he falls seven times, raise him up and forgive him.

Try it, Christian brother. I know your heart beats in gratitude to God for what he has done; that he has raised up a new instrumentality for rescuing thousands of our race from the lowest degradation. It is a token of good for our country and the world. Enter into this field of labor. "You know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ; that though he was rich, yet for our sakes he became poor, that we through his poverty might become rich." Go imitate his example; become poor, if need be, to save the lost. "Go out into the highways and hedges, and compel them to come in."

Try it, Christian philanthropist. "It is good neither to eat flesh, nor to drink wine, nor any thing whereby thy brother stumbleth, or is offended, or made weak." Sacrifices make the world happy, and God glorious.

Try it, Christian female. It is work for your sex. Woman is the greatest sufferer from intemperance: driven by it from her home; made an outcast from all the comforts of domestic love, while her babes cry for bread, and she has no relief. Lost men will listen to your words of kindness, be cheered by your benefactions, encouraged by your smiles.

Try it, young men. Have you no companions early

palsied, withered, and scathed by alcoholic fires, treading now on the verge of the drunkard's grave? Go after them in their misery. Go, thanking God that you are not as they are. Go, believing that you may save them; that they will receive you thankfully; that they must have your help, or be lost. Go, and be strong in this work. The movements of Providence call you to effort for the unfortunate and wretched, that you may pull them out of the fire. What you do in the blessed work, do quickly. O, if it be in your power to save one young man, do it quickly. Run and speak to that young man. He will thank you for it. His father will thank you. His mother will thank you. His sisters will thank you. His immortal soul, rescued and saved, will love you for ever.

TO THE POOR UNFORTUNATE DRUNKARD.

MY FRIEND AND BROTHER—You are poor and wretched. A horrid appetite hurries you on in the road to ruin. Abroad you are despised. Home is a desolation. A heart-broken wife weeps over you, yet does not forsake you. She hopes, she waits for your reform and for better days. Conscience bids you stop. But appetite, companions, and custom say, *One glass more.* That is a fatal glass. You rise but to fall again, and you feel that you can never reform. But you CAN REFORM. Thousands and thousands around you have reformed, and would not for worlds go back to drinking. They are happy at home; respected abroad; well dressed; well employed; have no thirst for the dreadful cup. They feel for you. They say, "Come thou with us, and we will do thee good." Come *sign the pledge*, the pledge of total abstinence. In this is your only hope. This is a certain cure. Touch not, taste not, handle not rum, brandy, whiskey, wine, cider, beer, or any thing that intoxicates, and you will be a new man, a happy man. Begin now. Try it now in the strength of the Lord. From this good hour resolve that none of these accursed drinks shall ever enter your lips. The struggle may be severe, but it will soon be over. Say then, "Come life, come death, by the help of God I will be free."

MY WIFE'S GOLD RING.

It was a practice with John Gaspar Lavater, an eminent clergyman, born in Zurich, 1741, to read, every morning, one or more chapters in the Bible, and to select from them one particular passage for frequent and special meditation during the day. One morning, after reading the fifth and sixth chapters of the gospel of Matthew, he exclaimed, "What a treasure of morality! how difficult to make choice of any particular portion of it!" After a few moments' consideration, he threw himself upon his knees, and prayed for divine guidance.

When he joined his wife at dinner, she asked him what passage of Scripture he had chosen for the day. "'Give to him that asketh thee; and from him that would borrow of thee, turn thou not away,'" was the reply. "And how is this to be understood?" said his wife. "These," rejoined Lavater, "are the words of Him to whom every thing belongs that I possess. I am the steward, not the proprietor. The proprietor desires me to give to him who asks of me, and not to refuse him who would borrow of me; or, in other words, if I have two coats, I must give one to him who has none, and if I have food, I must share with him who is an hungered and in want: this I must do without being asked; how much more, then, when asked."

This, continues Lavater in his diary, appeared to me so evidently and incontrovertibly to be the meaning of the verses in question, that I spoke with more than usual warmth; my wife made no further reply than that she would well consider these things.

I had scarcely left the dining-room, when an aged widow desired to speak to me, and she was shown into my study.

“Forgive me, dear sir,” she said; “excuse the liberty I am about to take; I am truly ashamed, but my rent is due to-morrow, and I am short six dollars; I have been confined to my bed with sickness, and my poor child is nearly starving; every penny that I could save, I have laid aside to meet this demand, but six dollars yet are wanting, and to-morrow is term-day.” Here she opened a parcel which she held in her hand, and said, “This is a book with a silver clasp, which my late husband gave me the day we were married. It is all I can spare of the few articles I possess, and sore it is to part with it. I am aware that it is not enough, nor do I see how I could ever repay; but, dear sir, if you can, do assist me.”

“I am very sorry, my good woman, that I cannot help you,” I said; and putting my hand into my pocket, I accidentally felt my purse, which contained about two dollars: these, I said to myself, cannot extricate her from her difficulty, she requires six; besides, even if they could, I have need of this money for some other purpose. Turning to the widow, I said, “Have you no friend, no relation, who could give you this trifle?”

“No, there is no one. I am ashamed to go from house to house, I would rather work day and night; my excuse for being here is, that people speak so much of your goodness: if, however, you cannot assist me, you will at least forgive my intrusion; and God, who has never yet forsaken me, will not surely turn away from me in my sixtieth year!”

At this moment the door of my apartment opened, and my wife entered. I was ashamed and vexed; gladly would I have sent her away; for conscience whispered, “Give to him that asketh thee; and from him that would borrow of thee, turn not thou away.” She came up to me, and said with much sweetness, “This is a good old woman; she has certainly been ill of late; assist her if you can.”

Shame and compassion struggled in my darkened soul. “I have but two dollars,” I said in a whisper, “and she

requires six ; I'll give her a trifle in the hand, and let her go."

Laying her hand on my arm and smiling, my wife said aloud, what conscience had whispered before, "Give to him that asketh thee ; and from him that would borrow of thee, turn not thou away."

I blushed, and replied with some little vexation, "*Would you give your ring for the purpose ?*"

"With pleasure," she answered, pulling off her ring.

The good old widow was either too simple or too modest to notice what was going on, and was preparing to retire, when my wife called to her to wait in the lobby. When we were left alone, I asked my wife, "Are you in earnest about the ring?"

"Certainly, how can you doubt it?" she said ; "do you think that I would trifle with charity ? Remember what you said to me but half an hour ago. Oh, my dear friend, let us not make a show of the Gospel ; you are in general so kind, so sympathizing, how is it that you find it so difficult to assist this poor woman ? Why did you not, without hesitation, give her what you had in your pocket ? And did you not know that there were yet six dollars in your desk, and that the quarter will be paid to us in less than eight days?" She then added with much feeling, "'Take no thought for your life, what ye shall eat, or what ye shall drink ; nor yet for your body, what ye shall put on.'"

I kissed my wife, while tears ran down my cheek : "Thanks, a thousand thanks for this humiliation!" I turned to the desk, took from it the six dollars, and opened the door to call in the poor widow—all darkened around me at the thought that I had been so forgetful of the omniscience of God as to say to her, "I cannot help you." Oh, thou false tongue ! thou false heart ! If thou, Lord, shouldest mark iniquities, Oh Lord, who shall stand ? "Here is what you need," I said, addressing the widow.

At first she seemed not to understand what I meant,

and thought I was offering her a small contribution, for which she thanked me, and pressed my hand; but when she perceived that I had given her the whole sum, she could scarcely find words to express her feelings. She cried, "Dear sir, I cannot repay: all I possess is this poor book, and it is old."

"Keep your book," said I, "and the money too, and thank God, and not me, for verily I deserve no thanks, after having so long resisted your entreaties; go in peace, and forgive an erring brother."

I returned to my wife with downcast looks, but she smiled and said, "Do not take it so much to heart, my friend; you yielded at my first suggestion: but promise me, that so long as I wear a gold ring on my finger, and you know that I possess several besides, you will never allow yourself to say to any person, 'I cannot help you.'" She kissed me, and left the apartment.

When I found myself alone, I sat down and wrote this account in my diary, in order to humble my deceitful heart. To preach the whole moral law, and to fulfil only the easy part of it, is hypocrisy. Merciful Father, how long must I wait, and reflect, and struggle, ere I shall be able to rely on the perfect sincerity of my profession?

I read over once more the chapter which I had read in the morning with so little benefit, and felt more and more ashamed, and convinced that there is no peace, except where principle and practice are in perfect accordance. How peacefully and happily I might have ended this day, had I acted up conscientiously to the blessed doctrines I profess! Dear Saviour, send thy Holy Spirit into this benighted heart; cleanse it from secret sin; and teach me to employ that which thou hast committed to my charge, to thy glory, a brother's welfare, and my own salvation.

ETERNAL LIFE

OR

ETERNAL DEATH AWAITS YOU.

MANY ages ago, the suffering patriarch Job exclaimed, "When a few years are come, then I shall go the way whence I shall not return." More than three thousand years have passed since his expectation has been realized. You are now sojourning, for a short time, on earth, but the patriarch's language applies to you, and you must soon go the way whence you will not return. But whither will that last journey conduct you? It leads to worlds very different from this. Solemn beyond expression are the prospects at its close.

"Important journey! awful view!
How great the change, the scenes how new!
The golden gates of heaven displayed,
Or hell's fierce flames, and gloomy shades."

The happiness of heaven is unutterable. The righteous will be satisfied, when they awake in their Redeemer's likeness. Psalm 17 : 15. The misery of hell is inconceivable. The Lord Jesus, that faithful and true Witness, represents a drop of water to cool the tongue tormented in those undying flames, as a boon earnestly coveted, but never gained. Luke 16 : 24.

Eternity awaits you. Eternal life or death is at hand, and one must certainly be yours. Eternity is a duration beyond calculation and comprehension. Look at the ground covered with innumerable millions of blades of grass, look at the leaves that clothe the trees with verdure, and the drops of morning dew, and what are these compared to eternity? Repeat these numbers millions of times, yet the whole of the mighty sum would be insignificance and nothing,

compared with eternity. And amidst the joys of salvation, or the miseries of perdition, this eternity awaits you.

This truth is fully asserted in God's infallible word. Eternal life and happiness are frequently represented to be the future portion of *the righteous*. "This is the record, that God hath given to us eternal life; and this life is in his Son." 1 John, 5 : 11. "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. "My sheep hear my voice, and I give unto them eternal life; and they shall never perish." John 10 : 27, 28. "This is the will of Him that sent me, that every one which seeth the Son, and believeth on him, may have everlasting life." John 6 : 40. "Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that believeth on me hath everlasting life." John 6 : 47. "I am the resurrection, and the life: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth, and believeth in me, shall never die." John 11 : 25, 26. "The righteous shall go into life eternal." Matt. 25 : 46. These are a few of the numerous proofs that immortal happiness is the portion of the righteous. They are given in varied language, and the truth is presented in different lights, but all show that eternal life is theirs.

With equal plainness and decision, the Scriptures affirm that eternity, though a wretched eternity, awaits *the impenitent and unconverted*. "He that believeth not the Son, shall not see life; but the wrath of God abideth on him." John 3 : 36. "When the Son of man shall come in his glory—then shall he say unto them on the left hand, Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil, and his angels. And these shall go away into everlasting punishment." Matt. 25 : 31, 41, 46. "They shall be punished with everlasting destruction from the presence of the Lord, and from the glory of his power." 2 Thess. 1 : 9. "And the smoke of their torment ascendeth up for ever and ever." Rev. 14 : 11. "The fearful, and unbelieving, and the abominable, and murderers, and

whoremongers, and sorcerers, and idolaters, and all liars, shall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone; which is the second death." Rev. 21 : 8. "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 their worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched. If thine eye offend thee, pluck it out: it is better for thee to enter into the kingdom of God with one eye, than having two eyes to be cast into hell-fire; where their worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched." Mark 9 : 43-48. Is it possible for language to assert in plainer terms the dreadful truth, that eternal misery awaits the unrighteous? The same terms which represent the eternal duration of God, and the eternal life of the righteous, are employed to represent the everlasting duration of the misery of the lost; and not only so, but in language more forcible and expressive than any single word, does the Lord Jesus repeatedly assert, that the fire of hell shall never be quenched.

How solemn, in both these views, is the prospect of eternity. Eternal life, or eternal death; eternal happiness, or eternal woe; eternal rapture, or eternal torment; eternal honor, or eternal shame; eternal holiness, or an eternal load of sin; eternal nearness to God, or eternal banishment from him; eternal communion with holy angels and happy saints, or eternal weeping, wailing, and despair, with Satan and accursed spirits. In these awfully opposite views, eternity is before you; and can you trifle with its interests? Oh, if disposed to slight its great concerns, think what will be your views of such folly, when concerning all for which you neglect eternal life, you shall have to say, It is ten thousand years since I possessed those poor trifles, for which I ruined my soul. Or, if you are a Christian, when almost drooping under worldly trials, think how insignificant they will appear, when of the last of them you shall exclaim, It is ten thousand years ago.

Christian, what encouragement have you for steadfast perseverance, when you contemplate the mansions of peace

and the country of rest. "There remaineth a rest to the people of God." Heb. 4 : 9. "When Christ, who is our life, shall appear, then shall ye also appear with him in glory." Col. 3 : 4. "There is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day: and not to me only, but unto all them also that love his appearing." 2 Tim. 4 : 8. With such hopes, what a trifle is this world to me; its sorrows or its joys, its losses or its gains, trifles alike. Therefore, my soul, be steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord; for thy labor shall not be in vain in the Lord.

For eternal happiness, nothing but an interest in the Lord Jesus can prepare you. You are a sinner, you cannot deny it; "all have sinned." Rom. 3 : 23. As a sinner, you are by nature a child of wrath. Eph. 2 : 3. A condemned creature; for "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 Lord Jesus declares, "Ye must be born again." John 3 : 7. "Except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish." Luke 13 : 5. The pardon and salvation you need, the Saviour is able and willing to give, for "Christ died for our sins." 1 Cor. 15 : 3. By many precious invitations in his holy word, he bids you come to him and be happy. He only can save you. If you slight him, all is lost; if you welcome him, all will be well. Flee, then, to him, and be blessed; to him commit your soul, devote your heart, and yield your all. And O, forget not to consider *what* you will be, and *where* you will be, when of earthly pleasures and pains, possessions and privileges, comforts and friendships, and even of life, death, and judgment, you have to say, They all are passed thousands of centuries ago.

CAN YOU DIE TRANQUIL?

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"It is appointed unto men once to die," says the Apostle, "and after this the judgment." Whoever you are, you must die. And you know not when you will die. Perhaps in a few years; perhaps in a few days; perhaps to-morrow; perhaps to-day. And after death is the judgment. When you die you will appear before the bar of the Sovereign Judge, there to receive the sentence which will be eternal. My question is "*Can you die Tranquil?*" If you should die to-day, this moment, and appear as you are before God, are you sure that you would be acquitted, and not condemned?

Alas! there are men who, under the delusion of the great adversary, flatter themselves that NO ONE *will be absolutely condemned in the day of judgment*. But I ask *how do they know this?* and especially how do they know it with such certainty, that they could die tranquil?

Some argue that *God is too good to condemn any one to eternal misery*. But they forget that the goodness of God is not alone to be considered, but his *justice* also; since goodness, apart from justice, a goodness which would leave crime unpunished, would be a weakness unworthy of a man charged to judge his fellow-men, and how much more unworthy of the "Judge of all the earth." Gen. 18:25. They forget that, in order to know what a perfectly good, and at the same time a perfectly just God will appoint for sinful man, it is folly to refer to the opinion of man himself, who can neither be a disinterested judge in his own cause, nor an intelligent judge in that of God. The appeal must be made to a higher and more impartial authority; and where shall

we find such authority, if not in *the inspired volume*, which speaks to us in the language of God himself. Well, then, this holy book, far from attributing to God a goodness which prevents his condemning any of his creatures, declares to us, on the contrary, that "his goodness is over all his works," and on the same inspired page, that "all the wicked he will destroy." Psa. 145 : 9, 20 ; 92 : 7.

Others persuade themselves that *man can prepare himself for judgment after death* ; and perhaps with greater advantages than here below, since probably his mind will have more light and fewer temptations when he shall be freed from flesh and have escaped this world. But who has come back from the abodes of the dead to tell us what passes there ? Who knows the effects of the great and mysterious change which death makes in our condition, so that he can assure you there will be space for repentance after death ? And what can be known respecting the dead, but what is taught us in the word of God ? Now this word never tells you of the conversion of the dead, nor of prayers offered for the dead, nor of any such thing. It every where points to the present life as the time of our probation, and death as its end ; it describes death as taking away man in his iniquity, (Ezek. 33 : 6, &c.) and gives us to understand that a man who "dies in his sins" can never go where Jesus Christ has gone, (John, 8 : 21,)—to eternal happiness. It connects closely judgment with death, without recognising any interval between them. "It is appointed unto men once to die, and after this the judgment." It declares in a passage referring directly to the question before us, that "according to the deeds done in the body," (2 Cor. 5 : 10,) that is, in the present life, we shall be tried at the judgment-seat of Christ.

But some go still further, and fancy that, in whatever state men appear before the bar of God, and whatever

sentence they there receive, it will not be for any a sentence to *eternal* misery : daring thus to regulate the judgment according to their own theories. But what is this ? A conjecture to amuse the imagination, and lull to sleep the conscience ; nothing more. The Bible every where declares or takes for granted, that there will be a real judgment, where some will be placed on the right hand, and others on the left ; and that " these shall go away into everlasting punishment, but the righteous into life eternal." Matt. 25 : 46. The Bible represents Abraham saying to the rich man, " Between us and you 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." Luke, 16 : 26. It paints the condition of Judas, dying in his impenitence, as so desperate, that " it had been better for him if he had not been born." Matt. 26 : 24.

Away then with this vain conjecture. All reasonings to persuade one's self that no man will be for ever condemned are unsubstantial, because they are not founded upon reason, which knows nothing of these things, nor upon revelation, which decides against this hope. They are but idle theories, which may amuse the leisure of a philosopher in his study, but cannot give tranquillity on a death-bed ; for, to say the least, they afford no certainty to him who seeks refuge in them. Who of you, in that terrible moment, when struggling in the agonies of death, could say with unshaken assurance, " I know that no one will be condemned at the bar of God ?" No, no : these theories of an idle brain can never assure you against the terrors of the judgment. Leave, then, these delusive reasonings, and take things as they are, and as we find them in the word of God. Admit that there will be a real judgment, where some will be acquitted and some condemned, and that thus all men cannot die tranquil, but those only who have a well-founded assu-

rance that they will not be condemned—and I ask you if you yourself are of this number? The question is momentous. Examine it, I say not coolly, for that is impossible, but with calmness. Let us discuss this fearful subject as simply, I had almost said as familiarly, as if I was speaking to each reader in his closet.

If all should honestly answer my question, I fear that vague hopes, an unreflecting confidence, at best loose reasonings would be the only support on which the hopes of many would be found to rest. Yet, if we should judge by the tranquillity they assume, and the security in which they live, they persuade themselves, doubtless, that they can die tranquil; and if you ask them *why*, the answer they will make, and which we hear in fact every day, is nearly as follows. One will say: "I am an honest man; I wrong nobody; do I not perform my duties as a father, husband, citizen? and what crime have I committed to deserve eternal condemnation?" Another: "I am not a despiser of religion; I attend church every Sunday, and I commune several times in the year." A third: "Is not God merciful to those who make themselves worthy of his grace; and what is there blame-worthy in my life?" These various answers are really but one: they all agree in this capital point, that those who speak thus THINK THEIR CONDUCT IS SUCH THAT THEY NEED NOT FEAR THE JUDGMENT OF A JUST AND HOLY GOD. Let me pause at this common thought, and addressing myself to all who rely on their own conduct as the ground on which they can die tranquil, let me ask them if this foundation is solid.

In order that an accused person should appear with confidence before a human tribunal, what is necessary? Plainly, that he shall have *compared his conduct with the law* by which he is to be judged, and have found the former conformed to the latter. That you may have a

similar assurance when going to the tribunal of God, you also must have compared your conduct, on which you depend, with the law according to which judgment is to be pronounced, and have found the former conformed to the latter. Have you made this comparison, and found this conformity? Let us see if you are not mistaken.

The law by which you will be judged at the bar of God is *the law of God*. This law is made known to you, first by conscience, where God wrote it originally; but this first light becoming more and more obscure by sin, God gave us another, the Bible. In the Bible, then, you can learn what is the law. You there find it sometimes spread out into distinct precepts, as in the ten commandments, and sometimes summed up in a few pithy maxims: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, and with all thy strength, and thy neighbor as thyself." Matt. 22:37-39. And again: "Whether ye eat or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God." 1 Cor. 10:31.

Have you practised this law? When you have heard the commandments of God, could you rise and say what the young man in the Gospel believed he could say: "All these things have I kept from my youth up?" Matt. 19:20.

If you answer in the affirmative, attend to a simple account of a conversation I held one day with a man who had this opinion of himself. I had put to him the question, "Can you die tranquil?" He replied without hesitation that he could; and on pressing him to explain the ground of his tranquillity, he told me, like you, that eternal life is promised to those who obey the commandments of God, which he had always done. I then took, almost at random, one of the commandments of the decalogue; it was the fifth, "Honor thy father

and thy mother ;” and asked him such questions as these : “ Have you never done any thing which your parents forbade ? or spoken unnecessarily of their faults ? or failed in the respect and affection you owed them ? or done to them what you would not wish your children should do to you ? ” He was constrained to acknowledge that he had sinned in many ways against this commandment. I then asked him if, supposing he had sinned against this commandment only, and had observed all the others in an irreproachable manner, he could be regarded as an observer of the law ? He was obliged to answer No, according to the simple and searching language of James, “ Whosoever shall keep the whole law, and offend in one point, is guilty of all. For he that said, thou shalt not commit adultery, said also, thou shalt not kill. If then thou do not commit adultery, but if thou kill, thou art a transgressor of the law.” James, 2 : 10, 11. But I had no difficulty to make him see that this was not the only commandment against which he had sinned. I quoted a second, concerning which I put several questions, leaving him always to judge himself of his own conduct ; after this, a third ; then another ; and always with the same result. He went on from surprise to surprise, and from humiliation to humiliation.

I then asked him to name in his turn one commandment which he had not transgressed. He chose the second : “ Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven images, nor bow down before them.” At first he believed himself entirely innocent : surely he had never worshipped idols. But I represented to him that there was an idolatry, of which a person was guilty every time that he gave to the creature the homage and affections due only to the Creator ; so that the covetous man is an idolater, because he makes a god of his gold ; and the intemperate man is an idolater because he

makes one of his belly, according to the words of St. Paul, Eph. 5 : 5 ; Col. 3 : 5. Have you never preferred to God and his will, either riches, or the pleasures of sense, or worldly honors ? These questions soon led him to acknowledge that even the commandment which he believed himself farthest from having violated, he had violated many, many times. At last I remarked to him that, "if his heart condemned him," God condemned him more severely still ; God, who "is greater than our heart, and knoweth all things ;" (1 John, 3 : 20 ;) God, who discovers in us all the evil which escapes our own notice, and who remembers all which we forget ; and I added that, even if he did not feel guilty, he would not for this reason be justified, because he who judges us is the Lord ; (1 Cor. 4 : 4 ;) and the Lord has declared expressly in his Word, that "all have sinned and come short of the glory of God ; that there is none righteous, no, not one ; that there is none that doeth good, no, not one." Romans, 3 : 10, 12, 23. The man of whom I speak was open-hearted ; he acknowledged candidly, and with feeling, that he had been under a complete illusion ; that his conduct, far from having been conformed to the commands of God, had been wholly contrary to them ; and that, having so evidently deserved condemnation, he could not die tranquil.

With some small differences, the substance of this conversation would be the same with what I would hold, if I could, with every reader ; and if you have equal candor with him, you would be led inevitably to the same result. If then you have no other foundation for your tranquillity than the pretended *conformity of your conduct* to the law of God, you are mistaken ; this conformity does not exist ; this foundation is insecure—you cannot die tranquil.

I might stop here, and conclude that you must give

up the hope you have cherished, and seek another more solid hope ; since, if your conduct is not in accordance with the law of the supreme tribunal, it does not appear possible for you to escape condemnation. But there is one more delusion by which men flatter themselves that they shall escape. They think THE LAW WILL BE MITIGATED, and the Judge be satisfied with an imperfect obedience. "God," they say, "will not exact of his feeble creature the perfect fulfilment of his law."

But whence does this hope proceed ? Not from sound reason ; but from a corrupt heart, in love with sin. What says the word of God ? "As many as are of the works of the law, are under the curse ; for it is written : Cursed is every one that continueth not in all things that are written in the book of the law to do them ;" and again : "Whosoever shall keep the whole law, and yet offend in one point, he is guilty of all ;" and again : "I testify to every man that is circumcised," (wishing to be justified by his works,) "that he is a debtor to do the whole law." Gal. 3 : 10 ; James, 2 : 10 ; Gal. 5 : 3. What shall I say more ? "It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God." "Our God is a consuming fire." "He is of purer eyes than to behold iniquity." Who "will by no means clear the guilty ;"—Heb. 10 : 31 ; 12 : 29 ; Hab. 1 : 13 ; Exod. 34 : 7 ; and a thousand similar passages. Think you that this is the language of a God disposed to bend his law, to accommodate it to the weakness of sinful man ?

Are there still those who seek a last subterfuge in a perversion of the mercy of Christ ? Will you say, "It is true that the law at first was strictly applied ; but *God consents to bend it in consideration of the sacrifice of his Son*. He no longer exacts from us a perfect obedience, but will be satisfied, if to this redemption we add

a certain measure of obedience ?” Here, here I cannot restrain my feelings! where are we! if in a Christian land there may be substituted for the blessed and holy doctrine of the expiation of sin, by the blood of Christ, the idea contained in the language just recited—an idea from which the doctrine of salvation by Jesus Christ is as far removed as heaven is from hell—an idea which only borrows some words from the Bible, the better to cover the attack upon its most fundamental truths; which, not content to charge God with conniving at sin, makes Jesus Christ also an accomplice in this prevarication; which makes the Son come down to earth only to proclaim before indignant angels, that the justice of the Father is not inflexible, and which makes the blood of the Son of God flow to efface—what? the sins of the creature? no; but the holiness of the Creator.

Ah! rather must it be said that, if you have entertained a hope that the law will bend, you will have to abandon it before the cross of Jesus Christ; for God has nowhere proclaimed his fixed design not to bend his law in so public and striking a manner as upon this cross. What means the spectacle which God there gives to men and to angels, unless that God, placed in this alternative, either to bend his law, or strike his only and well-beloved Son, struck his only and well-beloved Son! So impossible is it for him to abate aught of the holy requisitions of his law! Thus this mitigated law, which you have invented to shield you from the terrors of judgment, being condemned by reason and rejected by the Bible, ends with being crushed by the cross of Jesus Christ.

Beware, my deceived friend: this law which you have kept is *not* the law of God, it is not the law by which you will be judged in the last day. It is a law which your corrupt heart and guilty conscience have conceived; a law which you have dictated to your

Judge ; a law which dishonors him ; a law which he rejects ; a law which he hurls back with indignation upon its authors, as the greatest of all their offences against his holy majesty. Away, then, away with this false doctrine of a mitigated law ! Away with this hope, which procures for man only the vengeance of God ! The law of God will not be mitigated. The law of God is fixed, unchangeable, absolute, eternal. You may break it, but it will never bend. If, then, you have no other foundation for your tranquillity than the hope of being judged according to a mitigated law, you deceive yourself : this mitigated law is a phantom ; this foundation is delusive—you cannot die tranquil.

But lest this delusion should still linger in your mind, *suppose this mitigated law were proved*, and that you are on the bed of death, fortifying yourself against the judgment by questions like these : "Have I virtue enough to deserve the indulgence of the law ? Have I only that degree of sin which it tolerates ? Or have I passed the fatal limit ? Have I done good works enough ? or are more necessary ? How do I know ? Oh ! who will tell me exactly what God requires, and what I am myself ?" Unhappy man ! Obligated in order to tranquilize yourself to measure things for which you have no measure, how could you ever say, "I am secure ; I die in peace ?" What peace could you find in solving a question of more or less sin, or good deeds, but a peace which comes and goes alternately in your wretched heart, a peace which is no peace ! No, no ; it is not a calculation of probabilities that can give peace on a death-bed ! Confess, then, that, were it possible for the law of God to be mitigated, this would avail you nothing ; and that if you have no foundation for your tranquillity but this hope, you deceive yourself : this foundation is insecure, you cannot die tranquil.

Is there *any other* foundation for your tranquillity, O

ye who rely on your conduct? I know none; nay, more, you do not yourselves know, you cannot know any other. It is absolutely necessary that your conduct on which you rely, and the law according to which you are to be judged, should be in accordance: your acquittal depends upon it. This cannot take place except in one or other of these two ways: either that your conduct be conformed to the law, or that the law be conformed to your conduct. This is the only alternative. You cannot go out of this fatal circle. But I asked you, first, if your conduct had been conformed to the law, and you were constrained to reply: "No, it has not been conformed to it." We then inquired if the law could be accommodated to your conduct; and reason, the Bible, the cross of Christ answered, "No, it cannot be accommodated." Lastly, to complete the evidence we examined if, by rejecting reason, shutting the Bible, taking away the cross, and attributing to God a mitigated law, you can be sure that you have observed even this law; and reason obliged you to say; "No, we cannot be sure." What hope then remains to you? How will you ever end this endless debate between your conduct, which cannot satisfy the law, and the law which cannot be bent to your conduct? How, unless by your condemnation? This condemnation alone can restore order, settle the difficulty between your conduct and the law, do justice to you and to God. This condemnation is inevitable; and if you should appear such as you are before the bar of God, if you should die to day—but stop. It is enough to prove to you, and I believe I have done it with almost mathematical evidence, that, to say the least, you can have no certainty of not being condemned—and so no tranquillity in dying.

But my friend, my dear friend, if you cannot die tranquil, by what charm, by what secret are you enabled to

live tranquil? What! you may die at any moment; you know not what may be your eternal doom; you have reason to believe that you will be condemned, and still you take up with a vague hope, or chance, that you will escape; and your countenance is tranquil! and you can sleep tranquilly! and you attend tranquilly, to your business! nay more, you enjoy life! and it may be, you frequent the house of feasting! and go, laughing, singing, dancing, towards the bar of the sovereign Judge, with no more concern than if your eternal destiny was to be decided by lot, and you were indulging a mere heedless curiosity to learn whether this or that preacher is right, whether the Bible is the inspired word of God or a human invention, whether heaven and hell are realities or fictions, and whether your destiny is to be everlasting happiness or everlasting misery! Ah! if there is any thing in the world more deplorable than the terrors of the judgment appointed for you, it is the false security in which you await it.

But no, I do you injustice. These reflections, I am convinced, have produced a salutary anxiety in your mind. This subject has a force, an evidence to move even stones. The veil falls off, your security is dissipated, a new day dawns upon you, death alarms you, the judgment affrights you, you feel at last that you cannot remain in your present state a day longer—no, nor an hour.

But how to escape! Is there any way to secure beforehand a favorable sentence for the last day? Can any man in the world appear at the bar of God with the assurance that he will not be condemned! Yes, thanks be to God, there are many who, if called to die to-day, would yield their spirits to him, in the joyful assurance that they should not be condemned. This answer has been made by multitudes whose confidence

has been put to the test, and has not deceived them on a death-bed. Yes, we can die tranquil.

You ask, perhaps, "And why you more than we? What is the *foundation of your hope?*" I answer, let it be examined, and you shall judge whether it rests, like your's, on the sand, or whether it is based on the Rock of ages.

You will ask us, first, whether we find in our conduct that *conformity to the law of God* which we have shown not to be in yours. No: we have transgressed the law like you,—more than you, perhaps,—and each of us regards himself as "the chief of sinners." 1 Tim. 1: 15.

Do we then expect for ourselves those *mitigations in the law* which we have shown that you cannot expect for yourselves? "No: if we should indulge such a hope, we should no longer be tranquil; but we dread such a hope, and we believe that the law of God cannot be mitigated for any one."

"But then," you will say, "what is it that gives you assurance, and *what is the difference* between your condition and our's!" Here is the difference: we *do not rely upon our conduct, or any thing there is in us*; our hope rests on quite another foundation. This foundation we do not seek in ourselves, but in another; as it is written, "There is one mediator between God and man, the man Christ Jesus." 1 Timothy, 2: 5. WE PLACE OUR HOPE UPON JESUS CHRIST: on account of what he has done we can die tranquil. Let us explain.

We have learned from the Bible, which is the inspired Word of God, and the testimony of which is as much above human reasonings as the Divine authority is above human authority, that God, seeing all men were under condemnation by their works, and that none of them, "no not one," could appear before him without being inevitably condemned by his holy law, devised, in order to justify man before his bar, a plan, in which we

know not which most to admire, the unspeakable mercy, or the profound wisdom there displayed. He established a MEDIATOR between himself and man. "He sent his Son, made of a woman, made under the law." Galatians, 4: 4. This Son of God, who by an incomprehensible mystery is also the Son of man, was appointed by God to reconcile to himself guilty and condemned man: uniting in himself the divine and human nature, having at once the perfections of the former and the sinless infirmities of the latter; eternal like God, born and dying like man; powerful like God, subject to fatigue and suffering like man; holy like God, tempted like man, in short, "Emmanuel," that is, "God with us," he placed himself between God and us, to be condemned in our stead, that thus we might be pardoned. He began by living like man in the midst of men, but without sin; keeping the law, as it would be necessary that we should have kept it to deserve by our works eternal life. Then he placed himself between God and us, upon the cross. Then he took our sins upon him. On him the law inflicted the blow which our sins had rendered inevitable; and at the same time, that our conduct is condemned, the law is satisfied; and yet, O marvellous! we are acquitted. For the Mediator did not remain in the tomb: he left the third day, and God declared thus, that he acknowledged him for his Son, and that he accepted his sacrifice in expiation of our sins. Then he ascended into heaven, and sat down at the right hand of God, where he makes intercession for those whom he has redeemed by his death. Such is the work accomplished by Jesus Christ, as Mediator between God and men, as it is written: "God was in Christ, reconciling the world unto himself, not imputing their trespasses unto them. For he hath made him to be sin for us, who knew no sin, that we might be made the righteousness of God, in him." 2 Cor. 5: 21.

But this mediation has not absolved all men. Who, then, are absolved? Those, the Bible tells us, who partake of it *by faith*, those who *believe* in Jesus Christ; (Acts, 16: 31;) that is, those who, feeling that they are lost and utterly without hope in themselves, rest their salvation on Jesus Christ alone, and place him between God and themselves as their only hope. By this faith there is formed between Jesus and the believer a close and indissoluble union. He who believes is associated and united with Jesus: he becomes a branch of the vine of which Jesus is the root; (John, 15: 5;) a member of the body of which he is the head, bone of his bones, flesh of his flesh; (Ephesians, 5: 30;) one with him, as he is one with the Father; (John, 17: 21, 22;) so that the expression, "to believe in Christ," and these expressions, "to be in Jesus Christ," "to dwell in Jesus Christ," "to have Jesus Christ dwelling in you," amount to the same thing. Now as nothing affects the head which the whole body does not feel; and as where the head is, there also must the members be; so the believer allied to Jesus Christ by faith, is made partaker of his fullness. If he rises from the dead, we rise from the dead; if he ascends into heaven, we ascend thither also; if he receives eternal life, we receive it also with him. Thus the mysterious exchange is made by which the burden of our sins is borne by Jesus Christ, and his righteousness is accounted to us. By faith his mediation is appropriated by us, and he is not only the Savior, but our Savior, as it is written: "He that believeth in him shall not be condemned;" "he that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life;" "he that believeth, shall not come into condemnation, but is passed from death unto life;" (John, 3: 18, 36;) and again, "There is, therefore, now no condemnation to them who are in Christ Jesus." Rom. 8: 1.

But you will ask how we can die tranquil, who *have not kept the law*? True, we have not kept the law, and it would be enough to throw us into despair; if it was our own righteousness which we had to oppose to the penalty of the law. But we have a *Mediator*. It is his righteousness we oppose to the penalty of the law; he "of God is made unto us righteousness;" (1 Cor. 1:30;) "that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him." 2 Cor. 5:21. It is he who "hath borne our sins in his own body on the tree;" it is he who was "wounded for our transgressions, and bruised for our iniquities." Isaiah, 53:5. It is written, that "the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin;" (1 John, 1:7;) and that "though our sins be as scarlet, they shall be white as snow; and though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool;" (Isaiah, 1:18;) that "the Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all." Isaiah, 53:5.

You will ask again, how we can *die* tranquil—shall I say? or, *live* tranquil—we, *feeble, helpless, doubting, wavering* followers of Christ? True, we are feeble, helpless, unbelieving, more even than you think; and it would be enough to keep us in continual anguish if we had no help but in ourselves. But we have a *Mediator*. Can he, and will he, keep us in the faith? That is the question. If you can prove to us that Jesus Christ is feeble, imperfect, unbelieving, like ourselves, or that after having made a redemption he abandons us to ourselves, all our hope is gone. But that is what you can never prove. For it is written, that after rising from the dead, Jesus "ascended into heaven; that he sat down at the right hand of God;" (Mark, 16:19;) that there "he maketh intercession for us;" (Rom. 8:34;) that "if when we were enemies we were reconciled to God by the death of his Son, much more being reconciled we shall be saved by his life;" (Rom. 5:10;) that "God is faithful, who will not suffer us to be tempted above what we are able to bear;" (1 Cor.

10 : 13 ;) and that " he who hath begun a good work in us, will accomplish it unto the day of Christ." Phil. 1 : 6. After this, " there is no condemnation to them who are in Christ Jesus," and we can die—yea, and live the life of faith, far more tranquil than if it depended on our own unaided strength to persevere unto the end.

What then do you say to the ground of our tranquillity ? Do you find it giving way at the first shock, like that on which you rest ? Do you not find it, on the contrary, firm and unshaken ? And have we not reason to say, comparing it with yours, " Their rock is not as our Rock, our enemies themselves being judges ?" Deut. 32 : 31. Ah ! if you tell us that, resting as we do on so solid a foundation, we *do not appear as we ought to appear* ; if you tell us that, with so well-established a hope, it is strange we do not enjoy more constant and settled peace, and that we do not always carry a contented mind under a smiling face ; here we have nothing to answer : we humble ourselves in the dust, and we confess that you are right and we are wrong. Yes, our confidence is far from being as constant and settled as it ought to be. We fall short in practice of the sublime religion which we have preached to you, and which is truth itself. Too often do anxiety, sadness and doubt agitate these hearts where ought to " reign peace ;" (Col. 3 : 15 ;) and we have reason to cry to God in our distress, " Restore unto me the joys of thy salvation." Psalm 51 : 12. We make no difficulty in avowing it to you, provided you understand that this avowal, humbling as it is to ourselves, enhances the glory of our doctrine. For why are we thus troubled ? It is because we *lack faith in the Mediator*. It is because, while saying, " Lord, I believe," we are constrained to add, " help thou our unbelief." Mark, 9 : 24.

Besides, it is not when our faith is firm, that we are

exposed to these sad thoughts; it is, on the contrary, when it is weak and fluctuating. By faith comes peace; little faith, little peace; much faith, much peace. The more you rely on your own conduct, the more you must be troubled; and the more we rely upon Jesus, the more tranquil we can be; because you, the more you examine your conduct, the more defective you find it; and we, the more we contemplate Jesus, the more perfect, holy, powerful, faithful, we find him, according to that excellent expression, "The work of the Rock is perfect." Deut. 32: 4. The Rock! Ah! if you knew how precious this name is to us! With Jesus, I descend into the depths of hell, and see nothing in the formidable accuser of the children of God but a conquered enemy unable to hurt me! With Jesus, I traverse the earth from one end to the other, and I march triumphant "over the lion and the adder," (Psalm 91: 13,) and over all the forces of the enemy! With Jesus, I ascend the highest heaven, and in my Judge I recognize my Savior! Jesus, Jesus, is the only name that we oppose to all anxieties and all fears! To the agonies of death, Jesus; to the terrors of judgment, Jesus; to the sufferings of the flesh, Jesus; to weaknesses of faith, Jesus; to the accusations of conscience, Jesus; to the temptations of the devil, Jesus; and to all your questions, Jesus, Jesus! He is our buckler, our hope, our life, our fortress, our peace, our refuge; and not only ours, but that of *all those who sincerely believe in his name*, from the beginning of the church, and for ever and ever! For this is not a new doctrine; the apostles of Jesus Christ taught us this glorious and firm hope, which we have so feebly explained to you; and without quoting from Peter, John, or other apostles, (1 John, 4: 17, 18; 2 Peter, 1: 11, &c.) what more is my discourse than an illustration of what St. Paul says in few words: "Who shall lay any thing to the charge of God's elect? It is

God that justifieth. Who is he that condemneth ? It is Christ that died, yea, rather is risen again ; who is even at the right hand of God, who also maketh intercession for us." Romans, 8 : 33, 34. And how can I better conclude, than by the triumphant song which closes so admirably this admirable chapter : " Who shall separate us from the love of Christ ? Shall tribulation, or distress, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or sword ? Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors, through him that loved us. For I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord."

And now that we have explained and vindicated the foundation of our hope, are there any who would still bring against the glorious tranquillity of those who rest upon Jesus, the accusation of presumption and folly ? Will you not understand, though we have repeated it so often, that we rest this hope, not upon our works, which we believe evil, and worthy of everlasting fire ; but upon grace alone, the free grace of God ? Will you not understand that in this wonderful dispensation of Divine mercy, salvation comes wholly from God, and not from man ; that it is given, and not bought ; and that when we speak of it before you, it is to give glory to God, and to lead you to seek the same peace. It is for you as well as for us.

How ! shall not the poor prodigal, whose heart is overflowing with the new happiness which he has found in his father's house, run towards other prodigal children, his old companions in misery, and cry to them—" O if you knew what my father has done for me ! Instead of the fortune which I squandered, he gives me a second

better than the first ; in place of the rags with which I was covered, rich clothes ; instead of the husks which I shared with the swine, the food of his own table ; instead of that corrupt society, his own society, his sweet conversation. He surrounds me, he overwhelms me with his love. Will you not also return to him ?" Could he not speak thus without being told : " Proud man, what right hast thou to boast to us the goodness of thy father ?" And we, delivered from this fear of death which held us in bondage all our lifetime, (Heb. 2 : 15,) may we not come to you, who are still in this bondage, to tell you of our happiness, and to urge you to believe like us, in order that like us you may be happy.

But what do I say ? Do you not rather sigh after that holy and happy hope, and say in your heart, " I also would believe in Christ ?" Well, then, believe, believe now. One step more and you are in the door of faith. Wait not till the seductions of sin, the temptations of infidelity, the raileries of an ungodly world have drawn away your heart. Put it not off till to-morrow. To-morrow, perhaps, you may not be willing ; to-morrow, perhaps, you may not be able ; to-morrow, perhaps, you will be dead. Not to-morrow, but to-day. " Now is the accepted time ; now is the day of salvation." 2 Cor. 6 : 2. Leave, then, all your doubts, cast yourself at the feet of Jesus, give him your heart ; and instead of living " without hope, and without God in the world," (Eph. 2 : 12,) you shall go forth singing, with pious Simeon, the song of those who can die tranquil : " Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, according to thy word ; for mine eyes have seen thy salvation !" Luke, 2 : 29, 30.

THE END.

THE
YORKSHIRE WEAVER;

OR,

THE DUTY AND ADVANTAGE OF FAMILY PRAYER.

BY REV. RICHARD KNILL.

It was my happiness to spend a week in the beautiful vale of Todmorton, Yorkshire, Eng., preaching daily in the surrounding chapels. On one occasion, I spoke of the various methods which God is pleased to bless in bringing sinners to himself, and raising up missionaries; and in particular mentioned *family prayer*. This led the interesting individual whose short history I am about to relate, to call on me. He was a plain, sensible, kind-hearted man, and spoke the broad Yorkshire dialect. I do not know if he is yet alive; but when I saw him, his hair was as black as a raven, his cheek bloomed with health, and his eye was like a rainbow—the tears and the sunbeams sparkled in it.

After we had conversed for some time on various subjects, at my request he related the following particulars.

“I was born near the edge of yonder lofty hill. My father occupied a small farm, on which the family used to work during the summer months, and in the winter we all wove cloth, for our own use and for the market. There was no church near us, and we grew up in great spiritual darkness. The Sabbath was our holiday, which we generally spent in playing at cricket and football. In this state I remained until I was about twenty years of age, when one winter evening I rambled down from the edge of the mountain, to call on a neighbor who lived a few fields below. He was a man that feared God, and was accustomed to have morning and evening prayer with his family. When the usual hour arrived for the household to assemble,

He said to me, in our dialect, '*John, ha mun stop to family prayer?*' I consented. A chapter was read, and he and his wife and children fell upon their knees, while I, as it was no business of mine, sat still and looked on. But I assure you, sir, I felt very strangely—I never felt so before. As soon as it was over, I left them without saying a word, and walked to my father's house. But the scene I had witnessed could not be forgotten. I was struck to the heart. As I ascended the side of the hill, I thought, 'This must surely be the worship of God. This is what I have never done, but it is what I ought to do.'

"I hardly knew what to do, and I went to bed as usual—without prayer. But it was the last night I ever did so. Almost the first thing that came into my thoughts when I awoke, was my neighbor's family prayer. At the proper hour I went to my loom, and commenced working, but I could not go on. I felt as if my heart would break; and I was forced to cover my work with a handkerchief, lest the piece which I was weaving should be injured by my tears. I longed for night to return, that I might go down to my neighbor's house, and see the family prayer. I did so; and as a kind Providence would have it, my neighbor again asked me to stop to the 'family prayer.' This was just what I wished. Nothing on earth would have pleased me so much. So the great book was brought, and the good man read, and they all fell upon their knees. I did not now kneel with them; but O, what I felt! As soon as they rose, I immediately left the house without saying a word, and hastened home. As I was going up the hill, *I felt as if I must pray that moment*; but there was no shed into which I could enter and kneel down, and the snow was thick upon the ground; so I walked on. But my conscience would not let me proceed. A voice seemed to say, 'Go to prayer; seek the Lord; cry for mercy; begin at once!' So I pulled a large stone from the hedge, and placed it on the snow; and *there, on that stone, I first kneeled down and called upon God.*"

Reader, look at him for a moment. There he is on his knees. "Behold, he prayeth!" Yes, with the snow for a carpet, and a stone for his cushion, and the heavens for a canopy, and the moon for a witness, and angels for his attendants—there, he first cried, "Lord have mercy on my soul!" Oh what a night was that for my friend! It will be remembered with rapture after the moon has been turned into blood, and the stars have withdrawn their shining.

From that day the weaver became a praying man; and when I first knew him he had been twenty years a deacon of a Christian church; and was well known as one of the most active, and zealous, and exemplary servants of Christ in all the neighborhood.

I inquired as to his progress in a religious life. To which he replied, "My ignorance of divine things was so great, that I knew not what to do. I had not been a drunkard, nor a swearer, nor had I kept company with loose young men; but I had been living without God. All my plans, and habits, and thoughts, and desires, had been about this world, and never rose higher; but now all things were become new. I was afraid to open my mind to and mortal about it, but I could tell my Saviour; yea, I could tell him all. My father had a barn, that became my favorite retreat. That was my house of prayer, and it was indeed the gate of heaven to my soul. Often, often have I entered into that barn, and shut the door, and kneeled and prayed to the Father who seeth in secret, and the Father who seeth in secret hath richly rewarded me. My enjoyment was very great; sometimes it was joy unspeakable and full of glory; but it was not always so. No, there was sometimes much darkness in my mind, and Satan took advantage of it, and greatly harassed me.

"But the Bible is full of encouragement to a soul oppressed with guilt; and as my knowledge of that sacred book increased, so did my peace and joy; and I have often thought, that God intended, by bringing me through these

deep waters, to prepare me to speak a word to heavy-laden sinners. It often falls to my lot now, in my visits to the sick, and in conversing with candidates for admission into the church, to meet with people under ‘*soul-trouble* ;’ and I have always a word for them ; for I never meet with any so completely dark as I was.”

I had heard from his minister of his knowledge of the Scriptures, and of his gift in prayer ; and now, as I heard from his own lips his insight into the devices of Satan, and his intimate acquaintance with the human heart, I could not but admire the wisdom and goodness of God in raising up men in every station of life to direct the anxious, inquiring sinner to that Saviour who says, “Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.”

Family prayer was a duty he often inculcated ; urging those who felt its importance, but feared to engage in it, to *begin*, relying on divine aid, for then obstacles vanished. This service also constituted the charm of his own domestic circle, for he had conscientiously regarded the apostolic injunction to “marry only in the Lord.” O who can tell the delight and refreshment of those hours when a family bow at the altar of God : the mother reads, the children sing, the father prays, and all devoutly join in worship ! “’Tis like a little heaven below.”

We commended each other to God by prayer, and shook hands, and parted, in the joyful expectation of meeting again in heaven.

READER, are you training up a family for the judgment without *family prayer* ?

Do you regard the eternal welfare of the souls of *domestics* under your charge ?

Are there those far from God *around you* ; and can you not, by inviting them to join in family worship, or by other means, do something for their salvation ?

A

GIFT FOR THE AGED.

THE

VALUE OF "THE GLORIOUS GOSPEL."

YET THERE IS ROOM.—LUKE 14 : 22.

MY RESPECTED AGED FRIEND,

Will you oblige me by giving this letter an attentive perusal. The subject of it is very important, one in which you are deeply concerned; it is most joyful in its nature, and able to make you truly happy in this world and that which is to come, *if you rightly value and understand it*. It is "THE GLORIOUS GOSPEL;" able, by the blessing of the Spirit, to make the most ignorant "*wise unto salvation*," (2 Tim. 3 : 15,) the most depraved and guilty sinner fit for the holiness and happiness of heaven; and, in a word, to save precious souls from the torments of hell and prepare them for an "*inheritance with the saints in light*." Col. 1 : 12. Has this Glorious Gospel, my dear aged friend, any charms for you?

Have you any desire to be blessed by it? Have you ever prayed to be a partaker of its prospects and supports? If you cannot say that it has claimed your attention, or that you have felt any desire after it, your situation is a pitiable one; for your precious soul, without an interest in this Glorious Gospel, must be miserable for ever and ever.

Your advancing years and the uncertainty of your life call loudly for solicitude on your behalf. You know not the day of your death, "this night your soul may be required of you;" and then, ignorant of this Glorious Gospel, and unconcerned about an interest in it, hopeless and Christless will you be for ever. Oh! reflect then for a moment on what I say, and lift up a desire, that, on a subject so important, you may feel an immediate concern.

"Haste, *aged sinner*, to the Lamb of God;
"Haste to be cleansed in his precious blood,
"There yet is room for you—do not delay,
"But seek for mercy, 'while 'tis called to-day.'
"Oh! seek at once, lest sudden death should come,
"For then, *if unconverted*, hell must be your doom."

While I thus faithfully tell you, my aged friend, of your lost and ruined state, *without*

a personal interest in this Glorious Gospel, I entreat you to remember, *that all the blessings it contains are freely offered to you*—that you are welcome to partake of them. Oh let me entreat you to begin at once to seek after them. Yes, *now*, “while it is called to-day;” *now*, while the Bible declares it to be “the accepted time and the day of salvation.” Do listen to my entreaties; do not live contented another hour without praying for Divine teaching, that your heart may be opened to receive the Glorious Gospel. Thereby you will have a hope in life, a hope in death, and enjoy after it a glorious immortality. “*The wages of sin is death, but the gift of God is eternal life, through Jesus Christ our Lord.*” Rom. 6 : 23. Hesitate not to accept of such vast and suitable blessings; cast not away the hope of such prospects; refuse not such offers of mercy.

I cannot indeed fully describe to you *all* the blessings which are offered for your acceptance, the Gospel is so full of them. But what light and the power of seeing would be to one blind—what health and ease would be to one sick and suffering—what liberty would be to the captive—what deliverance would be to the shipwrecked sailor—and what life would be

to one about to be put to death—all these, and much more than these, are the blessings contained in the Glorious Gospel. What all these would be to the poor perishing body, which, after receiving them, would not be always able to retain and enjoy them—*such are* these blessings to the precious soul.

Yes, my aged friend, by nature *you* have need of all these changes to be wrought in you. The Bible describes you as a sinner, to be diseased “from the crown of the head to the sole of the foot.” “The god of this world” is said to have *blinded* the minds of those who believe not, and sinners “are dead in trespasses and sins,” “*led captive* by the devil at his will.” Isa. 1 : 6 ; 2 Cor. 4 : 4 ; Ephes. 2 : 1 ; 2 Tim. 2 : 26. Thus a need exists for a remedy to be provided ; and, blessed be God, that remedy is contained in the Glorious Gospel. Here life, light, health, liberty, and life eternal, are treasured up ; and all, all these blessings are freely offered unto you. Consider, my dear aged friend, the greatness and extent of this offer ; it is made to you by the authority of God himself :—“*Come and take of the fountain of the water of life freely ;*” “*If any man thirst let him come unto me and drink ;*”

“Come unto me, I will give you rest;” “He that believeth on me shall never hunger—shall never thirst—shall never come into condemnation, but shall have everlasting life.” Rev. 21 : 6 ; John, 7 : 37 ; Matt. 11 : 28, 29 ; John, 6 : 35.

Let me respectfully urge an inquiry, whether if all these advantages were offered you for the body, you would either slight or hesitate to seek after them? I think not. I think you would joyfully hear of them, and delay not an hour in making them your own: you would inquire most anxiously *where* they were to be obtained, and listen with the deepest interest to every particular that could be heard about them. Well, do attend to the voice of real friendship, which urges you to do the same as it regards your soul, the *wants* of your *precious soul*: the case is far more urgent—the effects far more lasting—the object more glorious. If the body were relieved from pain, it would still be subject to death; if sight were restored to the blind, yet death would come at some time; if liberty were given to the prisoner, death could not at last be avoided. But so far superior are the blessings of the Gospel to any thing that is earthly, that, if once possessed, they are sure

for ever ; and death itself, so far from ending your enjoyments, will continue them, in a manner not now to be conceived of, in the kingdom of God.

Beware, then, my dear aged friend, how you continue to neglect the offers made to you. You would wonder at a starving man if he declined to come to a well-spread table, when assured by the master of it that he was truly welcome—you would blame the sick man who would not use the means of cure, when assured by one who had skill and knowledge that the remedy was suitable and had cured others. Oh ! yes, and saints and angels, and even devils, will look on you with wonder and surprise in your neglect of the great salvation—in your slighting the Glorious Gospel—in your making light of its offers and blessings. Remember, you are invited to it by God himself ; his ministers and saints repeat his offers ; and once more, by this friendly letter, you are entreated to accept of them, and not to “refuse him that speaketh.” Heb. 12 : 25.

Delay, in common things, is dangerous ; but how much more so when heaven, or hell, may be the result. Oh ! be wise now for eternity ; and, ere the door of mercy be shut, come to

the Savior who invites and assures that he "will in no wise cast you out." John, 6 : 37. Oh! what a mercy it is that, although late in life, you are yet welcome; but at the same time, forget not, that its *being so late* is a very strong reason why you should not delay another hour. To the young and healthy, time is short and life uncertain; but how much nearer is your last hour likely to be? Let not, then, any earthly care, or business, or pleasure, tempt you to neglect your soul, or to say, "To-morrow I will seek the Lord."

One aged person was thus awfully deceived, and died, it is to be feared, without hope. When seventy-two, she said to a friend who entreated her to seek the Lord, "I *am poorly* now; I shall *soon* be better, and then I will do it." Alas! she grew worse; the season of repentance was delayed, and death came without any evidence that she valued the Glorious Gospel, or had sought to be saved by it. Let such delaying folly lead you to avoid a like miserable, hopeless end. Come now, while the grace is offered, and while the Holy Spirit is striving with you. There is no other way by which you can have any hope of salvation: "for there is no other name

given under heaven by which we can be saved ;” “ other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ :” He is the *way* and the *only* way ; “ he that believeth on him hath eternal life, but he that believeth not on him *shall not see life*, but the wrath of God abideth on him.” Acts, 4 : 12 ; 1 Cor. 3 : 11 ; John, 14 : 6 ; John, 3 : 36.

You are on the brink of eternity, and so long as you remain unconverted, that eternity awaiting you is one of wo and torment. Neglecting this Glorious Gospel, “ there remaineth no more sacrifice for sin,” (Heb. 10 : 26,) and death will seal your doom for ever, where there is weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth. Yes, my aged friend, for ever!—for ever!—for ever! will you endure the wrath to come, as the awful consequence of your own folly in neglecting the great salvation—in slighting the offers of the Glorious Gospel.

And shall it be so with you after all that has been said on the solemn subject? Will you indeed forego the joys of heaven, and *choose* the path that leads to hell? Oh! stop and think, I beseech you, pause and consider for *what* is it that you will lose your soul?

What are you *now* gaining by your neglect of the Savior? Are you happy? Do you think yourself happier *without* his salvation than those are who have sought it? You are mistaken if you think so; for there is no real peace without grace, and while unconverted you are without it, and *can never* be truly happy.

Once again let me warn you of delaying to accept *this* invitation, for fear *another* should not be given; you may never hear *another* sermon—you may never again be told of the Savior—you may not again be entreated to consider “your latter end.” This letter may be the last invitation you shall receive, the last message of mercy made known to you. And, if you *slight it*—if you neglect to follow the advice now given, and the grace urged upon you for acceptance, I must not forbear to tell you, that it will add to your sorrows in the eternal world. Yes, this letter will bear its testimony in addition to all the sermons you have heard, that you *were warned* of your danger—told of a way of escape—entreated to seek for mercy; but that you “chose death rather than life;” that you *would not* come to Christ, but made light of his salvation, of his

love, and of his glory. Oh that the Lord may add his blessing to this effort for the good of your soul, and that, from this hour, you may yield yourself to Christ as your hope and your all, seeking to the Holy Spirit to renew and sanctify you, and make you "a new creature in Christ Jesus."

The Invitations of the Gospel at the Eleventh Hour.

MY DEAR AGED FRIEND,

Accept the best desires of a friend who longs to see the evening of your days cheered with well-founded hopes of a glorious eternity; and is anxious that now, "at evening time, it may be light" with you. The Lord Jesus is yet willing to receive you, and is waiting to be gracious. His blood is able to cleanse you, and his Holy Spirit to renew you "in the spirit of your mind;" to save you "from the wrath to come;" and cheer your declining days with a good hope of everlasting life. Oh! *do listen*, while I urge you to

think of this gracious Friend; do pay attention to what I tell you of Jesus; for he will not break "the bruised reed, or quench the smoking flax;" (Isaiah, 42 : 3;) he will not refuse to hear your humble prayer, however feeble or imperfect it may seem to yourself. O! no; the breath of prayer, the desire for salvation, is implanted by his own Spirit, and he will draw near at the sound of your breathing; and sooner shall "heaven and earth pass away," (Matt. 5 : 18,) than his kind promise fail of receiving the returning sinner. Do not give place to the fear that it is too late to seek for mercy. I readily own that it is *too late* for you to *do much* for the Savior; too late to obtain the honorable name of "an old disciple," but it is not too late to be an old convert, for the day of grace is not closed—the great householder is yet in his vineyard waiting to receive laborers even at the eleventh hour; and such, my aged friend, *shall be welcomed as freely* as those who have borne the burden and heat of the day. The God I now invite you to serve, will not upbraid you for not coming before; "he giveth liberally and upbraideth *not*." James, 1 : 5.

Do your sins appear too great to be for-

given,—look to Jesus ; “ there is forgiveness with him,” for he “ is exalted to be a Prince and a Savior to give repentance,” (Ps. 130 : 4, Acts, 5 : 31,) even to the vilest of the vile. His blood can cleanse you from all your sins, and he is able “ to save to the uttermost.” None ever perished at the footstool of mercy ; and sooner shall heaven and earth pass away, than an aged broken-hearted sinner fail of obtaining a welcome at the foot of the cross. O, believe the words which God has spoken, that he “ willeth not the death of a sinner ;” believe that he is willing to cleanse you from all unrighteousness ; believe his promise, that he will give the Holy Spirit to those who ask him ; that those who ask shall receive ; that those who seek shall find, (2 Peter, 3 : 9 ; Luke, 11 : 11, 13,) and that he receiveth sinners, even the very chief. These precious promises were written for your encouragement, and be assured that you shall find them true, whenever you do thus cry unto God for the sake of the Lord Jesus Christ.

The Danger of Delay.

DEAR AGED FRIEND,

Accept the best wishes of one who earnestly desires you should be happy, both now and through eternity. Doubtless this is your own desire, although you have not yet found the way. Fearing you may be deceiving yourself in a matter of so much importance, I am induced to address you.

Ah! my dear aged friend, what an awful thing will it be for you to be deceived when you come to die! and you know not how soon that solemn hour may arrive:—what will it avail you *then* that you now *think* yourself a Christian? what will you then do without a Savior—without that salvation which I fear you have neither sought, nor prized? It is the worth, the unspeakable worth of your precious soul, that makes me thus plain and urgent with you. I cannot indeed describe to you the wrath of the Lamb, but faithfulness leads me to say, you will *feel* it for ever, if you die *without* a change of heart. I *cannot* describe to you what it is to be banished from the glory

of the Lord; but, depend upon it, you will everlastingly endure the misery, if you die without seeking an interest in his grace and love. And can you, my dear aged friend, be contented to live in such a state of condemnation, when you know not but that the next moment may be your last, and may summon you to appear before that God whose laws you have broken—that Savior whose offers you have slighted, and the Holy Spirit whose strivings you have resisted.

Awful indeed is your condition, full of danger, and danger of the most imminent kind. Should sudden death come, the dread realities of an eternal world will awaken you but too late to a sense of your condition! You will not then, as now, make light of the offers of his mercy, but with bitter, yet unavailing lamentations, confess your neglect of the golden opportunities which have passed away unimproved. Let me entreat you to give attention to these solemn truths, even now while it is called to-day—for now, yes, *now*, my aged friend, the offers of mercy are again repeated to you; Jesus is still able and willing to save unto the uttermost. He will not reject *you*, although you have lived so long

without him, and without attention to the great salvation he died to procure.

Do then let a friend prevail in entreating you to “seek the Lord while he may be found;” (Isa. 55 : 6, 7;) to humble yourself before him for your sins; to pray for grace—for the Holy Spirit to teach you your need of mercy, and the value of the Savior—that one, that only way, by which you can be saved. “Other foundation can no man lay than that is laid. Neither is there salvation in any other.” Oh! that you were led to feel how guilty you are in the sight of God, and that you are utterly unable to save yourself, or satisfy the justice of God for your sins of heart and life—there is nothing but the blood of the Lord Jesus Christ that can make atonement for your sins. “The whole head is sick, and the whole heart faint;” and, as a corrupt fountain cannot purify itself, any more than it can send forth pure streams, neither could you, even if you had the power of keeping from all sin in future, do any thing to atone for the past. But, my aged friend, I rejoice to remind you, that there is one who hath satisfied Divine Justice in the stead of the sinner—hath made an atonement for sin, and

brought in everlasting righteousness, so that God can be just and the justifier of the sinner that believeth on the Lord Jesus. The Lamb of God came into the world to take away sin by the sacrifice of himself, and he is able and willing to save, unto the uttermost, all who come unto God by him. To this gracious Savior—this Friend of sinners, I now invite you. My dear aged friend, you are welcome to come to him, to come *now*, for “he waiteth to be gracious.” Isaiah, 30 : 18, 19. Do therefore give heed to these invitations of mercy ; and while the sure word of promise calls you, while it is the day of salvation, seek—seek, I beseech you, the precious influences of the Holy Spirit, that, as a lost, guilty, helpless, sinner, you may obtain the great salvation which the Gospel reveals.

While I read that the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from *all sin*, (1 John, 1 : 7,) I know that I am on sure ground, when I urge and invite the most hardened, aged, guilty sinner to come to that Savior and to seek salvation through him. Do not despair, then, but come to the Lord Jesus just as you are—come to him at once, because life is uncertain—come to him with all your wretchedness, and sin,

and wo. The whole need not a physician, but they that are sick; do then go at once to the great Physician, who possesses power, and is willing to heal you. Your spiritual disease cannot exceed his skill and tenderness, for he healeth the broken in heart and bindeth up their wounds.

“ Deep are the wounds that sin hath made,

“ Where shall the sinner find a cure ?

“ In vain, alas ! is nature’s aid—

“ The work exceeds all nature’s power.

“ But in the Savior’s dying blood,

“ Life, health and bliss abundant flow,

“ ’Tis only that dear sacred flood,

“ Can ease thy pain and heal thy wo.”

Do then let me urge you to hasten to this great and gracious Savior; and as the dying bitten Israelites were saved and healed by looking up at the serpent of brass, raised by Moses at the command of God, so shall you, dear aged friend, be saved, if you, suffering under the more dreadful disease of sin, bitten by the old serpent, look up by faith to the Lord Jesus Christ, who is exalted as a Prince and a Savior to give repentance and forgiveness of sins; for as Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so hath the Son

of Man been lifted up, that whosoever cometh unto him—however vile, however aged—who-soever cometh unto him shall not perish, but have everlasting life.

But once more, let me warn you of the danger of delay; beware lest you be hardened through the deceitfulness of sin—beware lest you refuse him that speaketh—beware lest you stifle conviction, lest God in his anger should at last say to you, “Because I called and ye refused—I also will laugh at your calamity, I will mock when your fear cometh.” Prov. 1 : 24, 26. Dreadful indeed will it be to perish under the condemnation of that Gospel which offered life and salvation to you; dreadful indeed to have the now inviting Savior become your judge to pronounce the sentence, “Depart, ye cursed!” Matt. 25 : 41. Oh! my dear, dear aged friend, take warning—fly, fly to the cross, there shall you obtain mercy—there shall you find safety—there shall you be welcomed; and, through the precious blood that was shed thereon, shall you be eternally saved, justified and glorified.

A Word of Encouragement.

MY DEAR AGED FRIEND,

Accept the assurance of my best desires for your present comfort and everlasting happiness. It gives me real pleasure to know that your anxiety has been aroused to consider the value of your soul, and your need of a Savior; I say I feel pleasure to know this, as I long feared that you were indifferent to the subject, thought all was well with you, and did not feel yourself to be a sinner, or your need of a Savior. You were at peace then, it is true, but it was a false peace, and had you died in that state you would have been miserable for ever. I therefore rejoice, my dear aged friend, that you have felt your sinfulness, that you have been "made sorry after a godly sort," and that your cry has been, "What must I do to be saved?" Acts, 16 : 30, 31. I now write to help you in the great matter of your salvation; it is freely offered and firmly promised, and you shall in no wise be disappointed. No, the promises of the Gospel are eternally sure, and sooner shall

heaven and earth pass away, than a poor convinced believing sinner fail of obtaining salvation through the mercy of God, manifested in the Lord Jesus Christ.

You may, perhaps, at times have many fears, and be led to doubt whether, now at the end of your days, God will be gracious; but let me assure you that it is no doubtful matter. Those who came at "the eleventh hour" were welcomed into the vineyard, and received every man a penny. You read also of the dying thief, whose *whole* life had been spent in opposition to the Lord; yet, even in his expiring moments, his prayer was heard and mercy was granted to him. I refer to these cases, not to encourage indolence and presumption, but to set before you the willingness and grace of God, who is "able to save to the uttermost," (Heb. 7:25,) and who can make aged transgressors become as "brands plucked out of the burning."

Rejoice, then, my aged friend, that such examples of the riches of grace are left on record for your encouragement, and that such promises are in the Bible, on which you may build your hopes of eternal life. You cannot be too vile, or feeble, or depraved; you are

invited to come as such, as sinful, helpless and hopeless in yourself, that you may find acceptance with God; for whosoever mourn for sin and feel that they are condemned and lost, these are they to whom the Gospel is acceptable—such sinners Jesus Christ came into the world to save; *such he still receiveth*, and “whosoever cometh unto him, shall be in no wise cast out.” John, 6 : 37. Call to mind the lines which have often cheered others:—

“ Let not conscience make you linger,
“ Nor of fitness fondly dream,
“ All the fitness Christ requireth,
“ Is to feel your need of him ;
“ This he gives you,
“ 'Tis the Spirit's rising beam.”

Here, then, my aged friend, the way is already pointed out to you by which comfort may be enjoyed—it is the work of the Holy Spirit—it is not in yourself; no, but the Holy Spirit it is who, while he convinces you of sin, of your guilt and danger, must also lead you to the Savior, and help you to believe on him. The very feelings of sorrow you now have on account of sin were wrought in you by this Divine Teacher; no other power could have melted your heart; nothing else could

have made you mourn for sin ; no, your iron heart, and the enemy of God and souls, and the influence of the world, would all unite to make sin appear desirable to you—would aid to blind your understanding, and to keep you in ignorance both of yourself and the Savior. If, therefore, you have felt what the Bible calls “the plague of your heart,” that “it is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked,” that “in you dwelleth no good thing,” (Jer. 17 : 9 ; Rom. 7 : 18 ;) and have been led to rest alone on Christ for salvation, through the merits of his death, even though the discovery of indwelling sin gives you sorrow of spirit, yet you may trust that the Lord hath begun the good work of grace in your heart, and that he will one day perfect it when death shall introduce you into his glorious presence in the heavenly world. Surely you will soon see that you have reason to rejoice, for grace thus begun shall be ended in glory ; and, although you are now sowing in tears, you shall reap in joy,—“blessed are they who mourn (for sin) for they shall be comforted.”

And not only as it regards the end of your journey have you reason to be thankful that the promises of the Gospel are sure, but all

the way that you may yet have to journey through the wilderness will this gracious and all-sufficient Guide be with you. Yes, the Holy Spirit will *abide* in you as a teacher, comforter and sanctifier. John, 14 : 16, 17. Be therefore much in prayer, that you may have his cheering and sanctifying influences : whatever are your cares, or difficulties, or sorrows, make them all known to God in prayer ; pray to be led by the Holy Spirit ; if you feel your ignorance, pray that he may instruct you ; if you feel your thoughts wandering, pray to have them fixed upon the Savior ; if you feel a backwardness to pray, pray that he would give you a praying spirit ; are you in temporal need, still pray, for he hath said to all who trust in him, "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee." Isa. 33 : 16 ; Heb. 13 : 5. Whatever then are your wants, do not keep them to yourself, and sit down dejected and say, "Well, after all, I shall be forsaken ;" do not do this, for it would be dishonoring God, who has ever been, and ever will be, the portion of his saints. "Be careful for nothing, but in every thing by prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving, let your requests be made known unto God." He hath said, "Call upon

me in the day of trouble, I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me." Thus then, my dear aged friend, let me exhort you to be "casting all your care upon the Lord, for he careth for you;" (Phil. 4 : 6; Psalm 50 : 15; 1 Peter, 5 : 7;) he watched over you when you were an enemy to him in your mind by wicked works, and depend upon it he will not leave you when by the Lord Jesus Christ you are reconciled to him. No, the promise of his word tells you that "down to old age he will carry you, and even to hoary hairs he will be with you." Isaiah, 46 : 4. Fear not, trust his word, and you shall ere long be with him, where sorrow and sin can never enter. There you shall see his face, and sing his praise.

Farewell.

A FRIENDLY WORD WITH THE GAMESTER.

You esteem yourself a *gentleman*, and doubtless would pay a due regard to what you judge to be the dictates of reason and of conscience. As such, I ask from you a few moments' attention.

You do not allow yourself to be a blind worshipper of *chance*; yet you live by chance, and endeavor to feel willing so to die. Your physical constitution, perhaps, is firm, your health rarely impaired, and your prospect of long life, by your calculation, a very fair one. But have you considered that you expose yourself to many disastrous chances, from which other men are free? A pistol-shot, an unexpected blow, a deadly thrust from the knife of a revengeful assassin, may send you in an instant into eternity, with all your sins upon your head, unconfessed, unrepented, unforgiven. A single turn of the wheel, one careless move, a single rattle too much may upset the whole game, and ruin you for ever. Your own good sense always leads you to look at the chances both for and against you in every *other* game. In the great game of *life*, then, shall the *dark* side go unreckoned, unconsidered? No; turn your thoughts for a moment from the course that has already caused you so much remorse and agony of mind, and sit down and reflect on the nature of the business you pursue. To life and to death, however ungrateful the subject, give *one serious* thought. Men cannot *always* laugh and be merry—cannot always trifle and jest, and banish the thought of the future; and the sooner this most important subject is considered, the better.

We are often obliged to judge of the nature of an action, or course of action, by its *consequences*. Now a moment's reflection will tell you that your own *conscience and heart are less tender* than in your more youthful days. *Then* you would have hesitated to take the last dollar from a friend or acquaintance, even though the turn of the card

made it *fairly* yours. It would have been worth fifty dollars to you *then*, in returning that dollar, to have seen the tear of gratitude glisten in his eye, to have felt the warm pressure of his hand, and to have known that you had won his attachment and love for ever by your generosity. How is it now? *Then* you would have scrupled to invite to a game of "poker" or "euka," an inexperienced planter or merchant, whom chance might throw in your way as he was going to market to buy or sell; and if, under the influence of liquor, he had even invited you to play, you would have kindly advised him to forbear till he became sober. How is it *now*?

Reflect how *useless* a member of society you are, yet having talents to give you success in almost any useful or honorable employment. You have separated yourself from the world, and applied your talents to mere selfish purposes. Perhaps you reply, that you have no reason to value or regard the good of society or your fellow-men, since they care not for you, regarding you as a mere outlaw, and striving to do you injury. But it is your course of life, and this alone, that has made you an Ishmael, with your hand against every man, and every man's hand against you. You might have been respected and beloved, but looking upon men only as your victims, you have learned to despise them all, and they return your contempt with hatred. Recollect that your feelings towards your fellow-men were very different in your youthful days. *Then* you would have been glad to be of some benefit to them; then you ardently wished to send down your name to posterity, along with the Howards and Wilberforces, as a benefactor of the human race. Alas, gaming *has* altered you sadly!

Think how many wealthy and virtuous young men have been beggared, and rendered debauched and vicious, if not by your means, yet by the habit of gaming. Think how many a father has been brought down in sorrow to the grave, in consequence of the profligacy of a son ruined by gaming. *You* had a mother once. O, have you forgotten her early teachings, her early prayers, her warnings, her bitter tears over you, her darling boy? Do you ever think of her in the solitude of her chamber, weeping and pouring out supplications to God for her poor son? Perhaps she yet lives. Night and morning she goes to the mercy-seat,

and with trembling lips implores mercy for her dear lost son—lost, she fears, and has reason to fear, *for ever*.

I take it for granted, that however much you may have tried to deceive yourself, you do indeed believe in a *future state of rewards and punishments*. In your hours of calm reflection, you cannot help thinking that as “it is appointed unto men once to die,” “after death” will come “the judgment.” Still the thought is very horrible, and you drive it away as quickly as possible; “for if it be true,” you say to yourself, “I am too far gone to recover; my case is hopeless, for I have been an open profaner of God’s name all my life, a proud despiser of his authority; I am gone, lost, ruined—the die is cast, the game decided, and now I may as well meet my fate with firmness.” I know, my friend, that you *have* reason to fear for yourself—your life has been a course of unvarying sin and rebellion against your Maker—you may have been instrumental in ruining *many* souls for ever, and those souls will be required at your hand in the day of judgment. You feel all this, and you judge your own case hopeless.

You know that gaming *invariably and inevitably leads to other vices*. You know that every man who plays for money is a blasphemer also—he is rarely a temperate man. You also know, however it may be with yourself, that nearly all men who gamble, will *lie*, will *cheat* if they can. Now if you have been, knowingly or unknowingly, an instrument in inducing others to contract a habit of gaming, you are also responsible for all the other vices into which gaming has led them. You have not only to repent of your own sins, but of having induced others to sin, and ruin their immortal souls. These considerations, you say, are fearful, and you say truly. To use a favorite phrase of your own, the chances of salvation are against you.

But hearken, my beloved friend; there is mercy, through the atoning blood of a divine Redeemer, even for you. He proclaims, “*Whosoever* will, let him come and take the water of life freely.” “Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool.” You may have great reason to fear for yourself; but it is not on account of the exceeding sinfulness of your past life, for “the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from *all* sin;” not on account of

God's unwillingness, for he says to *all*, "Turn ye, turn ye; why will ye die?" Nothing hinders but *your own unwillingness* to embrace these free offers of mercy, give up your bad habits, repent of your sins, and love and serve the Lord who made you; whose ways are the *only* ways of pleasantness, whose paths are the only paths of peace.

You do sometimes wish you were a virtuous man—it is not yet too late. Let me entreat you seriously to set about the work of reform. Resolve, not in your own strength, but with *God's* help, henceforth and for ever to abstain from each and every game of chance. Let "*total abstinence*" be your motto. Keep a constant guard upon your tongue, that you no more profane the holy name of Him who bled and died for you—yes, *you*, guilty as you are, if you reject him not by unbelief, shall find him an all-sufficient Saviour. Fall on your knees and earnestly implore God to soften your hard heart, to make you like a little child. Read the Bible and attend religious worship. Embrace some industrious calling. Your talents, if sanctified by God's Spirit, may make you of eminent service in the world, and in the cause of Him whose mercies you have so long slighted. Let me entreat you not to delay this duty a single hour—your soul is too precious to be longer trifled with. Attend to these things instantly; trust in Christ alone for salvation, and you shall find rest to your soul—such rest as you never knew—such delightful peace as you never thought of. Then your possession of heaven shall not depend on chance; you shall be *sure* of an eternal mansion there; and though you may be poor in this world, obliged to earn your bread in the sweat of your brow, you shall recover the respect and esteem of your fellow-men, and in the end be *rich*, rich eternally, rich beyond all that your eye hath seen, or ear heard, or your imagination conceived. Is not all this worth an effort?

PLEA FOR SACRED MUSIC.

THE word of God appoints, and Christians have ever maintained three distinct exercises, embraced in public worship—prayer, preaching, and sacred song. Each of these, in its place, is important. Christians should sustain them all. On the truth and justice of these remarks, as they apply to sacred music, we base our plea in its behalf.

When we speak of sacred music for the common use of a Christian assembly, we refer especially to compositions having the simplicity and brevity of Luther's Old Hundred, Hamburg, St. Martin's, Duke-street, Dundee, Elgin, Wells, and others like them; tunes which can be adapted to many psalms and hymns: and which, performed with the variety of expression suited to the sentiments and character of the poetry, will bear repetition in three, four, or five stanzas, without dull uniformity. Such music, connected with words and performed with proper expression, has an eloquence delightful and powerful; and which may pervade the performance of a common psalm-tune, as well as of an air, recitative, duet, or of a chorus in Handel's Messiah, or Haydn's Creation. With this explanation, then, in pleading for good sacred music, we shall be understood to speak of that which is practicable for all well-trained singers, and within the means of any congregation able to support the Gospel.

Valuable collections of psalms and hymns have been prepared for use in connection with sacred music, and are found in our places of public worship. These are principally adapted to musical compositions of the character

already described. They open a wide field for the eloquence of music. - They comprise choice lyrical pieces, rich in scripture sentiments, and evincing the poetical talents of some of the most devout and heavenly-minded writers. The lofty conceptions of David and Isaiah; the holy sentiments of Paul, John, and Peter; and the solemn and glorious instructions of the Son of God, are versified in the simplicity, force, and beauty of Watts, Newton, Cowper, Steele, Dwight, and others who have cultivated sacred poetry. Their pages abound in delineations of the plan of redemption, the graces of the Spirit, the warnings of the law, the invitations of the Gospel, and "the high praises of God." They set forth life, death, judgment, eternity, and all the themes appropriate to sacred song.

But the proper design of the psalms and hymns cannot be answered in their being read or recited from the pulpit ever so impressively, for the plain reason that the art of oratory cannot do the work of music. Their appropriate effects are produced upon worshippers only through their union with music, and in their being performed with the expressiveness and spirit which can be given them in music. Let the deep and strong current of poetic thought flow in the channel of music; let the glories of the divine character and the excellencies of divine truth be celebrated in notes which shall speak them to the heart, as music can make them speak, and their appropriate object is answered.

If poetry is dependent upon music for its full effect, so likewise is music dependent upon poetry. It is only in connection with the sacred and exalted sentiments of religion, that music takes its deepest hold on the heart. Irreligious persons may much enjoy it as associated with love, taste, elegant sentiment, with domestic and social affections, or with martial glory. But it is only when associated with the solemn and delightful subjects of the Christian religion, with the mercy of God in Christ, the glories of the divine character, the triumphs of Christian

faith and hope, and the anticipated joys of heaven, that music demonstrates its richest worth, its sweetest and most irresistible power. We have then the united instrumentalities of poetry and music to aid us in the worship of God. Thanks to him who has thus provided for the awakening of the deep feelings of the renewed soul, and the promotion of its holiest exercises towards God. The preaching of the word is a merciful and inestimable appointment. Prayer is a privilege unspeakable. In these the Christian may have rich enjoyment, and spiritual prosperity, in his way to heaven. But his heavenly Father would give spring and speed to his steps; yea, wings by which to rise above the earth and fly towards heaven; and therefore gave him sacred song. Let not this gift be unimproved.

In the foregoing remarks, we trust, the lovers of devotional song are vindicated from the imputations, that they ask the gratification of taste apart from religion; that they wish something thrown into religious services to relieve the conscience under the pressure of divine truth; that they would introduce sweet sounds to soothe the alarmed and convicted sinner, and give him opportunity to rally his powers and withstand again the appeals of the word and Spirit of God. No: if the character and efficacy of sacred poetry have been justly estimated, and the power of music in union with it, we are advocating an exercise which is an inestimable auxiliary to the other services; which emphasizes truth, and gives facility to the pinions on which the pious soul rises to God.

For the cultivation of sacred music, as now defined and described, we present a few arguments.

1. Sacred music, as a part of divine worship, is enjoined in the Scriptures. "Sing unto God, sing psalms unto him." "Sing forth the honor of his name, make his praise glorious." "O come, let us sing unto the Lord, let us make a joyful noise unto the Rock of our salvation."

These are not strong figurative expressions of the general duty of praise. They are instructions to the use of music in union with "psalms and hymns and spiritual songs," as means of acceptable worship. Ancient saints practised on these. David so much used sacred song for devotional purposes that he was called "the sweet psalmist of Israel." Paul and Silas sang praises to God in the prison at Philippi. Israel at the Red Sea, after the destruction of their Egyptian pursuers, broke forth in most lively songs of gratitude and joy. Sacred song made a very important and interesting part of the temple services at Jerusalem, and occupied the time and talents of four thousand of the best musicians in the nation. To read the histories of some of the sacred festivals of the Jews, and of the music by which they were rendered august and imposing, cannot fail to move the feelings of any man who has "music in his soul." They help our conceptions of the meaning and devotional spirit of David, when he said, "The Lord is in his holy temple;" "Enter into his courts with thanksgiving, and into his gates with praise."

2. *The effects of music* furnish an argument for its use in divine worship. All men are moved by it, more or less. A single song, used in France, and appealing powerfully to popular feeling, was one of the instrumentalities in bringing on that revolution, which many years since surprised half the civilized world with its terrors. The effects of the first performance of the hallelujah chorus in Handel's Messiah were such as to raise the vast assembly from their seats, almost unconsciously to themselves. Music not only powerfully affects man, but even the lower animals. If such then be the power of music, it should be regarded as of inestimable worth in aiding the devotions of immortal beings assembled as worshippers of "the Most High God." Let the church patronize, cultivate, and employ it for the purposes for which it is so eminently adapted; and what may it not accomplish for the advancement of piety and devotion?

The Christian comes to the sanctuary burdened with trouble and sorrow, afflicted with some bereavement, or beset with temptations, or oppressed with a sense of unworthiness and guilt before God. How sweetly the soothing influence of sacred song will sometimes come over his spirit. It calms the troubled waves of his soul, as did the voice of Jesus the stormy sea, when he said, "Peace, be still!" The Christian is thus led to adore a Father who "pitieth his children." "Awake and sing, ye that dwell in the dust," says the Scripture; and from deepest sorrows thus break tenderest, sweetest songs. The weight under which the soul has been bowed down is removed. The mourner is comforted; the trembling believer established, quickened, strengthened; the contrite heart sweetly drawn to a reconciled God; and courage is gathered by the Christian for the "good fight of faith."

Eminent Christians have testified their experience of the benefits of sacred music, as they have those derived from meditation, prayer, and hearing the word. A devoted female missionary, speaking of a Sabbath service in a dark and dreary land, writes, "My soul was refreshed, particularly in the singing; and I thought of the bliss of heaven." President Edwards writes, "I often used to sit and view the moon for continuance; and in the day spent much time in viewing the clouds and sky, to behold the sweet glory of God in these things; in the mean time singing forth with a low voice my contemplations of the Creator and Redeemer." "I felt God, so to speak, at the first appearance of a thunder-storm; and used to take the opportunity, at such times, to fix myself in order to view the clouds and see the lightnings play, and hear the majestic and awful voice of God's thunder, which oftentimes was exceedingly entertaining, leading me to sweet contemplation of my glorious God. While thus engaged, it always seemed natural to me to sing or chant forth my

meditations, or to put my thoughts in soliloquies with a singing voice."

The deepest feelings of the Christian, then, find the most natural channel for their flow in music. This accounts for the fact, that in the Scriptures sacred song is described as the medium of the liveliest joys and most exalted praises of heaven. The most inspiring songs of earth are immeasurably surpassed by those heard in the temple "not made with hands," and from the choir of the "New Jerusalem." There is worship to God perfect; praise offered "in the beauty of holiness." There performs a choir "which no man can number," and which has been formed and taught by the Son of God. There are employed harps, "strung and tuned for endless years." Eternity will never know dissonance, nor weariness, nor faltering, in the songs of praise before "the throne of God and the Lamb." "The ransomed of the Lord shall return, and come to Zion with songs, and everlasting joy shall be upon their heads." "And they sung a new song, saying, Thou art worthy to take the book, and to open the seals thereof; for thou wast slain, and hast redeemed us to God by thy blood." "And I heard the voice of harpers harping with their harps: and they sung as it were a new song before the throne, and before the four beasts and the elders; and no man could learn that song save the hundred and forty and four thousand which were redeemed from the earth."

Now we cannot suffer heartless criticism, disjoined from taste for either earthly or heavenly harmonies, to wrest from us our faith, or discourage our anticipations, that music will minister to the bliss for which we hope in heaven. We do and will believe, that "sounds of glory" will help to swell the "amazing joys" of the redeemed. While the pious soul takes wings from amid the scenes of earthly worship, and dissolves in tenderness and joy under the power of sacred music, there is rapture in the thought, "If so sweet

be the songs of Zion on earth, what must be the holy harmonies of heaven?"

3. We argue for sacred music, because *its cultivation and performance are within the ability of all*. God has given to men musical powers as freely as those of speech; and early and assiduous cultivation would as fully develop the one as the other. This has been believed by but very few, till of late; and it still is doubted by many. And those who do believe in the universality of musical powers, have been long and slowly coming to this point. But experiment, that sure test of the soundness of opinions, has demonstrated it. Let your child be as early and faithfully taught to sing as to read, and he will make a singer as certainly as he is made a reader. Proper musical education of the young, in past years, would have made our present congregations great choirs of singers. There is at this moment, in all our religious assemblies, a vast amount of musical talent unimproved, "buried;" and account must be given for this in the last day, as for other unimproved talents.

There are in our places of worship, every Sabbath, hundreds of listeners, or perhaps inattentive endurers of defective musical performances, who ought to be engaged in raising the songs of joy and praise towards the throne of heaven. To many of these, not even now too old to learn to sing the praises of God in his sanctuary, we say, "Unbury your talents, cultivate them, consecrate them, and use them in praise of their Giver."

Many a man, in common conversation, uses a voice full, clear, musical, and yet has never learned any thing more than Old Hundred, or perhaps a military air. Many a woman, in the social circle, speaks with a voice soft, sweet, melodious, and adapted for the service of sacred song; but has perhaps never learned more than a popular love-song or a nursery lullaby. "These things ought not so to be." It is ingratitude to God, the Giver of such powers, not to

cultivate and employ them in his praise. Scarce a bird is there in all "the firmament of heaven," but raises some notes to the praise of the Creator ; and shall man, whom he has made but "a little lower than the angels," be silent ?

The question may be asked, "Is it *necessary* that all should sing who can?" But if sacred song be worship to God, then the question is not, "how many performers are needed?" rather, "who can be excused from the duty of singing, any more than from joining in prayer?"

But we reply to the questions stated, as apparently anticipating the danger of having *too much* power or quantity in the service of sacred song, that there cannot be too many voices nor too much music in any religious assembly, if the voices be properly cultivated, and if it be *music* which is made, and not solemn jargon. The writer once listened to four hundred singers, sustained by the powers of a noble organ, in one of our city churches. It was *music*, in the true sense of the word. Among other tunes performed was that noblest of all, Old Hundred, in which the whole congregation were requested to join with the choir. Two thousand voices were then poured forth to swell the majestic river of song. Yet such was their harmony, and so judiciously and admirably were the powers of the organ brought out in accompaniment, that there was not one voice too many, nor one breath of instrumental aid too much. We have read of commemorations of Handel and other great musical festivals, for which were assembled the musical talent and skill of all Europe ; but we do not remember to have read of too much music on such occasions. No ; assemble a choir of ten thousand around an organ, if you please, vast as a cathedral or a palace ; let harmony blend and bind all together ; and although the sublimity and majesty of the performances may overwhelm an audience of millions, still, of *music* there will not, cannot be too much. John listened to a voice "upon mount Zion," "as the voice of many waters, and as the voice of a great thunder:" but

he appears to have felt no oppression of his senses, for it was a voice full of the music of heaven. The notes were mighty, and yet sweet and delightful as the glory which surrounds the eternal throne.

4. Appropriate sacred music is *a powerful auxiliary to the preaching of the Gospel*. When the minister of Christ has "reasoned out of the Scriptures," pressed truth and precept upon men's consciences; warned, entreated, pointed to the "judgment to come," heaven, and hell; then, in the appropriate psalm or hymn, music, like a voice from heaven, speaks to the inmost soul. The unconverted hearer who has been instructed, convinced, and made serious by the sermon, may melt and weep under the pathos of the "lovely song," which speaks of mercy, hope, "the throne of grace;" and of Christ as the sinner's Friend, Refuge, Saviour, and "the Prince of Peace." The backslider, shown by the word his way of grievous departure, when music falls upon his ear, perhaps in the words,

"Return, O wanderer, return,
And seek an injured Father's face,"

may melt like Peter, under the tender yet piercing look of his Lord. Under the solemn preaching of the word, the deep fountains of the soul become full and swollen; and then music breaks open those fountains, and makes to flow penitence or joy, or both sweetly mingled.

There are few hinderances to the efficacy of preaching liable to exist in connection with public services, which a solicitous minister will more earnestly deprecate than bad psalmody. Let a sermon, uniting the solemnity and richness of Baxter with the eloquence of Saurin or Massillon, be preceded by psalmody from the bad effect of which the sermon must recover the assembly before it can profit them; or let such preaching be followed by singing which offends, through discordancy, or inappropriateness, or confusion of time, or inexpressiveness, or perhaps through all

of these together; and there is a sacrifice of spiritual benefit, a waste of the toils of a week of study, and a frustration of the ends of preaching, for which the minister might sit down in his pulpit and weep. The writer once attended an evening service in one of our city churches, and listened with deep interest to a discourse on that delightful text, "Whereby are given unto us exceeding great and precious promises." It was an admirable sermon. The soul of the preacher was in every sentence, and gave unction and eloquence to the whole. It should have been preceded and followed by musical services in keeping with that sublime thought of Watts,

"The voice that rolls the stars along
Speaks all the promises."

But the singing was mere *sound*, with scarce an attribute of music, and would have been jeered in the social circle, and hissed in the concert-hall. Gabriel himself might preach, and the effect of his eloquence would be marred by a music service so void of harmony, heart, and expression. A Christian church even, through indifference to sacred music or parsimony, or both, may neglect this part of the services of the sanctuary, to the embarrassment, if not utter prevention of the usefulness of the best preaching, and to the destruction of the symmetry and beauty of the whole appointments of the house of God.

Churches and congregations should be mindful, that responsibility rests upon them for all which is lost of the proper effect of the pulpit services, through their neglect to provide suitably for those of sacred music. Ministers share in this responsibility also; for their interest or indifference respecting this part of divine service will influence their people. And here let it be respectfully, yet earnestly urged upon the consideration of some ministers, whether the extensive neglect of the cultivation of sacred music has not been owing to their own failure to press the duty on

their people, and to their indifference to it as a part of divine worship. Every minister should regard good sacred music as an invaluable means, along with the faithful dispensation of divine truth, for the edification of his own soul, and those of his hearers. If he should be anxious to *preach* well of God and his truth, so should he be solicitous that his congregation shall offer to the God of truth acceptable sacrifices of praise—shall *sing* well “the songs of Zion.”

5. We plead for sacred music, because, as much as *prayer itself*, it is *worship of God*. The psalms and hymns in common use, embrace all the parts of prayer—invocation, adoration, confession, petition, intercession, thanksgiving, praise, and ascription. In performing them, we profess devotional approach to God. All the solemnity attaches to sacred song which attaches to prayer. Performed with right feelings, and in a right manner, it will always be communion with God, the entrance of the soul into the spirit of those in the upper temple, who cry, “Holy, holy, holy is the Lord God of hosts.”

The cultivation of sacred music, therefore, should be regarded as preparation for a service in which God is to be approached, who is “great, and greatly to be feared, and to be had in reverence by all them that are about him.” The feelings, spirit, sentiments, habits of deportment, which should be cultivated in the scenes of musical instruction and practice, must be those of devout seriousness and religious emotion. And the singer *should be a Christian*; should feel that “the place whereon he standeth is holy ground,” that he approaches “the throne of grace,” and that he performs services in which God “requireth truth in the inward part.” He must not be a mere vocalist or amateur, making an exhibition, delighting the ear and regaling the taste of an audience of dying men. He must, in singing, offer the sacrifices of the heart. His soul must go up in fervent aspirations to God. Singing the songs of the sanc-

tuary is a service scarcely less serious than preaching and prayer.

To the question, then, "How shall the spirit of devotion be promoted in our congregations?" it is one proper answer, "make psalmody what it should be, as a solemn, heart-felt act of worship to God." The spirituality appropriate to prayer and preaching, belongs equally to "the service of song." And when performers, as Christians, throw their souls into this service, and when the attending assembly join them in sincerity of heart, then will be "offered up spiritual sacrifices, acceptable to God." Then will holy affections be increased in the hearts of Christians; and the sanctuary will be, to the assembled throng, "the house of God"—"the gate of heaven."

The limits of this Tract admit but a brief notice of some misapprehensions and erroneous habits of thought among Christians, which need correction and removal before sacred music can have its proper place in the estimation of the churches.

Christian people must cease to regard sacred music as *a matter on which they can be indifferent*, or of the support of which they can be negligent, and yet be guiltless. If it is appointed of God as a portion of divine service, for his honor and our good, then Christians must prize it highly, sustain it systematically and liberally, and expect from it religious benefit, steadily and largely.

Christians must cease to regard *sacred*, in the same light with *secular* music. Many, probably, have so regarded it, because it has been much in the hands and under the direction of persons not of religious, and sometimes not even of moral character. How has this happened? Truly, because Christians have neglected it; and other men have taken it up and kept it in existence as a mere matter of taste. Let Christians take sacred music into their own hands, consider it as much claiming their care as prayer

and preaching in the pulpit; provide for it in the education of children and youth, especially in the art of music; and select and employ a Christian leader of sacred song as much as they do a minister of the sacred Gospel; and they will not then be troubled with the interference of men destitute of religious character, nor will they be dependent upon such for the conduct of this holy service.

Christians must cease to regard music as only appropriate to the drawing-room, or scenes of gayety and festivity, or to the theatre and the military parade. Music is a heaven-born art; is one of the richest gifts of a merciful God to a world where sin, confusion, sorrow, and tears, has so much place. "The children of this world" see its worth, and they borrow it of the church so much, that the church almost forgets that it is one of her rightful possessions. The first and proper place of music, on this side of heaven, is in the house of God. Its most appropriate use is by "the great congregation," in the worship of "the high and lofty One who inhabiteth eternity."

We protest against Christians regarding sacred music as an elegant and expensive luxury, *a mere superfluity* in religious services. It may be made so, it is true, by hiring foreign and merely professional performers, who serve the church on the Sabbath, and the theatre and the devil all the week. But employ Christian men to teach the children and youth, and to train the older members of the congregation, and to conduct the musical performances of the Sabbath, and it is no more an expensive superfluity than is education to read the Bible; than prayer; than the dispensation of the blessed Gospel.

Those Christians who have not the taste for music which others have, should be considerate of *their fellow-Christians* to whom it is pleasant, and "for their good to edification."

Sacred music must not be blamed because it has wrought, in so few places and on so limited a scale, the

benefits we have ascribed to it. By liberal patronage and assiduous cultivation, make it what it ought to be, and then give it a fair trial. It will assuredly prove its worth. Many religious assemblies know not what good sacred music is, because it has been a neglected and undervalued part of divine service. When they will make it what they should, and to be in keeping with good preaching and devout prayer, then they will know what it is; and know, too, what a defective and useless service they have long been substituting and mistaking for *true sacred music*.

Music must not be regarded as *a mere art*, and its effects as a species of enchantment not belonging in association with religion. Poetry and eloquence are arts; and their power is great as employed for evil purposes; but who argues, hence, that they are to be discarded from all association with religion?

Sacred music must not be cultivated and sustained simply as a matter of *taste*. It has often failed to accomplish its proper effects where it has been considerably cultivated; probably because pleasure has been sought in its sweetness and power, rather than in the praises of God, of which it is properly the medium. To cultivate and maintain music in Sabbath services simply to gratify taste, would be sin against God, as much as a minister's cultivating oratory, and his people supporting him for the purpose of oratorical exhibitions on the Sabbath.

The object of sacred song being the praise of God and the spiritual profit of worshippers, Christians should on the Sabbath *commend these services to the divine blessing*, as steadily as they do the preaching of the Gospel and the administration of the ordinances. Ministers should set their churches an example, in praying for those who lead in the "service of song." The effect may be inestimably happy.

The education of the young in sacred music, is an object of high importance. Music, as well as the reading of our

own language, should be taught in our common-schools; and our children accustomed to sing, as well as to talk and read. Then, whoever becomes a Christian will be prepared for the delightful work of singing the praises of God.

Sacred music should be *cultivated in Christian families*, and used in the seasons of morning and evening devotion. A more delightful scene cannot be presented on this side heaven, than when parents, with their sons and daughters, surround the family altar, and devoutly unite their voices in sacred song. Such services will promote domestic happiness and kind affections. If there be affliction in the family, grief will be soothed. Pious feeling will be aided in those who are Christians, and their steps quickened in the way to heaven. Thoughtfulness, tenderness of spirit, and anxiety on the subject of salvation, will be promoted in such of the members as are without hope. The question, "Shall I never sing with these beloved ones in heaven?" may sometimes come over the spirit of the unconverted one, with force which cannot be resisted, and may lead to earnest seeking of the grace of God. Transfer this family to the sanctuary on the Sabbath, and they are prepared to aid efficiently in the songs of the solemn assembly.

If there be one occasion when the whole souls of the assembled church should flow forth to their Lord and Redeemer, in holier and livelier devotion than on any other, it is the ordinance of the *Lord's supper*. And if there be one channel especially adapted for this purpose, it is that of sacred song. To celebrate the dying love of Christ, in the tenderness of spirit, the sincerity of devotion, and in the fervency, gratitude, faith, and joy which become souls redeemed, nothing affords such a medium as sacred song. Those lines,

"How sweet and awful is the place,
With Christ within the doors!"

cannot be felt adequately, except they be *sung*, and that in

the true sense of the word, around the Lord's table. Sacramental singing, unhappily, is often exceedingly defective. Christian, let it no more be thus. Learn to sing, that you may be prepared to give honor to your divine Redeemer in the songs of that holy, heavenly hour. Then, amidst that scene, will you make nearest and happiest approaches to the songs of angels and the redeemed before the throne of God.

On the subject of this Tract, we do not expect to awaken in all minds the enthusiasm seen in some who may be called passionately fond of music. But we earnestly desire to awaken Christian conscientiousness and feeling respecting it; and to induce efforts which shall raise it to a higher point of excellence, usefulness, and dignity, than it has ever yet reached in our country. An interest is requisite which shall be deep, serious, lively, steady; which shall hold alliance with the spirit of prayer, and with thirst for instruction in divine truth, and for holiness; and which, interwoven with all the religious affections, as are the effects of the other services of the sanctuary, shall aid the growth of grace in the hearts of Christians, and their preparation to enter upon the holiness and bliss of eternity.

A premium, offered by a friend, was awarded to Rev. Edward W. Hooker, D. D., author of this Tract.

FATAL DELUSIONS.

REASON and Scripture teach that men may hold opinions which place their eternal salvation in jeopardy. If this is not so, then, ultimately, it will make no difference what opinions we embrace; and God, in his final awards, must be indifferent to both truth and error. But the apostle Paul, 2 Thess. 2 : 11, 12, plainly teaches that men may be left to embrace opinions which destroy the soul.

The first of these which we adduce, is *Infidelity*. Infidelity consists in the rejection of the Bible as a divine revelation, and, of course, of the plan of salvation which it reveals. Its fundamental principle is, that human reason alone is sufficient to guide us into all truth, and that a divine revelation is not needed, and has not been given. By adopting this theory, you reject all revealed religion, and rest your eternal hopes and prospects upon these three principles: the being of a God, your own reason, and the light of nature. But rejecting the Bible, how can you certainly know whether there is one God or many? What can you know about the *attributes* of God? By what certain standard can you determine what is vice and what is virtue? By what authority can you recommend men to forsake vice and to pursue virtue? Is it not clear that infidelity takes away all certainty of the *unity* of God, veils his moral attributes in darkness, destroys the distinction between vice and virtue, takes away the foundation of all religion, and leaves man without any supreme power to control or direct him?

There is surely nothing in infidelity to teach that we are sinners, to show us our relations to God, to teach us reverence for him or his government, or our need of conformity to his holy character. The only hope for the salvation of the infidel is the bare possibility that his system may be true: and if true, then the past is all imposture; and the vast future is covered with the impenetrable shades of an eternal night. Infidelity is therefore a fatal delusion.

The next fatal opinion we adduce, is *the rejection of the divinity of Christ*. And by this we mean, the rejection of his supreme divinity as equal with the Father. Unless Christ is God, what do these scriptures mean? "Great is the mystery of godliness: God was manifest in the flesh." "He shall be called the mighty God, the everlasting Father." "The Word was God." "Had they known, they would not have crucified the Lord of glory." And if he is not the true God, where has been the intellect of the church for 1800 years? If not the true God, can the Bible be other than a dark, and deceptive, and dangerous book? Christ either is God, or he is not. If he is not God, then his church until now, with all its companies of martyrs, and missionaries, and holy men, has been composed of gross idolaters; for they have worshipped him as God. If he is God, the rejecter of his supreme divinity withholds the homage which is his due, and subjects himself to the awful sentence, "As for these mine enemies, that would not have me to rule over them, bind them hand and foot, and cast them into outer darkness, where is weeping and gnashing of teeth."

The divinity of Christ is not among the less vital points of Christian doctrine, which men may receive or reject without putting their salvation in jeopardy. It touches every spring of life and action in our faith and practice. Rejecting his divinity, we reject his atonement, his righteousness, his intercession; or receive them in such a way, as to render them of no avail. To believe in Christ *savingly*, we must believe on him *as he is*, "God manifest in the flesh." Is not, then, the rejection of the deity of Christ, a vital error, a fatal delusion? Does not Peter assert this? 2 Peter, 2 : 1.

The next error we adduce, is *the denial of future punishment*. If Christ, by his death, secured the salvation of every man, there never was a fact more equivocally published—the Bible greatly misleads, and very needlessly alarms. If there is no future punishment, there is no way of accounting for the awful threatenings of the New Testament. What mean hundreds of texts like these? "Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God." "He that believeth not the Son, shall not see life, but the wrath of God abideth on him." "These shall go

away into everlasting punishment." "The smoke of their torment ascendeth up for ever and ever."

If there is no future punishment, then the moral law has no penalty. The general reply to this, that its penalty is inflicted in this life, is inadmissible, because contradicted by universal experience. If there is no future punishment, where is the foundation of morals? If God will treat all men alike hereafter, why not regard them all alike here? And why is it not right and proper for men to be imitators of God, and to regard all men alike, irrespective of their moral character? Here, then, the distinctions between virtue and vice are gone for ever, and the gulf which, according to the Bible, separates heaven and hell, is filled up. Must not, then, the rejection of future punishment be a fatal delusion?

The next we adduce, is *a dependence on mere morality for salvation*. The position of the moralist is this: "If I live an honest and moral life here, it will be well with me hereafter." There can be no religion without morality; but morality is not religion. If it is, then it was unnecessary that the Saviour should visit our world. A good system of morals could have been promulgated at an expense infinitely less than his mission and death. If morality will finally save, the *atonement* is unnecessary; and the making of it was an act of cruelty in God: the trials and sufferings of Christ were without sufficient cause. But the Bible, by many a precept and example, teaches the contrary. Read the history of the young man who kept the law from his youth—ponder the conversation of Nicodemus with the Saviour—diligently consider the life of Paul, which, up to the period of his conversion, was, in the eye of the law, blameless. Can you, for a moment, believe that dependence on your morality is sanctioned by the Scriptures?

The above position strikes a blow at the whole system of revealed religion; for the mere moral man is an infidel in theory, and an atheist in practice. He substitutes his morality for the atonement, and himself for the Saviour. He rejects salvation by grace, and if he seeks it at all, he seeks it as the reward of his own works. Can it be otherwise than a fatal delusion?

The next we adduce, is *procrastination*. This consists in putting off submission to God to a more convenient sea-

son. This takes too many things for granted. It takes for granted, that repentance and faith may be better exercised at some future time than now ; which is not the case. Whilst without repentance towards God, we are every day going from bad to worse.—It takes for granted, that God will be as ready to receive us at a future time as now ; which may not be the case. There is such a thing as exhausting the patience of God, and as his hearing our prayers without answering them. Prov. 1 : 26, 28.—It takes for granted, that if we reach the time proposed in the future, we shall then have our present desires to forsake sin ; which may not be the case. A course of sin never deepens, but always weakens religious impressions. The current of sinful desires is ever increasing in strength.—It takes for granted, that you are as sure of time to come as of the present ; which is not the case. We know not what a day may bring forth. Our continued earthly existence depends on so many contingences beyond our control, that we are in jeopardy every hour. And then, how few that procrastinate ever embrace the Saviour. It is a delusion of the devil, to gain time so to rivet upon you the chains that bind you to death, as to make your damnation sure.

In theory, these delusions differ very widely ; but yet they all lead to the same result. We do not assert that the theoretical believer who postpones submission to Christ, is as bad as those who openly deny him and his Gospel ; or that the moral man is as bad as the infidel or atheist. But they all agree not to have Christ to reign over them here ; and in the world to come, they must be alike excluded from the consolations of his presence, and the joys of his salvation.

There is no way of salvation, but through the Lord Jesus Christ: He is "the way, the truth, and the life." And every sentiment, whatever be its type or character, that prevents us from believing in him, however honestly entertained, is a fatal delusion. Unless eventually found in him as our head, and clothed in his righteousness, and sanctified by his Spirit, all, all will be lost. Cast, then, your guilty soul now upon his atonement, crying, God be merciful to me a sinner.

THE

LIFE-PRESERVER.

COMMENCING a long journey which was to take me upon most of our western lakes and rivers, I took the precaution to provide myself with a life-preserver of the best construction. My reasons for doing this were these. I had always felt great confidence in these simple instruments. They are constructed on principles perfectly philosophical. Several individuals from the circle of my own acquaintance had been saved by them when in imminent peril. The expense of the article was very trifling. It was not at all in the way. So far from this, I found it a positive convenience, as a cushion by day and a pillow by night.

My custom was, every night before retiring to sleep, to examine my life-preserver, and see that it was where I could place my hand upon it in an instant; and often, when the winds blew, and the waves dashed against the boat, I felt a sense of security in the possession of that which, with the blessing of God, might preserve me in an emergency; and this of itself amply repaid me for my purchase.

Soon after entering the Mississippi river, we were not a little agitated by an accident which befell the boat. The night was dark and tempestuous, and the "Father of waters" angry and frightful. The passengers sprung from their berths, and rushed together into the main saloon. The accident proved to be of small consequence; and the alarm very soon subsided.

Returning to my state-room with this incident fresh in mind, I fell into a sort of waking dream. I thought I was on one of our inland seas, in a violent tempest. Our vessel, dismasted and disabled, was rapidly driving on a lee shore. Death, in one of its most frightful forms, was staring us in the face, for the captain was heard to say, "We are all gone for this world." The passengers were evidently making ready for the last struggle. And now I observed, for the

first time, that some, amid the general consternation, seemed perfectly calm and composed. They were very solemn, but gave no sign of fear. On looking again, I saw that they were provided with life-preservers, large and strong, of the very best kind. These they had already attached to their persons, and feeling the utmost confidence in this means of preservation, they were quietly waiting the issue. An emotion of joy was depicted on their countenances, as if they were thanking God that they had secured, in good season, what was now of great price.

But how shall I describe the terrors and dismay of the other passengers, as they passed to and fro before my eye. Very few had any hope of reaching the shore. Their faces were pale, and they wrung their hands in despair.

“What a fool I was,” said one, “that I did not buy a life-preserver before I left home. *I always meant to do it.* They were exposed for sale right before my eye every day. My friends entreated me to procure one, and I promised that I would. I thought I could obtain one at any time. *But I put it off, and now it is too late.*”

“*I did not believe there was any danger,*” said another. “I have passed over these lakes many times, and never saw such a storm before. ’Tis true, I was warned that come they would, in an hour when I looked not for them; but as I had passed safely without a life-preserver before, *I concluded to run the risk again.*”

Another I observed hastening to his trunk, and returning instantly with the case of a life-preserver in his hand, but an expression of blank despair on his countenance. The article had once been good, but he *had not taken care of it.* He had thrown it loosely among his effects, and it had been punctured by a pin. It was now a mockery of his woe. He tried to mend it, but this was impossible. There was not time for this.

Another produced with great joy what seemed an excellent life-preserver, but when he proceeded to adjust it, he found that he had been cheated. *It was a counterfeit article.* He did not procure it at the right place. *To all appearance* it was sound. It would retain its shape and buoyancy for a while, but would not *bear the pressure of a man’s whole weight.* It would answer very well for a few minutes in smooth water, but *could not be relied on in an*

emergency. He had never examined it before ; and now, in the hour of need, found it utterly worthless.

At length my eye was arrested by a young man who had been notorious throughout the voyage for his gayety and frivolity. On one occasion, during a pleasant day, he had made sport of those who had wisely prepared for the time of peril. He pronounced their forethought a waste of money. And now I saw him addressing a gentleman whom he had previously ridiculed, and in a subdued and anxious manner inquiring whether his life-preserver was not capable of saving them both. The man replied that he would most gladly extend any help in his power, but it was *made only for one person*, and was not warranted to sustain more.

Reader, THERE IS A HOPE WHICH IS AS AN ANCHOR TO THE SOUL, BOTH SURE AND STEADFAST. The ground on which it rests is the mercy of God, through our Lord Jesus Christ. The time is coming when you *will certainly need it*. Life may now be like a smooth and sunny sea ; but very soon you will be amid the swellings of Jordan.

A good hope in Christ *is certain to save*. Never did one perish who possessed it. It was never known to disappoint in the time of need. Millions have been saved by it ; and God has promised that it shall never make ashamed. Is it not wise for you to obtain it ?

To say the least, *it can do you no harm*, should there be no judgment nor retribution. It cannot encumber you during your lifetime. It is worth every thing, even in prosperous days, and beneath cloudless skies. The sense of security which religion creates, is of great price. To know that whatever may happen, you are safe ; to be confident that “neither life nor death, things present nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, is able to separate us from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord ;” is it not worth more than all silver and gold ?

Moreover, this hope *may easily be obtained*. It is “set before you.” It is pressed upon your acceptance. Because of this, do not say that you can obtain it at any time. For this is not true. There is no time to forge and bend an anchor when the storm is raging. If you postpone repentance too long, disappointment and destruction will overtake you *without remedy*. Do not delay the pursuit of religion.

Seek it first of all. Pious friends entreat you to seek it now. The experience of those who have delayed too long, and died "without hope," warns you to be wise in season.

Be careful that your *hope is of the right kind*. There is a hope which perisheth when God taketh away the soul. There are false spirits, false religions, false hopes, and counterfeit graces. Examine well the hope which is in you. Be sure that it rests on the right foundation, Jesus Christ being the chief corner-stone.

If you have found hope in Christ, *take care of your hope*. Protect it from injury; watch it; keep it with *all diligence*. And as you cannot tell the day nor the hour when the Son of man cometh, be always ready. Let your light be trimmed and burning, as men that wait for their Lord. Death can never be unexpected, if you are always anticipating it; never sudden, if you are always prepared for it.

Remember, that religion is a concern between your own soul and God. The conduct of others is no excuse for you. "He that is wise, is wise for himself; and he that scorneth, he alone must bear it." Soon, very soon, the hour of trial will come. The winds will blow, the rain fall, and the floods come, and the great storm beat against your house. You must go down into the river of death alone. Friends cannot go with you; they cannot help you. But "he that believeth in Jesus is safe," even when the waves and billows go over his soul. The arm of the Redeemer will keep you from sinking; and amidst the pains and mysteries of dying, you may lift up your head and say, "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on thee;" and a voice from heaven shall answer, "Fear not: when thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee;" and, borne along by the "everlasting arms" which are beneath you, you shall reach in safety that peaceful shore where the grateful spirit shall rest with God.

THE

FALSE CLAIMS OF THE POPE.

It is well known that the Pope of Rome claims to be the universal Bishop and Head of all the Church, the vicegerent of Christ in the world—to whom all are as much bound to render obedience as unto Christ himself. These are high claims, and if true, it is of immense importance that all the world should know it. They are high claims for a mere mortal man to make, and we have a right to expect very clear evidence that they are just.

The mere assertion of a man that he is the representative of Christ on the earth, is not sufficient to satisfy us. We know well that nothing is more common in this world than deception: and men are continually professing to be what they are not. We know also, that our Savior and his apostles put us on our guard against false Christs, false prophets, and false teachers, and told us expressly to believe not every spirit, but to *try* the spirits whether they be of God. If we believe every man who declares to us that he comes in the name of Christ, we must believe nearly all the impostors and heretics that have lived. We are under no obligations to receive any man's mere word on such a subject; but it is our privilege and duty to ask for his testimonials.

The Pope comes to us with the claim of being the representative of Christ on the earth. Before we believe that his claim is just, it becomes us to examine his credentials. What are the true grounds of this claim? For if he cannot make it appear plain that such power has been given to him, then we are bound to reject him as an impostor and deceiver, and we have nothing to fear from his threats or anathemas. He may utter the most fearful curses against us, and threaten to send us all to perdition: still he is a weak and feeble man like ourselves, and his threats are of no more weight than a breath of wind.

Upon what then does he rest his claim? He says,

“*Peter was constituted the head of the Apostles, and universal Bishop of the Church; and we, the Popes, are his successors.*”

This declaration has two parts: first, *Peter was constituted head of the Apostles*, and secondly, *the Popes are successors of Peter*. It is evident that these two propositions are perfectly distinct from one another; and even though it should be proved that Peter was the head of the Apostles, yet that would by no means show that the Popes of Rome are the lawful successors of Peter. How do we know that Peter was to have any successors? and secondly, who has informed us that the Bishops of *Rome* were to be those successors, rather than the Bishops of Jerusalem? or Antioch? or Ephesus?

But let us first inquire, Was Peter constituted by Christ THE HEAD OF THE APOSTLES?

The chief proof of this adduced by the Papists, and without which they would have scarcely a shadow upon which to rest, is the declaration of our Lord to Peter, Matt. 16 : 18, “And I say unto thee that thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it.”

Peter had just before declared, “Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God.” The question now is, did our Savior intend to say that *Peter* is the rock on which the church rests—the foundation of the New Testament fabric? No one can believe that Christ intended to say that he (Peter) is the *foundation of the church* in any proper sense; for Paul says, 1 Cor. 3 : 11, “Other foundation can no man lay than that *is laid*, which is *Christ Jesus*.” Properly speaking, therefore, the church has only one foundation, and that is Christ. In a secondary sense, however, there may be other foundations. Thus, Paul says, Gal. 2 : 9, that “James, Cephas and John seemed to be *pillars*.” And to the Ephesians he says, chap. 2 : 20, “And are built upon the *foundation of the apostles and prophets*, Jesus Christ himself being the chief cornerstone.” In both these places most evidently the instructions or *doctrines* of the apostles are the *foundation* spoken of, and not, properly speaking, the apostles themselves. It is the *truth which they declared* that supports the church

as a foundation or pillar, and not any official rank or dignity of theirs : and in like manner it was the truth declared by Peter, "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God," which Christ called the *rock* upon which his church was to be built, and not Peter himself. In this manner St. Augustine (one of the fathers acknowledged by the Romish church) explains this passage. He says, "Thou art Peter, and upon the rock which thou hast confessed—upon this rock which thou hast known, saying, 'Thou art Christ, the Son of the living God,' will I build my church. I will build thee upon me, and not me upon thee." Aug. de verb. Domin. Sum. 13. Chrysostom also, another distinguished father, gives the same interpretation. He says Christ "does not say *upon Peter*, for he did not build his church on *the man* but on the man's FAITH. And what was this faith? It was, 'Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God.'" See Chrys. sermon i. on the Passover. Eusebius understood the passage in the same way. Jerome explained it in the same manner. See Jerome on Matt. 16 : 18. And so did Cyril. See Trinit. book 4, chap. 1. And so did Origen, and many others.

Whatever interpretation we give to this passage—whether we follow that of Augustine and other esteemed fathers of the church, or choose to adopt some other explanation, we must all agree in this, that our Savior did not mean to build his church, strictly speaking, on such a poor and weak foundation as any mere creature would be, and therefore not on the Apostle Peter, who showed himself repeatedly to be only a weak and inconstant man:—once by the weakness of his faith when attempting to walk upon the water; once when he endeavored to persuade Christ not to make an offering of himself for sin, and Christ rebuked him, saying, "Get thee behind me, Satan, for thou savorest not the things which be of God, but those that be of men;" and again, when with oaths and curses he denied his Master. And once more, some time after the death of Christ, when, if ever, he must have been fully installed in his office, we find melancholy proof that he was only a weak and fallible man, when he dissembled with the Gentile converts; and Paul says, Gal. 2 : 11, "I withstood him to the face, because *he was to be blamed.*"

It is cheerfully acknowledged that Peter was a most active and distinguished Apostle of Jesus Christ, and one of the most prominent instruments in spreading the Gospel in the world. By him the first publication of the Gospel after the death of Christ was made to the Jews, and afterwards to the Gentiles; and he was ever ready to suffer for the name of Christ. We would not utter one word to derogate from his truly exalted character as a bold and zealous preacher and apostle. Peter was inspired of God to make the great profession, "Thou art Christ, the Son of the living God." He was inspired to teach, to write, and to perform all the other duties of his apostolical office. Still in his private conduct he was a mere man, and, as his history proves, an erring man; and it is evident he did not consider himself, nor can any one else consider him in any proper sense the foundation of the church. The only foundation we know is *Christ*; and Paul says, as we have already quoted, "Other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ;" and Peter himself represents it so, 1 Pet. 2 : 5, 6, where he represents believers as "living stones," built upon one another, and having for their foundation, not Peter, but Christ, whom he calls, by a quotation from the Old Testament, "the chief Corner Stone," &c. And if Peter is in any sense called the foundation of the church, so are also *James and John*, Gal. 2 : 9, and so also are *all the apostles and prophets*. In this secondary and figurative sense they may be foundations: that is, their words, spoken or written under the infallible direction of the Holy Spirit, may be, and are the foundation of our faith. But in this respect Peter has no supremacy over the other Apostles. They are all together called foundations in this sense, and no passage in the word of God can be found that ascribes any peculiar power to Peter in this respect. If there is such a passage let it be produced.

The next proof adduced by the Papists is Matt. 16 : 19, where Christ says unto Peter, "I will give unto thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven, and whatsoever thou shalt bind on earth shall be bound in heaven, and whatsoever thou shalt loose on earth shall be loosed in heaven." Keys are the emblem of authority, and it is evident that the giving of the keys, and conferring the power of binding

and loosing, are one and the same thing. But this power was conferred alike on *all* the Apostles, as we see from Matt. 18 : 18, where Christ says to all the disciples together in the same words, "Whatsoever ye shall bind on earth shall be bound in heaven, and whatsoever ye shall loose on earth shall be loosed in heaven;" and also from John, 20 : 23, when he said to all the disciples, "Whosoever sins ye remit they are remitted, and whosoever sins ye retain, they are retained;" which means the same as the *binding* and *loosing*. Now, whatever authority this commission of our Savior conferred on Peter, it is plain that precisely the same authority was conferred by the same words on the twelve disciples, so that it is in vain to quote this text in proof that Peter was endowed with a supremacy among the Apostles.

Another proof adduced by the Papists is the passage in John, 21 : 15-17, where our Savior asks Peter three times, "Lovest thou me more than these?" and directs him to *feed his lambs* and *his sheep*. That this language is figurative, is perfectly evident, and it is impossible that any should deny it. The terms "lambs" and "sheep" are used figuratively for the true disciples of Christ, and to "feed" them, is evidently to *instruct* them, and *spiritually* to nourish them with wholesome doctrines. It must also be clear to all who read the Scriptures, that this power to *instruct* was not given to Peter exclusively, but to all the preachers of the Gospel. In Acts, 20 : 28, Paul addressing the *Elders* of Ephesus, tells them to "*feed the church of God,*" and Peter in his first Epistle, chap. 5, verse 2, exhorts the *Elders* then laboring among the christians whom he addresses, to "*feed the flock of God.*" The authority conferred on Peter by our Savior in this passage, was, therefore, equally conferred on all elders, preachers, or bishops, and consequently this passage does not indicate any supremacy. If the question be asked, "Why then did our Savior single out Peter from the rest, and address him alone in this way?" To this various answers may be given, but the following seems to be the true reason: Peter had professed a *peculiar* attachment to Christ. He had said, Matt. 26 : 33, "Though all men should be offended because of thee, yet will I never;" and again, verse 35, "though I should die with thee, yet will I not deny

thee." He had also been *peculiarly* guilty in that he was the only one of all the disciples who denied his Master. It was therefore very appropriate that Christ should single him out from the rest, and remind him of his former professions of love, and ask of him a renewed declaration of attachment. It would seem that by repeating the question, "Lovest thou me," three times, our Savior intended to remind Peter of his three-fold denial of him, and thus humble while he fortified him.

The readers of these pages may be surprised to learn that the Papists have nothing further to offer from the Bible in proof of what they so positively assert, that Peter was constituted by Christ as his representative on the earth, and the head of all the Apostles. But so it is: and how poor and weak is the foundation they have for such an assertion! Let us now examine some circumstances that go to show that Peter **COULD NOT HAVE HELD** the office assigned to him.

When the disciples came to Christ, Matt. 18 : 1, and asked him, "Who is greatest in the kingdom of heaven?" if our Savior had already constituted Peter his vicar upon earth, as the papists assert, why did he not reply, "Did you not understand me when I said to *Peter*, 'Upon this rock will I build my church,' and that *he* was to be chief among you, and the first in my kingdom on the earth?"

And when James and John and their mother came to Jesus, Matt. 20 : 20, 21, and Mark, 10 : 35-37, asking for the highest place or office in his kingdom—a place essentially the same with that which the papists declare Peter held, why did he not reply, "The thing is impossible; I have already given that place to another, even to Peter?" But instead of making such replies as these, which he certainly would have done if the supposition of the papists were true, his answer in both cases is directly the opposite of what they suppose, and entirely subversive of their notions on the subject. He attempts to show them, that among *them* there is to be no first and last, but a perfect equality. He put a child into the midst of them, Matt. 18 : 2, and said, "Whosoever shall humble himself as this little child, *the same is greatest in the kingdom of heaven.*" This rule of Christ requires something very different as a title to distinction in the kingdom of God, from that which the Pope of Rome claims.

Still more opposed to the papal notion of Peter's supremacy is the declaration of our Savior to his disciples, called forth by the absurd request of James and John, Matt. 20 : 25-27, "Ye know that the princes of the Gentiles exercise dominion over them, and they that are great exercise authority upon them. *But it shall not be so among you.* But whosoever will be great among you let him be your minister; and whosoever will be chief among you, let him be your servant." It would seem as though our Savior had in view the high power that Rome would assume; and he uttered this to set the matter wholly at rest, and show how in all points the spirit and conduct of the church of Rome is at variance with the spirit and precepts of the Gospel.

There were princes and great men among the Gentiles who exercised authority over them; and if Peter had been the prince or head of the Apostles, with all the authority over the consciences, the bodies and the souls of men that the Church of Rome assumes, surely our Savior never could have said, *But it shall not be so among you.* Never was there in this world, among any nation, Gentile or Jew, a more perfectly despotic authority than that assumed by the Church of Rome over the bodies and souls of believers. And need any thing further be said to show that this is just the opposite of what Christ said should be among his disciples! Among them there was no great and small, but all were on equality, and of course Peter was not their head.

But this is evident further from their own conduct after the death and ascension of Christ. Peter himself never claimed any such supremacy as the Pope is so loud in doing now. In his own epistle he calls himself simply an apostle, a servant of Jesus Christ: and in one place he says, 1 Pet. 5 : 1, "the elders among you I exhort, *who am also an elder.*" How different this mode of address from that employed by the Popes in issuing their bulls, in which they call themselves the *Vicars of Christ*; and they have permitted themselves to be addressed by many impious titles, such as, *Master of the world; Judge in the place of God; Vicegerent of the Most High; Vice God; God on earth; Lamb of God; Divine Majesty; King of kings and Lord of lords, &c.* It is true they have some-

times assumed very humble titles for special purposes, such as the servant of the servants of God, &c. but if others addressed them by these titles they were severely punished for the offence. Now if Peter had been constituted by our Savior as his representative on the earth, and the chief among the Apostles, he would no doubt have alluded to it somewhere in his epistles, in order to secure the more attention and respect. But not a syllable can be found in any of his letters, or in any of his sayings recorded in the Acts of the Apostles, to show that he had any idea that he possessed such authority as the Church of Rome ascribes to him.

If it be said that this may have arisen from his modesty and christian humility, I reply, that we should at least expect to hear from the other apostles an acknowledgment of his superiority; but nothing of the sort can be found in any of their writings. They neither address him by the titles of *Vicar of Christ, Head of the Church, or Universal Bishop*; nor do they treat him any where with the deference due to such a rank. When our Savior was with them, we find them always calling him Lord and Master, and consulting him on all points of doubt in regard to faith and practice; but never, in any instance, do they apply any title to Peter indicating his supremacy, nor do they, in regard to any christian doctrine or duty, consult him as though, when Christ was taken away from them, Peter was left as their head and the lawful representative of Christ on the earth.

On the contrary, they always treat him as though he were an equal; as in fact he really was. Paul says that he received his commission to preach, not from man, but from the revelation of Jesus Christ. Gal. 1:12. He further says, that when Christ called him to preach the Gospel, he *conferred not with flesh and blood*; Gal. 1:16, "neither went I," says he, "up to Jerusalem to them that were apostles before me," to receive my commission from them. And it was not until after he had been preaching *three years*, that he went to Jerusalem, where he found Peter and James, and abode with them fifteen days. Gal. 1:18.

Now, if Peter had been the constituted head of the Church, and the Vicar of Christ, it certainly would have

been Paul's duty to go directly to him, and receive his commission and instructions from him. But such was not the fact: and whatever might have been the subjects of conversation between Paul, and James, and Peter at this time, he informs us in the next chapter, Gal. 2:6, that he derived no additional advantage or authority as an apostle from his conferences with them. And he then goes on to narrate how he had "*withstood Peter to the face, Gal. 2:11, because he was to be blamed*" for dissimulation. Surely this does not appear as though Paul regarded Peter as the Universal Bishop and the Vicar of Christ, and an infallible judge and oracle in matters of religion!

The same apostle, in writing to the Corinthians, 2 Cor. 11:5, declares of himself, "For I suppose I was not behind the very chiefest apostle;" which was a very strange and a very arrogant speech for him to make, if Peter was the representative of Christ. What if one of the cardinals or other Bishops of Rome were now to use such language in regard to the Pope, and say, "I consider myself as not inferior to the very highest in the church," would he not be immediately regarded as a rebel, and treated accordingly?

It is as plain as possible that Paul did not acknowledge Peter's supremacy; but it may be asked, did not the other apostles and the church at large? In Acts, 6, we have an account of the assembling of the church for the appointing of Deacons, where we should have expected Peter to appear in his own proper authority had he been Universal Bishop. But he neither summoned the church together, nor did he appoint or ordain the Deacons. It is said, Acts, 6:2, that *the twelve* called the multitude of the disciples together, and enjoined it upon them to select the proper persons for them (*the twelve*) to ordain over this business. This is just what we should have expected, after having Christ's words to them already quoted, concerning their perfect equality in office. See Matt. 20:25-27.

In Acts, 15, we have an account of the first christian Council to settle a point of faith and practice. Nothing is said of Peter's having been consulted as the infallible oracle in such matters; but the apostles, and elders, and

brethren came together to *consider the matter*. Peter seems to have taken no precedence in the matter at all. He neither summoned the meeting, nor did he decide the question, nor was he looked up to by the others as having any peculiar authority in such matters. He gave his opinion, and so did others; and at last *James* gave his sentence, to which they all agreed, and "the apostles and elders, with the *whole church*," sent chosen men to Antioch to carry the decision. Acts, 15 : 22. The notion that Peter was the head of the apostles and the Vicar of Christ does not seem to have entered the mind of any one of those present at this council. Surely, if it had been a council of the Pope, at which he was present, he would have been treated in a very different manner.

Once more : in the 8th chapter of the Acts we learn that when Philip went down to the city of Samaria and preached Christ unto them, many believed; and the news was carried to Jerusalem of all the wonders that were done there. "Now when the Apostles which were at Jerusalem heard that Samaria had received the word of God *they sent unto them PETER and John*." Acts, 8 : 14. Here Peter was actually commissioned by the apostles and sent forth by them on a certain business; while the papists say that he was their head. Does the less send the greater, or the greater the less? Our Savior himself has decided this question where he says, "Neither is he that is sent greater than he that sent him." John, 13 : 16. But Peter was not only *sent* by the other Apostles, but he was associated with John as his equal. They did not send Peter alone, but sent Peter and John with equal powers and equal authority. Who can believe after this that the Apostles regarded Peter as their head, or as any more the representative of Christ on the earth than they all were? And if neither Peter had any such notion of himself, nor the Apostles acknowledged him as having such power, it is clear that in fact no such power was ever conferred upon him.

Let us now recapitulate the argument for the sake of perceiving its whole force. We have seen,

1. That if Peter was in any sense made the rock or foundation upon which the church is built, all the other

Apostles were made foundations in precisely the same sense.

2. That the keys, or the power to bind and to loose was given equally to all the Apostles.

3. That Christ himself took special pains to eradicate all ambitious notions from the minds of his disciples, and taught them in the most explicit manner that no one of them was to be *greatest*, but that there was to be among them the most perfect equality.

4. Peter never claimed any authority over his brethren, nor gave the least hint, either verbal or in his epistles, that he possessed such authority.

5. His brother apostles never acknowledged a supremacy in him, either by the use of titles addressed to him, or by referring important questions to him for decision.

6. Peter took no precedence in ecclesiastical business, as in the electing and ordaining of the first deacons, or in the first council, where James' opinion was adopted rather than Peter's.

7. Paul congratulated himself that he was neither appointed nor instructed by any of the other Apostles, Peter of course included; and he also claimed to be not a whit behind any of them.

8. Peter, instead of appointing and commissioning others, was himself sent by the brethren into Samaria.

9. Paul reprov'd Peter on a certain occasion, "because he was to be blamed," and Peter received the admonition, so far as appears, without complaint.

From all these proofs it is as evident as any matter of fact can well be made, that *Peter was never constituted head of the Apostles.*

But even on the supposition that this could not be proved; or in other words, supposing, for the sake of the argument, that it could be clearly shown that Christ *did* make a distinction among his Apostles, and that he did leave with Peter extraordinary powers as his representative, still *it cannot be shown that THE POPE OF ROME* is the lawful successor of Peter and the sole heir to all his powers and privileges. Why should the Bishop of Rome have any peculiar claim to this honor of being the successor to Peter, any more than the Bishop of Jerusalem,

Antioch, or Ephesus? It cannot be proved from the Bible even that Peter was ever actually in Rome; and although Eusebius and Origen, and some other historians do declare that he was, yet their report was made some hundred years afterwards, and rested on mere tradition, and does not agree either with itself or with the account we have in the New Testament.

Eusebius says that Peter was in Rome during the reign of Claudius. Hierom says that he sat there twenty-five years, until the last of Nero; and as Nero reigned only fourteen years, he must have come there during the second or third year of Claudius, who preceded Nero. Damasus says that he came there in the beginning of Nero's reign and sat twenty-five years, and that his disputation with Simon Magus was in the presence of Nero; whereas Eusebius reports it to have been under Claudius, Nero's predecessor. Thus we see that these witnesses do not agree among themselves: and the fact is, they report merely what they had heard, not what they found written in the New Testament or any other book, and it must also be borne in mind that none of them wrote earlier than the fourth century.

These stories had passed from mouth to mouth through a period of from two to three hundred years, reckoning from the time of the death of the oldest apostle, before these historians recorded them, and we all know how exceedingly uncertain are flying verbal reports. And yet upon such uncertain reports is founded the belief that Peter was Bishop of Rome; and upon such grounds, weakened by such conflicting testimony, does the Pope of Rome rest his claim of being the successor of Peter, and the head of the church—not upon the sure and unfailing word of God, and not even upon the testimony of men living at or near the time when the appointment he claims was made; but upon a mere floating rumor that, after the lapse of more than two centuries, was recorded for the first time as an historic truth.

The case stands thus: The Pope claims to be the successor of Peter. We call upon him for his credentials. We ask him to show us where and when he received his appointment. He is not able to bring one particle of testimony from the Scriptures on the subject. He cannot

point us to a single verse that gives the slightest countenance to such a claim. But he refers us to a vague and self-contradictory rumor, unrecorded by any historian until more than two hundred years after the events are said to have taken place, to show that Peter *was once in Rome!* And on the strength of this we are called upon to submit, with all humility, and yield the most implicit obedience to the present Roman pontiff, as to the head of the church and representative of Christ on the earth! I know not what others may think, but my mind fails to be convinced by such testimony, and I cannot conscientiously yield my assent to so high a claim on such slight grounds. The Pope, therefore, must excuse me from acknowledging his supreme authority until he has presented me with better arguments than these.

Besides, the notion that Peter was in Rome twenty-five years seems to be inconsistent with the Scriptures. Had he been Bishop there for this length of time, he must have been there when Paul was there a prisoner, or at least when Paul wrote his epistle to the Romans. Yet Paul, neither in his epistle to the believers in Rome, nor in the epistles he wrote from there, makes any allusion whatever to Peter as being there. Can we believe that this would have been the case if Peter had actually been there, and especially if he had been Bishop of Rome, and Christ's representative in the world, and head over all the church? Would he send his christian salutations to nearly thirty different persons, and forget to say one word about Peter in his whole epistle? And in writing from Rome—as Paul did several of his epistles—would he be likely to send salutations from others who were with him, and never, in any instance, send Peter's salutations to any body, if Peter had been there also? The thing is incredible; and the most natural conclusion to which every unbiassed mind would come, is, that Peter was not in Rome either while Paul was there, or at the time when he wrote his epistle to the Romans. But Paul was in Rome under Nero's reign; and according to the historians on whom papists rely, Peter was there also until the last year of Nero's reign: so that they must, if this testimony is true, have both been there at the same time—which is incredible.

But if it can be proved to any one's satisfaction that Peter was ever at Rome, still it remains to be proved that he was *Bishop of Rome* any more than he was Bishop of Antioch, or Bishop of Jerusalem. We have proof enough from the Scriptures that Peter preached both in Jerusalem and Antioch; while we have no such proof that he ever preached in Rome, or that he was ever there. Why not call him first Bishop of Antioch, or of Jerusalem; and if he was to have successors, why not seek for them in those cities where we know from the infallible word of God that he lived and labored, rather than trust to a vague verbal report on the subject, which is inconsistent with Scripture testimony, and unsupported by any written documents of whatever kind but such as were written hundreds of years afterwards?

And even if it could be proved in the clearest and most satisfactory manner that Peter was Bishop of Rome, which it certainly cannot, it would still remain to be proved that he had supremacy over all other Bishops, and that he delegated his authority to the Roman Popes.

In point of fact, the title of *Universal Bishop* was never claimed by the Roman pontiff until the year 606, when Boniface III. Bishop of Rome, prevailed upon the Emperor Phocas, who was a murderer and an usurper, to confer the title upon him. (Anastasius de Vitis Pontif. ch. 67, and Gotfridus Viterbrensis Panth. Pass. 16.) The distinction among Bishops in the church of Christ, by which one took the precedence of others, had a very gradual rise. In the second century there was a perfect equality, so far as appears from authentic records.

In the third century the Bishops of Rome, Antioch and Alexandria were regarded as having a sort of precedency over all others, and of these three, that of Rome was considered by some as having the primacy, and by others not. This peculiar honor conceded by some foreign Bishops to Rome arose very naturally from the circumstance that the city of Rome was the capital of the empire, and the Council of Calcedon so accounted for it. No one of these, however, claimed any power over the others; and those fathers of this century, such as Cyprian and others, who allowed the Bishop of Rome a certain *primacy*, strenuously contended for the equality of *all Bishops* in dignity

and authority, and they did not hesitate to controvert the judgment of the Bishop of Rome, whenever his opinion differed from theirs. Of this we have a notable example in the famous controversy between Cyprian, Bishop of Carthage, and Stephen, Bishop of Rome, concerning the baptism of heretics. Were any bishop now thus to address the Roman Pontiff, he would be branded and treated as a rebel and a heretic. But the powers assumed now by the Pope of Rome were unknown in the third century.

The same distinguished Father (Cyprian) in writing to Pompey, Epistle 74, about Bishop Stephen, exclaims, "What obstinacy, or rather presumption, is that which prefers human traditions to Divine institution, as saith Isaiah, 'In vain do they worship me, teaching for doctrine the commandments of men!' What blindness of soul, what depravity is that which will not acknowledge the unity of the faith!"

Firmulianus, Bishop of Cæsarea, writing to Cyprian on the same subject, says, Epistle 75, "In this particular I am justly indignant at the folly of Stephen, which is so open and manifest, that he, *who so much vaunts himself on the locality of his episcopate,*" "who makes such a parade of having, by succession, the see of Peter, manifests no zeal against heretics." And subsequently he adds, "And Stephen has no shame in saying that remission of sins may be given by those living in sin. And dost not thou (O Stephen) fear the judgment of God, in bearing testimony in favor of heretics against the church, since it is written, 'a false witness shall not be unpunished!' Nay, thou art worse than all heretics." Now if, as the papists say, the Pope of Rome has from the beginning been received as the Vicar of Christ and the visible head of the church, Cyprian and Firmulianus must both have known it, and if so, how could they have written as they did against Stephen, then Bishop of Rome?

In the fourth century, Constantinople having been made the seat of the civil power by Constantine the Great, the Bishop of Constantinople was joined with the three others before mentioned; and thenceforward the four Bishops of Rome, Antioch, Alexandria and Constantinople, were styled *Patriarchs*, and nobody pretended or supposed that either one had any authority over the others.

During this century the first Council of Nice was assembled, which is considered as one of the most important councils of the church. At this council, Sylvester, Bishop of Rome, was not present; nor does it appear that he had any thing to do with it, except that when Constantine sent to him the decree of the council, confirmed by himself, Sylvester called a Council at Rome of two hundred and sixty-seven bishops, who declared their readiness to conform to these decrees. A similar council, convened at Grenada in Spain, in like manner assented to the doings of the Nicene Council.

Constantine himself was the president of the Council of Nice, and he alone confirmed the decrees and acts of it, and issued his imperial letter, enjoining upon all the churches obedience to the decrees of that council. It would seem clear from all this that the Bishop of Rome had not at that time laid claim to universal and supreme authority over the Catholic Church. Should any christian emperor now assume power like that exercised by Constantine, he would speedily be stigmatized as a traitor against the mother church as it is called, and as having encroached largely upon the prerogatives of the Pope of Rome.

One thing more is deserving of our notice in regard to the Council of Nice, and that is, that the sixth canon decreed by that Council makes the Bishops of Rome, Alexandria, and Antioch equal in all respects, and gives *to each the same pre-eminence over their surrounding Bishops*. This will convince any unbiassed mind that at that age there was no *Universal Bishop*, and of course the bishop of Rome was not *Universal Bishop*, as he now claims to be. The Council of Nice then claimed to be the representative of the true Catholic or Universal Church, and its decrees were so worded; and this claim has never been disputed by the papists themselves, but always, from that time to this, assented to and acknowledged.

It is true that Pope Zazimus of Rome, in the year 417, attempted to usurp authority over the churches of Africa, producing a pretended canon from the Council of Nice, conferring on him such authority. But his brethren, the Bishops, denied the existence of any such canon, and

proved the forgery upon him, by procuring from each of the three eastern patriarchs authentic copies of the canons of that Council. They wrote him at the same time a letter of information and reproof, and enacted a law that no contending parties in their (African) church should, after that, go for advice and a settlement of difficulties "beyond the seas," i. e. to Rome. See Theodoret, Hist. book 1, chap. 8, and Gelasius, book 2, § 21, also the testimony of the 4th Gen. Council.

In the year 451, the Council of Chalcedon, by their 28th canon, decreed that the Bishop of Constantinople ought to enjoy the same honors and prerogatives with the Bishop of Rome; and from this time there began a fierce contention between the two Bishops for supremacy. The Bishop of Constantinople at length assumed the title of *Universal Bishop*; and in the sixth century a Council of eastern Bishops, as well as the emperor himself, conceded the title to him. At this Gregory the Great, then Bishop of Rome, was very much enraged, because he considered himself fully equal in rank to the Bishop of Constantinople; and also the title itself of *Universal Bishop*, *anti-christian* and *impious*. He therefore wrote letters to the emperor and empress; and also to his brother bishop, to prevent him from assuming the *proud*, *profane* and *anti-christian* title of *Universal Bishop*!

"I boldly declare," said Gregory to the emperor, Epistle 30, Book 4, "that whoever calls himself *Universal Bishop*, or even wishes to be so called, is, in his pride, the *forerunner of Antichrist*, since in his ambition he sets himself before others."

"Whom do you imitate," wrote Gregory to the bishop, "in assuming that arrogant title? Whom but him (the devil) who, swelled with pride, exalting himself above so many legions of angels, his equals, that he might be subject to none, and all might be subject to him?" And afterwards he says, "If none of the *Apostles* would be called *Universal*, what will you answer on the last day to Christ, the head of the Church universal—you who, by arrogating that name, strive to subject all his members to yourself?"

It will be seen from these extracts from Gregory's own letters, that, instead of claiming to himself what the

Popes now claim, the headship of the church, he used the strongest epithets in condemnation of the notion that there is *any Universal Bishop* or head of the Church but Christ.

Gregory afterwards wrote letters on the subject to some of the greatest Bishops of the East ; and the Bishop of Alexandria, in reply, addressed Gregory as *Universal Bishop*, which title he spurned with great indignation : " If," said he, " you give more to me than is due to me, you rob yourself of what is due to you. I choose to be distinguished by my manners, not by titles. Nothing can redound to my honor that redounds to the dishonor of my brethren. I place my honor in maintaining them in theirs. If you call me Universal Pope, you thereby own yourself to be no Pope. Let no such title, therefore, be mentioned or ever heard of among us. Your holiness says in your letter that I commanded you—I command *you* ! I know who you are, and who I am : In *rank* you are my *brother*, in manners my father. I therefore did not command, and beg that you will henceforth ever forbear the word."—See Lives of the Popes. Baronius Annales ad ann. 606. No. 2. Anastasius de Vitis Pontificum. Paulus Diaconus, &c.

No modern Pope ever used such language in a letter to one of his Bishops ; and the fact is as clear as the sun at noon-day, that Gregory the Great never laid claim to the power which the papists say all the Popes of Rome have, and have had since the days of Peter.

This title of *Univrsal Bishop*, so repudiated by Gregory as vain, proud, impious, anti-christian and diabolical, was, three years after Gregory's death, claimed by Boniface III. Bishop of Rome, and conferred on him by the Emperor Phocas ! And it has been claimed and borne by all the popes from that day to this !

Thus we have seen from history how that, in the early ages of the church, the Bishop of Rome had no supremacy over his brethren. He neither claimed for himself, nor did others yield to him any distinction in this respect : and even in the sixth century, Gregory the Great spurned the title of Universal Bishop, saying that whosoever should assume this title would be the forerunner of Antichrist, though it was immediately after conferred upon his successor. Let it then be distinctly understood as an historic

fact, that Boniface 3d, in the year 606, was the first Bishop of Rome who claimed to be Universal Bishop! What then becomes of the succession from St. Peter, and the high claims resting thereupon?

In the present age, and for many centuries, it has been proudly and impiously pretended by the Papists that there is no salvation out of the Church of Rome. Greeks, Armenians, and all others who will not yield obedience to the Roman power, are consigned to one common destruction. Listen to Pope Boniface the 8th, who says, "We declare, affirm and decree, that it is absolutely essential to the salvation of *every human being*, to submit to the Roman Pontif." De Major. et obed. lib. 1. Listen also to the bull of Pope Urban 8th, in A. D. 1627, and signed by him and thirty-eight cardinals against heretics: "We excommunicate and anathematise on the part of Almighty God, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, by the authority also of the holy Apostles Peter and Paul, and by our own authority, the Hussites, Wickliffites, Lutherans, Calvinists, &c. and the apostates from the christian faith, and all other heretics, of whatever name and of whatsoever sect; we excommunicate those that believe in them, and those who receive and encourage them. in one word, those who defend them, and those who without our authority and that of the Apostolic See, read or preserve, or print the books containing their heresies, or treating of religion, who defend them publicly or privately, in whatever manner or under whatever pretext; and also we excommunicate and anathematise those who obstinately refuse obedience to us, and who refuse obedience to the Roman Pontiff, for the time being." Magnum Bullarum, Rom. Tom. 4th, p. 118. But whence does the Pope of Rome derive this general anathematizing power? Did any such power exist in Rome in the time of the Apostles, and was there then any such condition of salvation? The papal emissaries when they now go abroad to preach, make this the first and last subject of their addresses. "You must," say they to all people, "you must come into the bosom of the Church of *Rome*. Unless you yield submissively to the Pope of Rome, eternal perdition will be your inevitable doom." But were such the terms of the Gospel published abroad by the Apostles and early

missionaries? If the inhabitants of Jerusalem, of Antioch, of Damascus, must belong to the Church of Rome *now* in order to be saved, the same must have been true then.

And is it not strange that the Apostles and evangelists who preached in Judea, always maintained a profound silence in regard to this indispensable requisite for salvation? In telling men how to be saved, they never once alluded to the subject of obedience to the Pope or Bishop of Rome. At that early age, when the church was in its purity, and men were directed in the right way of salvation by inspired Apostles and preachers, simple repentance towards God and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ were all that were required of any one in order to be saved. See Acts, 2 : 38 ; 3 : 19 ; 17 : 30 ; 20 : 21 ; 26 : 20 ; Rev. 2 : 5 ; Acts, 8 : 37 ; 13 : 39 ; 16 : 31 ; Rom. 10 : 9 ; 1 Cor. 1 : 21, &c. No one was instructed to yield obedience to the Bishop of Rome in order to be saved ; although, according to the papists, Peter himself was at that time Bishop of Rome.

There is only one way of explaining the silence of the Apostles on this subject, and that is by stating the simple fact, *that the papal power of Rome was not then in existence.* The Apostles and their followers thought it was sufficient to receive the Lord Jesus Christ by faith, and yield obedience to him as the great Head of the church : and they were fully content with the title Christ gave them to heaven, on the condition of faith and repentance, without going to the Roman Bishop, or to any other power on earth, spiritual or temporal, for a passport to the world above. And I would direct my own heart, and earnestly exhort all others to do the same.

Follow the directions of the Apostles on the subject, and you cannot go wrong. Comply with the simple terms of faith and repentance, and you have Christ's word for it that you shall be saved. "It is God that justifieth—who is he that condemneth?" It has been clearly shown that the claim of the Pope of Rome to be the Head of the Church and the Universal Bishop is altogether unfounded in truth. It therefore follows that the assertion, that there is no salvation out of the Church of Rome, is unfounded. Let none, therefore, be terrified by the vain threats and anathemas of the Pope of Rome. At the judgment-seat

we shall not be asked whether we have been obedient to *Rome*, but whether we have been obedient to *Christ*. He is our Head; to him we are responsible; and in him we confide: and we know that if we live by faith in him, no power in the universe can ever separate us from him.

But if it still be said that the Pope of Rome is the *vicar of Christ on the earth*, and that therefore it is the bounden duty of every man to yield implicit obedience to him; I answer, that if this be so, then he must be *infallible*, otherwise I can never tell whether it is safe to obey him or not. But is he infallible? Some pretend that he is, but what proof do they show of it? They refer to the keys given to Peter, and the declaration, "Whatsoever ye shall bind," &c. But we have seen that this promise was addressed to *all* the apostles equally, and even if the Pope could clearly show that all the powers of Peter belong to him, (which he cannot) still he could not thereby establish his absurd claim to infallibility and supremacy in the church. They refer to the declaration, "If he shall neglect to hear *the church*, let him be to thee as a heathen man and a publican." But the supporters of the Pope have a great deal of ground to travel over yet before they can arrive at the demonstration that *the Pope is that church*. Where then is the proof of the Pope's infallibility and my duty to obey him? Paul the apostle exhorted the Corinthian christians, 1 Cor. 11 : 1, to be followers of him even *as he was of Christ*. We will also follow the Pope just so far as he follows Christ, and no farther. But what evidence does the history of past ages bring to us that the Pope does actually follow Christ, and that we may therefore safely follow him? What do papal historians themselves tell us of the character of some of their Popes? In the history of the General Councils, published *by authority of the Pope*, at Malines, in 1826, we are informed that at the sixth General Council, which was held at Constantinople, A. D. 681, the Roman Pope Honorius was anathematized *as a heretic*; Actes, 16, p. 1009. And Pope Leon 2d confirmed this sentence, saying that this same Pope Honorius had "strengthened himself with a perfidious impiety to destroy the immaculate faith." Actes, p. 1117.

At the 16th General Roman Council, held at Constance, A. D. 1414, Pope John 23d is condemned "for fornication."

tion, adultery and incest, and other crimes of incontinence." He is found guilty of incest with his brother's wife. He is also declared by the same Council to have been notoriously guilty of murder, of poisoning, and of other enormous crimes, and also of simony and heresy. He is said to have publicly declared, "by the inspiration of the devil," that there is no such thing as eternal life, and in fact no life beyond the present, but that the soul of man dies with the body. *Const. Conc. Œcum. tom. 12, p. 84, 86.*

Furthermore, the General Council at Basil, A. D. 1431, decreed and declared that Pope Eugene 4th "was and is disobedient to the commands of the universal church; a notorious disturber of the peace and unity of the church of God; that he is simoniacal, perjured, incorrigible, schismatic, having departed from the faith, and heretical in opinion." *Sess. 24, p. 620.*

Stella, a Roman Catholic priest, informs us that Pope Marcellinus sacrificed to idols; that Pope Libinus and Pope Felix were Arians, and that Pope Anastasius 2d was deposed for heresy. *Stella de Vita et Moribus Pontif. Rom. p. 280.*

Sigonius says that Pope John 15th, alias Boniface, having killed two Popes, usurped the popedom by violence and money, and Baronius calls him "a thief and robber, and one who had not a hair of the head of a true Bishop." Baronius publicly declares that for one hundred and fifty years together the popes were rather apostates than apostles, and that they were thrust into the papal chair by the power of harlots and the violence of princes. *Annals of Baronius, A. D. 827.* And under date of the year 912, he writes thus: "At this period the most powerful and the most filthy prostitutes reigned at Rome, by whose will sees were changed and bishoprics were given away, and their lovers, false popes, were thrust violently into Peter's chair." *Sec. 12.*

But I refrain from further detail of these disgusting facts, which nothing but a desire to see the truth fully established against unblushing error would have induced me thus to spread out upon these pages. It must be remarked that the statements here made of the character of these different popes are not from enemies, but from

friends of the papal church; they are not the misrepresentations of protestants, but the testimony of Roman Catholic writers universally received among them, and the doings of Councils of the Roman Church.

And shall I commit my eternal salvation to a Pope such as just described? Shall I swear eternal allegiance to a frail and erring creature, and promise to believe whatever he tells me to believe, and do whatever he tells me to do? Shall I go to those who may be, as some have been in times past, murderers, whoremongers, robbers and heretics, to learn the way of salvation? And will any one persuade me that unless I do so, my salvation is impossible? The names of several of these wicked popes are still published by the papal church in their list of infallible popes, whom every man in this world is bound to obey on pain of eternal death! Let them come out honestly and disclaim all connection with such wicked men; let them declare, in other words, that popes are fallible, both in doctrine and life, and therefore not to be followed, and to be obeyed only so far as they follow Christ, and a great step will at once be taken towards settling the question as to the true standing and claims of the Roman Church.

Nor can papacy find relief by saying that we are to refer to the decisions of *Councils sanctioned by the Pope*. for our infallible guide in matters of faith. For, in the first place, the sanction of such popes as those whose character is described above, would be not only of no value, but would throw suspicion on the decision of any council to which it might be attached. And in the second place, we have repeated examples of councils reversing the decisions of councils, as well as of popes anathematizing popes. For instance, the Council of Constance, A. D. 1414, already alluded to, decreed that the Pope himself ought to submit to the decisions of a General Council of the Church. Const. Conc. Œcum. Tom. 12, Less. 5, p. 22. And Pope Martin 5th sanctioned the doings of this Council. Less. 45, p. 258. This decision was confirmed by the General Council at Basil, A. D. 1431. Less. 2, p. 477; but directly reversed by the General Council of Florence, A. D. 1438, which says, "We condemn and reject, and we declare condemned and rejected the above decree."

It is true that there is a difference of opinion among Roman Catholics in regard to the validity of the Councils of Constance and Basil above mentioned, and they are not included in the list of General Councils set up in the Vatican by order of Pope Sextus 5th; but this only confirms what we have affirmed of the fallibility both of popes and councils, for the doings of the Council of Constance were approved and confirmed by Pope Martin 5th; Less. 45, p. 258; and those of the Council of Basil by Pope Eugene 4th. Less. 16, p. 528.

Again, at a General Council composed of 388 Bishops, assembled at Constantinople, A. D. 754, the use of images in churches and places of worship was condemned, and all worship of images was declared to be contrary to Scripture, and idolatry. Harduin. Concilia. Tom. 4, p. 325-444. At the Council of Nice, A. D. 786, at which about 350 Bishops were assembled, the decrees of the above Council of Constantinople were abrogated, and the worship of images, and of the cross, were established. Harduin. Conc. Tom 4, p. 1, 820. In the year 794, Charlemagne assembled a Council of 300 Bishops at Frankfort, from Germany, France, Spain and Italy, at which delegates from the Pope of Rome were also present, and at that Council all worship of images was strictly forbidden; the decisions of the Council of Nice being entirely disapproved. Harduin Conc. Tom 4, p. 904.

We have a notable example of pope anathematizing pope, and council anathematizing council in the latter part of the 14th century. When Pope Gregory 11th died, in the year 1378, the boasted unity of the Latin church came to an end, and two popes were elected, one located at Rome, and the other at Avignon in France, whither the papal See had been removed in the year 1305. During the space of fifty years from the death of Gregory the Romish Church had two and sometimes three heads, each hostile to the other. Various efforts were made to heal the breach but in vain, when, at length, in the year 1409, a council of the whole church was appointed to be held at Pisa, in Italy. The Council condemned each of the two existing popes, calling them heretical, perjured, obstinate and unworthy of any honors, and excommunicated them from the church, and in the place of them created Peter

de Candia sovereign pontiff, under the name of Alexander 5th. Jac. Lenfant Hist. Conc. Pisa, and Franc. Pagi Buorarium Pontiff, Rom. Tom 4, p. 350. The two excommunicated popes, however, spurned the decree of this Council, and one assembled a Council to uphold him at Perpignan, and the other at Cividat di Frioul; and thus the Roman Church was governed by three rival popes, each one with his separate council, anathematizing and excommunicating the other! Lenfant Hist. Conc. Pisa, Tom. 1, p. 295. Which of these three popes was the infallible head of the church, and which of them were all the faithful bound to obey? Or will it be said that, for more than fifty years, there was no true pope, and that thus the chain of apostolical succession was broken, and the Church of Christ was, for the whole of that time, without a visible head on the earth, which the papists deem so essential to the existence of a church? The facts cannot be denied, and whatever explanations the papists may see fit to give of them, still it will remain true that the papal notion of an infallible church, with an infallible visible head, must fall to the ground.

Another remarkable feature of the Roman Church is, that it PROHIBITS THE SACRED SCRIPTURES FROM THE COMMON PEOPLE; and this, too, is one of the clearest evidences against it. All that the Lord Jesus Christ said and did was in the open light of day. He declared himself to be the light of the world; and he also declared that it is only the workers of evil that *love darkness rather than light*. The papists have always been exceedingly careful to withhold from the common people the written word of God; and one can hardly avoid the suspicion that they have some fears lest all their high claims may not be found supported in the Bible, and therefore to prevent trouble, they say to the people at large, in regard to the Bible, "*Touch not, taste not, handle not.*" That they have good reasons for such fears is evident from the preceding pages, in which it has been shown that the Bible and the Pope do not at all agree.

But does the Church of Rome withhold the word of God from the common people? I would do her no injustice. I would not willingly misrepresent her in one par-

ticular. I will therefore let her speak in her own language on the subject.

In the 16th century was held the papal Council of Trent. The Pope of Rome was not present in person; but his representatives were there, and it is well known that his influence was predominant. The decrees of that Council were sanctioned by him, and have never been revoked. Among those decrees we have the following :

“ Seeing that it is manifest by experience that if the Holy Bible be permitted to be read every where, without discrimination, in the vulgar tongue, more harm than good results thence through the rashness of men : let it therefore be at the pleasure of the Bishop or Inquisitor, with the advice of the parish-clerk or confessor, to grant the reading of the Bible, translated by Catholic authors, to those who, in their opinion, will thereby receive an increase of faith and piety. This license let them have in writing; and whoever shall presume without permission to read or possess such Bibles, may not receive the absolution of his sins till he has returned them to the ordinary.” On Prohibited Books, Rule 4.

This rule, it will be seen, effectually prevents the great mass of the people from reading the word of God. It is true, a provision is made for those who procure a written license to read it; but this amounts to nothing, for after all it depends wholly on the will of the clergy to grant such permission, and the difficulties in the way of procuring it are so great as to amount almost to an absolute impossibility. Few indeed would venture to ask, and still fewer would ever obtain the requisite permission.

Since this decision of the Council of Trent Popes and Bishops, with threats of heavy anathemas, have repeatedly forbidden the Holy Scriptures to the common people in a language which they could understand. And in this they often make no distinction between translations made by papists and by others. Many cases can be produced in which they have prohibited the common people from reading translations of the Bible made by papists and approved by bishops of their own church, and they have even cast such into the flames. Yes, rather than permit the people to read the Bible in intelligible language, they have cast it into the fire ! Who can measure the daring impiety of

the man who burns up that word of God which he has given for the salvation of man! And what has any council of men, or any Pope to do with dictating how and by whom the Bible shall be read? The Bible is the word of God addressed to man. In it God speaks to every man living on concerns of the utmost consequence. The Pope of Rome *permits* a few who are duly authorized by his clergy to hear God when he speaks! That is, he *permits* God to speak to a *few* of his creatures; but as to the rest, he has decreed that God shall not speak to them at all! This is a plain statement of the truth, and yet it is almost too impious to be recorded. Who is it that dares thus to dictate to the God of heaven, and inform him to whom he may speak and to whom he may not!

But it is said that experience has decided that if the Holy Scriptures are permitted to be read every where without discrimination, more evil than good results therefrom: That is to say, the Pope and the Council of Trent have ascertained that God has published a book in the world expressly for the best interests of his creatures, which it is found by experiment, if generally read, is calculated to do more hurt than good! There are men who make themselves wiser than God, but their wisdom shall come to naught.

If any one needs an explanation of the true meaning of the fathers of Trent in this extraordinary declaration, it is readily at hand: The general reading of the Scriptures in the vulgar tongue was found by their experience to be greatly prejudicial to the *papal church*! This effect has always followed a similar cause. Let a man read the Bible intelligently, and his eyes will soon be open to see how unfounded and false are the claims of the Romish church, and how far she has departed from the truth. Of course it is very injurious to the interests of Rome to have the Scriptures read and understood by the people at large, and therefore the prohibition.

An illustration of this we have in the fact, that whenever the papal church puts forth in any book, in the vulgar tongue, the ten commandments, as she does oftentimes in catechisms, &c. *the second commandment*, against the making and worshipping of images, is almost uniformly *suppressed*, and the tenth is divided into two, in order to

make the number good. The second commandment is as follows, "Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image or any likeness of any thing that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the waters under the earth; thou shalt not bow down thyself to them nor serve them." Ex. 20 : 4, 5. Now, why is the word of God thus mutilated, and one of the ten commandments entirely withheld from the knowledge of the common people, and its place supplied by what must appear to every candid man as a most obvious deception? The answer is plain. The Papal Church fears to make the common people acquainted with so plain a prohibition of her own practices in the use of images, as is contained in the second commandment, and therefore, in books in the vulgar tongue, designed for the use of the common people, this commandment is suppressed. For precisely similar reasons the whole word of God is withheld from the laity.

It is pretended that the Scriptures are designed chiefly for the clergy and teachers of the church, and are to be read by them only, and by them to be explained to the people. Whereas nothing is plainer than that God designed the Scriptures for popular use. The discourses of our Savior were in general addressed in simple language to the people around him; and now that those discourses are written down for preservation, is their character so entirely changed that they are not adapted to the same class of men as those to whom they were first addressed? Were they perfectly safe then for the use of the common people, and are they very injurious now?

The epistles were addressed, not to the bishops and clergy, (with the exception of those to Timothy and Titus,) but to the whole body of the people. They were written in a popular form and evidently for popular use. If any one will take the trouble to look at the beginning of each apostolic epistle, he will see that not one was addressed to the clergy, except the two above mentioned; but they were written to all the saints and servants of God; and Peter addresses his to the strangers scattered through five provinces of Asia. Paul's epistles commence in this manner: "To all that be in Rome, beloved of God, called to be saints." Rom. 1 : 7. "Unto the church of God which is at Corinth, and them that are

sanctified in Christ Jesus, called to be saints, with all that in every place call upon the name of Jesus Christ our Lord." 1 Cor. 1:2. "To the saints which are at Ephesus, and the faithful in Christ Jesus," Eph. 1:1. The apostle John says, "I write unto you, fathers; I write unto you, young men; I write unto you, little children," 1 John, 2:13; which means that he wrote to all *classes* of men; and contains a plain implication that his communications were adapted to the capacity of all, even of young men and little children. Nothing then can be plainer than that the epistles were designed originally for popular use. If it was safe to commit them into the hands of the common people then, why is it not safe now? *The written word itself* is the interpretation made by Christ and his inspired servants of the way of salvation, addressed and adapted to the people at large.

We do not assert that there are no difficulties in understanding the word of God. Difference in language, and in manners and customs, renders some portions of the Scriptures obscure to us, which were, no doubt, clear to those to whom they were first addressed. But every thing pertaining to the way of salvation is plain. And if any man or body of men claim to be the sole, appointed interpreters of the Bible for us, we call upon them to show us the testimonials of their having received such an appointment, and we will believe them. If not, we choose to search the Scriptures for ourselves; and taking for our encouragement the promise in James, 1:5, "If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, that giveth to all men liberally and upbraideth not, and it shall be given him," we prefer to look to God for light and help for the proper understanding of his word, rather than appeal to any man as an infallible interpreter.

Du Pin, a celebrated Roman Catholic writer, remarks that "if there are parts of the Holy Scriptures which are obscure and difficult, it is not ordinarily the common people who abuse them, but the proud and learned. For it is not the ignorant and simple who have originated the heresies in abusing the word of God, but they have been for the most part bishops and priests, and men of knowledge and fame. So far from being taught by experience that the ordinary reading of the Holy Scriptures is dan-

gerous to the simple and ignorant, experience teaches that this reading has caused the wise to stumble, while the simple have found nothing in the Scriptures but what might instruct and edify them. Prolegom. S. S. Tom. 1.

Espençæus, a Roman Catholic bishop of the 16th century, says, "Truly I have been, by the grace of God, conversant with the orthodox Fathers, and cannot but be astonished that the custom of reading the Holy Scriptures by the common people should be accounted capital and pestilent, which to the ancient and orthodox Fathers seemed so useful." Esp. Comment. on Titus, ch. 2, p. 266. And from the early Fathers of the church we might bring an overwhelming mass of testimony that the Holy Scriptures are to be read by all the common people.

The fact is, no church need have any fear from the most public and general distribution of the word of God, unless it be one that lives and supports itself by deluding the people. The Bible is pure and holy in all its influences; but it does rebuke error, and unmask hypocrisy, and dissipate clouds of darkness. It was an act of infinite wisdom that gave us the written word. God well knew the deceitfulness and deep wickedness of the human heart. He knew how easily stories of facts become changed in passing from mouth to mouth; and of consequence the uncertainty of *tradition* as a medium of communication with the successive generations of men.

He would not leave his own eternal truth exposed to such fluctuations. He knew the necessity of a permanent, unchangeable *standard*—always living, and within every one's reach and before every one's eye—and such a standard he has given us in his written word. There was a peculiar wisdom also in adapting it to common use, and not locking it up in dark and mysterious sayings, which only the learned could study out. In this popular form it would continually operate as a check upon designing and ambitious men. If any man comes to us now claiming to make known the truth of God, we have only to compare his statements with the written word. The written word is our only sure standard, and God has given it for every man's use, that by it we may know all doctrines *whether they be of God*. We are therefore at liberty to test the preaching of every man by the holy

word of God. An inspired penman commended the Bereans, Acts, 17 : 11, because they did not receive upon mere hearsay the words even of Paul and Silas, but *sought the Scriptures daily to see whether these things were so.*

The Israelites were commanded not to listen to a man, even though he wrought miracles in confirmation of what he said, if he taught them what was subversive of truths already revealed. Deut. 13 : 1-3. So we are bound to bring every truth to the test of the revealed word of God. No power on earth is authorized to take from the common people the right and privilege of comparing the instructions they receive with the written word. Yea, were an angel of God to make his appearance before us, and declare that he had a communication to us from God, we are bound to compare it with the Holy Scriptures, and reject it if it contain any thing contrary thereto ; for Paul said, " Though we, or an angel from heaven, preach any other Gospel unto you than that which we have preached unto you, let him be accursed." Gal. 1 : 8.

Paul commended Timothy for having learned *from his childhood* the Holy Scriptures, 2 Tim. 3 : 15, " which," says the apostle, " are able to make thee wise unto salvation, through faith which is in Christ Jesus." And he then goes on to say, " All Scripture is given by inspiration of God, and *is profitable* for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness, that the man of God may be perfect, thoroughly furnished unto all good works."

But if Timothy could profitably study the Scriptures in childhood, so could others at the same age ; and if the truths of the Bible are simple enough for the understanding of children, surely they are for the use of the people at large. " Take unto you," says Paul to the Ephesians, 6 : 17, " the sword of the Spirit, which is the *word of God.*" This was addressed to *all* believers ; but how can this exhortation be complied with if all are not permitted to have the word of God ? " *Prove all things,*" says Paul to the Thessalonians, 1 Thess. 5 : 21, " hold fast that which is good." " Beloved, believe not every spirit, (or teacher,) but try the spirits, whether they are of God, because many false prophets are gone out into the world." 1 John, 4 : 1. But how is it possible for us to do this, if

we are to take every thing that is stated to us by the emissaries of Rome upon trust, and without any examination whatever? It was the duty of all the Jews, without exception, to have the law in their houses and teach it to their children most diligently, Deut. 6 : 7-9 ; and how much more important is it that all christians should read and teach to their children the glorious truths of the Gospel!

Again the apostle Paul wrote "to the churches of Galatia," Gal. 1 : 8, "Though we or an angel from heaven preach any other Gospel unto you than that which we have preached to you, let him be accursed." This was addressed, not to the preachers but to the hearers, that is to the common people ; but how shall they know what is "another Gospel," and how shall they be able to decide whether what they hear is sound doctrine or heresy, and how shall they distinguish the preacher of the Gospel from the preacher of mere human opinions and traditions, unless they read for themselves the word of God, and try every doctrine preached by that infallible test? The energetic language of Paul plainly implies an imperative duty on the part of all christians to study diligently the Holy Scriptures, and to reject whatever is opposed to them.

A much larger treatise might be written, showing many other reasons for not admitting the pretensions of the church of Rome. Let candid men, however, read and ponder what has now been said ; and may God by his Spirit illuminate the mind of every reader, and enable him to distinguish between what is false and what is true. The writer of this has no desire to injure any man or any body of men in the world. He has no other wish for the Roman Church, than that they may turn from all their evil ways, and become adorned with every grace of the Gospel. He felt constrained to speak, however, because many are ignorantly deceived by claims that are wholly false and unfounded, and intimidated by threats that can never be executed. Let every man fearlessly examine for himself, and may the Spirit of God lead all to a *right knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus*.

SCRIPTURE PROMISES TO THE LIBERAL.

COMMANDS OR DUTIES.

PROMISES.

Take heed, and beware of covetousness: for a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth—but rather seek ye the kingdom of God,

and all these things shall be added unto you. Luke 12 : 15, 31.

Sell whatsoever thou hast, and give to the poor,

and thou shalt have treasure in heaven. Mark 10 : 21.

Do good, and lend, hoping for nothing again; . .

and your reward shall be great, and ye shall be the children of the Highest. Luke 6 : 35.

GIVE,

and it shall be given unto you; good measure, pressed down and shaken together, and running over: for with the same measure that ye mete, it shall be measured to you again. Luke 6 : 38.

But when thou doest alms, let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth; that thine alms may be in secret:

and thy Father who seeth in secret, himself shall reward thee openly. Matt. 6 : 3, 4.

But to do good, and to communicate, forget not; .

for with such sacrifices God is well pleased. Hebrews 13 : 16.

Trust in the Lord, and do good:

so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed. Psalm 37 : 3.

COMMANDS OR DUTIES.	PROMISES.
<p>There is that scattereth, The liberal soul . . . He that watereth . . .</p>	<p>and yet increaseth. shall be made fat, shall be watered also himself. Prov. 11 : 24, 25.</p>
<p>Honor the Lord with thy substance, and with the first-fruits of all thine in- crease:</p>	<p>so shall thy barns be filled with plenty, and thy presses shall burst out with new wine. Prov. 3 : 9, 10.</p>
<p>Thou shalt not harden thine heart, nor shut thine hand from thy poor brother; but thou shalt open thine hand wide unto him, and shalt surely lend him sufficient for his need, in that which he wanteth: thou shalt surely give him, and thine heart shall not be grieved when thou givest unto him:</p>	<p>because that for this thing, the Lord thy God shall bless thee in all thy works, and in all that thou puttest thine hand unto. Deut. 15 : 7, 8, 10.</p>
<p>He that hath pity upon the poor, lendeth unto the Lord;</p>	<p>and that which he hath given will he pay him again. Prov. 19 : 17.</p>
<p>He that hath a bountiful eye</p>	<p>shall be blessed. Proverbs 22 : 9.</p>
<p>He that giveth unto the poor</p>	<p>shall not lack. Prov. 28 : 27.</p>
<p>If thou draw out thy soul to the hungry, and satisfy the afflicted soul,</p>	<p>then shall thy light rise in obscurity, and thy darkness be as the noonday; and the Lord shall guide thee con- tinually, and satisfy thy soul in drought; and thou shalt be like a watered garden, and like a spring of water, whose waters fail not. Isaiah 58 : 10, 11.</p>

COMMANDS OR DUTIES.

PROMISES.

If thine enemy be hungry, give him bread to eat; and if he be thirsty, give him water to drink; . . .

and the Lord shall reward thee. Prov. 25:21, 22.

He that followeth after righteousness and mercy,

findeth life, righteousness, and honor. Prov. 21:21.

Cast thy bread upon the waters; . . .

for thou shalt find it after many days. Eccles. 11:1.

The liberal deviseth liberal things; . . .

and by liberal things shall he stand. Isaiah 32:8.

Blessed are the merciful;

for they shall obtain mercy. Matt. 5:7.

A good man showeth favor, and lendeth. . . .

Surely he shall not be moved for ever—he shall not be afraid of evil tidings. Psalm 112:5, 6, 7.

I have showed you all things, how that so laboring ye ought to support the weak, and to remember the words of the Lord Jesus, how he said, . . .

It is more blessed to give than to receive. Acts 20:35.

Verily I say unto you, inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, . . .

ye have done it unto me. Matt. 25:40.

Wherefore, break off thy sins by righteousness, and thine iniquities by showing mercy to the poor; . . .

if it may be a lengthening of thy tranquillity. Dan. 4:27.

If thou forbear to deliver them that are drawn unto death, and those that are ready to be slain; if thou sayest, Behold, we knew it not; . . .

doth not He that pondereth the heart consider it? and He that keepeth thy soul, doth not he know it? and shall not he render to every man according to his works? Prov. 24:11, 12.

COMMANDS OR DUTIES.

PROMISES.

Blessed is he that considereth the poor. . . .

The Lord will deliver him in time of trouble. The Lord will preserve him, and keep him alive; and he shall be blessed upon the earth: and thou wilt not deliver him unto the will of his enemies. The Lord will strengthen him upon the bed of languishing: thou wilt make all his bed in his sickness. Psalm 41:1, 2, 3.

Charge them that are rich in this world—that they do good—that they be rich in good works, ready to distribute, willing to communicate;

laying up in store for themselves a good foundation against the time to come, that they may lay hold on eternal life. 1 Tim. 6:17, 18, 19.

He which soweth bountifully,

shall reap also bountifully; for God loveth a cheerful giver. 2 Cor. 9:6, 7.

He hath dispersed, he hath given to the poor;

his righteousness endureth for ever; his horn shall be exalted with honor. Psalm 112:9.

And let us not be weary in well-doing;

for in due season we shall reap, if we faint not. Gal. 6:9.

Thy prayers and thine alms

are come up for a memorial before God. Acts 10:4.

Circulate copies, and look for your reward in . .

Isaiah 55:10, 11. J. L. P.

BENEVOLENT HUSBANDRY.

THE culture of the soil has often been the pleasure of the most distinguished men, as it is commonly the business of the peaceful and industrious. The regularity in the labor required by the successive seasons of the year, produces systematic habits; and employment amid the ever-varying beauties of the earth, and beneath the gorgeous expanse of heaven, is well adapted to foster a spirit of cheerfulness and devotion.

In such circumstances a pious heart finds abundant matter for *religious meditation*, and turning from the works of God to his sacred word, is feasted with the many allusions to rural life. Ploughing and sowing in hope, and then, after patient waiting, gathering the sheaves into the garner, he proves the faithfulness of the promise, "seed-time and harvest shall not fail." Hence, the piety of an individual or church engaged in agricultural pursuits, is wont to be of a contemplative and stable character.

But with this advantage on the one hand, it must be conceded, that on the other there is a strong tendency to shrink from the *active efforts*, and to withhold the *liberal charities* which are demanded by the first principles of the Gospel; and without which Christian character is evidently defective, our light cannot shine, and multitudes of our fellow-men, near and afar off, will surely perish. This tendency, in many instances, has been happily counteracted, and Christian farmers are acquainting themselves with the moral condition of the world, and the wonderful facilities for hastening on the triumphs of Immanuel. Such will welcome a few suggestions designed to *enlarge the streams of benevolence*.

1. The *best earthly possessions* are in your hands. The permanence and fertility of the soil, its improvement by

proper use and comparatively small liability to damage from accidents, the healthfulness of the occupation, and the indispensableness of the fruits of the earth for the sustenance of man and beast, render your condition highly desirable. Not a few who had embarked in other business, whether they have been prospered or wrecked in their fortunes, at length resort to husbandry as a refuge from continual anxiety and vicissitudes. Thus preëminently favored in the allotment of Providence, does not nature dictate that your hearts should swell with emotions of gratitude, and that you should cheerfully offer unto God *the first-fruits of all your increase?* and does not the grace of the Gospel require and incline you to consecrate all your substance to the glory of the Giver; especially in making known the great salvation?

No class of Christians are as well situated as you, for pouring *steady* contributions into the funds of benevolent societies. Doubtless you are somewhat affected by the circumstances of others; yet you rarely experience, or need to experience the sudden and utter prostration of affairs to which they are unavoidably subject. Upon you, therefore, devolves, in a high degree, the duty of sustaining the Christian enterprises of the age; and upon you, to a fearful extent, must rest the accountability for their failure.

2. *Review your accounts with objects of benevolence.* It is sad beyond expression, to be constrained by unquestionable facts to think that many farmers who profess a readiness to forsake all things for Christ's sake and the Gospel, have never kept an account, either in principle or practice, mentally or in writing, with charitable objects. They have not shared in promoting these objects, except as incidentally urged on their attention, and then the veriest trifle has been prayerlessly and reluctantly bestowed. The history of their beneficence is most lamentably *a blank*. They have no account of their own to review. But they should remember, that God has kept a strict account of their *unfruitfulness*, and upon that he now bids them look with tears of deep repentance, and do the works meet for repentance; or soon his command will be heard, as in the case of the barren fig-tree, "Cut it down; why cumbereth it the ground?"

But it is gratifying to believe, that not a few cordially

love the objects of benevolence, and freely support them. You are pleased to consider the variety and vastness of their claims; you rejoice in their success, and sincerely pray that their grand aim, the conversion of the world, may be speedily accomplished. Suffer, however, the remark, that all this may be true, and yet your charities may be destitute of *system*; or being systematic, they may be so on *erroneous principles*; and even those principles may be but *partially* observed.

No business can be wisely and successfully prosecuted without *system*. Yet some of you, there is reason to fear, have not carefully weighed this subject, and established a system for your *contributions* as you have for your business. You have not adopted benevolent institutions as your *children*, for whom you will make constant and sufficient provision. You have done something—you have done it cheerfully, and at times, perhaps, nobly. But there has been no regularity in time or amount; no definite principle or proportion; no *well-kept and balanced* account. Your impression probably is, that your donations have been large; but a record of all you have given for the last five years, might surprise you with its littleness: whether compared with the magnitude and urgency of these objects; or with your actual receipts from the hand of a kind Providence; or with your expenditures for yourselves and households, even for *superfluities*; or with the investments which you have made in public enterprises, or in adding farm to farm; or compared with the donations of many whose means have been less than your own.

Others, again, have been systematic in their support of benevolent objects. You have laid down rules, and generally adhered to them. But it may be, that those rules were adopted years ago, before such wide doors were opened and the way so fully prepared for the universal spread of Christianity; and that the amazing changes which God has wrought among the nations, outstripping the weak faith and tardy footsteps of the church, demand a *new and greatly enlarged scale of charitable offerings*; or it may be, that those rules were adopted when your pecuniary resources were more limited than now, and that the bountiful increase of your goods demands a more bountiful proportion of them for the spiritual benefit of mankind.

Perhaps some of you who have been greatly prospered, will find, upon examination, that even according to your own system, or *the least ratio* you could have well proposed, say the *tenth* of your net income, you *owe a debt of arrearages* which you have suffered to accumulate, but which you will feel yourselves conscientiously bound to pay up: as did NATHANIEL R. COBB, the noble merchant of Boston, who finding himself in possession of \$7,500 more than his rules of charity allowed, at once gave the whole of it to a theological seminary.

Be entreated, then, to review your accounts with benevolent objects, as seriously as with creditors or debtors. Do it with accuracy, for no error can escape the detection of your Judge. Do it with a *solemn renewal of your covenant* to live and to give for the triumphant progress of the Gospel through every land.

3. By liberal offerings to the service of God, *you will secure the most desirable measure of future prosperity*. It is an avowed principle of the divine government to "turn a fruitful land into *barrenness*, for the wickedness of them that dwell therein," Ps. 107 : 34; and an opposite principle is set forth in the passage, "Honor the Lord with thy substance, and with the first-fruits of all thine increase; *so shall thy barns be filled with plenty*." Prov. 3 : 9. The Lord can easily bring the elements of destruction against an individual, neighborhood, or region, that provoke his displeasure and need to be visited with mildew and blasting. And on the other hand, He who causes the sun to shine and the rain to descend, can easily direct their fertilizing influences upon those fields which he shall delight to bless. Read Amos 4 : 7-9, and Haggai 1 : 4-11. In this method, God often verifies the word, "There is that scattereth, and yet increaseth; and there is that withholdeth more than is meet, but it tendeth to poverty." Prov. 11 : 24. A benevolent husbandry is wont to be a prosperous husbandry.

It is not, indeed, to be denied, that temporal advantages are bestowed or withheld by God on a great diversity of principles, and in an endless variety of methods and degrees. Still, the divine promises are many and strong to encourage the expectation that a *special blessing* shall rest upon the men who, with sincere desires to honor God, de-

vote their estates to his service ; and the general experience of the liberal and devout has corresponded with the common representations of Scripture : “ He that hath pity upon the poor, lendeth unto the Lord ; and that which he hath given, *will he pay him again.*” Prov. 19 : 17. “ Bring ye all the tithes into the storehouse, that there may be meat in my house, and prove me now herewith, saith the Lord of hosts, *if I will not open you the windows of heaven, and pour out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it.* And I will rebuke the devourer for your sakes, and he shall not destroy the fruits of your ground ; neither shall your vine cast her fruit before the time in the field, saith the Lord of hosts.” Mal. 3 : 10, 11. “ Give, and *it shall be given unto you ; good measure, pressed down, shaken together, and running over,* shall men give into your bosom.” Luke 6 : 38. “ Verily, I say unto you, there is no man that hath left house or lands, for my sake, and the Gospel’s, *but he shall receive a hundred-fold now in this time.*” Mark 10 : 29, 30. Whatever may be the spiritual import of these strong declarations, they evidently comprehend temporal benefits.

Many instances might be adduced in confirmation of this view. That of SOLOMON GOODELL, the Vermont farmer, is highly interesting. He was a plain man, occupying a house and farm worth about \$1,000, on the Green Mountains. His property was at no time valued at more than \$5,000, all of which was gained by personal labor, or saved by strict frugality, or received as interest on small sums lent to his neighbors. But his charities indicated a princely spirit and possessions. He gave \$50, and \$100, and even more than \$1,000 in a year, to a single object. He never allowed his means to accumulate much upon his hands. As he gave away, it was returned to him with increase, and thus he multiplied and enlarged his charities, still keeping down the amount of his actual possessions.

In those cases which form an exception to these general promises of God, and the general experience of the benevolent, we may be assured that temporal benefits are withheld for wise reasons, and should derive comfort from that word, “ *A little which a righteous man hath is better than the riches of many wicked.*” Ps. 37 : 16. It is also a cheering consideration, that God often rewards a liberal

parent in *the prosperity of his children*. "He is ever merciful, and lendeth: *and his seed is blessed.*" Ps. 37 : 26.

But whatever, in the goodness and mystery of divine Providence, may be the outward lot of the benevolent on earth: though he be laid like Lazarus at the gate of the rich and wicked; or, like Job, be stripped for a while of his family and possessions, an object of loathing and scorn; still his record is on high, and his *eternity* shall be glorious and blissful as the good works which, growing out of a justifying faith, shall have marked his earthly career. Every cup of cold water which he shall have given to a disciple in the name of a disciple, shall receive a disciple's reward. Every penny he shall have expended for the widow and the fatherless, clothing the naked, feeding the hungry, delivering them that are oppressed, reclaiming the vicious, and especially for spreading the Gospel and saving souls, shall be transmuted into a polished jewel in his unfading crown.

Then the true value of earthly possessions will be ascertained; when their bearing upon spiritual and eternal interests shall appear in the blessedness of multitudes saved by their means, and in the glory of those who consecrated them to such a noble object. How distinguished then will be the honor, how transporting the joys of the individuals who, scattered among the churches, have been forward, and self-denying, and generous in their deeds of charity. Who will not then wish that he had been one of those who made *large investments* in the enterprises of benevolence? Dear reader, make that your policy now which through endless ages you will judge to have been your highest wisdom.

4. The earth which yields to you her increase, has been moistened with *atonement blood, and the blood of prophets, apostles, and martyrs*, poured out for the salvation of men: will you not weep over its present moral desolations, and scatter the Gospel with a bountiful hand?

The course of our Saviour in voluntarily subjecting himself to the deepest poverty and unutterable sufferings for the salvation of men, you profess to admire as the noblest example of moral sublimity. Upon this you build all your hopes of pardon and eternal life; to this you direct inquiring sinners, as the only medium of their return to God; and this you have solemnly pledged yourselves to *imitate*

so far as may be conducive to the same great end, the salvation of souls.

In the history of the church at different periods, the hearts of the godly have been stirred within them to be strikingly conformed, *in this respect*, to the glorious example of their Lord. They have suffered joyfully the spoiling of their goods; they have eagerly devoted large portions, and even the whole of their possessions, to works of mercy; they have not held their own lives dear, but have loved to sacrifice them on the altar of the Gospel. You read of their disinterestedness and magnanimity. You discern and extol their resemblance to the Son of God. Why not then become *yourselves* the followers of them, as they were also of Christ Jesus? The very exemption from bitter and bloody persecution which you enjoy, is an additional reason for *making personal efforts and employing your property with the utmost zeal* in the cause of Christ. *Inferior offerings* should be largely bestowed when circumstances do not require or allow the more costly expression of your love.

Besides, the *facilities* afforded you for prosecuting Christian enterprises, especially the power of the press, by which the blessings of salvation may be rapidly conferred upon thousands of our own population, and missionaries dispersed among distant nations may greatly extend their influence, surely demand a forwardness to the work far beyond what is now displayed. Christians of this land and at this day, have not the slightest apology for restraining their compassion, their tears, their prayers, and their charities.

On the records of benevolence, the name of NORMAND SMITH, the humble and economical, but distinguished mechanic of Hartford, Conn., who prosecuted his business with all diligence, *for the express and chief purpose of making money that he might give it to charitable objects*, waits for the enrolment by its side of the names of multitudes from all occupations, who shall act on the same Christian principle.

Never was there a period when the self-denial and munificence of our Lord called more loudly for imitation. The broad field of the world seems ripe unto the harvest; nations are pleading for the institutions of the Gospel; obstacles, once thought insurmountable, are taken out of the way; the Holy Spirit is poured forth upon people of divers tongues; and he chides the dilatory movements, the parsi-

monious contributions of Christians, by withdrawing from them his benign and joyous influences.

At such a time, when the Almighty has evidently arisen to accomplish the glorious things which he has spoken of Zion, and when a multitude of events are conspiring to favor the spiritual conquest of the earth, shall it be told that the work of God is hindered because Christians are living for *themselves*; toiling to accumulate for themselves; luxuriously enjoying their abundance as though they expected all their good things in the present life? Shall it be told that *Christian farmers* are blessed with ample harvests and increasing wealth, but prefer adding farm to farm, or investing their money in other schemes for personal gain and public improvement, to casting liberally into the treasury of the Lord, for the saving of immortal souls?

An extensive and generous effort, upon gospel principles, among the pious farmers of this land, would swell the streams of benevolence beyond all that has been known; the enlarged plans of benevolence could be executed; and an ocean of love and salvation spread over the face of the whole earth.

Such a husbandry would indeed be a prosperous husbandry. In view of it, we might appropriately adopt the language of the 67th Psalm: "Then shall the earth yield her increase; and God, even our own God, shall bless us. God shall bless us, and all the ends of the earth shall fear him."

“WHY DO WE SIT STILL?”

THIS was the question which the Jews put to one another when on the eve of the invasion of Judea by the Chaldeans. “Danger is near,” said they, “and we are unprotected. Here in the open country we have no walls of defence, no rocks to which to flee, no hope of escape; the defenced cities invite us to their protection—*why do we sit still?*”

And WHY DO SINNERS OUT OF CHRIST SIT STILL?

Their *danger is imminent and tremendous*. The perusal of the representation of these dangers in the Scriptures fills the mind with awe.

They are under *the sentence of eternal death*. “The soul that sinneth, it shall die.” “Cursed is every one that continueth not in all things which are written in the book of the law to do them.” They not only deserve to die, but are assigned to death by the sentence of the unchanging law of God, whose power nothing can resist.

And sinners are exposed to the infliction of this penalty *every moment*. God is angry with the wicked every day. The suspended sword of justice is prevented from falling upon them by the mere will of God. They are spared, not because their sins are forgotten or forgiven, but because mercy cries, “Spare a little longer.”

What if they now *see no signs of danger?* Health is no security against disease or death. How often does the rose on the cheek bloom, and fade, and die in a week. The arrows of the destroyer, though unseen by the keenest vision, are ever flying thick and swift around us. When there is not a sign of its approach, the wrath of God may drop upon the sinner like a flash of lightning from a clear and cloudless sky.

Nor can sinners, *by any care or prudence of their own*, while neglecting the refuge God has provided, escape this danger. On this point they rest under an awful delusion. Whilst God is under no obligation to keep them a moment out of hell, they are deceiving themselves with many false

pleas that they shall finally escape. But all this is building on clouds, and trusting in shadows. And how often has sudden destruction fallen upon them whilst weaving the web of hope as to the future. Why, then, do they sit still?

But AM I SITTING STILL?—a momentous inquiry in reference to your salvation. I answer, you may be sitting still, although in some degree *conscious of danger*. How many sinners are fully assured that the storm of God's wrath is approaching, who yet make no effort to avoid it. They sit still without using the means provided for their escape. Their depravity neutralizes the influence of their knowledge, and they sit still.

You may be sitting still, though you have serious *convictions of sin*. Pharaoh, and Saul, and Judas, and Ananias, were the subjects of as powerful convictions as were multitudes who have been saved; but they resisted them, and finally perished. And many of my readers are, no doubt, sitting still as to all right preparation to meet the danger that awaits them, who are no strangers to religious convictions, and who, under bitter consciousness of guilt, often lift a cry to heaven for pardon.

You may also be sitting still, though you *attend on the ordinary means of grace*—the reading and preaching of the word, and prayer. These are all designed to lead us to Christ, who is "the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth." But alas, how many hear the word preached regularly on the Sabbath, and read the Bible with no little interest, and even pray for the pardon of their sins, who are yet sitting still as to the great work of their salvation. They have no heartfelt desire of obtaining their end. They are utter strangers to the feelings of Paul, which induced him to exclaim, "I count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord, for whom I have suffered the loss of all things, and do count them but dung that I may win Christ." Though in the use of the external means, they are yet sitting still. The storm is approaching, and they are without a cover to protect them.

The sum of the matter is this. The danger of sinners is as we have described. Christ Jesus is the only hiding-place from that danger. And whatever they do, or whatever they leave undone, *unless they are pursuing the course*

which leads to Christ, they are sitting still. They need not be avowed unbelievers, nor opposers of religion, nor profane swearers, nor yet cold-hearted assenters to the truth; on the contrary, they may be theoretical believers, and be friendly to the extension of religion, and be moral and amiable, and regular attendants on the sanctuary, and occasionally solicitous as to their salvation, and if they go no farther, they are sitting still. They may consider themselves busily engaged in the great work of preparation, but they are only engaged as is the man who is piling up dry stubble to check the conflagration, or who is building a wall of chaff to check the tornado. Every man is sitting still, who is not, *with true sincerity, and in dependence upon the Spirit of God for success, agonizing to enter in by the strait gate.* And let it be recollected, that the strait gate is Christ.

The chief end of man is, to glorify God, and enjoy him for ever. If this end is not obtained, the great end of life is lost, and our very being will be an immeasurable calamity. To sit still while such an end is before us, and such wrath is suspended over us, is most UNREASONABLE. For,

1. *Every thing around us* is moving on to the attainment of the great end of its being—the sun in heaven, the moon and stars, and the earth we inhabit. The beasts around us are all obedient to their instincts. The little ants crowd their storehouses in summer with provisions for winter. “The stork in the heaven knoweth her appointed times, and the turtle, the crane, and the swallow observe the time of their coming.” And why does man sit still? He knows that he does not rise upon the great ocean of life like a bubble, to float there for a brief space, and then to disappear for ever. He is born never to die.

2. This is *contrary to the usual course of man* on other subjects. A fleet has reached our shores, and is pouring in upon us an invading army; and are any sitting still? You are in great danger of losing your property—do you sit still, leaving its preservation to the chances of fortune? Who then will fold his hands when dangers threaten the eternal ruin of the soul?

3. Thus to sit still, is *in opposition to our judgment, conscience, and best interests.* Have these paragraphs a reader whose judgment is not convinced of the danger to which

sin exposes him, and of the duties which he owes to God and to man; or one whose conscience does not upbraid him for the neglect of these duties? All may be quiet without, but can you say as much of *conscience*? The moon-beams may quietly sleep on the sides and summit of the volcano, whilst billows of burning lava are rolling within.

4. Perseverance in sitting still makes the sinner a *self-murderer*. Every man under the Gospel greatly aggravates his guilt by a rejection of Jesus Christ. The rejection of Christ is a damning sin. In Christ we have a remedy as broad as our disease; we have in him a way of escape as effectual as our danger is fearful. If we fail to use the means appointed to bring us to the Lord Jesus Christ, then we are lost, not merely because we are sinners, but because we fail to use the appointed means. We are, therefore, self-murderers. For the sinner to secure his eternal death, it is not necessary that he should be profane, or infidel, or a neglecter of public worship; all that is necessary is, to sit still in the way we have now explained. And if lost by thus sitting still, upon every door, window, and wall of his eternal prison-house will be written in letters of fire, "*Thou hast destroyed thyself.*"

And now let me ask, why will any sinner who reads these pages sit still a moment longer? Will your guilt ever be less than now? Will you ever have a more suitable time than now to work out your salvation? Or do you expect a more suitable Saviour, or terms of life more easy? To these questions you reply in the negative. Why, then, sit still? The law is thundering, and why do you not fear? Mercy is inviting, and why not hearken? The storm is rising, and Jesus is inviting you to the ark; why not fly to it as on dove's wings? "Escape for thy life; look not behind thee, neither stay thou in all the plain; escape to the mountain, lest thou be consumed." Sit not still a moment longer.

THE

WRATH TO COME.

YES, there is *wrath to come*. Multitudes deny it, and try to disbelieve it, and multitudes more labor to forget it. Yet it *will come*. Hear the voice of eternal truth.

“Who will render to every man according to his deeds. Unto them that are contentious, and do not obey the truth, but obey unrighteousness; *indignation* and *wrath*, *tribulation* and *anguish*, in the day when God shall judge the secrets of men by Jesus Christ.” Rom. 2 : 6–9, 16. “The *wrath of God* is revealed from heaven against all ungodliness, and unrighteousness of men, who hold the truth in unrighteousness.” Rom. 1 : 18. “Let no man deceive you with vain words; for because of these things the *wrath of God cometh* on the children of disobedience.” Eph. 5 : 6.

And does not conscience speak the same language? What mean those fearful apprehensions, those dark and gloomy forebodings that often fill the sinner’s bosom, and deprive his soul of peace? Why the alarm and trembling of the murderer at the rustling of a leaf—the fearful sights that disturb his slumbers, or the agony of spirit that holds his eyes waking? Why has God put such a monitor in the sinner’s breast, except to teach him that there is *wrath to come*?

Does not Providence repeat the same lesson? Why do the wicked live, increase in riches, shine in honors, riot in luxury? “Their eyes stand out with fatness, they have more than heart could wish;” while “his people return hither, and waters of a full cup are wrung out to them.” God’s own image, the loveliest exhibition of his renewing grace, is insulted, trodden under foot, and crushed by his enemies. Is God indifferent to the sufferings of his children? Is he not just? Has he not power to punish? *Must* there not be *wrath to come*?

O, then, listen not to the soothing delusion, that it will be well with you, though you walk after the imagination of your evil heart. It is the suggestion of the devil, the father of lies, who, with such fatal success, said to our first

mother, "Ye shall not surely die." Yes, there *is* wrath to come.

It is coming *rapidly*. It will soon be here. Every day, every hour, every moment brings it on with fearful haste; perhaps the next moment it may begin to descend upon some wretched soul; and when once it comes, all resistance will be vain. Entreaties, tears, groans will not avail to ward it off, or mitigate its horrors. Stoic indifference will be equally vain; for

It is the *wrath of God*. It is the wrath which infinite Justice inflicts for the honor of his throne, and as a warning to all worlds. Wrath which has been accumulating during all the years while benevolence endured with much long-suffering the sins of men; not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance. The interests of the universe now require it; holy angels approve, and the wretched victims themselves will ever find a witness in their own bosoms, that they receive the just reward of their deeds. But O, how can they bear it?

It is the wrath of *God*. The wrath of man, a fellow-creature, a worm, may be resisted, overcome, or borne in sullen silence. From the wrath of an angel there might be an appeal to a higher power, a refuge beneath the throne of God. But who can resist the arm of Omnipotence, or bear up under the pressure of infinite wrath? "Who hath hardened himself against him, and prospered?" "Can thine heart endure, or will thine arm be strong in the day when *he* shall deal with thee?"

One of the ingredients of this bitter cup is the *loss of heaven*. That world of light and glory, of beauty and happiness, the suitable and sufficient portion of the soul, which God has provided for his children, and which was so often offered to the sinner, is gone for ever. All its sublime joys, its sweet harmonies, its enduring friendships, its holy fellowships, its exalted employments, its enrapturing scenes, its expanding knowledge, its perfect holiness—all, all are lost; and there is nothing left to supply their place, for the world is also lost. All that was cherished and loved on earth is left behind. There are no riches, no friends, no honors, no pleasures in hell. Utter desolation and ruin have come over all the hopes and interests of the sinner.

Now what disappointment and grief, what shame and

remorse fill the soul. Conscience, which has so long slumbered, is now awakened, and stings the soul with the recollection of its thousand thousands of transgressions. None are forgotten, none can be excused or extenuated. In all their magnitude and guilt they stand out before the mind, and fill it with the keenest anguish.

Now the sinner is given up to the full dominion of unholy passions. The Spirit no longer strives. The restraints of Providence are withdrawn, and all the fountains of iniquity burst forth. Envy, pride, malice, rage, blasphemy tear the heart by their internal conflict, and leave no moment of peace.

At the same time the soul will be consumed with ungratified desire, crying in vain for a drop of water to assuage its burning thirst.

The outward circumstances of the lost sinner are equally appalling. In scenes of the deepest gloom, presenting nothing but images of woe; amidst ceaseless sounds of anguish and despair, and surrounded by companions depraved, ruined, and wretched like himself—the devil and his angels, and the spirits of lost men, loathsome and hateful in every feature of character, mutual recriminators and tormentors.

O how dreadful is the wrath to come! It is *unmitigated wrath*. However distressing our situation in this life, there is always something to soften its horrors. Whatever comforts are taken away, some are still left. There are anodynes to soothe our pain, medicines to relieve our sickness, friends to sympathize with us in our sorrows, hope to cheer us in our darkness. But the wrath to come has no such alleviations: it is poured out without mixture; it is pain, and sorrow, and grief, without sympathy and without relief.

It is *everlasting wrath*. The God of truth, who can never deceive his creatures, has said, "These shall go away into *everlasting punishment*." Matt. 25 : 46. "The smoke of their torment ascendeth up for ever and ever." Rev. 14 : 11. "Their worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched." Mark 9 : 44. Dreadful thought! Is the heart never to be eased of its pain? Will the worm never cease to rage? Will no ray of hope ever light up the darkness? No, never. Still, as eternity rolls on its unwasting ages, the deep wailing of the lost will be heard uttering the bitter agonies of despair. When millions of years shall have

passed, and yet millions upon millions more, it will still be *wrath to come*. Eternity alone measures its duration. Eternity, eternity! O that fearful word, how it reverberates through all those gloomy mansions, piercing the soul with unknown and inconceivable horrors!

Such is the wrath that will come upon all the disobedient, the impenitent, and unbelieving.

Fellow-sinner, this is the wrath of God. O turn not your eye from it. Say not, it is a gloomy theme, and you will not dwell upon it. It is better to look at it now, than feel it hereafter. "Knowing the terrors of the Lord," I would "persuade you." Take the friendly warning; it comes from a brother's heart; nay, it comes from a Saviour's compassionate bosom: "*Flee* from the wrath to come."

Now it may be escaped. O blessed news! God has provided "a refuge from the storm, a covert from the tempest." A Saviour's blood has been spilt to atone for sin, and open the gate of heaven to returning sinners. His arms, his heart, are open to receive you. Hear how he invites you: "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." "Him that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out."

How he reasons and expostulates with you: "Come, and let us reason together: though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be white as snow." "Turn ye, turn ye from your evil ways; for why will ye die?"

O, fellow-sinner, listen to that voice. Take shelter in those compassionate arms. What detains you? Why do you hesitate? Will you be so unwise as to part with the everlasting glories of heaven for the few fleeting joys of earth, followed by endless pain? O, who can dwell with devouring flames; with *everlasting* burnings?

But you hope to escape. Yes, you mean to "flee from the wrath to come." So did thousands who now feel it and will feel it for ever. It is not safe to defer. "*This night* thy soul may be required of thee."

T H E N E W Y E A R .

“MILLIONS of money for an inch of time,” cried Elizabeth, the gifted but vain and ambitious queen of England, on her dying bed. Unhappy woman!—reclining upon a royal couch, with three thousand dresses in her wardrobe, a kingdom upon which the sun never sets at her feet—all is now valueless, and she shrieks in anguish, and shrieks in vain, for a single “inch of time.” She had enjoyed threescore and ten years. Like too many among us, she had so devoted them to wealth, to pleasure, to pride and ambition, that her whole preparation for eternity was crowded into her final moments; and hence she who had wasted more than half a century, would now barter millions for an “inch of time.”

The last year has sent to Heaven’s chancery its record of human conduct, and gone to mingle with a past eternity. “It has done the errand of its destiny, and will return no more.”

Pilgrim to eternity, prone as you may be to religious apathy—wanderer as you may be from the path of rectitude and salvation—bewildered and fascinated by the excitements and temptations of life—urged on by the power of evil habits and the influence of evil example—we ask you to pause on the line which separates the past from the future, that you may commune with your condition, your character, your obligations, and your destiny.

Do you ever think seriously? What time more proper for reflection than the closing of a year? It is a complete period. It is short enough to have its scenes remembered: it is long enough to take a startling portion from human life. It has something of the solemnity of the end of life. It is a miniature judgment-hour, when we may summon ourselves before conscience, receive its verdict, and if need be, repent and reform.

“’Tis greatly wise to talk with our past hours,
And ask them what report they bore to heaven.”

Have you ever reflected on the preciousness of time? Its swiftness eludes the eye. Its footsteps are noiseless as the tread of angels. It is murdered not by violence and set purpose, but simply by neglect. It utters no cry to startle its abusers. It seems to be obsequious—lending its hours to every purpose of idleness, of folly, of sensuality, of avarice, of ambition, and impiety.

But with all this seeming imbecility, its wings never tire, and its course is never backward. With energy irresistible, it moves the whole mass of the living “to the pale nations of the dead.” With its resistless and rapid wings, it annually sweeps twenty millions from this world of mercy and probation, into the shoreless ocean and the unchanging destinies of eternity. If you “take no note of time,” it takes note of you. The seed sown, by the use or abuse of each flying moment, you are to reap in joy or sorrow on the plains of heaven or of hell. As time is the period in which, through repentance towards God and faith in Jesus Christ, you are to avail yourself of offered salvation, its improvement is priceless as heaven—its perversion fearful as eternal woe.

You have around you a beautiful world, showing in every part the wisdom, the power, and beneficence of God. The year has presented the bloom and fragrance of spring, the advancing maturity of summer, the fruits of autumn, and the cheerful fireside of winter. The seasons have each brought rich gifts. But all these blessings have been in vain, if you have wasted your time or misimproved your religious privileges.

You have had health in your habitation; loved ones have clustered around your table, increasing while they shared your joys. Your plans have prospered, and you close the year, it may be, with augmented treasures. But if you have improved no time religiously, all these blessings have come in vain. Not a single joy have you embalmed for immortality.

God has invested you with noble powers of mind. You have an understanding to grasp, and hold, and improve truth. You have memory to call up the past, and imagination to explore the future. You have deep and strong affections to pour out currents of love. You have the elements of eternal progress in knowledge and enjoyment. But every fibre of your soul is linked to moments of time, and if you abuse these moments they will thrill the soul with anguish. To turn against you the elements of your own immortal nature, you have only to kill time.

There is in the universe a great God. He is the light, the hope, the refuge, the joy of his obedient subjects. Time is the only period allotted for securing his favor, and if you abuse time, better for you if there were no God—better for you if the universe were a silent and hopeless desolation.

Jesus Christ, by subjecting his own body to the agonies of the cross, has opened a blood-sprinkled way from earth to heaven, "whose ever-during golden gates" he has unbarred to lost wanderers. The Holy Ghost has descended, to be the Sanctifier, the pilot, and the guard of the weary pilgrim to his home in the skies. But if you improve no time religiously, you render ineffectual all these sublime and beneficent agencies for your salvation.

Your Maker has unveiled to your vision the world of woe; and stationed ministers, pious friends, Bibles, Tracts, your own conscience—a thousand sentinels, to bid you flee from the wrath to come. During the year you have enjoyed fifty-two Sabbaths—all designed and adapted to awake thoughtfulness and furnish facilities to escape ruin. But if you have abused time, you have made a steady, unbroken death-march of another year towards the unblest realms of eternal despair.

There is a heaven which you are invited to enter. No cheek there is pale with apprehension—no eye is moistened with a tear. There is no death there, and no more pain. Your lips might catch and echo the melodies of that better world. But live for years to come as you have for the year gone by, in the abuse of time, and heaven will exist to you

as the strong but distant vessel exists to the drowning sailor—the tantalizing vision of good for ever lost.

The appeal is now made to your conscience. Have you, during the past year, so wasted time as to religious improvement, that every temporal blessing, every warning and invitation of the Gospel, and every thing holy and good in the universe, exists to you in vain ?

Pause, then, on the threshold of a new year. Your condition is most perilous, but not hopeless. Live as you have lived, and all is lost. But here is a precious moment of probation not yet wasted. Blind Bartimeus occupied the moment when Jesus passed by in prayer, and the light of heaven broke in on his world of darkness. The dying thief improved a few brief moments in confession and prayer to Jesus, and for eighteen centuries has dwelt in the paradise of God. Use the present moment for repentance of sin, for application to the blood of the cross ; for subjecting your heart to the Holy Spirit, and your will to the control of truth and duty ; and, with a new year, you have opened before you a new, a tranquil, a happy life, and a glorious immortality.

It may be hard to think seriously, but it will be harder to bear the scorpion stings of conscience on your death-bed, and throughout eternity. It may be hard to break from your evil habits and your wicked companions ; but it will be harder to follow them to the gates of eternal death. It is easy to kill time ; but remember, the waste of time is the murder of the soul.

THE
WEAVER'S DAUGHTER.

A NARRATIVE OF FACTS.

BY A LAYMAN.



IN the north of Ireland there lived an honest, industrious man by the name of M——. He was a good husband, a tender father, a kind neighbor; and having had a better education than at that time was common, he was careful to give his children the advantages of good schools. By diligence, sobriety, and the blessing of God, he extended his business, which was that of a linen weaver, until he had in his employment at one time fifteen journeymen.

After some years the linen-trade greatly declined, partly in consequence of the introduction of cotton fabrics ; and finding his property so much reduced that he could not support his large family at his trade, he was led to embark with them for America. This he did with high-raised expectations ; and with joyful heart he saw his wife and nine blooming children land in the new world, of which his countrymen had sent home glowing accounts ; but here he was doomed to experience sad disappointments, as have many others. No employment could be had in weaving linen ; but his good character and intelligence, together with his honest face, gained the favor of a merchant, who gave him employment as porter in his store on the wharf, where he continued, and was much esteemed for several years, until his last sickness and death.

Finding that the wages of his new employment would not support his large family, he obtained situations in respectable families for his elder daughters, while his sons went to sea. Being active and zealous, he was soon conspicuous among his Catholic brethren in the city where he lived. He was strict in his attention to all the rites and ceremonies of that communion, liberal according to his ability, fond of his children, and faithful in instructing them in all the articles of the Romish church. None doubted his morality ; and those of his faith considered him a pattern of piety. Being of a consumptive habit, after a few years he sickened and died. In quick succession four of his children followed him to the grave, one by a fall from the masthead of a vessel, and three by consumption.

The physician who attended the family was a pious man, and had become much interested in some of them, and especially in the father during his life, and afterwards in his two daughters, Betsey and Mary, who had both embraced the Protestant faith. Mary, at the time of which we are speaking, had been for several weeks out of health, and had

left her situation and returned to her mother's dwelling, where she was given over by her physician as in a settled consumption.

The physician, during one of his visits in my family, mentioned that the sick one was living with her mother, not very remote from my dwelling, and he gave an interesting account of her, and of her mother's opposition to her religion, which he said had carried her so far that she would not admit her daughter's pastor or the officers of the church to visit the sufferer, but had threatened them, if they presumed to cross her threshold, with personal violence. He expressed a hope, that I would try to supply the wants of his patient, if she was at any time suffering, but he doubted if I should be allowed to see her.

A lady who was passing the day with us, on hearing his narration, readily undertook the labor of love in going immediately to the residence of the mother; and on mentioning the name of the physician, she was readily admitted to the sick chamber. The account she brought back was, that she found Mary M—— a most interesting young woman, of modest manners, extremely neat in her person and in her chamber, apparently of ardent, yet unassuming piety, fully aware of her situation, but sustained by a firm Christian faith, with an unwavering trust in the merits of Christ, which rendered her cheerful, submissive, and happy. On conversing with Mary's mother, the lady found they were in immediate want of nothing but fuel. This article was supplied, with some other comforts, which were gratefully received.

After calling several times to make inquiries concerning the sick daughter, the mother asked if I would like to see her; and on my expressing a desire to do so, she introduced me to her as the person who had taken such an interest in her welfare.

Mary was sitting in an arm-chair, supported by pillows;

her eyes were mild, but had the peculiar lustre which attends consumption. Her cheek had that usual attendant of this disorder, a bright, hectic flush ; while her temples and forehead were white as marble. She extended her hand to me, and thanked me for the kind interest I had taken in one who was a stranger. Every thing about her and her room was neat, though very plain, giving indications of natural refinement. She had for a companion and attendant her sister Betsey, who, on hearing of Mary's illness, had left her place, and hastened home to watch over and nurse her beloved sister, endeared to her not only by the ties of nature, but also by being her sister in the Lord, as both were converts, and had together joined the same church.

Their mother gave me only time to ask a few questions before she broke out in her complaints of the loss of property, and the death of her husband and four children since her arrival in the country. She thought God had dealt hardly with her, and almost accused him of injustice in thus afflicting her. I attempted to show her that all his dealings with her were designed to call off her thoughts from this world, and would, if she made a right improvement of them, fit her for heaven, where she would find her lost ones, if they had died his children. Fearing that she would receive what I might say with prejudice, and that I could make no lasting impression on her mind, I withdrew.

On two or three following visits I was obliged to listen to similar murmurs against Providence, and at length I took occasion to relate to her the story of a widow, whose only son had grown up a fine young man, and was the solace and stay of his only parent, when he was thrown from a horse, and brought home to expire in his mother's arms. Without a murmur she meekly said, "The Lord saw that I needed a great deal of correction, and he has taken the desire of my eyes from me with a stroke ; blessed be his holy name, he has only taken what he had lent me."

The mother of Mary M——, either from not relishing such sentiments, or from some other cause, seldom made any stay afterwards in her daughter's chamber while I was there, but suffered me to converse with her without interruption, which I was earnestly desirous of doing. I found her to be a young woman of devoted piety, sustained by a cheerful hope and lively faith, wholly resigned to the will of God, not expecting, nor apparently wishing to recover; nor do I now recollect that she at any subsequent time made any allusion to getting well. Her whole thoughts were upon things of another and brighter world, for which she daily was growing in meetness.

As Mary was unable, in her dark chamber, to read the fine print of her Bible, she was supplied with the Testament in large type, also with Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress and Tracts, in reading and hearing which she took great delight. She ever spoke with deep feeling of the goodness of her heavenly Father to her, in sustaining her during her sleepless nights, and enabling her to have delightful meditations on the precious promises contained in his word. She never complained of suffering of any kind. One day when asked if she rested well, her countenance beamed with rapture as she spoke of her secret communion with the Saviour during her wakeful hours the preceding night, and she seemed to have had a foretaste of the joys of heaven.

On my expressing a desire to be made acquainted with the time and manner of her conversion from Romanism, she gave me, as her strength permitted, the following history of herself.

“I was educated in the strict observance of the forms and practices of the Roman Catholic religion, which I had always been taught and fully believed to be the only true faith. I attended church punctually, was well instructed in my Catechism and Missal, was regular at my confessions,

at mass, on holy days, and strict in observing our fasts ; thus I was called by others, and really thought myself to be a very pious girl, the favorite of her whom we ignorantly worshipped, and after whom I was named—the ‘Holy Mary,’ ‘the Mother of God.’

“ But my religion was all *outward* ; my heart was hard and proud, and my temper easily roused ; so that with all this fair outside, I knew nothing of the religion of the Bible, having never read it, or understood that it demanded a change of heart ; much less did I feel that I was a sinner in the sight of God, or understand that I could not enter heaven unless I was ‘born again’ by the renewing of the Holy Spirit. I was contented in my ignorance, as Catholics generally are, with *outward observances*, and fully believed, because our priests told us so, that I was in the path to heaven. Had not my heavenly Father had compassion on me, I should have lived and died ignorant of the only way to be saved, through faith in my precious Saviour’s atoning blood.

“ Where I lived, after leaving my father, the Bible was daily read at family prayers, which I sometimes attended ; but what I heard made no impression on my mind, as I had always been told it was not a book for Catholics, they being sure of salvation, and they *only*. One day I had a quarrel with one of the females in the house, and was highly provoked with her for telling me I was a very *wicked* girl—a term which had never been applied to me before. In a day or two afterwards, the same woman was reading her Bible ; and when I found her with it, she was shedding tears, and apparently in much distress. I asked her what ailed her, and never shall I forget her answer. It was, ‘O Mary, I am a great sinner, and I fear my soul will be lost for ever.’ Although I had been highly provoked at her for calling *me* a wicked girl, yet when she confessed that she was also wicked, it astonished me beyond measure. I knew

her to be more amiable than I was, and if she was such a sinner, what must I be, I asked myself.

“I could not rest until I took a Bible into my room and examined it : this I continued from day to day, finding such passages as, ‘Ye must be born again,’ John 3 : 7 ; ‘Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners,’ 1 Tim. 1 : 15 ; ‘Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven,’ Matt. 18 : 3 ; ‘And were by nature the children of wrath, even as others.’ Eph. 2 : 3. The Bible also told me, that unless I repented of my sins, and believed on the Lord Jesus Christ, I could not be saved. Having never done this, I was greatly distressed, and went home to my father and told him I was unhappy, and was anxious for the salvation of my soul. But although he was esteemed a very good man, and a rigid Catholic, he could only send me to the priest to confess, for he knew nothing of the new birth, or of the gospel way of salvation.

“The priest was equally ignorant ; and finding I had no *deadly* sins to confess, he made light of my distress, and told me I was a good Catholic, and had nothing to fear, but was sure of heaven. Still, I was oppressed with a load which only grew heavier and heavier, and as he saw I was anxious for relief, he at last told me, if I wished it, I could go into the convent, and become a holy nun.

“Feeling there was something to be done, I asked my parents’ consent, that I might enter the convent. They gave permission, and soon after, I entered upon what they called the life of a novice, intending to become one of the holy sisters ; but I found nothing there to satisfy the desires of my soul—all was cold, formal, and heartless. Neither the conversation or conduct of the inmates gave me any satisfaction, and I soon obtained permission to leave them and return to my former place. I now began to search the Bible, and as there directed, I prayed to be guided aright,

and prayed thus for a long time ; but having no one to guide or counsel me, I became much discouraged ; when one day I was reading the 16th chapter of Acts, and came to where the jailer ‘ sprang in, and came trembling, and said to Paul and Silas, Sirs, what must I do to be saved ? and they said, *Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.*’

“ When I read that, and saw how easy it was to obey this command, I threw myself at the feet of my blessed Saviour, and trust I gave him my whole heart. Immediately my distress was gone, and I was filled with peace and joy. I have since had evidence that God is faithful to all his promises. My confidence is firm, my hope unfading—a blessed reality. I know in whom I have believed. I went once, and but once more to the Catholic church, to please my father. It was at the consecration of the bishop. But now the idle ceremonies, the pomp, the incense, the bells, all were disgusting ; and I left that church, never more to return to it.

“ I then attended the meeting of the Rev. Dr. S——, and some time after, offered myself for admission to his church, together with my sister Betsey, who, like me, had become pious. We told our father of the change of our views, which he was already aware of ; but when we informed him that we were about renouncing the faith in which we had been born, he could not suppress his feelings, but ordered us to go to the priest, and inform him of our apostasy, and give him an opportunity to win us back. We went accordingly, and my sister not being so timid as I was, spoke for us both. He tried to alarm us, by assuring us there was no salvation out of the Roman Catholic church. Finding our purpose unalterable, he began to threaten us, not with punishment here, but *hereafter*. He told us ‘ we should be damned, if we were apostates.’ We assured him that we relied on the promises of God to all who truly re-

pented of their sins, and were satisfied that we were in the right path, and had come by the command of our father, to take leave of him and of the church. He furiously said, 'If you do leave the true church, and join the heretics, I would not go the length of a whiplash to save you from damnation.'

"Shocked and grieved, we waited to hear no more from *him*, who had always, until that interview, treated us kindly. Our father was still bitterly opposed to our joining another church, and went so far as to threaten us when he knew we were to be baptized, declaring he would raise a body of men and *rescue us*, as he called it; but his employer and others told him he would get himself into trouble, and would be taken up for breaking the law, if he committed any such act of violence.

"Finding afterwards that we were still his affectionate daughters, and seeing us happy, his heart relented, so that if he could not approve of what we had done, he treated us kindly; and when he was in his last lingering sickness, all his former affection for us returned, and, after reading the Bible with great attention, he gave our mother a strict charge never to molest us on account of our religion."

Being greatly interested in this statement, and wishing that such ardent and glowing piety should be witnessed by some other individual who would give an account of it to the world, I took with me, one Sabbath-day, a young clergyman to whom I had given many of the foregoing particulars; but we were met by the mother of Mary, and when I introduced my friend as one who had come by my request to see her daughter, she eagerly asked, "Is he a priest?" I answered, "He is a minister." "Then he shall not go into her room, for she refuses to see my priest when I wish to have him come and anoint her with holy oil; and if she will not see my priest, she shall see no other." Finding her inflexible, we retired.

As no clergyman could gain access to her, and perceiving an anxiety in her countenance, I one day asked her if she wished me to pray with her. She said, "O yes, I have long wished it, but did not know that it was proper to ask the favor." Soon after this, I called one Saturday evening, and found she had grown so feeble that she had scarcely been able to sit up five minutes at a time during the week. Her mind was still unclouded, and she was descending into the dark valley, leaning upon Him who has authorized all such to say, "When my father and my mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up." Psalm 27 : 10. I asked her if I should pray with her. She desired it, and I commended her to the Shepherd of Israel ; but soon the door was thrown open and shut again with great violence—this was again and again repeated ; and when I rose, I saw her mother standing by the door, with her arms extended, her countenance filled with rage, her eyes almost starting from their sockets, her fists clenched ; and looking furiously upon her feeble, dying daughter, she cried out in a loud voice, "Get out of my house—it shall hold you no longer ; you are no daughter of mine, for you have abandoned your religion, you have quitted the holy church, you have given up your God, refused to see the priest, and my house shall shelter you no longer. You wanted to be a nun, did you ?" she added, pointing at her with derision. "Now your bones will lie unburied, for they can never get into the holy ground."

I approached this furious woman, and mildly said to her, "If you are offended with any one, it should be with me."

"No, you are the poor widow's friend," she replied.

I then asked her, "Has this daughter ever been undutiful to you ?"

"No," she replied ; "except about her *religion* she always obeyed me in every thing."

“And have you, then, tried to get her back to your religion?”

“Yes,” was the reply, “I have been at her every day, and she absolutely refuses even to see my priest.”

“Is it for this that you threaten to turn your dutiful, affectionate daughter from your doors in the depth of winter?”

“Yes,” she violently shouted; “she is an apostate, and I disown her.”

“Is it for following *the dictates of her conscience*, that you treat your own daughter as if she was the vilest of the vile; and do you dare have it said, that you were such a monster as to turn her from your doors?”

She replied, “Go she must—my home shall hold her no longer. And never will your soul,” turning to her daughter, “reach purgatory, if you despise the holy Catholic religion.”

“If her soul will never reach what you call purgatory,” I replied, “it will, when it is released from her body, go to Abraham’s bosom; and if you ever reach heaven, I have no doubt but you will see Mary an angel there.”

The mother then left the room in great agitation, and I followed her, and asked if it was her determination to turn her daughter out of doors. She assured me that it was. I then informed her, that three ladies in the country had that very day sent me one hundred dollars, with which to take a free bed at the hospital for the indigent and virtuous sick in that severe winter. I added, “If you will promise me that you will not speak harshly again to her, I will, early in the coming week, make arrangements to get Mary to the hospital.” She solemnly promised to do so no more, if I would engage to remove her.

I went back to the chamber where the sick one lay, and finding her trembling with agitation, I asked her “if she was willing to go to the hospital.” “O yes,” was her reply,

“do let me go there ; for when my mother gets so excited, it agitates me so that I can get no sleep all night, and now I am so weak I cannot bear it.”

Surprised, I asked if her mother had ever treated her so before. “Yes, she does it almost every day,” was her answer.

“Why, then,” I asked, “have you never informed me of it before ?” “*She is my mother,*” was the reply. And it spoke the feelings of this delicate, faithful disciple most eloquently. Long had she endured the rage of her parent, and thus might have gone down to her grave with the secret in her own breast, if it had not been for the occasion which aroused all the passions of her poor bigoted parent. Mary preferred suffering in silence to exposing her mother’s violence to another. When reviled, she, like her blessed Master, answered not again.

As I left the house, the elements were raging without, and a furious snow-storm had set in, which continued two or three days, and blocked the streets so much that it was the middle of the week before the removal could take place. I called previously, to learn if the mother relented, but she continued inflexible. I then saw the medical superintendent of the hospital, but he objected to receiving a person in the last stages of a decline, and said the hospital was intended to cure persons, and not as a resort for those who were dropping into the grave ; but on my stating the very peculiar circumstances attending this case, and that the young woman, being ordered out of her mother’s house, must go somewhere to die, he gave way, after expressing his great surprise that such an event should have occurred in this land, and that any mother could so steel her heart against her amiable, virtuous daughter, and exhibit all this violence only on account of her religion. In consideration of such unnatural conduct, he said she should be admitted, although it was against the rules of the institution to receive those to

whom they could not hope to afford permanent relief. It may here be remarked, that this hospital is a mere private establishment for the *relief* and *cure* of the sick and wounded, and not a general hospital for all who are diseased. For these latter cases a public institution has been established, where good accommodation is provided at the expense of the city for all who are destitute.

As soon as the storm ceased and the snow was levelled, arrangements were made for the removal of Mary. A carriage was sent by Mrs. P., with whom she had lived, and a pious member of my family was to attend her and her sister; but at the time preparations were making, the gentleman in whose house she became pious, came to the door, and learning that the feeble girl was going to the hospital, he took her up kindly, wrapped in blankets, and placed her in the carriage, supporting her there in his arms. She was with difficulty kept from fainting by the way; but after she had reposed a day or two, so tranquil was every thing around her, that she revived, and was better for a few days.

Her mother called to see her but once, and then left a charge with Betsey to let her know when Mary was dying; but to this Mary objected, as the impression of the dreadful scenes she had passed through, probably had made her unwilling to be agitated by her mother's violence in her last moments.

I saw her occasionally, and her minister and other Christian friends could then also visit her. She continued to enjoy sweet peace. One morning I called, and perceiving that her life was drawing to a close, I asked her if she was sensible that her hours were almost numbered, and if she could still look to the Saviour with confidence and hope. She said, "I lay awake many hours last night, and had delightful contemplations on the character and condescension of my precious Saviour."

In the evening I called again, and found that life was

fast ebbing. She desired me to pray with her, and I asked what petition she wished to have presented. "That I may glorify God in dying, and not be left to complain of my great bodily sufferings," she replied. I commended her to the Saviour whom she loved, and bade her farewell, with exalted views of the goodness of God in sustaining this young disciple until she had but one step more to take ere she planted her feet on the shores of the heavenly Canaan.

The next morning information was sent me from the hospital, that she was released from all pain. I called on her mother, to inform her of the event, and to ask her where she wished to have her body placed, and when she would like to have the funeral. She said, "You told Mary you would see her buried with your family;" and this recalled to my mind the occurrences of the evening when her mother's violence broke out in my presence. I had then told Mary I would take care of her body after her death, and have it placed by the side of my children in the beautiful cemetery at —, which promise was sacredly kept; and there will her remains repose until the morning of the resurrection.

On reaching the hospital, there was a placid smile upon the countenance of this departed child of God. Her sister informed me, that soon after I left her, Mary fell asleep, and it was so profound when her pastor called in the evening, that his prayer at her bedside did not arouse, nor could she awake her.

They thought it the sleep of death, but afterwards she called out in a loud voice, "Betsey, I am going, I am going; praise the Lord." She then sung in her clear, sweet voice, the first stanza of that beautiful hymn,

Why should we start, and fear to die?

What timorous worms we mortals are!

Death is the gate of endless joy,

And yet we dread to enter there.

Her voice then sunk almost to a whisper, and she went through the entire hymn, closing with

Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are ;
While on his breast I lean my head,
And breathe my life out sweetly there.

And with these precious words on her lips, her spirit, released from its frail tenement, took its upward flight, to see and adore Him whom her soul loved, and who had washed her in his own precious blood, to dwell for ever where "the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest."

One occurrence connected with her mother's ordering her out of her house, should not be omitted. It was on Saturday evening, and the following Monday Mrs. M. dressed herself as she usually did when she visited her priest, and was absent some hours. When she returned, she fell upon her knees by Mary's bedside, and said, "Now, my child, I have one last request to make of you, and do not deny your mother's wishes. Only consent to see my priest, and confess to him, and you shall never leave my house. I will work to support you, if I wear my fingers off in doing it; and in the spring, I will take you to your dear native air in Ireland, and that will restore you, and then we shall all be happy."

To this Mary replied, "Mother, why do you make such a request? the thing you ask is impossible." To this her mother said, "No one but you, and I, and the priest, shall know any thing about it." Mary, in a firm tone, said, "Mother, my religion is dearer to me than life, and I would not give up my peace of mind for worlds. Mother, never, I beseech you, make such a request of me again." "Then you shall go off as soon as you can be got out of my house." This mother appeared not to want the common feelings of

our nature, but to be led blindfold by a superior power acting out of sight, and dictating to her how to proceed with her heretical daughter, so as to bring her back, if possible, to the bosom of her mother church. Very similar treatment of Catholics who become pious, is not uncommon in our land, as we have ample evidence; and we ought deeply to sympathize with them in their persecutions for conscience' sake.

In reflecting on the natural timidity of this young Christian, and her unprotected situation under the roof of her mother, who had such strong passions and was so very bigoted, and driven on, as it seemed, by her priest, it then and has since appeared that I was led there by the providence of God, to protect her from attempts which might, and probably would have been made upon her when she was too weak to resist them; and thus it might have been given out, that Mary M. recanted before her death and went back to her former faith, and died in the communion of the Romish church. Appearances indicated that this was a settled plan, which, if it was formed, was frustrated, and she was enabled, with her dying breath, to testify to the love and grace of HIM in whom her soul trusted as the "ONE MEDIATOR between God and man."

CONSECRATION TO CHRIST.

LET me suppose that you are alone with God ; that you have knelt or prostrated yourself before him, and are earnestly desirous of making an entire consecration of all that you have and are to his service.

You must soon stand in *the immediate presence* of God. You must soon meet him face to face, and see him eye to eye. Prepared or unprepared, you must meet him. Think of the priceless worth of your soul. Worlds cannot repay its loss. Can you measure eternity ? Soon you must enter upon its endless joys or woes. Neglect not, then, the interests of your soul for one hour.

Think of God's forbearance and your own guilt. You have been reckless of the interests of your immortal soul, you have set at naught the authority of God, you have trampled under foot the blood of Christ, you have resisted the Holy Spirit, by your rejection of the offers of salvation. O, sinner, it is because you are in the hands of God, and not man, that your doom is not eternally sealed. Presume upon his forbearance no longer, for God's word has said, "He that, being often reprov'd, hardeneth his neck, shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy." Flee without delay to Christ. Hear his gracious invitation : "Him that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out." O how melting that invitation. Will you give up *yourself* to that Saviour who has given *himself* for you ? Will you *live* for him who *died* for you ? Will you accept salvation upon the terms of the Bible ? "Be not deceived." "God cannot be mocked." Many, while standing before their final Judge, will say, "Lord, Lord, open unto us ;" but he will answer, "I never knew you ; depart from me, ye that work iniquity."

Do you ask, how can I know whether I shall be accepted or rejected, when I stand before the bar of God ? In reply, permit me to ask you some questions, founded on the word of God, that unfold the principles on which your eternal destiny will then be decided.

Do you view yourself to be a lost sinner, justly condemned by the law of God ; and have you been led to see not only that you have sinned in outward acts, but that your thoughts and affections have been estranged from God ; and that if you should receive the reward due to your sin, you must be sent to eternal punishment ?

Do you feel that your greatest sin is unbelief, which has led you, during your whole life, to reject Christ ?

Do you desire to be saved, not only from the punishment due to your sin, but also from its power and pollution ?

Is it your firm resolution, made in the fear of God and in reliance on him, to forsake all known sin, all vain amusements, all sinful indulgences, the pursuit of all unrighteous gains, and all sinful conformity to the fashions, customs, and maxims of the world, although in doing so, you may make a sacrifice of property, and expose yourself to the scoffs, or even the persecutions of the world ?

Do you resolve to bridle your tongue and curb your passions, not to render "evil for evil, or railing for railing," but to imitate the example of Christ under the infliction of injuries ?

Do you resolve, in every trial or affliction arising from loss of property, health, or friends, or from unjust assaults upon your character, to put your confidence in God, to be submissive to his will, and to improve the event for your own spiritual good ?

Do you resolve to watch and pray daily, that you may not be led into temptation, and that you may be aided by the Holy Spirit in the performance of every duty, and guided by his wisdom in all your ways ?

Do you rely upon the Holy Spirit to renew and sanctify your heart, to aid your supplications, to comfort you in all your spiritual trials, and to guide you into all truth ?

Do you adopt the word of God as the only rule of faith and practice, resolving to study it diligently and daily, to see whether your actions, sentiments, and all the movements of your heart, agree with what it teaches ?

Do you unreservedly and for ever consecrate yourself and all you have to the service of God, your bodily, mental, and moral powers, your time, influence, and property, so that you have no interest separate from his glory ?

Do you rejoice in the privilege of committing all your

interests to the disposal of Him who has done so much for you, and who is infinite in knowledge, wisdom, power, and goodness ?

Do you earnestly desire to "turn many to righteousness," and will you labor, diligently and prayerfully, to bring others to a saving knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus ; and will you choose your occupations for life with supreme reference to the best interests of Christ's kingdom ?

Do you "love your enemies ?"

Do you exercise brotherly love towards all Christians of every name, whatever may be their condition in life ?

And now are you ready to say, "These are hard sayings ; who can hear them ?" like many who heard our Saviour and followed no more with him : or do you, like Peter, say, "Lord, to whom shall we go ? thou hast the words of eternal life ?" Do you receive joyfully the gospel method of salvation ? If so, it may strengthen your resolutions to draw up a covenant, and subscribe your name to it, and lay it up for a memorial before God to be renewed often ; or you can adopt the following

FORM OF ENTERING INTO COVENANT WITH GOD.

O THOU HEART-SEARCHING JEHOVAH, permit thine unworthy servant to come before thee, through Jesus Christ, to enter into a solemn covenant with thee to be thine for ever. I am unworthy to take thy holy name upon my lips, for I have sinned against thee. Thou hast ever had a right to my perfect obedience, as my Creator and Preserver, much more as having given thy Son to die for me. But I have sinned in thought, in word, and in deed. My whole life has been one continued course of transgression. I have set at naught thine authority, rejected Christ, and resisted the Holy Spirit. O Lord, I deserve to be banished from thy presence for ever. But blessed be thy holy name, that pardon and eternal life are offered to me through Christ. I cling to his cross. I desire to be cleansed by his blood, and clothed with his righteousness. Blessed be the Holy Spirit, who has convinced me of sin, and inclined my perverse heart to come to Christ. O thou gracious Comforter, wilt thou ever dwell in my heart, to purify and sanctify me, and lead me into all truth, and aid me in the discharge of every duty.

Aid me especially in this dedication of myself to God the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, to whom be equal honor and glory for ever. Amen.

I do now, most unreservedly, choose THEE, THE LORD JEHOVAH, to be my God, my Portion, and my King. I devote to thee my body and soul, my interest in my friends, my property, my time, my influence, all that I have or hope for to all eternity. O give me grace to live to thy glory, by leading a humble, watchful, prayerful life. May I be enabled to keep my desires and passions in subjection. May I ever feel, both in prosperity and in adversity, that I am thine and that thou art mine. May my confidence in thy promises ever remain strong. May I so abide in thee, that I shall be always ready for the discharge of duty. May all my powers of body and mind be strengthened for thy service. May I constantly watch for opportunities to do good; and through thy blessing may I be the means of turning many to righteousness. And may I ever ascribe *all*, ALL the glory to thee. O MY GOD, what shall I render to thee for all thy benefits? Had I a thousand tongues, they should all speak thy praise; or had I a thousand worlds, they should all be thine. May I never wander from thee. May I never be weary of serving thee; and when my work here on earth is done, may I welcome death as a kind messenger to call me home to thee. Then shall I be satisfied, when I see thee as thou art. Amen and Amen.

When I survey the wondrous cross
 On which the Prince of glory died,
 My richest gain I count but loss,
 And pour contempt on all my pride.

Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
 Save in the cross of Christ, my God;
 All the vain things that charm me most,
 I sacrifice them to his blood.

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.

UNANSWERABLE ARGUMENT.

SCENE I.—THE PASTOR'S STUDY.

“HAVE you conversed with our infidel and scoffing friend Mr. R——, on the subject of religion, to-day?” said the venerable pastor to Mr. B——, an aged neighbor.

“I have, and at great length, but was unable to make the least impression upon his mind. You know that he is a man of extensive reading, and is master of all the ablest infidel writers. He regards the fortress in which he has intrenched himself as impregnable. You know his ready wit, and when he finds he cannot talk you down, he will laugh you down. I can say no more to him. He made my errand the butt of ridicule for the whole company.”

“Then you consider his case hopeless?”

“I do, indeed. I believe him to be given over of God to believe a lie; and I expect to see him fill up his cup of iniquity to the very brim, without repentance, and die a hardened and self-ruined man.”

“Shall nothing, and can nothing more be done for him?” And the pastor arose, and walked the floor of his study, under the influence of deep agitation.

It was now a solemn time in the congregation. The preaching of the pastor for many Sabbaths had been full of earnestness and power. The church was greatly quickened. The spirit of prayer prevailed. Many were inquiring what they should do to be saved. Many, too, were rejoicing in hope, and the whole community were moved, as with one silent, but mighty impulse.

But unmoved, unconcerned, stood the infidel, amid the many changes of heart and mind in those around him, proud of his position, and confident in his strength, and able, as he believed himself to be, to resist every influence, human and divine, which might be brought to bear upon him. The pastor had often approached him, and had as often been repulsed. As a last resort, he had requested his able and skilful neighbor, a lawyer of piety and talents, to visit Mr. R——, and endeavor to convince him. But it was like attempting to reason with the tempest, or soothe the volcano.

SCENE II.—THE CHRISTIAN'S CLOSET.

There was a fire blazing upon the hearth in that little room. The wind was howling without, the snow was whirled in eddies, and was swept with violence against the casement. It was a cold night in January. In that secret and retired chamber, where none but God could hear, was poured out a voice from a burdened soul. The aged Christian was upon his knees. His bosom heaved with emotion. His soul was in agony. That voice of prayer was continued at intervals through the livelong night. In that room was a wrestling like that of Jacob. There was a prevailing like that of Israel. It was a pleading with the Most High for an unwonted display of his power and grace, with the confidence that nothing was too hard for the Almighty. It was a night of prayer, of entreaty, of importunity. It was prayer, as a man would pray for the life of a friend, who was on the eve of execution.

SCENE III.—THE PRAYER-MEETING.

The meeting was still and solemn as eternity. The house was crowded to its utmost capacity. It was a cheerful evening, and the astrals threw their mellow light over the dense assembly. Now the song of praise resounds from all parts of the room, and there is a heart in the utterance which belongs not to other times. Now the voice of one and another ascends in prayer, and such prayer is seldom heard except in the time of genuine revivals of religion. The silent tear steals down many a cheek. The almost inaudible sigh escapes from many a bosom. An intense interest rests on every countenance, and the voice of prayer is the voice of all. One after another arises, and tells the listening company what "the Lord has done for his soul." There stands Mr. R——, once the infidel—now the humble believer in Jesus. He is clothed in a new spirit. His face shines as did the face of Moses when he had seen God face to face. He is a new creature in Christ Jesus.

"I stand," said Mr. R——, "to tell you the story of my conversion." His lips trembled slightly as he spoke, and his bosom heaved with suppressed emotion. "I am as a brand plucked out of the burning. The change in me is an astonishment to myself; and all brought about by the grace of God, and that *unanswerable argument*. It

was a cold morning in January, and I had just begun my labor at the anvil in my shop, when I looked out and saw Mr. B—— approaching. He dismounted quickly, and entered. As he drew near, I saw he was agitated. His look was full of earnestness. His eyes were bedimmed with tears. He took me by the hand. His breast heaved with emotion, and with indescribable tenderness he said, ‘Mr. R——, I am greatly concerned for your salvation—greatly concerned for your salvation,’ and he burst into tears. He stood with my hand grasped in his. He struggled to regain self-possession. He often essayed to speak, but not a word could he utter; and finding that he could say no more, he turned, went out of the shop, got on his horse, and rode slowly away.

“‘Greatly concerned for my salvation,’ said I, audibly, and I stood and forgot to bring my hammer down. There I stood with it upraised—‘*greatly concerned for my salvation.*’ Here is a new argument for the truth of religion, which I have never heard before, and which I know not how to answer. Had the aged man reasoned with me, I could have confounded him; but here is no threadbare argument for the truth of religion. Religion must be true, or this man would not feel as he does. ‘Greatly concerned for my salvation;’ it rung through my ears like a thunder-clap in a clear sky. Greatly concerned I ought to be for my own salvation, said I—what shall I do?

“I went to my house. My poor pious wife, whom I had always ridiculed for her religion, exclaimed, ‘Why, Mr. R——, what is the matter with you?’ ‘Matter enough,’ said I, filled with agony and overwhelmed with a sense of sin. ‘Old Mr. B—— has rode two miles this cold morning to tell me he was greatly concerned for my salvation. What shall I do; what shall I do?’

“‘I do not know what you can do,’ said my astonished wife; ‘I do not know what better you can do, than to get on your horse and go and see him. He can give you better counsel than I, and tell you what you must do to be saved.’

“I mounted my horse, and pursued after him. I found him alone in that same little room, where he had spent the night in prayer for my poor soul, where he had shed many tears over such a reprobate as I, and had besought God to have mercy upon me.

“‘I am come,’ said I to him, ‘to tell you that I am greatly concerned for my own salvation.’

“‘Praised be God,’ said the aged man. ‘It is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners, even the chief,’ and he began at that same Scripture, and preached to me Jesus. On that same floor we knelt, and together we prayed—and we did not separate that day till God spoke peace to my soul.

“I have often been requested to look at the evidence of the truth of religion, but, blessed be God, I have evidence for its truth *here*,” laying his hand upon his heart, “which nothing can gainsay or resist. I have often been led to look at this and that argument for the truth of Christianity; but I could overturn, and, as I thought, completely demolish and annihilate them all. But I stand here to-night, thankful to acknowledge that God sent *an argument* to my conscience and heart, which could not be answered or resisted, when a weeping Christian came to tell me how greatly concerned he was for my salvation. God taught him that *argument*, when he spent the night before him in prayer for my soul. Now I can truly say, I am a happy man. My peace flows like a river. My consistent, uncomplaining wife, who so long bore with my impiety and unbelief, now rejoices with me, that, by the grace of God, I am what I am—that whereas I was blind, now I see. And here permit me to say, if you would wish to reach the heart of such a poor sinner as I, you must get your qualifications where he did, in your closet, and on your knees. So it shall be with me. I will endeavor to reach the hearts of my infidel friends through the closet and by prayer.”

He sat down overcome with emotion, amid the tears and the suppressed sobs of the assembly. All were touched; for all knew what he once was, all saw what he had now become.

“Time, on his noiseless wing, pursues his rapid flight.” Years have gone by, and the faithful old man has been numbered with the dead. But the converted infidel still lives, an earnest, honest, faithful, humble Christian.

DANIEL MURRAY,

LATE LIEUTENANT IN THE AMERICAN NAVY.

FROM A LETTER OF THE HON. FRANCIS S. KEY, UNITED STATES
ATTORNEY OF THE DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.

WHEN I arrived at the residence of our late friend, Mr. Daniel Murray, I found him apparently dying. He had arranged all his affairs, talked in the most cheerful, consoling manner to his family and friends, and sent messages of affectionate regard to those who were absent. He received me with great animation, and a smile that showed he was filled with "all joy and peace." He expressed his thankfulness at my visit, spoke of his many and great comforts, the perfect peace and happiness he felt, and the sure hope which enabled him to welcome death, that he might be with his Saviour. He declared that it was to him alone he looked with this confident hope; that he was himself unworthy, and trusted entirely to the merits of his Redeemer. Hours were passed in conversations like these.

Though weak, he seemed to gather strength from the exercise of holy thoughts and affections. "Psalms, and hymns, and spiritual songs," and passages of Scripture, were continually, by his desire, read and repeated to him; and his countenance, lighted up by the emotions they awakened, showed the fulness of joy which his lips labored to express. He wished all his domestics and laborers, and his neighbors and acquaintances to be present, each of whom was called to receive an affectionate farewell, with kind and solemn words of suitable admonition and encouragement.

These exertions, he said, did not weary or distress him, and he wished, in the short time he had left, to say and do every thing in his power that might be useful. At one time he requested, in our prayers with him, that we should use the prayers for the dying, after one of which he told me he had hoped that he should have departed while we were using that prayer. He requested some of the psalms and

hymns from the prayer-book to be read to him. These all seemed to give him the greatest delight, but he was particularly excited by the one beginning, "How firm a foundation," etc.

At one time some apparent revival gave hopes of his restoration to others, but not to himself. He spoke of his death as near and certain; and though willing to submit to a recovery, it was manifest that he neither expected nor desired it. He was right in his opinion—these hopes disappeared. His strength declined very gradually, till these interesting communications with him could no longer be continued; but the peace and joy of his soul, when they ceased to be uttered by his lips, were still radiant in his countenance to the last. A few minutes before he expired he was told his departure was near, and asked if he still felt the hopes and happiness he had expressed. He expressed his assent by a smile and the pressure of his hand; and soon these, and all other indications of life, gently and almost imperceptibly disappeared.

And now permit me to say something of him who thus died. Upwards of thirty years ago he made profession of religion. From that time to his death, during a retired and domestic life, he was known as a warm, consistent Christian. All this you know. But I knew him long before this. At eight or nine years of age, he being a year older, we became intimate, and were brought up together almost in the same family. We continued thus until he entered the navy, I think in the year 1798; and ever since we have been much together, and always on terms of the closest friendship.

From my earliest recollections of him, his character and conduct were so remarkable, that he seemed to me without a fault. No temptations ever seemed to surprise him. No allurements or persuasions led him from his course. I remember well how strong his influence was over me, and how it was always used for my good. But I ascribed to natural causes altogether the peculiarity and excellence of his character, and did not see how religion could change him, who seemed already as perfect as a human being could be. This was not only my thought; all who knew him well thus estimated him.

I remember being present at a conversation on the sub-

ject of religion between the late John Randolph and Commodore Decatur, who had known Mr. Murray while in the navy. The latter was expressing his difficulties about the universal sinfulness of man's nature. It surprised him that the very best people in the world should always speak of themselves as sinners. He mentioned his own mother as an instance; and then turning to me, said, "There, too, is our friend Murray; you know what a man he is: who ever saw any thing wrong in him? Is it not absurd to think of such a man as a sinner? And yet he accounts himself such." I shall never forget Mr. Randolph's reply to this. He rose from his sofa, walked towards Decatur, stood before him, and in his emphatic manner said to this effect: "I well know how dark and unintelligible this subject appears to you, and why it is so. But I trust a time will come when you will know and feel it to be all true—true of all, true of yourself; when you will be self-arraigned and self-condemned; found guilty of sin—not of the sin of cowardice, falsehood, or any mean and dishonorable act, but at least of this, that you have had conferred upon you great and innumerable favors, and have requited your Benefactor with ingratitude. This will be guilt enough to humble you, and you will feel and own that you are a sinner."

The difficulties, however, that I had felt from this appreciation of his early character, were all cleared up at the death-bed of my friend. On my first seeing him he said, "You witness my most comfortable and happy state. I cannot describe it to you. Now, I owe it all to you, though I never told you, and you never knew it." Shortly after this, when we were alone, he called to me and said, "Now I will tell you what I never told you or any one. When we first met, and you were a little boy, your good mother had taught you a hymn, which you used to repeat aloud every night on getting into bed. That hymn made a remarkable and deep impression on me, which was never effaced. Without your knowing it, I got it by heart from hearing you repeat it; and from that time to this, I have never gone to my rest at night without repeating to myself that hymn and praying. This had a most salutary effect upon me all my life. When at sea, I never, under any circumstances, omitted it; and under the influence produced by it, I remember that when I was once for a short time in command of a small

brig we had captured from the French in the Mediterranean, one of the first orders I gave was for the regular meeting of all hands for reading and prayer, which was well received, and had a good effect." He then repeated it to me, and I took a pencil and wrote it down. I had forgotten every word of it.

Here then I saw the true source of all that had so charmed and surprised me in his life. What I had attributed to the impulse of a gentle and noble nature, were the "fruits of the Spirit," and the excellence that shone forth in his conduct and character was "the beauty of holiness." This he acknowledged with all thankfulness, and with the deepest humility; speaking of it as an infinite and undeserved mercy, which he had not improved as he ought. It now seems strange to me that I had never discovered this; but I was walking in darkness, and therefore perceived not the light by which he was directed.

Surely God has here shown us some of the doings of his wonder-working hand. A pious mother teaches her child a hymn. It makes no impression upon his heart, and is soon effaced from his memory. But its work is done, and its fruits appear in the heart and life of another.

Shall she complain that the seed has been blown away from the soil over which she so carefully cast it, to take root in another? No. "As the heavens are higher than the earth, so are God's ways higher than our ways, and his thoughts than our thoughts." "Who will say unto him, what doest thou?" That seed, thus blown away, produced its rich fruits, and they were then brought back to the spot which her prayers had desired they should bless. Her wayward child had forgotten her instructions, but they had made for him a friend, whose influence, and counsel, and example restrained and strengthened him in the dangerous paths of youth, whose life had taught him how to live, and whose death hath now taught him how to die.

Well may he bless God, for this "his servant departed this life in faith and fear;" and ask "his grace so to follow his good example, that with him he may be a partaker of the heavenly kingdom."

THE

SLUMBERER AROUSED.

THOSE who have read the Pilgrim's Progress by Bunyan—and who has not?—will remember that the pilgrim, finding a pleasant arbor by the way-side, entered it and fell asleep. They will remember also, that when thus locked in slumber, there came one and touched him, and awoke him, and said unto him, "Go to the ant, thou sluggard; consider her ways, and be wise."

Permit me to ask the reader who may be a professed disciple of the Lord Jesus, if he is not in the condition of the pilgrim, when thus reclining asleep in the arbor? Your frame of spirit—is it not a drowsy frame? To inspired truth, are not your ears heavy? Your prayers—are they not cold and formal? And the precious interests of your own and others' souls, are you not strangely and criminally neglecting? I would then touch you, and exhort you, for various reasons, to awake and bestir yourself to the things of religion.

1. *Because you have been sleeping long enough.* There was a season when you were "a child of wrath, even as others," an alien and outcast from the special family of God. That was a protracted season, commencing with your moral being, and continuing till your conversion. What was your condition throughout this period? Were you "awake unto righteousness"—making your salvation sure? Were you not rather asleep, nay, *dead*, "dead in trespasses and sins?" Throughout this entire period, were not your earthly propensities and passions acquiring new vigor, while your spiritual senses, inlets of spiritual knowledge, were absolutely closed? And was it not this fact—that you had been living so unworthy a rational immortal being, next to the thought that you had been abusing so good and glorious a

God—which, when you was first awakened under the strivings of the Spirit, made you wrap your face in the mantle of humiliation, and lay your mouth in the dust? The bloom of life, the freshness of being, lost, worse than lost.

At your conversion, however, condemning your past stupidity and slothfulness, you resolved to be earnest and diligent in the service of the Lord; and for a time you kept this resolution—"you did run well." But at length you began to decline, your speed abated, your zeal cooled; and are you not forced, on looking back upon life, to confess, that your eyes have been indeed shut, and your talents buried? Most of your existence "run to waste." Is it not so? Have not hours and opportunities, precious, inestimably precious, irrecoverably gone? Have not moral energies been squandered—"life's great end" lost sight of; and shall not "the time past of your life suffice to have wrought the will of the flesh"—negligent of what is spiritual and ennobling? Have you not been sleeping long enough?

2. You should arouse, because *to sleep at all is a violation of your covenant engagements.* That was a solemn occasion when, in the presence of God and men, you consecrated yourself to him as his. You by that act not only avouched him to be your God, in contradistinction from those who are "willing captives of the prince of the power of the air," but you promised also to turn your back upon the world, and engage heartily and actively in his service. What has become of that open acknowledgment, and sacred, unreserved consecration? It is registered on high.

But how has your subsequent life comported with it? Can you answer that inquiry without confusion? Have those who have seen you since, who have been about your path and compassed your doings, learned from what they witnessed in your daily deportment, that you had taken so interesting and momentous a step? Would they not rather be surprised, if ignorant, to learn that such was the fact; and learning it, might they not justly charge you with being recreant to your principles? Such a charge does Jehovah bring. He charges you with sleeping, not only when you should have been awake, but when you *promised* to be awake; sleeping month after month, when you had solemnly promised to "give no sleep to your eyes, nor slumber to your eyelids," in watching against sin, and struggling against its

power. Surely, then, you should arouse, when *a covenant oath* demands it.

3. Consider, as another motive, *the great importance of the work you have to do*. It is too vast, too momentous a work to admit of indolence. It is, emphatically, a mighty work—a work indispensable to safety here, or comfort beyond the grave. When Nehemiah was “building up the wall of Jerusalem, setting up the doors thereof, the locks thereof, and the bars thereof,” and messengers were sent to him to meet Sanballat and Geshem in the plain of Ono, his reply was, “I am doing a *great work*, so that I cannot come down; why should the work cease, whilst I leave it, and come down to you?” A very proper reply. It was a great work in *his* opinion, as indeed it *was*, and to leave it for the society of those who “thought to do him mischief,” would be the height of folly.

But what was *that* work, when placed in comparison with yours? Its magnitude dwindles to a point, a speck, a fraction of a fraction. You have not indeed a material temple to erect, but you have a temple of the Holy Ghost to watch and purify, Christian graces to strengthen, principalities and powers to fight against, inordinate lusts to subdue, a Saviour to honor, and a Zion to enlarge. Verily a great work; a work sufficient in itself alone to task the energies of Gabriel. And with such a work upon your hands, shall you continue to sleep? Embarked in an enterprise connected with immortal souls and a boundless eternity, to be drowsy is to be infatuated. This language is not unmeaning, it is not hyperbole, it is “truth and soberness.” Are not imperishable interests, future years, a judgment, the character of a long forever, depending on present diligence? Awake then, thou that sleepest, for urgent is the business which you have to do. It is matter of the first and last concern, and brooks no delay.

4. And then, too, *how short is the season in which this important work is to be performed*. “The time is short.” We live in a dying world. Multitudes are constantly pouring into that “house appointed for all the living,” and “every one shall draw after him, as there are innumerable before him.” Every *thirty* years as many are deposited *in* the ground as are now upon its surface. The numbers living and acting upon the earth at this moment, large as those

numbers are, are yet "but a handful to the tribes that slumber in its bosom." "This globe is one mighty sepulchre." The dust we now tread upon may once have been animated dust; and soon, ah, soon these tabernacles will fall and moulder, and become like what is beneath our feet.

"The time is short." Where are most of the playmates of your youth? Where many of your friends? Gone. Your Christian brethren, too; almost every month bears some of them away, through the gate of eternity, to their account. You attend their funerals—yours will soon be attended. You follow them to their long home—others will soon follow you. You find their names on the register of death—yours will soon swell that dark catalogue. The sun shines upon their graves, but they feel it not. The wild flower blooms there, but they inhale not its fragrance. The sighing wind sweeps over them, but they hear not its melancholy tones. Ere long this will be the case with you, and you know not how quickly. The charnel-house is "without any order." You must be placed in it soon. You may be placed in it next.

It ill, then, becometh such a one to sleep. It much becometh him to awake. Watch—watch for thine own and others' souls. Bestir thyself. "Whatever thy hand findeth to do," by which a sanctifying influence may be exerted upon the world, "do it with thy might." There is much to be done, and what is not done immediately, will not be done at all. There is no coming back to this world to perform what is left unfinished; neither, beyond the tomb, will there "be found any space for repentance, though it be sought carefully with tears."

5. Another motive to spiritual activity may be derived from the fact, that *the end of all your toil, the Christian's rest, is so near*. Nor is this a feeble motive. Does the traveller slacken his pace when, on rising a hill after long absence from his house, he sees the spot of his abode, the seat of his affections, smiling in the distance? Does the home-bound passenger sleep when the blue hills of his native land loom up in the horizon? And shall the Christian slumber on when a crown of glory which never dims, and a palm of victory which never withers, appear through the open gates which he is constantly nearing? Let it not be. Gratitude, reason cries, Let it not be.

If, professing Christian, you are what you profess to be, a genuine disciple of the Lord Jesus, you will soon arrive where trouble is unknown and toil a stranger. The saints who have gone before you, and to whom your heart is knit in bonds of love, came out of much activity, fatigue, and labor, to their reward. Shall you, then, sleep? Shall not rather this vast cloud of witnesses cheer you, and the beauties of holiness charm you, and a glorious immortality, full in view, cause you to press forward in the path of duty, with a spirit that never tires?

6. Connected, however, with this motive, is another, that *every added moment of spiritual sloth is a moment of increased danger*. True indeed it is, that if you are a Christian, the Saviour is preparing for you a mansion in the skies, and will ere long introduce you into it; and this fact should fan your ardor. But *as true is it*, that you have no good evidence of your gracious state but your engagedness in your Master's service; and if you are not thus engaged, every successive moment of moral lethargy witnesses against you. "*By their fruits,*" says Christ, "shall ye know them." "If ye love me, keep my commandments;" and one of those commandments is, "*Be always abounding in the work of the Lord.*" To postpone, therefore, duty, is to practice self-deception, and lure ourselves to ruin. There is much in this calculated to arouse and alarm.

Every professed Christian away from God, knows that he is not where he ought to be—knows that his feelings and conduct ought to be changed, and intends to change them. But still he thinks he is a real Christian, though a drowsy, unworthy, and lukewarm one. Here may be his error. He *thinks* that he is a Christian. But where is the evidence of his discipleship? In the *past*, if anywhere; for he admits that such evidence is not in him or about him *now*. But he may *die* now. *Present* evidence, then, is indispensable. And the idea that, pursuing his present course, he is to obtain other and better evidence by and by, is delusive. It is hard for a backslidden, alienated soul to come back, and there is no evidence till it *does* come back. Temptations lure the heart from God, transgression becomes easier, conscience is muffled or silenced, and sinful passions indulged wither its sensibilities. The offender, in such a state, knows not what he is; he readily flatters himself that he is what

he is not ; he may not be a genuine disciple ; the probability rather is, that he *is mistaken* with respect to his true character ; and thus the voice of mercy becomes feebler and feebler, and the tones of wrath sound louder and louder. Let then such a one awake. It is time for him to awake, and tremble, and lose confidence in himself ; for the progress of evil is rapid, and its end is destruction.

7. Be admonished likewise to awake, from *the intimate connection between your activity and the prosperity of Zion*. It is the settled economy of God's dealings, to bless the impenitent through the instrumentality of awakened Christians. When Christians sleep, sinners sleep. When Christians awake, sinners awake—a revival of the work of God commences, and shoutings of grace are heard. Under the Christian dispensation, the Holy Spirit bears in some respects the same relation to the church as the Messiah bore to it under the former dispensation. As God's ancient covenant people had their attention constantly turned to the coming Messiah, so should the expectation and petitions of Christians centre upon the Holy Spirit. And as just before the Messiah came, John the Baptist was sent to prepare the way for him in the hearts and changed deportment of the Jewish people ; so, before the Spirit comes with regenerating power, his way must be prepared in the hearts of the church. They must remove the stumbling-blocks before his chariot, "cast up the highway, gather out the stones, and lift up a standard for the people." They must heal their backslidings, renew their covenant vows, and maintain circumspection and spirituality of mind. This *they* must do, or they cannot expect that the Holy Spirit will come to make glad their souls in the conversion of their thoughtless friends—rather will they be left to die, die the second death, and Zion be left to blight, and barrenness, and desolation.

Every day, as it rolls on, exhibits more and more clearly the indissoluble connection between the lives of professing Christians and the destiny of sinners. It is a connection which God has established for quickening his church ; and did the church realize the awful, crushing responsibility which such a fact imposes, they must, they would be quickened. Slumbering, nominal professors had better be out of the church. They stand like so many non-conductors between God's word as it sounds out from the Bible, and the

hearts of sinners. The Bible says one thing, and their conduct says another, and thus the power of truth is neutralized by an opposing power, and the sinner, not knowing which to believe, continues unbelieving, and perishes.

What numbers are thus perishing all over the land. There are so many slumbering Christians, so much nominal Christianity, such a mass of non-conductors between the pulpits and unregenerated souls, that the truth does not pass through. The lightnings of eloquence, the lightnings of inspiration even, are attracted off, and fall powerless. The prosperity of Zion depends not upon your pastor only. He must indeed be awake, but you must awake also, or his efforts will be in vain. You must cooperate with him. Not simply by going to the sanctuary on the Sabbath and sitting there, but by fervently praying before you go, for him, and for sinners, and for yourself, and by showing during the week that you are "alive unto God," by personal, practical piety. "Then shall the heathen know that I am the Lord;" when?—"when I shall be sanctified in you before their eyes."

8. Once more, be admonished to awake, because *all else are awake*. The universe is filled with worlds driving rapidly in their orbits—our planet is hurrying along in its daily and annual course—the air is filled with myriads of busy beings—the mountain stream rolls down from the hills, and the rivers sweep onward to the sea. All is life and motion. Sufficient proof that man was not made to be idle. Nor is he idle but in the most important interests—his immortal concerns. Nor here is he idle; but he is worse than idle: he is active, but his activity is perverted. He is "wise to do evil, but to do good he has no knowledge." Hence, it becomes those whose principles are correct, to be equally active in counteracting bad influences, and in doing good.

You should awake, for the ungodly are awake, rushing into forbidden paths, abusing Jehovah who made them, Christ who died for them, and the Spirit who would convert them—they are awake, "scattering firebrands, arrows, and death," and hurrying to the judgment. You should awake, for Satan is awake, employing all his energies to sap the foundations of virtue, and perpetuate the reign of sin—awake, in endeavoring to lull Christians to sleep, that unmolested he may "go about seeking whom he may devour."

You should awake, for the Almighty is awake, protecting his church, and rolling forward his purposes. Angels are awake, looking into the mysteries of redemption. "The spirits of just men made perfect" are awake, striking their golden harps and "singing the song of Moses and the Lamb." You should awake, for hell is awake; hell is moved from beneath to receive its wretched victims. The grave is awake—the ravenous, insatiable grave, crying, "Give, give;" and damnation is awake, for "their damnation slumbereth not."

And will you sleep amidst scenes like these? Shall you alone, of all God's creatures, fold your arms in stupid insensibility? *Now*, because you have been sleeping long enough; because of your solemn covenant engagements; because of the great importance of the work you have to do; because of the shortness of the season in which this work must be done; because of the nearness of your salvation; because of your imminent danger; because, too, of the intimate connection between your activity and the prosperity of Zion; and because all besides you are alive and active: by all these considerations, I ask you now—now, before "the door is shut," and yourself "given over to a reprobate mind," I entreat you, I beseech you, awake out of sleep.

My drowsy powers, why sleep ye so?
 Awake, my sluggish soul!
 Nothing has half thy work to do,
 Yet nothing 's half so dull.

We, for whom God the Son came down,
 And labor'd for our good,
 Are careless to secure that crown
 He purchas'd with his blood!

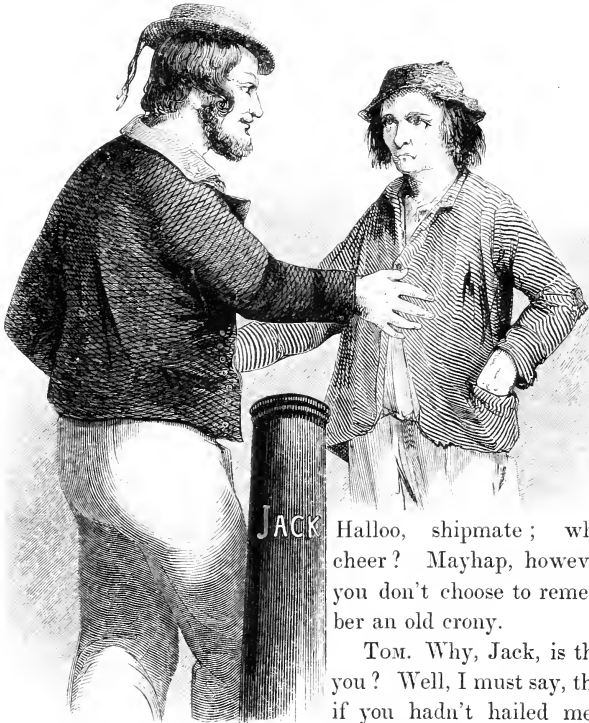
Lord, shall we lie so sluggish still,
 And never act our parts!
 Come, holy Dove, from th' heav'nly hill,
 And sit and warm our hearts.

TOM STARBOARD

AND

JACK HALYARD.

A NAUTICAL TEMPERANCE DIALOGUE.



JACK Halloo, shipmate ; what cheer ? Mayhap, however, you don't choose to remember an old crony.

TOM. Why, Jack, is that you ? Well, I must say, that if you hadn't hailed me I should have sailed by without knowing you. How you're altered ! Who would have supposed that this weather-beaten hulk was my old messmate Jack Halyard, with

whom I've soaked many a hard biscuit, and weathered many a tough gale on old Ocean? and then you used to be as trim in your rigging as the Alert herself; but now it's as full of ends as the old Wilmington brig that we used to crack so many jokes about at Barbadoes. Give me another grip, my hearty, and tell me how you come on.

JACK. Bad enough, Tom—bad enough. I'm very glad, however, to overhaul you again, and to find you so merry, and looking so fat and hearty. The world must have gone well with you, Tom.

TOM. You may well say that, Jack, and no mistake. The world has gone well with me. My appetite is good, my sleep sound; and I always take care to have a shot in the locker, and let alone a snug little sum in the seamen's savings-bank, that I've stowed away for squally times, or when I get old, so as to be independent of hospitals and retreats, and all that sort of thing. And what's more to the purpose, Jack, I try to have a clean conscience—the most comfortable of all; don't you think so?

JACK. Why yes, Tom, I do think that a clean conscience must be a very comfortable thing for a man to have. But I can't brag much of mine now-a-days; it gives me a deal of trouble sometimes.

TOM. Ah, that's bad, Jack—very bad. But come, let me hear something about you since we parted, some four years or so ago. Where have you last been, in what craft, etc.? Give me a long yarn: you used to be a famous hand at spinning long yarns, you know, Jack. Don't you remember how angry old copper-nosed Grimes used to get when the larboard watch turned in, and, instead of sleeping, we made you go ahead with the story you were on, which made him wish us all at Davy Jones' locker? Ha, ha, ha.

JACK. O yes, Tom, I remember it all very well ; but—

TOM. And then, don't you recollect how we used to skylark in the lee scuppers with those jolly fellows, Buntline and Reef tackle, until the Luff had to hail, and send a Middy with his *compliments* to the *gentlemen* of the larboard watch, and to say, that if *quite agreeable to them*, less noise would be desirable ? I say, Jack, you seem to have forgotten all these funny times in the Alert. Cheer up, man ; don't be downhearted. Give me your flipper again ; and if you are really in trouble, you may be sure, that as long as your old messmate Tom Starboard has a shot in the locker, or a drop of blood in his veins, he'll stand by Jack Halyard—aye, aye, to the last.

JACK. Thank you, Tom—thank you. You were always an honest fellow, and meant what you said ; so let us steer for the sign of “The Jolly Tar,” round the corner, and over a bowl of hot flip we'll talk over old times, and—

TOM. Avast there, Jack—avast, my hearty. None of your hot flip, or cold flip, or any other kind of flip for me. “The burnt child dreads the fire,” as the old proverb says ; and I am the child that was once pretty well scorched : but now I give it a wide berth. If you will come with me to my quiet boarding-house, “THE SAILOR'S HOME,” I will be very glad to crack a joke with you ; but you won't catch me in any such place as “The Jolly Tar,” I can tell you. I mind what the old Philadelphia Quaker said to his son, who, as he was once coming out of a house of ill-fame, spied old Broadbrim heaving in sight, and immediately wore ship. The old chap, however, who always kept his weather-eye open, had had a squint of young graceless, and so up helm and hard after he cracked, and following him in, hailed him with, “Ah, Obadiah, Obadiah, thee should never be ashamed

of *coming out*—thee should always be ashamed of *going in*.” No, no, Jack, I side with friend Broadbrim : I won’t enter such places.

JACK. Well, I don’t know, Tom, but that you are about half right. I think, myself, that “The Jolly Tar” is not what it’s cracked up to be. I am sure that neither the landlord nor the landlady look half as kindly on me as they did when I first came in, with plenty of money in my pocket. Indeed, they have been pretty rough within the last few days, and tell me that I must ship, as they want my advance towards the score run up, of the most of which I am sure I know nothing ; but it’s always the way.

TOM. Yes, Jack, it’s always the way with such folks. The poor tar is welcomed and made much of as long as his pockets are well lined ; but let them begin to lighten, and then the smiles begin to slacken off ; and when the rhino is all gone, poor Jack, who was held up as such a great man, is frowned upon, and at last kicked out of doors : or if, mayhap, they have let him run up a score, he is hastily shipped off, perhaps half naked, and the advance is grabbed by the hard-hearted landlord, who made poor Jack worse than a brute with his maddening poison. Oh, Jack, how my heart has bled at witnessing the cruel impositions practised upon our poor brother sailors by these harpies. But come, I want to hear all about my old messmate. If I am not greatly out of my reckoning, grog is at the bottom of all your troubles, and long faces, and sighs, and groans. Cheer up, Jack, and unbosom yourself to your old friend and pitcher.

JACK. Well, Tom, as I know you to be a sincere fellow, I will unbosom myself. You were never nearer your right latitude than when you said that grog was at the bottom of my troubles. Yes, grog has pretty nearly used up

poor Jack Halyard. A few years ago I was a light-hearted, happy fellow, and only drank because others did—not that I liked the taste particularly in those days, but I did it for good-fellowship, as it was called; and moreover, I did not like to seem odd; and when I shipped on board the man-of-war, where it was served out to us twice a day, I soon became fond of it. And you know we both used to long for the sun to get above the fore-yard, and for the afternoon middle watch, that we might splice the main-brace. Sure I am that it was *there* I first took a liking to the stuff; and O, Tom, don't you think the government will have much to answer for, in putting temptation in the way of us poor sailors? Instead of being our protector, it is our seducer. Our blood will stick in its skirts.

TOM. Yes, Jack, I think that Uncle Sam has a great deal to answer for on that tack; and I can say, too, that the love of rum that I acquired in the government service had pretty nearly fixed my flint, both for this world and the next. But still, Jack, it wou'd do for seamen to drink grog because the government supplies it, and think to excuse themselves by blaming it. No, no; that is a poor excuse. Men who brave the dangers of the mighty deep, as our class do, and face death in every form with unshrinking courage, ought to be able to resist such a temptation. It will be a poor reason to hand in to the Almighty when the angel summons all hands before his dread tribunal, in palliation of our drunkenness and the sins committed by us when under the influence of liquor, that the government, instead of comforting us, and fortifying us against heat and cold, etc., with coffee, and tea, and other wholesome small stores, poisoned our bodies and souls with vile rum. No, indeed, Jack, that will avail us naught in that awful day; and it will be

poor consolation *in the drunkard's hell*, to blame the government. But go on.

JACK. Well, when the Alert's cruise was up, and we were paid off, about a dozen of us went to lodge with old Peter Hardheart, at the sign of the Foul Anchor; and as we had plenty of money, we thought we would have a regular blow-out. So Peter got a fiddler and some other unmentionable requisites for a jig, and we had a set-to in firstrate style. Why, our great frolic at Santa Martha, when Paddy Chips, the Irish carpenter, danced away his watch, and jacket, and tarpaulin, and nearly all his toggery, you know, and next morning came scudding along the beach towards the Alert, as she lay moored near shore, and crept on board on all-fours, like a half-drowned monkey, along the best bower, wouldn't have made a nose to it. Well, next morning I had a pretty smart touch of the horrors, and felt rather muddy about the head; but old Peter soon set us agoing again, and we kept it up for three days and three nights, carriage-riding, and dancing, and drinking, and theatre-going, etc.; and we thought the world was too little for us: when all at once old Hardheart took a round turn on us with, "I'll tell you what it is, you drunken swabs, I'll not have such goings-on in my house—my house is a decent house—you must all ship; yes, ship's the word. I must have the advance—you're more than a month's wages apiece in my debt." Tom, I was sober in an instant. My conscience smote me. In three days I had squandered the wages of a three years' cruise, and had not a dollar left to take to my poor old mother in the country, whom I had intended to go to see after the frolic was over, and give all my money to. O Tom, what a poor, pitiful, sneaking wretch I felt that I was. The two letters that I had re-

ceived from her during my absence—so kind, so affectionate, and so full of fervent prayers to God that her poor boy might be preserved from the temptations that beset the sailor, and be brought safely back to her widowed arms—rushed to my remembrance, and overwhelmed me with grief; and I—I, who ought to have denied myself even innocent gratification until I had ministered to her wants, had forgotten the best of mothers, and had spent all of my hard earnings with the vilest of the vile.

TOM. Poor Jack, my heart bleeds for you; but cheer up, and go on.

JACK. Well, to shorten a long story, I was the next day bundled, when about three sheets in the wind, on board a merchantman, with an empty chest, although it was winter, old Hardheart nabbing the whole of my advance; and for two or three days, Tom, I suffered awfully from the horrors. I thought I was already in the hell to which the wicked who don't repent must go. Awake, asleep, at the helm, on the yard, in the storm, in the calm, everywhere I was haunted with the remembrance of my ingratitude to my poor dear mother—to her who had watched over me in helpless infancy and childhood; who had prayed over and for me so much; who had pinched herself to give me a snug outfit when I first went to sea; and who I knew had strained her poor old eyes in watching for the loved form of her Jack—for the papers must have apprised her of the arrival of the Alert two days after we got in. But, dear old woman, she watched in vain; Jack had forgotten his best friend; he had herded with beasts, and had become a beast himself. O Tom, what a miserable wretch I was. I sometimes tried to read in the Bible that she had given me, but it seemed as if every verse was a fiery scorpion stinging me

for my crimes and ingratitude. As the ship in which I was, sailed under the temperance clause, I could get no liquor on board, and I determined to shun the accursed thing ever after ; to turn over a new leaf in my log-book of life ; to save my money ; and to become a steady, sober lad, so that I might after a while be made a mate, and then a master, and have a shot in the locker for my dear old mother. These good resolutions lasted as long as I had no liquor ; but you will see that they vanished like smoke when I came ashore, on the return of the vessel. As the wind was light in the bay in coming up, we were boarded by several boats from sailor boarding-houses, and among the rest by old Hardheart. When I saw him I fairly gritted my teeth with rage, for I had not forgotten how he treated me before ; but he came up to me in so kind a manner, and inquired so affectionately after my health, and seemed to feel such a real interest in me, that I swallowed all his blarney and coaxing, and at last agreed to stop with him again for the night that I would be in the city, intending, the moment that we should be paid off next day, to steer straight for my old mother, if, mayhap, my cruelty had not broken her heart ; and moreover, determining not to drink a drop of liquor in his house.

TOM. Dear Jack, I trust that you were able to keep that resolution.

JACK. You shall hear, Tom. When we got to old Peter's, I found, as usual, a good many people in the house ; and the old woman and the girls were rejoiced to see me again, as they made out. The old woman at once proposed that we should celebrate my safe return in the big punch-bowl ; but Peter said, " No, Jack has turned cold-water man, and he can't drink ; but we'll drink for him." I observed that Peter sneered whilst he said this, and so did all

the rest, and it galled me a good deal. While the punch was brewing, some of the men whispered, "*White-liver*"—" *poor sneak*"—" *no sailor*;" and after the punch had passed round amongst them once or twice, I thought I would just take *one swig*, to show them that I was not the poor sneak they took me for, and no more. But, Tom, that one swig sealed my doom: THE DANGER'S ALWAYS IN THE FIRST GLASS. The men cheered, and said they knew I was a man, and a *real seaman*, by the cut of my jib, and that I was too good for the Temperance Society; and the girls cast sheep's-eyes at me, and said that I was just the chap to run away with a woman's heart, and that my eyes were not made for the good of my soul, and such-like foolish and wicked talk. My weak head could not stand the punch, nor my vain heart the flattery, and I was soon regularly used up. Instead of having a dollar to take home to my poor old mother, I found myself, in a few days, the second time penniless; was forced to ship again; got back; the same scenes were acted over; and here I am, the miserable wretch that you see me—light in purse, sick in body, and tormented in mind; the past a curse, the future despair.

TOM. Well, Jack, I must say, that your case is hard enough. But don't despair, my boy. Many a poor fellow who has hung to a plank in mid-ocean until he thought it was surely all over with him, has been picked up and saved. The same kind Providence who has watched over us, and preserved us in so many dangres, will not desert us. What we have to do is, to turn from every evil way, and humbly trusting in the merits of Christ our Saviour, look up to him for mercy, repent of all sin, and resolve, in his strength, to fear and obey him in future. And I trust, Jack, that all will yet be well with you; and I rejoice that I have where-

withal to give you a lift towards fitting you out, and heading you off towards your old mother.

JACK. A thousand thanks, Tom—a thousand thanks. “A friend in need is a friend indeed.” You have lightened my mind of a heavy cargo of care by your kind offer, made with the frankness of a sailor, and which I most gratefully accept. And now that I have finished my long and mournful yarn, it is your turn; and to tell the truth, Tom, I am exceedingly anxious to hear all about you. So heave ahead.

TOM. Well, Jack, here goes. You know when we left the *Alert* we had plenty of rhino in our pockets. So I intended to steer straight for my native village, in the state of Pennsylvania, where I had left my old father and a sweet, dear little sister, three years before, to cheer their hearts with a sight of their sailor-boy, and to make them comfortable with the cash. Unfortunately, as I passed through Philadelphia, I went with some wild fellows to the theatre—to so many the gateway to hell—and having grog enough aboard to make me pretty crank and foolish, I soon found myself in the third tier among the painted fire-ships; and as the proverb says, “When the wine is in, the wit is out,” so I was led as the simple one of Scripture, “like an ox to the slaughter.” Truly, Jack, “her house is the way to hell, going down to the chambers of death.” The consequences you may readily imagine. I was made to drink until I was quite insensible; was robbed of all my money, and then turned out of doors into the cold street. When I came to myself it was nearly sunrise, and I could not imagine how I had got there. My head swam, my bones ached, and I felt as if it was “blue Monday” with me. I staggered off, not knowing where I was or whither I went, for half an hour or more, when I sat down on a flight of steps, and fell

asleep. When I awoke, all the horrors of my situation rushed upon my mind ; and O, Jack, I felt the raging hell in my bosom that you did when Hardheart first shipped you off. How sunk and degraded in my own eyes. I determined, however, upon going home, as the distance was short—only fifteen miles—and a bitter journey it was, Jack. I thought on my madness and folly, and wondered, with the poor ignorant Indian, why people would put an enemy into their mouths to steal away their brains. Instead of going to meet my dear father and sweet little sister with a joyous face and a pocket full of money, with which to make their hearts sing for joy, I was returning, like the prodigal son, from feeding upon husks with swine—poor, and with a heavy heart and a gnawing conscience. O the hell, Jack, of a bad conscience. It is the beginning of the existence of the worm that never dies, and of the fire that is never quenched. It is a foretaste of that eternal hell prepared for those who persist in violating God's holy laws. Well, I reached home at last, and a sad home I found it. The sand of my dear father's glass was almost run out—the poor old man was about slipping his cable. But O, Jack, how happy he looked ; and so calm and resigned to the will of his heavenly Father, as he said—ready to set sail on the great voyage of eternity, or to stay and weather more of the rough gales of adversity in this life, just as God pleased. He held out his thin, white hand to me, and welcomed his boy, and thanked the Lord that he had given him a sight of me before his eyes were sealed in death. My poor sister hung weeping on my neck. But, Jack, bad as I then felt, I felt a thousand times worse when my dear old father beckoned me to him, and laying his hand on my head, prayed that God—his God, the Friend who had stood by him in every

gale and tempest of life, and proved true to him till the last—would bless his dear boy Thomas, and take him into his especial keeping, and lead him to the blessed Jesus ; and finally, when the voyage of life was over, that we all three might join the dear mother who had gone before us, at the right hand of the throne of God, to bless and praise his holy name for ever. He then put Susan's hand into mine, and blessed us both again, and said, "Thomas, I leave this dear, precious girl with you ; watch over her, cherish and protect her, and be to her both father and brother. May the great God bless you, my dear children, and make you his. I have but little time to say more, for the icy hand of death is on me ; my Saviour beckons, and I must away. Come, Lord Jesus." With these words the glorified spirit of my beloved father winged its flight to mansions in the skies—to that "rest prepared for the people of God;" and I was left with my weeping sister, almost stupefied with grief. Three days after, the clods of the valley covered the mortal remains of my honored parent, and then poor Sue and I felt that we were all in all to each other. I told her of all my troubles, and that I had robbed her by my vileness ; but the dear girl kissed me, and said, "Dear brother, do not mourn on my account ; I am young and healthy, and can easily support myself by my needle ; but mourn on your own account—mourn over your sins, and your ingratitude to the great Being who has upheld you and preserved you in so many dangers, known and unknown, on the mighty deep. And promise me, dear brother, that you will never touch another drop of liquor again ; it will be the first step towards reformation."

JACK. Poor dear girl. Of course, Tom, you promised ?

TOM. Aye, aye, Jack, I did promise ; and what's more, I kept my promise. But you must know how I was able to

do it. Before I left the village a great Temperance-meeting was held there, and several of the friends of the cause delivered addresses, in which they showed so clearly and conclusively the great evils resulting from the use of spirituous liquors, that nearly every body in the village signed the pledge of total abstinence—at least, all of the respectable part of the community, and even a good many sots who had been given up as incorrigible. O Jack, if you had heard the awful accounts they gave of broken-hearted wives and beggared children; of the widows and orphans made by rum; of the misery and degradation attendant upon it; of the crimes committed under its influence—robbery, murder, suicide—leading to the penitentiary, the gallows, and death, it would have made your blood freeze in your veins. And these accounts were all true, Jack, for many of the horrible scenes had taken place about the neighborhood.

JACK. I don't doubt it at all, Tom. And moreover, I believe that not one half of the misery caused by rum—no, not the thousandth part, is ever known by the public. Many an injured wife and suffering and ruined child have concealed the history of their woes from the eye and ear of the world, and buried their sorrows deep in their own bosoms.

TOM. True, Jack, or breathed them only to their God, whose ear is always open to the cry of the afflicted, and whose hand is always ready to aid them. Well, I signed the pledge, which I am sure has a great effect in restraining one when tempted to swerve; for what man of honorable feelings would wilfully violate his word and promise? and a few weeks after, having fixed my sister comfortably with a pious milliner, I went to Philadelphia, and there shipped with a temperance captain for a South American port. O Jack, what a blessed voyage that was to me. On the first

day out, all hands were called aft to the break of the quarter-deck, when the captain, who was a pious man, told us in a few words, that it was his practice to have "family worship" every morning and evening in the cabin, and he hoped that all his men would cheerfully unite with him. The captain was so kind in his manner, and appeared to be so sincere, and as he seemed, moreover, to regard us as human beings with immortal souls, and not as brute beasts, out of whose muscles and sinews he cared only to get plenty of work, we all willingly consented. So at sundown all hands were mustered in the cabin, except the man at the helm, as the weather was mild and the ship under easy sail; and the captain prayed fervently that God would give us a safe and pleasant passage, and bring us all to think of our souls. He then read a portion of Scripture, which he explained to us, and after singing a couple of hymns we were dismissed.

JACK. Ah, Tom, good captains make good crews, all the world over; and I'll warrant there was neither knocking down nor mutiny aboard of that vessel.

TOM. No, Jack; there was nothing but peace, and quietness, and good order; every man knew his place and did his duty; and the captain was like a father to us. He had a spare quadrant, which each of us used in turn in taking the daily observation, under his own eye; and he taught us how to work our reckoning; so that in the course of the voyage some of us got to know a good deal about navigation. And, Jack, I had good evidence of the value of religion also, particularly when we encountered the equinoctial gale in the southern tropic, and were near going down. Then it was, Jack, when we had lost our foretopmast, and our maintopsail and most of our other sails had been blown

into ribbons ; when the sea had carried away nearly all our bulwarks, and swept the decks clear of caboose, longboat, etc. ; and the pumps were constantly going—at one time to the tune of more than a thousand strokes an hour—to keep the vessel free ; and the axes were at hand, ready to cut away the masts when the worst should come—that our captain was calm and collected. He seemed to be patient and submissive to the will of God, as if he had been *born* a Christian ; and he gave many a kind word of encouragement to his men. What a difference there must have been between him and the vulgar, bullying man that Sam Bowsprit once sailed with, who was a wolf when there was no danger, and a sheep when there was ; but it is always so with your bullies, whether in the cabin or the fore-castle. To return to my story : in two or three days the gale spent its fury, and we reached our port in safety. One day while in port, in rummaging my chest, I discovered at the bottom a little package neatly tied up, which, upon opening, I found to contain two small books, called, “James’ Anxious Inquirer after Salvation,” and “Baxter’s Call to the Unconverted ;” with a few touching lines from my dear sister, earnestly beseeching me to look to my soul, and to read my Bible and these little books, and never to forget my God. Jack, this went to my heart like an arrow. It brought fresh to my mind the death-bed scene of my dear father, and I fell upon my knees, and, for the first time, *really* prayed to God. Yes, Jack, I then prayed indeed. I felt my ingratitude to God to some extent, and I began to see what a sinner I had been. I at once commenced reading my Bible and the little books, that I might learn more of my lost condition, and how to flee from the wrath to come. In the course of a day or two the captain observed that I was uneasy in my mind, and

called me to him to ask if he could do any thing to aid me. I frankly told him all my trouble, and he at once pointed me to "the Lamb of God, who takes away the sin of the world." He then gradually and clearly unfolded to me the great gospel plan of redemption; and kneeling down together, he prayed most fervently for me. After a few days of deep solicitude and constant prayer to Almighty God, he, in his infinite mercy, shed light upon my soul, and I felt that Christ had died for me—even me. O Jack, then it was that I first tasted true joy—that joy which the world cannot give, and which the world cannot take away; that peace of mind which passeth understanding. And with God's aid, I have ever since tried to walk close in the way prescribed by him; and I trust that my dear father's dying prayer will indeed be answered, and that we shall all meet in heaven.

JACK. Well, Tom, I congratulate you, for although I make no pretensions to religion myself, I sincerely respect it in others—that is, where it is genuine, as I am sure it is in your case; but I can't stand playing soldier in religion, Tom, as I have seen it done by some hypocrites.

TOM. So much the worse for them, Jack. But, my dear fellow, I advise you, as a friend, not to put off seeking religion another day. *This day* may be your last, Jack. Don't you remember the story of the rich man in Scripture, who said, "Soul, thou hast much goods laid up for many years; take thine ease, eat, drink, and be merry?" But God said unto him, "Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee." O Jack, don't put off this most important of all works to a dying bed, for you may not have one; you may be called into eternity at a moment's warning. You surely have not forgotten the awful death of swearing Joe Swifter, who was shaken off the yard into the boiling

sea in that terrible night off the Canaries, when we were all aloft close reefing the Alert's maintopsail? And, Jack, can you ever forget his cry of agony as we shot ahead in the gale, forced to leave him to perish? I am sure it will haunt *me* to my dying hour. Poor Joe, thou wert called with all thy sins upon thy head into the presence of an offended God.

JACK. Poor Joe. I remember it as if it had occurred but yesterday, Tom. It was an awful warning; and I don't think there were three oaths sworn on board the Alert for three days after. To tell the truth, Tom, I have had some queer feelings about death and the judgment, lately; and although I tried hard to drown them in grog, they would come up in spite of me. But I'll tell you more about it when we reach your lodgings, where we will be quiet and uninterrupted. You got safely back, I hope?

TOM. Yes, Jack, thanks to a kind Providence. I made two more voyages with the same captain; and I expect to go with him next trip as mate. I have been able to send my sister a snug little sum to keep her comfortable; and I have something handsome in the seamen's savings bank, as I told you before; together with a clear head and a happy heart; trusting in my God, and loving all who bear his image. Now, Jack, what do you think of temperance?

JACK. Think of it? Why, Tom, I always *thought* well of it, though I can't say that I have latterly *practised* it much; but I like it now better than ever. I have ruminated a good deal upon its evils, both at sea and ashore. Don't you think, Tom, that rum is at the bottom of nine out of ten of the floggings that take place in the navy?

TOM. Yes, indeed, Jack, am sure of it. And I think, moreover, that if it were discarded *entirely* from the government and merchant service, insubordination and floggings

would be of rare occurrence in the one, and trouble and mutiny in the other. And there would be fewer vessels and lives lost in the merchant-service, in the bargain.

JACK. I have often thought, Tom, what a degrading thing that flogging is. It sinks a man below the level of a brute, both in his own and the eyes of others. It seems to me that if I had ever been triced up at the gratings, and had a stroke of the cat, it would have completely crushed my spirit, if it had not broken my heart outright.

TOM. I think it would have had the same effect on me too, Jack. I am sure I could not have stood it.

JACK. And, Tom, to show more of the bad effects of liquor, I remember that I was once in Port-au-Prince, in the island of St. Domingo, during the sickly season, when a fearful mortality raged among the shipping, so that every vessel lost some of her men; most of them bringing on the yellow-fever by their intemperance. There were three ships that were left without a man; all were swept off, from the captain to the cook.

TOM. Awful, Jack, awful. I have also seen many a stout and noble-hearted tar, in those yellow-fever countries, stowed away under a foot of earth for the landcrabs to feed upon, just from drinking rum, or the strong brandy of the country. I'll tell you what it is, Jack, when the coppers are scalded by rum, physic can't get a hold—it is just like casting anchor on a rocky bottom—and so the grip of the grim monster Death is sure. The only safe man there, as well as everywhere else, indeed, is the teetotaler.

JACK. What is a teetotaler, Tom? I have often heard the term, without fully knowing what it meant.

TOM. A teetotaler, Jack, is one who conscientiously abstains from every description of intoxicating drink: rum,

whiskey, brandy, gin, cordials, wine, cider, ale, and even beer.

JACK. What, Tom, you don't mean to say that you give such a wide berth to *beer*? Tell that to the marines, for old sailors won't believe it.

TOM. I do say it, Jack. I give even beer a wide berth. Don't you know that it contains alcohol? And what is perhaps worse, there is but little beer and ale made for sale that does not contain many hurtful ingredients—poisonous drugs. No, no; nothing for me that can in the slightest degree affect my noble reason, that great gift of Almighty God. Pure cold water—Adam's sparkling, life-invigorating ale—and coffee and tea, are my beverages. Try them once, Jack, and the word of an honest sailor for it, you will never go back to alcohol, or any of its accursed family.

JACK. Well, Tom, I think I will. The fact is, you seem to be so well in body and happy in mind, so comfortable and respectable in worldly matters, and speak so cheeringly of another world—to which I know that the rapid current of time is hurrying us both—that I'll follow in your wake, and try to make a little headway in these things myself.

TOM. Well said, my hearty. Give me another shake of your honest fist. Now I begin to recognize my old true-hearted friend and messmate Jack Halyard in his early days, when we swore friendship to each other across the sea-chest, on board the *Alert*. You are the man for me, Jack; so come up with me at once to the Sailor's Home, and I'll rig you out a little more decently—make you look a little more shipshape—and to-night we will go to the great temperance-meeting at the seamen's bethel chapel, and you shall sign the pledge, which will be the wisest act of your life,

Jack, as I'll wager a barrel of pork against a mouldy biscuit : aye, I'll warrant me you will say so at some future day. There will be plenty of blue-jackets there that will lend a hand in so good a cause.

JACK. Well, heave ahead, old messmate. I did think of *tapering off*—quitting by degrees—but perhaps the safest and easiest plan will be, *to break off at once*.

TOM. That is the way, Jack, the only true way. *Tapering off* is not what it is cracked up to be. It is very hazardous ; for it keeps up excitement, and the taste of the liquor hangs about the palate. Don't you remember Ben Hawser, one of the best maintopmen of the Alert—he who saved the first Luff from drowning at Port Mahon, when he fell overboard from the cutter ?

JACK. Surely I do, Tom. Do you suppose I could forget such a noble-hearted fellow as Ben Hawser—as fine a fellow as ever laid out upon a yard, or stood at the wheel ; and such a firstrate marlinespike seaman in the bargain ? No, indeed.

TOM. You are right, Jack. He was a noble fellow, and a thorough seaman. There was nothing of the lubber about poor Ben : always the first man at his duty, and ready to share his last copper with a fellow-mortal in distress, whether seaman or landsman. Well, Ben once got into a great frolic ashore, and kicked up such a bobbery that the watchman clapped him in limbo for the night ; and the justice next morning gave him such a clapper-clawing with his tongue, and bore down upon him so hard with his *reprimands*, as I think the lawyers call it, and raked him so severely fore and aft with his good advice, to wind up with, that Ben felt pretty sheepish ; and, as he told us afterwards, didn't know whether he was on his head or his

heels—on the truck, or on the keelson. He felt so sore about it, and so much ashamed of himself, that he did not touch a drop for six weeks. He then thought he would take it *moderately*—just enough to keep the steam up—or, as some folks say, he thought he would be a *temperate drinker*. O, Jack, that *temperate drinking* is a famous net of old Satan's to catch fools in. Your temperate drinker treads on slippery ground; for as I verily believe that alcohol is one of the most active imps for the destruction of both body and soul, the temperate drinker is too often gradually led on by the fiend, until the habit becomes fixed and inveterate; and he drags a galling chain, each day riveted more strongly, and the poor wretch hourly becomes more callous to shame, until he sinks into the grave—the *drunkard's grave*.

JACK. But, Tom, you don't mean to say that poor Ben's reel has been run off in that style, do you?

TOM. Indeed, Jack, it is true, and sorry am I that it is so. Yes, I followed the worn-out hulk of Ben Hawser to the dark and silent grave a fortnight ago. He slipped his cable in the prime of life; and all along of *temperate drinking* at first. Ben, like many other men, thought he was strong-minded, and could stop at a certain point; but he found, to his cost, that king Alcohol was stronger, and that when once he had forged his chains around his victim, he was sure of him, unless the grace of a merciful God intervened, and plucked him as a brand from the burning. So I advise every one to beware of *temperate drinking*. Give it a wide berth, or it may wreck you for time and for eternity.

One thing more, Jack. I would like your temperate drinker to pause, and reflect upon the fact, that the quantity of brandy or rum that he took at a drink, when he commenced this downhill course, has been gradually increased;

so that in the second year, what had been quite sufficient to please his palate and produce all the desired effects in the first, was then insipidly small; and more so in the third year, if, mayhap, he could with any decency lay claim to the title of *temperate drinker* so long. Jack, this is a fearful reflection for one of this class of the slaves of alcohol; but let him think upon it when quite free from excitement, say after two or three days' abstinence—if he can abstain that long just to cool off for reflection—and I'll warrant he will tremble at the prospect.

Besides, Jack, the *influence* of your temperate drinker is ten times worse than that of the confirmed and notorious drunkard; for it is not likely that any one in his senses would desire to copy the confirmed sot in his beastliness. No, indeed; he would shrink with horror from the intoxicating bowl, if he felt sure that such would be the result to him, if he indulged. But he should remember, that no one ever became a sot *at once*; the degradation was by degrees. And it may be that your temperate drinker is a respectable and thriving man in the eyes of the world—say a great merchant, or lawyer, or master of a ship—and small folks do not imagine they are in any danger when they see such men stand fast, as they think: but they had all better remember the advice in Scripture, “Let him that thinketh he standeth, take heed lest he fall;” and so they follow in the wake, and perhaps nine out of ten go down to the grave *drunkards*; often, I am sure, in company with the very men whose example they thought so safe, but which led them to certain ruin. It is an awful thought, Jack, that we have been the means of misleading others, either by example or precept; and one that will weigh like lead upon the conscience of many a man on his death-bed. No, no; my motto is,

“TOUCH NOT, TASTE NOT, HANDLE NOT.” The wise man of Scripture knew what he was about when he said, “Look not upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth his color in the cup; at the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder.” The same wise man said also, that “the drunkard and the glutton shall come to poverty.” But, Jack, what are poverty and shame, bad as they are, in comparison with the loss of the soul? Think of that—*the loss of the immortal soul*—for God says, that neither thieves, nor drunkards, nor any thing that defileth, shall enter heaven. And O, Jack, to think of being cast into hell for ever, with the devil and his angels; how awful! *but such must be the fate of the unrepentant drunkard.*

JACK. Awful, indeed, Tom. I am now fully persuaded that you are right; and so I'll follow your good example, and sign the teetotal pledge. And what is more, I'll try to be a Christian too, for I believe that religion is the best security against every kind of temptation.

TOM. I like that, Jack; it is truth itself. So we will shape our course for the Sailor's Home, under the direction of that noble institution, “The American Seamen's Friend Society;” there you will be out of the way of temptation, and there is a good deal in that—and to-night we will go to the Bethel. By the way, Jack, you can't think what excellent places these Homes are for the poor tempest-tossed mariner; and how snug and comfortable we all are there. The rules of the houses are excellent; neither swearing nor drinking is allowed; and every night and morning we unite with the families in worship; and on the Sabbath, and some of the evenings of the week, we are kindly invited to the Bethel chapel, where we have excellent preaching on the word of God; and in the family prayers, the good of us poor

sailors, for time and eternity, is not forgotten, I can tell you. It reminds me of the days of my boyhood, when my dear father called us together, morning and evening, to praise God ; and also of the happy time I have spent with my present good captain.

And then, Jack, when any of us are sick they are so kind and attentive—just like our own dear mothers and sisters. I saw how kindly poor Martin Gray was treated during his long illness, by the manager—a worthy old salt—and his excellent family ; and how they smoothed his dying pillow, and did all they could to make his way easy towards the dark valley of the shadow of death. Oh, Jack, it is a great thing to fall in with real Christians at such a time. It makes one think of the poor man in Scripture who fell among thieves, and had his wounds dressed and care taken of him by the good Samaritan. Aye, aye, Jack ; and I know, moreover, that the good example and excellent advice in these houses have been the means, in the Lord's hands, of saving both the body and soul of many a poor neglected, weather-beaten tar, who would otherwise have fallen into the jaws of the devouring sharks who are always on the watch, with open mouths, to prey upon the poor son of ocean, and to swallow him up without pity or remorse.

JACK. Well, heave ahead, my hearty ; I'm the lad that won't flinch. So, three cheers for the glorious Temperance cause, for Sailor's Homes and Bethels, and for the mothers, wives, sisters, and sweethearts of all true-hearted seamen. And let every jolly tar who loves his family and domestic peace, and wants to do his duty and be respected in this world, and lay an anchor to windward of another and better world, toe the plank, and sign the pledge right off the reel. Huzza, huzza, huzza !

DOMESTIC HAPPINESS

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ONE of the most agreeable scenes we can ever survey upon earth, is a peaceful and happy family ; where friendship comes in to draw more closely the bonds of nature ; where the individuals resemble the human body, and if one member suffer, all the members suffer with it, and if one member be honored, all the members rejoice ; where every care is divided, every sorrow diminished, every joy redoubled, by discovery, by sympathy, by communion ; where mutual confidence prevails, and advice, consolation, and succor are reciprocally given and received. To such a sight God him-

self calls our attention : “ Behold, how *good* and *pleasant* it is for brethren to dwell together in unity ! ” Some things are good, but not pleasant ; and some things are pleasant, but not good. Here both are combined, and the effect is fragrant as the sacred perfume, and reviving as the influences of heaven. “ It is like the precious ointment upon the head, that ran down upon the beard, even Aaron’s beard ; that went down to the skirts of his garments : as the dew of Hermon, and as the dew that descended upon the mountains of Zion ; for there the Lord commanded the blessing, even life for evermore. ”

Let us establish the IMPORTANCE of domestic happiness, by taking some particular views of its connections and influence.

And first, we may consider it in reference to our *avocations and cares* ; these are numerous and diversified, and demand relaxation and relief. Who could endure perpetual drudgery and fatigue ? And oh, what so refreshing, so soothing, so satisfying, as the placid joys of home ?

See the traveller. Does duty call him for a season to leave his beloved circle ? The image of his earthly happiness continues vividly in his remembrance ; it quickens him to diligence ; it cheers him under difficulties ; it makes him hail the hour which sees his purpose accomplished, and his face turned towards home ; it communes with him as he journeys ; and he hears the promise which causes him to hope : “ Thou shalt know, also, that thy tabernacle shall be in peace ; and thou shalt visit thy habitation, and not sin. ” Oh, the joyful reunion of a divided family ; the pleasures of renewed interview and conversation after days of absence.

Behold the man of science. He drops the labor and painfulness of research, closes his volume, smooths his wrinkled brows, leaves his study, and unbending himself, stoops to the capacities, yields to the wishes, and mingles with the diversions of his children.

“He will not blush, that has a father’s heart,
 To take in childish play a childish part;
 But bends his sturdy back to any toy
 That youth takes pleasure in, to please his boy.”

Take the man of trade. What reconciles him to the toil of business? What enables him to endure the fastidiousness and impertinence of customers? What rewards him for so many hours of tedious confinement? By and by the season of intercourse will arrive; he will be embosomed in the caresses of his family; he will behold “the desire of his eyes” and the children of his love, for whom he resigns his ease; and in their welfare and smiles he will find his recompense.

Yonder comes the laborer. He has borne the burden and heat of the day; the descending sun has released him from his toil, and he is hastening home to enjoy repose. Half-way down the lane, by the side of which stands his cottage, his children run to meet him; one he carries, and one he leads. The companion of his humble life is ready to furnish him with his plain repast. See, his toilworn countenance assumes an air of cheerfulness; his hardships are forgotten; fatigue vanishes; he eats, and is satisfied; the evening fair, he walks with uncovered head around his garden; enters again, and retires to rest, and the “rest of a laboring man is sweet, whether he eat little or much.” Inhabitant of this lonely, lowly dwelling, who can be indifferent to thy comfort? “Peace be to this house.”

“Let not ambition mock thy useful toil,
 Thy homely joys, and destiny obscure;
 Nor grandeur hear, with a disdainful smile,
 The short and simple annals of the poor.”

2. We may consider this happiness in reference to the *afflictions of life*. It looks like a general remedy furnished by the kindness of Providence, to alleviate the troubles which, from various quarters, we unavoidably feel while

passing through this world of "vanity and vexation of spirit." How many little sighing vacancies does it fill up. How many cloudy, nervous vapors does it chase from the mind. Whose frowns and gloom will not the mirth of a child dissipate? What corroding anxieties will not retire from the attentions of a virtuous wife? What a consolation is her gentleness. Who has not experienced its healing, enlivening influence in the day of sickness, and in the hour of depression? Is your confidence frequently checked by the baseness and dissimulation of mankind? Here your candor recovers, and you are reconciled to your fellow-creatures again. Does the behavior of too many with whom you have to do, cherish a dissatisfaction which sours life? Here a serenity, a sweetness spreads over the mind from the simplicity, openness, and kindness with which you are surrounded. Are you repulsed by others? Here you are received with open and welcome arms. Does the storm rage without? Behold an asylum within. Here we realize an emblem of the Saviour: it says to us, "In the world ye shall have tribulation, but in me ye shall have peace." Here "the wicked cease from troubling," and here "the weary are at rest."

3. We may consider this happiness in reference to *the good things of this life*. Without this, all will be insipid, all will be useless. Your titles of distinction and your robes of office are laid aside before you enter your own dwelling. There the senator, the minister, the lawyer, draw back, and we behold only the husband, the father, the man. There you stand only in those relations in which nature has placed you. There you feel only your personal character. What remains after these deductions are made, ascertains your value. You are to judge of your worth, by the honor you command where rank does not overawe; of your importance, by the esteem and admiration you engage when deprived of all adventitious appendages; of your happiness, by the resources you possess to give cheerfulness and charms to

those returning hours which no splendor gilds, which no fame inspires, and in which all the attractions of popularity fail: for what would it avail you to live in popular opinion, and to be followed with applause home to your very door, if you were then to be compelled to continue in the element of discord, the seat of strife, the house of bondage and correction? Imagine yourself prosperous in your affairs; trade pouring in wealth, your grounds bringing forth plentifully, your cup running over. Misery under your own roof would be sufficient to canker your gold and silver; to corrupt your abundance; to embitter every pleasure; to make you groan, even on a costly sofa, "All this availeth me nothing."

Sufferings from strangers are less acute than from friends. David magnifies the affliction he endured by the nearness of the quarter from which it came. "It was not an enemy that reproached me; then I could have borne it: neither was it he that hated me, that did magnify himself against me; then I would have hid myself from him. But it was thou, mine equal, my guide, and my acquaintance." This circumstance gave it all the shock of surprise, all the bitterness of disappointment, all the breach of obligation. It is bad to be wounded anywhere; but to be "wounded in the house of a friend" is mentioned as a peculiar aggravation. No foes are like those of "a man's household;" their situation favors hostility; they can choose the moment of attack; they can repeat the blow; they can injure imperceptibly. And what can be so dreadful as to be associated with persons from whom you cannot separate, and with whom you cannot live? What are occasional smiles against habitual frowns? What is friendship abroad against enmity at home? What is it for a man to be comfortable where he visits, and to be tormented where he dwells? If our happiness flow from others—and that it does in no small degree is unquestionable—it will necessarily follow, that it must be most affected by those to whom we are most seriously related, and with whom we most intimately blend; not those

whom we accidentally meet, but those with whom we daily reside ; not those who touch one part of our character only, but those who press us on every side.

4. Let us consider it in reference to *the seductions and snares of the world*. From the danger of these there is no better preservative than the attractions of a family. The more a man feels his welfare lodged in his own house, the more will he prize and love it. The more he is attached to his wife and children, the less will he risk their peace and comfort by hazardous speculations and mad enterprises in trade. A life of innocency, regularity, and repose in the affections of his family, will check the roving of restless ambition, and secure him from the follies of the pride of life. "Evil communications corrupt good manners;" but these pleasing cords will draw him back from "the counsel of the ungodly," "the way of sinners," "the seat of the scornful." In vain will he be tempted to go abroad for company or for pleasure, when home supplies him with both. "And what," says he, "are the amusements and dissipations of the world? I have better enjoyments already—enjoyments springing fresh from the growth, the improvement, the culture of our rising charge, from our rural walks, from our social evenings, from our reading and conversation, from our cheerful, lively, mutual devotion. Here are pleasures perpetually renewed, and which never cloy. Here are entertainments placed easily within our reach, and which require no laborious preparation, no costly arrangement. Here I acknowledge only the dominion of nature, and follow only the bias of inclination. Here I have no weaknesses to hide, no mistakes to dread. Here my gratifications are attended with no disgrace, no remorse. They leave no stain, no sting behind. I fear no reproach from my understanding, no reckoning from my conscience; my prayers are not hindered. My heart is made better. I am softened, prepared for duty, allured to the throne of grace. And can I be induced to exchange all this. O ye votaries of the world, for your anxi-

eties, confusion, agitations, and expense? Shall I part with my ease and independence for the trammels of your silly forms, the encumbrance of your fashions, the hypocrisies of your crowds? Shall I resign my freedom for the privilege of your slavery, which so often compels you to disguise your sentiments, to subdue your genuine feelings, to applaud folly, to yawn under a lethargy of pleasure, and to sigh for the hour of retirement and release? Shall I sacrifice my innocent endearments to pursue the fatal routine of your dissipation, the end of which is heaviness, and from which you return deprived of seasonable rest, robbed of peace of mind, galled by reflection, disinclined to prayer, feeling the presence of God irksome, and the approach of death intolerable?"

“Domestic happiness, thou only bliss
Of paradise that has escaped the fall!
Thou art not known where pleasure is adored,
That reeling goddess with a zoneless waist:
Forsaking thee, what shipwreck have we made
Of honor, dignity, and fair renown.”

Who can help lamenting to see the valuable enjoyments of home sacrificed to a fondness for amusements, and a rage for indiscriminate intercourse with a false, unfeeling world. But so it is. In the circles of fashion and folly, people were never more social, and never less domestic, than they now are. The frenzy has reached all ranks and degrees. Wives and mothers are no longer “keepers at home.” Even children are led into these circles of infatuation, and made to despise the simple and natural manners of youth. From mansions, and shops, and common dwellings, increasing numbers pour forth to balls, and assemblies, and routs, and concerts, and public spectacles, and theatrical entertainments; every evening has some foreign claim.

“Who will show me any good?” is the cry. The world passing along hears it, and says, “Follow me, emulate this splendor, mix with this throng, pursue these diversions.”

Perhaps we comply. We run, but we run in vain. The prize was nigh us when we began, but our folly drew us away from it. Let us return home, and we shall find it. Let us remember, that happiness prefers calmness to noise, and the shades to publicity; that it depends more upon things cheap and common, than upon things expensive and singular; that it is not an exotic which we are to import from the ends of the earth, but a plant which grows in our own field and in our own garden. Every man may be made happy, if you could induce him to make a proper estimate of happiness; if you could keep him from judging after outward appearances; if you could persuade him to stoop rather than to aspire, to kneel rather than to fly. To confine us to our respective stations, God has wisely rendered happiness only attainable in them: were it placed, not in the way of duty, but on the other side of the boundary, the very position would lead us astray, and seduce us to transgress.

But home is not always heaven, nor is domestic life necessarily productive of domestic happiness. Hence, it becomes needful to inquire into its SOURCES, and examine on what it *depends*.

It does not depend upon *rank and affluence*. It is confined to no particular condition: the servant may enjoy it as well as the master; the mechanic as well as the nobleman. It exhilarates the cottage as well as the palace. What am I saying? What says common opinion? Does it not invariably associate more enjoyment with the lowly roof, than with the towering mansion? Ask those who have risen from inferior life, whether their satisfaction has increased with their circumstances; whether they have never advanced to the brow of the eminence they have ascended, and looking down, sighed, "Ah, happy vale, from how much was I sheltered while I was in thee!" There can be, indeed, but one opinion concerning the wretched-

ness of those who have not the necessaries of life. But "Nature is content with little, and grace with less." "Better is a dinner of herbs where love is, than a stalled ox and hatred therewith." "Better is a dry morsel, and quietness therewith, than a house full of sacrifices, and strife." This blessedness, then, results not from worldly things; and we mention this the more readily, because some seem afraid to enter a state "honorable in all," because they have before them no openings of wealth. Others dread the increase of children as an accession of misery; while many are waiting for a larger fortune, a more spacious house, and more splendid furniture, before they can even *think* of enjoying themselves.

We may also observe, that some individuals seem much more qualified to enjoy this happiness than others. Some have little taste for any thing. But others are full of life and sensibility; they are susceptible of delicate impressions; they love every thing tranquil, relish every thing simple, enjoy every thing natural, and are touched and dissolved by a thousand pleasing circumstances which convey nothing to others.

There are, however, some things which have an indispensable influence in producing and maintaining the welfare of families, which fall more properly under our cultivation. *Order, good temper, good sense, religious principles.* These will bless thy dwelling, and fill thy "tabernacle with the voice of rejoicing."

1. Without *order* you can never rule well your own house. "God is not the God of confusion." He loves order; order pervades all his works. He overlooks nothing. "He calleth the stars by their names;" "he numbereth the hairs of our head." "He appointeth the moon for seasons, and the sun knoweth his going down." There is no discord, no clashing in all the immense, the amazing whole. He has interposed his authority, and enjoined us "to do every thing decently, and in order." And this command is founded

in regard to our advantage. It calls upon you to lay down rules, and to walk by them; to assign every thing its proper place, its allowance of time, its degree of importance; to observe regularity in your meals, in your devotions, in your expenses. From order springs frugality, economy, charity. From order result beauty, harmony, concurrence. Without order there can be no government, no happiness; peace flies from confusion; disorder entangles all our affairs, hides from us the end, and keeps from us the clue; we lose self-possession, and become miserable, because perplexed, hurried, oppressed, easily provoked.

2. Many things will arise to try your *temper*; and he is unqualified for social life, who has no rule over his own spirit—"who cannot bear," to use the words of a good writer, "the frailties of his fellow-creatures with common charity, and the vexations of life with common patience." Peter, addressing wives, reminds them, that "the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit is, in the sight of God, of great price." And Solomon often mentions the opposite blemish in illustrating the female character: "It is better to dwell in a corner of the house-top, than with a brawling woman in a wide house." "The contentions of a wife are a continual dropping;" and so on. We should deem it invidious to exemplify this imperfection in one sex only; we would address all equally; and call upon you, as you value a peaceful abode, to maintain a control over your temper. Beware of passion; say little when under irritation; turn aside; take time to reflect and to cool; a word spoken unadvisedly with your lips, may produce a wound which weeks cannot heal. "I would reprove thee," said the philosopher, "were I not angry." It is a noble suggestion. Apply it in your reprehension of servants, and correction of children.

But there is something against which you should be more upon your guard than occasional sallies of passion; I mean habitual pettishness. The former may be compared to a brisk shower which is soon over; the latter to a sleety,

drizzling rain driving all the day long. The mischief which is such a disturber of social enjoyment, is not the anger which is lengthened into malice, or vented in revenge, but that which oozes out in constant fretfulness, murmuring, and complaint ; it is that which renders a man not formidable, but troublesome ; it is that which converts him, not into a tiger, but into a gnat. Good-humor is the cordial, the balm of life. The possessor of it spreads satisfaction wherever he comes, and he partakes of the pleasure he gives. Easy in himself, he is seldom offended with those around him. Calm and placid within, every thing without wears the most favorable appearance ; while the mind agitated by peevishness or passion, like a ruffled pool, reflects even every agreeable and lovely image false and distorted.

3. The influence and advantage of *good sense* are incalculable. What streams, what vessels are the noisy ? They are the shallow, the empty. Who are the unyielding ? The ignorant, who mistake obstinacy for firmness. Who are the infallible ? They who have not reflection enough to see how liable and how likely we are to err ; they who cannot comprehend how much it adds to a man's wisdom to discover, and to his humility to acknowledge a fault. Good sense will preserve us from censoriousness ; will lead us to distinguish circumstances ; to draw things from the dark situation of prejudice which rendered them frightful, that we may candidly survey them in open day. Good sense will keep us from looking after visionary perfection. "The infirmities I behold are not peculiar to my connections ; others, if equally near, would betray the same : universal excellence is unattainable ; no one can please in every thing. And who am I, to demand a freedom from imperfections in others, while I am encompassed with infirmities myself."

Good sense will lead us to study dispositions, peculiarities, accommodations ; to weigh consequences ; to determine what to observe, and what to pass by ; when to be immova-

ble, and when to yield. Good sense will produce good manners; will keep us from taking freedoms and handling things roughly; for love is delicate, confidence is tender. Good sense will never agitate claims of superiority; it will teach us to "submit ourselves one to another in the fear of God." Good sense will lead persons to regard their own duties, rather than to recommend those of others.

4. We must go beyond all this, and remind you of those *religious principles* by which you are to be governed. These are to be found in the word of God; and as many as walk according to this rule, mercy and peace shall be upon them. God has engaged, that if you will walk in his way, you "shall find rest unto your souls."

If it be said, there are happy families without religion, I would answer, first, there is a difference between appearances and reality; and further, if we believe the Scripture, this, in the highest and best sense, cannot be: "The way of transgressors is hard. There is no peace, saith my God, unto the wicked."

Again, religion secures those duties upon the performance of which the happiness of households depends. Would any man have reason to complain of servants, of children, or of any other relation, if they were all influenced by the spirit, and regulated by the dictates of the Gospel? Much of religion lies in the discharge of these relative duties; and to enforce these, religion brings forward motives the most powerful, and always binding—calls in conscience, and God, and heaven, and hell.

Religion also attracts the divine blessing, and all we possess or enjoy depends upon its smiles. God can elevate or sink us in the esteem of others; he can send us business, or withhold it; he can command or forbid thieves to rob, and flames to devour us; he can render all we have satisfying or distasteful; and them that honor him, he will honor. "The house of the wicked shall be overthrown, but the tabernacle of the upright shall flourish. The curse of the

Lord is in the house of the wicked ; but he blesseth the habitation of the just.”

Finally, religion prepares us for all events. If we succeed, it keeps our prosperity from destroying us ; if we suffer, it preserves us from fainting in the day of adversity. It turns our losses into gains ; it exalts our joys into praises ; it makes prayers of our sighs ; and in all the uncertainties of time, and changes of the world, it sheds on the mind a “peace which passeth all understanding.” It unites us to each other, not only as creatures, but as Christians—not only as strangers and pilgrims upon earth, but as heirs of glory, honor, and immortality. For you must one day separate ; it is useless to keep back the mortifying truth. It was the condition upon which your union was formed. O man, it was a mortal finger upon which you placed the ring, vain emblem of perpetuity. O woman, it was a dying hand that imposed it. After so many mutual and growing attachments, to separate ! What is to be done here ? O religion, religion, come and relieve us in a case where every other assistance fails ; come and teach us not to wrap up our chief happiness in the creature ; come and bend our wills to the pleasure of the Almighty, and enable us to say, “It is the Lord, let him do as seemeth him good ;” “the Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away, and blessed be the name of the Lord ;” come and tell us that the removal of our friends is infinitely to their advantage—that the separation is temporary—that a time of reunion will come—that we shall see their faces, and hear their voices again.

Take two Christians who have been walking together, like “Zechariah and Elizabeth, in all the commandments and ordinances of the Lord blameless.” Is the connection dissolved by death ? No. We take the Bible along with us, and inscribe on their tomb, “Pleasant in life, and in death not divided.” Is the one removed before the other ? He becomes an attraction to the other ; he draws him forward, and is waiting to “receive him into everlasting habi-

tations." Let us suppose a pious family reuniting, after following each other successively down to the grave. How unlike every present meeting. Here our intercourse is chilled with the certainty of separation. There we shall meet to part no more ; we shall be for ever with each other, and for ever with the Lord. Now, affliction often enters our circle, and the distress of one is the concern of all. Then, we shall "rejoice with them that rejoice," but not "weep with them that weep ;" for "all tears shall be wiped from our eyes, and the days of our mourning shall be ended."

Come, then, and embrace the religion of the blessed Jesus, this "one thing needful," this universal benefactor of mankind. It has "the promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come." It secures our individual and our relative happiness ; it brings peace into our bosoms, and joy into our dwellings. Let us resolve to pursue it ourselves ; let us enforce it upon our connections ; let us dedicate our tabernacles to God ; offer the morning and evening sacrifice of prayer and of praise ; and whatever be the determination of others, let us say for ourselves, "As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord."

FAMILY WORSHIP.

The cheerfu' supper done, wi' serious face
 They, round the ingle, form a circle wide ;
 The sire turns o'er, wi' patriarchal grace,
 The big ha' Bible, ance his father's pride.
 His bonnet rev'rently is laid aside,
 His lyart haffets wearing thin an' bare ;
 Those strains that once did sweet in Zion glide
 He wales a portion with judicious care ;
 And " let us worship God," he says, with solemn air.

They chant their artless notes in simple guise ;
 They tune their hearts, by far the noblest aim :
 Perhaps Dundee's wild warbling measures rise,
 Or plaintive Martyrs, worthy of the name,
 Or noble Elgin beats the heavenward flame,
 The sweetest far of Scotia's holy lays :
 Compared with these, Italian trills are tame ;
 The tickled ears no heartfelt raptures raise ;
 Nae unison hae they with our Creator's praise.

The priestlike father reads the sacred page,
 How Abram was the friend of God on high—
 Or Moses bade eternal warfare wage
 With Amalek's ungracious progeny ;
 Or how the royal bard did groaning lie
 Beneath the stroke of Heaven's avenging ire ;
 Or Job's pathetic plaint and wailing cry ;
 Or rapt Isaiah's wild seraphic fire ;
 Or other holy seers that tune the sacred lyre.

Perhaps the Christian volume is the theme—
 How guiltless blood for guilty man was shed ;
 How He, who bore in heaven the second name,
 Had not on earth whereon to lay his head :

How his first followers and servants sped :
The precepts sage they wrote to many a land ;
How he, who lone in Patmos banished,
Saw in the sun a mighty angel stand,
And heard great Babylon's doom pronounced by Heaven's
command.

Then, kneeling down, to heaven's eternal King
The saint, the father, and the husband prays :
Hope "springs exulting on triumphant wing,"
That thus they all shall meet in future days ;
There ever bask in uncreated rays,
No more to sigh, or shed the bitter tear,
Together hymning their Creator's praise,
In such society, yet still more dear ;
While circling time moves round in an eternal sphere.

Compared with this how poor religion's pride,
In all the pomp of method and of art,
When men display to congregations wide
Devotion's every grace except the heart.
The Power, incensed, the pageant will desert,
The pompous strain, the sacerdotal stole ;
But haply, in some cottage far apart,
May hear, well pleased, the language of the soul,
And in his book of life the inmates poor enroll.

Then homeward all take off their several way ;
The youngling cottagers retire to rest :
The parent pair their secret homage pay,
And proffer up to heaven the warm request,
That He who stills the raven's clamorous nest,
And decks the lily fair in flowery pride,
Would, in the way his wisdom sees the best,
For them and for their little ones provide ;
But chiefly in their hearts with grace divine preside.

THE

HOLY GHOST RESISTED.

THE Holy Ghost is that blessed Agent who, with infinite condescension and tenderness, comes from heaven to earth to bring the wandering sinner back to God.

And can this heavenly visitant be resisted ; and this, too, by the very beings whom he comes to save ? Yes, the Holy Ghost may be, and often has been resisted. He was resisted in ancient times by the great body of the Jews, Acts 7 : 51 ; he is resisted by many at the present day. If you are not a Christian, I put it solemnly to your conscience whether you are not *resisting the Holy Ghost*. The Holy Ghost has often striven with you. How have you treated his tender solicitations ? If you have not *yielded*, you have *resisted*.

You RESIST the Holy Ghost *when you condemn or neglect the means of grace*, through which he operates. The principal of these is *the Bible*. This is peculiarly his book. The "holy men of God" who wrote it, wrote "as they were moved by the Holy Ghost." How then have you treated the Bible ? When it has spread before you the character of God in all its excellence, and commanded you to love it ; when it has depicted your own guilty character, and commanded you to repent ; when it has pointed you to the Lord Jesus as the only sufficient Saviour, and invited and urged you to believe on him ; when it has presented all the solemn, tender, and melting motives which heaven, earth, and hell supply, and has besought, entreated, and warned you to flee from the wrath to come, and lay hold on eternal life, have you yielded to its expostulations—have you obeyed its commands ? If not, then have you resisted the Holy Ghost.

Sometimes the truths of the Bible have been urged upon your conscience by *the living preacher*, with all the solemnity of divine authority, and all the earnestness of Christian benevolence ; sometimes by the tender voice of friendship ; sometimes by solemn and alarming providences. Have you

still refused to yield? O, then, with what fixed and bold determination have you resisted the Holy Ghost.

But the Holy Spirit comes yet nearer. *He enters the mind*, arrests the attention, produces a deep and awful conviction of the reality and importance of eternal things, arouses the conscience, awakens a painful sense of guilt and fearful apprehension of coming wrath, and impresses upon the soul the necessity of immediate effort to secure salvation. Such an influence the reader has doubtless sometimes felt. How have you treated it? Have you yielded, or resisted?

There are many ways of resisting the Holy Ghost. It is sometimes done by a bold and impious *resolution to stifle all sense of guilt and danger*; and when this alone is not found effectual, by plunging more deeply into *worldly business*—by resorting to *scenes of pleasure*, to the society of the gay, to books of amusement, to *any thing* that will help to banish thoughts of God and eternity, of Christ, and heaven, and hell. Have you never thus resisted the Holy Ghost?

The Holy Ghost is resisted *by refusing to comply with his suggestions*. He urges to repent of sin; to give up every unjust pursuit; to relinquish every sinful pleasure; to forsake ungodly companions; to choose the company of the pious; to take up the cross and follow Christ, trusting in him alone for salvation.

The Holy Ghost is resisted by *procrastination*. The Spirit presses to *immediate* repentance. The sinner's heart replies, "When I have a convenient season I will call for thee." But the Holy Spirit allows no delay. You cannot defer for a day, an hour, a moment, without resisting the Holy Ghost.

Does the guilt of resisting the Holy Ghost lie upon you? And WHAT IS THAT GUILT? O, who can tell? What finite mind can grasp its magnitude?

In resisting the Holy Ghost, *you directly resist God*. And who or what are you that you should take the attitude of resistance to the greatest and best Being in the universe? a worm of the dust, a breathing atom, against Him who made and rules the worlds—a sinner, upheld from perdition by mere mercy, against Him whom angels adore, and all holy beings delight to obey!

You resist God *in his most amiable character and loveliest aspect*, engaged in the work in which he unfolds his

brightest glory. He comes to you as the God of salvation, to transform you into his own image and adopt you into his family, that he may place you before his throne as an everlasting monument and bright illustration of his wisdom and love, his truth and mercy.

What black *ingratitude* is involved in such resistance. He comes to make you happy—to deliver you from the power of sin, the most cruel of all tyrants—to bring you into reconciliation with God—to give you the peace of an approving conscience, the joy of sins forgiven, the assurance of divine favor, and the hope of everlasting life. He comes to enrich you for eternity—to make you an “heir of God, and joint-heir with Christ”—to bestow upon you honor, glory, and immortality—happiness which eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor hath entered into the heart of man, to last throughout unwasting ages.

In resisting the Holy Ghost you would *rob God of his glory*, and defeat the purposes of his infinite love in the gift of his Son. You show a most inveterate hatred of holiness, and love of sin. You set an example of rebellion, which, if followed universally, would spread anarchy, darkness, and woe over the universe.

And will such guilt go unpunished? “Who hath hardened himself against God and prospered?” “Woe unto him that striveth with his Maker.” As sins against the Holy Ghost are of a peculiarly deep dye, so their punishment will be certain and dreadful. “He that shall blaspheme against the Holy Ghost,” says Christ, “hath never forgiveness, but is in danger of eternal damnation.” Resistance, it is true, is not blasphemy; but is it not a kindred sin? Does it not make a near approximation to it in guilt and danger?

God may visit you with overwhelming vengeance according to his threatening. “He that, being often reprov'd, hardeneth his neck, shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy.” Or, which will be equally fatal,

He may *utterly withdraw the Spirit from you*. “My Spirit shall not always strive with man.” This solemn declaration he has often fulfilled. The Israelites in the wilderness “rebelled and vexed his Holy Spirit,” and “He swore in his wrath, that they should not enter into his rest.” “Ephraim is joined to his idols, *let him alone.*” And how did the Saviour weep over Jerusalem. “If thou hadst

known, even thou, at least in this thy day, the things that belong unto thy peace; *but now they are hid from thine eyes.*"

How often in later years has the Spirit striven, conscience been awakened, and the sinner trembled and cried, "What shall I do to be saved?" but his heart rose in opposition to the terms of the Gospel; he was unwilling to give up the world—could not part with his sinful pleasures, and embrace a life of self-denial and godliness. He resisted the Spirit, and the Spirit left him. Like the blasted fig-tree, he has stood the remnant of his days without fruit, leaf, or flower—seared, withered, dead, and prepared in no common degree for the flames that never can be quenched.

O how wretched, how *hopeless* is the condition of him from whom God has utterly withdrawn his Spirit. Nothing will ever effectually awaken him—nothing melt his obdurate heart, or bow his stubborn will. Nothing awaits him but the blackness of darkness for ever. "Except a man be born of water *and of the Spirit*, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God." Mercies, means, privileges, warnings, and judgments only harden his heart, and prepare him for a deeper damnation.

Such will be your case, if you continue to resist the Holy Ghost. And in the world of woe, O how agonizing will be the thought that your own folly and rashness brought you there. The Spirit strove with you—urged you with infinite tenderness to repent—pointed you to a Saviour's blood—held out the promise of life—warned you of coming wrath, *but you would not hear*. You resisted all his gracious influences. He was willing, but *you would not*. While eternal ages roll, this dreadful thought will still ring in your ears and pierce your soul, that *you destroyed yourself*.

O, my friend, if you do not wish to be "tormented day and night for ever and ever" with such reflections, no longer resist the Holy Ghost.

THE

S T R I C K E N B R I D E .

It was not the privilege of Mary G—— to be nurtured in the lap of parental piety. From childhood she was placed almost beyond the reach of religious instruction, and the hallowed associations of the Sabbath-day and the house of God. Her father had early removed to the shores of Lake Erie, secluded by location and choice from Christian society and the influences of the Gospel. He rejected evangelical religion, its professors and ministers, and was known as a sort of deistical Universalist.

In the midst of such influences the daughter was reared, and from them went out to the duties and trials of life. She was not destitute of accomplishments; but of even first truths in religion she was almost wholly ignorant. To the tone and manifestations of piety at the domestic fireside, or in social life, she was utterly a stranger, and was filled with prejudice and dread of all who bore the name of Christ.

At the age of twenty she was married to Mr. G——, who located himself in a pious family of my congregation; and there it was that this joyous bride was stricken down by the hand of God in the morning of her gayety and mirthfulness, and laid upon the bed of death. I knew of her dangerous illness, but such were her associations, that it was not until after repeated calls on the family that I obtained an interview with her.

Disease had, indeed, made sad ravages. Beauty had faded from the cheek of the blooming bride. A hectic flush was there—she was sinking in a rapid decline. Approaching the bedside, I remarked, “I hardly expected to find you so ill, and yet I know there is One who can rebuke disease and restore you. It is safe to be in his hands, in life or death, if our hearts are right. There is peace in Christ which the world cannot give, and it is sustaining and comforting to the soul, even when leaving all things else. The Psalmist could say, ‘The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want; yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow

of death. I will fear no evil, for thou art with me ; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.' Christians speak of support in a dying hour—of victory over the grave—of 'desiring to depart and be with Christ.' May you, my friend, find these supports, and have fellowship in these joys."

With these words I left the room. But my visit was, with Mrs. G——, a subject of thought and conversation. She had never contemplated a Christian minister as a sympathizing friend, or religion as a matter of experience and consolation. To her surprise there was kindness in the message. It held companionship with the wants of one sick and dying, and was as a ministering angel along that untrodden ground over which disease was carrying her, and where other friends were dumb, and other supports vanished.

"I am glad Mr. S—— was invited up," she said ; "if he shall call again, I shall be willing to see him." The truths presented had struck a chord in her sensitive and imploring bosom which had never been reached before.

My next visit was of greater length and freedom of instruction. "Diseases," I remarked, "are from God, who does not but for good reasons afflict us. They are his messengers, sent often to draw us from the ways of sin, and make us eternally happy in loving and serving him. We find them only mercies in disguise, calling us to reflection, to piety, and to God.

"As we cannot avoid death, it is wise to provide against it. God has claims on us, which we have left wholly undischarged. He is a holy God, and we are sinners ; we have broken his righteous law, and lie under its condemnation, children of wrath, because children of disobedience. Eternal life is forfeited, and we may justly be left to perish in our sins.

"And is there, then, no hope—no resort for us ? O, it is when I think of myself and you, my friend, and sinners like us, that I love to remember that God has proclaimed himself 'the Lord God, merciful and gracious, *forgiving* iniquity, and transgression, and sin.' I love to think of the Saviour he has provided ; and how he has said, 'Come unto me, all ye who labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me, and ye shall find rest to your souls.'"

The attention of Mrs. G—— was becoming more and

more fixed as I proceeded, and at this point her eye fastened on me, as if without support in her extremity, and imploring help. "I did not expect sickness and the grave so soon," she said; "do you think, sir, there can be any help for one so destitute and unprepared?"

"None in yourself," I replied. "In God alone is your help. With him there is forgiveness. Through Christ there is a fountain open for sin—to that you may come now in your utmost need. The invitation is, 'Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters.' Divine compassion yearns over our state as sinners, even in our greatest extremity, and lifts its melting accents in our ear, 'Turn, for why will ye die?' There is free remission, through the blood of Christ, for every contrite and penitent spirit. 'Repentance towards God and faith towards our Lord Jesus Christ,' are just the state of mind which meets the terms of mercy. Here God accepts us—here forgiveness reaches us, and we have peace in Christ. *This is the refuge of the dying sinner*, and you, my dear friend, will find help and hope here." I saw she was in tears, and retired after repeating those sweet lines, "Jesus, lover of my soul," etc.

The next day I received a message from Mrs. G——, requesting another visit. I found her calm, thoughtful, and inquiring. The subject of the previous instructions had been the theme of her waking and her sleeping hours; and her mind was evidently now swinging round from the moorings of this world, and endeavoring to gain anchorage by the doctrines and religion of the cross. She saw how utterly insufficient were all worldly helps to the pressing necessities of her condition, and was "striving to enter in at the strait gate."

"The promise is, 'Seek, and ye shall find,'" I said. "God is nigh unto all them that call upon him—his compassions are ready and beforehand in behalf of the first emotions of contrition, penitence, and love. Your health," I reminded her, "does not admit of great intellectual exertion now, nor does the case require it. Only give up sin, and yield to truth, duty, obligation, and the constraining love of God. Only sink in penitence at the foot of the cross, as one all unholy and undeserving, and look up in faith to Him who died upon it. Pardon, and peace, and joy, and hope immortal, spring up there." I read from Psalm 51, and 2 Cor., chapters 4 and 5, and closed the interview with prayer.

But her mind was full of the subject. Her confidence was coming wholly over to the resources of the Gospel. The Gospel met the exigencies of her case, which nothing else did. It held converse with her inmost soul—proffered light in her darkness, joy in her sorrow, hope in her fears and despondency. It dispelled the gloom and dread of the grave, and pointed to the sweet assurance of bliss in heaven. It satisfied conscience, showed how a just God is reconciled and the burden of sin removed, and was equal to the pressure of all her wants. Her full soul responded to it; she took refuge in its provisions, and found peace in its embrace. From that time she could not hear too much about the Gospel. She called its friends around her, and expressed disappointment if the visits of her pastor were intermitted. She faithfully warned her family friends, and spoke to them of her consolations in religion. She delighted in praising God, and often requested us to sing such pieces as “The Dying Christian,” and “Rock of Ages.” One morning she said, “I have had a very happy night. In meditating upon Christ and his redemption, my whole soul was filled with delight. What happiness can equal that of communion with Him?”

It was, indeed, a hallowed spot, and I could well appreciate these expressions in one whose cup of joy was full to overflowing, by the sweet gushings of new and overpowering truth, and whose heart was made glad by the presence of the Holy Spirit. It was, too, her anointing for the grave. The lamp of life was already trembling in its socket. She continued but a few days, and then, serene as evening twilight, “fell asleep,” we trust, “*in Jesus*,” though not permitted to bear the fruits of piety in a godly life on earth.

May no one be left to pervert this narrative, and grieve the Spirit of God, by deferring repentance to the close of life. May it rather prompt to pastoral fidelity in behalf of the sick and dying; suggest the importance of appropriate instruction in the chamber of sickness; and encourage the despairing sinner to look to Jesus, and cast himself into the arms of rich and sovereign mercy, if so be he may find it, even at the eleventh hour.

WHY SHOULD I STUDY THE BIBLE?

1. BECAUSE it is *the word of my best Friend*, and the study of it is enjoined by him. "All Scripture is given by inspiration of God." 2 Tim. 3:16. "For the prophecy came not in old time by the will of man; but holy men of God spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost." 2 Pet. 1:21. "Therefore shall ye lay up these my words in your heart and in your soul." Deut. 11:18. "Search the Scriptures; for in them ye think ye have eternal life: and they are they which testify of me." John 5:39.

2. Because of *its wonderful and perfect character*. "O the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God." Rom. 11:33. "Thy testimonies are wonderful: therefore doth my soul keep them." Psalm 119:129. "Thy counsels of old are faithfulness and truth." Isa. 25:1. "The word of God is quick, and powerful, and sharper than any two-edged sword, piercing even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit, and of the joints and marrow, and is a discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart." Heb. 4:12. "The word of the Lord endureth for ever." 1 Pet. 1:25.

3. Because of *its gracious design and tendency*. "The law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul; the testimony of the Lord is sure, making wise the simple. More to be desired are they than gold, yea, than much fine gold: sweeter also than honey and the honey-comb. Moreover, by them is thy servant warned: and in keeping of them there is great reward." Ps. 19:7, 10, 11. "Whatsoever things were written aforetime, were written for our learning, that we through patience and comfort of the Scriptures might have hope." Romans 15:4. "Which are able to make thee wise unto salvation, through faith which is in Christ Jesus." 2 Tim. 3:15.

4. Because it is *necessary to my spiritual nourishment and stability*. "Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God." Matt. 4:4. "Above all, taking the shield of faith, where-

with ye shall be able to quench all the fiery darts of the wicked. And take the helmet of salvation, and the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God. That henceforth ye be no more children, tossed to and fro, and carried about with every wind of doctrine, by the sleight of men, and cunning craftiness, whereby they lie in wait to deceive; but speaking the truth in love, may grow up into him in all things, who is the head, even Christ." Eph. 6 : 16, 17 ; 4 : 14, 15.

5. Because it will *enlighten and expand my mind*. "The commandment is a lamp; and the law is light; and reproofs of instruction are the way of life." Prov. 6 : 23. "The entrance of thy words giveth light; it giveth understanding unto the simple." Ps. 119 : 130. "Meditate upon these things; give thyself wholly to them; that thy profiting may appear to all." 1 Tim. 4 : 15.

6. Because it will *preserve me from sin*. "Wherewith shall a young man cleanse his way? By taking heed thereto according to thy word. Thy word have I hid in my heart, that I might not sin against thee." Psalm 119 : 9, 11. "Concerning the works of men, by the word of thy lips I have kept me from the paths of the destroyer." Psalm 17 : 4. "Sanctify them through thy truth: thy word is truth." John 17 : 17.

7. Because it will *cheer my soul in affliction and death*. "In the multitude of my thoughts within me thy comforts delight my soul." Psalm 94 : 19. "Thy statutes have been my songs in the house of my pilgrimage. Unless thy law had been my delights, I should have perished in mine affliction." Psalm 119 : 54, 92. "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for thou art with me: thy rod and thy staff they comfort me." Psalm 23 : 4.

8. Because it will *contribute to my present and eternal welfare*. "Happy is the man that findeth wisdom, and the man that getteth understanding. For the merchandise of it is better than the merchandise of silver, and the gain thereof than fine gold. Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace. Blessed is the man that heareth me, watching daily at my gates; for whoso findeth me, findeth life, and shall obtain favor of the Lord." Prov. 3 : 13, 14, 17 ; 8 : 34, 35.

9. Because *the neglect of it will subject me to God's righteous condemnation.* "See that ye refuse not him that speaketh. For if they escaped not who refused him that spake on earth, much more shall not we escape, if we turn away from him that speaketh from heaven." Heb. 12 : 25. "For whosoever shall be ashamed of me, and of my words, of him shall the Son of man be ashamed, when he shall come in his own glory, and in his Father's, and of the holy angels." Luke 9 : 26.

HOW SHOULD I STUDY THE BIBLE?

Prayerfully. "Open thou mine eyes, that I may behold wondrous things out of thy law. Give me understanding, and I shall keep thy law; yea, I shall observe it with my whole heart." Psalm 119 : 18, 34.

Constantly. "This book of the law shall not depart out of thy mouth; but thou shalt meditate therein day and night, that thou mayest observe to do according to all that is written therein; for then thou shalt make thy way prosperous, and then thou shalt have good success." Joshua 1 : 8.

Meekly. "As new-born babes, desire the sincere milk of the word, that ye may grow thereby." 1 Pet. 2 : 2. "Receive with meekness the ingrafted word, which is able to save your souls." James 1 : 21.

Retentively. "And these words which I command thee this day, shall be in thine heart." Deut. 6 : 6. "Receive, I pray thee, the law from his mouth, and lay up his words in thine heart." Job 22 : 22. "Let the word of Christ dwell in you richly in all wisdom." Col. 3 : 16.

Practically. "Be ye doers of the word, and not hearers only, deceiving your own selves. For whoso looketh into the perfect law of liberty, and continueth therein, he being not a forgetful hearer, but a doer of the work, this man shall be blessed in his deed." James 1 : 22, 25.

EXAMPLES OF EMINENT REGARD TO THE BIBLE.

Jerome said, "he never went to meals without some part of the Scriptures being read; never to sleep till some about him had read them to him." Luther gave himself with incredible ardor to the study of the Scriptures. Bishop Ridley says, "The wall and trees of my orchard, could they

speaking, would bear witness that there I learned by heart almost all the epistles; of which study, although in time the greater part was lost, yet the sweet savor thereof, I trust, I shall carry with me to heaven." The celebrated John Locke applied himself closely to the study of the Scriptures for fourteen or fifteen years; and employed the last period of his life in scarcely any thing else. The Hon. and Rev. W. B. Cadogan, who studied the Bible day and night in the original languages, said, "I have no patience now to read Homer, Virgil, or Horace, whom I used to idolize." The Rev. James Hervey said, "We fail in our duty, and thwart our comfort, by studying God's holy word no more. I have, for my part, been too fond of reading every thing elegant and valuable that has been penned in our own language; and been particularly charmed with the historians, orators, and poets of antiquity. But were I to renew my studies, I would sit at my divine Master's feet, and desire to know nothing but Jesus, and him crucified. This wisdom, whose fruits are peace in life, consolation in death, and everlasting salvation after death, I would trace; this I would seek; this I would explore, through the spacious and delightful fields of the Old and New Testament."

Go thou, and do likewise. Blessings the most alluring, substantial, and enduring, call you to it—blessings inseparably allied with your present and future happiness. Then you shall feel the quickening, enlightening, and comforting influence of the truth in your own mind. Then you will grow in grace and in the knowledge of Jesus Christ the Lord. Then you will stand fast in the truth. Above all, then you will be preparing for those blest mansions where they see face to face, and know even as they are known.

"Read and revere the sacred page: a page
Where triumphs immortality: a page
Which not the whole creation can produce;
Which not the conflagration can destroy."

Young.

WHY SIT YE HERE IDLE ?

This significant and stirring inquiry was addressed by the prophet to his countrymen, when threatened with war, famine, and pestilence, as the punishment of their great sins. He seems to *see* the sorest calamities just ready to overwhelm them ; he drops the thread of prophecy, and cries out, Why do we sit still, till destruction overtake us ? Let us flee into the defenced cities, and seek a refuge from threatening evils.

Fellow-citizen, fellow-sinner, whoever you may be, pardon me, if I seem abruptly to address this inquiry to you. A case so urgent, and so deeply involving your dearest interests, admits of no delay. Methinks I see *you* threatened with war, famine, and pestilence ; a disastrous war with God, a famine of the bread of life, and a pestilence that kills the soul. And I cannot refrain from asking, in all the urgency of an affectionate solicitude for your eternal well-being, Why sit you here idle ?

Do you say, I have nothing to do ? A *sinner* nothing to do, who has a life of sin to repent of, a world of sin within him to subdue, another world of sin about him to reclaim, and a hell of endless sin and misery yawning before him to escape ; who has not yet entered upon the work of securing the pardon of his sins and the salvation of his soul ; who has yet to decide between death and life, between heaven and hell ! Surely you have enough to do : you have a work assigned you as the business of life. Life was given you for no other purpose than to do it.

And it is a great and difficult work. For a sinner to become a Christian, a child of hell an heir of heaven, is a work of such unequalled magnitude, and such extreme difficulty, that you are exhorted in the Scriptures to strive and agonize for its accomplishment, to take the kingdom of heaven by violence ; and you are told, that, so far from being able to do it at any moment without much effort, it is impossible

for you to do it by your unaided exertions ; so that if, by sitting idle, you weary out the patience of God, and forfeit his help, you will never be able to accomplish it, and will lose your soul. Why then will you sit idle ?

Not because God interposes any obstacles to your salvation. Look, I pray you, at what God hath sacrificed in the person of the Father, and suffered in the person of the Son, and done in the person of the Spirit, for your salvation. Look at all the declarations of his word, and the arrangements of his providence, and the provisions of his grace, and tell me what more he could have done for you than he has already done. And have you the hardihood, have you the injustice and ingratitude, in the face of all this, to charge him with unwillingness that you should be saved ? Why then sit idle ?

Not because others will do this great work for you. God desires to have it done, with a strength of feeling and an ardor of love for your soul, which you cannot conceive, which words cannot express, which can be set forth only by such signs of infinite significance as the incarnation of his Son, the bloody agonies of the garden, the atoning sacrifice on the cross, and the gift of the Holy Spirit. But it is *you* who must repent and believe, who must trust in the merits of Christ, and cherish the influences of the Spirit. Pious parents and Christian friends can pray for you, and labor with you, and weep over you, but they cannot shed the tear of penitence, nor offer the prayer of the publican in your stead, nor in your stead become reconciled to God ; no, nor in your stead suffer the wrath of God and the pains of hell for ever. *Your own eye must see, and your own ear hear, and your own heart feel.* *Yourselves* must repent and believe, and love and act in *the most vigorous exercise of your best powers and affections.* You must give an account of *yourselves* before God. And your own soul must be saved or lost, ineffably happy or unutterably miserable for ever. Why then sit idle ?

Not because it is a matter of so small importance whether the work is done or not, that it may safely be left to take care of itself. Sit idle, and so far from doing the work, or its being done for you, you are doing the opposite with your might. Sit idle, and you are lifting your arm in rebellion against God. Sit idle, and your feet are swift in the road to

hell. Do this work, and you have done all that chiefly concerns you. Neglect it, and you have done nothing that is of any value. You have wasted your time, perverted your talents, thrown away *yourself* at one fearful cast for ever. And what is a man advantaged, if he gain the whole world, and lose *himself*? Why then sit idle ?

Not because you have any too much time for doing this work. God gives us time for this purpose, and for no other. Every man feels, when he lies upon his dying bed, that the whole of life wisely devoted, was not a moment too much to make his calling and election sure. Yet you have spent ten, twenty, thirty, forty years, without entering upon the great business of life. Have you any more time to throw away—you, who never had too much, and yet have wasted one-half, two-thirds, perhaps nearly all of it, perhaps all but the very last day or hour? Do you still linger ?

Think not that other beings and other things will stand still and wait for your action. Every thing else will move on, whether you do or not. Life will flee apace, and death will hurry on. Death never stands still: he has already begun his work on you, he will not stop till he has finished it, and he will finish it far sooner than you expect. Time will roll away, and eternity draw near. Time never stands still: it rolls, it flies away, like the vapor; like the lightning flash, it appears for an instant, and then darts away, to be seen no more. God never sits still. Give thanks to him that he does *not* fail to cause the sun to rise and the rain to descend. He will carry forward the wheels of nature, and the arrangements of his providence, and the designs of his grace, and all his steadfast purposes. Christ never sits still. What if he had remained in the bosom of the Father, or should now suspend his work of intercession? He will build up his kingdom and gather in his elect, and bring you to his judgment-seat, and show your naked soul to your own eye and to the assembled universe, and pronounce upon you the irreversible sentence of blessing or cursing, and send you to heaven or hell, where you will sit idle no more; where you will do your appointed work, and do it well, and keep doing it without cessation, and without end: for so do all in the unseen world. Heaven is never idle. Saints and angels serve God day and night in his temple. They never need and never wish to rest in their seraphic work. And it is the

perfection of their state, that the period will never arrive when they will be inactive. They will work on, and sing on, and shine on for ever. And when they have outlived their own highest conception of a happy *eternity*, it will be the perfection of their bliss that it is *yet to be eternal*.

Hell is never still. Devils, and lost men too, have no rest day nor night, no rest in sinning, no rest in suffering, no rest in sinking deeper and deeper still in remorse, and despair, and shame, and everlasting contempt :

“ Burning continually, yet unconsumed ;
 For ever wasting, yet enduring still ;
 Dying perpetually, yet never dead :
 Where there are groans that never end, and sighs
 That always sigh, and tears that ever weep,
 And ever fall, but not in Mercy’s sight.”

No ; they never sit idle in hell, and they never will ; and that is the keenest pang in their sufferings. When they have groaned out a period longer than their utmost imagination of an *eternity*, it will be the bitterest ingredient in their cup—the deep still lower than the lowest deep in hell—that it is *yet to be eternal*.

Have you yet to choose between these two worlds ? for in one or the other you must dwell, and must work for ever. Why then, O why sit idle ? How will you answer the question to your own understanding, to your conscience, to your duty, to your interest, to the world, and to God ? Sit idle, when property and reputation, and health and life are at stake ; sit unmoved before the lion’s paw, at the cannon’s mouth, at the edge of the precipice, on the brink of the cataract, and I will hold my peace. But I cannot keep silence and see you sit idle in a world of probation, in a Christian land, on the eve of the judgment, on the brink of eternity, on the dividing line between an eternal heaven and an eternal hell.

WOULD YOU BE HAPPY?

WHO would not? Happiness is the desire and aim of all men. The desire is instinctive. Every man, every child, is conscious of its existence and its influence. It moves every mind, sways the emotions of every heart, governs and controls the actions of every life. We are formed for happiness. The creatures around us are so, and whether they soar in the air, or browse in the meadow, or swim in the lake, the river, and the ocean—all, in their several spheres, and to the full measure of their several capacities, realize the enjoyment of which they are susceptible, and which has been designed and provided for them by the beneficent and bountiful Creator.

But are *men* thus happy? History, experience, conscience, all concur in testifying to the contrast which, in this respect, exists between them and the creatures that surround them. *Your conscience*, my reader, confirms the sad and melancholy truth. *You are not happy.* *Healthy* you may be—you have food to eat, and raiment to put on—you are not a stranger to the comfort of a home, the sympathy and the solace of friendship, the endearments of domestic life, the multiplied advantages of social intercourse, and the manifold benefits resulting from educational attainments. To you, history unfolds her ample page, poetry pours forth her melodious numbers, science reveals her exuberant resources, and art exhibits, in endless variety of forms, her fascinating mimicry of nature.

Still, you are not happy—no; and if these sources of enjoyment were multiplied a thousand-fold, and each a thousand times more copious, they could not secure to you that inestimable boon. The eye could not be satisfied with seeing, nor the ear with hearing, nor the heart with enjoying all that earth can offer or bestow. Why? Because all could not fill the capacities, allay the anxieties, or meet the anticipated destiny of the human mind. Must you, then,

my reader, ought you to forego the hope, to relinquish the pursuit of *happiness*? Assuredly not. This were to resist the first law of nature—to do violence to all the instincts of your constitution—to counteract the purpose and the will of God. He has made you to be happy. He has provided the means, prescribed the method, furnished all the requisite facilities for attaining and securing all the enjoyment which your most enlarged capacities, your most expanded desires can demand.

More than twenty years since, the writer became acquainted, in the capital of Russia, with a man who had devoted all the energies of a great mind, and all the sensibilities of a benevolent heart, to the mitigation of human misery. He had been a merchant in extensive business, but dissolved his secular connections, and gave himself to the hallowed work of personally ministering to the temporal and spiritual necessities of the most wretched of his race. He sought, and obtained the countenance and confidence of the emperor, and under his auspices gained access to the prisons both of the ancient and the modern capital—introduced many improvements into the discipline of those receptacles of crime—and was soon hailed as the friend and benefactor of the worst outcasts of society.

At this period, the writer first knew him, and enjoyed many precious seasons of free, fraternal fellowship. “We took sweet counsel together,” and often did we kneel at a throne of mercy and plead the promise, “If *two* of you agree on earth, as touching any thing that they shall ask, it shall be done for them of my Father.” *He* had once sought happiness in the business and pleasures of the world. But light broke in upon his mind. He was convinced of sin. The earnest, contrite, importunate petition of the publican became his own—“God be merciful to me a sinner”—and the prayer was answered. He heard and believed that “faithful saying, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners.” He found “peace and joy in believing,” and the calm serenity which ever sat upon his noble countenance, was but the reflection of that “peace of God which passeth all understanding,” and which “ruled” supremely “in his heart.” O, how eloquently, how energetically would he expatiate on the sublime realities of the Christian faith. With what intense thankfulness and unfeigned hu-

mility would he adore the riches of redeeming and adopting grace. Had you seen him, my reader, had you heard him, you would have said, "This is happiness. How nobly does religion here assert and vindicate her claims to my homage and esteem. What but her enlightening, sanctifying, soul-enriching influence, could have given such vigor of thought, such vividness of conception, such sublimity of sentiment, such sacredness of feeling, such sweetness of disposition, such suavity of address, such exuberant and inexhaustible benevolence of heart?"

His heart yearned over the selected objects of his philanthropic efforts. He daily visited their gloomy cells, read and expounded to them "the word of God, the gospel of salvation;" and often was he gladdened by the sight of the penitential tear bursting from the eye, and falling on the manacles and chains of the awakened malefactor. It was during one of these visits of mercy, while inhaling the polluted atmosphere of a wretched prison-house, that he was seized with a malignant fever, which, in a few weeks, terminated his Christian course. He died as he lived, believing in Him who is "the death of death," and meekly rejoicing in hope of the glory of God. His memory will long survive; it is inscribed indelibly on many a grateful heart; and the casual visitor of the English and American burial-ground in the *Vasili Ostrov* will turn aside and view, with peculiar emotion, the simple monument which imperial gratitude and admiration have erected over all that was mortal of "the second Howard," W—— V——, Esq.

But "his record is on high"—his name, his character, his holy and heavenly conversation, are inseparably blended with the recollections and the spiritual history of surviving friends. He had a *brother*, for whose spiritual interests, with those of his lady, he was intensely anxious. This brother was wealthy, and lived in the full enjoyment of all that wealth could purchase. Princes and nobles were his frequent guests, and even *Alexander* occasionally sat at his elegant and hospitable board. But he was never *happy*—never, until, won by the meekness, and gentleness, and placid tranquillity of his brother, he began to inquire into causes of effects like these. He soon found the explanation which he sought. He heard, believed, and obeyed the gospel of the grace of God. He chose "the kingdom of

God and his righteousness" as his spiritual portion. Confiding in the merits of Christ's propitiation, he asked and obtained the forgiveness of his sins, acceptance with God, the spirit of adoption, the blessed hope of a glorious immortality. With all that ardor and intensity of zeal which an enlightened perception of divine truth and the indulgence of sanctified love only could produce, he now sought that his beloved partner might be a partaker of the happiness he enjoyed—the hope he entertained. She was accomplished, amiable, warmly attached to her husband, yet absorbed in the gay amusements of the world, and scorned the humiliating, self-sacrificing doctrine of the cross. These brief pages do not allow us to narrate the changes wrought in her mind; but she evidently became *a Christian indeed*—meekly sitting at the feet of Jesus—her heart filled with the love of God—her eye beaming with the ineffable delight of conscious freedom from the bondage of corruption, of assured victory over the world, of habitual communion with her God and Saviour. They have returned to their native country, where they have delightfully exemplified the religion of Christ in a life of active piety and consecration to him.

The writer could recount many such illustrations of the peace-giving, joy-inspiring influence of true religion. He has traversed seas and continents, mingled with the inhabitants of many a clime, held communion with the honorable and the abject, the savage and the sage; and this is the sum of all his experience—that *he* alone is truly happy, who mourns for sin, relies on the grace and power of Christ, and in the full light of inspired truth, can "read his title clear to mansions in the skies."

Reader, the retrospections of a death-bed, of a judgment-day, will confirm this conclusion. Anticipate that confirmation, and BE WISE, THAT YOU MAY BE HAPPY.

THE

HEART OPENED.

HAVE you ever observed that beautiful but tender flower, which, as if instinct with life, closes its delicate leaves and droops its head at sundown—but at sunrise, when it feels the first warm rays of the heavenly luminary, gently unfolds its beauties, and sends forth its sweet perfume? In the exquisite mechanism of that flower, and the manner of its operation, how wondrous the combination of gentleness and power. Omnipotence alone, guided by infinite wisdom, could create and adjust its various parts; but how silently does the all-powerful God move them at his will, opening, on each returning morning, the beautiful valves, and spreading the beauties they enclose to the genial influence of the rising sun.

Just so was *the heart of Lydia opened*. She was a native of Thyatira, famed for its production of the royal purple, and had repaired to Philippi to dispose of that article in traffic to the luxurious inhabitants of that Roman colony. She had renounced the service of idols, and was a professed worshipper of the true God. Finding a few females, like herself, disposed to the exercises of devotion, she accompanied them, on the morning of a Jewish Sabbath, to the banks of a neighboring stream, where they might, without observation, blend their supplications to the God of Abraham. Thither the Spirit and providence of the Most High conducted the footsteps of the great apostle of the Gentiles. He embraced the favorable opportunity of “preaching Jesus;” and “God gave testimony to the word of his grace,” and “opened the heart of Lydia, that she attended to the things that were spoken by Paul.” Here was gentleness and power; the energy of omnipotence acting under the influence of love.

There have been *many Lydias* in the church of God,

and as many illustrations of this wondrous union of tenderness and energy. One instance the writer can never forget. A young female, noted for her volatility, and strongly prejudiced against the preaching which yet, as a junior member of her family, she was compelled to attend, arose on the morning of an ever-memorable Sabbath, and anticipating the irksome engagements of the day, was doing what she could to "kill the time," the sacredness and value of which she had yet to learn.

But the lesson was soon to be acquired. She was far, very far from being satisfied with her condition. That morning her mind was unaccountably diverted from its usual course of frivolous and trifling thought, and, as she afterwards confessed, she strove, but in vain, to put away from her the striking example of youthful decision furnished in the case of Ruth. What was her surprise when the minister read as his text the noble resolution of that noble heroine: "Entreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee; for whither thou goest I will go, and where thou lodgest I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God." She wondered at the strange coincidence; she listened as to a message sent directly to herself—*her heart was opened*—and the resolution of the Hebrew widow was adopted as her own, in so far as it involved the spirit of voluntary separation from the world, and self-consecration to the service of Jehovah.

From that day she became a humble, meek, and zealous follower of Christ. She soon gathered around her a class of young immortals in the Sabbath-school, to whom it was her delight to speak of Him, "whom, having not seen, she loved, and in whom, though now she saw him not, yet believing, she rejoiced with joy unspeakable and full of glory." More than twelve years have elapsed since she "passed from death unto life," and she has continued to "adorn the doctrine of God her Saviour," and to exemplify the peaceful, purifying influence of the privileges she enjoys, and the prospects she entertains.

On another occasion, the preacher having told his audi-

ence that they were sinners—guilty—polluted—condemned ; unable to atone for their sins—to purify themselves from moral uncleanness—to avert the condemnation impending over them ; and having told them of the love of Christ, his meritorious righteousness, his atoning sacrifice, his ability and willingness to save, uttered in the earnestness of his heart such words as these : “ Suffer me to take you by the hand, and lead you to the Saviour. He waiteth to be gracious—he will not cast you out—he *invites, urges, entreats, implores* you to ‘ come to him, that you may have life.’ Come, then, without hesitancy—without procrastination, *come.*” Under these words, divine power, guided by divine love, *opened the heart* of E——, and gently threw its inmost recesses open to the light and warmth of the Sun of righteousness. She was poor in circumstances, but soon became distinguished in the little circle she so much adorned, by her love, fidelity, and zeal.

She subsequently gave her hand to a pious youth, on condition that she should still attend at the “ birthplace of her soul.” Here, in answer to her fervent prayers, and by the blessing of God on the simple exhibition of the truth, her father, and then her mother were awakened, convinced, and saved. There, month after month, they have since united in showing forth the dying love of their Redeemer. They still inhabit the deepest vale of poverty—but theirs are the fruits of the Spirit, and the moral atmosphere around them is fragrant with the sweet perfume of piety.

There is much that is intensely interesting in the *early* opening of the heart. If, under any circumstances, the conversion of a sinner from the error of his way gives joy to the ministering spirits of heaven, how must that joy be enhanced by the circumstances of an early consecration of the soul to God. How much evil is thus prevented—how much good secured. The youthful disciple becomes, if spared, through the whole of after-life, the source of a holy, healthful moral influence. The atmosphere of domestic and social life becomes thus impregnated with the savor of godliness, and each member of the friendly circle has constantly exhibited

before him or her, a "living epistle of Christ"—an embodied manifestation of the purity and power of true religion.

It is not *on your own account only*, my youthful reader, that we wish to see *your heart opened* to receive the truth, to imbibe the spirit of holiness, to become the seat of pure desires and heavenly affections. You are connected with others—with some of them by ties which death only can dissolve. Every returning day, every waking hour brings you into contact with some of your fellow-creatures; and from you there is going forth to them an influence for evil or for good, the consequences of which may be eternal.

Now, we wish this influence to be *entirely good, permanently beneficial*. We desire that you may serve God from your youth, and be preserved from those heart-corroding reflections which, in cases of late conversion, turn upon the dreadful past—upon time misspent, talents prostituted, and moral, spiritual, perhaps eternal injury inflicted upon others. We wish you to live in the memory of others when you die, to have your noblest eulogium in the grateful remembrance of surviving disciples of the Saviour, whom you shall instrumentally have brought to his cross and to his throne. We desire for you a record on high—a memorial that shall survive the lapse of ages, the close of time, the consummation of all things.

How momentous, my beloved reader, the issue of this appeal. What lasting results are suspended on the present moment. O how do good and evil spirits, so deeply interested in your salvation or perdition, crowd around you at a moment like the present, and tremulously wish, and watch the process of thought and of emotion. Spirit of grace and truth, put forth thy energy; remove from the mind of the reader whatever exeludes and intercepts the beams of heavenly light and love; let those beams fall powerfully, yet gently, on the heart, and let the heart own the heavenly influence, and open, and expand, and send forth the sweet savor of early piety.

“YE SHALL NOT SURELY DIE.”

A SHORT SERMON, BY REV. LEMUEL HAYNES.

THE holy Scriptures are a peculiar fund of instruction. They inform us of the origin of creation; of the primitive state of man; of his fall, or apostasy from God. It appears that he was placed in the garden of Eden, with full liberty to regale himself with all the delicious fruits that were to be found except what grew on one tree: if he ate of that he should surely die, was the declaration of the Almighty.

Happy were the human pair amid this delightful paradise, until a certain Preacher, in his journey, came that way, and disturbed their peace and tranquillity by endeavoring to reverse the prohibition of the Almighty, as in our text: “Ye shall not surely die.”

“She pluck’d, she ate:
 Earth felt the wound; and nature from her seat,
 Sighing through all her works, gave signs of woe
 That all was lost.” MILTON.

We may attend to the *character* of the preacher—to the *doctrine* inculcated—to the *hearer* addressed—to the *medium* or *instrument* of the preaching.

1. AS to the PREACHER, I would observe, he has many names given him in the sacred writings: the most common is the *Devil*. That it was he that disturbed the happiness of our first parents is evident from 2 Cor. 11: 3, and many other passages of Scripture. He was once an angel of light, and knew better than to preach such doctrine; he did violence to his own reason.

But, to be a little more particular, let it be observed,

1. He is an *old* preacher. He lived about one thousand seven hundred years before Abraham—above two thousand four hundred and thirty years before Moses—four thousand and four years before Christ. It is now five thousand eight hundred and nine years since he commenced preaching. By this time he must have acquired great skill in the art.

2. He is a very *cunning*, artful preacher. When Elymas the sorcerer came to turn away people from the faith, he is said to be *full of all subtlety, and a child of the devil*—not only because he was an enemy of all righteousness, but on account of his carnal cunning and craftiness.

3. He is a very *laborious*, unwearied preacher. He has been in the ministry almost six thousand years, and yet his zeal is not in the least abated. The apostle Peter compares him to a roaring lion, *walking* about seeking whom he may devour. When God inquired of this persevering preacher, Job 2:2, "From whence comest thou?" he "answered the Lord, and said, From *going to and fro* in the earth, and from *walking up and down in it*." He is far from being circumscribed within the narrow limits of parish, state, or continental lines; but his haunt and travel are very large and extensive.

4. He is a *heterogeneous* preacher, if I may so express myself. He makes use of a Bible when he holds forth, as in his sermon to our Saviour, Matt. 4:6. He mixes truth with error, in order to make it go well, or to carry his point.

5. He is a very *presumptuous* preacher. Notwithstanding God had declared in the most plain and positive terms, "Thou shalt surely die"—or, "In dying thou shalt die"—yet this audacious wretch had the impudence to confront Omnipotence, and say, "Ye shall not surely die!"

6. He is a very *successful* preacher. He draws a great number after him. No preacher can command hearers like him. He was successful with our first parents—with the old world. Noah once preached to those spirits that are now in the prison of hell, and told them from God that they should surely die; but this preacher came along and declared the contrary—"Ye shall not surely die." The greater part, it seems, believed him, and went to destruction. So it was with Sodom and Gomorrah. Lot preached to them; the substance of which was, "Up, get ye out of this place; for the Lord will *destroy* this city." Gen. 19:14. But this old declaimer told them, No danger, no danger; "Ye shall not surely die." To which they generally gave heed; and Lot seemed to them as one who *mocked*: they believed the Universal preacher and were consumed—agreeably to the declaration of the apostle Jude, "Sodom and Gomorrah, and the cities about them, suffering the vengeance of eternal fire."

II. Let us attend to THE DOCTRINE inculcated by this preacher. "Ye shall not surely die." Bold assertion, without a single argument to support it. The death contained in the threatening was doubtless *eternal* death; as nothing but this would express God's feelings towards sin, or render an infinite atonement necessary. If it were temporal death, and this was the curse of the law, then believers are not delivered from it, as Paul asserts that they are. Galatians 3:13. What Satan meant to preach was, that there is no hell; and that the wages of sin is not death, but eternal life.

III. We shall now take notice of the hearer addressed by this preacher. This we have in the context: "And the serpent said unto the WOMAN, Ye shall not surely die." That Eve had

not so much experience as Adam is evident; and so she was not equally able to withstand temptation. This doubtless was a reason why the tempter chose her, with whom he might hope to be successful. Probably he took a time when she was separated from her husband.

That this preacher has had the greatest success in the dark and ignorant parts of the earth, is evident; his kingdom is a kingdom of darkness. He is a great enemy to light. St. Paul gives us some account of him in his day, 2 Tim. 3:6: “For of this sort are they which creep into houses, and lead captive *silly* women laden with sins, led away with divers lusts.” The same apostle observes, Rom. 16:17, 18, “Now I beseech you, brethren, mark them which cause divisions and offences, contrary to the doctrine which ye have learned, and avoid them. For they that are such serve not our Lord Jesus Christ, but their own belly; and by good words and fair speeches deceive the hearts of the *simple*.”

IV. The instrument or medium made use of by the preacher will now be considered. This we have in the context: “And the SERPENT said unto the woman, Ye shall not surely die.” But how came the devil to preach through the serpent?

1. To save his own character, and the better to carry his point. Had the devil come to our first parents personally and unmasked, they would have more easily seen the deception. The reality of a future punishment is at times so clearly impressed on the human mind, that even Satan is constrained to own that there is a hell, although at other times he denies it. He does not wish to have it known that he is a liar; therefore he conceals himself, that he may the better accomplish his designs and save his own character.

2. The devil is an enemy to all good, to all happiness and excellence. He is opposed to the happiness of the brutes. He took delight in tormenting the swine. The serpent, before he set up preaching universal salvation, was a wise, beautiful, and happy creature; but now his glory is departed. “And the Lord said unto the serpent, Because thou hast done this, thou art cursed above all cattle, and above every beast of the field; upon thy belly shalt thou go, and dust shalt thou eat all the days of thy life.” There is therefore a kind of duplicate cunning in the matter—Satan gets the preacher and hearers also.

“And is not this triumphant treachery,
And more than simple conquest in the foe!” YOUNG.

3. Another reason why Satan employs instruments in his service is, because his empire is large, and he cannot be everywhere himself.

4. He has a large number at his command that love and

approve of his work, delight in building up his kingdom, and stand ready to go at his call.

INFERENCES.

1. The devil is not dead, but still lives, and is able to preach as well as ever, "Ye shall not surely die."

2. Universal Salvation is no new-fangled scheme, but can boast of great antiquity.

3. See a reason why it ought to be rejected, because it is an ancient devilish doctrine.

4. See one reason why it is that Satan is such a mortal enemy to the Bible, and to all who preach the Gospel, because of that injunction, Mark 16:15, 16: "And he said unto them, Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature. He that believeth and is baptized, shall be saved; but he that believeth not, shall be *damned*."

5. See whence it was that Satan exerted himself so much to convince our first parents that there was no hell, because the denunciation of the Almighty was true, and he was afraid that Adam and Eve would continue in the belief of it. Was there no proof of future punishment, or was it only a temporary evil, Satan would not be so busy in trying to convince men that there is none. It is his nature and element to lie. "When he speaketh a lie, he speaketh of his own; for he is a liar, and the father of it." John 8:44.

6. We infer that ministers should not be proud of their preaching. If they preach the true Gospel, they only in substance repeat Christ's sermons. If they preach, "Ye shall not surely die," they only make use of the devil's old notes, that he delivered almost six thousand years ago.

7. It is probable that the doctrine of Universal Salvation will still prevail, since this preacher is yet alive, and not in the least superannuated; and every effort against him only enrages him more and more, and excites him to new inventions and exertions to build up his cause.

To close the subject. As the author of the foregoing discourse has confined himself wholly to the character of Satan, he trusts no one will feel himself personally injured by this short sermon. But should any imbibe a degree of friendship for this aged deceiver, and think that I have not treated this Universal preacher with that respect and veneration that he justly deserves, let them be so kind as to point it out, and I will most cheerfully retract; for it has ever been a maxim with me, "*Render unto all their dues.*"

THE

SINNER AND THE SAVIOUR.

IN a short time, and perhaps very unexpectedly, you will be in eternity. Your opportunities and privileges fly with your moments, your account is fast filling up for the day of judgment, and soon your everlasting destiny will be decided.

You are conscious that you are A SINNER AGAINST GOD. You have been *ungrateful*, in rendering no proper return for his unceasing mercies; *selfish*, in disregarding his glory, and seeking your own interests; *self-willed* and *obstinate*, in casting off his restraints, and persisting in your own way; *proud*, in overvaluing your supposed good qualities; *vain*, in seeking the approbation of men rather than God; *rebellious*, in resisting his rightful authority, and disobeying his most reasonable commands; *unbelieving*, in neglecting his most gracious promises and solemn warnings; and *wicked*, in stifling the admonitions of conscience, and deferring known and acknowledged duty. You have sinned against God the Father, by withholding your heart from him, and by contemning his wisdom and mercy, which devised the Gospel as the only method of restoring you to his favor; you have sinned against God the Son, by denying your sinful and lost condition, and neglecting the pardon purchased with his blood; you have sinned against God the Holy Spirit, in resisting him when he has brought reclaiming influences to bear on your soul. Acts 7 : 51. Had you never committed a sin against your fellow-men, your everlasting condemnation would be just; but the guilt of a self-murderer is also upon you, you have destroyed your own soul, Hos. 13 : 9; and you have encouraged others in sin, which may finally insure their ruin.

It can be no EXCUSE of your course to say you have been sincere: sincerity is not the test of rectitude; "There is a way that seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof are the ways of death." Prov. 14 : 12. You cannot plead that conscience has not condemned you; for by constant sinning

you may have perverted and hardened it. You cannot hope that God will be indifferent to your sin : he is "jealous" for his law, and by his word and providence has declared his opposition in terms that should make every transgressor tremble. If you rely on a vague expectation of the general mercy of God, your hope must perish : he has no mercy independent of that which he exercises, through Jesus Christ, to those who repent and believe the Gospel. If you turn to the promise of future repentance, it must prove delusive ; for if *now*, under clear conviction and the most pressing motives, while the heart is susceptible, you are unwilling to repent, much more will you be when, by practice in sin, convictions are stifled, motives impaired, and the heart has grown hard. If you trust to your morality, its outward and partial duties cannot answer the demands of a law which is "exceeding broad" and spiritual ; nor can present obedience, even if it were perfect, atone for sins that are past. If you expect that at death some change will be produced in your moral character, by which you may be saved, you are fearfully deceived : He that is then unjust, shall be unjust still ; and he that is filthy, shall be filthy still. Rev. 22 : 11.

You are then condemned, nor can you derive from yourself or your fellow-men the least hope of deliverance. If you are ever saved, it must be by the unmerited mercy of God, so exercised that his justice, holiness, and truth, shall remain unimpeached, the authority of his law be maintained, and a thorough and radical change produced in your moral character.

Such a plan of salvation the wisdom of God has devised. And from the cross of Jesus Christ the invitation is directed to you : "LOOK UNTO ME, and be saved."

He is a Saviour in every respect *suited to your case*. He has removed all legal obstacles to your pardon, and yet upheld and magnified the law. He has glorified the attributes of God, and yet can offer mercy most freely to all who will receive it. He has every qualification to invite your confidence and enlist your affection. "It pleased the Father that in him should *all fulness dwell*."

He is full of *merit to justify*. However numerous and aggravated your sins, on the ground of his "everlasting righteousness" you may be pardoned and restored.

He is full of *grace to sanctify*. "The blood of Jesus

Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin." 1 John, 1 : 7. His Spirit and his word can make you clean. 1 Pet. 1 : 22. Wait not to make yourself better, and then come to Christ with your imperfect goodness as the price of acceptance ; come as you are ; he will make you better, and render you acceptable in your Father's sight.

He is full of *compassion*. He came to save *sinners*, and says, " Him that cometh to me, I will in no wise cast out." John 6 : 37.

He is full of *sympathy*. He knows experimentally the wants, woes, trials, and temptations of men ; and his call is, " Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Matt. 11 : 28.

" *All power* in heaven and in earth " is given him, to protect and uphold his people. Matt. 28 : 18. If you are fearful that you cannot hold out, he can keep you. John 10 : 27-29. " He is able to save them to the uttermost, who come unto God by him." Heb. 7 : 25.

He is full of *wisdom*. The past, the present, the future are open to his eye. He will keep you from the paths of the destroyer, and guide your doubting footsteps into the ways of safety and peace.

He is full of glory to *crown*. He will recognize you as his own in this world, will guard you from the snares of prosperity, will irradiate the dark hours of adversity with his presence, will convert your last conflict into a scene of victory, and raise you to his Father's house, to reign as king and priest with him for ever. Rev. 1 : 6.

He will be made wisdom for your ignorance, righteousness for your guilt, sanctification for your pollution, and redemption for your ruin. Will you accept him as your Saviour? Then make and seal, with your heart and hand, such an engagement as the following :

" In view of my sins, most unreasonable and wicked, as committed against God the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit, I profess my sincere sorrow, and my firm determination to forsake them heartily and for ever. I now receive the Lord Jesus Christ as my Saviour. Disclaiming all reliance on my good deeds, I trust alone to his atonement for pardon. Conscious of my ignorance, I receive him as my instructor, and bind myself to follow him ; and acknowledging and renouncing my past rebellion, I receive him as my

Master and Lord, submitting my will cheerfully to his, and consecrating myself and all to his service for ever."

Make such a consecration as this from the heart, and you shall live. The Redeemer will accept of no service short of this. Why will you die? Ever will you wander in darkness till you turn your steps to Christ. Many have resorted to him and been saved. Hear the experience of one. Cowper, the celebrated Christian poet, at one period of his history, was driven by a consciousness of guilt to the verge of despair; at length he opened the Bible and read, Rom. 3 : 25, "Christ Jesus God hath set forth to be a propitiation for sin, through faith in his blood, to declare his righteousness for the remission of sins that are past, through the forbearance of God." "Immediately," he says, "I received strength to believe, and the full beams of the Sun of righteousness shone upon me. I saw the sufficiency of the atonement he had made for my pardon and complete justification. Unless the Almighty arm had been under me, I think I should have been overwhelmed with gratitude and joy. My eyes filled with tears, and my voice choked with transport; I could only look up to heaven in silent fear, overwhelmed with love and wonder. I lost no opportunity of repairing to the throne of grace, but flew to it with an earnestness irresistible and never to be satisfied. Could I help it? The Lord had enlarged my heart, and I could now cheerfully run in the ways of his commandments." It was in such a state of mind that he composed this sweet hymn; and may God give you grace to adopt it as the language of your own heart.

There is a fountain filled with blood,
 Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
 And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,
 Lose all their guilty stains.

The dying thief rejoiced to see
 That fountain in his day;
 And there may I, though vile as he,
 Wash all my guilt away.

Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood
 Shall never lose its power,

Till all the ransomed church of God
 Be saved, to sin no more.

E'er since by faith I saw the stream
 Thy flowing wounds supply,
 Redeeming love has been my theme,
 And shall be till I die.

Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
 I'll sing thy power to save,
 When this poor lisping, stam'ring tongue,
 Lies silent in the grave.

THE

SINNER BELIEVING.

TOWARDS the close of a summer Sabbath, my younger brother came into my room, and with every expression of confidence and love, the tear trembling in his eye, said, "I want you to pray for me." It was a moment of surpassing interest, and emotions never to be expressed or forgotten were awakened during the scene that followed.

The youth now begging an interest in my prayers had never been distinguished for his wickedness; on the contrary, his past life had been marked by strict morality, and the observance of many external duties of religion had adorned his character. His countenance, his tears, his words discovered that he was in deep distress, and I desired him to sit down for a moment, and tell me the nature of his anxiety, to open his heart freely, and I would then comply with his request.

"Last evening," said he, "I was in the prayer-meeting, and when you closed your remarks with these words, 'Choose ye *this day* whom you will serve,' I resolved to seek the Saviour *now*, and never give it up till I found him. When I arose this morning, I was not conscious of any unusual anxiety; but through the day I have been more and more troubled; the preaching seemed to reach my case; and since I have been at home this afternoon, I have been more deeply distressed, and now I feel that I am a sinner, a very great sinner, sinking into hell, and I want you to pray for me."

We kneeled, and I prayed for him while he wept in bitterness by my side. I then said to him, "What is the immediate cause of your present distress? Have you a dread of God's wrath, which you so richly deserve on account of your past neglect of him, and the present enmity of your heart to all that is holy?"

He replied, "I have been, during the day, particularly anxious lest I should sink into hell. It seemed to be opened before me, and every step I took was bringing me nearer to its brink. But that idea does not now distress me so much

as a sense of my sins ; they are so many and so great, that I know not what to do or where to look. What shall I do to be saved from my sins ?”

“There are reasons,” I said, “why you ought to feel deeply the greatness of your guilt. You have lived in the midst of gospel privileges ; you have had religious instruction from your childhood upward ; you have heard the offers of salvation a thousand times ; and have slighted these privileges, forgotten these instructions, rejected these offers of life, and you do well to weep when these sins are set in order before you.”

“I know it, I know it,” said he ; “I deserve to be made miserable, I have been such a sinner against God.”

“But do you feel that you deserve to be eternally miserable ; that God would be just in shutting you out of heaven, and shutting you up in hell ?”

“Oh yes, I cannot suffer more than I deserve to suffer, if I sink under the everlasting wrath of God. And yet it is not *hell*, so much as *sin*, that now fills me with distress. I would suffer any thing, every thing, to be delivered from this dreadful load of sin.”

I then spoke to him of the divine character, and told him that he might contemplate the contrast between the holiness of God and the pollution of the sinner’s heart. “Think of that infinite purity that cannot look upon sin ; of that justice that has sworn to punish it ; that spared not the rebel angels, and that will not spare you ; think of the integrity of God, that can make no compromise with sin, nor relax a particle from the severity with which he must punish the finally inpenitent.”

To all this and more that I urged, he answered, “I feel all that ; I see that all the attributes of God are against me, conspiring to punish me ; it is all right ; I deserve it ; I must perish ; oh, is there no way to escape ?”

“God is just, but God is merciful too. He has prolonged your life, given you space to repent, and is now ready to deliver you from hell and fit you for heaven.”

“No, no,” said he, “I have sinned too much. I must perish in my sins.” And sinking under this despairing thought, he gave utterance to his grief in sobs and tears.

It was an awful moment. He seemed ready to perish. I feared he would perish. Again and again I prayed, that

in the hour of his extremity he might find mercy. *He* tried to pray—and, out of the depths of his distress, cried unto God. But his cry seemed to be unheard. He did not believe. I then said to him,

“ My dear brother, I have been striving to set before you those sins which now fill your soul with so much distress, and I doubt not that the Holy Spirit has opened your eyes to see your guilt and just desert of punishment. But you must not despair. Have you forgotten that the blessed Saviour, who came into the world and died for the chief of sinners, now waits to be gracious even to you? If you still doubt the willingness of God to have mercy on sinners, come with me to the cross on Calvary. Why does the Son of God there hang, and bleed, and die? If he died to save the sinner, is he not willing to do that for which he died? Here is the crowning evidence that God can save and longs to save those who deserve to perish. And then listen to the invitations and promises of the Gospel; how many, how precious, how strong. They breathe the sweetness of dying love. They come from the heart that bled on the cross; and how can you refuse to believe? ‘Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.’ ‘If any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink.’ ‘Whoso cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out.’ The Gospel is full of such promises; they are made to sinners; they are made to you. Were you the only sinner on earth, the promises of Christ could not be more clearly addressed to you than they now are. And can you doubt; will you despair? You see the plan of salvation revealed for just such sinners as you are; and now will you not, under the power of the Holy Spirit, that has awakened you to a sense of your condition, commit your immortal interests to Him who gave himself for you?” The solemnity of eternity seemed to rest on his soul, as he poured out his heart in prayer and yielded himself into the hands of Him who is mighty to save. From that blessed hour my brother has found the Saviour precious to his soul.

In this record there are a few points on which I would fasten the reader’s attention.

There was a *determination* to seek the Lord Jesus Christ. He came to this determination calmly, deliberately, and with fixedness of purpose. This is the first step in the path that

leads the sinner back to God. Will you *now*, relying on the grace of God, without which your resolution will be vain, resolve to make the salvation of your soul the first great object of pursuit, and with singleness of purpose seek the Lord ?

He *saw his danger*. He hung by the thread of life over the burning lake, and liable every moment to fall into the bottomless gulf. There you are suspended, O impenitent reader. An instant hence the brittle thread may break, and then where are you ?

He *felt his guilt*. And the more clearly he saw how long his heart had been at enmity with God, the deeper became the sense of his just desert of punishment. He knew that it would be right for God to cut him off in his sins, and cast him for ever from his presence.

He believed on the Lord Jesus Christ as just *the Saviour he needed*. With a heart broken for sin, he found that, trusting implicitly in the promises of Christ, there was peace for his soul. Here all his anguish was allayed ; joy broke in upon his despairing mind, and the sweet assurance came that his sins were forgiven.

These are simple steps, but they lead to heaven. “ Repent, and believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.” You may be a desperate, abandoned profligate ; an outcast, forsaken and forgotten of men ; a child of infamy and crime, lost to yourself and friends, and *lost to hope* ; but “ it is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners ”—the chief of sinners—to save you.

Like him whose story is here told, you may not have stained your character by crime, or wandered far into the paths of the wicked ; still, you have an evil heart of unbelief to depart from the living God ; you never loved the Lord with all your soul ; nay, you have hardened your heart against him, and refused to yield yourself into his hands. But the Saviour waits to be gracious. He died for you ; will you not live for him ? He calls you by his word, and by his Spirit ; he pleads with you by his dying love, to *repent*, BELIEVE, and LIVE.

CONVENIENT SEASON.

“GO THY WAY FOR THIS TIME ; WHEN I HAVE A CONVENIENT SEASON, I WILL CALL FOR THEE.” So spake Felix to the apostle Paul, “ as he reasoned of righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come.” The haughty Roman governor, conscience-smitten, trembled before his prisoner, yet bade him depart till he could find a better time to attend to his message. That season never came. Though Felix sent often for the apostle and communed with him, he never so called for him as to receive and obey his message, but died a rebel against God.

Many still adopt in heart and practice the language of Felix ; many still look forward to their CONVENIENT SEASON. Few have any clear idea of what they mean, further than that it is *not the present* time ; they are always *intending* to repent, and never are ready. Thus they live and die with the work not done, and the soul is lost.

Dear reader, now unprepared, *what do you intend* by a convenient season ? The present time, it seems, is not such for you. There must then be something in the future to which you look that does not belong to the present. What is it ? *God's* convenient season is now. “ *Now,*” he says, “ is the accepted time ; behold, *now* is the day of salvation.” The grand inquiry is, *Will you have* a more convenient season ?

You think, perhaps, that you are now *too full of cares* ; you have too much business to occupy you ; you need more leisure. But what business is so important as that of the soul ? What is in such danger of being neglected ? And will the future be *more free* from cares ? Do you certainly know this ? Can you tell how the world will go with you ; how far your business will prosper ; what new events will take place affecting your interests ? If now you are too busy, will you be less busy hereafter ? Is the probability so strong, that it is well to risk on it the soul's eternal welfare ?

But some particular plan or enterprise engrosses your

time ; you only wait till this be over, and then you will be ready—nothing shall prevent you. DEATH *may* prevent you. The loss of reason may prevent you. Your very business, too, may bring results in its train which you cannot foresee. The resolution of to-day will soon be forgotten, as many others have been. You *have* put off the period longer and longer still, and as yet have done nothing to make your peace with God. Think, will it not be so again ?

But you wait till *more powerful means* are used with you. *What* means have *not* been used with you ? Have you not had the Bible to tell you that you are a sinner against God ; that you must be born again ? Have you not heard of a Saviour, and rejected him ? Have you not been prayed for, and warned, and entreated ? Has not the Holy Spirit of God sought you and strove with your heart ? Has not conscience urged on you your danger ? Have not the providences of God spoken to you ? Have not friends died, perhaps with warnings to you on their last breath ? You too, perhaps, have yourself been nigh to death, and in agony of soul promised to live to God ; but you have broken that promise, and torn yourself away from his arms of everlasting love. How then can you look for more powerful means ?

Do you wait till you feel the influences of God's Spirit on your heart ? Have they not been given you ? Even now they may be gently drawing and urging you. Yes, the still small voice of the Holy Spirit in loving entreaty whispers to you, "Come, for all things are now ready." Take care lest you once more grieve him away, as you have so often done. Lift up your heart to God to bless you, and implore the Spirit to be your comforter and guide.

Besides, what can means effect *while you remain thoughtless*, or undecided to comply ? They may arouse you as they have others, and you turn away and harden by them. From whom do you look to receive them ? Has God promised them ? Can you hope for them while you still abuse his grace ? Will the Holy Spirit be more likely to strive with you for being again rejected ? Will delay make it easier for you ? Will an ever-hardening heart gain you strength of purpose to serve God ? Why cannot you think of your danger, and cry to God for mercy ? Is not the danger real ; the ruin impending awful ? Why not now resolve to be his ; to live to him henceforth, and for ever ? Is not

his blessing worth striving to attain? Is there any thing to hinder you in the doctrines of his word? His word is truth; it will never change. It will ever be the same in your fancied convenient season. Shall it hinder you now and for ever?

But again, you say that now *your friends refuse* to come to Christ, and you hope that by and by they will join you. But should they not, will you give up your convenient season? Or will you go to perdition because they too go; lose your soul because they lose theirs? Will it be a solace to you in eternal torment, that your father, mother, brother, sister, wife, husband, or other near and dear friend is with you there? Will it make the misery of hell more tolerable? Can you better endure with them the wrath of Almighty God? Why should their penitence or impenitence decide you? They cannot repent or believe for you? You must *yourself* repent, and believe in the Lord Jesus Christ. *You* must be born again, or be for ever lost. Why not now rather make your peace with God, and trust his grace to aid you to lead them also to eternal life?

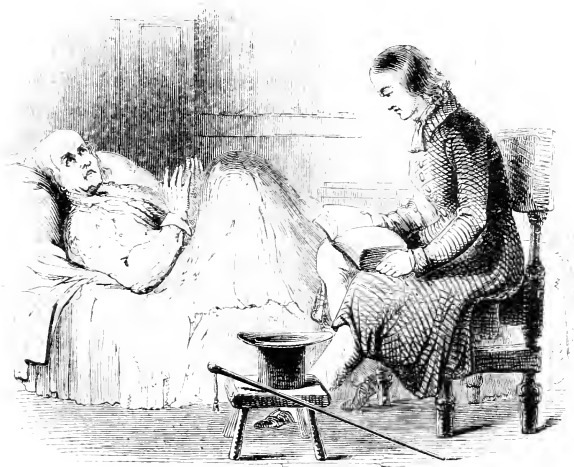
But the present is *attended by a cross*. Enjoyments are to be given up that you now find it hard to relinquish, and you hope for a convenient season that will be attended by no such trials. Then I tell you, dear reader, *it will never come*. The way to heaven lies by the cross. It will always be the same strait and narrow way. You must follow in the footsteps of Christ, deny yourself, and take up your cross, or you cannot be his disciple. The terms of salvation will never be altered. Love for your soul dictated them, and the same love and desire to save and make you eternally happy will keep them for ever what they are. Give up, then, all hope of salvation, or yield to them.

But you plead again, that you *do not feel enough*—you must wait till you are better. If sincere in this plea, Satan is deluding you. It is not the *degree*, but the *kind* of feeling you have, that God regards in his call to you to repent. You know what repentance means, what faith means, and what it is to withhold your heart from God. He requires you to give your heart to him now. Will you wait till you are *better*? But how? In impenitence, with a heart unwilling to obey God? And will this *ever* make you better, or render it more probable that you will be saved?

But you have *already put it off so long* you cannot hope for mercy. Are you sincere in this plea? What mean you by it? Say not so, for you do not really believe it: if you did, you would be unutterably wretched, and in hopeless despair. If there is no hope for you now, then no convenient season can ever be yours.

Why, then, is not *now* the convenient season? You have life and reason; you are in health; the word of God addresses you; Jesus the Saviour invites you; the Spirit of God urges you; your conscience tells you that it is your duty. You know not how soon life may close. You know not but God may take from you reason, withhold his gracious Spirit, and bid the messengers of mercy "let you alone." When, poor sinner, *when* will you be more ready? Will you be so on the sick bed, on the death-bed, racked with pain, trembling, it may be, in despair, on the verge of the grave? Are you young? Will manhood with its cares, the world corroding and hardening the heart, find you so? Are you in middle life? Will age with infirmity, and a long life wasted in rebellion against God? Ask those who have lived on thus; be warned by their example, and make sure of the present as your convenient, possibly your only season. Gain thus the longer time to prove your faith, and by sanctified trials and growth in grace, prepare to meet your Judge. Would you spend your best days in pleasure, and give to him only the dregs of a life wasted in neglect and sin? Will he be satisfied with this, and wait on you? Dare you venture your soul on it? Hear what God says, dear fellow-sinner, and beware how you longer presume on his forbearance and mercy: "Because I have called, and ye refused; I have stretched out my hand, and no man regarded; but ye have set at naught all my counsel, and would none of my reproof; I also will laugh at your calamity, I will mock when your fear cometh."

THE
GERMAN CRIPPLE



IN a miserable hovel near Rottenstein, in Germany, resided a poor cripple, who, from earliest infancy to his sixty-second year, lived in such a state of bodily weakness, that he was constantly dependent on the humane attention of others. His whole body was contracted, his knees were drawn up near his chin, and he was consequently unable to walk: the utmost he could do was to crawl a few yards on the floor; but even this became impracticable in the latter years of his life, his body having become very sore from con-

stant lying in one position. His arms were nearly as much deformed as his lower limbs, though for many years he retained the free use of his hands, which he most industriously employed in gaining a livelihood ; but in his fifty-sixth year, a very severe winter deprived him entirely of this blessing, so that it became necessary to feed him like an infant. The cottage in which he lodged was a considerable distance from the village, at the edge of a forest, amidst some sandy rocks, and removed from the public road. Here he was kindly cared for by a poor shepherd's widow, whom the parish had placed in the same dwelling.

When poor James, for this was his Christian name, lost the use of his hands, the pious widow had advanced to her eighty-second year. Four additional years James enjoyed the benefit of her maternal care, when it pleased God to remove her from this world of sin and sorrow, after a very short illness. Like fruit fully matured by the heat of affliction, she dropped off the tree ; and without tasting the bitterness of death, gently fell asleep in Jesus. On the day which immediately preceded her dissolution, she had gone to the village, leaning on her staff, to pay a last visit to a pious farmer's widow, from whom she had received many a charitable gift. Affectionately thanking her benefactress for all her acts of kindness, she added an earnest request, that she would think of poor James, as she now felt that her continuance on earth was likely to be very short. On the evening of the following day, the farmer's widow, impressed with the parting words of old "Lizzy," sent her maid to inquire at the cottage : she returned with the intelligence that the aged widow had died early in the morning.

After Lizzy's burial, poor James was left the lonely tenant of the cottage, and must have perished in his forlorn state, had not the good providence of God raised up on his behalf some kindly disposed persons, who, pitying his deplorable situation, made it their business to bestow their friendly attention upon him. The young clergyman of Rottenstein,

when informed of his circumstances, began to visit this afflicted parishioner; and though the poor man spoke but little, what he said was so appropriate, that every visit increased the pastor's esteem and affection.

During the wet weather, the rain penetrated the roof, and dripped upon the bed of the sufferer. One morning, some friendly visitors stepping in, found him in a fainting fit. Supposing him to be dead, they were just about to remove him from his bed of straw, when he showed signs of life, though his state of exhaustion was such that he could not speak so as to be heard. A fire was then kindled, his bed was placed in a more sheltered position, a dry coverlid was procured, and a reviving cordial administered. Thus refreshed, James soon regained his cheerful looks, and on recovering his speech, expressed a wish that the clergyman might be sent for. Upon entering the sick-room, he found a venerable old man sitting near the bedside of James, with a trembling hand and a tear glistening in his eye. All was clean and in order. Yet these outward appearances were not the chief attraction to the young pastor; his eyes were fixed upon the patient, and the more attentively he viewed him, the more intense was the interest he felt.

Finding the poor sufferer somewhat revived, he thus addressed him:

"My dear James, you appear to be fully aware of the danger which threatens your life, but for that you seem prepared."

"I am equally ready for life or death," said he, with an air of inexpressible serenity; "my life is in the Lord's hand; he can graciously prolong it, or speedily take me to himself, as it shall please him."

"But how is this," inquired the clergyman; "do you not from your inmost soul long for the redemption of your body? Can you really think, without uneasiness, of the prolongation of a life which to you must have been one continued scene of pain and suffering?"

“It is true, for many years I have been longing for the day and hour in which the shattered tabernacle of this body of sin and death shall be taken down, and another more beautiful habitation be provided for my immortal spirit, by my blessed Lord and Master ; but I would declare, with sincere gratitude to him, that my life, amidst all its gloomy and distressing scenes, has yet proved a comfortable and happy one.”

“My poor friend,” rejoined the minister, “it cheers me to find that so far from indulging in those sad complaints to which many invalids give vent, you rather dwell on the blessings bestowed upon you by the goodness of God. Perhaps, in your youthful days, you enjoyed more ease and comfort, the very remembrance of which may prove grateful to your reflecting mind ; but as for your later years, you have had to endure a far heavier load of pain and suffering than has fallen to the lot of any one within the circle of my acquaintance.”

“With regard to my infancy and youth,” replied the cripple, “I certainly had my cheerful days and hours, but things often looked very dark. My father was a soldier ; I never saw him, for at the time of my birth he was with his regiment in a remote part of the country, and shortly afterwards he was drowned in the Rhine. My poor mother died soon after my birth : grief for the death of my father, and the sight of so miserable an infant, are said to have broken her heart. My old pious grandmother took compassion on me, and nursed me with the same tender affection as if I had been a fine, healthy child, though my deplorable state often drew tears from her eyes. She herself was but badly off, for she lived with a daughter-in-law, who did not treat her kindly ; her own son was dead, and his widow had taken another husband, who grudged the old woman her free lodging, and such little comforts as might be allotted her. Often, when he saw my aged grandmother carry me about before the cottage, indulging me with a little fresh

air and warm sunshine, he would pour forth a volley of angry words, and even curses upon me, so that I quite trembled. My grandmother bore all in silent, meek submission, only saying, when we were alone, 'James, you must pray for angry Michael, that God may bless him and his house; then every one of his curses will be turned into a tenfold blessing.' My grandmother knew how to combine industry with piety; busy as she was with her spinning-wheel, and occupied with her daily work, she delighted in prayer, speaking to herself 'in psalms, and hymns, and spiritual songs, making melody in her heart to the Lord.' She also taught me to read, which proved a most welcome recreation. I made rapid progress; and when she employed me in reading the Bible, I felt such delight in it, that it became my favorite pursuit. At the same time, she habituated me to such work as my feeble hands would allow me to perform. Thus I grew up, nourished in body and soul, when it pleased God, in my twelfth year, to deprive me of this most kind and indefatigable nursing-mother. When she felt her end approach, she prayed with a holy importunity, that God himself would take me into his especial care and guardianship; and should it please him to allot me but a scanty portion of earthly comforts, that he would enrich me with an ampler supply of spiritual blessings. This prayer was remarkably heard and answered. For though, when I saw the corpse of my venerable grandmother carried to the grave, I shed a flood of tears, I yet enjoyed an inward peace and consolation, such as I had before never experienced. I felt as if the Lord Jesus, to whose mercy my dying grandmother had so frequently commended me, had been present with me, and had said, 'I have made, and I will bear; even I will carry, and will deliver you.' This precious promise wonderfully supported me, under all the unkind treatment which embittered my life while still living in the house of my relatives. None of its inmates cared for me; but the little son of a neighbor, whom I had often entertained with Scripture narra-

tives, and stories from Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*, visited me daily, and shared his bread with me. Thus this painful period passed over, till the parish provided a place for me, where for these fifty years I have found shelter and support."

"Ah, my poor James," replied the clergyman, "I pity you; to have spent fifty tedious years in such a desolate place and state: were you not often constrained to exclaim, 'O Lord, how long?'"

"After all," said James, "I cannot complain of the time having ever hung heavily upon me; never was I left quite lonely; one companion or another was always provided; and never have I been forsaken. During the first two years, an old invalid soldier was with me, who had had both legs shot away in the seven years' war. He was an honest, well-disposed man, often joined me in singing a spiritual hymn, and rendered me many a kind service. It was then that I found Christ to be precious as my only Saviour and portion. I was favored with continual peace and joy. My bodily sufferings also were greatly alleviated, so that my own hands could procure all that was needful for the support of life. I could even, now and then, spare a trifle for my invalid friend, in return for his many kind services.

"After his death, an aged, infirm woman occupied his place, to whom the parish committed the care of some forsaken orphans. These little ones often proved a source of entertainment and comfort to me, though it must be confessed, at the same time, that they often gave me a good deal of trouble and uneasiness; for old Margaret frequently left her charge for hours and days entirely to me, and deeply did it grieve me to hear them cry without being able to render them the needful assistance.

"About twenty-two years ago, the parish placed with me the widow of the late shepherd, the aged Elizabeth. At first she manifested rather a peevish disposition, but after some time a great and happy change took place, so that we

were enabled to live in the most peaceful manner ; and indeed she rendered me so many and such kind services, that I felt constrained to pray that God himself would be 'her shield, and her exceeding great reward.' When I was deprived of her friendly aid by death, some other Christian friends favored me with frequent visits. But even in my solitary hours, I was not forsaken ; for at the very seasons in which no human being came near me, and all around seemed buried in deathlike silence, I felt the comfortable presence of our blessed Lord and Saviour so sensibly, that I could not sufficiently bless and praise his holy name. Indeed, I must acknowledge, that from infancy to old age, he has cared for me with greater tenderness and affection than an earthly parent could bestow upon a beloved child."

"But," said the minister, "the ailment of your body, and its many infirmities, must have occasioned you severe pain, and I myself have sometimes heard you sigh and groan under your load. How, then, was it possible for you to maintain the peace, and even cheerfulness, to which you have just referred ?"

"Dear sir," replied the cripple, "even in my earlier years, but especially since I was deprived of the use of my hands, I have constantly had recourse to two remedies which soothe all kinds of pain, and make me forget all sorrow. One of these is to 'humble myself under the mighty hand of God ;' the other, to lift up my soul in prayer to God. When my bodily pains began to assail me more severely, I called to remembrance all the mercies and the truth which my heavenly Father had shown me from my birth ; how by this very infirmity of my body, he had preserved me from many sins, into which persons in perfect health are too prone to fall, and in how wonderful a manner he had kept, fed, clothed, and supported me. Above all, I then remembered how mercifully he had drawn me to his Son, comforted me by his Spirit, cheered me with numberless enjoyments, and refreshed my soul with a sweet foretaste of eternal glory

and bliss. When, after reviewing all his numberless mercies, I thought of my own nothingness and vileness—when I beheld, on the one hand, a poor worm of the dust, and on the other, the Lord of heaven and earth so graciously stooping to my weakness, and loading me with benefits, I was so bowed down and melted under a sense of his goodness, as no longer to regard my bodily pains, which, in truth, are ‘not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed’ hereafter; I felt as if those pains, like the waves of the sea, had passed by without being able to harm me. At other times, I rose in spirit to Him who once came down from heaven into the miseries of this wretched world, and calling to my mind his sufferings and death, his resurrection and ascension, my soul rose above pain, as a little bird might hover above the ruins of a falling house. In such hours my sighs were turned into thanksgivings, and my lamentation and woe into a song of praise. Thus I may well say, poor cripple as I am, that by the good hand of God watching over and mercifully providing for me, I have yet enjoyed many seasons of comfort and happiness. Indeed, there was never a sunshiny summer, nor a fruitful autumn, which did not present me with its refreshing fruits; for no sooner did ripe cherries or pears, apples or grapes, come on in their successive seasons, than one friendly Christian or another thought of poor James, and liberally supplied me from their stores.”

The young clergyman, while listening to these effusions of poor James, was deeply affected. Such faith he had not before witnessed. Unconsciously, yet most opportunely, his humble parishioner had been preaching a sermon to him; for just at that time it so happened, that the young pastor, having met with some discouraging circumstances, was in a depressed frame of mind. The evening sun shed his parting rays on the pallid countenance of the sufferer, brightened by the holy joy of his soul; and the minister left him with such a sense of the peace of God as he had never before enjoyed.

After this, James once more revived, and continued for several months, living a life of inward joy amidst bodily pain. During this interval, he was often visited by his pastor, who, at each return, himself carried away more consolation and strength than he was enabled to impart. With the advance of the autumnal season, the poor man's last remaining strength began visibly to decline. Once more the clergyman came; the sufferer could no longer distinctly speak, but his looks conveyed a powerful expression of humility, love, and gratitude. With a nod of thankfulness, and a look up to heaven, he took leave of his kind friend, who felt as if a near and dear relative were being taken from him. He sent a young man to pass the night by the bedside of the dying believer. On his arrival he found two pious friends with him, one of whom was reading the latter chapters of the gospel of St. John.

James fell asleep near midnight, and for several hours slept more comfortably than he had done for some time before. During his slumber, his face became paler and paler; yet so peaceful was it, that one of his friends could not but exclaim, "Surely, this is the countenance of one of the blessed above." On awaking, he uttered, in a clear tone, these words: "All is now accomplished; now my eyes have seen, my heart has felt the things which I have so long believed and hoped for." With a cheerful smile, he then fixed his look upwards, as if he were catching a view of the glories of heaven. Then turning to the two friends, he called them by name, and exhorted them, as well as the young man, to be faithful to the Lord Jesus in word and deed, to abstain from fleshly lusts which war against the soul, and to keep themselves unspotted from the world. After pronouncing a blessing on all, he requested his friends to read to him the 103d Psalm, which they began; and as they reached the closing words of the fourth verse, "Who crowneth thee with loving-kindness and tender mercies," he gently fell asleep in Jesus. The bright morning-star was shining into the cham-

ber as one of the friends closed his eyes, exclaiming, "Surely, here is one who has 'kept the faith;' let us pray to God that he may grant us like faith, and preserve us in the same unto salvation." The three then united in prayer, and carried on an edifying conversation till full daybreak. As the young man reported these scenes to the pastor, he added, "I cannot tell you, sir, how I feel to-day—so cheerful, and yet so sad. This was my first visit to poor James, and yet he has left me a blessing such as, I trust, I shall have reason gratefully to remember even in a better world."

It was a fine autumnal day when the mortal remains of the poor cripple were carried to the grave. "Ah, my poor James," said the clergyman, while preparing for the funeral, "who will accompany you to the grave; who will shed a tear for you? It was not in your power to purchase the services of your neighbors; you could give no meat or drink to the poor, you were yourself supported by the parish; you were the lowest of all, and have not a single relative left in the village. But, though no one else should shed a tear for you, I will; for I know what you have been to me, and how much I owe to you." But how astonished was he, on meeting the corpse at the church-door, to see the long procession that followed. From almost every house in the village one or more had come to join it, whilst others were seen standing before their cottages, the men with uncovered heads, and in silence viewing the procession as it passed. Still more affecting to the pastor was the deep, heartfelt emotion evidently manifested by many. Not merely tender-hearted women, but strong and rugged men shed tears, as if a beloved father or benefactor had been taken from them.

The clergyman delivered a funeral address from the beautiful words of our Lord Jesus Christ, "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life." Rev. 2:10. Never before had he preached with such deep feeling, so that the whole assembly was moved. When he had directed the minds of his hearers to the Christian's bright hope of a

joyful resurrection, and pronounced the blessing, most of the people left the churchyard ; but the clergyman still lingered there with some of the friends of the deceased. Among them he noticed a venerable old man whom he had previously met by his bedside, and the two men who had cheered his last hours by their Christian sympathy and support. Almost all of them were to outward appearance persons in very humble life. Several did not belong to the parish, but had come from some remote part of the forest.

“ There is no kinsman here,” said the clergyman, “ who can offer to the kind friends from a distance any refreshment. May I, therefore, be allowed to invite them to the parsonage, there to partake of my homely fare.” The funeral guests gladly accepted the friendly invitation, and placed themselves around his hospitable board. Addressing them, he said, “ It really affords me sincere pleasure to have this day witnessed the many tears shed for our departed friend ; and yet, I confess, I rather wondered to see one so much honored in death, who in his lifetime was almost entirely disabled from rendering any service to his fellow-men.”

“ Certainly,” replied one of the men, “ they are tears of affection and joy, rather than of sorrow, which we shed on account of dear James. How could we do otherwise than rejoice and thank God that his body, so wofully torn by agonies of pain, should now sweetly rest in the silent grave, and that his soul is now a happy partaker of those endless joys purchased by the Redeemer’s blood. Yet allow me, reverend sir, to say, that you are mistaken in supposing that poor James had never been able to render any service to his fellow-creatures. I can say for myself, that when I, a poor, helpless child, forsaken by my own mother, was provided for by the parish, the old woman to whose care I was committed, did very little for me, but James, on the contrary, did much. Whatever, at that time, he could spare from his earnings by knitting and sewing, he cheerfully gave to old Margaret to buy me milk and flour, and to supply me with

linen and a warm bed. Whilst my nurse was fast asleep, deaf to my cries in the night, he had my crib placed near his straw bed, and willingly submitted to much inconvenience on my behalf. As I advanced in years, he taught me to read, sent me to school, and laid out his last florin for me. But what is more, he taught me to know and to love my Saviour, and now I have the blessed hope of salvation, through faith in the merits and righteousness of my dear Redeemer. I live in a remote part of the forest, about nine miles from this place, and possess but little, having to support a sickly wife and eight children, yet considering James as my greatest benefactor, I used occasionally to offer him a little money, or some refreshments, but he would never accept them. 'Let me alone, dear Frederick,' he often said, 'I am used to my oatmeal diet; other provisions do not suit me. As for your money, save it for your children; surely they will one day want it; and your delicacies take to poor Gertrude, who is in a decline, and cannot eat black bread.' I frequently offered to attend him by day or by night, but his usual answer was, 'Frederick, believe me, I feel easier when I am alone; when I really want help, I shall have it.' Thus he declined all offers of service, except that of keeping his room clean and washing his linen, and that, in his last illness, he allowed me for a few nights to watch by his bedside."

"Just so did he act by me," exclaimed a well-dressed farmer's wife, belonging to a neighboring village. "It would have been a real pleasure to me, if poor James had accepted what I was ready to present to him, for to no one do I owe so much; but all my entreaties were in vain. Once, when taking with me a variety of little comforts, he made me weep, because he refused any acknowledgment of all the good he had done me. 'Do not make yourself uneasy,' said he, 'my dear Catherine, but listen to what I say. Suppose you were about to present your pious countess with some nice fruit from your own garden, in grateful acknowledgment of

all her kindness to you, and one of her servants should offer you for your fine pears, a fashionable lace-cap; you would surely reply, I neither can nor will sell my pears, for I have gathered them on purpose for my honored countess, neither is your fine head-dress suitable for me. Thus, my dear Catherine, the little good I can do to my neighbor, I do, I trust, from love to Christ; and should I, a poor cripple, utterly incapable of making the smallest return to my blessed Saviour for his numberless blessings, seek a recompense here below, by accepting what is really of as little use to me as the lace-cap would be to you? You offer me a bottle of wine, I cannot drink it; your husband kindly wishes to present me with a silk cap which he brought from the Tyrol, I cannot wear it; and your money I do not need: no poor persons come to this lonely spot, nor can I seek them out; of what use, therefore, would an Austrian ducat be to me?' All I could prevail upon him to take, was a little fruit, a few spoonsful of honey, and some linen which I had spun and woven myself; and yet to him, under God, I owe whatever of happiness I enjoy in the present world, and all that I hope for in the world to come. At only four years of age, I was brought by my mother to this village on her way to Dantzic, where my father was; but in consequence of a severe cold, she fell ill, and died, leaving me a helpless, miserable orphan. Being committed to the charge of the shepherd's widow, I met—previously to the blessed change wrought on her by the instrumentality of poor James—with very hard treatment. Oh, how different was James' conduct towards me. He was all kindness, listened to my childish prattle, talked to me as one child does to another, and indeed through life he always appeared to me to have the simplicity of a little child, such as our Saviour requires of his disciples. He soon gained my whole confidence; for he dressed me little dolls, and made me a present of a small bell, with which he himself had played when he lived with his grandmother. Almost all day long I sat on a little stool near his bedside, and

after I had entertained myself with my childish play, he used to tell me instructive stories from the Bible.

“Every morning and evening, and frequently also in the middle of the day, he prayed with us ; and young as I was, I felt that no words could have been more suitable to our circumstances, had we offered our prayers ourselves. He also used to sing some spiritual hymns so sweetly, that I think I never heard finer singing. Whilst knitting, he read to us a portion of Scripture, or employed me in reading it. Even when at work, his thoughts were still fixed upon God, and out of the fulness of a devout heart his mouth spoke. When I look back on the years spent under his care, I feel as if I had spent them in some hallowed spot where angels dwell.”

Of the aged friend whom the young clergyman had met at the bedside of James, he kindly inquired, “And how was it that you became so intimately acquainted with our James ?”

“Sir,” he replied, “if the friends who have just spoken occasioned him so much trouble when children, I have proved much more troublesome in my later years. I am old Lizzy’s younger brother. Whilst abroad, I unhappily addicted myself to drinking. On my return home, I not only squandered all the earnings of my business, but also all the property which I inherited. When intoxicated, and refused admission into my lodging, I used to repair to the lodgings of my sister, and there I raged and slept away my drunken fit. On becoming sober, I received friendly admonitions from James, and severe scoldings from my sister ; but neither the one nor the other made any lasting impression. When, however, my sister, softened by the example of meek, patient James, began, like him, to reprove me in a gentle and affectionate spirit, I felt ashamed of my unhappy propensity ; and at length the happy hour was come, in which it pleased God, in infinite mercy, to open my heart, like that of Lydia, so that I could gladly attend to the words spoken

by my sister and by James. From that hour, I arose and returned to my heavenly Father, in the spirit of the prodigal son; he received me graciously, and loved me freely, and has granted me grace steadily to persevere. Thus, sir," added the reclaimed old man, "not we only, but all who surround your table, have, in one way or another, reason to magnify the grace of God dispensed to us by the instrumentality of our dear departed friend."

"Nor will I," subjoined the young minister, with tears in his eyes, "be less willing to magnify divine grace. To me also poor James has proved a preacher of righteousness—of that righteousness of God which comes by faith in Christ; and under the constraining influence of that grace, I trust I shall be enabled to lead a new life to the praise and glory of his holy name. Amen."

And now, reader, having perused the above narrative, do you not behold in it a striking exemplification of the blessed influence of Christianity? See how it supported a poor cripple amidst all his poverty, sickness, and pain. Observe his meek submission and peaceful contentment, with an elevation of soul, and joyfulness of hope, which cannot but call forth your warm admiration and praise. Ought you not to feel stimulated thereby to exclaim with the apostle, "I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ; for it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth." Rom. 1 : 16. Should you not declare, with another apostle, "Of a truth I perceive that God is no respecter of persons." Acts 10 : 34. "The Lord maketh poor, and maketh rich; he bringeth low, and lifteth up. He raiseth up the poor out of the dust, and lifteth up the beggar from the dunghill, to set them among princes, and to make them inherit the throne of glory." 1 Sam. 2 : 7, 8.

And is not this narrative of poor James an eminent illustration of the truth, that even the poorest of the poor, when favored with the riches of God's free grace in Christ Jesus,

may become "a sweet savor of Christ," and both in word and deed be "a burning and shining light," not merely within the narrow circle of their own immediate sphere of action, but far beyond it, even to remote and foreign lands, and to generations yet to come. Let, therefore, none say, in a strain of desponding fear and diffidence, As for me, I am so poor and insignificant, that no feeble attempt of mine can be expected to succeed; really, I cannot do any good at all. Cheer up, poor fellow-Christian, encourage yourself in the God of your salvation; weak and insignificant as you are in yourself, come boldly to Jesus. Receive out of his inexhaustible fulness "grace for grace;" and remember what your blessed Saviour says: "If any man thirst, let him come unto me, and drink. He that believeth on me, as the Scripture hath said, out of his belly shall flow rivers of living water." John 7 : 37, 38.

And thou, my suffering fellow-Christian, amidst all thy bodily or mental affliction, call to thy recollection the thousands and tens of thousands that have suffered, and do suffer, even far more severely than ever thou hast, and like poor James, draw comfort from a view of thy suffering Redeemer, "who, for the joy that was set before him, endured the cross, despising the shame, and is set down at the right hand of the throne of God." Heb. 12 : 2. Meekly submit, and patiently endure; be thou faithful unto death, and he will give thee a crown of life. Rev. 2 : 10.

THE
BLACKSMITH'S WIFE.

A NARRATIVE OF FACTS.

SOME years since, I was called to the ministry in a large town in the British provinces, where wickedness and superstition, and mere forms of religion abounded. Yet many were drawn by curiosity to pass away a tedious winter's Sabbath evening in attending the preaching of the Gospel. Among these I noticed a lady of fine form and beautiful features, whose intelligent countenance and apparently attentive mind engaged my special interest.

She uniformly took her seat near the stand in the large room in which I officiated, and became a steady hearer one part or more of every Sabbath. Every effort, however, was unavailing to find an opportunity to speak to her. This she seemed most sedulously to avoid; and for reasons needless to mention, neither I nor the members of the church could pay her a visit at home. She continued thus the apparently attentive, and, as we hoped, the profited hearer of the word, for nearly a year, when we noticed that her well-known place was unoccupied.

Some months passed away, when one morning her husband waited on me, and with many apologies for the liberty he had taken, informed me that his wife was drawing near her end; that no persuasions could induce her to give up her wish to see me, and yield to his desire to send for another minister, and that to gratify her dying request he wished me to pay her a visit.

I assented, but my mind was filled with dread lest she had sent for me to confirm a delusive hope, or do what man could not do in preparing her for death. I resolved to be faithful to her soul as God should give me grace, and thus entered her room. She was alone. O how altered that lovely countenance. Emaciating disease had claimed her for its prey, and had nearly finished its destructive work. But her eye beamed with intelligence, and on her whole aspect seemed to rest an unearthly calmness, a heavenly and serene smile, such as before I had never seen. "I re-

gret, Mrs. C——," said I, "to find you so ill." "Yes, sir," was the reply, "I am very ill; I have suffered the most excruciating pain—more than I could have thought it possible I could sustain; but, sir, it will soon be over—I am going fast—I shall soon be in heaven."

After a moment's pause I said, "You express a very confident hope; will you inform me on what your hope is founded?"

"Sir," was the answer, "I am a great sinner: not that I have committed what are usually called gross and open sins; from these, by divine goodness, I have been preserved; my life has been externally moral; but I now have, and always have had, a dreadfully wicked heart, full of proud, vain, and sinful thoughts: and there is so much evil in sin, committed as it is against so good and gracious a God and Saviour. But the Lord, I trust, has shown me my sinfulness, and given me repentance, and pardoned my sins through Christ; and I have been, and still am as happy, I think, as a mortal can be on this side an eternal world of joy. I have no merit; I justly deserve eternal death; in my heart I have been a rebel against God, and my only hope is in the love of God in Christ."

"How long has this been your state of mind?"

"I was drawn, sir, like many others, by curiosity, to hear the singing and preaching at your meeting. I there heard such sentiments as I had never heard before: they were to me entirely new; but as when I was a child I had read the Bible, they seemed just like the language I remembered then. I could not stay away the next Sabbath evening. The more I attended the more I was interested, and the more disposed to read the Bible alone; and soon I learned what a sinful creature I was. With a sorrowing heart and streaming eyes I read and prayed, and the Lord heard my prayer; he assisted me to trust in Christ the Saviour of sinners, such as I felt myself to be, and filled my soul with peace and joy in believing. Thus, sir, I continued reading, praying, and rejoicing in the Lord, till it was his pleasure, some months since, to lay me on this bed of pain, which in the end will assuredly be the bed of death. And since I have been here, it is impossible for me to describe the happiness I have felt in prayer, and praise, and meditation on the love and grace of the Lord Jesus Christ. I feel that I love

him, and I long for the moment which shall bring a sinner like me, saved by his grace, into the presence of Him who died for me, to praise him for ever."

"But how was it," said I, "that such being your feelings before your sickness, you attended so seldom the public worship of God?"

To this she replied, "It was only, sir, at such times as I could persuade my husband to take care of my child and attend to some other matters, that I could be present, which I generally could once a day, sometimes twice."

"I will ask you," said I, "one question more. How was it, that after such an experience of the grace and love of the Saviour, you did not feel it your duty and your privilege to make a public profession of religion, and come to the Lord's supper, or ever speak to me or any of the members of the church on religious subjects?"

"Sir," she replied, "I felt so unworthy I was afraid to speak: I did not know there was a being on earth who had had such joys and sorrows; I had never heard of an expression of such views from any one; but when I read the Bible and prayed, I saw that such must be the character of real Christians. I was, as it were, in a new world. Every thing was new—my hopes, my joys, my sorrows, my tastes and pursuits were new, and even nature itself seemed to wear a new and cheerful aspect. I saw and owned the hand of God in every thing. I found a divine reality in religion—a peaceful, joyous, and purifying reality, of which I had never conceived an idea."

After further conversation we bowed before the mercy-seat in prayer and praise, and I retired, charmed, delighted, and edified. My soul burst forth in almost involuntary exclamations of thankfulness and love to God for his rich grace so eminently displayed.

Her life was protracted a few weeks. During the former part of that period my visits were frequently repeated. On every occasion I found her in the same peaceful and joyous state. Loathing herself on account of sin with the deepest humility; patient under suffering; admiring the love of God; extolling the riches of divine grace, and almost rapturously longing for the happy moment, as she termed it, which would release her from the remains of sin, and introduce her to the presence of her Saviour. Duty now called

me from home for three weeks. "Sir," said she, "I shall see you no more till I meet you in heaven. O how I long for the happy day to come; and yet I am willing to wait the Lord's time and bear my pains: they are nothing to what my Saviour suffered for me. I am sweetly assured, sinner as I am, I shall soon join the holy angels and blessed spirits above in the joyful and everlasting celebration of his praise, and that till then he will not leave nor forsake me."

On my return I found her happy and purified spirit had taken its departure about ten days previous. Her husband, when I saw him, who had never before been witness to the influence and happy effects of genuine religion, exclaimed in astonishment, as though a mystery too mighty for him to grasp were before his mind, "Sir, my wife was the strangest woman I ever saw. I cannot understand it. She did nothing all the time the few last days of her life, when a little free from the violence of pain, but talk about Christ and heaven to all around her; and while her strength continued sufficient, she was singing hymns and praising God; and was as happy in the thought of dying, as an affectionate child, after a long absence, is to return home to the arms of a fond father."

Thus died and triumphed in the faith and hope of the Gospel, one whose religion may emphatically be denominated the religion of the Bible. Never had she the opportunity of conversing on the subject with a Christian on earth, except in the interviews I have related, which were after her religious character had been formed. Here was no priestly influence employed—here were no adventitious circumstances to bias her mind—here were no persuasions of religious friends to work on her feelings—here were no fashionable examples to imitate. She heard the Gospel—she was interested. She read the Bible, and prayed to God in retirement; and the simple majesty and piercing energy of the truth found the avenue to her heart, and made her a lover of holiness and spiritual religion; a sincere and humble servant of Christ; happy in life, happy in death, and glorious and happy, who can doubt that believes the Bible, in heaven.

THE

BIBLE THE WORD OF GOD.

It is evident that the volume which we call the Bible is the production of mind. It did not come into existence by chance. It bears *unequivocal* marks of intelligent design. Some *being*, then, is its author. But,

1. *The devil* is not the author of the Bible. Were he possessed of the requisite ability, no motive could induce him to publish it. It does not contain a chapter which favors his malicious designs. Could he have produced it, he would have displayed the most consummate folly in undertaking it. He appears to decided disadvantage throughout the book. He is introduced to us as a liar, and as such he is made to appear from first to last. It is the great design of the Bible to subvert his kingdom on the earth. Hence his efforts, in all ages since the Bible was published, have been directed against it. Nor will they cease till the time specified in the Apocalypse, when the angel of the Lord shall bind him, and cast him into the burning pit.

2. *Wicked men* did not produce the Bible. Were their *ability* sufficient—which is by no means admitted—the *disposition* would have been wanting. The greatest hostility to their motives, principles, and practice, is apparent in all parts of it. The rebukes it administers, and the anathemas it hurls upon them, are terrific and overwhelming; their soul recoils at the sound. Few of them are willing to hear what the Scriptures do say. The places in which the Bible is explained, are the last on earth where the wicked love to resort. The most awful curses that fall from their lips, are uttered against the Bible and its expounders. *Wicked men* the authors of the Bible! Will a man designedly empty the contents of a burning oven into his own bosom? The Bible pours upon the wicked the quenchless fire of God.

But wicked men *could* not, if they *would*, have written the Bible. It is as much out of their power to compose

such a volume as to create a universe. The combined talent of all the wicked that have lived could not have produced the *first chapter of Genesis*. The conceptions in that chapter are infinitely above the natural range of human thought.

“In the beginning, God created the heaven and the earth.” What an expression. That verse contains enough to employ the mind of a *created* being through eternal ages. “In the beginning”—when was *that* time; or rather, at what point in eternity was it? Can mortals inform us? No. Can the angels? We presume not. “Heaven and earth.” How much is comprehended in the term “heaven?” Who can tell? Could the *wicked men* who it is supposed wrote the Bible? No; they were *utterly* destitute of the means of knowing how much is comprehended in that word. No man living knows, nor can any mere man form a rational conjecture, with the least evidence that he is right. “*Created*”—What is it to create? Who can inform us *how* God created the heaven and the earth? We are willing to meet those who assert that the Bible was “*got up*” by *wicked men*, at this *first* verse in the book; and hear from their lips how the ideas expressed in that verse ever entered the mind of the man who, as they suppose, gave it birth. *That verse alone* is infinitely above the thoughts of any *wicked man*.

3. *Good men* did not originate the Bible. They *would* not have composed it of their own accord, if they could have done it. Good men are *honest*; but if the Bible is a mere human production, the writers of it were *dishonest*. They present it to us as the word of the Lord. Now, if it is *not* the word of the Lord, the writers have deceived us. But good men will not deceive. If, then, good men wrote the Bible, they did not write it as a composition of their own. They were the *penmen of the Lord*, for they assert it to be his word. But more—even good men are *incapable* of producing such a work as the Bible. The thoughts are not the thoughts of men. We are in possession of a variety of writings of good men—many excellent works have been produced by them; but there is nothing in these writings which will compare with the Scriptures. The best productions of the ablest and most pious men fall inexpressibly short, in excellence, of the contents of the Bible.

4. *Holy angels* are not the authors of the Scriptures. Should *they* give a volume to man, they would practise no deception. Holy beings cannot deceive. But if angels wrote the Bible, they *have* deceived us. Who, then, is its author? I answer,

1. The Bible *appears* to be the word of God, whether regarded as a whole, or examined in its several parts. It is said, that those who have studied comparative anatomy can determine to what species an animal belongs by seeing only a single bone—every species being distinct, and having marks of its own. So is the Bible distinct from all other books. Not a leaf taken from any part of it can ever be mistaken, by one familiar with books, for a leaf from another book. But the Bible, as a whole and in its various parts, is not more manifestly *distinct* than it is *divine*. It addresses us with the authority of God. We feel, when reading it, that we are communing with one who is God over all. The solemnity which pervades it is found nowhere else. The knowledge displayed is peculiar to God—the wisdom exhibited is infinite. What subduing energy is conveyed in its unassuming language. The sinner trembles before it, and the saint is transported with delight.

How unlike the Koran of Mohammed. The latter is silly and absurd: whatever of excellence it possesses, was doubtless stolen from the Scriptures. The Koran is weak—it can gain its way only where the sword precedes it. The Bible makes its way in spite of swords; no human means can resist its power. Some would have us believe that the Bible was compiled from the writings of philosophers. Every chapter of it affixes to such an idea the charge of folly and ignorance.

2. The Bible *claims* to be the word of God. It does not come before us without name or author; it *declares* itself to be from God, and demands an acknowledgment of its claims. Some authors send out their books with an apology or a preface to conciliate the favor of the reader. Far otherwise is the address of the Bible. There is no apology on its pages—it has no preface. The first verse contains a bold announcement of a fact: this fact we are called upon to receive on the assertion there made. It is not even intimated, that any one would dare to question it. The word spoken is uttered with all the authority of Jehovah. Such is the

character of all the statements: they boldly *demand* our belief. A "Thus saith the Lord" is sometimes prefixed. This is presumed to be sufficient to secure the attention and obedience of those who hear. It would be strange if God should address man as an erring creature speaks to his fellow. Jehovah has no consciousness of liability to mistake: he knows whereof he affirms. Though man should not give him credit for truth, the whole universe besides responds to all he asserts. The authority of the book is evidence that it came from God.

3. The Bible is *proved* to be the word of God by evidence internal and external—by facts, institutions, and a great number of the most competent witnesses; among whom are Jesus Christ and his apostles. The testimony of the Saviour is explicit concerning the Old Testament, and he gave assurance, that his apostles should be infallibly guided in the composition of the New. That they were thus guided, is a fact supported by the strongest evidence.

Again, the church of God has *received* the Scriptures as his infallible truth ever since they were published; nor has she ever had reason to doubt that they *are* all which they *claim* to be.

Just so far as individuals and communities conform to the teachings of the divine word, they are prosperous and happy. Let the Bible be adopted as the only rule of faith—let its principles be acted upon by all men, under all circumstances—then wars will cease, family feuds be known no more, fanaticism fail, the race of impostors become extinct, true piety prevail, and the millennium be ushered in. Then will the morning stars again sing, and the sons of God again shout for joy over the earth, as they did when she rolled from the hands of her Maker, and man went forth formed in the divine image.

“A MAN OVERBOARD.”

SUCH was the startling cry that ran through a ship on her recent passage across the Atlantic. One hurried voice after another gave the alarm in tones of deep anxiety. Every one below leaped upon deck, and numbers sprang into the rigging, to catch, if possible, a sight of the unfortunate man. The orders of the officers were given with appalling energy, and as the stately ship swung round, obedient to her helm, it seemed as though she felt the excitement of the scene, and paused to take part in it.

I linger for a moment, impenitent friend, to direct your thoughts to your own danger. You are overboard, in a most melancholy sense. You have fallen, by your sins, into a deep and most dangerous sea.

The *raging waves* constituted one item of that sailor's peril. They threatened to overwhelm him at once, or weary him out by their violence. But the evil passions of your heart—what are they but raging waves? They beat you about with violence. They have often broken the fastenings which reason and conscience had thrown around you to bind you to God and duty. You have seen your firmest purposes dashed in pieces by them. Sin is strong within you, and like the heavy surge that rushes furiously upon the beach, drives you on in your perilous career.

The *darkness of the night* added to the dangers of the sailor. It hid from his view any object that might have been thrown from the ship to aid him, and kept him from the sight of those who might risk their lives for his safety. So the darkness which sin has brought upon your mind is a fearful aspect of your danger. You have been losing sight of God by departing from him, like the drifting mariner receding from the ship. You have been gazing so intently and so long upon things that perish with the using, that things imperishable and eternal are all but invisible. The god of this world has blinded the mind. Its darkness respecting God and divine things is as when the shadows of

the night settle down upon the ocean, enveloping its waters in still deeper gloom.

It was a fearful addition to the fallen sailor's peril, that he had *nothing to support* him. The unfathomable sea was beneath him, and neither oar nor plank aided him in his struggle with the waves. And what have you to rest upon, dear reader, while living without hope and without God in the world? The everlasting arms are not beneath you, for you have rejected their support. You have not for a foundation the Rock of ages, for you have refused to place your feet upon it. There is nothing to keep you from sinking; your sins, like a mill-stone, are carrying you down. The raging waves of lawless passions, the darkness of your erring mind, and the absence of all divine support, constitute an array of dangers most terrific in their bearing on your everlasting welfare. What emotions of anxiety they ought to awaken.

Look again at the ship. Every heart beat quick at the alarm that a man was overboard. It needed not an order to raise a boat's crew. They were already in the boat, impelled by a sailor's generous love for his shipmate, and ready and eager to brave any peril to save him.

So, dear friend, there has been the most tender anxiety that you should not perish in your sins. What compassion filled the bosom of the infinite Saviour. How ignominious and agonizing was his atoning death. And what tenderness moved the Holy Ghost as he drew nigh so often to so polluted a heart as yours, to save it from perdition. And the friends of God about you, like the compassionate shipmates of the drowning sailor, have laid hold of every rope, thrown over every plank, have hastened with all earnestness to secure your safety. The Bible, the Sabbath, and the sanctuary have been round about you, and like so many angels of mercy, have been seeking to raise your sinking head above the fatal billows. And the angels of God have been waiting to rejoice over your salvation, and to raise their triumphant acclamations that one more perishing sinner had leaped from the sea upon the everlasting rock.

The boat rapidly sped its way in the direction of the drowning mariner, and was soon out of sight as it plunged into the surrounding darkness. It was a question of agonizing interest to all on board, whether the lost man would

be recovered. Meanwhile the rocket shot up with brilliant glare into the sky, and minute-guns were fired, that he might know, if alive, that no pains were spared to save him.

What agonizing suspense, too, dear reader, has been endured on your behalf by affectionate Christian friends, as they have seen your danger among the waves of temptation and sin, and have witnessed the efforts made to recover you. Every means of grace has been to them like the efforts made to save the lost sailor, and in painful anxiety they have awaited the result.

At last the returning boat emerged from the darkness; but to the captain's anxious inquiry came the dismal notes of the reply, "HE'S GONE, SIR!" "He's gone!" reëchoed through every part of the ship; and gloom, deeper than that of the surrounding midnight, settled upon every soul.

Reader, have not all the precious influences of the Bible, the Sabbath, and the sanctuary, been resisted by you? Have you not been appealed to in vain by the kind voice of your Saviour? Have not the strivings of the Spirit failed to reclaim your wandering heart? Has not revival after revival left you still impenitent? Have not divine mercies and afflictions lifted up their voice without success? Has not the oar, the plank, and the life-boat been sent to your aid, and you still remain in the dark sea of sin? Then how aptly is your desperate condition described by the language, "*He is gone.*" You may yet sojourn on earth. Divine compassion may continue to lengthen the cords of life. But you are gone—gone far from the sweetest fountains of enjoyment, the friendship of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. You have gone away from the hallowed influence and fellowship of the saints, and from all the precious hopes of everlasting life. The drowning sailor is but a feeble emblem of the danger and misery of your condition.

The ship lingered a while, as if reluctant to leave the fatal scene. But the deepest compassion, and the most daring self-exposure could do no more, and all had failed. At last the order was given. The ship resumed her course, and the powerful breeze soon bore her far from the watery grave of the drowned mariner.

So, impenitent friend, the ark of safety will soon pass on its way, and leave you for ever. It has already lingered long. The infinite compassion of God has directed its delay

on your account. Had it not been for that kindness, long since it would have receded from your view, and have been for ever beyond your reach. But now it is at hand. Its door is wide open. "Yet there is room."

A multitude, rescued from the raging seas and safe on board, unite their earnest entreaties that you would join them. In that number are some of the nearest and dearest of your friends. They know your peril, for they too have been overboard, and have had a fearful struggle with the waves. But now, exulting in their rescue, they pour the kindest appeals on your ears, to hasten into the same place of safety. With unspeakable joy would they hail you as a partaker with them in the blessings of redeeming mercy.

But louder and sweeter than even their notes are those of the great Captain of salvation. The ark is his. His love and power prepared it. It floats in safety through every storm. And there issues from it the animating and cheering appeal, "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." It falls on your ears as you are tossed to and fro upon the dangerous sea of sin. Laboring under the power of strong passions, and heavily laden with iniquity, and sinking rapidly beyond the reach of that voice, yet *now* it is heard. *Now* there is hope. Hasten on board.

But you refuse and still linger. The door, long open, is shut. The ark, long waiting, floats away. The wise, the penitent, the believing, the redeemed, all that obeyed the Saviour's voice, are safe on board, and with songs of exultation are borne towards the haven of eternal rest. Their voices, so long inviting you to go with them, die away in the distance, and are heard no more. You are left—abandoned for ever on the ocean of despair. Neither oar, nor plank, nor life-boat are near you. No friendly ship will ever pass that way. "Let him alone," is the dreadful sentence against one who had wearied out the patience of God. And the melancholy dirge uttered over the drowning mariner as he sank into the sea, is repeated over you: "HE IS GONE!" "HE IS GONE!"

THE

EYES OPENED.

“LORD, open his eyes, that he may see,” was the prayer offered by Elisha the prophet, when his servant, as they were encompassed by the Syrian host, cried out, “Alas, master, what shall we do?” And the answer is recorded: “The Lord opened the eyes of the young man, and he saw; and behold, the mountain was full of horses and chariots of fire round about Elisha.” You, reader, are compassed about by a multitude of unscen objects far more wonderful and worthy of regard. The objects around you are of such magnitude, and such interest to you, that if your eyes were opened to see them just as they are, this world, with all its attractions and absorbing concerns, would fade from your view.

You would see “an innumerable company of *angels*” performing a great variety of most important offices, and standing, some of them at least, in the most intimate and interesting relations to you: the swift messengers and mighty ministers of God’s throne; the constant attendants of Christ’s person, and the glad agents in his kingdom of love and mercy; the guardians of Christians in their earthly footsteps, and their representatives in the court of heaven; the vigilant and affectionate friends of sinners, watching with deep solicitude their continued impenitence, or their increasing convictions; and when one of them repents, hastening to communicate the tidings to their kindred spirits, and diffuse through all the heavenly host the seraphic joy which this happy event enkindles in their own bosoms.

You would see great numbers of *evil spirits* plotting ceaseless mischief against our race, and exulting in the too successful execution of their malicious schemes, prowling about the earth, like roaring lions, seeking whom they may devour; besieging many a human heart, intrenching themselves in many more, and leading the great mass of mankind, yourself perhaps among the rest, bound and blindfold, in

willing yet fatal captivity, down to the chains and darkness of their everlasting prison.

You would see God everywhere present, all-knowing and all-controlling. Angels, and all holy creatures, are but the happy agents of his infinite benevolence. Evil spirits are his unwilling instruments. You can no more flee from him than from the universe, than from yourself. In the sublime language of Scripture, you "live, and move, and have your being in him." Do you not feel his hand holding you? Do you not see his eye fastened on your heart? Does it beam with sweet complacency on your humble and growing piety? There is heaven in that look of love. Does it flash with holy indignation on your unrepented and cherished sins? That frown of displeasure is hell. You may close your eyes against it now, but if you continue impenitent, you must one day see it, and it will kindle in your bosom the flames of the bottomless pit.

You would see CHRIST knocking at the door of your heart for admission, or interceding in your behalf at the right hand of the throne of God. He himself says, "Behold, I stand at the door, and knock. If any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in and sup with him, and he with me." Behold him at the door of your heart, knocking and waiting for an answer, his locks wet with the dew of the morning, his feet bedewed with precious blood; one hand pointing to Gethsemane and Calvary, the other laden with the blessings which he purchased there, and would now bestow on you, and his eyes lifted to heaven as the place of your future reward, the final consummation of your bliss. Oh, lovely attitude; can you turn your back upon the sight?

Backsliding Christian, he knocks at the door of your heart, and with beseeching tenderness inquires, Will you also go away? Lukewarm professor, he stands before you, and methinks I hear him exclaim, "Crucified afresh; wounded in the house of my friends." Have you, like Peter, in the hour of temptation, denied your Lord for a few paltry pieces of silver, or a few empty puffs of honor? He turns his eye upon you, with a look of unutterable compassion and love. That look made Peter "weep bitterly." Would that it might affect you in like manner. Art thou a consistent and devoted follower of Christ? All unworthy as thou art, rebel as thou hast been, he intercedes for you with his Father,

that you may share with him his universal inheritance and his everlasting kingdom. Behold the gracious attitude of the divine Intercessor. Listen to his accents of love and mercy. Do they not fill your soul with wonder, gratitude, and joy ?

You would see the HOLY SPIRIT carrying forward his work of renovating and saving grace in our fallen world. This heavenly monitor comes often to the sinful soul in all the severity of wisdom and goodness, warning, striving, alarming, convincing, by arguments drawn from heaven, earth, and hell, and persuading by the more melting eloquence of a Saviour's prayers, and tears, and blood. He has often made you these gracious visits ; and did you repulse him ? Did he go away grieved ? How could you grieve your best Friend ? How could you grieve infinite love and mercy ? How dared you resist the only influence that can save your ruined soul ? Or did you comply with his convincing and persuasive influence, and give him free admittance to your heart ? Then your body is the temple of the Holy Ghost, and your spirit his inner sanctuary. Then he rejoices while he imparts to *you* the joys of salvation, and prepares you for the perfect bliss of heaven. Will you mar at once his joy and yours by defiling the temple of the Holy Ghost ?

You would see *death* near ; perhaps at hand. I seem to see, in near prospect, your dying bed. Yes, yours. Call it not another's ; it will be your own. Death enters your chamber an unexpected visitor, and finds you unprepared. You turn pale ; your lips quiver ; your frame is convulsed, and you expire with despair on your countenance, remorse in your conscience, and these words on your tongue : " Oh, the worm that never dies, the fire that never shall be quenched ! " How unlike the departure of the Christian. Death has no terrors for him. He awaits its approach with a cheerful composure ; triumphs over the conqueror, sings the pæan, " O death, where is thy sting ? O grave, where is thy victory ? " and straightway receives at the hand of his Saviour a crown of everlasting life.

You would have a near view of *judgment* and *eternity*. Look forward but a little space, and what do you see ? The heavens and the earth have fled away. The Judge has come invested with infinite majesty and glory, and attended by a countless host of angels. He has taken his seat on the

great white throne, opened the books of final account, and gathered all nations before him ; and they are judged out of the things written in the books. The righteous first receive their sentence : “ Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world.” And when they are seated on their thrones with their Judge, he pronounces sentence on the wicked : “ Depart, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels.” The subsequent scene no tongue can tell, no heart conceive ; it transcends imagination. An eternal heaven of ever-growing knowledge, holiness, and joy. An endless hell of ever-increasing shame and misery. Who can grasp the mighty conception ? Who but would be overwhelmed, were *his eyes opened* to behold the dread reality ? Were you to have a view of *your* position at the judgment, of your throne in heaven, or your bed in hell, could you endure the sight ?

Are these things indeed so ? What manner of person, then, ought you to be in all holy conversation and godliness ? You stand on holy ground ; the air you breathe is holy ; spirits from another world are about you, intent upon your weal or woe. You have your being in God, your almighty friend or enemy. The blessed Saviour woos your love, or intercedes in your behalf. The Holy Spirit strives with you, or dwells in you. Death has already marked you for his victim. The judgment-day is at hand ; your next step may be into eternity. Heaven stands with open gates for you to enter. Hell yawns to receive you. And does such a being live only to occupy himself with the trifles of this fleeting world ? How can you remain unconcerned about the salvation of your soul, when all the high orders of intelligent spirits are awake to its momentous interests ? The Lord open your eyes to behold as much of the unseen world as you can bear, lest at length it burst upon you with sudden and overwhelming terrors.

DESTRUCTION

OF

THE INQUISITION AT MADRID.

COL. LEMANOUSKI, formerly an officer under Napoleon, gives the following vivid sketch of a scene of which he was an eye-witness :

In the year 1809, being at Madrid, my attention was directed to a Roman Catholic Inquisition in the neighborhood of that city. Napoleon had previously issued a decree for the suppression of this institution wherever his victorious troops should extend their arms. I reminded Marshal Soult, then governor of Madrid, of this decree, who directed me to proceed to its execution on this far-famed establishment. With my regiment, the 9th of the Polish lancers, he gave me two others, one of which, the 117th, was under the command of Col. De Lile, who is now, like myself, a minister of the Gospel.

With these troops I proceeded to the Inquisition, which was about five miles from the city. It was surrounded by a wall of great strength, and defended by about four hundred soldiers. When we arrived at the walls, I addressed one of the sentinels, and summoned the holy fathers to surrender to the imperial army, and open the gates of the Inquisition. The sentinel who was standing on the wall appeared to enter into conversation for a few moments with some one within, at the close of which he presented his musket and shot one of my men. This was a signal for attack, and I ordered my troops to fire upon those who appeared on the wall.

It was soon obvious that it was an unequal warfare. Our troops were in the open plain, and exposed to a destructive fire. We had no cannon, nor could we scale the walls, and the gates successfully resisted all attempts at forcing them. I saw that it was necessary to change the mode of attack,

and directed some trees to be cut down and trimmed and brought on the ground, to be used as battering-rams. Presently the walls began to tremble, and under the well-directed and persevering application of the ram, a breach was made, and the imperial troops rushed into the Inquisition.

Here we met with an incident which nothing but Jesuitical effrontery is equal to. The inquisitor-general, followed by the father confessors in their priestly robes, all came out of their rooms as we were making our way into the interior of the Inquisition, and with long faces and their arms crossed over their breasts, as though they had been deaf to all the noise of the attack and defence, and had just learned what was going on, addressed themselves in the language of rebuke to their own soldiers, saying, "Why do you fight our friends the French?"

Their intention, apparently, was to make us think that this defence was wholly unauthorized by them, hoping they should thus have a better opportunity in the confusion and plunder of the Inquisition to escape. Their artifice was too shallow. I caused them to be placed under guard, and all the soldiers of the Inquisition to be secured as prisoners.

We then proceeded through room after room—found altars, and crucifixes, and wax-candles in abundance—the proportions of the architecture were perfect—the ceiling and floors were scoured and highly polished—there was every thing to please the eye and gratify a cultivated taste; but where were those horrid instruments of torture of which we had been told, and where those dungeons in which human beings were said to be buried alive? We searched in vain. The holy fathers assured us that they had been belied—*that we had seen all*; and I was prepared to believe it.

But Col. De Lile was not so ready to give up the search. At his instance, water was brought in and poured over the marble floor, the slabs of which were large and beautifully polished. Presently an opening was discovered, and as all hands were at work for further discovery, a soldier with the butt of his musket struck a spring, when the marble slab flew up. Then the faces of the inquisitors grew pale, and as Belshazzar, when the hand appeared writing on the wall, so did these men of Belial shake and quake in every bone, joint, and sinew. We saw a staircase. I stepped to the table, and took one of the candles, four feet in length, which

was burning, that I might explore what was before us ; as I was doing this, I was arrested by one of the inquisitors, who laid his hand gently on my arm, and with a very demure and holy look, said, "My son, you must not take that with your profane and bloody hand ; it is holy." "Well, well," I said, "I want something that is holy, to see if it will not shed light on iniquity : I will bear the responsibility."

I took the candle, and proceeded down the staircase, when we entered a large room, called the Hall of Judgment. In the centre of it was a large block, and a chain fastened to it. On this they had been accustomed to place the accused, chained to his seat. On one side of the room was an elevated seat, called the Throne of Judgment. This the inquisitor-general occupied, and on either side were seats less elevated, for the holy fathers when engaged in the solemn business of the Holy Inquisition. From this room we proceeded to the right, and obtained access to small cells, extending the entire length of the edifice ; and here what a sight met our eyes ! How has the benevolent religion of Jesus been abused and slandered by its professed friends !

These cells were places of solitary confinement, where the wretched objects of inquisitorial hate were confined year after year, till death released them from their sufferings, and there their bodies were suffered to remain until they were entirely decayed, and the rooms had become fit for others to occupy. To prevent this practice being offensive to those who occupied the Inquisition, there were flues or tubes extending to the open air, sufficiently capacious to carry off the odor from those decaying bodies. In these cells we found the remains of some who had paid the debt of nature ; some of them had been dead apparently but a short time, while of others nothing remained but their bones, still chained to the floor of their dungeon. In others we found the living sufferer of every age and of both sexes, from the young man and maiden to those of threescore and ten years, all as naked as when they were born into the world. Our soldiers immediately applied themselves to releasing these captives from their chains, stripped themselves in part of their own clothing to cover these wretched beings, and were exceedingly anxious to bring them up to the light of day. But aware of the danger, I insisted on their wants being sup-

plied, and that they should be brought gradually to the light, as they could bear it.

When we had explored these cells, and opened the prison doors of those who yet survived, we proceeded to explore another room on the left. Here we found the instruments of torture, of every kind which the ingenuity of men or devils could invent. At the sight of them the fury of our soldiers refused any longer to be restrained. They declared that every inquisitor, monk, and soldier of the establishment deserved to be put to the torture. We did not attempt any longer to restrain them. They commenced at once the work of torture with the holy fathers. I remained till I saw four different kinds of torture applied, and then retired from the awful scene, which terminated not while one individual remained of the former guilty inmates of this antechamber of hell, on whom they could wreak revenge. As soon as the poor sufferers from the cells of the Inquisition could with safety be brought out of their prison to the light of day, news having been spread far and near that numbers had been rescued from the Inquisition, all who had been deprived of friends by the holy office came to inquire if theirs were among the number.

O, what meeting was there ! about a hundred who had been buried alive for many years, were now restored to the active world, and many of them found here a son and there a daughter, here a sister and there a brother, and some, alas, could recognize no friends. The scene was such a one as no tongue can describe. When this work of recognition was over, to complete the business in which I had engaged, I went to Madrid and obtained a large quantity of gunpowder, which I placed underneath the edifice and in its vaults, and as we applied the slow-match there was a joyful sight to thousands of admiring eyes. O, it would have done your heart good to see it ; the walls and massive turrets of that proud edifice were raised towards the heavens, and the Inquisition of Madrid was no more.

THE

MISSIONARY'S FATHER.

A LETTER FROM REV. WILLIAM GOODELL.

 CONSTANTINOPLE, August 18, 1843.

MY DEAR BROTHER—The intelligence contained in your letter was not unexpected. Our father had attained to a great age, lacking only five days of being eighty-six years old. He was full of days, but more full of faith and of the Holy Ghost. How long he had “borne the image of the earthly” before he was renewed in the spirit of his mind, I know not; but I know he had long borne “the image of the heavenly.”

Though I can look back some forty-five years or more, I cannot look back to the year when he was not living a life of faith, and prayer, and self-denial—of deadness to the world, and of close walk with God. This was the more remarkable, as in the church, of which in those days he was a member, there was scarcely one individual who could fully sympathize with him in his religious views. Those great evangelical doctrines of the Gospel, which his own minister never preached, and his own church never adopted into her creed, were his meat and drink. “*The raven, though an unclean bird, brought food to Elijah,*” was a common expression of his on returning from church, where he had been able to pick out of much chaff a few crumbs of the bread of life. His privileges were few; prayer-meetings were unknown; the sum total, or about the sum total of his library, was the family Bible, one copy of Watts’ Psalms and Hymns, Doddridge’s Rise and Progress, Pike’s Cases of Conscience, the second volume of Fox’s Book of Martyrs, and the Assembly’s Catechism.

But though his means of grace were thus limited, yet, meditating day and night on God’s law, his roots struck deep; and he was like a tree planted by the rivers of water, whose leaf is always green, and whose fruit is always abundant. Whoever saw him riding on horseback would, if he kept himself concealed, be almost sure to see him engaged

in prayer. Whoever should work with him in seed-time or harvest, would find his thoughts as actively employed above, as his hands were below. Whoever of the Lord's people met him, by day or by night, at home or abroad, alone or in company, would find him ready to sit down with them in heavenly places, in order to comprehend "what is the length, and breadth, and depth, and height" of the love of Christ.

Being the youngest of the family, you can have but an indistinct recollection of the small house on the side of the hill, containing two small rooms and a garret, floored with loose and rough boards, where twelve of us were born; and of the small clump of apple-trees before the door, where your elder brothers and sisters played in the days of their thoughtless childhood. There, with no lock to any door, and no key to any trunk, or drawer, or cupboard; there, where, as I am told, nothing now remains but an old cellar, which may even itself, long before this, have been filled up; there our godly father prayed for us with all prayer and supplication in the Spirit; there, on every Sabbath-eve, he asked us those solemn, important, and all-comprehensive questions from the Catechism; and there, with eyes and heart raised to heaven, we used to sing to the tune of old Rochester,

"God, my supporter and my hope,
My help for ever near;
Thine arm of mercy held me up,
When sinking in despair."

And there, too, our mother, of precious memory, though, as she died when you were but six months old, you remember her not—there she lived a life of poverty, patience, meekness, and faith. There she used to sit and card her wool by the light of the pine knot, and sing to us those sweet words;

"Hov'ring among the leaves, there stands
The sweet celestial Dove;
And Jesus on the branches hangs
The banner of his love."

And there, too, almost thirty-four years ago, we assembled early one morning in her little bed-room to see her die. Her peace was like a river; she was full of triumph; and she was able to address to us words of heavenly consolation till

she had actually crossed over into shallow water within one minute of the opposite banks of the Jordan—*heaven and all its glories full in view*. Precious woman, “*Were my children but pious,*” thou didst often say in thy last long sickness, “*how cheerfully could I leave them, and go away.*” But what thine eyes were not permitted to behold, have not the angels long since told thee—that the eight children thou didst leave behind, with all, or all but one of their partners, were partakers of that blessed Gospel “which was all thy salvation, and all thy desire;” and that three of thy sons were engaged in proclaiming it to others? Yes, God hath heard thy prayers, and “hath remembered his holy covenant,” as we are all witnesses this day.

But before I close, I must say something more of the early habits and character of our venerable father. The little farm he once possessed, if it were not all *ploughed* over, was, I am confident, almost every foot of it *prayed* over. And some dried apples from it, which a subsequent owner sent me a few years since, were to me “as the smell of a field which the Lord hath blessed.” He was full of the millennium and of the missionary spirit, long before the existence of the present missionary societies; praying daily for both Jews and Gentiles—saying with the Psalmist, “Let the people praise thee, O God; let the people praise thee, all of them”—and like his uncle Solomon Goodell, was ready and desirous to contribute something for the spread of the glorious Gospel long before he had an opportunity for so doing.

He served three years in the revolutionary war; and I was struck with the fact you communicated of its being early on the morning of the memorable 4th of July, amidst the roaring of cannon, that he slept in peace. And though to his children he left no inheritance, no, not so much as one cent, yet, in his godly example and prayers, he has left them the very richest legacy which any father ever bequeathed his children.

It is a rare privilege we have all enjoyed in being descended from such parents. They were the children of the great King. They belonged to the royal family. Their names were on the catalogue of princes, and of those that live for ever. They daily walked abroad with the conscious dignity of heirs to a great estate, even an incorruptible in-

heritance. And they have now gone to sit down with Christ on his throne. "And they shall hunger no more, neither shall they thirst any more." I love to look back and see how, with no ambitious aspirations after worldly gain, or pleasure, or honor, they humbly walked with God; how from day to day they deliberately sought, both for themselves and for their children, first of all, "the kingdom of God and his righteousness;" and how in this scoffing world they were so united to Christ as apparently to have no separate interest or existence—it not being so much "they that lived, as Christ living in them."

It was doubtless a mercy to them, that they never at any time possessed much of this world's goods, and were at times reduced to great straits; and a mercy to us, that we had to bear the yoke in our youth, and often to make our meal of salt and potatoes; and I have often found it in my heart to bless God for all his dealings with them and with us. And why should we be anxious to leave our children any other inheritance than was left to us? If we leave them this, and they avail themselves of it, then, though *we* be dead, they shall still have a Father who will provide for them, and take care of them, and bless them, and make them happy for ever.

And is our father gone, who prayed for us so much? Let us be thankful that the great Intercessor "*ever* liveth to make intercession for us;" and more than ever, let us avail ourselves of his mediation and atonement, of his grace and strength, and of his righteousness and Spirit; and more than ever, let us now pray for ourselves and for all our brothers and sisters. And is our father dead? Let us arise and give thanks to God, that good men *may* die. Let us give *special* thanks that our father and mother are no longer in this world of sin and sorrow. And let us be more careful than ever to "be followers of those who, through faith and patience, are now inheriting the promises," being sinners saved by grace alone.

SINNERS WELCOME

TO

COME TO JESUS CHRIST.

BY REV. A. ALEXANDER, D. D.

Our blessed Lord knew how prone convinced sinners are to unbelief, as it regards the reception which he is disposed to give them if they come to him; and therefore he graciously uttered, and has left on record this precious encouragement, "HIM THAT COMETH UNTO ME I WILL IN NO WISE CAST OUT." No, though your sins are very great the kind Redeemer will not cast you out: even if that were true which you sometimes think, that you are the greatest sinner who ever lived upon earth, he will not cast you out. "His blood cleanseth from all sin." It is as easy for him to save a great as a small sinner. No one was ever saved because his sins were small; no one was ever rejected on account of the greatness of his sins. Where sin abounded, grace shall much more abound. If your guilt is very enormous the greater honor will redound to that Deliverer who plucks such a brand from the burning. "Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool."

But is there not *one sin* which never has pardon, neither in this world nor in that which is to come? There is, but no one who has committed that sin ever desires to come to Christ; and even that sin would not be unpardonable if the sinner who is burdened with its guilt, should come to Him. It is not unpardonable because the blood of Christ has not adequate efficacy to remove it; but because the miserable blasphemer is abandoned by

the Spirit of God to his own malignity, and therefore never does nor can desire to believe on Christ.

Christ will not cast you off because you have *long continued* to sin against God, though it be even to gray hairs and the decrepitude of old age. It is indeed a wicked thing to continue one day in rebellion against the King of heaven; and no one can calculate the debt of guilt incurred by spending a long life in continued acts of transgression. That you deserve a deep place in hell cannot be doubted; for every sin deserveth God's wrath and curse, and the punishment due is always proportioned to the number and heinousness of our sins. That God should have spared you for so many years whilst you were sinning against him, is indeed a wonderful instance of long-suffering and forbearance. Long life is not eventually a benefit to those who die unreconciled to God. They only live "to heap up wrath against the day of wrath." But however long you may have continued in rebellion, and however black and long the catalogue of your sins, yet if you will now turn to God by a sincere repentance, and believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, you shall not be cast out. He that cannot lie hath declared, "Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out."

I heard a preacher declare from the pulpit, that there was no example in the Bible of any one being converted in old age; but he was undoubtedly under a mistake. Was not Manasseh, one of the wickedest men who ever lived, brought to repentance in old age? The ages of those converted on the day of Pentecost, and at other times, are not given. It is enough for us to know that the aged no more than the young are excluded from the free invitations of the blessed Savior. He invites all the laboring and heavy-laden, and of course those who are burdened with the infirmities of declining years, as well as of unnumbered sins.

Aged sinner, you are not excluded from mercy by any

word of God in the whole book of divine revelation. God has set before you an open door, which no man has a right or power to shut. If you should be shut out it will be by your own unbelief, and not for want of a warrant to come. Enter then, without delay or hesitation. None can less afford to delay than the aged sinner. Now is the time. Now or never. You have, as it were, one foot already in the grave. Your opportunities will soon be over. Strive then, I entreat you, to enter in at the strait gate.

But do you ask whether a man may not *outlive his day of grace*, and be given over to judicial blindness before life is ended. Undoubtedly he may; but, as I said before, such an one I believe is never found inquiring what he must do to be saved. The Devil often tempts aged sinners, and others too, to believe that it is now too late for them to repent; that the time of their visitation is gone by, and that there is no hope for them. And many miserable souls are long held entangled in this snare. He may even quote Scripture to prove that there is a boundary which, when passed, all hope of salvation is to be relinquished. But as long as we are in the body we have the overtures of mercy made to us by the authority of God, and whether we be young or old, "he that cometh," Christ has declared, shall not be cast out. Take him at his word. Venture on him. If you stay away you must perish; and you can but perish if you go. But see! the golden sceptre is held out. This affords full assurance that if you draw near and touch it you shall live.

Some are convinced that there is salvation in no other but in Christ the Lord, yet they hesitate to come, because *they feel themselves to be so vile and unworthy*. They cannot be persuaded that so great and holy a being as the Son of God will look with favor on creatures so abominably polluted and stained with iniquity. Such feelings as these very naturally arise in the minds of persons made sensible of the sinful defilement of their nature; but they

are most unreasonable, when we take into view the character of Jesus Christ, and the errand on which he came into the world. If he had become incarnate, and had died on the cross only for the benefit of the pure and righteous, then this excuse for not coming to him would have some validity; but when we know that he bears the character of a Savior of sinners, and that his name was called JESUS by the angel who announced his birth, because he should save his people from their sins: when we consider his repeated declaration, that he came to seek and save the lost; not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance; and that he exhibits himself as the Physician, not of the whole, but the sick, we must pronounce this objection most unreasonable.

If you were not a sinful, polluted, helpless and miserable creature, this Savior would not be suited to you, and you would not be comprehended in his gracious invitations to the children of men. But the deeper you are sunk in sin and misery the greater reason you have for coming to one who is able to save to the uttermost all that come unto God by him. If you were covered with leprosy, and a fountain was opened for washing away every sort of uncleanness, would you stay away because you were so polluted? Or if deadly sick, would you refuse to apply to the physician? The awakened, convinced sinner is the very one to whom Jesus especially directs his attention. And it is a preposterous thing for such to delay coming, under the delusive hope of making themselves fit. This they never can do, and if they could they would not need a Savior. What, will you wash yourselves in a muddy pool to prepare for being cleansed in a pure fountain?

But some one may be ready to say, "All admit that none ever come to Christ until they experience conviction of sin, but *I have no conviction*, or none worth mentioning. My mind is so blind that I can perceive nothing

clearly, and my heart is so hard that what I do see to be true I cannot feel. O if I could experience some tender relenting—if I could get this adamant heart broken into contrition—if I could even feel pungent pain or alarm on account of my sins, my case would not appear so hopeless. But how can I come to Christ with this blind and stupid heart?"

Now, my friend, I beg you to consider that this blindness and unyielding hardness is the very core of your iniquity; and to be convinced that you are thus blind and stupid is true conviction of sin. If you had those feelings which you so much covet they would not answer the end of conviction, which is to show you how sinful and helpless your condition is. But if you felt as you wish to feel, you would not think your heart so wicked as you now see it to be. And the truth is, that you are now in a better situation to come to Christ than you would be if you had less conviction of the hardness and stubbornness of your heart. The use of conviction is to show your need of a Savior, and to set clearly before your mind your utterly helpless and hopeless condition in yourself, and that a holy God would be perfectly just in leaving you to your own fruitless efforts, and in punishing you for ever for your sins.

" Let not conscience make you linger,
 " Nor of fitness fondly dream;
 " All the fitness he requireth
 " Is to feel your need of him."

Take words, therefore, and go immediately and fall down before him, and say, " Against thee, thee only have I sinned and done this evil in thy sight, that thou mightest be justified when thou speakest, and be clear when thou judgest." Confess the righteousness of the sentence which condemns you, and accept the punishment of your sins as just. Cry with Peter, when sinking

in the sea, "Lord, save—I perish." Or with the blind man, "O thou Son of David, have mercy on me!" Or with the Syrophenician woman, "Lord, help me." Or with the penitent publican, "God be merciful to me a sinner!" Say, like the royal penitent,

" My lips with shame my sins confess
 " Against thy law, against thy grace.
 " Lord, should thy judgment grow severe,
 " I am condemned, but thou art clear.

" Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,
 " Whose hope, still hovering round thy word,
 " Would light on some sweet promise there,
 " Some sure support against despair."

But here is another poor soul, more bowed down than any which we have considered. It is *an awakened backslider*. This man verily thought that he was a true christian, and under that impression applied for admittance into the church, and was received, and for a season seemed to run well; but by the snares and baits of the world, and the deceitfulness of riches, and insidious lusts of the flesh, and the pride of life, was, by degrees, seduced from the paths of piety. After a while the profession of religion was laid aside as an inconvenient thing, since which time, until lately, he has been sinking deeper and deeper into the spirit of the world which lies in wickedness. But recently, by a sore visitation of affliction, his conscience has been awakened to a consideration of his woful state. And he inquires with the most earnest solicitude, whether there is any ground of hope for such a backslider, who has sinned much more egregiously since he made a profession of religion than he ever did before. Now to such an one I feel authorized to say, Christ invites even backsliders, like you, to come and be saved. I find no clause excluding the returning backslider, guilty as he is in the sight of God. He says in regard to this man, as

well as others, "Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out."

There is indeed mention made in Scripture of some backsliders who turn back unto perdition, and never can be renewed again unto repentance: these never come to Christ, and never truly desire to come. For them nothing remains "but a fearful looking for of judgment and fiery indignation to devour the adversaries."

But we read in Jeremiah of the Lord calling upon his backsliding Israel to return, Jer. 3 : 12; and in Hosea, God says, "I will heal their backsliding, I will love them freely." Hos. 14 : 4. This is a most gracious and encouraging promise, and we find, in fact, that God has received great backsliders upon their repentance, and has freely pardoned their enormous sins. I believe that the deplorable backsliding of David, and his subsequent pardon and restoration, were left on record, that convinced backsliders might not despair of mercy. And our Lord intimates that Peter, when recovered from his shameful fall, should make it his business "to strengthen his brethren." Some of this class may perhaps allege that they are afraid that they never were truly of the number of the Israel of God. That perhaps is a question which you will never be able to solve in this life. But as to the point in hand it matters not, if you will now come to Christ you will be received. Come, and he will in no wise cast you out.

It is commonly said that men are forward to believe whatever is connected with their own interest. This in common cases is true; but it is also true, that when some very great and unexpected good news is brought to us, we find it very difficult to credit it. It seems *too good to be true*. When Jacob's sons returned to their father after Joseph had made himself known to them, and informed him that his son Joseph was alive and governor of all Egypt, the old man could not believe the report until he

lifted up his eyes and saw the wagons which had been sent to convey him to Egypt. So the convinced sinner finds it very hard to believe that a free and full salvation is offered to him, and that Christ stands ready to receive him, and not only to pardon all his sins, but give him a sure title to the heavenly inheritance. It seems a thing almost impossible that he should be thus highly favored, and therefore, when he should with humble confidence lay hold on eternal life, he stands parleying, hesitating, and demurring. He is prone to think that there must be some mistake in the business, and that this good news cannot be true, at least in relation to himself. But when the truth stands out clearly revealed, he begins to understand what he never did before, the absolute and perfect freeness of salvation; and how it is that Christ receives the coming sinner just as he is, in all his guilt and vile-ness. Then, indeed, he cannot but rejoice and wonder at the suitableness of the plan of salvation to his character and necessities; that it comes down to his wretched and helpless circumstances, and takes him out of the horrible pit and the miry clay, and sets his feet on a rock, establishes his goings, and puts a new song into his mouth, even praise unto God.

Since awakened, convicted sinners are so prone to unbelief on this point, it will not be a superfluous labor to offer SOME COGENT REASONS to convince such that *Christ will not cast off any* who come to him, whatever may have been their former character or sins.

And I would first mention, that all who come are *drawn by the Father*. "No man," says Christ, "can come unto me except the Father which sent me draw him." Those who do truly come are such as were given to him by the Father. "All that the Father giveth me shall come to me." Now this drawing of the Father is the fruit of his everlasting love. "We love him, because he first loved

us." And surely Christ will not cast out those whom the Father has loved and given to him, and effectually drawn by his grace.

But you may be ready to reply, "How shall I know that I am of the number given by the Father to the Son?" I answer, that you need no other or better evidence of it than your being willing to come. Surely you know that you did not make yourself willing. If you have come to Christ, or are willing to come, I am sure that you will ascribe it entirely to the grace of God. Others, as good by nature and practice as you, remain in love with the world and under the power of sin. Why is this? You must say with Paul, "By the grace of God I am what I am." The choice did not commence with you, but with him. "Ye have not chosen me, but I have chosen you." And as Christ concurs with the Father in this drawing, for he says, "and I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me," he surely will not cast out the poor penitent whom he has drawn to his feet. No, no—never. "Him that cometh he will in no wise cast out."

Again, Christ *redeemed, by the shedding of his precious blood*, every soul that comes to him, and the impelling motive which induced him to die for sinners was love—unspeakable love: "who loved us and gave himself for us." Can any one then think, or suspect, that when Christ sees the travail of his soul coming to him, he will cast them out? It would be like blasphemy to say that he would. No, he delights to see the fruit of his painful sufferings even unto death. It was predicted, in connection with the impressive description of his sufferings and death, that he should "see the travail of his soul and be satisfied."

Again, *the Holy Spirit* is the agent in convincing men of sin and bringing them to Christ; and this Holy Spirit is sent by the Son as well as the Father to accomplish this work; and when it is effected, when the soul is made

willing to bow his neck to the easy yoke of Christ, will he cast him out? Impossible.

But *the honor and glory* of the Redeemer is concerned in this matter. God is not glorified in any transaction upon earth so much as in the conversion of a sinner. There is joy in heaven at the repentance of one sinner more than over ninety and nine just persons who need no repentance. And every redeemed and renewed soul is a jewel in the mediatorial crown.

We may learn the willingness of Jesus Christ to receive sinners, not only by his frequent gracious declarations, but by *his conduct in regard to such as applied to him*. Christ's personal ministry was confined to the people of Israel, and when he sent out the twelve, and afterwards the seventy, their commission was restricted within the same limits. Yet when a woman of Canaan came to implore his aid he did not reject her, though she was descended from an accursed race. At first, indeed, he seemed to give her a repulse, but it was intended only to bring more clearly to view the strength of her faith. And his address to her in the end is truly remarkable, "O woman, great is thy faith; be it unto thee as thou wilt." And when the centurion, another pagan, applied to him to come and heal his child, he did not reject his suit because he was a heathen, but said of him, "Verily, I have not found so great faith, no, not in Israel."

When the vilest sinners, as publicans and harlots, came penitently to his feet, he rejected none of them, although his gracious attention to such greatly injured his reputation in the view of the scribes and pharisees. His condescending behavior toward that woman who was notorious as a sinner is in the highest degree touching. He was dining in the house of a pharisee, and this infamous but penitent woman, urged by the strength of her feelings, found her way into the house, and while he was reclining on a couch at dinner, she came up behind him and

wept such a flood of tears on his feet, that she is said to have washed his feet with her tears and wiped them with the hairs of her head. This led the pharisee to entertain a suspicion that Christ could not be a teacher sent from God, or he would have known the infamous character of this woman. Jesus knowing his thoughts, uttered the beautiful parable of the two debtors, and then making the application to the case of the penitent woman, said, "Wherefore I say unto you, her sins, which are many, are forgiven."

When our blessed Lord was hanging on the cross he was applied to by one of the malefactors, crucified with him. This man being one of the two selected from all the prisoners in Jerusalem for public execution on this occasion, was, no doubt, deeply stained with the guilt of enormous crimes; but was his suit denied? O no—the response was full of mercy: "This day shalt thou be with me in paradise." Who can fathom the freeness and riches of the grace of Christ? It is indeed "unsearchable riches."

Paul may with propriety be here introduced. According to his own acknowledgment he was a murderer and a blasphemer, but he obtained mercy, and was made an apostle, a chief instrument in propagating that Gospel which he once attempted to destroy, among the Gentiles. Many of the first converts from among the heathen were notorious for the foulest and vilest crimes, for the apostle in writing to the Corinthians, after giving a black list of crimes which exclude the persons guilty of them from the kingdom of heaven, says, "And such were some of you; but ye are washed, but ye are sanctified, but ye are justified in the name of the Lord Jesus, and by the Spirit of our God."

But perhaps no example of the extent of divine mercy, and its sovereign freedom, can equal the pardon extended to the very persons who had imbrued their hands

in Christ's own blood. The blood which they shed procured their salvation. And Christ seems to have had special compassion for the bloody city of Jerusalem. Before his death he wept over it and lamented its doom; and after his resurrection, when he met his disciples in a body, he gave direction that "repentance and remission of sins should be preached in his name among all nations, *beginning at Jerusalem.*" Accordingly, on the day of Pentecost, Peter charges the sin of crucifying the Lord Jesus upon the consciences of those whom he addressed, saying, "Therefore let all the house of Israel know assuredly, that God hath made that same Jesus whom ye have crucified, both Lord and Christ. Now when they heard this they were pricked in their heart, and said unto Peter and the rest of the apostles, Men and brethren, what shall we do?" Did Peter tell them that as they had committed this enormous crime Christ would not pardon them? By no means. He calls upon them to repent and be baptized for the remission of sins. And these greatest of sinners were that very day received into the church, and continued steadfast in their attachment to Christ and profession of his name.

Innumerable instances since that day have occurred of the repentance of the greatest sinners, and no true penitent has ever been rejected. If one instance could be produced of any sinner being rejected who ever came to Christ, this might create some doubt in the soul agonized with a sense of guilt. But as there is no such example, the trembling sinner, feeling that he is justly exposed to the wrath of God, need not hesitate nor delay to come at once to Christ, with the assurance that however vile and guilty he may be, he shall meet a welcome reception. O sinner, you are welcome to come to Jesus Christ.

All difficulty as to Christ's willingness to receive returning sinners being, as it is hoped, removed, the only

thing which remains to be considered is, WHAT IS TO BE UNDERSTOOD BY COMING TO CHRIST, and what are the steps which the sinner must take to come. It is too obvious to need any remark, that a mere bodily approach is not the thing intended. Many of Christ's bitterest enemies were often near his person, as Judas when he betrayed him with a kiss; the soldiers that bound him, that smote him, that scourged him, that nailed him to the cross; but this kind of approach to Christ did those who came near him no good. The coming to Christ, of which we have been treating, is *the act of the anxious mind which seeks salvation from the burden of sin, and apprehending that Christ is the only Redeemer, TRUSTS IN HIM.* Christ is exhibited in the Gospel as the only Mediator by whom we can be reconciled to God, and offers to do for the sinner whatever is requisite to save him from the curse of the law, and from the blindness and pollution of sin itself; and *coming to him* is the same as *receiving* him in that character, or as sustaining those offices which relate to salvation.

There is but one step to be taken, strictly speaking, in coming to Christ, and that is *believing in him with all the heart.* We are not required to repent and do good works before we come, but to come to him to give us repentance unto life, and to create us anew to good works. But though the act of coming is a single act, yet there are some things which are experienced before this act can be rationally performed. No unawakened, careless sinner, remaining in that state, will come, for the "whole need not a physician, but they that are sick." The sinner who knows nothing of Christ as he is revealed in the Scriptures, cannot come until he is instructed in regard to the character of Christ. Faith therefore comes by hearing the word. A soul perverted by erroneous opinions respecting the fundamental doctrines of religion, cannot come until he is delivered from these errors. That man

who believes Christ to be the promised Messiah, but thinks that he is no more than a good man and a prophet, cannot come to Christ until this fundamental error be removed. The soul that truly comes to Christ must be persuaded that he is indeed the Son of God, and possessed of divine perfections.

The soul convinced of its sins first seeks Christ as he is an atoning Priest. That which it wants is the pardon of sin, and reconciliation with an offended God. Christ, as the great High Priest, has offered up himself as an atoning sacrifice for sin; and as a priest he has entered into the holy place made without hands, there to sprinkle, as it were, his life-giving blood, and to intercede for all who come unto him. When in this character he is apprehended by the seeking sinner, confidence in him is produced. It is seen now how God can be just and yet the justifier of the ungodly who believes in Christ. It is seen that God having accepted Christ's atoning sacrifice, can receive the guilty sinner into favor and adopt the rebel as a child. These views, accompanied by this trust in the Lord Jesus as having made a complete atonement for our sins, is the act of coming to Christ. But as the soul that is regenerated feels sin itself to be a burden, it looks to Christ for a deliverance from all the disorders of the depraved mind. He is therefore received and trusted, to deliver the soul from the deep stains of iniquity, and by the light of his truth to guide it in the right way.

Let it be remembered that this coming to Christ is not a solitary act of the believing soul; it is one which must be continually repeated. The justified sinner is every moment dependent on his Savior, without whom he can do nothing. As he is at first justified by faith, so he lives by faith, walks by faith, and by faith overcomes all his enemies, and brings forth the fruits of holiness and peace.

But some will be ready to say, "There is no coming

to Christ unless we are drawn, and why then are we blamed for not coming?"

This is not the language of the truly convinced sinner, for he sees and feels that he is guilty of the damning sin of unbelief, and that he deserves to be punished for this sin above all others; for it is this which seals the guilt of all others upon his soul. Dead in sin, it is certain that he will perform no holy action, but he is still a rational and accountable being. The law of God does not lose its authority to command because we have become sinful. It will never do to plead sin as an excuse for sin, or to attempt to justify sinful *acts* by pleading that we have an evil heart. This instead of being a valid apology, is the very ground of our condemnation. If you feel that your heart is thus blinded and depraved, this conviction of your miserable, sinful state, should humble you deeply in the dust, and induce you to cry more earnestly to God for his life-giving Spirit. Often, however, when Christ sends forth his gracious invitation to believe, he enables the soul by the energy of his Spirit accompanying the call to come and receive his grace. He accompanies his word with a quickening efficacy, and "the dead hear the voice of the Son of God and live." Our whole dependence is on the influence of the Holy Spirit. "Paul may plant and Apollos water, but God giveth the increase."

Let us now review the truths which have been inculcated :

1. Christ is an able and willing Savior, who will in no wise cast out any soul that comes to him.

2. The grace of God, through Christ, is perfectly free; that is, he requires no qualification or merit in those who come. They are invited to apply to him in all their guilt and pollution, that they may from his gracious hands receive pardon and renovation.

3. There is no obstacle in the way of any sinner's coming but what exists in himself. The door of mercy cannot be set wider open than it is; the invitations of Christ could not be more kind and full.

4. The whole blame of the sinner's ruin who refuses to come to Christ, will lie at his own door. The only obstacle is his own perverseness and unwillingness. Christ was willing to give life to his greatest enemies if they would come to him; for he complains, "ye will not come unto me that ye may have life."

5. The conversion of a single soul is the work of God only. The same power which caused light to shine out of darkness, must shine into our hearts. Creation is a work proper to God only, but conversion is a "new creation," and requires power as really divine as that by which the worlds were formed.

6. God has directed the Gospel to be preached to every creature without discrimination; and every one who hears it has a divine warrant to receive it; and if he does, he has the faithfulness of God pledged for his everlasting salvation.

7. As the efficacy of the word depends on the energy of the Holy Spirit, all christians should be incessant and fervent in their supplications for this Spirit of grace to be poured out, that sinners may be converted.

8. We have encouragement to hope that the time is coming, and perhaps drawing near, when conversions will be multiplied far beyond the experience of former ages; when the Jews shall, as a nation, obtain mercy of the Lord, and when all the kingdoms of this world shall become the kingdoms of our Lord and of his Christ. "EVEN SO COME, LORD JESUS!" Amen.

THE

MOTHER OF ST. AUGUSTINE.

THE candid and careful observer of human nature, as recorded in history, or as daily presented to the eye, will not fail to meet with events of such thrilling interest as to need no aid of imagination to awaken the tenderest sympathies of our being. They may sometimes be of a painful, rather than romantic character ; but far better adapted surely, than any departures from truth, to enlarge the understanding, rectify the judgment, and improve the heart.

The habit of dwelling on works of fiction, or yielding to the reveries of fancy, tends to dissipate and degrade the mind, to blunt the moral powers, to excite the desire of forbidden pleasures, and to create discontent with the arrangements of Heaven. But the study of human nature, as exhibited in real life, in the history of the world, and in revealed truth, may lead instrumentally to that heavenly wisdom, which is indispensable to happiness here, as well as in that higher state of being for which this is designed as a preparation. And it is always peculiarly interesting and instructive to trace the means employed by the unseen One, in forming characters distinguished for usefulness, and in accomplishing the most important events. Considered in this light, some incidents in the history of Monica and her son Augustine are quite remarkable.

She was born in Tagasta, a city of Numidia, about three hundred and thirty years after Christ. Her parents moved in the more elevated walks of life, and were professedly Christian. They were assiduous in procuring for their daughter the accomplishments befitting their rank ; but for that

part of her education which especially prepared her for the duties and trials of life, and distinguished her from the millions whose memory has perished, she was chiefly indebted to the instructions of a pious old nurse.

In accordance with the customs of the country, and probably without any reference to her wishes, she was, at a very early age, given in marriage to Patricius, a man of infidel sentiments and morose disposition. Though thus united, and during the first years of her married life most severely tried by neglect and insult, she seems never to have forgotten the peculiar relation and duties of a wife. She looked constantly to her divine Master for wisdom and strength; and through the influence of her obedience, her piety, and her uniformly amiable deportment, she not merely gained the admiration of her husband, but was instrumental in turning him from his evil courses, and dark infidelity, to the love of heavenly truth.

She spared no pains to instruct her little Augustine in the Christian religion, and win his tender heart to the Saviour. From his earliest years he was accustomed to daily prayer; and at times appeared to engage in it with intelligence and delight. Affection for his mother seemed to be, as yet, the ruling principle of his heart; and, ardent in his natural temperament, there was much in his childhood to gratify her fondest wishes. Still, in the progress of his opening mind she saw much to excite apprehension and alarm. She saw him gradually forming such habits as are often the ruin of the most intelligent youth. As he advanced towards manhood, her influence in checking his irregularities, and impressing his mind with religious sentiments, was daily lessening. He became too much devoted to wild gratification, and too much enslaved to the vilest passions, to honor even the authority of a mother. But she had a deep sense of the infinite value of his soul, and therefore clung to him with untiring resolution; and when human means seemed utterly

powerless, she the more earnestly commended his case to Him who regardeth the desire of the humble.

On one occasion, finding her son had embraced dangerous errors, she earnestly entreated a certain bishop to reason him out of them. But though he was by no means disposed to evade such a task when there was any hope of success, yet now he entirely declined, saying, "Your son is too much elated at present, too much captivated with the novelty of his speculations, to listen to arguments. Be patient in duty; continue to pray for him, and he will be brought to see his errors." But the heart of a mother cannot rest when she realizes that the salvation of her child is at stake. She persisted in her request with many tears. At last the worthy bishop, somewhat out of patience with her importunity, replied, "*Leave me, good woman; it is impossible that the child of such prayers should perish.*" This answer impressed her, as if it had been a voice from heaven, with the conviction that it is good both to hope and quietly to wait for the salvation of the Lord; and encouraged her to more humble perseverance at the throne of infinite mercy. Thus, with quenchless ardor, Monica sought the conversion of her son, even in the darkest hours of his apostasy. Augustine himself says, "While I was rolling in the pollution of sin, sometimes indeed attempting to rise, yet still sinking deeper and deeper, she persisted in prayer, and never ceased to hope."

At the age of twenty-nine he determined to go to Rome. His mother resolved, if possible, to detain him; or, if she could not do this, to accompany him. By falsehood and artifice, however, he persuaded her, on the night of his anticipated departure, to retire to rest. She spent its sleepless hours in earnest prayer that the calamity she so much feared might be averted. But the light of morning plunged her almost in despair. Augustine had fled; the shores of Carthage were fast receding from his view; and his widowed

mother might have been seen moaning, solitary, on the strand. He says, in his Confessions, "I *lied* to my mother, and such a mother—and thus escaped." She returned to Carthage, feeling keenly the bitterness of that neglect—perhaps of all the most painful—the neglect of a tenderly beloved son. Still, his ungrateful desertion only made her the more earnest for him at the throne of infinite love; well knowing that Providence could so overrule this mysteriously afflictive event as to make it the very means of accomplishing the desire of her soul.

In a few months he left Rome for Milan, where he was received with paternal kindness by the good St. Ambrose. Under his luminous expositions the pride and self-confidence of Augustine yielded; and the light of conviction began to dawn on the thick darkness that had so long enshrouded his soul through the deceitfulness of sin. He now sought the truth with earnestness and docility; and just at this period his mother arrived at Milan. He explained to her the state of his mind; and doubtful as the case yet was, it lighted up her soul with fresh hope and more fervent zeal. Her prayers for him were more humble and importunate; the flame of her devotion still more ardent; and with full confidence in the covenanted faithfulness of Him who said to Abraham, "I will be a God to thee and to thy seed," she assured Augustine, that ere she departed this life she should see him a true believer. She attended constantly on the ministry of St. Ambrose, and became eminently distinguished among the pious of that church. And here, at length, she indeed had the unutterable satisfaction of seeing her son abandon all his gross errors, as well as dissolute habits; cordially embracing the truth as it is in Jesus, and bringing forth fruit to his praise.

Thus, through persevering prayer, and the clear exhibitions of sacred truth, accompanied by the power of the Holy Spirit, this man of pride, of sensuality, of unhallowed ambi-

tion and supreme selfishness, was brought low in the dust of humiliation before God; and, like Saul of Tarsus, was led to count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ. He now felt the absolute necessity, the infinite value of such a Saviour. He was filled with peace in believing; and in the language of the psalmist, he delighted to pour forth thanksgivings to Him who had delivered him from the dominion of sin. In the fulness of his joy, he exclaimed, "O Lord, I am thy servant, I am thy servant, and the son of thine handmaid; thou hast loosed my bonds; O Lord, who is like unto thee? I will offer to thee the sacrifice of praise continually."

Having been admitted into the church, he resolved to return at once, with his mother, to Africa; that the theatre of his former blindness, his follies, his crimes, and his protracted impenitence, might witness the sincerity of his conversion and the omnipotent power of divine truth and grace; and that he might proclaim to his own countrymen that Redeemer whom he had so ungratefully dishonored.

But in the course of their journey, Monica died at Ostia, near the mouth of the Tiber, where they had stopped to rest and recruit for the voyage. A few days before her death, she and her son being alone, looking out of a window of most beautiful prospect, the conversation turned on the sublime realities of eternity. They endeavored to abstract their thoughts from the world and all its fleeting enjoyments, and to conceive themselves on the utmost verge of time. "If," said Augustine, in substance, "if the tumult of present things were to subside for ever; if natural life were now to pause, and all its senses cease to be the medium of acquiring knowledge; and if, in this state, the revelations of the divine Majesty were to be made to us by immediate inspiration; and were to continue for ever, engaging and absorbing the whole soul; would not this be something like what is meant by *entering into the joy of our Lord*? But," continued he,

“when shall this be? When shall we behold all this? At that moment,” says he, “the world and all its pleasures seemed to pass away from her affections, and she replied, Son, I have no more any desire to live; what I should do any longer here I know not; for I have nothing more to wish or hope for. One thing made me tenacious of life; it was to witness your conversion. And this blessed boon Heaven has vouchsafed, more fully than I ever expected; why then should I linger here?”

Scarcely five days had elapsed after this conversation before she was seized with a fever. She viewed approaching death, not merely with tranquillity, but with triumphant joy; as a welcome messenger, calling her from scenes of trial and affliction to the immediate presence of that Saviour who had been her unfailing confidence and support. Her disease advanced so rapidly as very soon to deprive her of reason and render her speechless; and on the ninth day of this illness, in the fifty-sixth year of her age, her emancipated spirit took its upward flight.

In the tender affection of Monica, as a mother; in her perseverance and enduring faith; and in that Christian magnanimity which triumphed over every difficulty and sustained her under the severest afflictions, there was enough to shed a transcendent lustre over her character, and to furnish unequivocal evidence of her entrance on that state of blessedness she so ardently desired for her son. And that son, it is well known, afterwards became one of the brightest luminaries of his age and of the world. Their genial light has already beamed upon the nations for nearly two thousand years; and there is the highest reason to believe, that, having turned many to righteousness, both of them are now robed in celestial splendor, and will shine for ever, as stars of the first magnitude in the firmament of glory.

In view, then, of results so immeasurably glorious and happy, who that sustains the endearing relation of parent,

must not feel urged to the faithful and persevering discharge of duty? What wife or mother will not be constrained to labor, like the pious Monica, for the salvation and eminent usefulness of her household? And what child of sensibility can fail to cherish sentiments of ceaseless gratitude for the affection and prayers of such a mother?

In comparison with such results of conjugal and parental fidelity to the priceless interests of the soul, how utterly insignificant are the proudest acquisitions of wealth, the imposing splendors of fashion, or the highest honors of an applauding world. These may all vanish in a moment, and leave the heart that trusted in them to desolation and despair; but the triumphs of Christian effort look onward and upward to the society of the just made perfect—to the fellowship of angels—to treasures imperishable in the heavens—to a throne that endureth for ever.

Such is the exceeding great reward proffered to the faithful. But the time for securing it is fast passing away. The day of reckoning and decision is at hand. And then how many, now living at ease, wasting their precious moments in trifling pursuits, or toiling for perishable riches, would give the wealth of worlds for another season of probation and usefulness. O, how many, in that hour, would give *millions* of worlds for a seat with Monica and her son, and the shining multitudes saved through their instrumentality, at the right hand of the throne.

Dear reader, this exalted privilege may be yours. Do you ask how? It cannot surely be attained in idleness and unbelief. This would be contrary to the entire analogy of nature and providence, as well as to the unchanging word of Jehovah. These uniformly declare, that whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap. Unless, then, the plans and purposes of Heaven be changed, a most fearful destiny necessarily awaits the slothful, the unbelieving, the unprofitable. But believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt

be saved. *Believe* the testimonies of eternal truth, concerning man's rebellion and ruined condition, and the solemn realities of judgment and eternity, and you will at once shake off sloth, and be aroused to escape impending wrath and secure unfading glory. Do you love your ease and the pleasures of the world more than heaven? You have your choice; but remember, the friendship of the world is enmity with God. Do you say, there is time enough for religion by and by? Behold, *now* is the accepted time. The omniscient One gives not the least encouragement for another day. Behold, *now* is the day of salvation. Do you say, then, you will in earnest seek salvation, but not have it known? This, too, is at variance with Heaven's design. Let your light *so shine before men* that they may *see* your good works. Whosoever is ashamed of me and of my words, of him also shall the Son of man be ashamed. Do you feel the overwhelming power of sinful habit, and your utter inability to rise in your own strength? Take hold of that mighty arm now reaching down from heaven, ready to raise you up, to strengthen you, to heal you. It is an arm of everlasting mercy for the chief of sinners. The same kind arm that rescued Augustine, after thirty years of rebellion and wallowing in sin—rescued him from the horrible pit and miry clay, and set his feet upon a rock, and put a new song into his mouth. Rise, then, in the might of that omnipotent arm; seize the offer of infinite love; run with patience the race now set before you; and you too, like Monica, and Augustine, and the countless multitudes before the throne, shall come off conqueror, and more than conqueror, through Him that hath loved us and washed us from our sins in his own blood.

COUNSEL TO THE CONVICTED.

You acknowledge the existence of God, and your accountability to him; that he is righteous, and that sin is wrong, and without excuse. You acknowledge that the law of God is holy, and the commandment holy, and just, and good; that you have broken the law, and are condemned by it as a transgressor. You are aware that the wages of sin is "death"—that death which stands over against the "eternal life" which is the gift of God through Jesus Christ; and that you lie under this condemnation, in your sins, exposed to the righteous inflictions of violated law.

The more you reflect upon the subject, the more your sins rise up to condemn you. They present themselves in every direction, under every form of thought and conduct, and in every degree of aggravation and guilt: law violated, and authority unheeded; the goodness and long suffering of God abused; a hard and impenitent heart, persisted in against all the overtures of mercy; and a poignant conviction that you have "trodden under foot the Son of God, and counted the blood of the covenant an unholy thing, and done despite," you fear, "to the Spirit of grace;" and you cannot rest: a sense of guilt and deserved wrath forbids it. Once you were "alive without the law," but not so now. The desperate wickedness of your heart and life is discovered to you; the commandment has come; sin has revived; and you appreciate, in some measure, your condition, as one that is "dead in trespasses and sins." Weighed down with a sense of guilt and condemnation, you exclaim, *Oh, wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death?*

But conviction does not bring peace. You are not reconciled to God. Conscience does but forebode indignation and wrath as the portion of your cup at the hand of Him who is holy and true. You dare not go back; to stay where you are, you know is death; and urged by the solemnities that surround you, and the deep compunctions of your spirit, you ask, with the convicted jailer, "SIRS, WHAT MUST I DO TO BE SAVED?" I answer,

1. *Carry your case to God.* Acknowledge all your sin and guilt to him. Pour all your convictions into his ear, and spread before him all the terrors and burdens of your soul. Your sin is committed against *him*; it is the violation of *his* righteous law—rebellion against his rightful authority—disobedience to his most holy will—the rejection of his infinite claims upon you: lay open before him, then, your most inward convictions, and your whole soul in relation to it. All your way in transgression has been against God, and you ought at once, and like a child, to acknowledge all before him. There tell the story of your guilt, and with the deepest contrition and the most heartfelt sorrow and penitence confess all your unworthiness in his sight. Reason teaches this, and this course you would take if you had wronged an earthly friend, or you would not expect forgiveness from him, or reconciliation to him, or an unburdened conscience. Equally indispensable is the same course in our relations as sinners against God; and in respect to this, you have as yet wholly failed. You have not brought your state and wants before God. You have not come to him, in penitent acknowledgment of your sin, and confessed, in brokenness of spirit, your transgressions against him. You have not opened the fountain of your grief and tears before the throne. You have not unbosomed yourself there. Hitherto you have turned away from God, and kept your convictions and anxieties to yourself, or made them known only to others like yourself. You have not acted the part of a child in this matter. You have not said, “Father, I have sinned against heaven and before thee, and am no more worthy to be called thy son:” “against thee, thee only, have I sinned, and done this evil in thy sight.”

Perhaps you forget that God is on the throne of grace, that he has provided a Saviour, and in infinite compassion promised life to the penitent returning sinner. “As I live, saith the Lord, I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked, but that he turn from his wicked way and live.” “Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.” “Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool.” From some cause, you do not throw yourself into the arms of the ever-blessed God himself, who only can forgive sin. You feel guilty and self-condemned,

and, it may be, smitten to the earth by the multitude and enormity of your sins, and the exceeding wickedness of your heart; and yet you do not come and take refuge in the mercy of God, and you are not comforted. Forgiveness seems far from you. Your conscience is not relieved. Your sin is unpardoned; your load of guilt and condemnation yet remains, and presses with continually increasing weight upon your soul, and it ever must while you stay away from God. You turn aside from the only source where forgiveness can meet you, and reconciliation take place. Oh, if you would but cast yourself down at the foot of the throne of mercy, and, in view of the cross of Christ, unburden all your heart, you would get help; you would find remission, and know for yourself that "God is just and faithful to forgive us our sins." There the prodigal son found reconciliation; there the penitent publican was accepted; and there she that was a great sinner obtained comfort, as she washed the Saviour's feet with her tears, and wiped them with the hairs of her head, and heard him say, "Thy sins, which are many, are forgiven thee." Come, then, directly to the mercy-seat, and there remember,

2. That you *have no righteousness of your own before God*. Seek not to justify yourself at the foot of the throne, or to palliate your offences, or to turn away from a full conviction of your ruined condition by sin. Acknowledge, without reserve, the claims of the law of God upon you, and the justice of your condemnation as a transgressor. Give up the controversy with God, and as a lost and helpless sinner, who has forfeited every thing, and might justly be cast off for ever, throw yourself wholly upon his mercy. There "all our hopes begin." It was "when we were without strength" that "Christ died for the ungodly." We must go wholly out of ourselves for the ground of pardon and acceptance with God. "Not by works of righteousness which we have done, but according to his mercy he saved us, by the washing of regeneration and the renewing of the Holy Ghost; that being justified by his grace, we should be made heirs according to the hope of eternal life." "Not unto us, not unto us, but unto thy name give glory, for thy mercy and thy truth's sake," is the song of all the ransomed of God. It is the theme of the Christian in all his earthly pilgrimage, and he enters into rest, exclaiming, "*I am a sinner saved by grace.*"

3. *Rely on Christ.* He is the only Saviour, his death the only expiation for sin, the only channel of the mercy of God. Without it, forgiveness would be impossible, and our fallen world be without help. But God has laid upon him our iniquities, set him forth to be a propitiation through faith in his blood, and revealed his righteousness, while he justifies him that believeth in Jesus. He is "the only name given under heaven among men, whereby we must be saved," and in him only have we righteousness and strength. Place your dependence then wholly upon him; plead his interposition for sinners; his atoning merits as the ground of pardon, and come to God in his name. Knowing that it is by being forgiven all our sin for his sake, that we are accepted and saved, receive him as a Saviour, acknowledge your indebtedness to him, and give him your heart. As your Redeemer and Lord, receive him, consecrate your heart, your soul, your life, your all to him. As one bought with his blood, ransomed from sin and hell by his death on the cross, cleave in childlike simplicity to him, and follow him in newness of life. *This* is believing upon him; this is accepting him as offered in the Gospel. This cleaving to Christ involves repentance for sin and true humiliation before God on account of it; our dying unto sin and living unto God; conversion in the spirit of our mind, and our evangelical obedience. The sinner thus repenting, believing, returning to God by the Gospel, meets the terms of forgiveness revealed in his behalf. Here the gushing waters of salvation flow to his soul. Here sin is forgiven; the controversy ceases, and reconciled and accepted, he becomes a child and heir of God, through grace.

You have the answer then, and you see the issue.
" *This do, and thou shalt live.*"

BELIEVEST THOU?

BY REV. TIMOTHY DWIGHT, D. D.

MEN, though born in a Christian land, sometimes voluntarily become heathen. They do not, indeed, worship Jupiter and Apollo; nor prostrate themselves before stocks and stones; for usually they worship no God, whether false or true. But they place themselves on the same foundation with the heathen for acceptance with God. They reject the Bible, deny the Saviour, and renounce the immortal life of the Gospel. In every respect, therefore, they are heathen, except that they refuse light which the heathen never enjoyed, and cast away blessings of which the ancient heathen never heard. Their sins, therefore, are exceedingly aggravated beyond those of their predecessors. God *would* save them, but they will not be saved. Christ would redeem them from their sins, but they *refuse to be redeemed*. Immortal life is ready to descend upon them; the gates of heaven are opened, that they may enter in and become partakers of its glorious blessings; but they turn their backs upon the proffer, and reject it with disdain.

Were I warranted, in an interview with a person of this character, to exercise the frankness as well as the candor which a case so solemn would evidently demand, I would address him in some such manner as the following:

“Who art thou, that thou exaltest thyself against thy Maker? A worm, born yesterday of the dust, to return to the same dust to-morrow; and yet declaring thyself able to scan the universe, to comprehend the thoughts of Omniscience, and to measure the arm of the Almighty!

“Rend the veil which has so long covered thine eyes, and open them upon the world around thee. What dost thou behold? A universe of wonders. Whence were they derived? ‘From fate,’ thou wilt answer, ‘or from chance, or from the attributes and operations of matter proceeding in an eternal series.’ Dost thou not perceive that in this

assignment of so many and so various causes for the origination of all things, thou declarest thy absolute ignorance of any cause ? If the true cause were known to thee, thou wouldst certainly point it out, and not creep, for a retreat, into these alternatives. If fate is the cause, then chance is not ; if chance, then the cause is not found in the attributes and operations of matter.

“What is fate ? A word. What is its meaning ? Nothing. Search thy own mind, and thou wilt perceive that this abstract term has *there* had, hitherto, no signification. A new meaning to it, and it becomes, of course, God.

“Survey yonder tree. Dost thou not perceive that it is a wonderful system of contrivances ; of innumerable parts, formed into a complete whole ? Are the roots casually formed ? Is the stem casually annexed to them ; and successively the branches, leaves, flowers, fruits, and seeds ? If these things do not manifest *contrivance*, has the word any meaning ?

“Examine thy own body. Are the bones, sinews, nerves, the vascular system, the limbs, the trunk, the head, and the features of the face, the offspring of casualty ? Did chance arrange them, with such symmetry, into a frame so mysterious ; and commence its more mysterious and more wonderful operations ?

“Look at thy mind. Is chance the parent of thought, of science, of wisdom, of moral action ?

“Didst thou ever see, didst thou ever hear of a casualty ? Thou wilt be compelled to reply in the negative. Where, then, and why, and when, did this supposed torrent of casualties begin, and cease to flow ?

“If the inherent attributes of matter are the causes of its operations, those operations must have existed in an eternal series. But dost thou not perceive intuitively, that an eternal series is a self-contradiction ?

“Of what is the universe composed ? Of atoms. What binds them together, so as to constitute worlds and systems ? Thou wilt say, Attraction. What is attraction ? To this question thou canst give no answer. Dost thou not perceive that this word denotes an effect, and not a cause ; a fact, and not the power by which it is produced ? Of this power thou knowest nothing ; and yet it is boundless, unwearied, and eternal.

“ Remove, then, this mental rubbish of infidelity, and acknowledge what thou canst not deny, that there is a God. His hand lighted up the sun, rolled the planets around him, kindled the stars, and marked out the mysterious course of the moon. The same hand sprinkled this world with verdure, beauty, and magnificence ; formed man upon it ; gave him the breath of life, and caused him to become a living soul. He also has, from the beginning, given rain from heaven, and fruitful seasons, and filled the hearts of men with food and gladness. In all this he has not left himself, to any sober, discerning eye, without ample witness of his existence, presence, agency, and character.

“ Of this same great and glorious Being *thou* art the workmanship ; indebted to him for every thing which thou hast enjoyed, and dependent on him for every thing for which thou canst hope. But against this being thou hast sinned. By whatever law thou believest thyself governed, that law thou hast broken. To him thou hast been ungrateful, impious, and rebellious ; to thy fellow-men unjust, unkind, and insincere ; and to thyself a continual source of moral pollution. For these sins thou canst make no atonement, and allege no excuse. Of them all he has been an eye and an ear witness. Thou durst not believe that *he is not of purer eyes than to behold iniquity*. Thy own reason declares, with a silent but solemn voice, that God cannot but hate sin, and cannot bless sinners. Look at the manner in which he executes vengeance upon this guilty world. Mark the ravages of the storm, the desolating miseries of famine and pestilence, and the devastations of the earthquake and the volcano. See oppression grind the race of man to the dust, and woe dye the world in blood. With these terrible proofs of his justice before thine eyes, will it be possible for thee to comprehend, or to measure his future vengeance against iniquity ?

“ Thou art a sinner. Thy own conscience has a thousand times declared this tremendous truth. Should he summon thee to account for thy sins hereafter, what wilt thou answer ? From his eye where wilt thou hide ? From his hand how wilt thou escape ? With what agonies wilt thou then wish that thou hadst acknowledged, believed, and obeyed his word. With what sighs will thy bosom heave, with what throes will thy heart wring for an interest in that

divine Redeemer whom in this world thou hast only *crucified afresh by thy unbelief*. Dost thou not see that thou art sacrificing thyself on the altar of infidelity, and murdering thy soul as a victim to sinful pleasure ?

“What then is thy hope ? Annihilation. But how dost thou know that God will annihilate thee ? Stung by thy guilt, thou hast made thyself willing, or persuaded thyself that thou art willing to see the living light of the mind go out in eternal darkness. But will He who kindled it suffer it to expire ? Shouldst thou continue to exist after death, how terrible a state of existence will eternity prove to thee.

“Accompany me to yonder cemetery. Whose graves do I see ? In *this* thy father is interred ; in *that* sleep the remains of thy mother. They were Christians. They loved God, they trusted in the Redeemer, they practised holiness, and from this melancholy world they ascended to heaven. In that delightful world, amid all its glories, they wait impatiently for the arrival of thee, their beloved child, to complete their joys. But they wait in vain. Thy path is only downward. Thou hast destined thyself to the regions of annihilation. Nay, thou wouldst pluck them from the foot of the eternal throne, extinguish their immortal life, strip them of angelic happiness, and hurl them down to the same dark and desolate abyss. Miserable man !

“Open thine eyes, if they are not finally closed in moral darkness, and see before thee the melancholy regions of woe, where the groan of anguish resounds, and the stream of tears flows without intermission and without end ; and where death and despair stretch their iron sceptre for ever over the dreary solitude. Dost thou tremble at the prospect ? Look behind thee, and behold Goodness and Mercy, twin-born of heaven, and arrayed in robes of uncreated light, stand, anxiously watching thy course, and beckon thee back to life ; while, at their side, Hope, with her lucid finger, points the path to immortality, and exclaims, with a smile, ‘Glorify to God in the highest ; peace on earth, and good-will towards men.’”

THE
WAY TO HEAVEN.

BY PRESIDENT EDWARDS.

How poor you are if you have no heaven but this world. You have nothing but a little part of this clod of earth; and what is it all worth? If you have a little more land than some of your neighbors, or if you are in a way to make more money than others—if your accommodations are better than others, and you have more worldly conveniences and pleasures than others, or if you are promoted a little higher among men than some others are, what a poor portion is this, and how miserable are you who have no better happiness that you can call your own! How happy do these things make you? What great satisfaction do they yield you? Are such things as these the “rivers of pleasure” that you choose for your portion? O how miserable! When a few days are passed you must go to the grave and into eternity, and then your glory shall not descend after you. Then how wretched are you, if when you have done with worldly enjoyments, it may be said that you have received your consolation. Luke 6 : 24.

But you have yet an opportunity to be made happy for ever. The opportunity you now have to obtain the happiness of another world is worth ten thousands of this world. Do you ask, WHAT MUST I DO in order to go to heaven?

1. You must entirely renounce all hope of obtaining heaven *by any thing you can do in your own strength*—either directly or indirectly. Many are sensible that they cannot get to heaven by their own strength directly, but yet they hope to do it indirectly; they hope by their own strength to bring themselves to a disposition to close with Christ and accept of him for a Saviour; they are hoping to bring themselves to a compliance with the terms of salvation. You must be brought off from all confiding in your own strength; and you must also be brought to renounce your own righteousness as the price of heaven.

2. *Your heart must close with Him who has purchased heaven.* Renouncing all other ways, you must receive him, rely upon him, and adhere to him as “the way, the truth, and the life.” Your heart must be drawn to him, and it must be pleasing and sweet to you to have heaven as a free gift, as the fruit of mercy and saving grace; you must assuredly believe that Christ is a sufficient Saviour, and your soul must acquiesce in the way of salvation by him, by his blood and his righteousness, as a wise, holy, sufficient, and excellent way. Your heart must incline to Jesus Christ as a Saviour above your own righteousness and all other ways. Your delight must be in this holy way of salvation.

3. *You must choose the God of heaven for your portion.* You must be of the same temper and disposition with the Psalmist, who says, Psalm 73 : 25, “Whom have I in heaven but thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire besides thee.” You must esteem and relish the enjoyment of him far above all other things. You must be brought to see that there is in the enjoyment of God, and communion with him, what is far better than all the profits and pleasures of the world. It must be so with you, that if you could

have your choice of all kinds of happiness you could devise, and have which you would, and in what degree you would, to all eternity, this would be what you would far prefer.

4. Your heart must sincerely choose *the employments of heaven*. In heaven they are not idle, but they are continually employed, and their employments are holy employments; they spend their time wholly in holy exercises: in contemplating God, in praising and serving him. "And there shall be no more curse: but the throne of God and of the Lamb shall be in it; and his servants shall serve him." Rev. 22:3. If ever you go to heaven, your heart must be brought beforehand to such a temper as freely to choose such employments; you must have a relish of them, and must account them excellent and delightful.

5. *You must be pure in heart and clean in hands*. The pure in heart shall see God. Matt. 5:8. They that shall ascend into God's holy hill, are those that are of pure hearts and clean hands. Psalm 24:4. You must hate and abhor all sin, and allow none in your life. Sin must become to you a great burden. You must loathe yourself for it, and fight and strive against it, to purge yourself more and more from it; striving more and more to mortify sin, earnestly desiring and seeking to be more holy, more conformed to the will of God, and to walk more becoming a Christian.

6. *You must sell all for heaven*. Matt. 13:44, 45, 46. Heaven must be to you like the treasure hid in a field, or like the pearl of great price. If you would have heaven, you must take it as your whole portion; you must in your heart part with all other things for it, and it must be your manner actually to part with them whenever they stand in the way of your getting forward towards heaven. If you would have heaven, you must sell your worldly profit, and

your credit, and the good-will of your neighbors, and your worldly pleasures and conveniences, and whatever stands in your way. Many flatter themselves that they shall obtain heaven without this, and think they have a right to heaven though they were never brought to this ; but they are sure to find themselves disappointed.

7. You must never expect to go to heaven *in any other than a strait and narrow way*. Some expect to get to heaven who are not walking in a narrow way. The way they are walking in, is a way of indulging their ease, and of shifting off the hard and difficult parts of religion. It is not the way of self-denial, and toil, and laboriousness ; but they walk in a broad way, a way wherein they are not perplexed, but can go on without labor or watchfulness, or bearing the cross. But such as these, let their hopes be what they may, and their profession what it may, and their pretences to experience what they may, are not like to get to heaven.

To some, the way the Scripture has laid out is too narrow and strait, therefore they are endeavoring to get to heaven in a broad way ; but it is in vain for you to contrive this. If you can find out any way of getting to heaven that is not a strait and narrow way, it will be a way that you are the first inventor of. If you go thither, you must go in the way of the footsteps of the flock. If you would go to heaven, you must be content to go there in the way of self-denial and sufferings, you must be willing to take up the cross daily and follow Christ, and through much tribulation enter into the kingdom of heaven.

LOST CONVICTIONS.

BY PRESIDENT EDWARDS.

If you have the strivings of God's Spirit, God has met with you, led you to reflect upon your sins, made you sensible that you are in danger of hell, awakened your concern for your soul, and inclined you to seek salvation. Take heed that you do not lose your convictions, and grow senseless of eternal things; that you do not return to your former careless way of living, and your former sins. Consider,

1. *There is danger of this.* Not all who are concerned for their souls, and who, by the strivings of God's Spirit, are seeking and striving for salvation, hold out to the end. Many things intervene between the beginning and the end of the race, which divert, and stop, and turn back those who commenced well. There are many who seem to be under strong convictions, and to be very earnest in seeking, whose convictions are but short-lived. And some who seem to be much concerned about salvation for a considerable time, it may be for years together, yet by degrees grow careless and negligent.

There is much in your own heart which tends to stupefy you. It is the natural tendency of sin to stupefy the conscience. And as corruption is reigning as yet in your heart, it will ever be ready to exert itself in such acts as will have a great tendency to drive away your convictions. And Satan is doubtless diligently watching over you, striving in all ways to abate and to hinder your convictions. He joins in with the sloth and lusts of your heart to persuade to negligence, and to turn your mind to other things. And the world is full of objects which tend to take off your mind from the soul's concerns.

2. Consider, if you lose your convictions, it will be *no advantage to you that ever you had them*, as to any furtherance of your salvation. Whatever terrors you have been under about damnation, to whatever reflections you have been brought concerning your sins, whatever strong desires

you have had after deliverance, and whatever earnest prayers you have made, all will be in vain. What you have suffered of fear and concern will turn to no good account, and what you have done, the pains you have taken, will be utterly lost. When you have striven against sin, and labored in duty, have stemmed the stream, and have proceeded a considerable way up the hill, and made some progress towards the kingdom of heaven, if once you lose your convictions, you will be as far from salvation as you ever were; you will lose all the ground you have gained; you will go quite down to the bottom of the hill; the stream will immediately carry you back. All will be lost; you may as well never have had those convictions, as to have had them and then lost them.

3. You do not know that you will ever *have such an opportunity again*. God is now striving with you by his Spirit. If you should lose the strivings of his Spirit, it may be that God's Spirit would never return to you again. If you are under convictions, you have a precious opportunity, which, if you knew the worth of it, you would esteem better than any temporal advantages. You have a price in your hands to get wisdom, which is more valuable than gold or silver. It is a great privilege to live under means of grace, to enjoy the word and ordinances of God, and to know the way of salvation. It is a greater thing to live under the powerful dispensation of the means of grace by an instructive, convincing ministry. But it is a much greater privilege still, to be the subject of the convincing influences of the Spirit of God. If you have these, you have a precious advantage in your hands. And if you lose it, it is questionable whether you will ever have like advantages again.

We are counselled to seek the Lord while he may be found, and to call upon him while he is near. Isaiah 55 : 6. A time in which God's Spirit is striving with a man by convictions of his sin and danger, is especially such a time. It is a sinner's best opportunity. It is especially a day of salvation. God may be said to be near, when he pours out his Spirit upon many in the place where a person dwells. All should be calling upon God as near at such a time. But especially is God near, when he is pouring out his Spirit in convincing and awakening a man's own soul. If God's Spirit is now striving with you, you have a precious oppor-

tunity. Take heed that you do not by any means let it slip. It may doubtless be said concerning many, that they have missed their opportunity. Most men who live under the Gospel have a special opportunity, or there is a certain season which God appoints for them, which is, above all others, a day of grace, when they have a very fair opportunity of securing eternal salvation, if they did but know it and had hearts for it.

If the Spirit of God is now striving with you, it may be it is your time, and it may be your only time. Be wise, therefore, and understand the things which belong to your peace before they are hid from your eyes. You have not the influences of the Spirit of God in your own power. God is sovereign as to the bestowment of them. If you are ready to flatter yourself, that although you neglect now when you are young, yet you shall be awakened again, that is a vain and groundless presumption.

4. If you lose your convictions, and return again to a way of allowed sinning, there will be *less probability of your salvation* than there was before you had any convictions. Stifling or losing convictions is a very dangerous and pernicious thing to men's souls, and is often spoken of as such in God's word; which was signified in the awful dispensation of God in turning Lot's wife into a pillar of salt, to be a standing emblem of the danger of looking back after one has set out in a way of religion.

The ill to which they are subject who lose their convictions, is not merely the loss of their convictions. Their convictions are not only a means of no good to them, but they turn to much ill. It would have been better for them that they had never had them, for they are now farther from salvation than they were before. Having risen towards heaven, and falling back, they sink lower and farther down towards hell than ever they were. The way to heaven is now blocked up with greater difficulties than ever it was. Their hearts have now become harder; for light and convictions being once conquered, they evermore are an occasion of greater hardness of heart than there was before.

Yea, there is no one thing whatsoever which has so great a tendency to it. Man's heart is hardened by losing convictions, as iron is hardened by being heated and cooled. If you are awakened, and afterwards lose your convictions, it

will be a harder thing to awaken you again. If you were only growing older, there would be less probability of your being awakened again; for as persons grow older they grow less and less susceptible of convictions, evil habits grow stronger and more deeply rooted in the heart. But you greatly offend God by quenching his Spirit and returning to sin. And there is danger that God will say concerning you, as he did concerning Jerusalem, Ezekiel 24 : 13, "Because I have purged thee, and thou wast not purged, thou shalt not be purged from thy filthiness any more, till I have caused my fury to rest upon thee." If you were but sensible of one half of the disadvantages of it, and the many woes and calamities in which it will involve you, you would be careful not to lose your convictions. That you may be the better directed in taking care not to lose them, consider,

1. Persons *falling into sin* is very often the occasion of their losing their convictions. Some temptation prevails over them; they yield to some sinful appetite; they indulge in strife, or malice, or revenge; and thus provoke God to anger, and drive away the Holy Spirit.

2. Sometimes there happens *some diverting occasion*. Their minds are taken off for a short time; they are drawn into company. It may be they see something which revives a desire of worldly enjoyments and entertainments, or they are engaged in some business which diverts their minds. They become less strict in attending private duties; and carelessness and stupidity by degrees steal upon them, till they wholly lose their convictions.

3. *Some change in their circumstances* takes off their minds from the concerns of their souls. They are taken up with new pleasures and enjoyments, or with new cares and business in which they are involved. It may be they grow richer. They prosper in the world, and their worldly good things crowd in and take possession of their minds; cares increase upon them, and the soul is neglected and left to perish.

And what wilt thou say when God shall call for thee; or what wilt thou do when he shall deal with thee?

FRIENDLY SUGGESTIONS

TO

AN EMIGRANT.

BY AN EMIGRANT.

HOME has its charms, and emigration its difficulties. This you have realized. You have left your native country, and that well-remembered spot in which you were encircled by fond endearments and pleasing associations, and after crossing the ocean, you find yourself a stranger in a strange land. You heard that America was a land of plenty, and wishing to improve your circumstances, you resolved to make it your future home, and here you have arrived, indulging hopes which perhaps you sometimes fear may not be realized. It is not improbable that your first acquaintances in America were some of your own countrymen, and that they told you tales of disappointment. But be not discouraged; their disappointments may have resulted from their own imprudence: many have prospered here, and if you conduct yourself with propriety, you may prosper also.

In the nations of Europe the people are subjects, but here every citizen participates in the sovereignty. This produces a difference in views, feelings, and manners, that foreigners soon discover, and that frequently makes an unfavorable impression upon their minds; but as they become acquainted with American principles, that impression vanishes, and that which at first was disapproved is admired and imitated. It would be well for foreigners to recollect, that when they come hither, they ought to respect the institutions and obey the laws that have been framed by a people

well acquainted with their own affairs ; but if, instead of this, they find fault, make invidious comparisons, and recommend alterations, they will be very likely to wound the feelings of those whose friendship they ought to cultivate.

It is no doubt the case, that many who come to this country to improve their circumstances, might have been successful at home but for the indulgence of some vice or impropriety that would prevent their being successful anywhere. It behoves them therefore, upon their arrival, altogether to avoid the continuance of that indulgence ; and if they do not, they should blame themselves and not the country for the consequences of their conduct.

Foreigners might reasonably suppose, that there is no maritime city in the United States that can provide employment for all who emigrate to it. They should not therefore remain in the city at which they land until they have expended their funds, but in most cases proceed with as little delay as possible to those parts of the country in which they may obtain by industry a competent support. If accustomed to agriculture, they should go to the West, and there they may purchase land for less than they paid in Europe as a yearly rent for that which was much less fertile.

But there are many who come here without money, or trade, or profession, or habits of industry, or visible means of support, and then cast themselves upon our public and private charities, crowd our almshouses, or beg from door to door. This is unjust, and if they whose industry is in consequence severely taxed, do not regard them as favorably as they wish, it ought not to excite surprise. Nor, when many circumstances that have transpired are considered, should it be thought unreasonable if the people of this country withhold their full confidence from foreigners until they have shown by their conduct that it may be safely reposed in them. The Americans are a prudent people, who find it necessary to guard against imposition ; they are jealous of their rights

and privileges: if you attempt to alter their institutions, they will manifest their indignation; but to those who identify themselves with American interests, and otherwise conduct themselves with propriety, they are a generous people, and give a hearty welcome to the many advantages with which the country abounds.

Here is a land almost immeasurable in extent and fertility; labor is adequately rewarded; enterprise is encouraged, and the necessaries of life are cheap. The government is the most perfect democracy that can be found on the face of the earth, or on the page of history. Liberty is enjoyed to the fullest extent that safety will admit; and no nation is governed with less expense or more efficiency. Here there is no aristocracy to trample on the rights of the poor, and the stable-boy may by good conduct rise to the first office in the land. Here the most ample provision is made for the instruction of the young, and every child may receive a respectable education at little or no expense; and this not at charity-schools, but at public institutions in which every citizen has an equal property. Here, too, the rights of conscience are respected; and while the great truth is recognized, that every man ought to study the Bible, serve God, benefit mankind, maintain religious worship, and aid the diffusion of Christianity, he is regarded as a moral agent, accountable to God for the performance of these duties. No peculiar mode of worship is imposed upon him by human law, nor is he compelled to aid in supporting any religious service with which he has no sympathy. Yet where is the Gospel preached with more purity, or by a more talented ministry, or with more evident tokens of divine approbation?

Here, then, is a country in which you may be happy. Yet here, as elsewhere, they who would be so, must carefully shun the evils to which they are exposed, and diligently perform the duties that devolve upon them. It has been proved, upon the testimony of the most eminent physicians, that

fermented and distilled liquors, although used in moderation, are always injurious to health, except when taken medicinally. It is also found that large quantities of poisonous drugs are used in their preparation. Ardent spirits are here sold almost as soon as distilled, and are therefore peculiarly pernicious; yet, as in this country they are not charged with those heavy duties to which they are subjected in Europe, they are comparatively cheap; and hence they present a powerful temptation to foreigners, which must be sternly resisted, or health, happiness, and prosperity will be destroyed. The wise and good have pledged themselves to abstain from the use of all intoxicating liquors; and by faithfully adhering to this pledge they find their bodily health promoted, their mental powers invigorated, and their worldly circumstances improved. But look at that poor haggard wretch crawling through the streets, clothed in rags; he is a man that rejected the temperance pledge, and probably he is a foreigner.

But you are resolved that you will observe due moderation, and never become a drunkard. Are you aware that nearly every drunkard in the United States once formed the same resolution? Intemperance and Sabbath-breaking generally go hand in hand, and the person who sometimes indulges in the one will not always avoid the other. A man who is not decidedly opposed to these vices, is persuaded by some fellow-countryman to take what he calls "a pleasant excursion" on the Sabbath. They get weary, and must sit down in some house: it is a tavern, and they are expected to pay for their accommodation by purchasing intoxicating drinks. It is intended to take but one glass; but that creates thirst for another, and that for another: before he is aware he is overpowered, and soon he becomes a confirmed drunkard. He then neglects his business, and as confidence can no longer be reposed in him, he soon finds himself without employment and without friends. To drown reflection he proceeds to greater excesses, and as increasing difficulties press upon

him, he becomes reckless, profane, violent, and dishonest ; nor will his downward steps be many before he has become the inmate of a prison, or sunk into a drunkard's grave ; leaving in some hovel or dismal cellar, oppressed by hunger, nakedness, and misery, the wife and children who were once objects of his sincere affection.

Thus many a foreigner blasts his prospects and plunges into ruin, who might have been happy and prosperous ; and would you effectually avoid treading in the same path, you will do well to reflect seriously upon the depravity of the human heart, and the importance of taking the Holy Bible as the rule of your life. O what an invaluable treasure is that sacred volume ! It gives wisdom to the simple and comfort to the sad ; it affords an exhaustless theme for delightful meditation, and sets forth all that is necessary to salvation so plainly, that a wayfaring man need not err concerning it. O make that blessed volume your study, and teach it unto your children. It is your property and it is theirs, for God gave it to you. Jesus Christ commanded, John 5 : 39, " Search the Scriptures ;" and the apostle Paul congratulated Timothy, 2 Tim. 3 : 15, *that from a child he had known the holy Scriptures, which were able to make him wise unto salvation, through faith which is in Christ Jesus.* No man can be either a good citizen or a Christian who neglects the Bible, for it is the only source from which can be derived correct principles in civil or religious polity. He then who objects to any man's reading the Bible, would rob him of his national privileges, his natural rights, and all correct knowledge of the way to heaven ; and this, that he may promote purposes which are antirepublican and antichristian. Yes, study the Bible ; study it with prayer, and regularly attend the ministry of some faithful preacher who will urge upon your attention the importance of your being a Christian, not in name only, but in reality ; of your being " born again," not delusively by some superstitious pretension, but by the

power of the Holy Ghost implanting in you a new heart and a right spirit, rendering lovely and attractive the ways of holiness, and hateful and repulsive the ways of sin, John 3 : 3-8 ; 2 Cor. 5 : 17 ; Heb. 8 : 10 ; one who will direct you to Jesus Christ as the *only mediator between God and man*, 1 Tim. 2 : 5, and teach you that for his sake you may obtain *the knowledge of salvation by the remission of sins*, Luke 1 : 77 ; and this, not by the declaration of some presumptuous sinner, but by *the Spirit of God bearing witness with your spirit*. Rom. 8 : 16. O, if you are indeed a Christian, you understand these things, and enjoy religion and delight to practise it. In this happy land you may find many persons of kindred spirit, and with them you may hold holy communion. Lose no time in furnishing them with your testimonials of church-membership. Become identified with some gospel church, and as its members recognize in you the image of Christ, their hearts will become one with yours, they will mingle in your joys, sympathize in your sorrows, and delight to do you good. Do not, as many unhappily have done, neglect this duty until you have lost your spirituality of mind ; for thus they gradually declined into a state of awful backsliding, and so continued until God chastised them with the rod of sickness and penury, and thus aroused them to a sense of their defection.

But perhaps you are still unconverted ; never having yielded to the full conviction of your being a guilty, helpless, hell-deserving sinner, who must be lost for ever unless the Lord for Christ's sake pardon your sins and renew your soul in righteousness, and consequently never having sought and obtained a sense of his mercy. Is this your case ? If so, it should engage your first attention. No worldly success can make you truly happy without religion ; nor can you neglect obtaining religion amidst that gospel light which here blazes around you, without the rapid accumulation of guilt and incurring the most fearful judgments, even as the inhabitants

of Chorazin and Bethsaida involved themselves in a doom more terrible than that which overthrew Sodom and Gomorrah. God has brought you across the Atlantic, but this is not your home. You will remain here but a little while, and then you will take another voyage. The passage will be short ; but whether it shall be bright and smooth, and safely conduct you to the realms of never-ending bliss, or dark and rough, and wreck your hopes, and you be cast into a gulf of tumultuous flame without a bottom and without a shore, depends upon the question whether you consecrate or do not consecrate your heart and life to Christ as your only Lord and Redeemer. Determine that question speedily ; determine it upon your knees before God ; determine it with eternity in view, and the words of Christ ringing in your ears : “ He that believeth not, is condemned already,” John 3 : 18 ; “ Except ye be converted, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven.” Matt. 18 : 3.

THE FRIEND YOU NEED.

Stranger, do you want a friend,
Ever faithful, ever true ;
One whose kindness knows no end,
One whose love can shelter you ?
Jesus is the friend you need :
Jesus is a friend indeed.

None that sought his love's embrace
Has he ever turned away ;
You may see his smiling face—
Gaze upon his charms to-day :
Ever faithful, ever true,
Jesus is the friend for you.

THE EMIGRANT'S HYMN.

How are thy servants bless'd, O Lord ;
How sure is their defence !
Eternal wisdom is their guide,
Their help, Omnipotence.

In foreign realms and lands remote,
Supported by thy care,
Through burning climes they pass unhurt,
And breathe in tainted air.

When by the dreadful tempest borne
High on the broken wave,
They know thou art not slow to hear,
Nor impotent to save.

The storm is laid ; the winds retire,
Obedient to thy will ;
The sea, that roars at thy command,
At thy command is still.

In midst of danger, fear, and death,
Thy goodness we'll adore ;
We'll praise thee for thy mercies past,
And humbly hope for more.

Our life, while thou preserv'st that life,
Thy sacrifice shall be ;
And death, when death shall be our lot,
Shall join our souls to thee.

Addison.

PRAYER FOR MINISTERS.

PAUL the apostle often requested the prayers of his brethren. If he felt it necessary to make this request, how much more needful for ministers now to make the same. They may adopt his language, and often repeat it: "Brethren, pray for us." 1 Thess. 5 : 25.

The duty of praying for ministers is *implied* in the general directions for prayer contained in the Scriptures. Thus Paul to Timothy, "I exhort that supplications, prayers, intercessions, and giving of thanks be made for all men." To the Ephesians, "Praying always with all prayer, for all saints." If for all saints, then for them who stand as watchmen on the walls of Zion. And with what earnestness does Paul address the Romans: "Now I beseech you, brethren, for the Lord Jesus Christ's sake, and for the love of the Spirit, that ye strive together with me in your prayers to God for me." 1 Tim. 2 : 1-3; Eph. 6 : 18-20; Psalm 122 : 6; Isa. 62 : 6, 7; 1 Cor. 3 : 5-7; Rom. 15 : 30-32.

But you do not question the duty: you admit that it is binding. Ministers should be prayed for. And if it is a duty to pray for all ministers, then it is for your own. How is it in this particular? Is your own pastor remembered in your prayers? Pause, and think of your *closet duties*. Have you no closet, and no secret prayer? Then give up your hope, and repent of your wickedness. If a Christian, you have a closet: do you remember your minister there?

And how is it in your *family*? Have you no family altar? Let not this day end before you have one. If once you had, and it is fallen down, gather up its scattered and broken stones, and rebuild it. A Christian family without prayer! it is worse than the heathen. How is it in those families where God is worshipped? Reader, how is it in yours? Is he remembered who ministers to you in holy things? If you pray not for him around your hearth, how can your household be interested in the messages of mercy he delivers?

Turn now to your *meetings for prayer*, church meetings, and concerts, and how is it in these? Do you attend them? Have you good reasons for absence? Will you attend them in future, and pray for your minister there? Aaron and Hur stayed up the hands of Moses. Exod. 17 : 12. So the members of the church are to hold up the hands of their pastor. They can do this by praying for him. This is duty; has it been performed?

A proper regard for the *good of their minister* should induce Christians to pray for him. Ministers are men of like passions with other men; they live on the same food, and their souls are nourished by the same means. They cannot go up into heaven and live through the week, and just come down and spend the Sabbath here on earth; they must live in the world, meet the trials and temptations of the world, take heed to their spirit, and keep their hearts with all diligence. Their peculiar trials, duties, and dangers, render a large measure of grace necessary; and they must live near to God, or be ill-qualified to lead on "the sacramental host of God's elect." How much they need to pray for themselves; and how much they need to have others pray for them.

This duty is enforced by a regard for *your own good*. You should be concerned to grow in grace. Soul-prosperity is what you should most earnestly and anxiously seek. But how can your soul prosper, when you pray not for him who is to be the special instrument in the hand of God of watering and nourishing it? You pray not for him in your closet, nor in your family, and go to the sanctuary on the Sabbath without offering a prayer in his behalf; and how can your heart be prepared to hear the word which he may speak? Is it strange that you should think the sermon dry, and all the exercises dull and uninteresting; or that you should begin to find fault, and think it would be better to have some other in his place? Let it be remembered—write it upon the tablet of your heart, never to be obliterated or forgotten—you cannot have a good minister unless you pray for him. Whether a minister, no matter what his talents or acquirements, shall be profitable to you, depends much on your prayerfulness. Without your prayers no minister can be good for you, because you are not prepared to profit by his labors. Were those churches which become dissatisfied

with their pastors to examine themselves, they might often find the whole cause of their dissatisfaction in their own want of prayerfulness; and were they to try what prayer can do, they might find it the restorer of peace and confidence, and the procurer of rich blessings to their own souls and the souls of the perishing around them. They who possess the spirit of prayer see so many faults in themselves, that they are ready to make due allowance for the failings of others. They hear to be benefited, and not as critics, or merely to be pleased. They are willing to hear the truth, the simple, unvarnished truth; and the truth, from whatever source it comes, does them good as it doth the upright in heart. They are prepared to receive the truth in the love of it; and if they receive not advantage from the services of the sanctuary, they are quite as willing to suspect the difficulty to be in themselves as in the preacher.

But the principal consideration is, *the success of the Gospel*. "Pray for us, that the word may have free course," saith Paul. 2 Thess. 3 : 1. Prayer for ministers gives the Gospel success. Its success depends much upon *the state of the church*. But how miserable the state of that church in which no prayer is offered for the pastor. How can the Gospel have free course there, and be glorified? The truth will fall powerless on the hearts, both of the people of God and the impenitent.

The success of the Gospel depends much upon the *spirit, zeal, and devotion of the minister*. But how difficult for him to keep alive when all are dead around him. And how can a people expect their minister to be and do what he ought, if they pray not for him? See why Paul so earnestly requested the prayers of his brethren: Pray for me, that utterance may be given unto me, that I may open my mouth boldly; that God would open unto us a door of utterance, to speak the mystery of Christ. Eph. 6 : 19 ; Coloss. 4 : 2-4 ; 2 Thess. 3 : 1.

The success of the Gospel depends *efficiently upon the Holy Spirit*. This is given in answer to prayer: for this God will be inquired of. Luke 11 : 13 ; Ezek. 36 : 37. But is there likely to be prayer for the Spirit, where there is none for the preacher? To pray for the Spirit, is to pray that he may fill the mind of the speaker and the hearers, accompany the word to the heart, lead all to feel its power and obey it.

But a people who pray not for their pastor, cannot be concerned for the outpouring of the Spirit, nor for the success of the Gospel. Yet its success is what every Christian should desire, and what every genuine child of God who is awake to his duties and responsibilities, must desire. On its success depends the prosperity of the church and the salvation of souls.

And are such consequences connected with the duty? By what more weighty consideration could it be enforced? The salvation of precious souls may be suspended upon *your prayers for your pastor*. Shall the duty be neglected, and shall souls perish through this neglect? There is a fearful responsibility here, and it becomes every one to awake from his slumbers and call upon God. As you regard the welfare of Zion, as you desire the salvation of souls, as you love Christ and his cause, "Brethren, pray for us."

Were there more prayer for ministers, greater success would attend the preaching of the Gospel. Let the church awake to this duty, and the work of God will revive; let it be neglected, and Zion will continue a desolation. Brethren, pray for us in your closets, in your families, and in your meetings for prayer. Let *Saturday night* be observed as a season of prayer for your pastor. Let every member of the church, let every Christian, then, intercede with God in behalf of him who speaks to you in his name and of all the ministers of Christ. On the *morning of the Sabbath*, too, let them have a large place in your supplications. And when about to go up to the house of the Lord, retire to seek God's presence and blessing for him, that your own soul may be refreshed, and that the word of the Lord may have free course, run from heart to heart, and be glorified in the conversion and salvation of perishing sinners. Then shall the angels rejoice, and ransomed souls begin to

"Speak of the wonders of that love,
Which Gabriel plays on every chord."

THE
NATURE AND SEASON
OF
REPENTANCE.

BY REV. THOMAS CHALMERS, D. D.

There are two very prevalent delusions, which are pregnant with mischief to the minds of men: the one regards the *nature*, and the other the *season* of Repentance.

With regard to the first, much mischief has arisen from mistakes respecting *the meaning of the term repentance*. The word repentance occurs with two different meanings in the New Testament. and it is to be regretted that two different words could not have been devised to express these. This is chargeable upon the poverty of our language; for it is to be observed, that in the original Greek the distinction in the meanings is pointed out by a distinction in the words. The employment of one term to denote two different things has the effect of confounding and misleading the understanding; and it is much to be wished that every ambiguity of this kind were cleared away from that most interesting point in the process of a human soul, at which it turns from sin unto righteousness, and from the power of Satan unto God.

When in common language a man says, "I repent of such an action," he is understood to say, "I am sorry for having done it." The feeling is familiar to all of us. How often does the man of dissipation prove this sense of the word repentance, when he awakes in the morning, and oppressed by the languor of his exhausted facul-

ties, looks back with remorse on the follies and profligacies of the night that is past? How often does the man of unguarded conversation prove it, when he thinks of the friends whose feelings he has wounded by some hasty utterance which he cannot recall? How often is it proved by the man of business, when he reflects on the rash engagement which ties him down to a losing speculation? All these people would be perfectly understood when they say, "We repent of these doings." The word repentance so applied is about equivalent to the word regret. There are several passages in the New Testament where this is the undoubted sense of the word repentance. In Matt. 27:3, the wretched Judas repented himself of his treachery; and surely when we think of the awful denunciation uttered by our Savior against the man who should betray him, that it were better for him if he had not been born, we shall never confound the repentance which Judas experienced with that repentance which is unto salvation.

Now here lies the danger to practical Christianity. In the above-cited passage, to repent is just to regret, or to be sorry for; and this we conceive to be by far the most prevailing sense of the term in the English language. But there are other places where the same term is employed to denote that which is urged upon us as a duty—that which is preached for the remission of sins—that which is so indispensable to sinners as to call forth the declaration from our Savior, that unless we have it, we shall all likewise perish. Now, though repentance, in all these cases, is expressed by the same term in our translation as the repentance of mere regret, it is expressed by a different term in the original record of our faith. This surely might lead us to suspect a difference of meaning, and should caution us against taking up with that as sufficient for the business of our salvation which is short of saving and scriptural repentance. There may

be an alternation of wilful sin, and of deep-felt sorrow, up to the very end of our history—there may be a presumptuous sin committed every day, and a sorrow regularly succeeding it. Sorrow may embitter every act of sin—sorrow may darken every interval of sinful indulgence—and sorrow may give an unutterable anguish to the pains and the prospects of a deathbed. Couple all this with the circumstance that sorrow passes, in the common currency of our language, for repentance, and that repentance is made, by our Bible, to lie at the turning point from a state of condemnation to a state of acceptance with God; and it is difficult not to conceive that much danger may have arisen from this, leading to indistinct views of the nature of repentance, and to slender and superficial conceptions of the mighty change which is implied in it.

We are far from saying that the eye of christians is not open to this danger, and that the vigilant care of christian authors has not been employed in averting it. Where shall we get a better definition of repentance unto life than in our Shorter Catechism? by which the sinner is represented not merely as grieving, but, along with his grief and hatred of sin, as *turning from it unto God with full purpose of, and endeavor after new obedience*. But the mischief is, that the word repent has a common meaning, different from the theological; that wherever it is used, this common meaning is apt to intrude itself, and exert a kind of habitual imposition upon the understanding—that the influence of the single word carries it over the influence of the lengthened explanation; and thus it is that, for a steady progress in the obedience of the Gospel, many persevere, to the end of their days, in a wretched course of sinning and of sorrowing, without fruit and without amendment.

To save the practically mischievous effect arising from the application of one term to two different things, one

distinct and appropriate term has been suggested for the saving repentance of the New Testament. The term repentance itself has been restricted to the repentance of mere sorrow, and is made equivalent to regret; and for the other, able translators have adopted the word *reformation*. The one is expressive of sorrow for our past conduct; the other is expressive of our renouncing it. It denotes an actual turning from the habits of life that we are sorry for. Give us, say they, a change from bad deeds to good deeds, from bad habits to good habits, from a life of wickedness to a life of conformity to the requirements of heaven, and you give us reformation.

Now there is often nothing more unprofitable than a dispute about words; but if a word has got into common use, a common and generally understood meaning is attached to it; and if this meaning does not just come up to the thing which we want to express by it, the application of that word to that thing has the same misleading effects as in the case already alluded to. Now, we have much the same kind of exception to allege against the term *reformation*, that we have alleged against the term *repentance*. The term repentance is inadequate—and why? because, in the common use of it, it is equivalent to regret, and regret is short of the saving change that is spoken of in the New Testament. On the very same principle we count the term reformation to be inadequate. We think that, in common language, a man would receive the appellation of a reformed man upon the mere change of his outward habits, without any reference to the change of mind and of principle which gave rise to it. Let the drunkard give up his excesses—let the back-biter give up his evil-speakings—let the extortioner give up his unfair charges—and we would apply to one and all of them, upon the mere change of their external doings, the character of reformed men. Now, it is evident that the drunkard may give up his drunkenness, because

checked by a serious impression of the injury he has been doing to his health and his circumstances. The backbiter may give up his evil-speaking, on being made to perceive that the hateful practice has brought upon him the contempt and alienation of his neighbors. The extortioner may give up his unfair charges, upon taking it into calculation that his business is likely to suffer by the desertion of his customers. But it is equally evident, that though in each of these cases there has been what the world would call *reformation*, there has not been *scriptural repentance*. The deficiency of the former term consists in its having been employed to denote a mere change in the deeds or in the habits of the outward man; and if employed as equivalent to repentance, it may delude us into the idea that the change by which we are made meet for a happy eternity is a far more slender and superficial thing than it really is. It is of little importance to be told that the translator means it only in the sense of a reformed conduct, proceeding from the influence of a new and a right principle within. The common meaning of the word will, as in the former instance, be ever and anon intruding itself, and get the better of all the formal cautions, and all the qualifying clauses of our Bible commentators.

But will not *the original word itself* throw some light upon this important question? The repentance which is enjoined as a duty—the repentance which is unto salvation—the repentance which sinners undergo when they pass to a state of acceptance with God from a state of enmity against him—these are all one and the same thing, and are expressed by one and the same word in the original language of the New Testament. It is different from the word which expresses the repentance of sorrow; and if translated according to the parts of which it is composed, it signifies neither more nor less than *a change of mind*. This of itself is sufficient to prove the inadequacy of the term *reformation*—a term which is of-

ten applied to a man upon the mere change of his conduct, without ever adverting to the state of his mind, or to the kind of change in motive and in principle which it has undergone. It is true, that there can be no change in the conduct without some change in the inward principle. A reformed drunkard, before careless about health or fortune, may be so far changed as to become impressed with these considerations; but this change is evidently short of that which the Bible calls repentance towards God. It is a change that may, and has taken place in many a mind, when there was no effectual sense of the God who is above us, and of the eternity which is before us. It is a change brought about by the prospect and the calculation of worldly advantages, and in the enjoyment of these advantages it hath its sole reward. But it is not done unto God, and God will not accept of it as done unto him. Reformation may signify nothing more than the mere surface-dressing of those decencies, and proprieties, and accomplishments, and civil and prudential duties, which, however fitted to secure a man's acceptance in society, may, one and all of them, consist with a heart alienated from God, and having every principle and affection of the inner man away from him. True, it is such a change as the man will reap benefit from, as his friends will rejoice in, as the world will call reformation; but it is not such a change as will make him meet for heaven; nor is it, in its import, what our Savior speaks of when he says, "I tell you nay, except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish."

There is no single word in the English language which occurs to us as fully equal to the faithful rendering of the term in the original. *Renewedness of mind*, however awkward a phrase this may be, is perhaps the most nearly expressive of it. Certain it is, that it harmonizes with those other passages of the Bible where the process is described by which saving repentance is brought about.

We read of being transformed by the renewing of our minds, of the renewing of the Holy Ghost, of being renewed in the spirit of our minds. *Scriptural repentance, therefore, is that deep and radical change whereby a soul turns from the idols of sin and of self unto God, and devotes every movement of the inner and the outer man to the captivity of his obedience.* This is the change which, whether it be expressed by one word or not in the English language, we would have you well to understand; and reformation or change in the outward conduct, instead of being saving and scriptural repentance, is what, in the language of John the Baptist, we would call a fruit meet for it.

But if mischief is likely to arise from the want of an adequate word in our language to that repentance which is unto salvation, there is one effectual preservative against it—a firm and consistent exhibition of the whole counsel and revelation of God. A man who is well read in his New Testament, and reads it with docility, will dismiss all his meagre conceptions of repentance when he comes to the following statements: “Except a man be born again he cannot see the kingdom of God.” “Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven.” “If any man have not the Spirit of Christ he is none of his.” “The carnal mind is enmity against God; and if ye live after the flesh ye shall die; but if ye, through the Spirit, do mortify the deeds of the body, ye shall live.” “Be not then conformed to this world, but be ye transformed by the renewing of your minds.” Such are the terms employed to describe the process by which the soul of man is renewed unto repentance; and, with your hearts familiarized to the mighty import of these terms, you will carry with you an effectual guarantee against those false and flimsy impressions, which are so current in the world, about the preparation of a sinner for eternity.

We should like, moreover, to reduce every man to the feeling of repentance now, or the alternative of repentance never. We should like to flash it upon your convictions, that by putting the call away from you now, you put your eternity away from you. We should like to expose the whole amount of that accursed infatuation which lies in *delay*. We should like to arouse every soul out of its lethargies, and give no quarter to the plea of a *little more sleep*, and a little more slumber. We should like you to feel as if the whole of your future destiny hinged on the very first movement to which you turned yourselves. The work of repentance must have a beginning; and we should like you to know, that if not begun to-day, the chance will be less of its being begun to-morrow. And if the greater chance has failed, what hope can we build upon the smaller?—and a chance, too, that is always getting smaller. Each day, as it revolves over the sinner's head, finds him a harder, and a more obstinate, and a more helplessly enslaved sinner than before. It was this consideration which gave Richard Baxter such earnestness and such urgency in his *Call to the Unconverted*. He knew that the barrier in the way of the sinner's return is strengthened by every act of resistance to the call which urges it; that a mighty change must take place in man ere he can enter into the presence of God; that the time in which, on every plea of duty and of interest, each individual should bestir himself to secure this, is the *present* time; and the whole drift of his argument is to urge an instantaneous choice of the better part, by showing how the sinner multiplies every day the obstacles to his future repentance, if he begin not the work of repentance *now*.

We proceed to make some observations on the mistakes concerning repentance which we have endeavored to expose, and to adduce some arguments for urging on

the consciences of our readers THE NECESSITY AND IMPORTANCE OF IMMEDIATE REPENTANCE.

1. *The work of repentance is a work which must be done ere we die*; for, unless we repent, we shall all likewise perish. Now, the easier this work is in our conception, we shall think it the less necessary to enter upon it immediately. We shall look upon it as a work that may be done at any time, and therefore put it off a little longer, and a little longer. We shall perhaps look forward to that retirement from the world and its temptations which we figure old age to bring along with it, and falling in with the too common idea, that the evening of life is the appropriate season of preparation for another world, we may think that the preacher is bearing too closely and too urgently upon us when, in the language of the Bible, he speaks of "*to-day*," while it is called to-day, and will let us off with no other repentance than repentance "*now*," seeing that *now* only is the accepted time, and *now* only the day of salvation, which he has a warrant to proclaim to us.

This dilatory way of it is very much favored by the mistaken and very defective view of repentance which we have attempted to expose. We have somehow or other got into the delusion that repentance is nothing but sorrow; and were we called to fix upon the scene where this sorrow is likely to be felt in the degree that it is deepest and most overwhelming, we would point to the chamber of the dying man. It is awful to think that, generally speaking, this repentance of mere sorrow is the only repentance of a death-bed. Yes, we shall meet with sensibility deep enough and painful enough there—with regret in all its bitterness—with terror mustering up its images of despair, and dwelling upon them in all the gloom of an affrighted imagination; and this is mistaken not merely for the drapery of repentance, but for the very substance of it. We look forward, and we count

upon this—that the sins of a life are to be expunged by the sighing and sorrowing of the last days of it. We should give up this wretchedly superficial notion of repentance, and cease from this moment to be led astray by it. The mind may sorrow over its corruptions at the very time that it is under the power of them. A man may weep most bitterly over the perversities of his moral constitution; but to change that constitution, under the workings of the Holy Spirit, is a different affair. Now, this is the mighty work of repentance:—He who has undergone it is no longer the servant of sin. He dies unto sin, he lives unto God. A sense of the authority of God is ever present with him, to wield the ascendancy of a great master-principle over all his movements—to call forth every purpose, and to carry it forward, through all the opposition of sin and of Satan, into accomplishment. This is the grand revolution in the state of the mind which repentance brings along with it. To grieve because this work is not done, is a very different thing from the doing of it. A death-bed is the very best scene for acting the first, but it is the very worst for acting the second. The repentance of Judas has often been acted there. We ought to think of the work in all its magnitude, and not to put it off to that awful period when the soul is crowded with other things, and has to maintain its weary struggle with the pains, and the distresses, and the shiverings, and the breathless agonies of a death-bed.

2. There are two views that may be taken of the way in which repentance is brought about, and whichever of them is adopted, delay carries along with it the saddest infatuation. It may be looked upon as a step taken *by man as a voluntary agent*, and we would ask you, upon your experience of the powers and the performances of humanity, if a death-bed is the time for taking such a step? Is this a time for a voluntary being exercising a vigorous control over his own movements? when racked with pain

and borne down by the pressure of a sore and overwhelming calamity? Surely the greater the work of repentance is, the more ease, the more time, the more freedom from suffering is necessary for carrying it on; and therefore addressing you as voluntary beings, as beings who will and who do, we call upon you to seek God early that you may find him—to haste, and make no delay in keeping his commandments.

The other view is, that repentance is not a self-originating work in man, but *the work of the Holy Spirit in him* as the subject of its influences. This view is not opposite to the former. It is true that man wills and does at every step in the business of his salvation; and it is as true that God works in him so to will and to do. Take this last view of it then. Look on repentance as the work of God's Spirit in the soul of man, and we are furnished with a more impressive argument than ever, and set on higher vantage for urging you to stir yourselves and set about it immediately. What is it that you propose? To keep by your present habits and your present indulgences, and build yourselves up all the while in the confidence that the Spirit will interpose with his mighty power of conversion upon you, at the very point of time that you have fixed upon as convenient and agreeable? And how do you conciliate the Spirit's answer to your call then? Why, by doing all you can to grieve, and to quench, and to provoke him to abandon you now. Do you feel a motion toward repentance at this moment? If you keep it alive and act upon it, good and well. But if you smother and suppress this motion, you resist the Spirit—you stifle his movements within you; it is what the impenitent do day after day and year after year: and is this the way for securing the influences of the Spirit at the time that you would like them best? when you are done with the world, and are looking forward to eternity because you cannot help it? God says, "My Spirit shall not always

strive with man." A good and a free Spirit he undoubtedly is, and as a proof of it, he is now saying, "Let whosoever will, come and take the water of life freely." He says so now, but we do not promise that he will say so with effect upon your death-beds, if you refuse him now. You look forward then for a powerful work of conversion being done upon you, and yet you employ yourselves all your life long in raising and multiplying obstacles against it. You count upon a miracle of grace before you die, and the way you take to make yourselves sure of it, is to grieve and offend Him while you live who alone can perform the miracle. O what cruel deceits will sin land us in! and how artfully it pleads for a "little more sleep, and a little more slumber; a little more folding of the hands to sleep." We should hold out no longer, nor make such an abuse of the forbearance of God: we shall treasure up wrath against the day of wrath if we do so. The genuine effect of his goodness is to lead us to repentance; let not its effect upon us be to harden and encourage ourselves in the ways of sin. We should cry now for the clean heart and the right spirit; and such is the exceeding freeness of the Spirit of God, that we shall be listened to. If we put off the cry till then, the same God may laugh at our calamity, and mock when our fear cometh.

3. Our next argument for immediate repentance is, that we cannot bring forward, at any future period of your history, any considerations of a more prevailing or more powerfully moving influence than those *we may bring forward at this moment*. We can tell you now of the terrors of the Lord—we can tell you now of the solemn mandates which have issued from his throne, and the authority of which is upon one and all of you. We can tell you now, that though in this dead and darkened world sin appears but a very trivial affair—for every body sins, and it is shielded from execration by the universal countenance of an entire species lying in wickedness—

yet it holds true of God, what is so emphatically said of him, that he cannot be mocked, nor will he endure it that you should riot in the impunity of your wilful resistance to him and to his warnings. We can tell you now, that he is a God of vengeance; and though, for a season, he is keeping back all the thunder of it from a world that he would reclaim unto himself, yet if you put all his expostulations away from you, and will not be reclaimed, these thunders will be let loose upon you, and they will fall on your guilty heads, armed with tenfold energy, because you have not only defied his threats, but turned your back on his offers of reconciliation. These are the arguments by which we would try to open our way to your consciences, and to awaken up your fears, and to put the inspiring activity of hope into your bosoms, by laying before you those invitations which are addressed to the sinner through the peace speaking blood of Jesus, and, in the name of a beseeching God, to win your acceptance of them.

At no future period can we address arguments more powerful and more affecting than these. If these arguments do not prevail upon you, we know of none others by which a victory over the stubborn and uncomplying will can be accomplished, or by which we can ever hope to beat in that sullen front of resistance wherewith you now so impregnably withstand us. We feel as if on your present purpose hung all the preparations of your future life, and all the rewards or all the horrors of your coming eternity. We cannot let you off with any other repentance than repentance now; and if this be refused now, we cannot, with our eyes open to the consideration we have now urged, that the instrument we can make to bear upon you hereafter is not more powerful than we may wield now, coupled with another consideration which we shall insist upon, that the subject on which the instrument worketh, even the heart of man, gathers by every act of

resistance a more uncomplying obstinacy than before ; we cannot, with these two thoughts in our mind, look forward to your future history without seeing spread over the whole path of it the iron of a harder impenitency, the sullen gloom of a deeper and more determined alienation.

4. Another argument, therefore, for immediate repentance is, that the mind which resists a present call or a present reproof, undergoes a *progressive hardening* toward all those considerations which arm the call of repentance with all its energy. It is not enough to say that the instrument by which repentance is brought about is not more powerful to-morrow than it is to-day ; it lends a most tremendous weight to the argument, to say further, that the subject on which this instrument is putting forth its efficiency will oppose a firmer resistance to-morrow than it does to-day. It is this which gives a significance so powerful to the call of " To-day, while it is to-day, harden not your hearts ;" and to the admonition of " Knowest thou not, O man, that the goodness of God leadeth thee to repentance ; but after, thy hardness and impenitent heart treasureth up wrath against the day of wrath and revelation of the righteous judgments of God ?" It is not said, either in the one or in the other of these passages, that, by the present refusal, you cut yourself off from a future invitation. The invitation may be sounded in your hearing to the last half hour of your earthly existence, engraved in all those characters of free and gratuitous kindness which mark the beneficent religion of the New Testament. But the present refusal hardens you against the power and tenderness of the future invitation. This is the fact in human nature to which these passages seem to point, and it is the fact through which the argument for immediate repentance receives such powerful aid from the wisdom of experience. It is this which forms the most impressive proof of the necessity of plying the young with all the weight and all the ten-

derness of earnest admonition, that the now susceptible mind might not turn into a substance harder and more uncomplying than the rock which is broken in pieces by the powerful application of the hammer of the word of God.

The metal of the human soul, so to speak, is like some material substances. If the force you lay upon it do not break it or dissolve it, it will beat it into hardness. If the moral argument by which it is plied now do not so soften the mind as to carry and to overpower its purposes, then, on another day, the argument may be put forth in terms as impressive, but it falls on a harder mind, and therefore with a more slender efficiency. If the threat, that ye who persist in sin shall have to dwell with the devouring fire, and to lie down amid everlasting burnings, do not alarm you out of your iniquities from this very moment, then the same threat may be again cast out, and the same appalling circumstances of terror be thrown around it, but it is all discharged on a soul hardened by its inurement to the thunder of denunciations already uttered, and the urgency of menacing threatenings already poured forth without fruit and without efficacy. If the voice of a beseeching God do not win upon you now, and charm you out of your rebellion against him by the persuasive energy of kindness, then let that voice be lifted in your hearing on some future day, and though armed with all the power of tenderness it ever had, how shall it find its entrance into a heart sheathed by the operation of habit, that universal law, in more impenetrable obstinacy! If with the earliest dawn of your understanding you have been offered the hire of the morning laborer and have refused it, then the parable does not say that you are the person who at the third, or sixth, or ninth, or eleventh hour will get the offer repeated to you. It is true, that the offer is unto all and upon all who are within reach of the hearing of it. But there is all the difference in the

world between the impression of a new offer, and of an offer that has already been often heard and as often rejected—an offer which comes upon you with all the familiarity of a well-known sound that you have already learned how to dispose of, and how to shut your every feeling against the power of its gracious invitations—an offer which, if discarded from your hearts at the present moment, may come back upon you, but which will have to maintain a more unequal contest than before, with an impenitency ever strengthening, and ever gathering new hardness from each successive act of resistance. And thus it is that the point for which we are contending is not to carry you at some future period of your lives, but to carry you at this moment. It is to work in you the instantaneous purpose of a firm and a vigorously sustained repentance; it is to put into you all the freshness of an immediate resolution, and to stir you up to all the readiness of an immediate accomplishment—it is to give direction to the very first footstep you are now to take, and lead you to take it as the commencement of that holy career in which all old things are done away, and all things become new—it is to press it upon you, that the state of the alternative, at this moment, is now or never—it is to prove how fearful the odds are against you, if now you suffer the call of repentance to light upon your consciences, and still keep by your determined posture of careless, and thoughtless, and thankless unconcern about God. You have resisted to-day, and by that resistance you have acquired a firmer metal of resistance against the power of every future warning that may be brought to bear upon you. You have stood your ground against the urgency of the most earnest admonitions, and against the dreadfulness of the most terrifying menaces. On that ground you have fixed yourself more immovably than before; and though on some future day the same spiritual thunder be made to play around you, it will not shake

you out of the obstinacy of your determined rebellion.

It is the universal law of habit, that the feelings are always getting more faintly and feebly impressed by every repetition of the cause which excited them, and that the mind is always getting stronger in its active resistance to the impulse of these feelings by every new deed of resistance which it performs; and thus it is, that if you refuse us now we have no other prospect before us than that your course is every day getting more desperate and more irrecoverable, your souls are getting more hardened, the Spirit is getting more provoked to abandon those who have so long persisted in their opposition to his movements. God, who says that his Spirit shall not always strive with man, is getting more offended. The tyranny of habit is getting every day a firmer ascendancy over you; Satan is getting you more helplessly involved among his wiles and his entanglements; the world, with all the inveteracy of those desires which are opposite to the will of the Father, is more and more lording it over your every affection. And what, we would ask, what is the scene in which you are now purposing to contest it, with all this mighty force of opposition you are now so busy in raising up against you? What is the field of combat to which you are now looking forward, as the place where you are to accomplish a victory over all those formidable enemies whom you are at present arming with such a weight of hostility, as, we say, within a single hair-breadth of certainty, you will find to be irresistible? O the big-ness of such a misleading infatuation!

The proposed scene in which this battle for eternity is to be fought, and this victory for a crown of glory is to be won, is a *death-bed*. It is when the last messenger stands by the couch of the dying man, and shakes at him the terrors of his grisly countenance, that the poor child of infatuation thinks he is to struggle and prevail against all his enemies; against the unrelenting tyranny of habit

—against the obstinacy of his own heart, which he is now doing so much to harden—against the Spirit of God, who perhaps long ere now has pronounced the doom upon him, “He will take his own way, and walk in his own counsel; I shall cease from striving, and let him alone” —against Satan, to whom every day of his life he has given some fresh advantage over him, and who will not be willing to lose the victim on whom he has practised so many wiles, and whom he has successfully plied with so many delusions. And such are the enemies whom you, who wretchedly calculate on the repentance of the eleventh hour, are every day mustering up in greater force and formidableness against you; and how can we think of letting you go with any other repentance than the repentance of the precious moment that is now passing over you, when we look forward to the horrors of that impressive scene on which you propose to win the prize of immortality, and to contest it single-handed and alone, with all the weight of opposition which you have accumulated against yourselves—a death-bed—a languid, breathless, tossing and agitated death-bed; that scene of feebleness, when the poor man cannot help himself to a single mouthful—when he must have attendants to sit around him, and watch his every wish, and interpret his every signal, and turn him to every posture where he may find a moment’s ease, and wipe away the cold sweat that is running over him—and ply him with cordials for thirst, and sickness, and insufferable languor. And this is the time, when occupied with such feelings, and beset with such agonies as these, you propose to crowd within the compass of a few wretched days the work of winding up the concerns of a neglected eternity!

5. But it may be said, “If repentance be what you represent it,—a thing of such mighty import, and such impracticable performance, as a *change of mind*,—in what rational way can it be made the subject of a precept or

injunction? you would not call upon the Ethiopian to change his skin—you would not call upon the leopard to change his spots, and yet you call upon us to change our minds. You say *repent*, and that too in the face of the undeniable doctrine, that man is without strength for the achievement of so mighty an enterprise. Can you tell us any plain and practicable thing that you would have us to perform, and that we may perform, to help on this business?"

This is the very question with which the hearers of John the Baptist came back upon him, after he had told them in general terms to repent, and to bring forth fruits meet for repentance. He may not have resolved the difficulty, but he pointed the expectation of his countrymen to a greater than he for the solution of it. Now that Teacher has already come, and we live under the full and the finished splendor of his revelation. O that the greatness and difficulty of the work of repentance had the effect of shutting you up into the faith of Christ! Repentance is not a paltry, superficial reformation. It reaches deep into the inner man, but not too deep for the searching influences of that Spirit which is at his giving, and which worketh mightily in the hearts of believers. You should go then under a sense of your difficulty to Him. Seek to be rooted in the Savior, that you may be nourished out of his fulness and strengthened by his might. The simple cry for a clean heart and a right spirit which is raised from the mouth of a believer, brings down an answer from on high which explains all the difficulty and overcomes it. And if what we have said of the extent and magnitude of repentance should have the effect to give a deeper feeling than before of the wants under which you labor, and shall dispose you to seek after a closer and more habitual union with Him who alone can supply them, then will our call to repent have indeed fulfilled upon you the appointed end of a preparation for the Savior.

But recollect now is your time, and now is your opportunity, for entering on the road of preparation that leads to heaven. We charge you to enter this road at this moment, as you value your deliverance from hell and your possession of that blissful place where you shall be for ever with the Lord; we charge you not to parry a 1 to delay this matter, no not for a single hour; we call on you, by all that is great in eternity—by all that is terrifying in its horrors—by all that is alluring in its rewards—by all that is binding in the authority of God—by all that is condemning in the severity of his violated law, and by all that can aggravate this condemnation in the insulting contempt of his rejected Gospel; we call on you by one and all of these considerations not to hesitate, but to flee—not to purpose a return for to-morrow, but to make an actual return *this very day*—to put a decisive end to every plan of wickedness on which you may have entered—to cease your hands from all that is forbidden—to turn them to all that is required—to betake yourselves to the appointed Mediator, and receive through him, by the prayer of faith, such constant supplies of the washing of regeneration and renewing of the Holy Ghost, that, from this moment, you may be carried forward from one degree of grace unto another, and from a life devoted to God here, to the elevation of a triumphant, and the joys of a blissful eternity hereafter.

M E M O I R

OF

S A M U E L F. B R A D B U R Y.

SAMUEL F. BRADBURY was born in Hollis, New Hampshire, December 25, 1806. He early lost his father, and though blessed in childhood with the instructions of a pious mother, yet upon being exposed to the temptations of the world, he laid aside his Bible, turned his back upon the ordinances of the sanctuary, and soon learned to treat the law of God with contempt. Having chosen that path of conduct which the *holy morality* of the Scriptures condemns, his next step was to reason himself into the belief that the Bible is not the word of God, but an ingenious imposture. He even tried to believe that there is no God, and no hereafter.

In November, 1830, he wrote to his sister, "For two years past my life has been a scene of trials and misfortunes not incident to young men generally. But I have affected to be as happy as the happiest, and have so far succeeded in my endeavors to deceive my friends, that I think not even you have mistrusted that I was troubled in mind. I am well aware of the anxiety which our mother feels for her wild and thoughtless children, as well she may; she is, however, ignorant of what some of them endure, and I desire that she ever may be." Again he says, "I consider this guilty conscience as a punishment fully adequate to atone for my sins, and I believe there is to be no punishment in a future state of existence—if indeed there be any such state, as superstition, ignorance, and priestcraft have had the hardihood to declare, instilling into the minds of innocent and inoffensive youth the idea that they must experience a change of heart, or hell awaits them. Horrible, that such a notion should be tolerated in a land of civilization and freedom." Under

another date he writes, "Every thing beyond this life is vague speculation, and I consider time wasted that is spent in worshipping God through the agency of any mortal like myself. *That I shall die as I now believe, I have not the slightest doubt.*"

In the month of July, 1841, symptoms of disease had so far manifested themselves as to lead his friends to fear that his days were numbered. The deep-rooted opposition which at this time he exhibited towards religious truth will be learned from a letter then written by one of his sisters to another sister: "Brother is evidently failing fast; I think that he must soon exchange worlds. He is the most wretched being I ever knew. This world has lost all its charms for him; and as he looks down the future, all is darkness, doubt, and despair. He seems like one whose conscience upbraids and reproaches him; his nights are painful and sleepless; he tells me that he really dreads to have them come. He says religion has made you perfectly wretched all your days: as it was utterly impossible for you to live up to what you profess to believe, you were in constant fear lest you should be cut down and sent to hell. 'My good sense,' he added, 'has taught me better than to embrace such cursed doctrine as that.' 'But,' I replied, 'the Spirit of God can work a mighty change in your feelings and belief, and fit you for usefulness in this world, and for peace and happiness in that which is to come.' 'Say nothing to me of that,' was his reply; 'my character is fixed for time, and for eternity as you term it, and it is not in the power of any agency to alter it. It is my request that you would never mention this subject to me again, as I am fully convinced that neither you, nor myself, nor any other person, knows any thing of the other world, if there is any.' I retired to my room," she adds, "but not to sleep. The early part of the night was spent in weeping and praying for my poor unhappy brother. My faith is weak: it does seem that God has passed him by."

Mr. Bradbury's life was spared till the opening of the year 1842. when about four weeks before his death the

writer saw him for the first time. It had for some days been evident to his friends that he was afraid of his own thoughts, and anxious to have his attention distracted from the sad reflections upon the past, and the gloomy foreboding of the future, which preyed upon his mind. But pride and a rebellious will still struggled mightily, and with a convulsive effort he strove to maintain his consistency as an unbeliever, and verify his confident prediction that he should die as he had lived.

Upon being questioned as to his views of religion, he positively declined any conversation on the subject; and when prayer was proposed, he at first refused, but afterwards consented that a petition should be offered. But from this hour his feelings became too powerful to be restrained; for, immediately upon my leaving the room, he anxiously inquired of a friend, "Do you think that I shall die, and perish like the brute?" On being answered in the negative, he added, "O that I had become a Christian when I was young; I think that I should have been a much happier man. Even if there is no hereafter, it would be wiser, in order to make the most of this life."

Towards evening he expressed the wish to see me again, remarking, "I desire to have my understanding convinced; I do not wish to believe through weakness." I passed the hour of twilight by his bedside, listening to and endeavoring to meet the objections to the Christian faith with which he had stored his mind. There was no view of the evidences of Christianity which seemed to impress him so deeply as the exhibition of its adaptedness to his situation as a dying and helpless sinner; and it was very observable how, as his *convictions of sin* deepened, as he began to get a clearer insight into his *necessities*, the frostwork of his unbelief gradually melted away. He seemed at once to be driven from those false refuges to which he had heretofore clung. As soon as I had left his side, he observed, "My sins are so great that I must perish; God can never forgive me." It was said to him, "If you will come to Christ, his blood is suffi-

cient to wash away all sins ;” upon which he continued, “Will you pray with me, and pray that I may know how to come to him and seek forgiveness ?”

For several days he continued to be exercised with the deepest convictions of sin, dwelling continually upon his past unbelief, his neglect of God, his treatment of those who would have won his soul back to the truth, especially upon his disregard of the religious instructions of his childhood. He often spoke of the contrast between the early days of his life, when he could enjoy the comfort of a quiet conscience, and the scenes of late years, when the contaminating influences of infidel and vicious companions had soiled the purity of his life and poisoned the fountains of true happiness. “My sins,” he would exclaim, “are like the sands on the seashore : I have been sinning all my life ; God can never forgive me.” “I am almost gone,” he observed to me, “the sands of life are almost run out, and I must die without having been of any service to the world.” “I have lived thirty-five years,” he said, addressing a relative, “and though I have been surrounded with the beauty and perfection of nature, I have been constantly saying, There is no God.” “Strange,” he often exclaimed, “strange that I should ever have thought there is no God.” “I have lived like a fool ; *like a fool*,” he would add, with peculiar emphasis.

On Thursday he remarked, “I find no peace yet ; it is an awful thing to put off repentance until a death-bed.”

I shall not soon forget the scenes of suffering through which this sick man passed during those days when the pangs of a troubled conscience pierced his soul, and without a ray of light to cheer the gloom, he walked through the dark valley of the shadow of spiritual death. “Fearfulness and trembling came upon him, and horror overwhelmed him. His iniquities went over his head ; his burden was too heavy for him to bear.”

From his long neglect of the Bible, and of the public services of the sanctuary, it seemed for a time a difficult matter to convey to his mind a distinct conception of the

offices of Christ and his relation to the sinner. The character and sufferings of Jesus, and the great purpose of these sufferings, seemed in a measure to have faded from his memory. "What a poor sinner I am," he once observed; "I wish I knew how to come to the Saviour. Can you give me a hope in Christ?" He was told that his earthly friends could do nothing for him; that he must come to Christ just as he was, for Christ alone could forgive and speak peace to the penitent and heart-broken sinner.

But the hour of his deliverance drew near. The light gradually dawned upon his benighted soul, and he began to dwell upon the mercy of God, and to look to him as a prayer-hearing and sin-pardoning God. He began to feel that perhaps he might be admitted into the kingdom of Christ, though he came at the eleventh hour. He became conscious of a principle of faith, by which he was enabled to commit himself for time and for eternity into the hands of his Saviour, and confide all his interests to that Saviour's keeping. I well remember the glow upon his countenance when, on entering his room in the morning, I said to him, "I trust the Saviour has been with you during the night." He replied with great earnestness, "O yes, sir, I have him! I have him! He has been with me all the night." And through the tedious watches of that night, being racked with torturing pains, he would frequently exclaim, "My Saviour suffered more than all this for me, a miserable sinner!"

On the coming Sabbath he observed, "This is the Lord's day, the first Sabbath that I ever spent with any feeling that it was better than any other day. O, if God would spare my life and restore my health, what delight I should take in going up to his house with my dear family. But alas, that can never be; I must die, and leave only a wicked example behind me." He was then reminded that God might glorify himself by him more truly in the few days that he should be spared, than by a whole life of Christian obedience. "Then," said he, "by God's grace assisting me, I will be faithful unto the end."

The solicitude which, from the moment he began to care for his own soul, he manifested for the salvation of others, was very striking. After remarking, towards the close of the day, to one of his friends, "I have passed the happiest afternoon of my life," he adverted to the case of a near relative, and said, "I wish that he would go with his family to church, and attend on the means of grace, that he may be in the way of becoming a Christian, and bring up his family for God." And during the few days of his life which remained, he did not cease to exhort with tears, all with whom he came in contact, to make their peace with God. "I would like," he said, "to see all my impenitent friends, that I might warn them not to put off repentance to a death-bed." In adverting to the case of certain near and dear connections who he thought were not prepared for death, he seemed at times almost overwhelmed; but then he would add, "The grace of God is sufficient for them; I will resign them into his hands." On another occasion he said, "Would that I could see all my profligate companions, that I might warn them of death, judgment, and eternity. When shall I meet them? O God, forgive their sins!"

He would often exclaim, "How great is the mercy of God, to save such a sinner as I am. Six months, if God would give it me, would be of more value than all my life has been. But," he added, "I would only ask it that I might spend the time in his service. I think I could be happy in a hovel, if I could be spared to serve God."

For some days after he began to hope that his sins were forgiven, he was subject to occasional seasons of depression, when his views of the Saviour became indistinct and unsatisfactory; but as he attained a clearer knowledge of the way of salvation, and of the rich provisions of mercy in Jesus Christ, his doubts and fears were removed, and on the Friday night before his death, he was heard to say, "My faith is strong to-night; I can see the Saviour coming in the clouds." So far from manifesting any disposition to murmur under the severe bodily pains with which he was afflicted,

he seemed rather inclined to look upon his agonies as the just recompense of his past sins. One of his friends remarks; "On the Sabbath before his death my feelings were overcome at the sight of his agonies. I went to his bedside, and taking his hand, said, 'Your sufferings are great indeed. Does it seem to you just? Do you feel any disposition to complain?' 'O no,' he replied, 'I think of the years that I have passed in sin. God has suffered me to live a long while having my own way, seeking my own pleasure; these sufferings are but little compared with my transgressions.'"

At 12 o'clock, the night before his death, he was asked, "Do you not think that you have got almost through—almost home?" He replied in the affirmative; and upon the question being put to him, "Do you feel ready?" he responded, "O yes, to-night, to-night, if it be the will of God. I feel that God has forgiven all my sins and iniquities." He then engaged in prayer audibly, and after speaking of Christ, of his going into the garden to pray, and of his agony there, which, said he, "he bore for poor sinners," he gradually sunk into a state of torpor, and on Wednesday morning, February 9, his spirit took its flight to the eternal world.

"But being dead, he yet speaketh." The confessions of his dying bed speak to us; and what do they declare?

They declare that the secret of infidelity is to be found in *an evil heart* of unbelief—an unwillingness to yield to the strict and holy requisitions of the Gospel. It is *sin* that blinds the reason, prevents the mind from yielding to the evidences of Christianity, turns away the man from religious truth, and leads him into the mazes of error and infidelity.

They declare again, that *the way of the transgressor is hard*—that he who has no fear of God before his eyes cannot be happy. "I look around among my former associates," said he, "and I see that they lack something—they are not happy. How much more pleasantly they would live if they possessed religion." "How much happier should I have been, if I had taken my little ones and gone to the house of

God those pleasant Sunday mornings, instead of idling away the hours of the Sabbath.”

This death-bed repentance speaks to us ; and what does it declare ? It solemnly cautions us against *deferring repentance* to that trying hour. Though he felt that at last he found mercy, he has left us his solemn testimony that it is a poor time, when the body is torn with pain, and the mind weakened and distracted, to enter upon the great work of submitting the soul to God.

This narrative further teaches us *the power of a Christian hope* to produce peace and resignation of mind under the most appalling outward circumstances. When our departed friend first became conscious that he must die, the thought filled him with horror ; and yet, after he had obtained peace with God, he was able to say, in the midst of all his sufferings and with the grave opening at his feet, “ I have passed the happiest afternoon of my life.” Yes, he was happier in the prospect of leaving the world, than he ever was while living in the world, and in the pursuit of all its sinful pleasures. Remember this confession—a confession made when there was no longer any temptation to deceive ; a confession made in that honest hour when he was daily looking to be summoned to the immediate presence of God.

ESAU,

OR

THE RUINOUS BARGAIN.

THE history of the wicked as well as the righteous is useful. By their crimes we are cautioned, by their miseries warned. Hence, the apostle points us to the case of Esau: "Lest there be any fornicator, or profane person, as Esau, who for one morsel of meat sold his birthright. For ye know how that afterward, when he would have inherited the blessing, he was rejected; for he found no place of repentance, though he sought it carefully with tears." Heb. 12: 16, 17.

Does any one ask, What is all this to me? I answer, much, every way, and beg your serious consideration while I compare your *privileges* with those of Esau, your *sin* with his sin, and your *doom* with his.

1. Look at the history of Esau, and compare YOUR PRIVILEGES WITH HIS. To stand supreme in the house of *Isaac* was no trifling prerogative. His house was "the house of God, and the gate of heaven." In this family Jehovah revealed himself; here he was adored and served, while idolatry prevailed over all the nations of the globe. In this family Esau possessed the birthright. To the birthright belonged preëminence over the other branches of the family. To the birthright belonged a double portion of the paternal inheritance; and to the birthright was added the honor of receiving from the mouth of the father a peculiar benedic-

tion, which, proceeding from the spirit of prophecy, was never pronounced in vain. Such were the prospects of Esau.

And what are yours? It is true, you were not born in the house of Isaac, but you were born in a Christian country, in a land the Lord careth for, where "the darkness is past, and the true light now shineth." Perhaps pious parents early and solemnly dedicated you in faith to God the Father, Son, and Spirit, that you might be wholly his. You have the Bible, the word of God, "which is able to make you wise unto salvation, through faith which is in Christ Jesus." You have Sabbaths, which you are commanded to keep holy, and employ in religious worship and obedience; sanctuaries, for devotion and instruction; ordinances, as well-springs of salvation; a throne of grace, whence to seek temporal and spiritual blessings. A compassionate Saviour offers his pardoning grace, and tenderly entreats you to come to him and live; and the Holy Spirit has been striving with your conscience, urging you to walk in the path of duty. The richest enjoyment is proffered to you in the smiles of a covenant God and the sweet consolations of the divine promises; but the greatest blessings are reserved for the future state of being. You have the offer of becoming a kind of first-fruit of his creatures—of belonging to "the general assembly and church of the first-born, whose names are written in heaven"—a primogeniture whose privileges far surpass those of the son of Isaac; a birthright that comprehends a better country than Canaan, even a heavenly, where we shall be "kings and priests unto God," "where the Lord commandeth his blessing, even life for evermore."

But these honors and privileges are not for those who reject them, but for those who, like the wise merchant, are willing to sell all that they have and buy the inestimable treasure. They may be sacrificed; and thousands of reckless beings, like Esau, barter away their blessings for a trifle.

2. Compare YOUR SIN WITH ESAU'S SIN. "For one morsel of meat, he sold his birthright."

It is obvious that this surrender was *voluntary*. No one forced it from him—he sold it. He was indeed tempted to part with it by hunger and the sight of pottage when he was faint. An object was before him which promised an immediate but a momentary indulgence. But he could very soon have obtained food upon far easier terms. And surely the birthright could not have a rival in a mess of pottage. Where was reason? Was the man compelled to sacrifice his claims to sensual appetite?

And who compels you to neglect the great salvation; to reject the calls and warnings and means afforded; to abandon your hopes of heaven, and barter away the crown of life? Who forces you into perdition? Do you say that you live in a world full of enticing objects—that the dominion of sense is strong—that it is not easy to resist the impulse of the moment? But is it impossible to resist? Have not many overcome, though placed in the same circumstances and possessed of the same nature with you? What is goodness untried? Have you not reason as well as appetite? And is not grace attainable through God's blessing, and in God's way; and when attained, will it not be sufficient for you? And remember, you can never have so strong a motive to commit sin as to avoid it. The greatest difficulties you have to overcome, are those which are placed to keep you *from* hell. What is the applause of a fellow-man to the frown of the Almighty? What is a momentary pleasure to endless pain? And you know and feel that you act freely; you know that all the men in the world cannot force you to will; you know that even the tempter can do nothing more than propose. The determination rests with you. You cannot justify yourself even now to your own conscience; and hereafter, unable to allege one excuse, you will be "speechless." Yes, here is the true cause of your ruin: "Ye will not come unto ME, that ye might have life." You have loved idols, and after them you will go.

The surrender of Esau was also *base*. What is the

price of the birthright? Is it an empire, a crown, which often sparkles in the eye of ambition, and is the pinnacle of human pride? No; it is but a despicable trifle, one morsel of meat, a mess of pottage! The dearest dish, says one, that was ever purchased, except the forbidden fruit.

But are not you guilty of greater extravagance and folly? For what do you sell the precious treasures of the soul and eternity, but a thing of naught? a fleeting indulgence—a false point of honor—an imaginary interest—a little of this world's gain or pleasure. Here is your eternal infamy and disgrace. "Ye have sold yourselves for naught," saith the prophet; for what proportion is there between the things you thus exchange? The unsearchable riches of Christ; to be blessed with all spiritual blessings in heavenly places; to be a child of God, enjoy pure and substantial pleasure, die in peace and hope, and obtain glory, honor, and immortality: these are the blessings you relinquish; and what do you gain? One has told you, "vanity and vexation of spirit." Worldly things of any and every kind are less than the soul in value, and cannot satisfy its desires. They have no relation to our real wants, or our best interest. They please only to poison; they allure only to disappoint. They perish in the using. You can carry nothing of them with you; you are not certain of retaining their possession during life: and if you were, "What is your life? It is even a vapor, that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away." View them in the light of Scripture, view them under the anguish of conscience, view them from the borders of the grave, view them from the verge of eternity, and they are nothing. Nevertheless, for these, and often without obtaining them, you sin away your everlasting portion. "What is a man profited, if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?" Why will you so little value that which the Redeemer of men deemed of sufficient worth to die that he might save it? O that thou wert wise—that thou wouldst think of these things, and not so foolishly part with what

can never be regained. Beware of rashly doing a wrong, over which thou shalt shed unavailing tears of remorse and sorrow through eternal ages.

3. View Esau in his misery, and compare YOUR DOOM WITH HIS. "For ye know how that afterwards, when he would have inherited the blessing, he was rejected; for he found no place of repentance, though he sought it carefully with tears." Read the history in the 27th chapter of Genesis. When he heard the words of his father, he "cried with a great and exceeding bitter cry, and said unto his father, Bless me, even me also, O my father." Nothing could be more affecting than this expostulation and ardent entreaty, the bitter lamentation and tears called forth by the discovery that he had forfeited the blessing connected with the birthright. But it was all to no purpose. In vain did he lament, and weep, and plead. The benediction was pronounced, and could not be revoked. It was bestowed upon Jacob, and Esau must remain unblest. His loss then was irretrievable.

And did God by his righteous judgment exclude the profane Esau because he had despised his birthright; how then "shall we escape, if we neglect so great salvation?" "Of how much sorer punishment, suppose ye, shall he be thought worthy, who hath trodden under foot the Son of God, and counted the blood of the covenant, wherewith he" (Christ) "was sanctified," (or set apart,) "an unholy thing, and hath done despite to the Spirit of grace?" Are you disposed to pity him who is thus guilty? Weep rather for yourself: if you have not repented and believed in Christ, your loss is unspeakably greater than his. After all his disappointments he had something left, and could entertain himself with the diversions of the field. But you will be destitute of all resources. Every spring of comfort will be withdrawn, and unmingled sorrow for ever be the portion of the wicked.

Ere long the voice of God will summon you to his bar; and then, overwhelmed with grief at finding yourself ex-

cluded from his favor—at seeing others, like Jacob, sharing in the blessing, while you are doomed to perish—you may lift up a great and exceeding bitter cry, and say, “Bless me, even me also, O my Father;” but your agonizing entreaty will not avail; your tears, and sighs, and wringing of hands and imploring cries cannot avert the just doom of Him whom you despised and rejected on earth, but who now must “laugh at your calamity, and mock when your fear cometh:” you will be rejected, and be able to “find no place of repentance, though you seek it carefully with tears.” Observe, then,

1. *What a difference there is between the beginning and the end of an irreligious course.* “A prudent man foreseeth the evil, and hideth himself; but the simple pass on, and are punished.” The wise always judge of things by their end. It is this that crowns the action. Sin is never profitable, but its beginnings are often flattering. “Stolen waters are sweet, and bread eaten in secret is pleasant; but he knoweth not that the dead are there, and that her guests are in the depths of hell.” “Though wickedness be sweet in his mouth, though he hide it under his tongue; though he spare it, and forsake it not, but keep it still within his mouth; yet his meat in his bowels is turned, it is the gall of asps within him.” “What fruit had ye in those things whereof ye are now ashamed? for the end of these things is death.”

2. *Sin unavoidably brings a man sooner or later to lamentation and regret.* “Thine own wickedness shall correct thee, and thy backslidings shall reprove thee: know, therefore, and see that it is an evil thing and bitter, that thou hast forsaken the Lord thy God.” If a person studied his true interest, he would never *sin*. If ever he is saved and happy, he must be brought to repentance, and every sin will then give him additional pain; and if he has not the godly sorrow that worketh life, how bitter will be the self-condemnation and anguish of a dying bed and a judgment-

day. Sin, like Ezekiel's roll, is written within and without with "lamentation, and mourning, and woe." There is a repentance that is unavailing, a "sorrow of the world" which "worketh death." Judas repented, and went and hanged himself. The eye which sin closes, eternity will open; and the bold transgressor, who defied the Almighty in the day of health, will tremble with remorse and grief when death points his fatal dart. But then grief comes too late—blessings once lost cannot be recalled. Death closes the day of grace.

"There are no acts of pardon passed
In the cold grave to which we haste;
But darkness, death, and long despair
Reign in eternal silence there."

3. *There are opportunities in every person's life more favorable to religion than others.* And these may be lost this side of death. No doubt, when "Felix trembled," he felt as he never had before, and never did again. But he wilfully strove to do away the impression. And have not you frequently had convictions which for the time filled you with alarm? Have you not had such a relish for religious services as induced you to call the Sabbath a delight, and to hear the word of God with temporary joy? Has not your closet been occasionally visited by a bended knee, and your private walks witnessed your tears and vows? Have not your earthly hopes been withered, and your delights imbittered or removed? Have you not been constrained to turn aside from the world, to deplore its emptiness, and sigh for a nobler good? These are circumstances favorable to piety. Improve them to your everlasting advantage; they are precious seasons for sowing and reaping immortal fruit. If disregarded, they may pass away for ever, leaving you to exclaim in the agony of despair, "The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and I am not saved."

Let me affectionately caution you against the danger of

delaying the momentous duty of repentance. By repeated acts inveterate habits are formed, and dispositions rendered more and more unfavorable. The disease neglected becomes incurable, and the shrub permitted to stand grows into a deep-rooted tree. "Can the Ethiopian change his skin, or the leopard his spots? then may ye also do good, that are accustomed to do evil." Remember, too, repentance is not only a *duty* to be performed, whose difficulties are multiplied by delay, but a *blessing* to be imparted by the Lord. Your criminal delay in seeking it, renders it less probable that you will ever find it. Though you cannot deserve grace, you may seek and obtain it; and after so many invitations scorned, what wonder if God become grieved at your ungrateful rejection of proffered mercy, and leave you to hardness and insensibility of heart. O dreadful judgment of an incensed God! To be forsaken of the Author of life and happiness—to be lulled into a fatal slumber, and to be moving rapidly onward to the world of spirits, with no genuine contrition for sin, and no heart even to implore the necessary preparation to meet the Judge.

Perhaps at this very moment the Spirit of God is moving by his secret and solemn influence upon your soul, awakening serious impressions of duty, disturbing your conscience by the remembrance of past transgressions, conveying to your mind awful forebodings of future woe, and urging you to flee for refuge to the sinner's Friend. Treat with tenderness the heavenly visitant—cherish his influence, and quickly follow his guidance, for it is the voice of God.

THE
A G E D S A I L O R .



D—— R——, the subject of the following narrative, was born at Glasgow, of respectable parents. They required him to attend public worship twice on the Sabbath, and in the evening to commit to memory a few verses of Scripture and a psalm or hymn. He was naturally very passionate and self-willed: would frequently, when sent to school, play truant; and when required to go to church, would, as often as possible, go a bird's-nesting, or duck-hunting, or roam the fields with his companions in sin and folly. At the age of sixteen he determined to throw off all parental restraint; and having succeeded in wickedly taking five pounds from his father's chest, he engaged himself as a cabin-boy in a vessel bound for India.

He soon became addicted to drunkenness, cursing, and swearing. He was very fond of books, had a good memory, and for about ten years read every thing that came in his way. He visited various parts of the world as a sailor. When about twenty-six he returned to his native city Glasgow, for the purpose of visiting his friends. During his stay of a few weeks, a former companion, who had become pious, induced him to attend church with him. Like Agrippa, he was almost persuaded to be a Christian. After his return to the vessel he was much steadier than before; and agreeably to his friend's request, read a chapter daily in the Bible which he had given him. In about a fortnight after, they were overtaken by a storm, and were in great danger of being lost. He then vowed, that if the Lord would spare his life, he would never swear or get drunk again, but that he would give himself to God: his vows, however, were made in his own strength, which quickly proved to be perfect weakness; for, a few days after, one of the sailors found him reading, and told his companions of it, when they began to ridicule him, and to call him Methodist, saint, etc., which so enraged him that he tore the Bible to pieces before their eyes, and swore that he would never read it again, or enter a church; at the same time calling upon God to strike him dead if he did. For more than fifty years he kept these awful resolutions. From this time he stood forth conspicuously, even in the estimation of his wicked companions, as an abandoned, profligate character.

When he was about forty years old, he engaged himself to a gentleman who wanted a man who was acquainted with foreign parts, to travel with him. When he was a little more than sixty the gentleman died; soon after which he came to England, and having enough to live upon, he had nothing to engage his time, a great part of which he spent at the public-house. He was seldom to be seen sober, generally spoke with an oath, and was the pest of the neighborhood.

When he was about seventy-eight, a young woman came to reside near his abode; she frequently saw him at the door of different public-houses, maddened with liquor and quarrelsome, and his oaths often made her tremble. Sometimes, as she passed, she would secretly let a few Tracts fall near the place where he stood, which were generally picked up by

some of his companions, and sometimes read; but if D—— R—— got hold of them he would immediately burn them, or tear them to pieces. She lent Tracts at several houses, which she generally exchanged once a week.

It pleased God in his infinite mercy to bless her efforts to the conversion of a poor man and woman who lived near D—— R——. This so much vexed him that he determined to annoy them in every possible way. Nor was he satisfied with this. He determined to waylay the young woman who lent the Tracts, and for that purpose stayed at home all one Sabbath afternoon; but she did not pass that way, and he was disappointed.

The next Sabbath afternoon, as she went to change her Tracts, she saw him at the door of his house. Having the Tract entitled "The Swearer's Prayer," she wished to give it to him, but prudence seemed to forbid; yet the thought came across her mind with irresistible force, The man's soul is at stake, give it him. She went to him and asked him if he would like to have a Tract to read, when he began to swear most dreadfully, and vowed that if she dared to offer him another Tract he would tear it to pieces, and burn her and her Tracts too. In general she would have been so afraid of him that she would have hastened from him, but now she felt as if riveted to the spot till the first burst of his passion was over, and then, in a calm but firm tone, she said, "Man, take care that your curses do not fall on your own head." Having said this, she walked away.

And now mark the hand of God, as it was strikingly displayed in the conversion of this aged sinner, and see how the words and persevering efforts of this young woman were made the means, by the Spirit of God, of reaching and breaking his heart, seared and hardened though it was by a course of more than sixty years of iniquity and open rebellion against his Maker.

The following is his own account of his conversion, taken from a letter written by him about three months before his death.

"About a year and a half ago, a young person commenced lending Tracts in the neighborhood in which I resided. In a short time many disorderly Sabbath-breakers became more orderly, and sometimes attended church, and a man and his wife became the subjects of divine grace.

These I persecuted as much as I possibly could. I also gave vent to my rage against the young person who brought the Tracts, threatening what I would do to her if she continued bringing them. Finding that though she was aware of my threats she still went on as before, I became so enraged that I determined to carry them into effect. It was on the first Sabbath in August, 1841, that I saw her changing her Tracts, and I went to the door of my house, intending, if she dared to attempt to pass me, to knock her down; but how greatly was I surprised to see her walk up to me and ask if I would like to have a Tract to read. I began to curse and to swear at her, but she stood unmoved till my rage had in a measure subsided, and then she said, in a tone that thrilled through my inmost soul, 'Man, take care that your curses do not fall on your own head.' I was for a few minutes unable to speak or move. When I had a little recovered I went in, and began to think what curses they were that were in danger of falling on my own head. I saw my sins to be of the deepest dye, all of which seemed to rise up against me to condemn me. In the evening I went to church; but the recollection of my impious request, in asking God to strike me dead if I ever went again, so alarmed me that I knew very little of what the minister said. The next morning I bought myself a Bible, but for several days was so dreadfully agitated lest God should take me at my word, and strike me dead, that I could read very little; and when my fears were in a measure subsided, I could read nothing but condemnation for myself. I thought I was of that number 'who had trodden under foot the Son of God, and counted the blood of the covenant an unholy thing.' I was on the borders of despair for ten weeks, when my dear friend, hearing of my state and the cause of it, came to see me. When I first saw her, I was greatly distressed at the remembrance of my abusive conduct. She tried to comfort me, and endeavored to lead me to the Saviour, and repeated various texts of Scripture to prove that I was not beyond the reach of mercy; but I could take no comfort from any of them till she repeated the two following: 'All manner of sin and blasphemy shall be forgiven unto men.' Matt. 12:31. 'Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, of whom I am chief.' 1 Tim. 1:15. She then said, 'You say you are the chief of sinners—for such Christ died.' This awak-

ened a gleam of hope. The following week she came almost every day to see me. Being much alone at that time, she frequently invited me to her house to read to her while she was at work; this, I think I may say, proved to be of great spiritual advantage to me. In a short time the Lord was pleased in his infinite mercy to show me that Christ was just such a Saviour as I needed, and that though my sins were as scarlet, they should be white as snow; and though they were red like crimson, they should be as wool."

The aged sailor having his time at command, and being an early riser, and his faculties being good, spent several hours daily in reading the Bible, private prayer, and meditation. He was fond of religious poetry, and committed several hymns to memory. He now began to be as zealous in the service of God as he had formerly been in the service of sin and Satan. He was very anxious for the conversion of his former companions, and would frequently go to different public-houses with Tracts suitable for drunkards and swearers, which he would give to all who could be induced to receive them. In this way most of his Saturday evenings were spent for eight or nine months, and he never was known to take any strong drink from the time of his conversion to his death.

He was active in lending Tracts and visiting the sick, and suffered no opportunity to pass of pointing sinners to "the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world;" and it is confidently believed that he has been the happy instrument, in the hands of God, of bringing more than one sinner to Christ. Frequently did he meet his young friend at five o'clock in the morning, for reading the Scriptures, and prayer for a blessing to rest upon their endeavors to bring sinners to Christ. Having obtained a comfortable hope, through grace, that he should sit down at the marriage-supper of the Lamb in the heavenly Jerusalem, he desired also to participate in the privileges of receiving the Lord's supper below, which, after a public profession of faith in Christ, he was permitted to do on his eightieth birthday, September 4, 1842. In speaking of it, he said, "It was the happiest day he had ever spent; that he had possessed such a foretaste of heaven as he had not before been permitted to enjoy; that it was, indeed, 'a feast of fat things, of fat things full of marrow, of wines on the lees well-refined;'"

and then he exclaimed, with a countenance beaming with delight,

“If such the sweetness of the stream,
 What must the fountain be,
 Where saints and angels draw their bliss
 Immediately from Thee?”

On the morning of this day he held a meeting for prayer at his house, which was continued every Sabbath morning till his death; the number increasing till the last morning, when twenty persons were present.

The Saturday evening before his death he spent with his young friend. In speaking of it she says, “His conversation was so heavenly that I could not help thinking he was fast ripening for glory.” On Sabbath morning he went to see a person who was dangerously ill. Not being able to come back in time to hear his own minister, he went to a chapel which was in his way home. The minister took for his text Revelation 5 : 11, 12, “And I beheld, and I heard the voice of many angels round about the throne, and the beasts, and the elders: and the number of them was ten thousand times ten thousand, and thousands of thousands; saying with a loud voice, Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honor, and glory, and blessing.”

On his way home he said, “I have been thinking, when I get amongst the ransomed I shall sing more sweet, more loud than they all.” On being asked what made him think so, he replied, “Because I have had more forgiven me; and to whomsoever much is forgiven, the same loveth much.” At another time he said, “I feel more and more convinced of the love of God; and I think I may say, I feel daily an increase of love to God.” In the evening his own minister preached from the words, “Behold, I come quickly; and my reward is with me.” Rev. 22 : 12. After his return he said, “My Saviour will come quickly, and receive me, unworthy though I am, into his heavenly kingdom.”

On the last three mornings of his life he met his young friend, for reading and prayer, at five o'clock. On Wednesday evening he went to hear an esteemed minister preach; his text was, “But that which ye have already, hold fast till I come.” Rev. 2 : 25. Going home, he said, “What

a privilege it is to feel that we are not of those that draw back unto perdition, but of those that believe to the saving of the soul." Speaking of a lady whom he very much wished to see, who had been expected that afternoon, he said, "If I do not see Miss —— in this world I shall see her in heaven, and O what a happy meeting will that be." His friend reminded him that most probably he would see her on Saturday; he made no reply to that, but soon resumed his favorite theme—the happy meeting of the glorified.

Indeed, it was quite evident that his heart and his treasure were in heaven. His friend left him about nine o'clock on Wednesday evening, and at one on Thursday morning he was taken ill. About two she went to see him; he was then in great pain. She said, "How grieved I am to see you suffer so much." He replied, "I feel nothing, compared with what Christ bore for me. I deserve the hottest place in hell. But O, the boundless grace of Jehovah, he will take me to his kingdom in glory!" He sent for four persons who had been his companions in sin, and with great earnestness entreated them not to put off repentance till a dying hour; and added, "If I had died fifteen months ago, where would my poor soul have been found? Doubtless I had now been in that place where hope never comes. Since I have obtained mercy no sinner need despair." He then asked a person present to read the twelfth chapter of Isaiah, and pray with him. On being asked what he should pray for, he said, "That all my former companions who have not given themselves to God, may be induced to do so; and that my death may be for his glory." He then said, Let us sing,

"Salvation, O the joyful sound,
'Tis pleasure to our ears," etc.

In the last hour of his life he had little pain, mortification having taken place. At about half-past three he took an affectionate farewell of those of his neighbors that were present. He lay for a few minutes apparently in deep thought, and then said, "Tell Miss ——, though we have not seen one another on earth, we shall meet in heaven;" and his countenance beaming with joy, he added, "What a happy meeting will that be; there we shall meet to part no more for ever." He then said to his friend, "I am going to glory, and in due time you shall come too; but you must

bring more souls to Christ first." He then took his farewell of her, and said, "I shall soon be with Jesus;" and raising his eyes, said, "Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly, and receive thy unworthy servant to thyself;" and in two or three minutes he fell asleep in Jesus, about four o'clock in the morning, October 20, 1842, after three hours' illness; and went to sit down in the presence of his Lord, with Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, in the kingdom of heaven for ever.

Let the history of the aged sailor encourage parents to be faithful in imparting early religious instruction; but let it not be abused to encourage any to neglect God's call to immediate repentance. Very few, indeed, are the cases in which aged persons are converted; they mostly die as they have lived, hardened and insensible, or lose the use of their faculties. To young and old the call is made now to repent and believe the Gospel.

Reader, have you put off the salvation of your soul till now? Then delay no longer. "Now is the accepted time; now is the day of salvation." 2 Cor. 6 : 2. There is mercy for you, even if it be your eleventh hour. "Seek ye the Lord while he may be found, call ye upon him while he is near." Isa. 55 : 6. "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." Acts 16 : 31.

Are you a Christian? Then let the grand aim of your life be, to glorify God by bringing sinners to Christ.





