

THE
CITY OF SIN,
AND
ITS CAPTURE BY IMMANUEL'S ARMY.

C An Allegory.

BY REV. E. F. REMINGTON, A. M.,
OF THE PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

WITH AN INTRODUCTION,
BY REV. GEORGE B. CHEEVER, D. D.

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P R E F A C E.

THE writer can imagine the reader looking at the title-page and exclaiming, "Who would dare to write an allegory after John Bunyan's triumphant success? Who would dare to lift up his rushlight with such a sun flaming in the heavens?" And the writer would ask, Who would dare to write an epic after reading Homer's Iliad? Who would dare to open his mouth after listening to the thunders of Demosthenes? Who would dare to take a chisel into his hand after gazing at the Jupiter Olympus of Phidias? Who would dare to paint after beholding the grapes of Zeuxis? Influenced by such fears, Virgil, Dante, and Milton would never have rolled their swelling tide of harmony through the world; guided by such reasons, Cicero, Chatham, and Webster would never have shaken the forum and senate; Praxiteles, West, and Powers would never have enriched the world with their immortal productions.

Many, influenced by fear or pride, refuse to shine as twinkling stars because they cannot flame as blazing suns. They will not pour the murmurs

of the cascade around them, because they cannot rush and roar like Niagara. They will not fan the fevered brow of humanity with the light wing of Zephyr, because they have not been permitted by nature and grace to career with the whirlwind. Now all such men should remember that gun-boats are often more useful than three-deckers. The sun is useful, so is a torch carried to men lost in a cavern. A chariot of fire and horses of fire were sent to take Elijah to heaven, but the ravens were sent to feed him. John Bunyan in his *Pilgrim's Progress* has erected a Parthenon; Dr. Cheever in his *Voyage to the Celestial Country* has built a Theseum; but the writer has not been deterred on that account from rearing his humble cottage, hoping that its friendly roof will afford to some careworn traveler shelter and repose.

E. F. R.

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June 13, 1857.

INTRODUCTION.

NATURE is continually playing with her children at the game of hide-and-go-seek, and so is constantly blessing them, educating them, and drawing out their faculties. She hides her laws, her elements, her powers, that men may study after them, labor after them, discover them, and thus know how to wield them. This is God's education of us by the very constitution of the globe we inhabit. The very walls of our schoolhouse are covered all over with diagrams, problems for solution, which we, the school-children, have to work out. And the seeds of things, the germinating elements and grains, are the deepest hidden, the last ripened, the most carefully shut up and guarded. The seeds in the heart of an apple must turn black before the apple is fit to be eaten, or the seeds to be planted; and they are in the center of the fruit. Every beech-nut has its protecting burr of tiny crowded spines; every chestnut is a round repulsive ball like a hedge-hog, till the bosom of mother earth is ready with her shroud of resurrection elements for a new life, and then the nut drops for germination into the grave prepared for it. Bodily and mentally we live upon the seeds of things, and live by discovery of them; and in the chase and search after them, our faculties find their highest and most invigorating exercise.

The correspondence with this law is one of the great excellences of parable and allegory. These forms of truth are a

necessity of our constitution; we cannot live without them; they are almost as essential mediums of truth, for taking it up into circulation, for converting it into life, as the lungs are for carrying the life-qualities of our atmosphere into the blood through the system. Of the truths of Scripture itself it is said, "All these things spake Jesus unto the multitude in parables, and without a parable spake he not unto them, that it might be fulfilled which was spoken by the prophet, saying, I will open my mouth in parables, I will utter things that have been kept secret from the foundation of the world." A parable is, therefore, the last, ripest, most perfect form of truth, the most attractive for the multitude, the most certain to excite their curiosity and retain their attention, and, therefore, the easiest and the surest to be most permanently studied and widely understood. Our Lord Jesus spake unto the multitude out of love and mercy to them; he gave them truth to feed them, not to puzzle, perplex, or tantalize them; therefore he put it in a plain, simple, yet very attractive form before them. It was his object to communicate truth, and not to conceal it; and parables for this purpose were the most ancient, oriental, popular mode of instruction, a method suited to the taste and understanding of all classes of mankind. It was a method which enabled the teacher to adapt his lessons with admirable skill to the knowledge, comprehension, and circumstances of the hearers; while it would interest even the youngest children by the mixture of incident and narrative, it might exercise, also, the most mature understanding, in the discovery of all the meaning possible to be conveyed. It was, and still is, a method of conveying truth suitable both to the educated and the illiterate, both to the barbarous and the refined, the wise and the ignorant, the scholar and the boor, to all ages, classes,

and times of human society. The constitution of human nature itself makes it a universal law and element of wise rhetoric.

Our blessed Lord accommodated his revelations to the capacities and dispositions of his hearers. He gave the truth to them in parables, as they could bear it. Sometimes he shut it up, as it were, in the casket of the story, the better to preserve it, and thus threw it among them, that they might keep the casket, and open it at their leisure. The seed which he was sowing he would not sow by the wayside without some defense and protection, lest the fowls of the air should come and devour it up; but he would sow it sometimes in whole ears, with the husk upon it, so that the fowls of the air could not at once take it away. Had he sowed nothing but the bare truth in open precepts, its separate grains might have been more easily lost in the hearts of prejudice, unbelief, and sin. He sowed it sometimes in the ear, and the people may sometimes have taken the ear away with them, and on their way home, or afterward, in a quiet day, examined it, when, if he had sown the grains only, simple grains, they would have despised them, and Satan and the fowls of the air would have caught them up. Besides, in these parables he was not throwing forth truth for those alone who heard him while on earth, but for all time; and this was the most effectual and interesting mode of preserving it.

A parable might be varied in its form, and might be sometimes a riddle, a dark saying, a very difficult proposition; but in general it was of the nature of an illustrative story or example. It was an interesting and powerful means of gaining the attention of a careless people. Parables were not invented to conceal meaning, to shroud and bury it, but to illustrate, ex-

pound, and convey great truth. Sometimes they might be used as an ornamented *safe*, for present concealment, in order that the truth might not be lost, but might be protected from violence and ruin. Unwelcome and dangerous truths, unwelcome to the people and dangerous to those telling them, have sometimes been thus covered up and conveyed to the general mind in safety. Satirical compositions have been often of this kind, and important historical truth has sometimes had to be put in masquerade, or it would not have been permitted to be told at all. The poet Dante has shut up under an allegorical form in his great poem, some of the severest attacks against the iniquities of Popery. Sometimes an approach is made gradually to the mind in this way, and possession is gained in the convictions, before prejudice is awakened, or self-interest put upon the watch. Thus it was in the case of Nathan before David, with the beautiful parable of the poor man and his little ewe lamb. It was not till David had become so deeply interested in the story, and so thrown off his guard as to the discovery of its intention, as to have pronounced a severe judgment on the offender, even sentencing him to death, that Nathan told him plainly, "Thou art the man." Our Lord sometimes shut up in parables some of his severest denunciations of the Jewish rulers, and descriptions of the wrath that was coming on their corrupt Church and State. Such things as these were among the mysteries of the kingdom of heaven, which it was not best to expound openly. But of the doctrines and duties of repentance and salvation Christ always spake so plainly that no doubt could be left in any sincere mind, nor any mistake made by an honest inquirer. And such an inquirer would understand the drift of his instructive parables, the moment they were uttered.

Nevertheless, an honest heart is requisite to understand the simplest spiritual lessons. Even Bunyan's plain and simple allegory concerning the Christian life is a casket of truth which many open and read without seeing its spiritual meaning; but they whom God has given a heart to see, see it. The degree of obscurity which allegory causes, or the double meaning which it sustains, may give a more intense and impressive significance to truths, which otherwise, from their commonness and simplicity, might have been quite disregarded. "Dark clouds," Bunyan says, "bring waters, when the bright bring none." Our blessed Lord, in his allegories and parables, sometimes opens the door into whole mines of truth, and bids men enter and labor. Every honest laborer may find ingots of treasure for himself. The mines were not designed to hide their precious contents from the world, but to preserve them for use, and make them worth laboring after. If they were in the open streets, and as common as the dust, none would care for them.

The common people among the Jews were more attracted and pleased with this mode of teaching than those who prided themselves upon their learning; as it is indeed the case in every age. Some of our Lord's parables were level with the humblest capacities, so that all the people would perceive at once the drift of them. The parable of the Pharisee and publican was of such a nature that a child might see through it, and yet the oldest, most experienced mind might be instructed by it. There were other cases in which, though the common people may not have known exactly our Lord's meaning, the chief priests and Pharisees perceived clearly that he aimed at them, and were so enraged that they would have taken him to be put to death, but that they feared the people. This was the

case with the parable of the husbandman and the vineyard. They understood it well. It was not, therefore, spoken in a parable, *lest they should* understand it, for they *did* understand it. Indeed, our Lord's parables were generally of such a simple, plain, transparent, and exquisitely beautiful character, that they were a medium of truth like the very sunshine. The mind that could not or would not be instructed by them, must be blinded and hardened beyond expression. They were almost as simple as the methods used to define words in children's picture-books; the well-drawn pictures, for instance, of a house or a ship, to show a little child the meaning of the words *houses* and *ships*. Words so defined never are forgotten. And truths put into such caskets as our Lord's parables, so transparently and beautifully illustrated, would never pass from the mind. They were like apples of gold in baskets of silver. The parables were truth in action; they made the truth dramatic, made it live and move before the people. Doubtless many were brought to him for instruction by his parables, who would not have been gained in any common way. So that we cannot see how it is possible to entertain the supposition that the parables were ordinarily used to hide the truth, and not to illustrate it. Sometimes, indeed, they were much easier of understanding than at others; so easy, that to hear them must have been to catch their meaning at once. At other times they were more difficult, and needed thought and inquiry; but our blessed Lord was always ready to expound them, and they were never difficult in regard to simple duty.

In general, the people were so deeply interested in our Lord's parables, that sometimes in their eagerness they would interrupt him in the midst of them. Take, for example, the parable of the householder, and the ten talents committed to his servants

as his stewards. When our blessed Lord came to that part in his narrative where he was describing what the lord of the house determined as the sentence of the slothful servant: "Take from him the pound, and give it to him that hath ten pounds;" they were so absorbed in the interest of the story, and so quick to apprehend its progress, that, forgetting entirely for the moment their place as listeners, they gave way to their eagerness to have the parable square with their own wishes or expectations, and exclaimed in the midst of it, "Lord, he hath ten pounds already; why give it to him?" They could not wait for Christ to complete the narrative, but interrupted him with their own ideas of what was fit. Nevertheless, our blessed Lord went on regardless of the interruption, or rather added a new declaration in consequence of it, saying that unto him that hath shall more be given. He that makes a good use of what he has, shall have it greatly increased; while he that wasteth his master's goods, or hides in indolence the talent committed to him, shall be stripped of all, even of that which he seemeth to have. The people were often impatient under teachings that contradicted their own views of things. But our blessed Lord always calmly went on arguing, reproofing, illustrating, answering, with such a mixture of gentleness, love, patience, dignity, majesty, holiness, authority, absolute knowledge and power, that his very enemies were constrained to exclaim, "Never man spake like this man!"

When our blessed Lord washed his disciples' feet, it was a parable in action. It was not done to hide the truth from them, but to illustrate and enforce it. It was a thousand times more forcible than if he had given them the most transparent, most simple, most direct precepts possible in regard to the duty of love. If he had related such a scene, as a

thing which might be supposed, or had happened, it would have been very beautiful, but not a hundredth part so impressive as when he took the basin and the towel himself, and began to wash his disciples' feet, and then sat down and condescendingly, sweetly, lovingly asked them, "Know ye what I have done unto you?" He would have them expound the parable themselves in their own thoughts and convictions, and then he would tell them, As I have done to you, so do ye. So humbly love ye and serve ye one another. They never could have forgotten that scene, nor lost the meaning or the power of it to their dying day. In truth, it needed not to be *explained*, but our Lord would enforce it, and add to it the power of a direct heavenly commandment.

Just so it was with such a parable as that of the good Samaritan. It was impossible not to understand it; it really needed not to be explained, but itself explained the truth most familiarly and forcibly. There were applications of it more particular, and less directly visible, and more pointed for certain classes among the Jews, than the general application; but nothing in it could be misunderstood; and it illustrated completely the truth our Lord was enforcing. And when closed with the simple question, by which the Great Teacher was accustomed to make his hearers themselves apply and expound the truth, Which now of these three, suppose ye, was the neighbor of the man who fell among thieves? there could be no avoiding of the lesson. But yet, in addition to all this, our blessed Lord would say, "Go thou, and do likewise." Our Lord evidently used such parables to prevent the possibility of being misunderstood. It was the teaching of light and love. It was as plain as the day. He used them, that if any man had any disposition whatever to hear, he might hear; and

that they who, having eyes, saw not, might have all excuse taken away for not seeing; might see plainly though not perceiving, and hear plainly, though neither understanding nor willing to be converted.

In that beautiful series of curious and instructive things, which Christian saw in the House of the Interpreter, there were some of which he had to ask the meaning. There were others, which he understood as soon as he saw them; they appealed so powerfully to his own experience that there could be no mistake. "Then Christian smiled, and said, Verily I think I know the meaning of this." Now the more humility there is in a man's soul, the wider and deeper experience there is, generally, to give the key of the Saviour's divine instructions, to respond to them with a delightful recognition of their meaning. When our blessed Lord says, "I thank thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, because thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes," he is simply rejoicing in that great, that merciful, that condescending provision of God, that ignorant souls, if humble, submissive, childlike, shall understand the mysteries of the kingdom of heaven, when proud and learned souls see them not.

The Spirit of God is the teacher of such souls, and not the mere letter; for the letter killeth, but the Spirit giveth life. And this ministration of the Spirit to the soul is glorious beyond comparison; and it enabled the apostles of Christ, when the season of that glorious dispensation was fully come, to use great plainness of speech, there being this Divine Instructor to go before them in men's hearts, to prepare the way for God's word there, and to be its interpreter. A thousand things may be said, and left confidently to work in the soul where that is the case, which could not be said, or must be said in a very

different way, without that heavenly Comforter, Sanctifier, and Guide. The vail of blindness and darkness, which was upon the minds of the Jews in the reading of the Old Testament, and which, at this very day, where Moses is read, is still upon their heart, is done away in Christ. Let the heart but turn to the Lord, whether of Jew or Gentile, and the vail shall be taken away. And when that is done, we all, with open face beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, shall be changed into the same image, from glory to glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord.

The author of this book would speak, if it please God, to the multitudes. It has been his employment, in preaching, to scatter truth by the way-side; and the familiar form in which he has learned to convey it, or has found it essential to be conveyed in speaking, he has desired to try in writing. Let no one accuse him of presumption in essaying a method, in which John Bunyan's supremacy of genius and success might seem to have shut up the region to all after-comers, warning them off as if by a stile and inscription, "Over this inclosure lies the way to Doubting Castle, kept by Giant Despair." Any man may indeed despair of coming within even planetary distances of Bunyan's flaming chariot; and yet, no man is justified in burying his one talent in a napkin, because he has only *one*, while the man who went before him had ten. Let him put his talent to the exchanger's, and then, at his Lord's coming, he will receive his own with usury. This book needs only to be set in circulation, and it will find many interested and sympathizing readers, who will gather both instruction and excitement, spiritual and edifying, from its pages.

G. B. C.

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BOOK I.

THE CITY BUILT.

THE CITY OF SIN.

BOOK I.

THE CITY LAID OUT INTO STREETS — PRIDE, THE CAPITOL, ERECTED,
IN ITS CENTER — THE COURT OF HONOR — THE COURT OF FASH-
ION — STREETS OF LOVE-MONEY, MAN-WORSHIP, CREDULITY, HY-
POCRISY, ENVY, JEALOUSY, AND INGRATITUDE — COMMUNICATION-
ALLEY.

THE City of Sin is built in the form of a circle. The streets, like so many radii, run from the center to the circumference. Every street, lane, and dark alley is paved with human skulls. The walls, of great thickness and exceeding height, are built of human bones, cemented with blood and tears.

Pride, which is the Capitol of this city, is a large and spacious edifice, located in its very heart and center. It is built in a cylindrical form, presenting a front to every street. At a distance, the walls seem of polished marble, rivaling the snow in whiteness; but, on a nearer view, they are evidently

garnished with a very thin whitewash. Such is the capitol without. Within it is full of dust and filth. Swine and goats, from whom are emitted a very bad odor, are seen to go in and out at pleasure; spiders weave their webs in its corners unmolested; the owl and the cormorant, the lizard and scorpion, the viper and serpent, year after year, hoot and hiss as they fly or crawl over its slimy walls and pavement.

As there are no windows in the Capitol, a great number of bats flit about in its darkness; while a suffocating stench impregnates the air, only to be endured by those who have been familiar with such disgusting scenes. Repulsive as it is, two courts are held annually in the Capitol. One is called the Court of Honor, the other the Court of Fashion. In the Court of Honor, Mr. Fear-of-a-laugh is sergeant-at-arms, Mr. Spite is clerk, and the devil is president, *ex officio*. Laws are here enacted, in relation to what is called the code of honor, regulating the sending and receiving of challenges, the choosing of weapons, and the meeting of the duelists: laws which have ever been a curse to the city, widowing the wife, orphaning the child, covering whole families with the sable weeds of mourning, and bringing down the gray hairs of many a father with sorrow to the grave.

In the Court of Fashion, Mr. Lust-of-the-flesh is sergeant-at-arms, Mr. Lust-of-the-eye is clerk, and

Mr. Pride-of-life is speaker. Messrs. Vanity and Show are door-keepers. This court has two sessions, denominated the spring and summer, the fall and winter sessions. To support it, a heavy tax is levied on every citizen. No one is exempt from its payment, unless, indeed, they should go in a state of nudity. The shape of every hat, the turn of every collar, the cut of every coat, the curl of every mustache, the embroidering of every skirt, and the color of every kerchief, are all gravely discussed in their deliberations. There are two parties in this court. The modesty party occupy the seats on the right; the anti-modesty those on the left. The modesty party, led by Mr. Morality, are in favor of keeping up a fair show in the city. The other party, led by the devil and Mr. Lust-of-the-flesh, are in favor of shortening the dress, so that the ankles may be more exposed; and beveling it at the top, to render visible the shoulder and bosom. The character of this party may well be conceived.

From the dome of the Capitol you will have a commanding view of the city. Here the streets and alleys, the gardens and villas, the bursting fountains and marble palaces, the gorgeous temples and towering mosques, the minarets and spires, the fanes and cupolas, the brazen gates and ivy-crested battlements, the lofty walls and sky-reaching towers, burst upon the eye as in a panorama.

The street that first strikes the eye is called Love-money. It passes, like the diameter of a circle, through the center of the city. At the head of the street is a colossal golden image, like unto that which Nebuchadnezzar set up. On its forehead is carved, in luminous capitals, "MAMMON." People of all nations, kindred, and tongues bow before it; not at the sound of dulcimer or harp, but at the chink of dollars. The rattling of the car over the skull-paved street, the rush of unnumbered multitudes, the noise and din of babbling nations, like the breaking of foam-capped billows on the far-sounding strand, stun the ear, and almost stupefy the senses. As deluded mariners, borne down the rapids above Niagara, gazing at the rainbow spanning the cataract, heedless of the frantic waters that leap, maddening, from rock to rock, unconscious of the dangers threatening them, spell-bound sail on and on, charmed with the sparkling spray, the silver-tipped clouds, and the variegated tints of iris, until the writhing bark is dashed into the yawning abyss below; so myriads, charmed with the golden clouds that ever bend over them, are borne on and on, until they leap the cataract of death, and are lost in the pit that is bottomless.

In this street you will see exhibited, in spacious bazars, the productions of every zone. The spices of Ceylon, the teas of China, the aromatics of Arabia,

the shawls of Cashmere, the carpets of Turkey, the silks of Italy, the woolens of Spain, the porcelain of France, the linens of Ireland, the wares of Britain, the furs of the North, the cotton of the South, the silver of Mexico, the gold of California and Australia, the ivory of Guinea, the marble of Egypt, and the diamonds of Omer and Golconda, are all here exhibited to the wondering gaze.

Each side of this street is adorned with large and spacious buildings. The Merchants' Exchange is one of the most magnificent. It is built of marble. Here the worshipers of Mammon congregate, to pay their devotions, and to devise plans for increasing his revenue. About one mile of this street is taken up with bank buildings. They are mostly constructed of granite; and are well bolted and barred, and locked with ponderous keys.

About one mile of Love-money-street is taken up with lofty structures, used for the sale of lottery tickets. Flags of ample folds are hung out in front, on which you will see inscribed, in golden capitals, "Large bargains are made here. Tickets, ten dollars. Highest prize, fifty thousand dollars!" But universal experience has shown that while one draws the prize, ten thousand draw the blanks.

A little further down, the street is crowded with gambling-houses, where naught is heard but imprecations loud, the shuffling of cards, the roll of bil-

liards, and the thunder of the nine-pin alley. There is a peculiar disease prevalent in Love-money, similar to the lock-jaw, only more to be dreaded, for it rarely leaves its victim. It terminates in the fingers, and if they once clutch a dollar, they never let go their grasp; the tears of the orphan, the groanings of the prisoner, the sighing of the distressed, cannot extract it. Those afflicted with this disease may be recognized by their pale and emaciated cheek. A ghastly eye is sunk in its socket; evidently the milk of human kindness is dried up in their breasts; there is no chord of sympathy to beat in unison to another's woe. Love and mercy have taken their flight from their hearts. They drag out a miserable existence; and at last, wrapping their cold, skeleton arms around their bags of gold, they die as they have lived, weeping bitterly for more gold to hoard. They are truly Mammon's anchorites, cherishing love to their god of gold, rather than love to that adorable creature that hovers, like an angel of mercy, over our cradle, watches over our waywardness, soothes the brow when wrung with anguish, pillows our dying head on her bosom, drops the last tear on our cheek, sighs the last farewell to cheer us on our journey through the dark valley and shadow of death, and cherishes our memory when the cold-grave covers us.

There are two particular markets in Love-money.

In the upper market, bawbles, gewgaws, and trinkets of every clime are exposed for sale. In exchange for them, men barter peace, happiness, health, reputation, and immortal souls. In the lower, the traffic is mostly carried on in human flesh and blood. Here the Turk, at the same time, procures a eunuch from Egypt to supervise his seraglio, and a beautiful Circassian to be incarcerated therein to gratify his lust. Here the kings of Africa sell their own subjects for European trinkets; and here you will see parents selling their own children for filthy lucre. It is enough to make one weep bitterly when he beholds the multitudes crowding to these markets, and selling their "birthright for a mess of pottage," peace of conscience for trash, the future for the present, eternity for time, immortality for sensuality; bartering the approbation of God for the applause of bad men and devils, the robes of Christ's righteousness for filthy rags, the cross for a broken reed, the blood of the covenant for fire-water, the rose of Sharon for thorns to plant their dying pillow, the graces of the Spirit for fiendish passions, virtue for vice, knowledge for ignorance, love for hatred, the love of wife for the love of poison, the waters of salvation for liquid death, the bread of life for the second death, the Bible for a pack of cards, the church for the ball-room, the holy Sabbath for days of riot, sanctuary privileges for the brothel, the King's highway of holiness for

the race-track, the music of the Gospel for the opera, the exhibitions of Calvary for the theater, and a triumphant exit from time for a miserable death-bed.

Time would fail to tell of the busy multitudes that from time immemorial have occupied this street. Achan, who stole the wedge of gold and Babylonish garment; Gehazi, who secured the changes of raiment and two bags of silver from the cleansed leper; Ananias and Sapphira, who kept back part of the price; Judas, who sold his Saviour for thirty pieces of silver; the avaricious soul that prayed Jupiter that everything he touched might turn to gold, and, receiving his request, found his food sticking in his teeth and throat, solid gold; the philosophers who have toiled for ages to discover the stone by which all things touched would turn to precious metal; Shylock and all his kindred; Cortez, Pizarro, and all their comrades, lived and died in Love-money.

The street that next attracts the eye is called Man-worship. The Temple of Fame is the most lofty structure on this street; it is on the corner opposite the Merchants' Exchange, facing the Capitol. It is built after the Grecian style of architecture; yet in the sundry repairs which have been made, the Corinthian, the Doric, the Ionic, and Gothic are evidently displayed. The dust of ages has settled on its cornices and entablatures, while the genius of an-

tiquity hovers over its towering dome. In this temple multitudes of every color and of every dialect have assembled, not to worship one god, but innumerable gods. This temple is, in fact, the Pantheon of the city; the worshipers, the Polytheists; and yet they do not bow before the sun, or high host of stars, or fish, or bird, or beast, or creeping thing; but their devotion is impious man-worship. At one time it is a military chieftain, at another a statesman; to-day it is an orator, to-morrow a poet. It matters not who is the god of the day, the altars smoke with the incense of adulation, and the vast walls reverberate with songs of praise as hymned by applauding multitudes. However zealous they are apparently in their devotions, they are very fickle as to the object of their adoration. To-day they will cry "Hosanna!" to-morrow, "Away with him!" To-day they will condemn a Socrates to drink the juice of the hemlock; to-morrow they will rear him an altar. This year a poet will be fed and caressed; the next he will starve in a garret. This month the shrine of a philosopher will be crowded with attentive worshipers; the next it will be abandoned. All around the temple you will see statues denuded, and covered with dust and cobwebs; images of heroes, hurled from their pedestals; altars that once smoked with the incense of sycophantic millions, broken and crumbled. Here and there you will discover the images of some an-

cient worthies kept bright and clean. That of Aristotle is well burnished, although thousands of years have rolled away since it was first set up. The shrines of Plato, Zeno, Solon, Lycurgus, Æschylus, Euripides, Sophocles, Pindar, and Virgil, have no lack of devotees. All the worshipers who have ever bowed in this temple, have been characterized by a burning desire to become supreme objects of adoration themselves. Hence the bickerings and jealousies among the devotees. Hence the broken altars and neglected shrines. Hence the untiring efforts of the worshipers to supplant each other. The idol of yesterday is taken down to make room for the idol of to-day. The multitude shout Cicero, Pompey, Cæsar, Brutus, Antony, as whim or interest may influence them. It is astonishing what sacrifices men will make to become the idol of an hour. The philosopher will starve for years in a garret; the anchorite will banish himself to caves and rocks; the traveler will endure the snows of Siberia, the icebergs of the polar sea, and the sands of Africa; the warrior will slaughter a million men, and burn a thousand cities, in order that they may gain an entrance into this temple, and become the object of adoration to mortals. In fact, no tongue can tell what mountain waves of suffering men will buffet, if the world will bow down and worship them. Never are the watchmen who keep the city more at ease than when they

can get the denizens to bow at the shrine of some false deity. Hence the success which has ever attended the impositions of false prophets. Hence the Turk, the Moor, and the Arab bow to the crescent; the Persian, to the image of Zoroaster; the dwellers in Siam and Ceylon, to the tooth of Boodha; the subjects of the Great Mogul, to the shrine of Zamolxis; the millions of the celestial empire, to Confucius; the Japanese, to the Grand Lama; the Papist, to the Virgin Mary; and the Mormon to the prophet of Nauvoo.

About one mile of Man-worship is occupied with splendid palaces, erected by military heroes. The walls are frescoed with the most memorable deeds of the builders; and although the dust and dampness of ages have passed over them, they are as bright as when they first came from the hand of the painter. On the walls of the palace once occupied by Alexander, you will see delineated an assemblage of venerable men voting, "If Alexander wishes, let him be god." On the walls of Vespasian's residence, you will see painted the death scene of the Emperor Vespasian, standing upright on his dying couch, supported by his courtiers, and exclaiming with his expiring breath, "I feel I am about to become a god." On the palace of the proud King of the Chaldees, you will see the King of Babylon surveying the grandeur of his capital, and saying, "Is not this great Babylon

which I have built?" A little further on you will see delineated on the walls of the royal palace once occupied by Herod, the king arrayed in royal apparel, declaiming to an applauding multitude, who shout, "It is the voice of a god." About two miles of Man-worship are taken up with buildings occupied by statesmen, orators, philosophers, poets, painters, sculptors, and play-actors. Some of the residences are costly and spacious, but they are mostly under mortgage.

Credulity-street will next attract the eye, not from the splendor of its buildings, but from the uncommon appearance of its inhabitants. They are all characterized by a tremendous enlargement of the throat, and are distinguished for straining at a gnat and swallowing a camel. And they are all so well trained from infancy, that they swallow down with equal ease, ghosts, wizards, hobgoblins, and witches, as also the chimeras of sophists and the miracles of false prophets. You will find men living on Credulity-street who believe that the earth is a fragment knocked off from the sun in the concussion of some run-away comet; that men and animals once grew like trees out of the earth; that the stars are little apertures, where the gods look out on our naughty world. Here are men who believe Mohammed rode to heaven and back in one night, and that women have no souls. Here are multitudes who

believe they possess fragments of the true cross, which, if gathered and piled, the mountain thus formed would manifest the tallness of their credulity. Here you will find great numbers who imagine that gold is potent in lifting souls out of the fires of purgatory, and that the forgiveness of sins is the prerogative of the priest. On this street are the dilapidated dwellings of necromancers, magicians, soothsayers, sorcerers, enchanters, and fortune-tellers. They were evidently built up at great expense, but they are now fast tumbling into ruins; the excavations of men of science are undermining their foundations. Mormonism, Millerism, and Mesmerism are swallowed down just now by thousands on this street. Here you will find men who strain at the narration Moses gives of the world's creation, and swallow down the dogma that it was the work of chance, or that nothing can create something. They strain at the earth turning on its axis once in twenty-four hours, and swallow the theory that the sun, moon, and stars travel billions of miles once in twenty-four hours around the earth. They strain at the miracles of Christ, and swallow the impossibility of twelve ignorant fishermen fabricating the sublime scheme of the Gospel. They strain at the Balm of Gilead and the Physician there, and swallow an apothecary's shop of infidel absurdities. They strain at the idea of the Divine Spirit knocking at the door of the heart,

and swallow the delusion that they can hold converse with the departed spirits of infidel scoffers. Finally, they strain at the Bible and swallow Tom Paine.

Passing out of Credulity-street you will come into Hypocrisy-street. It is very broad and spacious; the houses are all painted white. The steps are so carefully garnished that you would fear to tread thereon, but stepping within you will fear still more from the filth and rottenness. The inhabitants take great care to keep their faces long and clean; but their bodies and linen, like the inside of their houses, are full of all manner of uncleanness. An air of melancholy pervades the entire street; solemnity is depicted on every countenance; even the children have caught the infection; the smile of innocence, the joyous laugh, the sounds of merriment never salute the eye or ear.

Contiguous to Hypocrisy is Envy-street. The houses are all painted green, the windows are filled with long glass jars, containing snakes of a greenish tinge. The dwellers on this street never smile but at another's misery, and never weep but at another's joy. They delight in wandering about the city, gazing at the ruin and wretchedness; though, should they discover a newly-erected palace, or a new man rising from penury to affluence, from obscurity to fame, we are told that the snakes in the jars writhe and hiss, as if filled with extreme anguish. Cain, the

"first of woman born," and the first to unfurl the banner of death, had lodgings in this street. Here you will see the coat of many colors, which so excited the envy of the brethren of Joseph; the javelin which King Saul hurled at David, when the daughters of Israel sang, "Saul hath slain his thousands, but David his tens of thousands;" and also the bed on which Themistocles lay sleepless after the victories of the hero of Marathon.

Jealousy runs parallel with Envy-street. The houses are all painted yellow; the inhabitants are so afflicted with a moral jaundice, that their eyes and countenances have received a saffron tinge. All the courtiers of the city reside on this street. Here, also, are the seraglios of the Turk; the twang of the bow-string is often heard in this vicinity. Not a few of the inhabitants of this street have plunged the suicidal dagger into their own hearts. Many have poisoned the cup ere it has been proffered to a brother's lips. Here you will see the bed on which Desdemona lay when smothered by the jealous Moor. Near this street is the quarry from whence are taken the Iago whetstones.

The street of Ingratitude will next command our attention. The houses are all painted black; but they are by no means as black as the hearts of those who inhabit them. That the sun should ever shine, or the rain ever fall on this street, is matter of aston-

ishment; for here have lived those who have killed the prophets, and stoned the heralds of truth. Here lived and died an Absalom, who plotted the ruin of his royal father; here an Alexander murdered Clitus, who saved his life at the battle of the Granicus; here a Brutus stabbed Cæsar, who died exclaiming, "Et tu, Brute!" here a Miltiades was imprisoned by his own countrymen, after having wrought out for Greece her political salvation; here Themistocles, the hero of Salamis, and Cimon, the conqueror of Eion and the Persian fleet, were banished. By the dwellers in this street Cicero was beheaded, after having saved, by his sleepless vigilance, their homes from the firebrand of Catiline. Here Columbus was loaded with chains, after having revealed to the Old World a knowledge of the New; here Galileo was imprisoned, after he had revealed to the ken of mortals unnumbered worlds; and here the Son of man was betrayed, having "brought life and immortality to light." In this street many a father has been led to exclaim, in the language of the prophet: "Hear, O heavens, and give ear, O earth: I have nourished and brought up children, and they have rebelled against me!" And many a parent, in bitterness of soul, has exclaimed, with King Lear:

"Ingratitude, thou marble-hearted fiend!
More hideous when thou show'st thee in a child,
Than the sea-monster!

How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is
To have a thankless child!"

The eye will now be directed to Communication-alley; and from the name, and the fact that the post-office is located in this alley, you may imagine that it is a more enlightened part of the city; but you are sadly mistaken, for on this alley reside all the slanderers, backbiters, and calumniators, who spend their time in either hearing or telling some new or scandalous thing. The inhabitants of this alley are sorely afflicted with itching ears. Look out, if you take lodgings in this alley, lest you are robbed, not of your purse, but of your character. The laurels of the bard, the chaplets of the orator, the ermine of the judge, and the robes of the priest, are oftentimes sadly bespattered by the dwellers in this alley. He is more than mortal who can come out unscathed from the furnace of calumny, which is kept constantly burning in Communication-alley.

Thus, reader, you have taken a reconnoiter of some of the principal streets in the City of Sin; and, as you have looked at the griping policy of Love-money, the idolatry of Man-worship, the rottenness of Hypocrisy, the venom of Envy and Jealousy, and the blackness of Ingratitude, can you not exclaim, Surely, every imagination of the thoughts of their hearts is only evil continually.

BOOK II.

THE TOWERS ERECTED.

BOOK II.

THE RESERVOIR — FOUNTAINS — RIVER OF DEATH — ITS SHIPPING
— ILLUMINATION OF THE CITY — GATES OF INGRESS AND EGRESS
— TOWERS OF INFIDELITY, IDOLATRY, MOHAMMEDANISM, POPERY,
INTEMPERANCE, AND IGNORANCE.

As in all large and extensive cities there are bursting fountains, whose sparkling waters charm the eye and cool the air, so in the City of Sin there are several noted fountains, whose jetting spray attract the eye for miles. They are called Wine, Gin, Rum, Whisky, and Brandy Fountains. They are supplied by a reservoir, commonly called a distillery. It is situated on a commanding eminence, overlooking the city. A cloud of smoke goes up from it, like that which rolls up from the lake that burneth with fire and brimstone. The bread of starving multitudes is thrown into the reservoir, and, passing through the worm of the still, (a worm conceived and brought forth by the old serpent,) and running through pipes, called brandy pipes, it bursts forth in sparkling jets, and is quaffed by deluded mortals.

Around these fountains you will see piles of human bones, at a distance resembling the chalky hills of

England. Generation after generation have gone down and drank, and come up and died; and their bones are left to bleach on the margins. Here you will see sons traveling right down, over the dead bodies of their fathers; fathers treading on the bones of sons, as they urge their way down to the waters of death.

To these fountains you will see coming, early and late, multitudes from all parts of the city, from blooming youth to hoary age. The advocate, when he would rescue his client from the iron hand of the law, too often goes down to these fountains, instead of drinking from the wells which a Puffendorff, a Grotius, a Blackstone, and a Kent have dug and walled up, after removing the rubbish of centuries, and penetrating the granite rocks of precedent. The orator of God sometimes visits these fountains instead of his closet, warming his heart with fire-water rather than with a live coal from the altar of heaven; drawing inspiration from the ruby wine, instead of quaffing the crystal waters that "make glad the city of God." The waters of Zemzem, the Pierian spring, the Castalian fount, and the wells of salvation are abandoned by myriads for these fountains of death. The culprit and the judge, the serf and the lord, the beggar and the banker, here meet as on a common level. The burning lava that rolled over Herculaneum and Pompeii was never so fatal as the deluge

of fire these fountains have rolled over the city; fires that have sundered the cords that bound man to man, husband to wife, parent to child; fires that have burned down the tree planted by the hand of friendship, blasted the flowers that bloomed in the garden of love, paralyzed the giant arm, palsied the eloquent tongue, and shattered the most resplendent intellect; fires that have hardened in villainy and incrustated in crime the refined and virtuous, transformed man into a beast, lovely woman into a fiend. The lustful desires of the debauchee, the cankerous hunger of the miser, the insatiate thirst of the tiger, are not to be compared with the raging thirst engendered by these fountains. If one would be considered mad who should endeavor to quench the violence of fire by pouring oil on the spreading flames, how much more are those mad who attempt to allay their raging thirst by pouring these burning waters down their throats. As shipwrecked mariners find the more they drink the salt water the greater their thirst, the more their tongues and lips are parched, so multitudes oftentimes discover, too late, that drinking at these fountains inflames more and more the appetite, undermines the constitution, consumes the vitals, "sets on fire the course of nature," and burns soul and body down to hell.

The eye will now be directed to the River of Death, which runs through the city. It rises at the foot of

the Mount of Transgression, and empties into the ocean of Eternity. It is navigable for vessels of every size. The figure-head on each vessel will often indicate the name thereof. A serpent twining around the body of a beautiful woman, is the figure-head of the ship Consumption. The Measles, the Mumps, and the Croup are clippers of the first class. The ships Fever, Plague, and Cholera are steamers, having broad and spacious decks; and in order that they may be filled with passengers, a press-gang has been formed, under the supervision of Messrs. Glutton, Lechery, and Intemperance, who wander about the city at all hours, snatching now a sweet babe from its mother's breast, anon tearing the young wife from the fond embrace of her husband, whom they hurry on board some one of the ships, ready to sail to that "bourne whence no" mariner "returns."

Great efforts have been made by the citizens to turn the river from the city; for this purpose channels have been dug in every direction, under the superintendence of Hippocrates, Æsculapius, Galen, and others, but with little or no success.

In order that a knowledge of this river may be shut out from the people, stately edifices have been erected along its banks for the amusement of the populace. They are popularly called hippodromes, theaters, operas, and dance-houses; but they are in deed and in truth the chapels of the devil, and inva-

riably lead to the chambers of the strange woman, "whose house is the way to hell."

As a horror of great darkness has fallen upon the whole city, great efforts have been made by sages, sophists, moralists, philosophers, and transcendentalists, to erect lamps in every street for the illumination thereof. Solon, Anaxagoras, Damon, Gorgias, Protagoras, and Prodicus have poured the oil of their genius into lamps that threw out a few rays of light for a short time, but they soon went out for want of attendance. The Ionic lamp continued to burn with more or less splendor for full five hundred years. Thales, Anaximander, Socrates, and Xenophon were its replenishers. Near it the Cyrenaic lamp was erected by Aristippus, and replenished by Theodorus. A little further on the Megarian lamp was erected and attended by Eubulides and Diodorus. Near by are the Elean and Eretrian lamps; they were erected by Phædon and Menedemus. Lamps have also been erected in the Park. Plato, Zenocrates, Polemon, Arcesilaus, Lacydes, Evander, Carneades, Clitomachus, Philo, and Antiochus have toiled zealously to keep these lamps bright and luminous. The Peripatetic lamp was invented by Aristotle, and replenished by Theophrastus, Strabo, and Diodorus. The Cynic lamp was lit up by Antisthenes, and attended by Diogenes and Crates. The Stoic lamp was erected by Zeno, and replenished by Leucippus, Cleanthes,

Chrysippus, Antipater, Panætius, Posidonius, and Epictetus. The Italic lamp was invented by Pythagoras, and improved by Empedocles. The lights introduced by Heraclitus, Democritus, Pyrrho, and Epicurus burned brightly for a short time, but they soon went out for want of oil. The Transcendentalists, seeing the impossibility of illuminating the city with the aforesaid lamps, have endeavored to introduce gas-lights into the city; but they are very much disheartened of late, as they say the multitude are so stupid and ignorant they cannot appreciate their sublime mysteries.

The gates of ingress and egress are by no means to be overlooked; and while there are many gates of entrance, there is but one of departure, and that is the Gate of Repentance, kept by Mr. Restitution, an old gentleman who has been very much slighted and abused all his life. The principal gates of entrance are those situated at the foot of Man-worship and Love-money streets. There is also the Gate of Curiosity, and the Gate of Revenge. The former is as old as the city, while through the latter many have entered, forgetting that "Vengeance is mine, and I will repay, saith the Lord."

The attention will now be directed to the towers which have been erected on the battlements for the defense of the city. The Tower of Infidelity is the oldest and most impregnable. Its foundation-stone

was laid by Cain in the blood of his brother Abel. Messrs. Vanity and Egotism have been the master builders in rearing this structure. It has been in all ages the stronghold of Apollyon; for when every other tower seemed to be shaken, and the whole city was reeling and tossing, as with a moral earthquake, he has fled with his champions to Infidelity, as his high tower.

The first story was erected and is occupied by Atheists; and although every spontaneous earth-born fountain, every sparkling rill and rolling river, every flower, leaf, and tree, every zephyr and vernal breeze, proclaim a God; and while the floods clap their hands and shout, "A God!" and the trees of the wood break forth and sing, "A God!" and every star on its throne of light responds, "A God!" they inscribe on the flag which they hang out in front of the enemy, "There is no God!"

The second story is occupied by Deists, whose eyes and ears are opened, but not their hearts; for they can see God as he is mirrored in nature, but they cannot feel, they do not know, God. To them the religion of Christ is a chimera of the brain; the Bible, a bundle of tracts; its patriarchs, old men in their dotage; its prophets, moon-struck madmen; its priests, designing knaves; its apostles, artful liars; its martyrs, self-murderers: to them the truths of the Bible are fictions, its history fable, its beauty

deformity, its sublimity bombast ; its commandments, promises, and hopes, so many ligaments by which millions are bound to the yoke of superstition. They are constantly hurling their iron balls at the Bible, from cannon molded in the foundery of human reason ; but they remind one of an army of pigmies, endeavoring with pop-guns to crumble the Rock of Gibraltar.

The third story in the Tower of Infidelity is occupied by Materialists. With them all mental phenomena are matter sublimated. In their creed, the lofty conceptions of the sage, the acute reasoning of the metaphysician, the deep research of the historian, the demonstrations of the geometrician, and the thrilling words of the orator, are the vagaries of animals educated. With them the elysium of the Greek, the gehenna of the Jew, the sensual paradise of Mohammed, the purgatory of the Romanist, and the intellectual heaven of the Christian, are but so many chains with which kings and priests hold the vulgar herd in thralldom. With them there is no more difference in the minds of Bentham, Dumont, and Bacon, and the intellects of Hottentots, than there is between educated and uneducated animals. And when life's drama shall terminate, and death shall drop his sable curtain upon us, all—the pure and the impure, the learned and the ignorant, the virtuous and the vile—will descend to the night of oblivion. Hence there will be no difference between Socrates

and his murderers, Cicero and Catiline, David and Absalom, Nero and St. Paul, Herod and St. James, Gesler and Tell, Howard and Napoleon, Washington and Arnold, Lafayette and Robespierre, Jesus Christ and Judas Iscariot. Hence, to them, there is no incentive to virtue or patriotism ; no encouragement to train the soul in temperance and self-denial ; no inducement to expand the mind with liberal study, when body and mind will so soon molder in the urn of forgetfulness. Therefore, chicanery and intrigue answer as well as honesty and uprightness. Talleyrand and Walpole are as honorable as Burke and Franklin ; at least, as happy now. For, as music is produced by the vibrations of the strings of the viol, and ceases when the strings are broken, so the mind acts with the brain, and when that is destroyed its existence terminates. Hence, with them, present enjoyment is the chief good. To give a loose rein to passion, to regale the senses, to ransack the universe for objects to pander to their lusts, is the chief end of man. Hence, Hampden, Russell, Sydney, Penn, Eliot, Brainerd, Martin, and Wilberforce, who sacrificed ease, home, friends, wealth, health, and life, for the political, moral, and mental enfranchisement of their fellow-men, were fools ; while Henry the Eighth, Charles the First, Carteret, Byron, and Shelley have fulfilled the design of their existence.

The fourth story in this tower is occupied by Shad-

owists; men who deny the existence of matter, and contend that all we see, hear, feel, taste, or smell, is ideal, and that whatever there is in nature, hard or soft, bitter or sweet, cold or hot, deformed or beautiful, is in the mind. Hence, without the ear there would be no sound; without the eye there would be nothing to see in the whole universe. Therefore, we have it within ourselves to be hot or cold, happy or miserable, and, in fact, we make our own heaven or hell. Therefore, if iron is hard or snow soft, it is thinking makes them so. Hence, modesty, virtue, patriotism, philanthropy, charity, and chastity are naught but dreams. Adultery is nothing unless found out, and fornication is the dictate of nature. Hence, to sever the silver cords that bind man and wife, to put out the vestal fires of love, to crush the family altar, to tear away the associations that cluster around the fireside, to throw a blight and a mildew on the home of youth, to rob woman of her virtue, to fill the world with illegitimate children, without fathers to protect or mothers to cherish, are deeds perpetrated by those frantic dreamers. And is it any wonder, if men can be found who deny the existence of God, the validity of the Bible, the immortality of the soul, that they should deny the existence of matter, laugh at the blush of modesty, scoff at the beauty of virtue, and pollute the sanctity of the marriage bed?

The fifth story in the Tower of Infidelity was

erected by Moralists. The stones used in the building thereof were quarried from the rocks of Self-conceit. Here you will see men employed in sewing fig leaves together, to conceal their nakedness; others in washing and darning up their old, tattered rags of self-righteousness. Many are employed in hewing out cisterns; and, though they have labored long and faithfully with the chisel of reason and the mallet of worldly wisdom, they have invariably hewn out cisterns which can hold no water. Instead of indulging in outward acts of vice, they descant eloquently on the dignity of human nature, the beauty of moral excellence, and the vast powers of the intellect, until they conclude that they are capable of working out their own salvation. They acknowledge that a meral malaria permeates the entire city, that every breeze is pestiferous, and still they contend that by their own wisdom, might, and power they will be able to discover an antidote for their spiritual maladies. But so long as they continue to use the pestle and mortar of old Mr. Carnal-security, it is doubtful if their labors are crowned with success. To them the balm of Gilead has no charms. They have no confidence in the fountain opened, in the house of King David, for sin and uncleanness. In vain the Son of God came down to die; in vain he wept; in vain he prayed, "If it be possible, let this cup pass from me;" in vain the

water and the blood flowed from his pierced side, they will not seek for an application of his blood to their own hearts. The banqueting table, loaded with the rich viands of mercy, may be spread before them, but they will not come to the royal feast; the waters of salvation may flash before them, they will not drink thereof; the rose of Sharon may bloom on their pathway, they will not pluck it; the manna of heaven may fall around them, they will not gather it, choosing rather to feed on the dry husks of a dead morality; and, although they are covered with rags, they will not enter the wardrobe of the skies, nor take the wedding garment, choosing to live on blind and naked rather than bow down at the foot of the cross of an almighty Redeemer.

The sixth story in this tower is occupied by As-senters. They believe in a God, but will not pray unto him; in the Bible, but will not read it; in the immortality of the soul, but will not train it for eternity; that Jesus Christ has come in the flesh; that the tabernacle of God is with men, but will not keep his law. If they are told of the certainty of death, the shortness of time, the vastness of eternity, and are urged to immediate repentance, to holiness of life, and the consecration of soul and body to the service of God, they acknowledge it all. They adopt the Fabian policy in warfare, and can never be brought to a close engagement.

The seventh story in the Tower of Infidelity was built up by Egotists. They exalt themselves above the Almighty, and declare if they had been members of his privy council, they would have advised him better, when he created the world. They would have made a world without chilling frosts, whereby men and animals are oftentimes frozen to death; without devouring flames, by which their bodies and homes are consumed to ashes. In their world no tornado should devastate the fields; no black-winged tempest should roll up the shipwrecking waves; no lightning's flash should cause men to quail and tremble; pain and disease should never rack their bodies; the plague and pestilence should never open their vials; death should never unsheathe his sword. On the contrary, the inhabitants should flourish in immortal youth, and the rose of health should ever bloom on the cheek. For thistles and thorns they would have lilies and violets; for the hiss of the serpent and the growl of the tiger, the song of the nightingale.

But they do not realize that the intense cold of winter is necessary to freeze out the corruptions from the atmosphere, engendered by the heat of summer; and if the fire sometimes burns the body, it was no more designed by its Author to hurt the body than the maker of the ax designed it to cut the feet or hands of him who uses it; and if the tornado

lashes the ocean into a tempest, and ingulfs the mariner, it is the violent undulation of the ocean that keeps it pure, and but for its constant action it would become a vast, stagnant pool, spreading disease and death at every exhalation; and if the thunder utters its voice, it cleanses the air of its impurities; and if disease and death had never entered our world, it would soon have become so full of inhabitants they would have trod one upon another; and if serpents and venomous beasts are in the world, they occupy its most uninhabited parts, and retire before the march of civilization.

The Tower of Infidelity has been filled in all ages with Rodomontadors, men who speak and write great swelling words. They have poured an incessant fire upon the encampment of the Church militant from their artillery, manned by Julian, Lucian, Machiavel, Spinoza, Hobbes, Blount, Vanini, Voltaire, Rousseau, Herbert, Collins, Morgan, Shaftesbury, Bolingbroke, Hume, Gibbon, Paine, Palmer, Carlile, Owen, Jennings, and Kneeland. But there has ever been more smoke and noise from the discharge of their cannon, than the iron ball of sound argument. In fact, if one should see the volumes of smoke, and hear the almost deafening report, he would tremble for the soldiers of the cross; but when the dust and smoke roll away, he finds not a bone is broken, nor even the "smell of fire on their garments." On the top of the tower

a flag-staff is planted; on its banner is inscribed: "Jesus Christ an impostor, his disciples liars and knaves, the Bible a fable, virtue a chimera, conscience a bug-bear, death an eternal sleep, hell a scarecrow, heaven a dream."

For the purpose of rendering the city still more impregnable, the Tower of Idolatry has been erected. It stands near the termination of Man-worship-street, and is sufficiently spacious to hold two thirds of the citizens. The first story is occupied by the worshipers of the sun, moon, and stars. In the second story genii, lares, and typhons are adored, together with the elements, as water and light. In the third story stones, trees, fishes, serpents, beasts, and birds are worshiped. In the fourth story altars are erected to Jupiter, Juno, Minerva, Ceres, Diana, Venus, Mars, Mercury, Neptune, Vulcan, Apollo, Janus, Thaut, Woden, and a host of others. Greece alone had thirty thousand gods, known and unknown. Before them bowed her great men and her mighty men. The sailor sacrificed unto them before he gave his sails to the winds of heaven; the warrior consulted them before he led his troops to the charge; the bard invoked their inspiration as his fingers touched the lyre; the orator implored their aid when about to enchain the impassioned auditory; and even Socrates, when dying, requested Crito not to neglect the offering of a cock to Æsculapius. The fifth story

is occupied by Boodhists. In it are occasionally assembled one half of the population of the city. Here you will see the millions from Hindoostan, Siam, Ceylon, and India; the myriads from the Celestial and Burman empires, who bow to the triple form of Brahma—the images of Vishnu, Siva, and Foh. Some of the devotees you will see cutting and lacerating their own bodies, walking on sandals driven full of sharp-pointed spikes; some pierce their arms and legs with red-hot iron; others starve themselves until they are scarcely able to drag their skeleton limbs about, and finally immolate themselves in hopes of transmigration. The sixth story is filled with those who worship the creature more than the Creator. Here are men who worship their wives, women who worship their husbands, parents who make idols of their children. Here you will see a vast multitude who worship themselves: one man will worship his face because it is beautiful; another worships his hands, because they are white; one woman worships her feet, because they are small; another her body, because it is symmetrical. Of all idolaters these are the most idolatrous.

The Tower of Mohammedanism will next command our attention. It was erected four thousand six hundred years after the building of the city, and is both a rampart for defense, and a battery for hurling destruction into the ranks of the armies of Immanuel.

In fact, the Towers of Infidelity and Idolatry had been severely shaken; rays of holy light had penetrated their chinks and crevices; heathen altars had been overturned, and multitudes were fleeing from the city as from a falling ruin, and enlisting under the banner of the cross, when it was resolved to erect this stronghold of error. The rocks used for the building of this tower were dug, in part, from the quarry of Imposture, some from the ruins of the temple of Jerusalem, and the remainder were stolen from the temple of Christianity.

The first story in the tower is used as an armory. Here you will see the lance of the Tartar, the cimeter of the Turk, the javelin of the Persian, the halberd of the Saracen, the spear of the Moor, the dagger of the Algerine, and the dart of the Arab; in fact, the walls are hung all round with helmets, shields, cuirasses, bucklers, greaves, coats of mail, and all the implements of death. Here the followers of the false prophet in all ages have been equipped, as they have sallied forth to lay waste provinces and devastate kingdoms.

The second story is used for seraglios and harems. Here, sensualism sits enthroned; here, many a lovely maiden, torn from the arms of her weeping mother, has been imprisoned. No tongue can tell the many crushed and broken hearts, the bitter sighs, the burning tears, the wearisome days and nights these walls have

witnessed, as they have shut out the bright heavens, the vernal bloom, and the caroling of birds from the fair-haired Circassian.

The third story is filled with men who believe that the more deceitful and perfidious they are in their intercourse with the enemies of the prophet, the greater will be their capabilities of sensual enjoyment in the paradise of the blessed; thinking that falsehood and treachery, if employed in combating Jews and Christians, will be approved by that God who is throned, and sceptered, and crowned with truth; who has based the pillars of the universe in truth; shaped every mineral, woven every leaf, painted every flower, and traced the pathway of every planet with his finger of truth; whose empire is truth, his word eternal truth. Such a God, they imagine, will take them to his home of truth, if they battle with their enemies armed with the panoply of lies.

The fourth story is filled with those who employ their time in contemplating the sensual enjoyments of Paradise. They look forward to the hour when, arrived at Al Jannat, they will walk over mush or saffron-covered fields; inhabit palaces built of pearls and jacinth; sit embowered under the foliage of the tree tuba, laden with dates, grapes, and pomegranates; drink of water superior to the nectar of heathen gods; and be perpetually ravished with the love of the black-eyed girls of Paradise. But they forget

that the mind is the fountain of all enjoyment that can be perpetual, and that the pleasures of intellect are as far superior to those of sense, as heaven is higher than the earth; and, also, that the God who has stretched out the North over the empty space, and hung the earth upon nothing, is supremely happy, and that his happiness is purely intellectual; and, therefore, those who would be supremely blessed, must cut loose the cords of sense, and approximate nearer and still nearer to the Eternal Mind.

We will now take a look at the Tower of Popery: a tower whose foundation stones are placed far down in the earth; whose lofty dome pierces the clouds of heaven; whose massive walls, like certain rocks which are soft and ready to crumble when first taken from the quarry, but harden as they are exposed to the wind and rain, seemingly become more indestructible as the winds and rains of centuries pass over them. Never did the devil and his champions exert themselves as they have in its erection; and never have they succeeded so triumphantly: for while it presents an iron front to those without, it throws upon those within a spell more potent and transforming than the magic wand of Circe; for she changed men into swine, but popery transforms men into fiends.

The lower part of this tower is used for the cells of the Inquisition. Here you will see the racks and thongs used in extracting truth from the lips of her-

eties. Here are the ebon throne of the inquisitor-general, and the seats of his associates. On every side you will see the skeleton remains of those who have been either starved or suffocated in its airless cells. No tongue can tell how many innocent victims have been torn from the circle of friends and the warm home of love, to be thrust into these cheerless holes; how many husbands have been snatched from their wives and children, to live in darkness while their distracted families die of want. And when one contemplates those who profess to be ministers of Christ tearing asunder with pulleys the tender frames of young men and maidens, roasting them alive on burning coals, applying the red-hot brand to their naked bodies, he is ready to ask, Are these men servants of the God of heaven, or fiends of hell? and when they depart this life, will they hold fellowship with St. John and St. James, or with Surajah Doulah and Robert Kidd?

The first story was built of rocks dug from the quarry of Superstition, and bound together with the cement of infallibility. It is divided into sundry apartments. The first room is large and spacious, and is used for holding councils. Here yokes are made for the necks, and gags for the mouths of those who inhabit the tower, so that it is almost impossible for one ever to escape, however much he might desire it.

To the right is a spacious apartment called the

Vatican. It is used for keeping a beast, on whose brow is branded, in luminous capitals, "IGNORANCE THE MOTHER OF DEVOTION." The fiery bolts of Jupiter, the tap of the Indian drum, the tocsin of war, the roar of a thousand cannon, have never struck such terror into the hearts of the children of men as the bellows of this beast. His eyes are like two red-hot balls of iron; his horns are stronger than that of the unicorn; his tail is more terrible than the sting of a thousand scorpions; a fire issues from his nostrils more to be dreaded than the eruptions of Vesuvius; and his bellowing, like an earthquake's shock, crumbles thrones, rends kingdoms, overturns dynasties, and buries temples with their worshipers. And as mountains, oceans, and continents present no barrier to the onward march of the earthquake, so he carries trembling and dismay to his enemies, however high the mountains rise, however wide the oceans roll, to separate them from the thunder of his power. Woe to the king, and woe to the subject, who bring down upon themselves his anathema maranatha. To appease his rage, the Albigenes have been massacred; the Waldenses have been scourged; the Huguenots of France have been consumed by the burning chamber; the horrid tragedy of St. Bartholomew's eve has been enacted; the ashes of a Wicliff have been exhumed, and thrown into the oblivious wave; and a Huss and a Latimer have been bound to the stake. In fact, to

trample on the neck of kings; to exalt the vile and abase the virtuous; to give a loose rein to lust and to fetter the intellect; to create darkness and destroy light; to foster ignorance and imprison knowledge; to dwarf the intellect of the many and educate the few; to starve the masses and feast the great; to frown upon the apostles of liberty and smile approval on tyrants and oppressors, has ever been his joy and crown of rejoicing. And when one calls to mind the myriads who have fallen victims to his rage, whose bones whiten the fields of every zone, he is ready to ask, Is this the religion of Christ? Do I behold the successor of the Man of Calvary? the vicegerent of God, or the Man of Sin, drunk with the blood of the saints and of the martyrs of Jesus?

The second story is divided into two apartments: that on the right is used as an exchange, or confessional; that on the left, as a broker's office, for the sale of bills of indulgences. In the confessional you will see the debauchee, whose limbs are palsied with excess; the extortionist, willing to part with a few pence to save his ungodly gains; also the youth and beauty of the city, who whisper through little apertures, into the ears of priests, bishops, and cardinals, their aberrations from the pathway of duty, and then depart, one to starve for months, another to wear a hair-shirt for years. In the broker's office you will see thieves, robbers, and harlots, procuring bills of indulgence for future operations.

Over the entrance to this apartment is a catalogue containing the name and rate of every bill.

For simony.....	10s. 6d.
For sacrilege.....	10s. 6d.
For taking a false oath....	9s. 0d.
For burning a neighbor's house.....	12s. 0d.
For murdering a layman.....	7s. 6d.
For laying violent hands on a clergyman.....	10s. 6d.

The above is only a short extract from the long catalogue of crimes and vices that may be perpetrated with impunity by those who procure bills of indulgence; for if one dies in the very act of robbery or murder, and has a bill with the sign and seal of the pope thereon, he meets with a ready admittance, and a warm reception into the company of the blessed.

The third story is filled with machinery, which is used for raising souls out of the fires of purgatory; it is worked by all orders of the hierarchy, day and night. There is one thing very peculiar about this machinery: the wheels thereof never can be made to roll, unless rimmed with gold.

The fourth story is divided into two apartments: that on the right is filled with cells for the use of those virgins who wish to banish themselves from the world; that on the left is filled with cells occupied by monks, friars, and Jesuits; men who love dark-

ness rather than light, thinking that stone walls are greater aids to devotion than the genial sun and the spangled heavens.

The fifth story is filled with the images and relics of saints; and also the retailers of the relics of canonized saints. One has the hair, another the bones, which they will sell you cheaper than they ever sold them before. One cries up the merits of a certain saint, tells you he has only his thumb nail left; if you wish his favor and protection, now is your only chance. Go there to-morrow, and you will hear the same story, for his thumb nail has been sold a thousand times before.

The sixth story is used as a warehouse, and is filled with holy water, oil, salt, candles, bells, cowls, beads, breviaries, rosaries, pictures, banners, and garments of every hue.

On the top of this tower a vast iron pillar has been erected, to whose base a Bible has been chained, on whose top four books have been placed, viz.: The Traditions of the Fathers, The Canons of the Church, The Decrees of the Councils, and The Bulls of the Popes.

The eye will now be directed to the Tower of Ignorance. It was erected for the purpose of shielding the citizens from the blazing missiles of truth, hurled from the catapults of the belligerents. It is built in the form of a pyramid, the rocks are adamant, and are

almost impervious to the engines of war. As it was constructed solely for defense, it has no portholes, and therefore no ray of light can penetrate its darkness. Within it is similar to a mountain cavern, being arched over with solid rock, and sufficiently spacious to contain, under its spreading dome, an innumerable multitude. Here superstition, bigotry, animosity, revenge, suspicion, envy, jealousy, hate, and malice, like so many furies, torment the indwellers with whips of scorpions. In this tower quacks, false prophets, necromancers, exorcists, astrologers, and fortune-tellers luxuriate, like cormorants and jackals on the carnage of the battle-field. Here you will see men who have eyes, but the torch of science and the lamps of heaven have never shot their holy light within reach of their intellectual ken; they have ears, but no vibrations of the harp of truth, no responses of the oracle of science, no lute-like voice of literature, and no sounds of the trumpet of the Gospel have ever broken on their mental tympanum. The tree of knowledge has never shot its branches over the wall with which they are encompassed; their lips and hearts have never been touched by live coals from the altars of science and religion.

On the other hand you will see men, who have lived all their lives within the shadow of the temple of knowledge, but have never crossed its threshold or entered its vestibule. The angel of truth has stood

knocking at their door until his locks are wet with the dews of heaven, but they will not bid him welcome with his intellectual repast. And though streams of poesy, eloquence, and religion roll around them, they will not drink, and live forever. They had rather eat the leeks and onions of indolence than drink the waters gushing from the rock smitten by the rod of industry; and though the rich clusters of the grapes of thought are held out to them by a Caleb or a Joshua returned from spying out the promised land of intellect, they choose to wander in the wilderness of ignorance, rather than scale the walls, and battle with the giants of opposition.

You have now taken a survey of the streets and lanes, the gates and towers of the City of Sin, and can you hesitate to acknowledge that it is entirely given up to the domination of the spirit of evil? Does not every pulsation from its ulcerous heart, carry a moral virus to every extremity thereof?

BOOK III.

THE EMBASSADORS ENTER THE CITY.

BOOK III.

EMBASSADORS FROM THE COURT OF HEAVEN — ONE OF THE KING'S
LEGATES ADDRESSES THE COURT OF HONOR — ADDRESSES THE
DWELLERS IN LOVE-MONEY-STREET — SPEECH TO THE CROWD AT
THE BRANDY FOUNTAIN — A CLAMOR RAISED — ADDRESS TO THE
INHABITANTS OF CREDULITY-STREET.

THE court of heaven has sent out, from time to time, ambassadors to the City of Sin. They have been distinguished, not for the sagacity and intrigue which give success to a diplomat in the courts of earthly princes, but for a holy boldness, a burning zeal, an untiring energy, and an invincible courage in times of peril. No threats or sneers, no chains or fagots, or cold neglect could intimidate them. Every possible effort has been made to drive them from the city. Starvation has been tried, but the God that feeds the young ravens when they cry, has made bread and water sure unto them; the furnace has been heated seven times hotter than it was wont to be heated; but the form of the fourth has ever appeared walking in their midst. The den of lions has been opened for their reception, but the angel of the

covenant has pitched his tent about them, paralyzing the paw of steel.

No city of earth has been so highly honored by the distinguished legates who have visited it. Enoch, by the purity of his life and the radiance of his example, reflected, like the dew-drop, the image of his Maker, and then, exhaled, he went to heaven. Noah walked through its streets and alleys for a hundred and twenty years, a preacher of righteousness, warning its denizens of the ruin impending over them. Lot, "whose righteous soul was vexed with the filthy conversation of the wicked," shone upon their darkness like the first flash from the storm-cloud, telling of the rain of fire soon to fall upon palace and tower. Moses, who, for vigor of understanding, honesty of purpose, and meekness of soul, had no equal among men, proclaimed by precept and example, that The reproach of Christ was greater riches than all the treasures of Egypt. Time would fail to tell of the many noble worthies who have offered the terms of pardon and reconciliation to this rebellious city.

If you should visit the Capitol, you might perchance, on some Sabbath morning, listen to an ambassador thus addressing a concourse of men, who profess to guide their lives by the laws of the court of honor, from the text, "Overcome evil with good."

"My friends! the great error of this city is the adopting as a rule of life, the maxim, 'Overcome evil with evil.' The duelist, who calls himself a man of honor, not only blindly follows it, but the meanest and basest of mankind. The chief of some savage tribe, burning with revenge for some fancied affront, kills and eats his enemies, with a zest the epicure never knew. The king of a mighty realm, for an indignity put upon his ambassador by a foreign potentate, marshals his armies, and lays waste his kingdom. In the bazar, the shambles, the exchange, and the cabinet of princes, this one principle underlies and overrules every act, 'You have defrauded me, I will defraud you.' 'You have tarnished my laurels,' says the poet; 'I will therefore tarnish yours.' 'You have insulted me,' says the duelist; 'I will therefore have my revenge.' Mohammed, believing that polytheism was an evil, seized the brand and cimeter to drive it from the world. Pagan Rome, believing that the faith of the Nazarene was an evil, as 'pestilent as the breath of contagion,' thought to overcome it by the rack, the pillory, and the cross. Papal Rome, regarding Protestantism as an error more to be dreaded than the plague, hoped to extirpate it by erecting the dread tribunal of the Inquisition in every land.

"When I survey the Tower of Idolatry, and behold the degradation of its inmates, I am ready to say, Let

us take the battle-ax, and break down their bloody altars, and grind to powder their blind and dumb gods, burn their pagodas; or, if I contemplate the ignorance, the cruelty, and intolerance flowing from Mohammedanism; or survey the indolence of monks, the celibacy and consequent licentiousness of the priests, the convents, and nunneries, the image worship, the fantastic ceremonies, and the cells of the Inquisition, which are fostered by the Man of Sin, I should be ready, acting on the principle of overcoming evil with evil, to burn every mosque and convent, and batter down the walls of the Inquisition; but burning wooden gods and nunneries would never turn the pagan from his idols, or the Papist from the darkness of Satan to the marvelous light of the Gospel, and, at the same time, I should be driving them further from the truth, and intrenching them firmer in their errors.

“When I contemplate the evils which intemperance has rolled over the city, the hopes blighted, the affections crushed, the hearts broken, the characters ruined, the fortunes shipwrecked, and the long train of miseries attendant on this evil, at first I am ready to say, Let us burn every distillery, knock in the head of every rum-barrel, and break down every arsenal of the destroyer. But this would be acting contrary to the instructions of my King, which is, to ‘overcome evil with good;’ therefore, I would approach the rumseller with kindness; an appeal should

be made to his heart; his understanding should be enlightened; he should be entreated by his love of country, of man, and of God, to stop his work of death. If arguments drawn from earth, heaven, and hell, from time and eternity, were powerless, we should fly to the ballot-box; men should be elected who would enact laws banishing the evil from our midst. If I turn my eye to the serfs and vassals of Europe, oppressed by lords spiritual and temporal, and think of those who traffic in human sinews, dwarfing the intellect, stultifying the moral sense, shutting out the light of heaven, chattelizing God’s image, and brutalizing the souls and bodies of those for whom Christ died, guided by the principle prevalent in this city, I should say, Let us arm for the rescue; let us imitate the example of Leonidas, Timoleon, Brutus, and Tell; let us butcher every tyrant, and proclaim liberty throughout all the land, unto all the inhabitants thereof. But methinks I hear a voice from heaven, saying, ‘Overcome evil with good; go to the tyrant, and preach Jesus and the resurrection; tell him God made of one blood all nations of men, for to dwell on all the face of the earth; that Jesus Christ tasted death for every man; and as the slavery of the Roman empire melted away before the light of the Gospel, so, by the same power, the serfs and vassals of the present day shall be elevated to the dignity of men, and embraced in one common

brotherhood. O'Connell, in his efforts to deliver his country from oppression, adopted the maxim, 'Not one drop of blood is to be shed in the liberation of the land;' and instead of using the musket and sword, he cannonaded the ramparts of oppression with the iron balls of truth and argument; and if his countrymen would follow this principle, we should have hope that the Emerald Isle would break loose from the centripetal power of Britain, and travel in the orbit marked out by the King of heaven, shining a luminary of the first magnitude, scattering the rays of genius, poetry, and eloquence all over the world.

"You and I desire to kill our enemies. You kill your enemies with powder and ball; I kill mine with love and kindness. You aim to pierce your enemies through the heart; I kill mine by heaping coals of fire on their heads. You abandon your antagonist on the field of strife; I bind my enemy to my heart with indissoluble cords. You change your enemy into a dead and useless corpse; I transform mine into a living and useful friend, to aid me in killing off all my other enemies. You leave the battle-field with a trembling step, while the death groans of your murdered brother ring in your ear; I depart with an elastic tread, carrying not only a sweet conscience, but my enemy a friend, as the spoils of victory. You are ready to reply by pointing to those professed legates of the skies, who have adopted a mode of

destroying their enemies diametrically opposite to that I now propose. You will perchance tell me that popes and cardinals have headed armies, fought battles, pillaged cities, and imbrued their hands in the blood of their slaughtered victims; you will tell me of a Zwingli, who, forgetting that the kingdom of his Master was not of this world, and burning with indignation because certain of the Swiss cantons forbade the free circulation of the word of God, girded on the sword, and marched to the field of strife; that Luther drove Carlstadt from Wittemberg, for denying that the body and blood of Christ were really present in the Eucharist; that Protestant Geneva banished Castilio and Jerome Bolsec, and Calvin burned Michael Servetus for heresy. You will tell me that the Puritans whipped and hung Baptists and Quakers, and that Christian nations have not only carried on war in every age of the Church, but at the present hour they have a greater number of standing armies, a greater number of line-of-battle ships, and a greater amount of the magazines of war, than all the nations of the earth combined.

"But do you not understand, my friends, that when Christian men and Christian nations are guided by the principle of overcoming evil with evil, they are no better than the infidel and heathen, and bring down upon their heads the curse of God, who has declared, 'They that take the sword shall perish by the

sword?' But I show unto you a more excellent way. I point you to that army marshaled under the banner of the God of love, on which is written, in golden letters, 'Overcome evil with good.' Truly can we say, our arms are arms of love, our war is a war of love, our conquests are conquests of love, our triumphs are triumphs of love, and our ranks are filled with the champions of love, moving onward to a heaven of love.

"I would point you to the example of the King of heaven, who, when the citizens of this city had trampled upon his mercies, revolted from his government, and, as traitors and rebels, had called down his vengeance, instead of mustering his troops, and arming himself with bolts of wrath, robed himself in humanity, and died for their redemption. Instead of binding them in chains of iron, and throwing them into an eternal dungeon, he has let down the golden chain of love, to draw them up to the palace of angels and God. Instead of letting fall the fires of justice to consume them, he kindles in their midst the fires of love, to melt their frozen hearts. When he should have stamped upon them the brand of shame, he removes the scars of sin, and writes, 'Go in peace, and sin no more.' When he should have given them wormwood and gall, he gave them the bread of life and the water of salvation. When he should have sent waves of wrath, he rolled over them

waves of glory; ay, when they had robed him in scarlet, sceptered him with a reed, crowned him with thorns, and nailed him to the cross, he prays, with his expiring breath, 'Father, forgive them; they know not what they do.'

"Perchance you will reply to me by saying, Did not the God of glory avenge himself on his enemies? The antediluvians would not hearken unto the voice of his messenger, and he rolled over them the waves of the deluge. Sodom and Gomorrah incurred his displeasure, and, instead of bathing them with the dew of his love, and raining upon them a rain of mercy, he wrapped about them the sheeted fires of his wrath. Egypt rebelled, and he turned their rivers into blood. Israel murmured, and he sent among them the fiery flying serpents.

"But do you not understand that God thus punished his enemies to show to the world his hatred of sin? On the other hand, did the waters of the deluge wash away the wickedness of the human race? Was the world any better for the fires that consumed the cities of the plain? Were the Egyptians any the less idolatrous because of the frogs and the lice, the darkness that might be felt, and the death of their first-born? Were the tribes of Israel any more holy and devout because they had gazed upon Sinai's flaming mount, and listened to the voice of the trumpet, waxing louder and louder? Are the inhabitants of those

cities which are often visited by the plague, shaken by the earthquake, or threatened by the volcano, any the less licentious, or any more honest and obedient to the laws of God? For four thousand years Sinai roared, and the angel of Justice swept the earth and sea with the besom of destruction; but not till Mercy had fixed her throne on the rock of Calvary, and unfurled the banner of love, did the hearts of the children of men relent. From the hour the thunders of the law were hushed by the dying groans of the Son of God, and the fires of Sinai quenched in the blood of the Lamb, has the human race been growing wiser and better.

"And now, my friends, the example of former ages is before you; you can either adopt the savage custom of those who have scourged, racked, and burned their enemies, or you can imitate the glorious example of the King of heaven, who forgave his enemies, and loved them with an everlasting love."

Let us now behold the ambassador, as he takes his stand on the steps of the Merchants' Exchange; before him are assembled the bankers, the brokers, the usurers, and the misers, who inhabit the street of Love-money, while he thus addresses the thronged multitude.

"Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal; but lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth

corrupt, and where thieves do not break through and steal: for where your treasure is, there will your heart be also.'

"It requires but a slight examination of the affections of the soul to discover that love is 'sovereign of the ascendant.' It is the mainspring to every action, the locomotive moving the whole train of human effort, the sun and center around which every other emotion of the mind revolves. Some men it influences to pursue the arts and sciences, for the very love of letters; others it prompts to tread the dangerous path of war, 'seeking the bawble reputation even in the cannon's mouth;' some it drives into the interminable wilderness to seek a home in the wild wood; others love a home on the ocean's foam, while multitudes, guided by the love of money, toil day and night in laying up treasures on earth. This susceptibility of the soul is a noble relic of the fall, a power planted in the heart by the King of heaven, in order that man might love his Maker supremely; but it has been so perverted by the fall, that man now loves the creature more than the Creator; hence, this power, which would have rolled the love of man in a channel up to heaven, is so debased by sin, that it now rolls his affections in a channel dug by the hand of selfishness.

"This emotion is powerful in its development; as the vine twines its tendrils around the first object

within its reach, perchance the thorn or thistle, or haply the oak, thus lifting itself heavenward, so the mind will love something; it will either twine around the poisonous weeds of earth, or, clinging to the cross, it will go up and take hold of the portals of the celestial city. Hence the infant loves its mother, whether she is a Mary Magdalene or a praying Hannah; the patriot loves his country, whether the scathing fires of oppression have passed over it, or the dew and rain of liberty have dressed in living green its hills and valleys; and the child loves to tread in the footsteps of its father, whether he journeys in the dangerous path of vice, or in the safe and shining pathway of virtue; neither are the treasures to be condemned, for there is neither virtue nor vice inherent in gold, but I cry out against the taking the noblest faculty of the soul, and twining it around the lifeless, brainless, and heartless idol of gold, when it should be employed in feeling after the mind of the universe. It is not the money, but the love of money which is the root of all evil. If the tree of evil has ten thousand branches, it has but one root, the love of money. It kindles the fires in yon distillery; it drives millions of serfs, half fed and half clothed, to work from daylight till dark; it fills your city with theaters, brothels, and gambling-houses. Under its influence men will cheat, lie, cringe, fawn, weep, groan, beg, steal, preach, pray, rob, and murder; some light up the mid-

night conflagration, to seize the plunder, caring not for the homeless thousands thus left to shiver in the cold; others, for filthy lucre, go to the 'place of graves' at the midnight hour, and dig up the buried dead, regardless of the sanctity of the grave or the bitter anguish of mourning friend. Why does the pirate fling his black flag to the breeze and traverse every sea, and plunge the knife into the heart of the aged sire and the trembling virgin? The love of money. Why does the slaver hover around the coasts of Africa, now sailing up one of its rivers, and, as night comes on, send forth its crew to seize the unsuspecting inhabitants, and hurrying them on board, cram them into the dark hold, some to starve and die while breathing the fungous air, and others who are so unfortunate as to survive the 'middle passage,' consigned to a hopeless thralldom? The love of money. Why do the kings of Africa sell their subjects, and some of their subjects their own children, to the trafficker in human bones, knowing they will be borne thousands of miles from their homes and kindred, to groan under the yoke of the oppressor? and why do the white men of America sell the members of their own household, and perchance their own offspring, to be driven a thousand miles from the scenes of youth, the endearments of home, torn from the arms of a weeping mother, and the embrace of his wife and little ones? The love of

money. Why does the wealthy landlord turn his poor tenant out of doors, with his wife and children, to sleep on the stony pavement, canopied by the vault of heaven? The love of money. Why are multitudes in Ireland starving to death, while the lords spiritual and temporal fare sumptuously every day? Why did the British government wink at the cruelties of Lords Hastings and Olive, who coined the blood and tears of millions into gold? The love of money. A passion that eateth like a canker, and is more insatiable than the bloodthirstiness of the tiger.

"There are multitudes around me, who live for no other object but to lay up treasures on earth. Many would not break the command, 'Thou shalt not steal;' but daily break the command, 'Lay not up treasures on earth,' as binding as any in the decalogue. Not but what men are to lay up a sufficiency for old age, to provide for their own families, to feed, clothe, and educate their own children, and have a capital sufficient to execute the business in which they are engaged.

"The first argument I would urge, why we should not lay up treasures on earth, is, the more the treasures accumulate the more will they be like so many magnets drawing our thoughts away from God, and the vast eternity before us. The Author of our existence has endowed us with intelligence, that we might know him by studying his works

as displayed in the moving and shifting scenery of heaven and earth. But how deplorably ignorant of that God who weighs the mountains in scales, and the hills in balances, must that man be who has bent the energies of his mind, year after year, in the accumulation of wealth.

"Again, we are endowed with affections, in order that we might love our Maker supremely; but the more our treasures accumulate the firmer are our affections glued to them; for where the treasure is there will the heart be also. Hercules could as readily have disrobed himself of the fatal tunic which he received from the hand of Dejanira, as we tear our hearts from our treasures. As light moves in a straight line, as the needle tends to the north pole, as bodies when thrown up tend toward the earth, so does the heart tend toward its treasures.

"The second argument is, earthly treasures generate a false security in the heart of the possessor. The rich man is ever saying, 'Soul, take thine ease; thou hast much goods laid up for many years,' little realizing how soon the messenger Death will be knocking at his door, saying, 'This night shall thy soul be required of thee.' Dives, when clothed in fine linen, and faring sumptuously every day, little dreamed that in a few short years he would be lifting up his eyes being in torment, crying for a drop of water to cool his parched tongue. Croesus, when

displaying to the Athenian traveler the gorgeousness of his palace, the splendor of his jewels, and the abundance of his treasures, never imagined that in a short time he would be bound on a funeral pile, exclaiming in deep anguish of soul, 'O Solon! Solon!' As the mariner lays himself down and sleeps in his hammock, dreaming the clouds rain gold upon him, while he is borne round and round in the eddies of a mighty whirlpool, so multitudes are borne round in the eddies of the maelstrom of death, dreaming of golden showers, until they are roused by the roar of that vortex which whirls them into eternity.

"The third argument urged why you should not lay up treasures on earth is the precariousness of the investment. The rust may corrupt it, the robber may steal it; or it may be said to you, Your garments are moth-eaten, your gold is cankered. If you put your money into the bank, the bank may break; if you build splendid mansions, the fire may consume them; if you build ships, and float your treasures on the sea, the greedy sea may swallow them up.

"The fourth argument is, the greater your treasure the greater your regret, when parting with it in a dying hour; for you brought nothing into this world, you can carry nothing out of it. Draw near the death-bed, and behold the man who has been for half a century wrapping the fibers of his soul around creature objects. He turns his eye for the last time

over his waving fields, his shady walks, his blooming garden; he orders his carriage to be brought to the door; he is told he is dying, and cannot ride; he repeats the command, and is obeyed; he then turns to his weeping attendants, and says, 'O, my children, I have had a comfortable home here, but I shall soon be homeless; I have rode in that carriage, but I shall soon be a lone wanderer in the wilderness of hell; I have drank the choicest of wines from yon sideboard, but I shall soon be crying for a drop of water to cool my parched tongue. O! my houses and lands, my flocks and herds, my golden treasures, how can I give them up? I cannot die! I cannot die!' "

"The command, 'Lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven,' will now demand attention. 'What,' says the objector, 'do you pretend to advise us to lay up treasures in a land we have never seen, and a land of which we know nothing? And as there is no communication by mail, or railroad, or steamship, or telegraph, with the City of Sin and the land of heaven, (if there is any such country,) how will it be possible to convey our treasures there? What commodities are imported free of duties? show us a sample of the trade of that country, and tell us what we can export from our city to that land, to the greatest advantage.' If a traveler should arrive in Timbuctoo, and announce to its citizens, that it would

be for their advantage to lay up treasures in the Bank of England, they might reply, We have never seen England; there is no communication between our city and England, (if there is any such land;) how, then, can we lay up treasures there? The traveler might, in reply, tell them that there was such a country; that he had sailed a thousand leagues to arrive at their shores, and to convince them of the truth of his statement, he would only have to show them samples of the manufactures of the land which they had never seen before.

"Now I tell you there is such a land as heaven; and to convince you, I have only to show you some samples of the productions of the country. The land is full of gardens, planted with trees of evergreen, called trees of righteousness. They are loaded with fruits; some bear virtue, knowledge, temperance, and brotherly kindness; others yield the fruits of faith, hope, love, peace, joy, and mercy, productions as new to this city as the ships and cannon of the Spaniards to the American Indian when first discovered by Columbus. Now there is this difference in the samples: the productions of Europe could be seen with the natural eye; the productions of heaven are spiritually discerned; and, therefore, the infidel objector, because he cannot see the fruits plucked from the trees of heaven with the eyes of his body, as the Spaniards saw the birds and plants which Colum-

bus brought with him, to demonstrate to all that he had discovered a new world, will not believe there is such a land as heaven.

"But to show the objector the fallacy of his argument, I ask him to walk with me to yon academy: we enter, and I inquire, Why was this building reared? What are these men engaged in? I am told this is the seat of philosophy; these men are engaged in the pursuit of wisdom. I answer, I never saw philosophy or wisdom, I therefore deny their existence. We pass on a little further, and enter a spacious hall, and are told this is a school of law. I never saw law with my natural eyes, therefore there is no such thing as law. We pass on, and enter a school of medicine, where men are learning how to alleviate pain. I never saw a pain, therefore there is no such thing as pain. 'But,' says my companion, 'although you cannot see wisdom, yet I can point to the pyramids, triumphal arches, telescopes, printing presses, and steamships, which are the legitimate fruits of wisdom: and so of law; you cannot see it, but you can see the judges and sheriffs, the chains and the prisons, the eyes and hands of the law: and so of pain; you cannot see it, but there are many who have felt it, and been delivered from it by the healing art: and so I say of religion; you cannot see it with your natural eyes, but I can point to the asylums of the deaf and blind, the retreats for the

insane, the hospitals for the sick and destitute, (you will have to go out of the City of Sin to see them,) which are the legitimate fruits of Christianity.

"Do you ask how we can lay up treasures in heaven? I answer, by feeding the hungry, clothing the naked, visiting the sick, relieving the oppressed, undoing the heavy burdens, and opening the prison to those who are bound; by enlightening the ignorant, reforming the abandoned, and seeking the lost; by being feet for the lame, eyes for the blind, and opening your mouth for the dumb; by comforting the widow, shielding the orphan, and drying the tear on the cheek of sorrow; by opening your door to the stranger, your purse to the poor, and your heart to sympathize with the mourner; and by sending the Gospel into every land, which shall be a fire to melt chains and frozen hearts; a hammer to shiver the thrones of tyrants, and crumble pagan altars; a light to them that sit in darkness, and a well of water to the traveler on the burning deserts of life.

"I would urge you to lay up treasures in heaven, because every one has the same opportunity of increasing his treasures there, whether he is rich or poor, bond or free. In other words, the widow's mite is as acceptable, and as liberally rewarded, as the abundance of the rich. A cup of cold water, given in the name of a disciple, will receive a

greater reward than thousands of pounds given for ostentatious display.

"A rich man drops a dollar into the treasury of the Bible Society; it is converted into a Bible; that Bible is borne to South America; it falls into the hands of a young man whose mind has been bound with the fetters of superstition; he reads, and the scales fall from his eyes. Moved by the Holy Ghost, and commissioned by the Church, he goes forth to preach the unsearchable riches of Christ. Thousands are converted; from those thousands hundreds are called to proclaim the jubilee of heaven. They traverse every vale, they climb every mountain, until the whole land is deluged with waves of light, of love, and of glory. Now from the Isthmus of Darien to the Amazon, from Chimborazo to Cape Horn, ten thousand altars flame with the incense of prayer and praise. Truly a dollar was never better invested; and what an abundance of treasures will that man find when the King of heaven shall make up his jewels.

"But the poor widow has not a dollar in the world; she therefore gives one penny to the Tract Society; it is transformed into a tract, which is carried to a garret in one of the dark alleys of a vast city. A young lad, who has seen better days, reads it, and led by its light to the cross, he catches

the healing streams of salvation, and by the washing of regeneration, and the renewing of the Holy Ghost, he is brought from the darkness of Satan to the marvelous light of the Son of God, and continuing to perfect holiness in the fear of the Lord, he is at last called to go forth a champion of the truth to heathen lands. He finds his way into Tartary, and persuades its wandering tribes to give their wanderings over, and to pitch their tents no longer toward Sodom, but toward Mount Zion. Multitudes of Tartar warriors go forth upon their swift-winged chargers, bearing, not the javelin and sword of steel, but the missiles of truth and the armor of righteousness on the right hand and on the left; some, traveling over the mountains of Parthia, penetrate the solitudes of Siberia; others leap over the wall inclosing the celestial empire, not with the flag of Tamerlane, but with the banner of Calvary; some sail up the Tigris and Euphrates, others down the Ganges and enter the domain of the great Mogul. Now the Talmud, the Alkoran, the Zendavesta, the Vedas, and the Shasters are exchanged for the Holy Bible, the tooth of Boodha for the cross of Christ, the car of Jugger-naut for the ark of the covenant, and the chains of caste for the golden cords of a universal brotherhood. Now the widow, instead of mounting the funeral pile to be consumed with the dead body of her husband, is consoled with that religion whose

author has said, 'I will be a father to the fatherless, and the widow's God and portion.' And multitudes, instead of going on pilgrimage thousands of miles to visit the shrine of Vishnu or Mohammed, begin to take up their march, with the redeemed of the Lord, for Mount Zion, with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads; while one standing on the summits of the Himalayas would be ready to sing,

'See how great a flame aspires,
Kindled by a spark of grace!'

"A poor widow throws a penny into the Lord's treasury; it is turned into a spark of truth, which falls into the heart of a youth, who goes a flaming torch to the wilds of Tartary. Soon a nation is in a blaze, and now a continent is on fire! O, what treasures has that widow laid up in heaven! The treasures of bankers, misers, kings, and potentates are but ocean's foam in comparison. Thus we see the poor and rich have equal facilities for laying up treasures; the widow with her pennies can accumulate as fast as the rich with his dollars.

"The second motive I would present before you is the permanence of the investment. The bank of heaven, having the King of kings for its royal president, and angels for its directors, will never break down. The new Jerusalem is a city over which volcanic fires will never roll; the pestilence will

never visit it, the tornado will never blow it down, the earthquake will never swallow it up, the corroding tooth of time will never crumble its pillars, the thief and the robber will never enter within its gates, and the dashing waves of eternity's ocean will never undermine its foundation stones. The garments which you have washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb will never be moth-eaten; the gold of thy diadem will never be cankered, and the stars in thy crown of rejoicing will never grow dim with age.

"The third argument I present in urging you to lay up treasures in heaven is, that when you come to bid farewell to the scenes of earth, instead of leaving your treasures with deep anguish of soul, you will be going to your treasures. As the rich man in some Eastern city, having resolved to emigrate to the far West, sends out his agent to buy up vast tracts of land, to cut down the forest trees, rear a splendid mansion, to plant his fields, to cultivate in his garden the choicest of vines and flowers, and to stock his farms with sheep and cattle, in order that, when he arrives, all things will be ready for his reception; so with the man who has been laying up treasures in heaven; he has no cords to bind him to earth; his treasures have long since been transferred and invested in glory. He has no wine-cellar, no hoarded wealth, no wardrobe filled with moth-eaten

garments, no vast possessions to allure him back to earth. He leaves his humble abode without a pang, and as he plants his feet on the banks of deliverance, he is hailed happy by the orphans he has shielded, the widows he has comforted, and by a vast throng whom he fed when hungry, clothed when naked, and visited when sick and in prison. He made himself friends with the mammon of unrighteousness; they now receive him into everlasting habitations.

"A Nero, having rioted in luxury all his life, dies, leaving his scepter, throne, diadem, and untold treasures, to be caverned in eternal night, crowned with remorse, sceptered with infamy, throned in shame, and robed in lurid flames. The apostle to the Gentiles, having counted all things loss for the excellence of the knowledge of Jesus Christ, his Lord, dies, and goes home to be crowned with righteousness, throned in love, sceptered with peace, and robed with light.

"Leo X., having lived a sensualist, dies, leaving his palace fretted with gold, his garments bespangled with jewels, and huge piles of gold and silver, and goes down to eternal poverty. Martin Luther, having braved the thunders of the Vatican, and kindled a fire that will eventually burn down the house of the Man of Sin, causing lazy monks and friars to run away from it, like reptiles and vermin from a burning

house, also dies, and goes home to receive an eternal weight of glory.

"O, what treasures! what treasures will be revealed to Calvin, Cranmer, Wesley, Whitefield, Carey, Judson, Howard, Wilberforce, and a host of worthies, who have exhausted their vital energies in efforts to better the condition of their fellow-men!

"Who would not rather die, like the sainted Fisk, singing,

'There is my house and portion fair,
My treasure and my heart are there,
And my abiding home;
For me my elder brethren stay,
And angels beckon me away,
And Jesus bids me come!'

than to die like the rich scoffer, who exclaimed, on his death-bed, 'I already feel the gnawings of the worm that never dies: the fires that shall never be quenched are consuming me?'

The ambassador ceased; consternation was depicted on many a countenance, in that vast throng of Mammon's worshipers. Many on that day were heard to say, like Zaccheus, "The half of my goods I give to the poor; and if I have done wrong to any man, I restore him fourfold." The merchantman, who had been seeking goodly pearls, now resolved to sell all that he had, and to seek the pearl of great price; and the miser pressed forward to obtain "gold tried in the fire."

We are now to behold the ambassador as he stands on the pile of crumbling bones, around the Brandy Fountain, and thus addresses the assembled throng:

"Friends! the Author of our existence has lavished innumerable gifts upon us. He has given us the day, with its mellow light, to render luminous our pathway; by night he encampeth round about us with his tent of protection. He has given us spring, to melt with her warm breath the chains of ice from our lakes and rivers, to weave with her rosy hand a carpet of green, to cover our mountains and vales; summer, with garlands of flowers and blushing parterres; autumn, with luscious fruits and golden harvests; and winter, to robe the earth with its mantle of snow, and to incrust the forest-trees with crystals of frost. He has given us the ox, with his strong muscles, to draw the plow; the horse, whose neck is clothed with thunder, to bear us in our journeyings; while he has sent down, as from the bowers of bliss, the birds of the air, to cheer us with their joyous carolings. He pours upon us his dew, as soft as that of Hermon. He fans our brow with zephyrs as bland as Favonian breezes. He has given us the ear, by which we are enabled to listen to the voice of friendship, the lute-like notes of love, the ravishing harmonies of the martial band, the music of the cascade, and the thunders of the cataract. He has given us the eye, by which we gaze upon the sloping

landscape, the cloud-shouldering mountains, and the starry plains, where the silver queen marshals her troops, and leads out her glittering train. But the rich, the crowning gift is mind—mind that thinks, reasons, wills, sees, hears, feels, and is the grand sensorium of all enjoyment. As there could be no perception of colors without the eye, or sound without the ear, so there could be no consciousness of pleasure or pain without the mind. Take away the mind from the body, and in vain the organ pours forth its breathing harmonies, the ear cannot perceive them; the world might be full of odors, the olfactories could not enjoy them. Therefore, mind is the richest gift in our possession; a gift far more inestimable than Apollo's lyre or the club of Hercules; for from the mind, as from a lyre, emanates the music of poetry and eloquence, causing, if not the rocks and trees to dance, the rocky heart to melt, and the tall oaks of Bashan to bow, and is a club to destroy the Nemæan lion of intemperance, the Lernæan hydra of infidelity, and the Calydonian boar of ignorance. And is it not strange that man, with such a jewel in his possession, should 'take an enemy into his mouth to steal away his brains?' If the thief takes away your purse, you hale him to the judge; if the tyrant should attempt to rob you of your liberties, you would march to the battle-field. But the inebriate does not wait for the first summons of the enemy;

he even holds out signals of capitulation, throws open the door, lets down the draw-bridge, and welcomes the foe within the citadel: an enemy that will rob him of his virtue, endanger his innocence, sear his conscience, harden his heart, dethrone his reason, put out the light of genius, extinguish the fires of love, wither the parental and filial affections, impoverish his estate, blast his hopes, destroy his health, alienate his friends, mar his peace, and shut up every avenue to happiness; an enemy that found him with an elastic tread, a giant arm, an eloquent tongue, a luster in his eye, and the rose of health on his cheek, but will leave him with a tottering step, a palsied tongue, a nerveless arm, a bloodshot eye, a carbuncled nose, a fetid breath, and a bloated frame. Being thus prepared by the tutelage of the 'worm of the still,' he descends to an inglorious grave: and yet the drunkard, while living, never seeks to revenge himself on his enemy.

"The bard of Avon tells us of a maiden who 'never told her love, but let concealment, like a worm in the bud, feed on her damask cheek. She pined in thought, and sat like patience on a monument, smiling at grief.' In like manner the devotee of Bacchus is so in love with his god, that he lets the worm of the still consume the bud of every hope, while he sits like patience on a monument, smiling at the woes which his faithless god has brought upon

him. The maniac will laugh while he sees the chains forging that are to bind him down to his prison floor; but the drinker at this fountain forges, with his own hands, the fetters which are to bind soul and body forever. It was after many tears and entreaties that Samson permitted the razor to pass over his head, thus delivering himself into the hands of his enemies, who put out his eyes, and compelled him to grind in their prison-house; but the drunkard voluntarily throws himself into the lap of his Delilah, knowing that he will be shorn of his strength and manhood. Classic story tells us that Juno rendered Hercules so delirious that he slew his own offspring, supposing them to be the children of his enemy Eurystheus. But the waters of this fountain often render those who drink thereof so delirious, that they have not only murdered their children, but their fathers and mothers.

"We read that the ancient Britons invited over the Saxons, to aid them in repelling the invasions of the Scots and Picts; and when they were successful in driving the northern invader to his mountain home, they were enslaved by the very Saxons they had invited to their aid; so multitudes, assailed by poverty and misfortune, apply to King Alcohol for aid; he willingly affords them help, but, at the same time, he throws upon their necks a more galling yoke.

"The poets tell us that when the Grecian armies had

spent ten long years in fruitless efforts to force an entrance within the walls of Troy, they erected a huge wooden horse, and filling it with armed men, they left it before the gates as an offering to the gods within the city. The Trojans, not suspecting the stratagem, received it within the gates; and as night came on, and sleep weighed down the eyelids of the wearied Trojans, the wooden horse disgorged its armed men, who rushed through the city, slaughtering the inhabitants and firing the palaces. So, I have thought, the grand adversary of souls, having labored in vain to force an entrance into the citadel of the good man's soul, throws himself into a brandy bottle, and getting into the mouth, he soon finds his way into the citadel, when, alas! he robs him of his virtue, his honesty, and his peace of mind, and having, like the Grecian warriors, stolen the jewels, he fires the mental palace.

"Therefore I would say to the man who drinks at this fountain, You are taking an enemy into your mouth that will steal away your honesty. 'An honest man is the noblest work of God,' but the drinker at this fountain is dishonest to his God, squandering the money, the time, the talents which he has consigned to him on commission; he is dishonest to his family, oftentimes selling the bread from his children's mouths, and the bed from under them; he is dishonest to his creditors, for instead of liquidating his debts, he

pours his money down his throat in the shape of liquid poison. In the next place he will steal away thy benevolence. Once you had a heart that could melt at another's woe, a hand to smooth the furrowed cheek of age, a purse to drive penury far from the hut of poverty, and an ear to catch the first sighings of distress; now you are so steeped in selfishness, that the milk of humanity is curdled in your veins. The care-worn visage of your wife, your children crying for bread, the untold miseries of your fellow-men, are no more to you than the whistling of the wind; a starving nation may crave your aid, the heathen world may rend the heavens with the cry, 'Come over and help us!' the great temple of liberty might tumble into ruins, you would heed it not, so long as you could drink at this fountain of death.

"In the third place, he will steal away your conscience. Once you would not utter a falsehood, or cheat a little child out of a penny, or steal a pin for the world; but now you can lie and cheat, and if your body is so broken down by the destroyer that you cannot work, and begging is fruitless, you can steal without any compunctious visitings of conscience. Now you are ready to sell the Holy Bible, whereon your wife has pillowed her head when sorrow has filled her heart, on which you have promised to love and protect her, in which were chronicled the pledges of your love, and the departure of your kindred to

the spirit-land. But conscience cries not, 'Thou art a perjured villain,' for your enemy has stolen him away.

"In the fourth place, he steals away your reverence. Once the fear of God was always before your eyes; your delight was in the law of the Lord; in it did you meditate day and night; you were ready to say, 'O come, let us worship, let us bow down, let us kneel before the Lord our maker.' You could see God as he is mirrored in the book of nature and the volume of inspiration. The music of the Sabbath bell, the prayers and songs of Zion were sweet to your ear. But now the holy Sabbath, instead of being a delight, is a loathing. You have cast the law of God behind your back. You no longer direct your feet unto the courts of the Lord's house, but you are found walking in the counsel of the ungodly, standing in the way of sinners, and sitting in the seat of the scornful.

"Again, he will steal away your memory; that store-house in which you have garnered up the fruits of former years; the cabinet in which you have placed the minerals you have gathered from the hill of science; the casket containing the pearls of poetry, philosophy, and eloquence; a power far superior to the magic wand of the enchantress, by which you can call up the scenes of former years. If the Egyptians could preserve for years the bodies of the dead in all their freshness and beauty, by the

power of memory you can embalm your thoughts and conceptions, and preserve them in all their freshness, not only for time, but to all eternity. But having lost this power of the mind, you forget your wife waiting your return at the midnight hour, your children shivering in the cold, and your duties to your God and your country.

"Again, he will steal away your reason, that attribute of the mind which assimilates man unto his Maker, and places him in contradistinction to the brute; a power that guides him in penetrating the arcana of nature, threading the labyrinth of science, and exploring the ocean of thought. That power which enabled a Galileo to rend in twain the vail from the temple of nature, thus permitting man to gaze on its inner courts, flaming with light and glory; by which a Kepler and a Newton read the laws enacted for the government of suns and planets; by which a Fulton seized the chariot of Neptune, and rolled its silver wheels, not only over the mountain billows of the sea, but over the plains and hills of earth; by which a Franklin entered the home of the thunder, and walked through its blazing halls as safely as the Hebrew children in the fiery furnace; and a power by which a Morse seized his pen from the lightning's fiery wing, and heralded his thoughts from the poles to the equator with the rapidity of a sunbeam.

"Finally, he will steal away your imagination, and your taste for the beautiful and sublime. This power enables man, though in the hold of a slave-ship, to wander through vales as verdant as Tempe, to luxuriate in gardens as joyous as the Hesperides. A power by which man can travel from star to star, from nebula to nebula, distancing even the comet in its rapid flight; by which the painter throws upon the unfolding canvas, the embattled plain and the bannered host, so that we fancy we hear the shoutings of the captains and the clash of arms; by which the sculptor compels the multitude to bow down and worship his images of beauty and grandeur; by which the poet can take 'the imprisoned soul and lap it in Elysium.' By it, Phidias entered the home of the gods, and bodied forth from the inanimate rock his Jupiter Olympus; by it, Milton, while 'ever-during dark' surrounded him, gazed upon the billows of wrath and the bowers of Eden; by it, John Bunyan, while shut up in Bedford Jail, traveled on pilgrimage to the Celestial City.

"And your enemy will not only steal away your brains, but he will kindle a fire within you, that shall consume soul and body in everlasting burnings. He stole away the brains of an Alexander, and kindled a fire in his veins which sundered the thews and sinews of his mighty arm. He stole away the brains of a Noah and a Lot, causing them to bring

disgrace upon themselves and the cause of God. How often does he steal away the brains of the pilot, to whose wisdom was committed the guidance of the proud steamer; hence the wreck and loss of all on board. How often does he steal away the memory of the watchman when the incendiary is abroad; hence the midnight conflagration. How often has he stolen away the reason of the judge, causing him to render an unrighteous sentence; hence the widow appeals from 'Philip drunk to Philip sober.'

"The man who should put out his eyes, and cut out his tongue, assigning as the reason for so doing, that he derived so much pleasure from hearing he desired no other enjoyment, and therefore he had concluded to shut up every other avenue to enjoyment, would be surely regarded as brainless. And what shall we say of the drunkard, who lives and acts as though there was no other avenue to enjoyment but by his throat? He seems to forget that he is endowed with intelligence, that he may know God as displayed in his works; with a soul, that he may love him supremely with filial, fraternal, and paternal affections, which, if kept in healthful exercise, will be unto him constant sources of pleasure. Now, it should be the object of every sane man so to cultivate his faculties that he may enjoy the greatest amount of happiness. We read of but one perfectly happy man, the primogenitor of our race. When Adam

was placed in the garden of Eden, everything a wise and benevolent God could do to render him supremely happy was done for him. He endowed him with reason, so that he could give names to the beasts of the field and to the birds of the air; he curtained him with light, perfumed the air with odors, and rolled through his garden four rivers, to lave their green banks and to quench the thirst of man and beast. He gave him angels for attendants, and to fill up the cup of his happiness, and even to make it run over, he gave him woman, 'Heaven's last, best gift to man.'

"Now, how does it happen that there are no brandy or rum fountains in the garden of Eden, if they are such great adjuncts to human happiness? According to the drunkard's idea of happiness, there was a great deficiency in Paradise. Is it not wonderful that the Maker of all things should give unto Adam shady walks and angel attendants, singing birds and fragrant bowers, tropical fruits and ever-blooming flowers, and then forget to give unto him rum, gin, and brandy? I verily believe if it was announced to the drinkers at this fountain, that the garden of Eden had been discovered, and its gates were thrown open, and all were invited to enter in, and there abide, shaded by the rich festoonery of its arbors, they would stop to ask if there was any rum river or brandy fountain in the garden? Perhaps

you are ready to say, The reason why we drink at this fountain is because we have been turned out of Paradise into this sorrow-stricken world. But, I ask, are there no other fountains, whose waters will drive away your sorrows? Will not the fountain of Philosophy inspire you with greater courage to go forth in the battle of life, and also afford you more permanent enjoyment? Drinking at this fountain gave to Socrates that serenity of soul, by which he was enabled to endure his troubles of a domestic nature, the vituperations of his enemies, the unjust sentence of his judges, and even to drink the poisoned chalice without a murmur. Drinking the waters drawn from the wells of philosophy enabled a Plato to forget the cruel treatment he received from Dionysius the Tyrant, who sold him into slavery at Egina. Drinking at this fountain gave to Cicero equanimity when overcome with misfortunes, his cherished hopes blasted, and the liberties of his country overthrown.

"Then there are the wells of science; will not the drinking of their waters be far more ennobling to the mind? Have not a Newton, a Cuvier, a Boyle, a Boerhave, a Davy, and a Herschel lived and acted more like men, than those who have drank at the fountains of rum, gin, and brandy? And what shall I say of the wells of salvation, gushing up with waters sweeter than Helicon or the Pierian spring? Here drinking the mourner is comforted, the weak are

made strong, the ignorant illumined, the wavering established, the abandoned reclaimed, the wanderer called back, the leper cleansed, the deaf hear, the lame walk, the blind see, and all who hunger and thirst after righteousness are filled; a well of water springs up in their souls unto eternal life. By drinking at the well of humility you will soon lose all the bloat of pride and vanity; you will be reduced down in moral dimensions, like unto a little child; and you will be ready to exclaim with the Psalmist, 'What is man, that thou art mindful of him; or the son of man, that thou visitest him?' or with St. Paul, 'Unto me, who am less than the least of all saints, is this grace given;' or with Wesley,

'I the chief of sinners am,
But Jesus died for me.'

"By drinking at the well of faith, you will be able to live as seeing Him who is invisible, 'choosing to suffer affliction with the people of God, than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season;' you will carry about with you an internal evidence of things not seen, and walk on that high table-land, from whence, as Moses from Mount Nebo, you will look away to the green fields of eternal repose.

"By drinking at the well of virtue you will derive a bravery not of earth. Bold as a lion, you will be ready to run through the troop, and to leap over the

wall of your spiritual enemies, ready to meet chains and prisons, fagots and flames, ready to welcome death, and to smile at the grave.

"By drinking at the well of knowledge, the eyes of your understanding will be enlightened, the sackcloth of ignorance will be torn away, the clouds will disperse, the shadows of error will flee away, so that you would not only see God as he 'glows in the stars and blossoms in the trees,' but as he works within you by his Spirit's power, to will and to do his good pleasure. Now you will be ready to say with Job, 'I know that my Redeemer lives;' and with the apostle to the Gentiles, 'For I know that if the earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.'

"By drinking at the well of temperance, the rags will depart from your body; penury and want from your habitation, discord from your family, the pallor from your cheek, the carbuncle from your nose, and redness from your eyes. Now reason ascends the throne, conscience lifts up its voice, love kindles its vestal fires, hope rises like an autumnal star, mercy weaves her garland, the rose of health blooms on the cheek of your wife, and your children, no longer dreading your approach, hail your return, 'climbing the good man's knee the envied kiss to share.' I ask, therefore, why tarry here any longer? Come this moment

to the fountains of life. Every hour you linger here, you are permitting another fold of the serpent to be coiled around you, a serpent more to be dreaded than the boa constrictor or the anaconda; tarry another day, and his voluminous foldings will be around you, crushing out the life of hope, and the life of love, and the life of God from your heart.

"We are told that the Athenians were once compelled to make peace with their enemies, on the condition that they should send fifty beautiful boys to be sacrificed to the gods of their enemies; but the god of this fountain requires not fifty, but fifty thousand to be sacrificed annually upon his altars. The cannibal savage roasts and eats his prisoners of war, but this cannibal god literally roasts with fire-water those of his friends who love him most, and then devours them. Brahma kindles a funeral pile for burning widows with the dead bodies of their husbands, but Bacchus immolates upon his altars husbands and wives, parents and children, and together burns them slowly but surely. Juggernaut has rolled the ponderous wheels of his car over thousands, Bacchus over tens of thousands.

"Peter the Hermit fired with indignation kings and beggars in relating the desecrations which the infidel had brought upon Jerusalem, and led on a mighty host, who marched for the rescue of the Holy Land; but here is a Saracen who desecrates soul and body, which should be fit temples for the indwelling

of the Holy Ghost. And will you not arm for the rescue? Will you not listen to the mountain pile of skeletons around this fountain? for every bone has a tongue crying to you, Arm! arm! to the rescue! drive away the destroyer, shut down the flood-gates of wickedness, take away the temptation from our surviving kindred, lest they also come to this place of torment.

"Cicero, when he had discovered the conspiracy of Catiline, called upon the senators to banish him from the city; now there are in your midst three conspirators, Rum, Gin, and Brandy, three as black-hearted fiends as ever came up out of hell; they are plotting to overthrow your liberties; they have lit a torch and kindled a fire that will not only burn down your temples and homes, but your bodies and souls to the nethermost hell, and will you not banish the conspirators from your city? It is said that Catiline baptized his conspiracy with the blood of a human victim, but this conspiracy has been baptized in the blood of a myriad human victims.

"I have heard of a king who cut off the ears and cut out the tongues of his prisoners of war, and sent them thus mutilated back to their homes. But King Alcohol stops not when he has mutilated the body, but he puts out the eye of the intellect, stops up the ear of reason, sears the conscience, and runs the burning brand through the eloquent tongue.

"The slaveholder gives his slaves one suit of clothes yearly, feeds their children, nurses them when sick, and provides for them in old age; but in this rum-slavery the slaves are reduced to rags as soon as possible, the children are left to cry for bread, the wife is abandoned in sickness without a nurse, and instead of being succored in times of trouble, they are abandoned by their master to suffocate in the gutter, or freeze to death on the highway in a cold winter's night.

"I have read of the deluge that rolled over the millions of the antediluvians; of the red flames that passed over Sodom and Gomorrah; of the angel that slew in one night the first-born of man and beast in the land of Egypt; of the overthrow of Pharaoh and his hosts in the Red Sea; of the angel of death that slew a hundred and eighty-five thousand of the soldiers of the Assyrians: I have read of the plague and the pestilence, as they have spread their raven wings over islands and continents; of the tornado, as it sweeps over towns and cities; of the avalanche crushing everything in its course; of the lava that rolled over Herculaneum and Pompeii; of the earthquake as it swallows up whole cities in the space of a few hours; and I have prayed God to deliver me from ever witnessing such calamities. But here is a deluge, not of water, but of fire; here are flames that wrap multitudes as in a winding-sheet of fire; here

is a plague that walketh in darkness, and a destruction that wasteth at noon-day; here is a fountain troubled not by the angel of mercy, but by the angel of death. I can truly say, if calamities must come upon me, let my covering be sackcloth and ashes, let wearisome days and nights be appointed unto me, let my property take wings and fly away; take from me the friends in whom I trusted, let my enemies triumph over me, but save me, O save me from the bitter woes of the drunkard! for, here drinking, I should be taking up my march for the poor-house, the jail, the prison, the mad-house, the gallows, and the bottomless pit.

"Classic legend tells us that the gods gave unto Pandora every accomplishment; Venus gave her beauty, the Graces gave her the power of captivating, Apollo taught her to sing, Mercury gave her the power of eloquence, Minerva rich and splendid ornaments; but Jupiter gave her a beautiful box, which she presented to her husband Epimetheus; he opened it, and therefrom issued a multitude of evils and distempers, which dispersed themselves all over the world; and from that fatal moment these have never ceased to afflict the human race. Hence, melancholy, grief, malice, envy, and remorse prey upon the mind. Hence, agues and fevers, chronic and rheumatic pains rack the body. Now, this legend is an Oriental myth; it sprang from

the land of dreams; but if it had told us that Pandora had emptied her box into the fountains of Rum, Gin, and Brandy, it would have been nearer to the truth; for whoever drinks at these fountains will find them full of distempers; insanity, delirium, regret, remorse, and madness are the disorders for the mind; palsies, cancers, and convulsions are the maladies for the body.

"If I should tell you that an island had been discovered in the Pacific Ocean, possessing a fertile soil, a salubrious climate, interspersed with hill and dale, abounding in brooks and rivers, whose banks were studded with blooming villas; that the inhabitants were enjoying, in rich abundance, temporal, political, and intellectual blessings; but that in the center of the island a fountain had been discovered, whose waters threw a spell upon all who drank thereof, for the more they drank the more they wanted to drink; and should any one endeavor to tear himself away, he would be held spell-bound by the magic power of the waters; and although he might know that the drinking of the waters would enervate the body, disorder the mind, pollute the soul, and impoverish his estate, yet such was the hallucination caused by the waters, he would drink deeper and still deeper draughts; and as the keepers of the fountain charged an exorbitant price for the waters, many had run through their estates,

the poor-houses were full, the jails and prisons were crowded, the sheriffs were never idle, the people were overwhelmed with taxes, the houses near the fountain rotting down, the windows filled with rags, the barns leaking, the fences tottering to their fall, and all things having the appearance of desolation; and if I should tell you that the intelligent portion of the community had persuaded many to keep away from the fountain, yet there were multitudes who, like the deaf adder, would not listen to the voice of the charmer, charm he ever so wisely, and that they had, therefore, endeavored to enact laws for the shutting up the fountain, but such was the influence of the drinkers and sellers, they had met with but little success as yet, would you not call that fountain brandy or rum? and would you not think your case and that of the islanders parallel?

"We read that a certain man was possessed with a legion of devils, and may we not say that the box of Pandora has not only been emptied into these fountains, but that the legion of devils have been cast therein? For some, who drink here, are immediately possessed with an indolent devil, who tempts them to neglect their farms and their firesides; some are possessed with a prodigal devil, who hurries them on to squander their patrimony; some are possessed with a fighting devil, who leads them on, not only to beat their enemies, but to whip their wives and

children; others are possessed with the devil of lust, who entices them into all manner of concupiscence.

"I would now address the keepers of these fountains; and I can assure you, I am somewhat embarrassed for want of proper appellations. Shall I use the language of his Satanic majesty when addressing his peers in Pandemonium: 'Princes! Potentates!' And if that is giving you too lofty titles, you may be called the aids de camp of the devil, and faithfully do you perform the functions of that office; or I may, with more propriety, adopt the language of my King, when addressing the hypocrites of a former age: 'Ye serpents, ye generation of vipers, how can ye escape the damnation of hell?' And when one contemplates the decorations with which the fountains are embellished, and the miseries within, he is ready to exclaim: 'Ye are whited sepulchres, beautiful outward, but within ye are full of rottenness and dead men's bones.' You have drawn around you the beauty of Venus, the charms of the graces, and the fascinations of Mercury, while the waters sparkle with the variegated tints of Iris; but like the serpent that draws with his spangles and spotted rings the bird within his mouth, so you exert all your charms to allure your victims; you proffer to all a rich bouquet of flowers, but within a dagger is concealed; your quiver is full of arrows, not only pointed and barbed, but, like those savages who pay no respect to inter-

national law, your arrows are dipped in poison; you wreath your victims with olive leaves, but vipers are concealed within; and do you reply, We are licensed by government to keep open these fountains; we pay into the national exchequer millions of dollars annually; we keep in employ a vast multitude of constables, sheriffs, policemen, physicians, lawyers, apothecaries, coffin-makers, and grave-diggers, and if these fountains are shut up, the greatest source of revenue to the government will be dried up, taxes will be increased, multitudes will be turned out of employment, poor-houses, jails, and insane hospitals will be emptied, and we ourselves will be reduced to bankruptcy, our children will become beggars. But granting that you and your children will be reduced to poverty, would it not be better for you and your children to beg your bread from door to door, and die beggars, rather than go down to hell and beg to all eternity for a drop of water to cool your parched tongues? And as to your augmenting the national revenue, you increase the expenditures in a twofold proportion; you take two dollars out, while you are putting one into the national pocket; and if you will agree to support all the paupers you make, pay for all the ships you cause the drunken pilot to wreck, indemnify the owners for all the houses you cause the incendiary to burn, pay for all the limbs you break, and support all the widows

and orphans you make, then, and not till then, will we admit your argument to be valid. But is not the love of money the grand reason why you keep open these fountains? and I would have you remember that he who lays up treasures on earth, is treasuring up wrath against the day of wrath. Soon a voice will be heard saying, 'Go to now, ye rich men; weep and howl for your miseries that shall come upon you: your gold and silver is cankered, and the rust of them shall be a witness against you, and shall eat your flesh as it were fire.'

"The first settlers of America killed off their enemies by introducing the small-pox among the tribes bordering on their settlements, but you kill not only your enemies, but your friends and kindred, by dealing out waters inoculated with miseries and woes, diseases and death.

"It is related that in Smyrna, certain vagabond Jews gather up the garments of those who have died with the plague, and send them by wholesale to Cairo, and there another set of Jews retail them to the citizens. Now if even a glove is worn, the wearer thereof will, in all probability, take the disease. And are you not wholesaling and retailing waters infected with plagues and distempers, epidemics and deaths?

"It is a noble work to feed the hungry and clothe the naked, but you feed men with that which is not

bread; you wrap about their souls and bodies garments dipped in liquid fire. It is the work of Heaven to open the prison to those who are bound, to undo the heavy burdens and let the oppressed go free; but you thrust freemen into the inner prison; you load men with the intolerable burdens of guilt and remorse; you bind the arms of faith and the hands of love. It is godlike to open the eyes of the blind, unstop the ears of the deaf, and lose the stammering tongue; but you put out the eye of reason, render men deaf to the cries of distress, and paralyze the most eloquent tongue. It is a work on which angels smile approval, to deliver the oppressed from the despot's power, but instead of imitating the example of Leonidas, Tell, and Washington, you go on, forging chains to hold in eternal thrall body, mind, and soul. And yet there is hope even for you. I have authority from the King of heaven to say unto you, that 'When the wicked man turneth away from his wickedness that he hath committed, and doeth that which is lawful and right, he shall save his soul alive.' 'Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool.' 'For the times of this ignorance God winked at, but now commandeth all men everywhere to repent.' 'Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.' 'This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that

Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, of whom I am chief.' 'If any man sin, we have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous: and he is the propitiation for our sins; and not for ours only, but also for the sins of the whole world.' 'And the Spirit and the bride say, Come; and let him that heareth say, Come; and let him that is athirst come; and whosoever will, let him take the waters of life freely.'"

The ambassador, having descended from the pile of bones environing the brandy fountain, passed into the street of Credulity, and finding a concourse of people who spent their time in "hearing or telling some new thing," he addressed them from these words: "Ye blind guides, which strain at a gnat and swallow a camel." Matthew xxiii, 24.

"We can render ourselves ridiculous by believing too little, as by believing too much. The ancient philosopher, who denied the existence of matter, and contended that the universe was a shadow, and that there was nothing hard or soft, cold or hot, but in the idea, appears far more Quixotic than those philosophers who contend that mind is matter, and that matter is mind, and that the universe is God, and that God is the universe. The King of Siam would not believe the English legate when told that the rivers of England were bridged over with ice, able to bear up chariots and horses; but at the same time he be-

lieved there were three hundred millions of gods, and in that number mice and snakes were to be held in peculiar reverence. Hence reason, and reason alone, should guide us in our faith. That religion which is not founded on reason is founded on the sand. The man who tells me to hoodwink my reason, and then believe his proposition, might as well tell me to put out my eyes, and then see. The lad who had been ridiculed for believing the moon story, ran into the opposite extreme, and disbelieved everything. Infidelity, having discovered that ghosts, apparitions, witches, and wizards are composed of the 'same stuff that dreams are made of,' comes to the conclusion, that therefore there is neither spirit nor angel, heaven nor hell; as well might one deny the stupendous discoveries of modern astronomy, because the claim of astrology to foretell future events by consulting the conjunction of the stars was found to be based on superstition, and as the horoscope had lost its charm, therefore the telescope should be thrown to the moles and the bats. In the same process of ratiocination, we should say, as heathen oracles had been silenced by the light of science, and the priests and diviners, the ceremonies and sacrifices of paganism have been exploded, therefore the truth-speaking tongue of Christianity, the ordinances and precepts of the Gospel, were all a delusion. With the same basis for an argument, one might say, as the efforts

of alchemists to discover the philosopher's stone and the universal solvent have proved abortive, therefore the sublime discoveries of chemistry, revealing the true analysis of the earths and metals, and the gases entering into the composition of earth, air, and water, were the emanations of a splendid phantasmagoria. It is not safe to say, because a man has adopted the belief of several monstrous errors, therefore he has no truth incorporated into his creed. The Puritans believed in witchcraft, and hung and drowned witches, therefore, says the scoffer, every other article of their faith has sprung from the dismal morass of superstition. The adherents of the Man of Sin have believed it their duty to burn heretics, therefore every other article of their creed is equally false and cruel. The Mussulman believes that Mohammed was a true prophet; he also believes there is one God; now, does it follow that the last proposition is false because the first is? The Hindoo believes in the nine incarnations of Vishnu; he also believes that two and two make four; does it follow legitimately that this article of his faith is false because the first is? Would we not pronounce a man insane who should affirm, that he who is wrong in one thing is wrong in everything; and he who is right in one article of his faith, is right in everything he believes? Guided by this principle, we should say, because Paine reasoned erroneously of the validity of the Bible, therefore his

arguments in favor of the rights of man are equally weak and contemptible; and because Gibbon and Hume have introduced some of their infidel dogmas into their immortal works, therefore all the political and philosophical truths which they have published are equally false. A man may believe that the earth is flat, that the moon is larger than any of the fixed stars, and yet have very correct views of the doctrines of Christianity; or he may believe in unconditional election and reprobation, the indefectibility of the saints, and that episcopacy is divine, and still be rooted and grounded in the faith that works by love and purifies the heart.

"Infidelity prides itself upon its intelligence, and laughs at the credulity of Christians, thinking that, because some of the advocates of Christianity have believed in ghosts and witches; that the earth is the center of the universe; that slavery is a Divine institution; that infants are damned for original sin; that the heathen are not in a salvable state, all which the roll of ages has exploded, therefore every other article of their faith will, in time, be overthrown. Elated with the hope of destroying Christianity, they have rummaged the catacombs and deciphered the hieroglyphics of Egypt, and ransacked the archives of buried empires for documents to invalidate the chronology of Moses; they have seized the hammer and pickax, and in their geological explorations of the

different strata of the earth they have endeavored to undermine the foundations of our hopes; they have entered the laboratory of the chemist, and with the crucible and blow-pipe, they have attempted to evaporate or blow away our faith; they have gone up into the heavens, and have essayed to draw from thence thunderbolts to annihilate the Bible; but they have been baffled in every effort, and have returned with fresh confirmations of the truth of our holy religion.

"The first class of blind guides, who strain at a gnat and swallow a camel, are those who believe that, because the gods of former ages have lost their hold upon the world, therefore the God of the Bible, in the roll of years, will no longer be worshiped. As Dagon has fallen never more to rise; as the fire has gone out forever on the altars of Baal; as Jupiter has been hurled from cloudy Olympus; as Æolus has lost his chariot, Neptune his trident, Apollo his lyre, Cupid his arrows, Vulcan his forge, Bacchus his cup, and Mars his war-clouds; as the multitude no longer cry, 'Great is Diana of the Ephesians;' as the magnificent temples dedicated to Pan have tumbled into ruins, and the shrines of Velleda, Janus, Thaut, and Woden are abandoned, and as the thirty thousand gods of Greece and Rome have fallen into the all-devouring maw of oblivion, therefore the Jehovah of Israel and the cross of Christ will, in a few centuries,

only be known as they are recorded in the page of history, and the Bible will nowhere be found but in some royal museum, preserved as a relic of the superstition of former ages. With the same data for an argument, one might say, As the race of mastodons and the monsters of a former age have become extinct, therefore the time will come when the horse, the ox, and all other useful animals will be swept from the face of the earth; or, As the fire-ball whizzing through the air attracts the multitude for a moment, and then descending to earth, is forgotten forever, therefore the sun and stars will soon fall to earth, only to be known as things that once occupied the attention of astrologers and almanac makers.

"The second class of blind guides are those who believe, because some of the adherents of Christianity are ignorant and illiterate, therefore all who name the name of Christ are contemptibly ignorant; and they even have the temerity to tell us that the votaries of the cross cannot boast a single discovery in science, or one who has enlarged the boundaries of human thought. Who, I would ask, conceived and demonstrated the rotundity of the globe? the man who, when dying, exclaimed, 'Into thy hands, O God, I commit my spirit!' Who cleared away the drift-wood from the river of philosophy, and caused it to roll on in the channels of induction? Sir Francis Bacon, the author of the *Novum Organum*, who

firmly believed that the 'sufferings of Christ are sufficient to take away the sins of the whole world.' Who discovered the laws governing the planets in their circuit round the sun? Kepler, whose prayer to the Supreme Being breathes the profoundest humility. Who discovered the nature of light and colors, fluxions, and the laws of gravitation? Sir Isaac Newton, the rarest genius, the brightest ornament of human nature the world has ever produced; a man that could never pronounce the name of God without a solemn pause. Who discovered the bases of the alkalies and earths, created the science of electro-chemistry, and gave to the world the safety lamp? Sir Humphrey Davy, a man who could say, 'I envy no quality of the mind or intellect in others; not genius, power, wit, or fancy; but I should prefer a firm religious belief to every blessing.' And have not Erasmus, Johnson, Butler, Taylor, Baxter, Flavel, John Howe, Robert Hall, and Adam Clarke enlarged the boundaries of human thought. Will not the chart of the moral world corroborate the assertion, that in the same ratio the light of Christianity shines upon a nation, it is elevated in intellectual greatness? Why are not canals, railroads, magnetic wires, and printing-presses the order of the day in Patagonia? Why are not the banks of the Niger and Amazon studded with schools and colleges? Why are not Tunis and Peking as full of retreats for the insane, hos-

pitals for the sick, and asylums for the blind, as London and Boston? Why are fountains of knowledge gushing up in every hamlet in New-England? and why are benevolent institutions in Britain and America rising up, like star flashing on star, to light up the coming jubilee of the world? and is not the answer, that in the former case they are destitute of the light of revelation, and in the latter they are basking in the holy light reflected from the lucid page of the Bible?

"The third class of blind guides manifest their credulity by believing that the God who gave wings to the birds would, as a natural consequence, give them an atmosphere to fly in; that he who gave fins to the fish, would give them water to swim in; that he who gave veins to the body, would give blood to flow in them; that he who made the olfactories, would regale them with odors; that the God who made the ear and the eye, would ravish the one with harmonies, and give to the other a sufficiency of light; and at the same time they believe that the God who created the soul, gave it moral veins with no life blood to circulate therein; an ear, and no accents of mercy to fall upon its tympanum; an eye, and no light to flash upon its retina. That is, they believe Almighty God will provide for the birds of the air, the fish of the sea, and the beasts of the field; send his dew and rain upon the flowers, furnish food for the body, and light for the eye, and then aban-

don the soul to be shriveled and dwarfed for the want of light and food; surely they strain at a gnat and swallow a camel. For these blind guides believe, that as certain fathers labor day and night that they may build splendid palaces for their children, robe them in velvet and ermine, and furnish them with the richest viands, making no provision, meantime, for their minds, so the Father Almighty has provided in great abundance for everything animate, for everything that crawleth, or walketh, or flyeth, or swimmeth; and at the same time he has made no provision for the immortal soul. While we believe that the God who watches over the most insignificant weed of earth, giving it moisture, and rolling around it those influences which will develop it in the greatest perfection, has also given unto the soul the 'true light, which lighteth every man that cometh into the world.'

"The fourth class of blind guides are those who believe that a brainless nothing created the magnificent something which we everywhere behold. They can contemplate a thousand line-of-battle ships, with their streaming banners and flowing canvas, moving on harmoniously to the charge, or wheeling in the retreat, and tell us that nothing laid every beam, bent every knee, stretched every yard-arm, molded every cannon, and sits at the helm guiding every ship in the vast armament to its

appointed place in the fight. They can survey the palaces and towers, the brazen gates and lofty walls, the fanes and cupolas of ten thousand cities, and tell us without a blush that they have all been reared up by the hand of chance. They can contemplate the sixty thousand species of flowers embroidering the surface of the earth, the innumerable insects, visible and invisible, filling the air, the glittering plumage of the birds, the weapons of defense given to the torpedo and swordfish, the warm coats of fur given to the animals of the regions of frost, while a light drapery is thrown over those of tropical climes; they can survey the bannered hosts when marshaled on the embattled plains of night; some moving on in a solid phalanx, some standing as sentinels on their watch-tower, while others, as light dragoons, fly from one outpost to another on the eternal encampment; yet in all their evolutions and revolutions no one impinges on the other; all obey the word of command, all keeping rank, move on in the lines marked out by the great Captain, and after contemplating these wonderful works they will tell us that they are the result of the fortuitous coming together of atoms; as well might they tell us that we could throw a number of letters into a hopper, which, when ground and bolted, would come out in the form of a splendid poem, or a profound philosophical dissertation. Surely they are blind guides.

"The fifth class of blind guides believe that the prophecies which have been on record thousands of years prior to their fulfillment, are the result of chance, rather than of an overruling Providence. They can read the prophecy concerning Ishmael, declaring that he shall be a wild man, and dwelling in the presence of their brethren, his posterity shall never be subdued, and then turning to the page of history, they find that through all time the Arabs have maintained their independence; they have repelled the invasions of the Abyssinians, Persians, and Egyptians, as the rocky strand repels the waves of ocean. The vast armies of Sesostrius, Cyrus, Pompey, and Trajan melted on their burning deserts like flakes of snow. They can read the prophecy of Jacob, in which he announces that the scepter shall not depart from Judah, nor a lawgiver from between his feet, until Shiloh come; and although centuries rolled away, and ten of the tribes of Israel were carried away captive, and scattered to the four winds of heaven, and Jerusalem was oftentimes besieged by hostile armies, the scepter did not fully depart from Judah till the star of Bethlehem glittered in the dome of heaven, and the herald angels announced to the wondering shepherds the advent of the Prince of Peace. They can read the prophecy announcing the terrible calamities to be poured out upon the children of Israel if they depart from the testimo-

nies and ordinances of the Lord, as recorded in Deut. xxviii: 'For thus saith the Lord, Thy heaven that is over thy head shall be brass, and the earth that is under thee shall be iron: the Lord shall make the rain of thy land powder and dust, and thou shalt become an astonishment, a proverb, and a by-word among all nations; and the Lord shall scatter thee among all people, from the one end of the earth even unto the other; and ye shall be sold unto your enemies for bondmen and bondwomen, and no man shall buy you;' and as they find that in all ages the Jews have been scathed and peeled, that one hundred thousand perished in the overthrow of Jerusalem, that five hundred thousand fell with Barchobebas, that they have been massacred by the Kings of Persia, robbed by the Tartars, impoverished by Tamerlane, stoned by the citizens of Beziers, pillaged by the Polanders, mobbed by the English, oppressed by the popes, scourged by the Dutch, and banished time and again by the Kings of Germany, Spain, France, and England; and reading all these prophecies, and their fulfillment, they tell us it is all the work of chance.

"The sixth class of blind guides are those who deny the miracles of the Lord Jesus Christ, and believe that twelve ignorant fishermen could fabricate the sublime system of ethics, as developed in the Gospel. They will not believe that Jesus Christ,

changed water into wine, cast out devils, opened the eyes of the blind, walked upon the sea, and raised the dead, yet they will believe that twelve men, ignorant, having never drank of the fountains of science, or listened to the profound precepts of Grecian sages, or wandered through the grove of Academe, or held companionship with the master spirits of the ancient dead, could invent the Gospel of Jesus Christ, the most splendid system of morals, the most magnificent plan for restraining the vicious, cheering the disconsolate, raising the fallen, recovering the lost, enlightening the ignorant, and bettering the condition of our race, ever published to the children of men.

"If the Gospel is the work of man, why did it not emanate from the schools of philosophy? Why did not Socrates, Plato, Aristotle, Zeno, Pythagoras, or Seneca give the Gospel to the world? Why did not Egypt, Nineveh, Babylon, Palmyra, Athens, Corinth, Rome, Mecca, or Bagdad, with their priests, sophists, sages, painters, sculptors, orators, and historians, furnish in the roll of ages a system of morals that would compare with the Gospel of the Son of God? If a system of morals for curbing the passions of men must come up from the darkness of ignorance, why did not some Parthian, Scythian, Goth, Vandal, or Hottentot publish it to the world? Why have not the fishermen of Tyre, or the peasants of China, or

the serfs of Russia invented such a hero, and caused him to utter such sublime precepts as the fishermen of Galilee attribute to Jesus Christ? Or, if it is to be the work of genius, why did not Cicero, who drank at every fountain of knowledge, bring life and immortality to light?

"On the other hand, I believe that the impress of Heaven is stamped on every page of the Gospel; and truly did Rousseau declare, 'I would sooner believe all the miracles attributed to Jesus Christ, than that twelve fishermen could invent the sublime system of morals given us in the Gospel.'

"Those men, who believe that the earth is flat and stationary, that it is in the center of the universe, that the sun, moon, and myriads of stars travel billions of miles once in twenty-four hours around the earth, and repudiate the idea of the earth turning on its axis once in twenty-four hours, are blind guides, who strain at a gnat and swallow a camel; but not half so blind as those who believe that ignorance can produce knowledge; darkness, light; weakness, strength; impurity, holiness; sin, happiness; nothing, something; that the effect can be superior to the cause; the consequent to the antecedent; that the stream may be sweet, though the fountain is bitter.

"These blind guides would have us believe that twelve ignorant fishermen devised a plan surpassing all others for mollifying the passions, curbing the de-

sires, and melting away the icy crust of selfishness from the hearts of men, which has withered the roots of pride, torn off the robe of vanity, and extracted the scorpion stings of lust and hate; which has broken the power of superstition, overturned the altar of Mammon, and been as a scourge of small cords for driving out the traffickers in carnality from the living temple of the soul; which has delivered men from the howlings of despair, the vulture talons of regret, and the serpent fangs of remorse; which has turned away from our race the brand of infamy, the burning fires of shame, and the tortures of guilt; which has rescued us from the domination of sin, the thralldom of Satan, and the vassalage of hell; which has sundered the bond of iniquity, and bound up the crushed heart of humanity in the bond of perfectness; which has removed the cup of gall, and proffered to our lips the cup of salvation.

"They would have us believe that twelve men, ignorant of letters, invented a Hero, and published to the world a drama, which has been enacted for eighteen hundred years in all climes and languages, before kings and beggars, opening the fountain of sensibility, revealing the thoughts and intents of the heart, causing the venal judge and proud despot to tremble and stand aghast; a drama which never palls upon the taste, or draws men to embrace vice; which sages and potentates have witnessed, year after

year, with increasing wonder and interest; which has caused the ruffian and highwayman to exchange the ferociousness of the tiger for the gentleness of the lamb, the murderer and man-stealer to respect the God-given rights of their fellow-mortals; which has transformed the mountain-homes of the Swiss into abodes of mercy, so that what the legions of Rome failed to do in conquering their cruelty, this has done in rendering the transit of the Alps as safe as the highways of New-England; a drama, which has gathered the wandering tribes of Germany and Britain into homes of peace and plenty, banded together the robber clans of Scotland, silenced the war-whoop of the Indian, crumbled the altars of the war-god of the Aztecs, and so surcharged the hearts of the cannibals of New-Zealand, that instead of roasting and eating their enemies, they are ready to embrace them with the arms of love and compassion.

"If among the Indian tribes of North America a drama had been found surpassing all the productions of Greece and Rome, which, for originality, depth, power, and genius, should be as much superior to the dramas of Shakspeare as is the king of day to the light of a glow-worm, would we not look upon it as almost a miracle? And if, when translated into all languages, and enacted before all classes and conditions of men, it melted hard hearts into tenderness, allured men from vice to virtue, and so captivated

the affections of the learned and ignorant that they chose rather to embrace fagots and flames than give up their love for its hero, would we not say, Surely this is not the work of ignorant men, but some divinity has inspired them! Now, if Jesus Christ was not the Son of God, if his disciples did not speak and write as they were moved by the Holy Ghost, then we are to believe that the laws of mind, in their case, were suspended; for it has never yet come to pass in the intellectual history of our race, that ignorance has produced knowledge. But in the drama of the Gospel we have an intellectual production as much superior to the Jewish mind as *Paradise Lost* is to the Caffir mind. According to this theory, we are to believe that pigmies can produce giants; that serfs can paint Madonnas; that men who cannot count their fingers can produce *Principias*; that men who have lived all their lives in wigwams can build palaces; that men in the interior of Africa who have never seen a ship or the sea, can surpass all the world in building steamships; that Hottentots are capable of surpassing Lord Ross in constructing telescopes; that those tribes who live in a state of nudity, and subsist on caterpillars, can invent steam-presses, magnetic wires, and sun-painting; that Laplanders could produce works superior to Dante's *Inferno*, Tasso's *Jerusalem Delivered*, and Camoen's *Lusiad*; that the physical and intellectual dwarfs of

the Arctic have produced men of mental caliber superior to Pericles, Cicero, and Bacon, and that the fishermen of Galilee have given to us an intellectual production as much superior to the joint mind of their nation as Plato's Phædon or Young's Night Thoughts to the joint mind of the dwellers in Ethiopia. On the other hand, we contend that the laws of mind and matter are eternal and unchangeable. Corn is not grown from thistles, lions are not the progeny of serpents. Nowhere upon the face of the earth was it ever known that an oak grew up from a thorn; nowhere upon the face of the earth was it ever known that savages living in mud-walled huts, built Gothic temples, adorned with the creations of the sculptor and painter; as well might we expect to grow magnolias from thistles sown on the deserts of Africa, as to look for sages among tribes ignorant of letters. Hence, if the Jews, instead of being mere children in science, had surpassed all other nations in scientific knowledge; if the mental wealth of the nation had been as the diamond in richness and brilliance to all other minerals, then we might have expected from its scattered tribes an intellectual production that might compare with the Gospel in depth, power, and purity.

"Finally, the laws governing man's moral nature forbid the supposition that the Gospel is the work of the fishermen of Galilee. It is a law of our being,

that out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh. The man whose heart is full of poetry will talk poetry; if full of money, he will talk of money; if full of uncleanness, hatred, and revenge, the same will flow out of his lips. It is also true that the heart is deceitful and desperately wicked; the history of our race corroborates the word of God, which declares of man that the poison of asps is under his lips, his throat an open sepulcher, and his feet swift to shed blood. Hence there is hardly a vale or hill-top of our globe but has been the scene of war, and 'garments rolled in blood.' Hence the writings of unrenewed men breathe a spirit of envy, pride, impurity, and revenge. I would as soon go to the Dead Sea for sweet and wholesome waters, as to go to the unrenewed heart of man for the sweet waters of humility and forgiveness. I am told, perchance, that there is a splendor and brilliance unsurpassed in the works of pagan and infidel writers; very true, but a pest-house is none the less pestilent and dangerous to life and health, though it has a marble front, and a roof fretted with gold. The gilded and towering mausoleum is full of rottenness and corruption within; in like manner their writings are gorgeous and towering, but they never teach men to love their enemies, nor to pray for those who evilly entreat them. Therefore, a book which teaches men that humility is the first stepping-stone to true great-

ness, that gentleness, patience, mercy, long-suffering, and forgiveness are the golden rounds of that ladder whose top reacheth unto heaven; lessons so contrary to the teachings of classic Greece and Rome, so contrary to the practice of the poets and sages of ancient and modern times, cannot be an emanation from the depraved heart of man. I would sooner look to be fanned with breezes as fragrant as the breath of infancy, in a charnel-house, as to believe that the Gospel, with its words of love, its lines of light, and its every page fragrant with the aroma of peace and forgiveness, came up from the charnel-house of man's heart.

"And now, I ask, my friends, will you continue to follow these blind guides, while reason and revelation assure us, that 'when the blind lead the blind both fall into the ditch?' Are those men safe guides, whose minds the god of this world hath blinded, who have never been brought from the darkness of Satan into the marvelous light of the Son of God? Would you go to one lost in a wilderness to lead you to a path of safety? Are those men lost in the wilderness of error as safe guides as the God of heaven, who is now ready to lead you by a pillar of fire to the eternal inheritance? If beating about on an unknown sea, driven by fierce winds, and ready to come upon a lee shore, your aged father and mother, your wife and children all on board, would you commit the guid-

ance of the ship to a pilot who had never seen a chart or compass, who had never seen an anchor or thrown a sounding line? And will you commit your immortal interests to those pilots who have never fathomed their own minds, who have always beat about upon a sea of uncertainty, and are always panic struck when entering the straits of death? or will you not this very hour receive on board the Lord Jesus as your pilot, who will, in this life, 'guide you by his counsel, and afterward receive you to glory?' Will you grope your way, with the rush-light of reason, in the caverns of doubt, when the sun of truth is pouring floods of light above you? Will you spend all your living on physicians who are not able to heal themselves, when one stands ready to lead you to the balm of Gilead and the Physician there?"

BOOK IV.

THE CITY BESIEGED—A WAR COUNCIL
CALLED.

BOOK IV.

THE ARMY OF THE KING BESIEGE THE CITY—CAPTAIN RUN-NEVER
LEADS THE VAN—THE BRIGADES COMPOSING THE ARMY—
COUNCIL OF WAR—COUNCIL ADDRESSED BY MESSRS. STOUT-HEART,
HALT-BY-THE-WAY, VIM, MAN-LOVE, LOVE-LOVE, VALIANT, AND
DIGNITY.

FROM the advent of the Prince of Peace to the present hour, there have ever been a few ambassadors who have faithfully proclaimed the terms of peace and pardon to the dwellers in the City of Sin. At the same time there have been an innumerable host who, professing themselves legates of the King of heaven, have spent their time either in vain jangling, "giving heed to fables and endless genealogies," or, "greedy of filthy lucre," they have laid up treasures on earth; hence the leprosy of avarice, more fatal than that of Gehazi, has spread over their souls; for instead of cultivating Immanuel's lands, they have been receivers of money, and garments, and olive-yards, and vineyards, and sheep, and oxen, and men-servants, and maid-servants. Instead of lifting up their voice, and crying, "Awake, thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light," they

have rocked men to sleep in the cradle of carnal security. Instead of kneeling by the bedside of the sick and dying, they have tarried long at the wheel of the gambler. Neglecting the widow and the fatherless, they have visited houses of feasting and dancing. Seeking to make sure their calling to posts of honor and profit, they have neglected to make their election sure to the general assembly and Church of the first-born. Neglecting their closets, they have frequented the theater. Turning a deaf ear to the cries of pity, they have listened to the tongue of flattery. Instead of taking the candle of the Lord, and entering the cellars and garrets of poverty, they have hid it under a bushel. When they should have been way-marks to the kingdom of glory, they have been stumbling-blocks in the way of men going down to the night of the grave. Professing to be the successors of fishermen and tent-makers, who wandered clad in sheep-skins and goat-skins, they have robed themselves in ermine and sat down on thrones of ivory. Claiming to hold the keys of St. Peter, they have chained up the Bible, and shut up the kingdom of heaven and the kingdom of knowledge, from myriads of the human race. Declaring themselves strangers, and pilgrims to a better country, they have amassed untold treasures, and vied with royalty in the splendor of their possessions. Proclaiming Him as their master who wore a seamless

coat, they have flounced in garments bespangled with silver and gold. Teachers of humility, they have exalted themselves "above all that is called God." Reprovers of iniquity, they have winked at the crimes of the great. Lovers of the poor, they have ground them to powder. Sent to feed the flock of God, they have either, as wolves, devoured the sheep, or abandoned them to hirelings. Champions of liberty, they have enslaved the human mind. Lights of the world, they have enshrouded it in a darkness that may be felt. Professing to love their enemies, they have burned them at the stake, and instead of going forth without purse or sword to conquer the world, armed with faith and love, they have seized upon the purse and sword, and what they could not effect by bribery they have accomplished by violence, so that there is not a river of Europe but has been crimsoned by the blood of their victims.

But leaving these false prophets alone to glory in their shame, let us turn our attention to those armies of the King of heaven, commissioned and sent forth to besiege the City of Sin; and may that power which opened the eyes of the companion of the prophet to behold the mountains full of horses and chariots of fire, round about Elisha, open our eyes, not to see chariots of iron and warriors clad in steel, but the innumerable host of the Church militant round about the city, whose doom

is written in the book of God. From the hour it was announced, "Behold, the tabernacle of God is with men," fresh troops have arrived, pitching their tents around the pavilion of the great Captain of salvation. At first, the troops were so few, and so hedged about by deadly foes, they had all things common. But now the army is so vast, composed of so many tribes and clans, the lines are so far extended, so many valleys and huge hills intervene, so thick and heavy are the mists and fogs setting along the ranks, that unless one has gained a stand-point, and has at hand the eye-glass of charity, by which he can survey the various battalions, as they meet and grapple with the enemy, he will imagine that his regiment alone contains all the fighting men in the world, that he and his fellow-soldiers are alone engaged in putting to flight the armies of the aliens. At the same time, the fog has been so dense that the champions of the cross have often, instead of battling with a common enemy, turned their arms like the soldiers of Cadmus upon each other. And never has Apollyon shown himself such a complete master of strategy as when he has clothed his servants in the uniform of the Christian host, thus introducing confusion and dismay along their ranks; and so closely have they imitated their dress and language, that they have oftentimes succeeded in obtaining the highest posts of honor and profit in the Church militant. It has been the

ruling policy of Satan to officer the army of the King of heaven; hence, transforming his adherents into angels of light, he has robed them in the garments of the priesthood, and exalted them to the bench of bishops, who have swayed the councils of the Church by their sophistry, persuading them to call light darkness, and darkness light, until they have landed the sacramental host of God's elect on the very borders of the dismal morass of superstition; and often, when they should have caused their artillery to play upon the vanguard of the foe, they have been compelled to turn it upon traitors, who, with the dress and colors of friends, were assailing them in the rear; and so often have they been deceived, and in perils among false brethren, that they have expended their energies in battling with those who, after the smoke and dust of the conflict rolled away, turned out to be valiant friends. As time rolls on, and the Sun of Righteousness culminates toward the zenith, dispersing the fogs of prejudice, they will doubtless obey more implicitly the rule laid down in the book containing the regulations of the army: "Hereby know ye the Spirit of God: every spirit that confesseth that Jesus Christ is come in the flesh, is of God." For many centuries little was done by the Church militant but to build armories, and to fill them with the weapons of controversy, and to mold theological cannon, not for the purpose of assailing

the towers of the City of Sin, but to overthrow the false dogmas of those who were marshaled under the same banner.

For the last few years a few of the champions of the cross have abandoned the war of controversy, and are now making vigorous attacks upon the strongholds of the enemy; distinguished among others in this aggressive war is Captain Run-never. He was born in the town of Word-war, but when quite young, being disgusted with the inhabitants, who made a greater use of their tongues than their hands, and permitted their fields to be overrun with weeds, thinking that the plow and spade were beneath the dignity of men who could use their throats so valorously, he joined a little band, who were going out to besiege the City of Sin; soon becoming renowned for his courage and prowess of arm, he was chosen their leader. As they were one day pushing up their battering-ram against the walls, hoping to make a breach therein, the battlements and towers being covered with thousands of citizens, looking with disdain upon their efforts, some one from the walls cried out to Captain Run-never: "Sir, you look lonesome."

At this, Captain Run-never, that he might "answer a fool according to his folly," and at the same time encourage his comrades, replied: "We look lonesome! so did Alfred the Great when domiciled in the hut of a peasant, his army defeated, his nobles either in exile

or wandering disguised as rustics, and his fair realm overrun by a foreign foe; but he lived to regain his scepter and his throne, and to drive the invader from his shores. We look lonesome! so did Heyne reading by the light of the street lamps; but he lived to write his name among the stars, and hand down his fame to coming ages, as lustrous as the fields of light; and so did Columbus knocking at the door of royalty, begging for men and ships, that he might explore the world of waters; but he lived to reveal to Europe a continent hanging in equipoise with their own; and so did Franklin, sleeping in the market, and living on bread and water; but he lived to stand before kings and to weave his garland of the lightning's fiery thread. We look lonesome! so did Napoleon, when, having graduated at a charity school, he wandered about the streets of Paris penniless; but he lived to sit down on the throne of the Bourbons, and to place upon his head the iron crown of Charlemagne; and so did the Pilgrim Fathers when planting their feet on the rock of Plymouth, an interminable wilderness before them, assailed on their right by savage beasts, and more savage men, and on their left by hunger, and the rigors of an uncommon winter; but they lived to found the temple of liberty, along whose isles shall roll and meet the choral symphonies of Atlantic and Pacific waves; and so did the camp of the American army at Morristown, without fire,

without food, and without ammunition, the soldiers without shoes, and the sick without medicine; but they lived to prostrate the power of Britain, and to establish their country's independence; and as they suffered and triumphed, so shall we who are engaged in the holy cause of virtue, purity, and love.

"But we are not alone. The God of battles has spread his banner over us, saying, 'Fear not; be not dismayed. 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.' The bannered host of cherubim and seraphim are arrayed upon our side; angel-bands are encamping round about us, the spirits of just men made perfect are cheering us, the elder brethren from their thrones of light are beckoning us on to the conflict, while God the Son is ever saying, 'Fear not, little flock; it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom.' Our feet are planted on the rock of ages, and underneath are the everlasting arms, while the King declares: 'Thou shalt tread upon the lion and adder, the young lion and the dragon shalt thou trample under feet.' To those who walk by sight, and not by faith, our cause looks desperate; so thought the ten spies when they beheld the tall sons of Anak and the walls of their cities reaching up to heaven; but Caleb and Joshua

were ready to declare, 'We be fully able to go up and possess the land;' so thought the champion of the Philistines when he said to David, 'Come to me, and I will give thy flesh unto the fowls of the air, and to the beasts of the field;' so thought the King of Babylon when he cast the three Hebrew captives into the furnace heated seven times hotter than it was wont to be heated; so thought the Sanhedrim when they nailed the Son of God to the cross; so thought the Pope of Rome when he hurled the thunders of the Vatican at the head of Luther; so thought the enemies of the Church when they bound Latimer and Ridley to the stake; and so thought the foes of vital piety when Wesley and Whitefield were set upon by savage mobs; but they all could write on their banner, living and dying, 'The Lord God is a sun and shield, and has ever been unto us as the munition of rocks.'"

It happened one day as Captain Run-never and his band were throwing up their intrenchments, preparing to push the siege more vigorously, that some one standing on the wall near the Tower of Infidelity, cried out, "Sir, you would do better to mind your own business."

To whom Captain Run-never replied:

"We mind our own business! So would the wolf say to the shepherds, when pursued to his den, though his jaws were red, and the mangled carcasses of his

victims were piled around him. So would the incendiary say to men striving to extinguish the flames, and to rescue the little ones from the burning chambers. You have enticed away from our fold an innumerable host, who have either fallen into the jaws of the wolf of darkness, or are now shut up in his dark dens; we have come that we may restore them to the Shepherd and Bishop of souls. You, as moral incendiaries, have kindled the fires of lust, by which the souls and bodies of men are consumed; we come that we may pour over them the waters of truth. We mind our own business! so might the counterfeiter, the highwayman, and murderer say when taken into custody. As a battle-ship would bear down upon a slaver, throwing the grappling irons, and knocking off the hatches, and bringing up from their dark hold the sons and daughters of Africa, that they may be restored to their sorrowing kindred, so we come that we may break open the strongholds of vice, and restore the sons and daughters of Adam to their kindred in the skies. 'Am I my brother's keeper?' Cain and his infidel followers have always acted in the negative. They have seen their brother hungry, and fed him not; naked, and clothed him not; sick and in prison, and ministered not unto him. They have seen their brother thrown into jail for debt; his wife and children suffering the pangs of hunger; and when asked to give relief, each, with a

supercilious look, has said, 'Am I my brother's keeper?' Famine and the pestilence that walketh in darkness have depopulated towns and cities; an army of orphans have lifted up their skeleton hands for bread; avarice and oppression have ground the face of the poor; and the groans of the distressed, like the voice of many waters, have rolled through the halls of affluence, and the response has ever been, 'Am I my brother's keeper?' The deaf, the dumb, and the blind have hung out signals of distress, and implored their aid; the trembling fugitive has knocked at their door; the soldier, returned from the wars, with his blistered face and battered shield, and the discharged convict, just from his prison cell, without friends, purse, or character, have sat down on the marble steps of the great, who have endeavored to quiet their consciences by saying, 'Am I my brother's keeper?' Such men could see a ship sinking in mid-ocean, men and women imploring their aid with frantic cries, and turn away without flinging even a broken spar to aid them in their great agony. Such men build no schools, endow no colleges; asylums for the blind they never foster; against the floods of intemperance they throw up no barrier; the rust of ignorance, the leprosy of avarice, and the gangrene of wantonness they make no efforts to remove. With hearts of stone and hands of ice, they walk through the world, responding to

the prayers of distracted wives and starving children, 'Am I my brother's keeper?' On the other hand, we strive to act on the affirmative of this proposition, each writing on his banner as he goes forth to this holy war, 'I am my brother's keeper.' When we see our brother's ox or sheep going astray, we are commanded to bring him back to our brother; how much more when we see our brother's children straying from the pathway of virtue. If, when we saw our brother about to drink of a poisoned cup, we would lift a warning voice, how much more should we warn and entreat him when drinking from a cup which will destroy both soul and body. If, when our countrymen have been taken captive by pirates, and shut up in Algerine prisons, we would exert ourselves to the uttermost for their deliverance, how much more when our brethren have been taken captive by the banditti of darkness, and shut up in the dungeons of the City of Sin. I can imagine a New-England village in the first settlement of America, surrounded by a band of Indians, who fire the dwellings and carry away captive the wives and daughters; and as some one passes through the scattered villages, calling on the inhabitants to band together and march to the rescue, would they not feel it their bounden duty to obey the summons? And is it not our duty to march to the rescue of men and women who have been taken

captive by Satan, that we may snatch them, not from the tomahawk or the flames of the stake, but from the consuming fires of lust? We shudder at the thought of savages roasting and eating their prisoners of war; but sin and vice are savages, who drag into their dark dens multitudes, whom they literally roast alive by slow consuming fires. And shall we not band together and march to the rescue, that we may pluck them as brands from the burning? Or shall we shut our eyes to this painful truth, and close up every avenue of our hearts to the calls of sympathy, and with souls hardened and ossified, and with consciences seared, shall we move on in the march of pleasure, hoping, with the dream of sensual joy, to drown the sobs and moans of those who have been sacrificed upon the altars, not of the war-god of Montezuma, but upon the altars of that God whose victims are legion; victims whom he has gathered from the halls of the senate and from the hovels of poverty.

"'I am my brother's keeper.' Guided by this sentiment, Noah went forth for a hundred and twenty years, warning the antediluvians of the coming deluge. Under its influence Moses dared to go up to the throne of the tyrant of Egypt, and demand the liberation of his brethren from the most cruel bondage that ever threw its baleful shadow over the face of the earth. Prompted by this principle, Joshua flamed

in the van of the armies of Israel; Elijah hewed in pieces the prophets of Baal, lest his brethren should again lapse into idolatry, and Ezra returned to rebuild the temple, and to lift up a standard for his people. It was this that gave courage to the heroes of Marathon, Salamis, and Platea, and enabled the men of former ages to resist unto death those who would ravish their wives and dash their little ones against the stones. It is this that gives sanctity to the precepts of the lawgiver, robes the judge in spotless ermine, and arms with sleepless vigilance the door-keepers in the temple of liberty. The infidel doctrine that we are not our brother's keeper, is repudiated by the whole animal world. The lion and bear fight for their young with a patriot's valor, the bee repels the aggressions of the wasp, and the hen has ever an eye on the hawk as it wheels and screams in the heavens.

"Take this sentiment out of the hearts of men, and banish it from the world, and patriotism would die out among the tribes of the earth, humanity would be a word obsolete in all languages, and charity, that seeketh not her own, would fly back to her native clime. The prophets who have been stoned for lifting up their voice like a trumpet, and proclaiming the truth in the ear of the oppressor, the warriors who have piled up their bones as a barrier to stay the desolations of the proud invader, and the statesmen who have stood as sentinels on the watch-tower,

counting the bulwarks of freedom, will become a laughing stock in all coming time. Erase this principle, as written by the finger of God upon the tablet of our hearts, and we shall come to regard Jeremiah exclaiming, 'O that my head were waters, and mine eyes a fountain of tears, that I might weep day and night for the slain of the daughters of my people,' as a madman. Regulus, that he might save Rome from a disgraceful peace, voluntarily returning to Carthage, knowing that an excruciating death awaited him; Cicero, neither giving sleep to his eyes, nor slumber to his eyelids, that he might save his countrymen from the brand of the incendiary and the knife of the assassin; Algernon Sidney, refusing to stain his conscience with a lie, that he might save his head from the block; Howard, leaving his warm home, and traveling from kingdom to kingdom, visiting the prisons and dungeons of Europe; and Lafayette, leaving ease and affluence for the filth and poverty of the American camp, were all mad enthusiasts. If every man is to adopt the motto, 'I am not my brother's keeper,' then Clarkson and Wilberforce, who labored for half a century to put a stop to the horrors of the slave-trade; Kepler and Galileo, who toiled long and wearisome years that they might reveal the laws which govern suns and planets, opening up new heavens and new worlds to the ken of mortals, together with all those who have suffered the

pangs of poverty and disease, while toiling to remove the rubbish of ignorance, and to pour the light of truth into the dismal abyss of error, should have adopted the motto, 'Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die;' for, instead of exhausting their energies in providing homes for the homeless, breathing oftentimes the poisoned air of prisons, shut out from the sweet society of friends, they should have reclined on beds of down, feasted at the tables of luxury, and breathed an atmosphere scented with the fragrance of shrubs and flowers.

"If this sentiment of Cain had prevailed in the councils of heaven, the plan of redemption would never have been formed; our elder brother would never have volunteered himself as a missionary to our benighted world; the song of the angels announcing the advent of the Prince of Peace would never have broken upon the ears of the shepherds of Jewry; the glad news of salvation would never have been heralded through the rugged vales of Judea; the tragedy of Calvary would never have been enacted; angels and men would never have beheld the bloody sweat, the mock robe of scarlet, the scepter of reed, the crown of thorns, and the cross to which was nailed the 'faithful Shepherd, who gave his life for the sheep.' The followers of the Lord Jesus, who have proclaimed in cold and nakedness, in stripes and imprisonments, pardon, holiness, and heaven to a rebel

world; the innumerable host who, in every age of the Church, have torn themselves from the arms of weeping parents, that they might travel over the sinful continents of our globe, never stopped to inquire, 'Am I my brother's keeper?' but, having the love of God shed abroad in their hearts by the Holy Ghost given unto them, they burned to proclaim to a world of lost sinners, redemption in the blood of the Lamb.

"When the apostle to the Gentiles went forth, braving perils and death, to declare unto idol worshipers the unknown God; when Irenæus gave up the refinements and luxuries of Smyrna for the howling wilderness of Gaul, that he might band together in Christian fellowship its savage tribes; when Origen traversed the desert sands of Arabia, with the 'waters of life;' when Pantæus revealed unto the myriad hordes of India 'the true riches;' when Augustine penetrated the solitudes of Britain, persuading its barbarous clans to abandon the inhuman rites of Druid priests, and to look unto Jesus as the great High Priest, who has made a sacrifice for the sins of the whole world; when the champions of the cross advanced into the wilds of Friesland, Cimbria, and Denmark, breaking in pieces the spear of Odin, and causing the thunder-hammer to drop from the hand of Thor; when Luther unchained the Bible, and Cranmer gave his body to be burned; when Wesley and Whitefield proffered to the miners

of Cornwall the 'pearl of great price;' when Eliot and Brainard taught the red men of America to walk in the King's highway of holiness; when Henry Martyn and Bishop Heber left the endearments of England, to endure the terrible sun of the tropic, while carrying the lamp of life to men benighted; they were actuated by sentiments as far removed from the teachings of infidelity as is the heaven higher than the earth!

"If we are to reject their principles, and the example of their lives, and no longer to regard ourselves as our brother's keeper, then let us go to our asylums, and, opening their doors, bid the deaf, the blind, and the dumb go forth into the streets, each to shift for himself; let us convert our hospitals into warehouses, our free schools into shambles; let the aged and infirm in our homes of refuge die, without a nurse or a physician; let us call back our missionaries in foreign lands, and bid them cease their tears and painstaking, and now labor for their own aggrandizement; let us disband our temperance armies, break up our Sunday schools, and shut up our free churches, and say to the poor, The Gospel is no longer preached unto you; let the ragged outcasts, who have been washed, and clothed, and gathered into industrial schools, be sent back to their dismal homes; let the widow and orphan be uncared for; let Bible Houses rot down, or be transformed into

seats of the money changers; let the fountains of sympathy and the rivers of benevolence be dried up; let us extinguish every spark of patriotism within our breasts, and draw around our hearts the icy crust of selfishness; so that when the cry, 'Come over, and help us,' from every continent and from every island, borne on the four winds of heaven; when the car of the false god, crushing the bones of men blinded by error; when the cries of infants thrown to the river-god by deluded mothers; when nations are smitten with famine, and cities scourged with the plague; when the hoarse murmurs of the down-trodden serf, and the stifled moans from the hold of the slave-ship; when the cries of the drunkard's wife and child fall upon our ears, beseeching us to aid in damming up the river of death, whose burning billows have rolled desolation over so many happy homes; we shall be prepared to turn our backs upon them all, laying the flattering unction to our souls, 'Am I my brother's keeper?'

"Many imagine that, while marching in the way to heaven, they have nothing more to do than to work out their own salvation; thus imitating the base example of the crew of the Arctic, who, when the noble ship commenced sinking, took to the life-boats, leaving helpless women and children to wail out their cry of distress in vain; and, though some of the life-boats were but half filled, yet so steeped in

selfishness were their hearts, that they made all haste to abandon their companions in distress. Surely, the brand of infamy will be stamped upon them. And shall we, who have taken to the life-boat of the Gospel, make no efforts to rescue men sinking down to perdition? Shall we be so intent on making the port of peace securely that we cannot reach out a hand to grasp those who are fast drifting away to the pit that is bottomless? Is not the conduct of thousands around us, who pass by the vile, the ragged, and the filthy, on their way to the house of God, without making a solitary effort for their salvation, as deplorable as the conduct of the crew of the Arctic? It is enough to wring our hearts with anguish to see a young and beautiful mother struggling in the waves, with her babe clasped to her breast, calling upon strong and able-bodied men to come to her deliverance, who turn a deaf ear to her entreaties; but, O, how should it stir our hearts when we see men and women, strong in body and in intellect, turning away from the multitudes who, on every side of them, are drowning in the waves of ungodliness! O, let us wipe away this reproach, by bending all our energies to save men, not from a watery grave, but from the pangs of the 'second death!' for so shall an entrance be ministered unto us abundantly into the kingdom of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ."

Let us now survey the beleaguering host round

about the city. As there are several towers erected on the walls for its defense, the forces besieging the city have been disposed with an eye especially to their demolition. In front of the Tower of Infidelity a large battery has been erected, mounted with mortars and cannon, which throw upon it, day and night, bombs and red-hot balls. On the right a flag-staff has been planted, bearing the banner on which is written in golden letters, "The Word of Life." Porphyry, Julian, Diderot, Paine, and Kneeland have toiled incessantly to repair the breaches made therein, but without avail. In front of the Tower of Idolatry, batteries have been erected for the purpose of pouring upon it an incessant fire of grapeshot; and most triumphantly have the guns of these batteries played upon this tower. At their first discharge pagan gods stood aghast. Jupiter, panic-struck, dropped his thunder-bolts, Neptune leaped from his chariot into the sea, the pallor of death gathered upon the cheek of Venus, Mars shook like an aspen leaf, the wings of Hermes melted like wax, the tongue of Apollo was dumb, Odin threw down his spear, and Thor his hammer, while the gods and demons of the Pantheon fled howling to the caverns of oblivion. Truly, "Bel boweth down, and Nebo stoopeth."

A valiant band of warriors is drawn up in front of the Tower of Mohammedanism; with their battering-

rams, they are causing its foundations to shake and tremble, striking dismay into the hearts of the keepers thereof. They have inscribed on their banners: "Power belongeth unto God." "Not by might, nor by power; but by my Spirit, saith the Lord of hosts." That the shout of victory will be heard along their ranks is as certain as that clouds and darkness flee away before the sunrising. Henry Martyn, Parsons, and Fisk dealt many a hard blow upon the stones of this tower ere they went to their rest. May their mantles fall upon those who tread in their footsteps!

In front of the Tower of Popery a corps of renowned champions has been stationed. They have carved on their shields, as their watchword: "God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ." John Huss, Jerome, Rogers, Saunders, Taylor, Bradford, Ridley, Latimer, Philpot, and Cranmer have fought bravely, and died triumphantly before this tower, whose buttresses have been most terribly shaken by the puissant arms of Wicliff, Zwingle, Luther, Calvin, and Knox.

An army, composed of various tribes and clans, is drawn up before the Tower of Intemperance. They have written upon their banner: "Touch not, taste not, handle not." Here you will see men of every caste, of every dialect, and of every color. For many years they wielded the sword of eloquence, and the war club of moral suasion; but of late they have

been using an old ordnance, commonly called the "Ballot-Box." Great hopes are entertained that it will prove a powerful adjunct in sweeping away every vestige of this dismal tower.

For many centuries, batteries, mounted with seventy-four pounders, have been pouring an incessant fire upon the Tower of Ignorance. For the last few years a chain of forts, thrown up near the walls, has been greatly successful in undermining its foundations. To each of these forts and batteries a catapult, sometimes called the Press, is attached, which hurls not only ponderous stones upon the tower, but darts and arrows all over the city, so that now many a rift and cranny lets in rays of light upon the keepers thereof, who are already beginning to "see men as trees walking."

As this tower was built in the form of a pyramid, many imagined that it would stand forever, but since the discovery of the catapult they have lost all hope, and are resigning themselves to despair.

It will be well for us now to take a more minute survey of the different brigades composing the army besieging the city. First and foremost, we shall behold a brigade composed of grave and venerable men, who move on with a stately and solemn tread, to cope with their enemies. They have written on their escutcheon, as their motto, "The Church of the living God, the pillar and ground of the truth."

Their arms, their garments, and their tents have somewhat a mediæval air about them, and from this circumstance, and the fact that a few have gone over to the enemy from their ranks, many imagine that they are closely allied to the keepers of the Tower of Popery; but it must not be forgotten that they have always led the van, dealt the most terrible blows, and that their best blood has been shed while attacking this tower. We should also recollect that the holiest cause may have its traitors; but Judas and Arnold do not weaken our confidence in the disciples of the Lord Jesus, nor shake our faith in the patriotism of the coadjutors of Washington. It is also true that men pass counterfeit bills on banks sound and above suspicion, and not on those below par. And when we turn over the muster roll, and read the names of Parker, Grindall, Cox, Sands, Jewel, Barrow, Hooker, Ken, Simeon, and Venn, we shall be ready to give to the winds all such suspicion. The battalions in the second brigade are composed of a race of brave and stalwart men; with bodies of iron and hearts of steel, they move on in a solid phalanx to meet the shock of arms. They have written on their banner: "For the weapons of our warfare are not carnal, but mighty, through God, to the pulling down of strongholds." Not a gate or tower of the city but has shook and trembled under the blows dealt by their puissant arms. They have

been not a little aided by a band of soldiers, called the Regiment of Independents, who go out to battle with the banner cry: "Let God arise; let his enemies be scattered;" and although they are not willing to follow the leadership of Presbuteros, they are always found fighting shoulder to shoulder when assailed by a common foe; hence, when "long in even scale the battle hung," they have come up a reserved force, and caused victory to flash along the ranks of Israel. A few of the soldiers of this brigade have been corrupted through "philosophy and vain deceit," and have denied the Lord that bought them; but when we turn over the army roll, and read the names of Owen, Baxter, Manton, Goodwin, Howe, Poole, Bates, Flavel, Edwards, Dwight, and Chalmers, and also remember that their example and teachings are firmly lodged in the hearts of their successors, we have reason to hope that the spell of the adversary is broken.

In taking a survey of the third brigade, we shall find its ranks, though not so splendidly accoutered as the two former, nor having the same grave and venerable appearance, filled up with valiant and self-sacrificing men, men who, as standard bearers, have pressed the battle to the very gates of the enemy, carrying the blessings of the Gospel of peace to nations sitting under the very shadow of death. To the men of this brigade belongs the honor of discov-

ering the Bay of Toleration, whose quiet waters afford sure anchorage to the agonized voyager, followed by the sharks of bigotry, hungry for his body, and chased by the pirates of intolerance, ready to rob him of his soul-freedom. Bunyan, Hall, Fuller, Carey, Ward, and Judson have demonstrated to the world that there was a light of truth and a light of love in their hearts, that neither prisons, nor chains, nor poverty, nor disease, nor heat, nor cold could extinguish; writing on their banner, "Stand fast, therefore, in the liberty wherewith Christ hath made us free," they have fought on bravely, oppressed by the powerful, despised by the great, and ridiculed by the learned. But they have kindled fires which have warmed the log-cabin of the pioneer in the wilderness, cheered the solitude of the philosopher, and illumined the darkness of India and Burmah, so that now those who oppressed are ready to succor, and those who ridiculed are ready to applaud.

The fourth brigade is composed of cavalry, and is employed to great advantage in flanking the enemy. In surveying its ranks, we shall find them mostly filled with bronzed and sun-burned warriors. Here and there a veteran appears, whose head is white with the frost of time, whose face is not only furrowed with deep lines of care, but is blistered with many an honorable scar. They stand ready at the word of command to swim rivers, to clamber over

rugged mountains, or to bivouac in the wilderness, pillowed on the cold earth, canopied by the vault of heaven, and lulled to rest by the howlings of the wolf and panther. Looking out upon their labors, we shall find the words of the prophet fulfilled to the letter: "The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them; and the desert shall rejoice, and blossom as the rose; and the parched ground shall become a pool, and the thirsty land springs of water; in the habitation of dragons, where each lay, shall be grass with reeds and rushes." The names of Wesley, Whitefield, Fletcher, Coke, Clarke, Watson, Asbury, Summerfield, Fisk, and Olin, are embalmed in the hearts of millions now on their way to glory and to God. They have inscribed on their banner, as it waves triumphantly over them, "The best of all is, God is with us."

In reviewing the troops drawn together from various nations, we shall behold the tents of Bohemians, Hungarians, Waldenses, Germans, and Swiss; a little further on are the lines and intrenchments of Hollanders, Norwegians, and Huguenots, together with those of the Swede and Dane. Many of these troops, in former years, have displayed more than Spartan valor, but, alas! many are now sleeping at their post, permitting the rust of inaction to gather on their armor; and into so deep a sleep have many of them been cast, that there is no earthly

voice can rouse them from their slumbers. One might as well attempt to stir up the Greeks of the present day, by telling them of Artemisium, Mycale, and Himera, or of the vanquishers of Artemisia and Hamilear, as to hope to rouse these sleepers by telling them of Luther and Melancthon, Carlostadt and Welles, or of the heroes of Leipzie and Lutzen. Notwithstanding, there are a few scattered along their ranks, in whose hearts the fires of holy zeal still burn, men of faith and men of prayer; and it is our hope that the flame will spread from rank to rank, until their burnished arms shall gleam defiance and their battle-cry shall strike dismay into the hearts of the enemy.

Having taken a partial survey of the army besieging the city, it will be well now to give some account of the great war council held of late, for the purpose of devising plans for pushing on the war more vigorously. Many councils have been held in former centuries for settling the dogmas of faith, and to cast, if possible, a die in which the opinions of mankind could be molded, so that they should be of the same shape, and size, and color. But after the wise and good have toiled for ages in vain, men are beginning to conclude that all such efforts are as chimerical as the search for the philosopher's stone or the universal solvent. They are now casting about, to discover, if possible, if they cannot be united in love and good works; hence the

question arises, as men's opinions vary as do their faces, can they not walk the same road, having their faces Zionward, however different as to contour? Cannot men fight a common enemy shoulder to shoulder, though their accouterments vary as to shape, size, and color? Cannot men eat and drink at the table of the Lord, though their cups are variously embossed?

Long before this war council was convened, there was a great diversity of opinion as to the proper basis, and as to the qualifications requisite to render a member eligible to a seat, some contending that the color of the eyes, others that the color of the hair should be an important requisite; many thought that they should all be six feet high, while others contended that every member should weigh just two hundred pounds. But treating all such propositions as foolish and vain, it was finally determined that every regiment should send the man who could show the greatest number of honorable scars; yet it happened that a few, by family influence, wormed themselves into the council who had never seen a battle or drawn a sword.

On the assembling of the council, and after the usual preliminaries, Mr. Stout-heart rose, and proposed that they should proceed at once to discuss the plan or plans for carrying on the war more vigorously. At this a Mr. Halt-by-the-way rose, and said he thought there

was a question prior to that. "Should we not," said he, "abandon this war altogether? Is it not evident that the city is impregnable, having stood a siege of eighteen hundred years? Should we not rather employ our energies in waking up our brethren sleeping at their posts? or in brightening our armor? or in gathering magazines for future operations?" To whom Mr. Stout-heart replied, "'Abandon this war?' No, not while we have so many friends and kindred who have been taken captive and shut up in the dungeons of our enemies! 'Employ our time in waking up our brethren sleeping at their posts?' Will not the shoutings of the captains, and the clangor of trumpets, and the shock of arms on armor clashing, be the surest way to rouse them from their slumbers? 'Employ our time in brightening our armor?' Is not hard fighting the surest way to brighten one's arms? or shall we imitate the base example of that soldier who was never ready to go up to battle, because, as he alleged, his arms were not sufficiently cleaned, and literally wore out his armor scouring it? 'Cease fighting that we may gather magazines for future operations?' Did Wallenstein and Tilly achieve their victories by ceasing hostilities that they might spend years in molding cannon and building arsenals? Do Turenne and Condé live in the memories of men because they halted by the way, while there was a redoubt of the enemy to be assail-

ed? Would victory ever have perched on the flagship of Nelson, if, on the eve of the battle of the Nile, he had drawn off his fleet that he might lay in a greater supply of powder and ball? Did Wellington, on the morning of the battle of Waterloo, draw off his armies that he might lay up magazines for future operations? No, no; the foe was before him, and he must fight until the last grain of powder was burned, and the last sword worn up to the hilt; and is not our only alternative victory or death? Is not our treasury inexhaustible? Is not our armory filled with helmets and shields? And will not the first step of our retreat not only be inglorious, but cause such a shout of exultation to be heard in the camp of our enemy, that trembling and dismay shall seize upon our ranks?"

To whom Mr. Halt-by-the-way replied: "It is for this very reason, because we have a treasury inexhaustible, and a well-filled armory, that I would recommend our retiring within our intrenchments, that we may take our comfort within the camp. For there a table is spread with heavenly manna. There, in a vale 'dressed in living green,' our tents are pitched beneath interlacing trees whose leaves never wither. There, charmed with the fragrance of flowers and the eloquence of song, we shall forget the hateful sights and sounds of this dread city; and why should we fret our lives away in striving to bring these rebels into obedience to our King? Multitudes

of them cannot tell their right hand from their left. Many are sunk so low in filth and ignorance that no earthly arm can raise them up. In many the light of intellect is extinguished, conscience seared, reason dethroned, and the judgment blinded, and with hearts filled with wormwood and gall, they love to despise every signal of mercy, and to reject every offer of pardon; why therefore, I ask, shall we give up the delights and luxuries of our camp for the hardships and perils of this conflict with men but one remove above the brute?"

In reply, Mr. Stout-heart said: "If we retire within our camp, under cover of our intrenchments, and abandon this war, shall we not cease to imitate the example of our King, who, when surrounded with the joys of heaven, left the bosom of the Father, and came down to earth that he might vanquish death, and triumph over the grave? If ease and comfort are the great objects of life, then the disciples on the day of Pentecost, having received the baptism of the Holy Ghost, should have remained in their upper chamber, instead of going forth and standing in the streets of Jerusalem, exposed to the ridicule and malice of the rabble. But the cloven tongues of fire rested upon them, and they were endued with power from on high; not that they might shut up the fire within their own hearts, but that they might go out into the cold, dark world, and shed warmth and light

around them. A well of living waters had been opened within them, but those waters, to remain sweet, must flow out of them continually, otherwise they would become stagnant and putrid. They had been permitted to gather manna, but they must share it with mankind, for by hoarding it up mold and worms would soon destroy it. Fire from heaven had fallen on their hearts, which, if pent up, would go out for want of vital air; hence their safety depended on scattering the holy influences around them.

"Take our comfort within the camp? Was this the course pursued by the Apostle to the Gentiles? Why did he not retire to some corner of the earth, and there live the life of a hermit, instead of going forth from province to province, declaring unto men the 'Gospel of the grace of God?' From the hour of his conversion to the day of his death, he 'ceased not to warn every one night and day with tears.' Having of the Jews five times received forty stripes, save one, stoned at Lystra, scourged at Philippi, apprehended and imprisoned at Jerusalem, shipwrecked at Melita; in weariness and painfulness, in watchings often, in hunger and thirst, in fastings often, in cold and nakedness, he might well say, 'If in this life only we have hope in Christ, we are of all men most miserable.' Were ease and comfort in this life the aim of the martyrs and confessors who passed to their rest through a 'great fight of afflictions?' Was not

their only comfort the comfort of doing good, their only luxury the luxury of tears? And can we hope to receive a crown of life by folding our arms and slumbering in our tents? Was the salt of Divine grace imparted unto us that we might hide it in our heart-cells, or to diffuse it through the ocean of humanity? Was the sword of the Spirit given us that we might let it rust in the scabbard, or to wield it in discerning the 'thoughts and intents' of wicked hearts? Was the tree, "whose leaves are for the healing of the nations," planted in our midst for us to guard; or that we might carry them to men scarred and blistered with the stripes which sin has made? Was the river of life rolled through our world that we might throw up walls along its banks; or to stand on its banks and cry, 'Ho! every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters?' We may be told in reply, that all have been invited to come, and receive health, light, and life; but they will not come, therefore we have nothing to do but take our comfort. But do we not know that when men are shot down on the battlefield, it often happens that they are so crippled and weakened with loss of blood, that they have no power to rise up, and go to the surgeon that their wounds may be bound up? hence we must take them up in our arms, and bear them to the physician. Of what use would it be to announce to the traveler on the desert, overcome with heat and thirst, delirious with

pain, that a fountain was near at hand? Is it enough to stand in the door of a hospital, and say to a man lying on the pavement sun-struck, deaf to every sound, blinded by pain, and every faculty of his body and soul benumbed, 'Come in, come in, and receive health and life?' Have we done all our duty when we call to men drowned in the waves of ungodliness? Shall we not rather, with the sub-marine armor of the Gospel, let ourselves down into those unfathomable caves, and bring up those precious jewels for whom Christ died?

"Take our comfort within the camp?" What should we think of the light-house keeper, who, when a dark winter's night brooded on the sea, and the shipwrecking waves dashed furiously on the strand, should cease ringing the alarm bell, and, letting the lights go out, should betake himself to an opera or a pleasure party, that he might take his comfort? And are we not appointed to stand as beacon lights on the coast of time, to warn the voyagers to eternity of the rocks on which so many have foundered? Where would be the humanity of that pleasure party assembled in a Swiss cottage, who, when it was announced to them that certain travelers, journeying over the Alps, were benighted and bound in by drifts of snow, should refuse to go to their rescue, because they wished to take their comfort? And are there not moral gla-

ciers, and more than Alpine snows, before us and around us? And shall we not go to the rescue of men in whose hearts the fountains of sensibility are frozen up?

"That men bound in by a more than polar winter, with the chill of death upon their hearts, can be rescued from their perilous state by a simple announcement of the Gospel, is contrary to all experience. A fire must be kindled around them, a countenance of love must be lifted upon them, hands of kindness must be reached out, and words of peace must be spoken to them, ere the bands of frost shall be loosed from off them, and they shall begin to yearn for the warmth of the 'inner life.' The culprit preyed upon by remorse, must be told of 'Him who died the just for the unjust;' the desponding must be robed in the 'garments of praise;' the blind must be led by a gentle hand; the careless must be aroused by pointing them to the rocky reef and the lee shore; the hardened must be startled by the 'voice of the trumpet waxing louder and louder;' while upon men whose consciences are seared as with a hot iron, the 'oil of joy' must be poured. The Gospel must be preached to the rich, for in high life there are whirlpools, and ocean currents, and whirling eddies, and all-devouring maelstroms; and also to the poor, for they are the heritage left to the Church by its Divine Founder. The same zeal that would prompt

us to carry the true riches to bankers, should prompt us to carry them to beggars; for the first are in great danger of crying with Dives for a drop of water to cool their parched tongues; while for the last we have hope that they will be carried by the angels into Abraham's bosom.

"There are rifts and abysses into which light must be thrown; there are volcanic fires of passion, over which the waters of truth must be poured; neither can we expect that the first dash will extinguish the flames. The rubbish of bigotry must be removed from the temple of the soul before its windows can be illumined by the rays of the sun of righteousness. It is not the work of an hour or a day to rescue a ship's crew, crushed in by towering icebergs; neither can we expect a well-fortified fortress to surrender at the first summons; and that the walls and towers of the City of Sin do not tumble down at the first blast of our trumpets, should be no matter of surprise or discouragement to us.

"One has asked, Why should we fret our lives away in striving to bring these rebels into obedience to our King? they are but one remove above the brute. To him I would say, Look unto the rock whence ye are hewn, and to the hole of the pit whence ye are digged. I ask, sir, how far removed you and I were above the brute before our feet were taken from the horrible pit and miry clay? Was not the poison of

asps under our lips, ere the new song of praise was put into our mouths? Were not our feet swift to shed blood, before they were 'shod with the preparation of the Gospel of peace?' Was it for any worth or worthiness of our own, that He who sitteth above the water floods, and ruleth king in Zion, for our sakes became poor, that we through his poverty might become rich? Were we not as polluted and debased before we were washed in His all-atoning blood?

"Abandon men because they are poor? Are not the poor the sacred heritage bequeathed unto us by our Elder Brother, in whose will and testament, while there are many commands and promises, there are but two bequests? First: 'The poor ye have always with you.' Second: 'My peace I give unto you.' If we give up the first, will he not take from us the last? If we value his peace, which is like a river, and that passeth all understanding, shall we not highly esteem his poor? The rich, when dying, bequeath their houses and lands, their statuary and reliefs, their paintings and libraries to their children; and wherewithal is the profit, but to pamper their bodies, nourish their pride, and foster their vanity? But the Lord Jesus, when dying, bequeathed unto us the poor; and is there no profit? Do they not teach us self-denial, to give up our luxuries? Do they not nourish within us mercy and compassion, and foster

our humility? If our Elder Brother had, like Alexander, bequeathed unto us thrones and scepters, kingdoms and empires, we would have hailed the legacy with delight; but are not the poor a richer legacy? Was not the cup of power which Alexander presented to the lips of his surviving generals a cup of poison? Was not the crown which he put upon the head of each platted with thorns? Was not the mantle of royalty with which he robed them more fatal than the tunic of Hercules, consuming soul and body with the lust of dominion? Were they not, ever after they entered upon their inheritance, stung with envy and jealousy, devoured by malice and dark suspicion, and preyed upon by the vulture of remorse? Do we not, therefore, in receiving the poor as our inheritance, receive a richer legacy? Do they not tender our emotions, excite our sympathies, and increase our long-suffering and compassion? Do they not touch chords which vibrate in harmony with the lyres of the blessed. Do they not develop within us those graces and virtues which ally us to angels, and exalt us above kings and potentates? By exercising our benevolence upon objects of charity, are not our souls winged with pinions of a heavenly plumage? The scenery of earth, the laws of nature, suns and planets, were given us to excite and develop our intellectual powers; strike them out of existence, and how

stinted would be the growth of our minds. Thus the blind, the deaf, and the poor are given us to excite and develop the emotions of our souls; remove these from our world, and let universal prosperity attend upon all, and how dwarfed would be the affections of our hearts. The man who has never been surrounded by the helplessness of infancy and the infirmities of age, who has never been called to wait at the bedside of the sick and dying, has never received that development of which his manhood is capable. He may have the intellect of an angel, but his soul must be a moral waste. The mother who rears up a large family of children on whom constant health and happiness attend, may have some idea of a mother's love; but let one of her offspring be smitten with blindness, let her gaze upon its lusterless eye, and see her little one reach out its hand for some one to lead it, then it is she begins to discover how deep the well of maternal love is within her heart; now she is filled with indescribable emotions; now pity, and compassion, and sympathy shoot out their tendrils with redoubled vigor, and twine around the little sufferer. Hence we may say that pain and poverty are our schoolmasters, which train the emotions and elevate the affections heavenward. By abandoning men simply because they have been unfortunate, we should be imitating the base example of our enemies;

for the most polished pagan nations looked upon men overwhelmed by misfortunes as under the frown of the gods. But we are taught, by the blessed example of our Divine Master, to look upon the maimed and poor as under his peculiar favor and protection. For he opened their eyes, unstopped their ears, healed them of their infirmities, preached the Gospel unto them, and gave them bread to eat when famishing in the wilderness. The Romans regarded every object struck by lightning as sacred; a temple or altar over which the fires of Jove had passed was doubly sacred. And are not those men who have been smitten by poverty, over whose bodies the scathing fires of disease have passed, doubly sacred, and doubly entitled to our sympathies? If we give up the poor, our only heritage in this life, shall we not forfeit our title to the inheritance, incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away, reserved in heaven for us? Hence the very reason urged by Mr. Halt-by-the-way why we should abandon the war, is to my mind the strongest reason why we should prosecute it with untiring zeal. I therefore move you, that we now proceed to discuss the plan or plans for prosecuting the war more vigorously." This, being seconded by Mr. Love-good, was carried unanimously.

At this, Mr. Truckle, seconded by Mr. Flinch, moved a reconsideration. The motion being put

without debate, was negatived by a large majority. It being now at a very late hour of the night, an adjournment was moved and carried.

On the assembling of the council the next morning, the chairman announced that the resolution passed at their last meeting was the order of the day, whereupon Mr. Vim rose and said :

"Sir, I hope I shall never forget that 'the race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong;' that a 'Paul may plant and Apollos water,' but that God alone can give the increase; at the same time, I hold that we are to use every means within our reach to do the work he may give us to do. It is natural for men assembled as we are, to inquire, in the first place, wherein lies our own weakness; and then to discover, if possible, wherein lies the great strength of our enemies. And is not one cause of our weakness owing to the fact that each of our brigades adheres rigidly to the mode of warfare practiced for ages by his ancestors? Like the Chinese and the Turks of a former day, we throw up a wall of separation between ourselves and all others, shutting out thereby all the light, and refusing to adopt the improvements they may have made.

"The history of our world demonstrates that those nations have been the most successful who have been the readiest to adopt the improvements of their enemies; while those who have refused to take lessons

from an enemy have gone down to contempt and forgetfulness. Sparta possessed as brave a race of men as ever faced a foe; but her power tumbled into dust because she adhered so rigidly to the stern maxims of her founder; and it was only by departing from his iron rule that her existence was lengthened out. It was not till after the naval victories of Phormio that they awoke to the importance of a fleet thoroughly equipped and manned. Using, as offensive arms, the long spear and short sword usual to the Grecian hoplite, and rejecting all missile weapons whatever, they were taught by the terrible disasters at Sphacteria to incorporate a band of archers into their forces. The defeat of the Athenians at Delium was owing to their adhering tanaciously to the Grecian rank and file, and not deepening their column, as did the Thebans. The Persian dynasty was overturned simply because Darius would not learn wisdom from the superior force of the Macedonian phalanx.

"On the other hand, we find that the Russians were vastly improved by taking lessons from the Swedes, with whom they fought, under Charles the Twelfth. Napoleon discovered that Carnot had 'organized victory,' and, adopting his combinations, he triumphed at Jena and Austerlitz. Yet how few of us are willing to lay aside the habits acquired in our former training, and learn wisdom from the superior organization of friends or foes! The savage readily

throws away his bow and arrows when he discovers the superior advantage of the rifle. Men who have been trained all their lives to the use of the javelin and spear, readily exchange them for the musket and bayonet. The military captains of the fourteenth century required but little persuasion to induce them to exchange battering rams for cannon, when attacking walled cities and baronial castles. A war steamer is vastly superior to a slow-sailing gun-boat. A few cannon, well mounted and heroically manned, will put to flight any number of Indians armed with bows and arrows. And in this we discover the wisdom of the men of the world; yet how many in our ranks, professing to be the children of light, decry human learning, and shut their eyes to all the illuminations of science and art, not recollecting that the champions of the Reformation were men not only of solid learning, but equipped with all the appliances of philosophy and literature.

"On the other hand, there are many among us who educate the head, to the neglect of the heart; spending long years in training and developing the faculties of the mind, permitting, in the mean time, the affections to wither and die. They take good care that their helmet or head-piece is of the right metal, and well hammered, while their breastplate is as thin and frail as threads of gossamer.

"Men of distinguished abilities are employed to

lead the young beside the still waters of philosophy, and into the green pastures of poesy, to pour upon their unfolding minds the dew of science, to bathe their feet with the light of truth, and to nourish within them a noble hunger for the bread of knowledge. They make their pupils familiar with the crucible and telescope; they teach them to delve among Greek roots, to analyze the chemical properties of bodies, and to distinguish sines from co-sines; but who ever heard of one of these professors taking his pupils to visit the desolate home of the drunkard, and, pointing to the pallor of death on the cheek of his wife, where once bloomed the rose of health, and to his little ones shivering in the cold, whose attenuated frames are almost reduced to skeletons for the want of bread, seek thereby to awaken in their young hearts emotions of love and compassion? They often take their pupils on excursions into the country, to increase their knowledge of botany, to acquaint them with shrubs and flowers; but never to visit hospitals, where lie the sick and dying, that their emotions may be tendered, and their sympathies aroused by the sight of suffering humanity. They visit caves and precipices, that they may reveal unto them a knowledge of the different layers and strata of rocks composing the earth's crust; returning, perchance, with a geological specimen, containing the fossil remains of some fish or reptile, or the tracks of

some bird whose species is now extinct; but they never take them to visit the cold, damp basement, where, perchance, they will see the mother of six children lying upon a bed of straw. She has just received word that her husband has been wrecked and lost at sea; and, heart-broken, she is lying down to die. Her little babe is sobbing and moaning at her breast, but the fountains of life are dried up: the fire has gone out on the hearth, the barrel of meal and the cruse of oil have failed. Now here are tracks of sorrow and suffering more precious in the sight of Heaven than all the fossil remains contained in all the geological cabinets in the world. Not but that men should have access to libraries, cabinets, and picture-galleries, for they develop the powers of the mind; but the cold hut of poverty, the thorny bed of disease, the mother with her fatherless children grouped around the dying embers of her cheerless hearth, are the picture-galleries where the affections of the heart are developed and expanded. Trained in the first, men may have the wisdom of the serpent; but in the last alone can they derive the tenderness and harmlessness of the dove.

"According to our present mode of training our fighting men, we put upon the shoulders of each the head of a giant, giving him, at the same time, the heart of a Lilliputian. We send them for ten years to an intellectual gymnasium, that they may be render-

ed retentive in memory, sound in judgment, and prolific in imagination, their hearts remaining desolate as a polar winter. We feed them with the bread of knowledge, and train them in intellectual exercises, until their mental sinews have the strength and consistency of iron, but, alas! they carry about with them skeleton hearts. We are desirous that they should have the acumen of Socrates, the versatility of Aristotle, the sublimity of Plato, and the eloquence of Cicero; but how little effort do we make that they may have the tenderness of Jeremiah, the zeal of Paul, and the martyr-spirit of a Howard. Men do not attain to the intellectual stature of Empedocles, Corax, and Gorgias, by exercising their bodies. No amount of hammering at the anvil will strengthen the brain, however much it may strengthen the muscles of the arm. If the constant exercise of the hands and feet could give vigor to the brain, the world, instead of being filled with mental dwarfs, would be filled with intellectual giants. We should look upon that father as insane who should announce that he intended his sons to surpass Pericles, Parmenides, and Titian, as statesmen, philosophers, and painters, compelling them, in the mean time, to live and work with swineherds, excluding them from the society of the refined and learned. Men do not become skillful pilots by working in a pin-factory, neither do they become eminent surgeons by remaining in an iron-

foundry all their lives. The man who should send his sons to work ten years in a cotton-mill, and expect them, at the expiration of that time, to come out with their heads full of knowledge, not even in the mean time teaching them to read, would exhibit his folly and ignorance. And is not our folly apparent, when we shut up our young men for ten long years within the walls of academies, colleges, and universities, and expect them to come out with hearts filled with tender emotions, excluding them at the same time from every object and every influence whereby their affections might be developed? We might as well expect that men would derive warmth and health in an ice-house, as to expect warm hearts and healthy affections in men shut up in college walls. The dew and sunlight are no more necessary to impart a vigorous growth to the tendrils of the vine, than are the tears of sorrow and the sunlight of gratitude to give a vigorous growth to the affections. Men who fight for their country love their country; men who make sacrifices for the Church, and labor for its advancement, are rewarded with a growing love for the Church; men who peril their lives for the relief of the sick and dying when the pestilence is abroad, have an intensity of love to which the selfish and indifferent are entire strangers; those gallant tars who go out to fight the battles of their country on the high seas, return to hail the green hills of their native

land with a rapture of delight of which we can form no conception; those who are scourged and imprisoned for the truth, and those who take the bread out of their own mouths to feed the hungry, have meat to eat which we know not of; for the law is eternal, 'He that watereth shall be watered;' 'there is that scattereth and yet increaseth; and there is that withholdeth more than is meet, but it tendeth to poverty.' Hence he that withholdeth the yearnings of his heart for a long course of years, will be rewarded with a poverty-stricken soul; for when one puts his heart into an 'exhausted receiver,' he must look for a moral death. You might as well bind a child hand and foot, and let it remain in that condition for years, and expect a strong and well-proportioned body, as to expect a strong and well-regulated heart, whose every sensibility has been bound and tied up for years. I know that it may be urged in reply, that our young men in college life have access to libraries containing books which depict in vivid colors scenes of suffering and distress sufficient to keep alive their sensibilities. In answer to this I would ask, Is it not an unchangeable law of our being, that the reading of or seeing objects of distress, without the power to relieve, blunts the sensibilities and hardens the heart? The great majority of our youth are fascinated with the nervous style, the thrilling incidents, and the gorgeous pictures of Bulwer and the school of writers of which he is the

head, and I ask, will the youth grow better who reads of pirates and murderers, who are represented as possessing magnanimous natures, and hearts overflowing with tenderness, but have been urged into robbery and piracy by the force of circumstances? The constant reading of children starving in a garret, or of injured innocence sighing away existence in a prison, with no possibility to carry relief, will in time freeze up the well-springs of love within us. Was it reading works like Paul Clifford or the Bravo of Venice that impelled a Harriet Newell or Elizabeth Fry to go forth on their life-long missions of love? Was it reading works like Eugene Aram or the Wandering Jew that broke up the great deep in the hearts of Clarkson and Wilberforce? Did Sir Philip Sydney derive his magnanimity from writings like Maryatt's; for when wounded at Zutphen, and ready to perish with thirst, he found a bottle of water, which he was about to present to his lips, but seeing a fellow-soldier more severely wounded than himself, he took the bottle from his mouth and gave it to his more needy brother. Do the records of novel reading furnish one such example of heroic conduct? Of the millions who read with avidity the writings of Fielding, Smollet, and Dickens, can one be found who has sacrificed time and talents, health and wealth, to the cause of suffering humanity? Can they furnish one of their number whose life and labors will compare with those of Eliot,

Cox, or Judson? And yet their writings are full of thrilling scenes of agony and woe, sufficient, we would think, to make the very stones cry out. But we find that those who read their writings are of all others the most ready to murmur when calamities fall upon them; they are always the most peevish and fretful in domestic life; their minds are puffed up with vanity and self-conceit, and their hearts bloated with pride and vain-glory; hence their taste is vitiated, their estimates of life are all wrong, while they imbibe a disrelish for solid learning. From this class come misanthropes, spendthrifts, bankrupts, and self-murderers. That they are tormented with ennui is no wonder, for their hearts may be compared to the inland pond for whose waters there is no outlet; hence they become stagnant and covered with a green scum; there being no channels through which the affections may flow out, their souls become putrescent; therefore I do not hesitate to say, that the writers of this class are the poisoners-general of the community. They proffer goblets, sparkling and foaming in beauty; but however sweet the beverage may be in the mouth, it will carry the bitterness of death to the soul. They lead men into bowers festooned with sweet-scented flowers; but there is an asp under every leaf, a worm in every bud. Many have the temerity to tell us, that by reading their productions the intellectual powers will be invigor-

ated; they might as well tell us, that drinking rum and brandy would invigorate the body, while the history of our race demonstrates that those men who have endured the most fatiguing marches, fought the most terrible battles, encountered the greatest hardships by sea and land, drank nothing but cold water. In like manner it can be shown that the most eloquent orators, the most subtle logicians, and the profoundest philosophers, never read, and, in fact, never heard of this class of writers. Can we believe that the sublimity of Homer, the eloquence of Demosthenes, and the acumen of Aristotle, would have been increased by reading Jonathan Wild or Peter Simple? Can we imagine that Dante's *Inferno*, Tasso's *Jerusalem Delivered*, Milton's *Paradise Lost*, and Young's *Night Thoughts* would have been improved if their authors had spent their days and nights in novel-reading?

"The history of our race reveals no truth more plainly than that no amount of learning, no amount of intellectual training, can mature and ripen the affections of the heart. Forgetting this truth, Athens, and the thousand cities clustering around her, were plunged into ruin. This was the great error of their wise men. They imagined, that since Cadmus had transferred letters from Egypt to Greece, those ponderous keys which unlock the store-houses of science and knowledge, whereby the Hellenic isles had

been transformed into homes of liberty and enlightenment, therefore it was by the cultivating of letters that permanence to empire would be secured. As science had caused the hut of the fisherman to give place to the marble mansion, the morass to the blooming garden, and the waste places to vineyards and olive-yards; as science had crowned their hill-tops with plenty, adorned their cities with temples and porticoes, and created fleets and navies for the defense of their coasts; therefore it was by cultivating science that they would be enabled to keep decay and death from knocking at their gates; not understanding that, by neglecting to cultivate the moral sentiments, they were cutting the cables and throwing away the only anchors which could hold the ship of state in safety, when the waves of faction beat over her bulwarks. That the moral sense of the Athenians was most woefully blunted, is evident from their putting to death one thousand prisoners of war at Mitylene, and that not by their generals, but by a unanimous vote of the dicastery, in which were assembled the chief men of the city; also from their indiscriminate slaughter of the male inhabitants of Melos; and also from their lust of dominion and aggrandisement, though that power should be acquired by laying waste fruitful fields, depopulating villages, and sacking neighboring cities.

"The history of Sparta is still more deplorable, for,

according to the laws of Lycurgus, the affections of every child were to be smothered as soon as weaned from its mother. They were taught to cherish love for neither father nor mother, but a love of arms and a love of Sparta. All parental, filial, and fraternal love must die out of their hearts, if they would become sons worthy of Sparta. Hence their cruelty to the Helots, scourging them for the slightest offense, murdering, as we are told, in one day several thousands, after putting a garland on the head of each, and giving them their freedom. It was this very system of deadening the affections, that prompted the mother of Pausanias to bring the first stone to wall up the door of the temple into which her son had fled, that he might be starved to death. And hence the ruin that came in upon Lacedæmon, for in bodies of iron they carried hearts of stone; and no man, or nation, can violate with impunity the law: 'What God hath joined together, let no man put asunder.' The annals of the past amply illustrate this truth. It was for violating this law that the streets of Rome so often ran with blood shed in civil strife. The cities of Italy have ever been full of science and full of assassins. Sylla, Marius, and Caligula were trained in every intellectual accomplishment. Paris was full of academies of art during the Reign of Terror. Mirabeau, Danton, and Marat were by no means deficient in intellect; but having effected

a divorce between the head and the heart, and put asunder what God had joined together, they were lost to shame and fitted for every crime. If the instructors of the youth of France had made one tithe the effort to quicken the sensibilities which they made to develop the intellect, Paris would have been saved from the Reign of Terror. And if we would make the same efforts to educate the heart as we do the head, we should never hear of students stabbing their teachers, or of college professors murdering their benefactors. It is this almost total neglect of the sensibilities in our education, that imparts such a cold intellectuality to our productions.

"Our addresses and sermons may be compared to wax figures. There is the beauty and symmetry of proportion; the arms are of the right length; the arching of the brow, and the contour of the face, are all perfect; but there is no beating, palpitating heart within. There is no light of love in the eye; there are no words of tenderness flowing from the lips; and there is no prophetic rod in the hand to strike the rocky heart, and cause the waters of contrition to flow out. Let us therefore strive to avoid these errors, which have proved so fatal to others, and are such a bar to our own usefulness, remembering that though we understand all mysteries and all knowledge, and have not charity, we are nothing."

When Mr. Vim had concluded his remarks, Mr.

Man-love rose in his place. Now it should be remembered that this Mr. Man-love is of a noble family; the blood of a thousand kings flows in his veins. His ancestors, by their deeds of noble daring, have cast into the shade the exploits of the warriors and potentates of earth. Therefore we shall not be surprised when told that there was a death-like stillness in the council when he rose in his place.

"I rise," said he, "to express my entire assent to the truths to which we have just listened, and also to point to another weakness, which, if not as fatal, will prove as great a bar to our ultimate success in this war. I refer, sir, to the want of love and union in our ranks. Our King is love, and as his subjects we have promised to obey the law of love, and to labor to extend the empire of love over the earth. Living the life of love, armed with the panoply of love, we profess to be moving on to a kingdom of perfect love, having been brought into the banqueting-house of love, and feasted at the table of love, why, instead of exhibiting the fruits of love, do we so often exhibit the bitter fruits of envy and strife? Is the mantle of love so cheerless, that we should prefer the heavy sackcloth of malice? Is the panoply of love so burdensome, that, entering the armories of hate, we should draw from thence carnal weapons? Having been commanded to kill our enemies with love,

shall we dip our arrows in deadly poison? According to our laws of war we are bound, if our enemy hunger to feed him; if he thirst to give him drink; how much more, then, a member of the household of faith. We know that there are no weapons of any avail in battling with the armies of the aliens, but those which have been tempered and bathed in love. In the use of hatred and revenge they are more than a match for us, for these are weapons which they have forged on their own anvil, and in the use of which they have been trained all their lives; and shall we imitate their example, and adopt their mode of warfare in contending with each other? We never use a whip of scorpions when attempting to conquer our foes, and can we hope to compel our brethren in arms to give up their errors by the lash of ridicule? Many act on the supposition that there can be no love in a man's heart while there is a solitary error in his head, and that, therefore, they are justified in tormenting him with the stings of sarcasm. Now our enemies in chicanery and intrigue are unrivaled; in spite and hate they are perfect adepts; to the wisdom of the serpent they unite the venom of his fang. Let, therefore, those who expect to drive from our midst every false dogma by the use of violence and malice, invite over bands from our enemies as auxiliaries, for they would be as sure to conquer as wolves and tigers let loose in a sheep-fold.

"For eighteen centuries the want of union in our ranks has been, and is now, the great hinderance to our success. The history of every tribe and nation confirms the words of our King: 'Every kingdom divided against itself is brought to desolation.' No army can be victorious, no empire can be permanent, unless held together by the bands of union. A nation's rulers may have the wisdom of Solomon, its generals may possess the skill and valor of Agamemnon, its fleets and armies may be innumerable, its treasury inexhaustible, yet if disunion prey upon the vitals of that nation, its doom is certain. The wrath of Achilles and the want of union among the Hellenic tribes at the siege of Troy, was 'to Greece the direful spring of woes unnumbered.' The want of love and concert of action among the Athenian generals caused the terrible defeat at Ægospotami, when the power of imperial Athens was broken, and the scepter of Neptune was wrenched from her hand. It was this which caused the free cities of Greece to bow down their necks to receive the iron yoke of Macedon. It was this which caused the tribes of Gaul to fall an easy prey to the legions of Rome. It was disunion that baffled all the efforts of the crusaders, and hung a millstone round the neck of pagan Rome; and it is disunion which has been a constant drag chain on our chariot wheels. One tithe of the men and money expended by the crusaders would

have insured their success, if they had been banded together in love; without this their vast armaments melted away like snow flakes falling on the sea. It is by union that the coral rears up temples, in comparison of which the Colosseum is but a wigwam. It is by union the bee repels the aggression of the black-winged wasp. It was this that enabled the Saracen to meet and vanquish the vast hordes following the standard of the Hermit, and it was this that enabled the Macedonian phalanx to conquer the world. And can we expect to sweep away every vestige of the City of Sin, if we cast away that divine gift of charity which the Apostle calls the bond of perfectness? Not that I would have every regiment disbanded, and every brigade dissolved to form one grand brigade; but let each be regarded as one of the tribes of the Israel of God, begotten of the same Father, led by the same hand, guided by the same pillar of fire, surrounded by the same dangers, assailed by the same foes, beset by the same difficulties, feasted at the same table, cheered by the same promises, and journeying to the same eternal inheritance. And while each should cherish love for his own tribe, and rejoice in its prosperity, he should have a broader, deeper love for the united tribes composing the Israel of God. I have seen a chain composed of ponderous links stretched from the earth to the dome of a proud capitol, along

which the lightnings of heaven passed in safety; but let one of those links be broken, and the sundered chain could no longer protect the lofty edifice from the fiery bolt. And does not our safety depend on our being linked together, man to man, brother to brother, and regiment to regiment? Thus united, the bolts of our adversaries will fall harmless at our feet. The same forethought and skill in devising, the same energy and valor in executing which would cause them to triumph would crown our efforts with success. Governed by the same physical and mental laws, whatever would bring defeat upon them, would bring disaster upon us. A spear without a point or barb will be of no more use in our hands than in the hands of our foes. If they have discovered that a sharp ax will cut better than a dull one, that a brave general is more efficient than a dotard, that veterans make better fighting men than raw recruits, should we refuse to profit by their wisdom? They never officer their armies with men who are blind and deaf, neither do they appoint dumb men to give the word of command in leading the van; and yet we have captains of hundreds, and captains of thousands, spiritually blind, deaf, and dumb. That a fatal lethargy spreads along our ranks is by no means astonishing, when men are appointed as leaders whose hearts were never renewed by grace divine, whose eyes were never en-

lightened with marvellous light. The man who has never learned his letters would be poorly qualified to perform the duties of a college professor; yet by a miracle the requisite knowledge might be imparted unto him, but it would be presumption to expect it: in like manner our armies, weakened by disunion, officered with men ignorant of the first principles of the doctrine of Christ, would be triumphant if God would work a miracle, but it would be presumption to expect it when he has placed the means in our hands, if faithfully used, to ensure victory. United, we shall be victorious; disunited, shame and defeat will cover us. We are told that the soldiers of Alexander, at the battle of the Granicus, were in imminent peril from the loaded chariots and wagons which the Persians had placed on an eminence to be rolled down as soon as they commenced the ascent; but Alexander commanded those in the van to kneel down with one end of their shields resting on the earth, while those in the rear locked their shields above their heads with those in front, so that the loaded chariots rolled over this pavement of shields without injuring a hair of their heads. And are not the chariots of infidelity, intemperance, and avarice loaded and ready to be rolled down upon us? And is there any way of escape but by locking our shields above our heads? Thus united, their ponderous wheels will fall on us as harmless as so many rain-

drops. Disunion among the forces of Alexander at that important juncture would have covered his arms with defeat. Their lives were in jeopardy, and their hopes for the conquest of the world were based on their united action. And will not disunion in our ranks be attended with the most fatal consequences? Are not our hopes for the conquest of the world based on our being united as a band of brothers? How certain would have been their ruin, if, at the moment the wheels began to roll, the men of Macedonia had refused to lock their shields with Greeks of Ionic or Doric blood? And are we not periling the interests of the Church militant, when we refuse to join hands and hearts with men of a different tribe?

"Again, another cause of our weakness is a misdirection of our energies; for, instead of striving to convince the gainsayer, we labor to convince each other that our own accouterments and mode of warfare are the best. I can imagine an army drawn out in battle array, the cavalry on the right wing, the infantry on the left, and the artillery in the center, and as the signals are hung out for commencing hostilities, and the guns of the enemy begin to play, I will imagine that the officers of the cavalry order a halt, that they may convince the infantry that their mode of fighting is by no means so efficient as their own. Now, if the followers of Wesley are the

cavalry, and those of Luther and Calvin the infantry, is it not time and talents thrown away, for the one to strive to convince the other that their mode of warfare is superior? Are not both equally useful in bringing the world into obedience to our King? Let us, therefore, get away from the 'cold shade' of polemics, and put away from us 'envy, hatred, and malice,' that we may keep the 'unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace.'

"Could I assemble the officers of our armies, I would point them to the magnanimous conduct of Aristides and Themistocles, who, having been for years bitter enemies, agreed to bury their enmity, and unite together in driving from their shores the bannered millions of Xerxes, and say, Shall we not bury our animosities, and unite together to drive from our world the myriad hordes of sin and hell? Aristides could point to fruitful fields laid waste, homes rendered desolate, temples polluted, altars overthrown, and to his brethren slaughtered on the battle-field, and say, 'Shall we let enmity reign in our hearts, when the sword, stained with the gore of our countrymen, is "hair-hung" above our heads?' And can I not point to the soul temples polluted, the family altars overturned, and to the multitudes who have been struck down by the armies of sin and vice, and say, Shall we let envy and jealousy fester in our hearts, when the same dangers are impending over us?

"It was union that gave victory to the wooden walls of the Greeks at Salamis. For their political salvation they were willing to forget their enmities; and will we not, for our eternal salvation, give to oblivion our animosities, and in a solid phalanx move on to the contest?"

"It is natural for the young to love their playmates, for men who sail in the same ship to love their shipmates, for men who contend side by side on the battle-field to love their brethren in arms; and, while there is a natural tie which binds us to men of our own rank and file, it is not necessary for us to shut out from our sympathies those who are marshaled on the same field of strife, and share the same perils and hardships. We are not only commanded to 'love the brotherhood,' but to 'esteem' men 'very highly in love, for their works' sake.' I have often compared the laborers in our Master's vineyard to the cultivators of the soil in Egypt. As rain never falls in Egypt, they are dependent on the Nile for watering and fertilizing their fields; hence canals and channels are dug, for conveying its waters far out into the interior, thus making the desert to bud and blossom as the rose; therefore, every channel dug adds to the wealth and fertility of the soil. And may I not say, in like manner, that canals and channels are to be dug from the river of truth, for conveying its waters into the moral deserts on every side of

us? Hence, every Sunday-school teacher is toiling to dig a channel for conveying the waters of knowledge to the ignorant, every advocate of temperance is carrying the waters of health to the desolate home of the drunkard. Every plea for peace, every expression of sympathy for the oppressed, every mouth opened for the dumb, every prayer offered to the Father of mercies, every sermon preached, every exhortation addressed to dying men, every Bible and tract distributed, every professor in college, every teacher of a common school, are all so many hearts and hands employed in digging channels for conveying the waters of life to men dying with thirst. Therefore, it matters not whether a man is the president of a university or a colporteur of tracts, whether he preaches in the pulpit or in the highway, whether he labors as a home or foreign missionary, he should be esteemed very highly in love, for his works' sake. All this work must be done, all these channels must be dug, if we would see the moral wastes around us transformed into fruitful fields. And let no one forbid or put a bar in the way of those who have a mind for the work: above all, let us remember that we are a spectacle to angels and to men, and that we shall be questioned as to our efforts in the enterprise, when we join the companies of the blessed.

"We are told that the generals of the Athenian forces in the great naval fight at Arginusæ, abandon-

ed one thousand soldiers, who had fought bravely to achieve the victory, either to die of their wounds or go down with the sinking ships, and when they arrived in Athens they were met by the fathers and mothers of these men, by whom they were reproached for thus leaving their sons to perish, and the only excuse they could offer was, that a storm arose soon after the battle, and it was judged best to retire to safe moorings.

"And are there not fathers and mothers in heaven who have sons and daughters on earth wounded and sabered by sin and vice, and fast sinking down to the pit that is bottomless? and when we arrive in Paradise will they not question us as to our efforts in rescuing their offspring from peril? And should we dare to say in reply, The weather was so inclement, rain-storms and snow-storms were so frequent, and we were so intent in securing our share of the spoils, and looking after our laurels, that we had no time or inclination to look after the eternal welfare of your kindred? Would they not exclaim, 'Shame, shame on such conduct?' The Athenians condemned to death the six generals who abandoned their brethren in arms to perish on the sinking ships at Arginusæ. And shall we not stand condemned by our own consciences and at the bar of God, if we make no effort to save the myriads sinking down to death on the ships of infidelity, intemperance, avarice, and sensu-

ality? Is it not better that we should suffer heat and cold, and be annoyed with disgusting sights and offensive smells, rather than any should perish for whom Christ died? Should we not willingly, if need be, endure the gnawings of hunger rather than that they should endure forever the gnawings of the worm that never dies? Will we not willingly give up our ease, and go down to labor with the filthy and the vile, that they may be exalted to thrones of light, and to the warm embrace of the arms of love? love infinite and eternal? love without bottom or shore? love which has conquered death and vanquished the grave? love Divine? May its influences penetrate our hearts and well up in our souls! then, and not till then, shall we be able to go forth, 'fair as the moon, clear as the sun, and terrible as an army with banners.'"

At the conclusion of Mr. Man-love's address, Mr. Love-love, belonging to the same royal family, addressed the council as follows:

"Men and brethren: The apostle to the Gentiles tells us, 'And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity.' But we have said, And now abideth charity, hope, faith, these three; but the greatest of these is faith; thereby reversing the order of God. What he has made the superior we have made the inferior; what he has placed at the head we have placed at the foot. The

Church, in every age, in its zeal to exalt faith, has caused love and hope to suffer almost a total eclipse. To us faith is the sun whose splendors obnubilate those heavenly orbs, set by the Father of lights in the firmament of the Church, while to the radiant throng who stand upon the sea of glass, love is the resplendent orb whose effulgence pales all other lights, tips with gold the pinions of every seraph, and bathes every vale and hill-top with a silver sheen.

"Faith has sundered seas, removed mountains, dried up rivers, stayed the sun in his course, and shut up the heavens. Faith has 'subdued kingdoms, wrought righteousness, obtained promises, stopped the mouths of lions, quenched the violence of fire, escaped the edge of the sword, and turned to flight the armies of the aliens.' By faith Abel offered unto God a more excellent sacrifice than Cain; Enoch walked with God; Noah prepared an ark to the saving of his house; Abraham when he was tried offered up Isaac; and Moses endured as seeing Him who is invisible. By faith others had trial of cruel mockings and scourgings, yea, moreover, of bonds and imprisonments; they were stoned, they were sawn asunder, were tempted, were slain with the sword; they wandered about in sheep-skins and goat-skins, being destitute, afflicted, tormented. Such are the excellence and power of faith, but love is more excellent.

"Hope anchors the soul when tempest-tossed, holding it sure and steadfast when the waves and billows of woe go over it. Having this hope, Elijah dared to step into the chariot of fire, and soar above suns and stars; Daniel dared to lay down and sleep in the den of lions, and the Hebrew captives dared to disobey the mandate of the King of Babylon, fearing the fiery furnace as little as they would an arbor of roses. Well might, therefore, the apostle declare, 'Hope maketh not ashamed.' Having this hope, Ignatius feared not the wrath of Trajan nor the fury of his lions; Polycarp welcomed the stake; Ireneus, Origen, and the noble army of martyrs, were not ashamed to confess the faith of Christ crucified. It was this hope that stayed the soul of Huss when the red flames of the stake played around him. It was this hope that anchored the heart of Luther when the thunders of the Vatican were heard afar; and it was this that enabled a Latimer and a Ridley to rejoice, knowing that the fires kindled to consume their bodies would never cease to burn until they had swept away every vestige of the bloody house of the Man of Sin.

"Such is the excellence and power of hope; but love is more excellent and powerful; for without love, faith and hope are powerless. Love is the root from whence faith and hope draw their vital force; the heart whose pulsations give unto them life and warmth. Love breathes the breath of life into faith;

or, rather, love nerves the arm of hope to fight the battles of faith. If faith and hope are stars of the first magnitude, love is the sun from whence they derive all their light and heat. And is it not astonishing that men should turn away from the genial warmth of the sun for the glimmering light of the stars? that they should give up the language of love for the shibboleth of faith? Is it not wonderful that men should cut off from their sympathies all those who cannot repeat their creeds, and subscribe to their dogmas? Go through the ranks of the professed champions of the religion of love, and how many are enveloped in the mists and fogs of prejudice; how few have arrived at that vantage ground from whence they can discover that every standard-bearer has received his colors from the same hand, and that all are upheld and shielded by Omnipotent Love. How many are ready to drive from the Church militant all those who will not adopt their uniform and mode of warfare, not understanding that all who are not against us are for us! They will not permit men to labor in building up the temple of God, because they build thereon not only the gold and silver of truth, but the wood, hay, and stubble of error; not recollecting that the fire shall try every man's work, but he himself shall be saved, yet so as by fire. It Sobieski, when about to engage with two hundred thousand Turks, under the walls of Vienna, had ex-

cluded from his ranks all who differed from himself in dialect and opinions, victory would never have perched upon his banners; and shall we not peril our interests and jeopardize our cause, if we drive from our ranks all who differ from us in the dialect of creeds, to say nothing of the uncharitableness of the act? Do errors in the head incapacitate men for wielding the sword of the Spirit, and fighting the good fight of faith? Were Calvin, and Edwards, and Whitefield any the less efficient laborers because they believed in the doctrine of election? Were Wesley, and Heber, and Henry Martyn any the less zealous champions of the cross because they subscribed to the Thirty-nine Articles? Were Carey, and Ward, and Judson any the less devoted as missionaries because they believed in baptism by immersion? Did not each, in his appointed sphere, shed light on the dark night of our world? Did not all toil with equal zeal in building up that spiritual temple, whose foundation is in His holy mountain? Yet how many there are so wanting in charity, that, instead of revering the memories of these men, they are ready to question their piety, decry their virtues, and cast suspicion on their fair fame; and all because they imagine that they can discover, mixed in with the gold, silver, and precious stones, which they have brought to the temple, the wood, hay, and stubble of false doctrine; not being willing to wait till those fires are kin-

dled which shall 'try every man's work of what sort it is.' How many are so wanting in that charity which 'suffereth long, and is kind,' that they are ready to pour contempt on the memory of every man in whose writings a sediment of error can be found! It matters not that his thoughts and words are like apples of gold in pictures of silver; if the least dross or alloy is apparent, they are to be handed over to oblivion. He may have been renowned for the purity of his life and the abundance of his labors; sympathy may have welled up from his heart, genius flashed from his eye, and eloquence rolled from his tongue, yet if his orthodoxy has been blown upon, his name must be branded with infamy. Thomas à Kempis, Fenelon, and Pascal, owing to the circumstances of their birth and education, believed in the supremacy of the pope, therefore their immortal works must be consigned to the flames. Luther and Melancthon believed in consubstantiation; Calvin and Beza held to unconditional election; Fletcher, Watson, and Adam Clarke believed in the tenets of Arminius; Fuller, Hall, and Foster believed in immersion; Edwards, Dwight, and Chalmers in predestination; therefore all their writings, so fragrant with noble thoughts and generous sentiments, are to be entered in the Index Prohibitory of these self-constituted popes. Such is the magnifying power of their glasses, that the moon no longer appears the fairy queen of

night, but a huge pile of volcanic rocks. The sun no longer commands their admiration, since certain dark spots have been discovered on its surface. They will not drink water until they have first chemically analyzed its properties, to discover if any impurities are contained therein. Now, from all such uncharitableness, I most sincerely pray, 'Good Lord, deliver us!' And yet these very men abominate the narrow policy of the Roman pontiff; they commiserate his devotees, whose darkened minds are shut out from the light of those stars which glow in the heavens of the Church universal; they ridicule his Index Expurgatory, as a vain attempt to chain down the waves of truth, as they roll on, sweeping away the flimsy breakwater which he has thrown up to defend his dread domain from the advancing tide of reason. They regard his hierarchy as a glittering temple of ice; the walls and aisles, the columns and arches, are of the most approved Gothic architecture; the carving and gilding of the altar are perfect, but no fire of love flames thereon; the artistic skill of centuries has been employed in painting its windows, but they shut out, instead of letting in, the genial light of heaven; without and within this ice-walled temple is the chill of death.

"To these men I would say, Beware lest ye also pitch your tents so near its walls, that your own hearts will be penetrated by its frosts. While you pity the monk in his cell, dig not a grave for your

own hearts. While you laugh at the mad attempt of the pope to chain the waves of truth, do not imitate his example; while you deprecate his blindness to true merit, do not let the rust of exclusiveness eat out the life of charity in your own souls; while he drives his adherents into inclosures of frost and darkness, see to it that there is warmth and light in your own habitations; and while you contend earnestly for the faith, cast not away that charity which 'vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up.' For my own part, I am free to confess that I have a greater love for the Abbé de l'Epée, who deprived himself of the necessities of life that he might teach the dumb to 'speak with the hands, and hear with the eyes,' although he believed in all the dogmas of Rome, than I have for that pleasure-loving priest who, professing to be sound in the faith, spends his time in ignoble ease. My heart yearns more intensely toward the peace-making and liberty-loving Penn and Clarkson, than toward those ministers of the Gospel who, having inherited or married a fortune, shamefully neglect to feed the flock of God, which an almighty Redeemer purchased with his most precious blood. My soul is more closely knit to the memories of Brainerd and Eliot than to those men who, repeating the most ancient creeds, chanting the most solemn anthems, and reciting the most devout prayers, live and die gluttons and wine-bibbers.

"In former years men were estimated for their rank and blood. The time will come when merit and moral worth will be the standard. The time was when men were held together by the formulas of faith; the time will come when love and works of love will be the bond of union: the first resembles the capillary attraction of the sponge, the last the chain of attraction encircling all worlds; the first is the elective affinity which gathers men into clans, the last is the bond which binds them in one common brotherhood.

"While I thus exalt charity, do not imagine that I wish to decry the power and excellence of faith and hope; for I may say, that faith is the eye with which we discern the rainbow of hope with which love has spanned our heavens; faith is the pitcher with which we draw the waters of hope from the rivers of love; faith is the cable, hope the anchor, but love is the forerunner within the veil; faith climbs the rounds of hope in the patriarchal ladder which love has reared up, whose top reacheth unto heaven. Again, I may say that love scatters the manna in this our wilderness; faith goes out and gathers it: love sprinkles our heavens with innumerable constellations; faith is the telescope by which we discover their magnitude: love has brought down to earth the wardrobe of the skies; faith enables us to enter in and put on the livery of hope: love has reared up on the shores of time, the arsenal into which faith

enables us to enter, that we may put on the armor of righteousness on the right hand and on the left. Faith in dogmas builds lofty temples; faith that works by love, homes for the orphan; the first founds and endows monasteries, the last hospitals for the sick and asylums for the blind; one walks up carpeted stairs to kneel on velvet cushions, the other climbs up filthy stairways to kneel by the bedside of the sick and dying; the first goes on a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, the last walks many a weary mile to visit the widow and the fatherless in their afflictions; one feeds those of its own household, the other its enemies. Dogmatic faith embroiders sacerdotal vestments and altar-cloths, and travels far to visit the shrines of dead saints; charity clothes the naked, visits the sick, and ministers unto those who are in prison; the first has its seat in the head, the last has its throne in the heart; the first shall 'vanish away,' the last 'never faileth'; for that charity which beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things, never faileth. Thrones and dynasties shall be overturned; the voice of prophecy shall fail; the tongue of eloquence shall cease to utter its melodies; the flash of wit shall go out in darkness; the pencil of the limner and the pen of the ready writer shall drop from nerveless hands; kingdoms and diadems shall be ground to powder; suns and planets shall be hurled from their thrones of light; but charity, sprung from the bosom of God,

never faileth. Riches and power shall fail, health and beauty, fame and honor, shall fail; but the coronal of charity shall burn with a luster undimmed, when every star in the diadem of night shall have gone out in the blackness of darkness.

"If, therefore, the scepter of charity is so potent, and her empire so permanent; if angels and seraphs are her train-bearers, if martyrs and confessors stand about her throne, shall we hesitate for a moment to give in our allegiance to her sway? Shall we yield ourselves to the arms of hate, when charity is ready to draw us to her warm embrace? Shall we deck ourselves with the tinsel of pride and vanity, when charity opens her casket and proffers the pearl of great price? Shall we let envy and jealousy nestle in our hearts, like adders in the palaces of Babylon, when charity with her celestial train is ready to come in and abide with us forever? When Omnipotence failed to subdue rebellious man with the fires of Sinai, shall we go to its flaming mount to draw from thence bolts of wrath to destroy our enemies? Were not the words of love and kindness spoken by the apostles, more efficient in conquering men's hearts than all the peals of that trumpet waxing louder and louder for a thousand years? The murky waves of the deluge never deepened the well of love in a human soul; the plagues which passed over Egypt never awakened emotions of tenderness in a single

heart; the thunders of Sinai never caused the tears of contrition to flow down the cheek of mortal; and never, until the Son of God exclaimed on the cross, 'Father, forgive them, they know not what they do,' was the great deep of humanity broken up. And it is this exhibition of love, and not the terror of the law, which has melted all hearts into contrition, tendered the sensibilities of the most obdurate, and torn away the gall of malice from the souls of men; and yet how many among us are rather the soldiers and champions of creeds and dogmas than the soldiers and champions of love. Many are adepts in every art but the art of love, skilled in every science but the science of love, schooled in every philosophy but the philosophy of love, familiar with every religion but the religion of love. Many study every language but the language of love, not understanding that a knowledge of every dialect of the babbling earth will not impart unto them a knowledge of the dialect of heaven. This knowledge was never taught in the schools of learning; it never welled up in the porch or academy; it never flowed out from the Castalian fount, nor gushed up with the waters of Zemzem. The spreading dome, the painted walls, the gilded altar, the mitred priest, and the smoking censer, cannot impart this divine gift of charity unto us; it comes, if it comes at all, from the bosom of God. Men may sprinkle us with holy water, put

crosses on our foreheads and spittle in our eyes; they may pronounce over us the most solemn words, and chant over us the most ancient litanies, but they can never pour into our hearts this love Divine 'all love excelling;' for it is shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost, which is given unto us. The confessional cannot impart it, all the bishops and cardinals in the world cannot bestow it, neither can it be bought with gold. As light and heat are shed abroad over the earth by the sun, so the light and heat of love is shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost. All other means of warming man's frozen nature would be as vain as attempting to chase away with a rush-light the frost and darkness of a polar winter. Philosophers like Plato, Zeno, and Seneca, have held up their torch-lights to drive away the darkness from our world; but they remind us of shipwrecked mariners wandering over fields of ice, seeking for a shelter from the storm, the torches which they hold above their heads only revealing tattered and ice-covered garments, visages haggard and care-worn, and dismal ice-hills looming in the distance; thus all the light which they have thrown on our world, has only revealed the haggard features of our moral nature, and a dread eternity looming in the future, and it was not till the cloven tongues of fire rested upon men, that the chill of death yielded to the warmth of love, and the deformity of sin to the beauty of holiness.

"We are told that knowledge is power, and so are wealth and rank; so are truth and eloquence. There is power in faith; it can remove mountains: there is power in hope; it can anchor the soul to the Rock of Ages; but love is more powerful. There is power in the earthquake and in the whirlwind; there is power in the volcano and the avalanche; but love is more powerful. There was no earthquake or whirlwind that could have overturned the empire of Paganism, which the demons of darkness had been building up and intrenching for a thousand years, an empire that extended from the river to the ends of the earth. The thrones of Jupiter and Mars, of Bacchus and Venus, were more ancient than that of Cæsar; their scepters more potent, and their subjects more numerous; their temples more gorgeous, and their dominion more boundless; and yet twelve ignorant fishermen, armed with omnipotent love, dashed in pieces this empire, tore off the massy crowns of demon-gods, crumbled altars reeking with human gore, transformed their temples into sanctuaries, where were heard, instead of frantic orgies, halleluiahs and hosannas to the Son of David. With hearts throbbing with love, they overturned that mighty tree whose branches extended over seas and continents, whose top reached up to heaven, whose roots struck down to hell; a tree which had bidden defiance to the whirlwinds which swept away thrones and dynasties, kingdoms

and empires, as the chaff of the summer's threshing-floor. May this love burn in our hearts until every unholy thought, every root of bitterness, every vestige of sin, be consumed; then shall we be able to take up and heroically wield those weapons which are 'mighty through God to the pulling down of strongholds.'"

At the conclusion of Mr. Love-love's address, Mr. Valiant rose to the question, and said:

"Mr. Chairman: We have had several exhortations to love and union, to which I have listened with great pleasure; but as yet we have had no definite plan presented to us for carrying on this war more vigorously. Love is an element of power, but power, to be of any avail, must be applied; how, when, and where that power shall be used, are questions of vast importance. Sagacity in choosing a battle-field is often the pledge of victory. This was the peculiar trait of Hannibal and Marlborough. Wisdom to decide when to fight and when to forbear fighting, was the peculiar quality of Fabius and Washington; but how to make a given power tell the most terribly in assailing a more powerful antagonist, was a quality of mind peculiar to the latter. With a handful of undisciplined militia he met and vanquished the veteran bands of Britain. In like manner Napoleon, on the plains of Italy, with fifty thousand French soldiers, conquered two hundred thousand

Austrians. And this they accomplished because they knew how, when, and where to use the power put into their hands. Power is powerless unless applied : a battle-ship will never achieve a naval victory in a dry-dock ; a lever of sufficient power to move the globe is but lumber in a ware-house ; knowledge hoarded up in the brain, or love sealed up in the heart, will be as water locked up in a tank in India, when the drought of summer has dried up the fountains and rivers. Stinted rations should be dealt out to a ship's crew when under a stress of weather, but that they should be put on a short allowance when in a friendly port, would evince a depravity unheard of in the annals of crime. It was right for the Egyptians to go on building store-houses during the years of plenty, but to have gone on building granaries during the years of famine would have been madness. And are not many of us who sit here to-day as useless, morally, as a man-of-war in a dry-dock ? If the waters of salvation have been poured into our hearts, will we not open the reservoir and give to the thirsty souls around us ? 'Ye are the salt of the earth,' said our Saviour to his disciples ; and as these words come down to us through the whispering-gallery of past centuries, they lose none of their intensity and force. The ocean, deprived of the salt contained in its waters, would soon become a vast body of corruption, whose direful exhalations would

carry death to all that breathe the vital air. And is not our world morally a dismal swamp, a putrid marsh, over which and around which death reigns and revels ? Into this putrescent mass the Lord Jesus sent his disciples, to cleanse and to purify, and it was only by mingling with these waters and diffusing the savor of their holy lives, that the green scum which had been forming for ages could be removed, and the rottenness and corruption therein destroyed ; and although they met at every step disgusting sights and offensive smells, they moved on fearlessly and nobly, diffusing around them the sweet odors of holiness. In life and in death they were always to be found pouring the Divine influences of a Divine faith upon the corruptions around them. And here I would ask, Was the salt of divine grace put into our hearts that we, sick at heart with the stench going up from the dead sea of human depravity, should hide it in our heart-cells ? Can we sweeten the bitter waters around us by building Gothic temples for ourselves, and excluding therefrom the poverty-stricken ? Can we abate the sorrows, diminish the corruptions, and drive away the impurities of our world, by shutting ourselves up in ceiled houses ? The vast deposits of salt contained in the caverns of the ocean are brought up and mingled with its waters by the constant action of its waves ; hence every wind that sweeps over its surface not only purifies its waters,

but carries health and life to the dwellers on the land. In like manner, every providence which compels us to mingle with the world, which drives us into its marshes, enables us to shed upon the reeking corruptions thereof the fragrance of holiness. All the gold hid away in the Sierra Nevada will never benefit mankind unless dug up and put in circulation; all the gold of knowledge, meekness, virtue, faith, hope, and love, locked up in our hearts, will never benefit the world unless put in circulation. If we would make our bankrupt world 'rich toward God,' pour the affluence of the skies into the cold hut of poverty, and put into the hands of the homeless title-deeds to an inheritance incorruptible, we must no longer hoard like the miser. 'Freely ye have received, freely give.' Have we received pardon? then let us forgive our enemies. Have we received sympathy from the throbbing heart of the Father Almighty? then let us show pity to the erring. Have we received the chalice of immortality? then let us press it to lips parched with thirst. Have we received light from above? then let us illumine the pathway of the wanderer. Have we received the bread of life? let us share our loaf with the famishing multitudes around us. Have our chains been knocked off, and our prison doors been opened? let us break open the prison doors of our brethren held in the fetter-bands of unbelief.

"Let us listen for one moment to the teachings of nature. Do the clouds receive the mists from the ocean? how freely do they pour the refreshing showers on all the thirsty ground. Do the flowers draw nectarian juices from the dew and the rain? how freely do they shed upon our pathway their sweet odors. Do the fruit-bearing trees receive nourishment from the earth and the air? how gladly do they bend their golden boughs to the hand of the eater. Does the earth receive seed from the sower? how generously does she yield 'sixty and a hundred fold.' Do the planets receive light and heat from the king of day? how freely do they give back their borrowed splendors from their imperial thrones. Does the ocean receive the waters of ten thousand rivers? how liberally does it send up its mists to replenish the clouds. And shall we pass through life as clouds without water, flowers without fragrance, trees without fruit, stars without light, reservoirs into which streams of mercy are ever flowing, and never water the moral wastes around us? If our eyes have been opened and our ears unstopped, will we not labor to bring the blind and dumb to Him who has healed us of all our infirmities? Where is the dumb man who, having been taught to 'hear with his eyes and to speak with his hands,' would not burn with intense desire to tell the glad news to his fellow-sufferers? And if he had brothers and sisters whose

tongues had been tied up from their birth, what hardships would he not encounter, that they might be partakers of the benefit? And will we not welcome toil and pain, to announce to our kindred, and even to our enemies, that a Divine Physician hath appeared, who can open blind eyes and unstop deaf ears?

"I will imagine that I had been a resident of London when smitten by the plague, and that the distemper had fastened upon my body and was hurrying me into eternity; and at that moment a heavenly visitant appears at my bedside, proffering unto me an antidote, which arrests the disease and restores me to health, at the same time saying unto me, 'Freely ye have received, freely give.' Would I not have run through the streets announcing to the panic-stricken inhabitants my deliverance from death, and that I held in my hand a remedy for all? Now, is not our world a plague-smitten city? Does not sin, as a pestilence, walk through every street and lane thereof? And has not 'God manifest in the flesh' applied to our hearts the balm of Gilead, that we may tell the glad news to the filthy and the vile on every side of us?

"But we should remember that it will be of no use for us to start on this mission while our own bodies are spotted with the plague. While we bid men beware of the tongue of the flatterer, let us not

imbibe its venom; while we cry out against pride and vanity, let us not go flounced in their apparel; while we bid men beware of the whirlpools of mammon, let them not see us 'greedy of filthy lucre;' for it is by the power of our example that we clinch the words we utter. And here is our great mistake! we fail to apply the power put into our hands. There is power sufficient in the cataract of Niagara to set all the wheels in the globe in revolution, but its power, not being applied, is rendered powerless. There is power in the Church militant sufficient to roll up the dark continents of our globe to the holy light which streams from the portals of bliss; but, alas, how are its energies wasted and its powers squandered! How many among us are wasting their energies in wielding the polemic sword, filling the world with vast tomes of useless learning, around which the mold will soon gather! How many spend their years in delving among Greek roots, when they should be employed in rooting out the roots of bitterness in their own hearts! How many waste their precious time in seeking the tracks of fossiliferous birds, when they should be searching for the tracks which sin and sorrow have made upon the throbbing heart of humanity! We mourn over the wasted energies of men of genius, and we are ready to exclaim, What a swelling tide of sacred song would a Burns have poured upon the Church, if, to the light of

genius, there had been added the beauty of holiness ! With what persuasive accents would Sheridan have pleaded the cause of revealed truth, if he had been robed in the mantle of purity, and his lips had been touched with a live coal from the altar of heaven ! How the pillars of infidelity would have shook and trembled under the battle-ax of a Coleridge, if his colossal intellect had been 'endued with power from on high !' When we contemplate the untiring energies of Attila and Alaric, we are ready to say, O, that they could have led their bannered millions forth to fight the battles of faith, instead of pouring the lava fires of ruin over islands and continents ! And yet the history of the Church for the last thousand years is a history of polemic wars ; talents prostituted to the aggrandizement of party ; powers squandered, or employed in the pursuit of learned trifles ; marshals of the cross, instead of charging as moral Neys upon the armies of the aliens, driving in whirlwind fury over the embattled plains of the militant Church ; admirals and vice-admirals, instead of storming the flotillas and armadas of error, either pouring a broadside into ships of the line sailing under the same flag, bound to the same port, and commissioned by the same king ; or else doubling the capes of curiosity, sounding the bays and estuaries of philosophy, and exploring the seas of antiquity, they at last enter the port of death, not freighted with a rich harvest of

souls, but with antiquarian lore and the curiosities of literature. What a torrent of indignation would have been poured upon the hero of the Nile, if, when sent forth to annihilate the naval power of France and Spain, he had, instead of striking that terrible blow at Trafalgar, led his fleet away to explore the flora and fauna of the tropics. Did the 'man of destiny' vanquish the banded armies of Europe, shut up in the Tuileries ? Did Wellington, when driving the indomitable Soult across the Pyrenees, waste his energies rumaging amid the ruins of baronial castles ? Should not such examples shame us out of our lethargy, and spur us on to action ? One tithe of the energy of Napoleon and his veteran corps, on our part, would carry the banner of Calvary round the globe, build a school-house in every valley, a church on every hill-top, and place a Bible in every hovel. The battles of Cannæ, Borodino, and Eylau, were never fought by men half asleep and half awake ; and can we hope to subdue the unholy wills of men, rend asunder the riveted bands of vicious habits, and conquer their prejudices, by taking up our abode in dreamland ?

"The Norman invader did not wrench the scepter from the hand of Harold, reposing on a bed of down ; Columbus did not discover America, in quiet moorings ; Galileo did not reveal unto mortals the immensity of the universe, serenely dozing in his arm-chair ;

and can we expect to wrench the scepter from the prince of the power of the air, reclining on sofas and ottomans? Can we reveal unto men sitting in the region and shadow of death the marvelous light, writing scholastic sermons in summer parlors? Shall we not have to climb mountains of ice, and traverse furious seas, if we would see the wandering tribes of earth brought to a knowledge of the truth? Are there not multitudes around us as ignorant as Hottentots, of God, of Christ, and of the plan of redemption? And shall we refuse to enter those moral marshes, because in ascending to those garrets we cannot walk up carpeted stairs, or because in descending to dismal cellars we shall not be regaled with the perfumes of rose-water? Was the savor of holiness imparted unto us that we might diffuse it in the halls of learning, or in the hovels of poverty? Was the candle of the Lord placed in our candlestick to light up the saloons of the great, or to illumine the squalid huts of the poor? Are we sent out to console men whose 'eyes stand out with fatness,' or to bind up the broken-hearted? If our world is a vast lazaretto, can we transform it into a paradise by preaching and praying in gorgeous temples, kneeling on velvet cushions? It may shock our sensibilities to go down into these regions of death, it may offend our taste; but the having offered the hopes of the Gospel to one of the children of sorrow and shame, will be a greater

consolation to us when dying than all the scientific truths and literary gems we may have exhibited before the noble and the gay.

"And in letting ourselves down into these seas of depravity, we should remember that the Gospel of the Son of God will be unto us as a sub-marine armor, therefore we have nothing to fear. Taking faith as our diving bell, and making fast our hold upon the pillars of Omnipotence, we can go down into these depths with the assurance that the treasures we gather will shine in our coronal when the stars have gone out in eternal night. Let not, therefore, the Alpine glaciers of Pantheism, nor the yawning chasms of crime, affright us; let not the earthquake throes of papal Rome, nor the hissings of the fangless serpent, fill us with dismay; for we bear in our hands the torch of salvation, which we have received, blood-stained, from the hands of martyrs and confessors; which has been waved in triumph from the mountains of Bohemia and the fires of Smithfield; a torch which, carried into the hovels of poverty and woe, will shine upon our dying pillow, flash unearthly splendors along the dark valley and shadow of death, and, when planted on the mount of God, will burn and glow when the sun is blown out, and the stars are wrapped together as a shriveled scroll."

At the conclusion of Mr. Valiant's remarks, Mr. Dignity rose to address the council. Now Mr. Dig-

nity had been educated at one of the first universities in the land; his mind had also been enriched, and his views enlarged, by foreign travel. Graceful in person and captivating in manners, he was gladly received into the circles of wealth and fashion. The inheritor of a large moneyed and landed estate, he was courted and caressed by those whom the "god of this world hath blinded." He commenced his address by saying:

"MR. CHAIRMAN: It is with no little trepidation that I now rise before this august assembly. But I am anxious to know, sir, if I was mistaken as to my views of this religion, which I have adopted as my own. I was told that I was to receive an 'easy yoke' and a 'light burden.' I did not expect, when I embarked in the ship of the Gospel, that I should be compelled to work my passage to heaven. I imagined, when I received my certificate of church membership, that I was the holder of a 'through ticket' to the Celestial City. But according to the doctrine of Mr. Valiant, we are all, rich and poor, learned and ignorant, liable to be piped on deck whenever the first tempest sweeps over us. For my part, sir, I have always been accustomed to sail in ships where I could have a comfortable state-room, and servants to attend upon me. In other words, if the sick are to be visited, and the outcasts to be brought in, let us hire the lowest of the people to do this work. If this

war is to be carried on, let us employ mercenaries to fight our battles, that we may be saved from the filth of the camp and the perils of the fight. We hire carpenters to build our houses, husbandmen to till our fields, and sailors to man our ships. There always have been, and there always must be, in every community, hewers of wood and drawers of water. There must always be a head to plan and direct, while the feet and hands do the work; and it cannot be expected of us who have been born to wealth and reared in refinement, to give up our luxuries, and go down to labor with the sorrowing children of shame. I am willing to contribute liberally toward rearing homes of refuge for the unfortunate; but my attention is so engrossed with other matters, that I have neither time nor inclination to attend to such duties. And here I would ask, sir, Why do we fill our libraries with books, if we are not to read them? Why do we purchase pictures at great expense, if we are not to study and admire them? Why do we build observatories and erect telescopes, if we are not to survey the fields of light? And why, sir, do we plant flower-gardens, if we are not to be regaled with the fragrance thereof? I am thinking, sir, that I should make a very awkward appearance climbing up some narrow stairway to a dismal garret, and kneeling down, not on a velvet cushion, but on a filthy floor by the bedside of a dying debauchee,

whose conscience has been quickened into life by the near approach of the king of terrors; whose weeping wife and children stand around, appalled at his wailing cry of distress. I say again, we must have men from the lowest of the people to do this work; for I look upon my certificate of church-membership as a policy insuring me against all perils, which entitles me, when I take my exit from time, to all the emoluments of the upper sanctuary. If I am mistaken, sir, in this matter, it is evident to all that I am most sadly mistaken."

To whom Mr. Valiant replied: "You were promised a 'light burden' and an 'easy yoke,' and I would ask, Was not the burden of guilt more intolerable, and the yoke of lust more galling than all the duties which our religion enjoins? Is not the fear of death more tormenting than the stench of a cold damp basement? A certain American general declared that he would willingly work two thirds of his time as a galley-slave, if he could be freed from the dread of death. And have you not received that shield whereby you can quench his fiery darts?"

"You 'did not expect to work your passage to heaven!' And is the ship of the Gospel fitted up with saloons and splendid state-rooms for the rich, while the poor are to be thrust down into the fore-castle? Are the commands, 'Work out your own salvation with fear and trembling,' 'Fight the good

fight of faith, lay hold on eternal life,' addressed only to the poor and ignorant? For my part, I planted my feet upon the broad deck of this heaven-bound ship with the assurance, that among all its companies there was 'neither Jew nor Greek, there was neither bond nor free, there was neither male nor female; for we are all one in Christ Jesus.'

"You tell us that you have been accustomed to sail in ships where you could have servants to attend upon you; but do you not see written on every sail and yard-arm of this noble ship, 'Every man shall bear his own burden?'"

"You say, 'If the sick are to be visited, and the outcasts to be brought in, let us hire the lowest of the people to do this work.' But I would ask, Are there any talents however rare, or any genius however resplendent, or any rank however exalted, but would be ennobled by being consecrated to this work? Have we not the promise that kings shall become nursing fathers, and queens nursing-mothers?"

"You would be 'saved from the filth of the camp and the perils of the fight.' Did Richard the Lion-hearted, or Gustavus, or Charles the Twelfth, or Frederic the Great, shrink from the filth of the camp or the perils of the fight? Princes and potentates as exalted in rank and as noble in birth as yourself, have encountered hardships the most appalling, while fighting the battles of ambition, and shall we

not willingly brave all dangers while fighting the battles of faith?

"You ask, 'Why do we fill our houses with libraries, if we are not to read them?' And in reply I would ask, Is not the red-lettered volume of humanity a more precious book, containing profounder lessons of wisdom, than can be found in all the libraries of the world? Would not the study of this volume render you a wiser and a better man than though you spent your days and nights in devouring tomes of classic learning? Was there ever a profound philosopher, or able lawgiver, or sublime poet, or thrilling painter, who did not study this book more than all others? If Socrates is the prince of philosophers, and Shakspeare the prince of poets, it is because they gave their days and nights to its study.

"You ask, 'Why do we purchase pictures at great expense, if we are not to study and admire them?' But are not the lanes and alleys of every commercial city filled with picture-galleries more worthy of your study than all the cartoons and madonnas of Rome and Florence? Will you not find the colors more natural, the light and shade more exquisitely blended? If you would see shame mantling the cheek of beauty, resignation on the rack of poverty, hope towering above despair, and love stronger than death, then go and view the delineations drawn by the pencil of sorrow.

"Why build observatories, 'if we are not to survey the fields of light?' But take a survey of the moral firmament, and will you not find suns and stars, a knowledge of whose orbits and revolutions will be far more interesting? In those heavens you will discover talent and worth suffering a perpetual eclipse, nebulae rising above nebulae, all radiant with the light of genius, only requiring the hand of culture to separate and roll out stars of the first magnitude.

"Why plant flower-gardens if we are not to be regaled with their fragrance?' But I would ask you to go out into the moral wastes around you, where, you will find,

'Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.'

Go, gather these flowers by the wayside, and transplant them into the gardens of the Church, and they will perfume your path all along the journey of life, shed around your dying pillow a rich aroma, and when passed to the spirit-land you will find that the cycles of eternity cannot diminish their fragrance.

"You imagine that you would 'make an awkward appearance kneeling down in a garret by the bedside of a dying debauchee.' Permit me to ask, Did Peter the Great make an awkward appearance when he left the palace of the Czars, and went down to labor, covered with dust and sweat, in the ship-yards of

Holland? Where does he present the sublimest spectacle: reposing in the Kremlin, surrounded by the gilded butterflies that flutter their brief hour in the presence of royalty; or, ax in hand, surrounded by the hardy ship-builders of Zaandam? Did Lafayette make an awkward appearance when he bade farewell to the splendors of a court, and put his life in jeopardy, fighting the battles of freedom? Was he rendering himself illustrious, luxuriating in his ancestral home, or mingling with naked and starving men in their rude huts at Valley Forge? And what shall I say of Howard, who gave up the endearments of his English villa, and went over Europe, visiting its plague-infected prisons, pouring the light of love into dungeons, into which the star of hope had never shot its genial rays? Or of Elizabeth Fry, preaching in prisons to men nurtured in crime and ripe for the gallows? Finally, I would ask, with all reverence, Did the Lord of glory make an awkward appearance washing his disciples' feet, and wiping them with the towel wherewith he was girded?

"Did the Prince of Peace, in making his advent into our world, choose a stable for his birthplace? did he yield obedience as the son of a carpenter? did he call around him fishermen ignorant of letters? did he take up little children in his arms, and bless them? did he eat with publicans and sinners? did he suffer himself to be brought as a prisoner to the bar of

Pilate, to be robed in scarlet, sceptered with a reed, and crowned with thorns? does he, when buffeted, and spit upon, and reviled, remain dumb as a sheep before its shearers? does he, when nailed to the cross, and reproached by his foes, pray, 'Father, forgive them?' he therein teaches by example, more powerfully than words can express, the lessons of humility, obedience, compassion, and forbearance. So matchless the wisdom, so rich the imagery, so pungent the words which flowed from his lips, that, in our admiration and bewilderment, we are prone to forget the lessons he has taught us in his glorious and God-like example; and never before were precept and example so happily blended. Men acute in intellect, subtle in wisdom, and sagacious in counsel, had flourished in every age; but they were never able to enforce their lessons by the power of example. Plato, hating tyrants with a perfect hatred, talks sublimely of the equality of the human race; but in practice he was the most exclusive of mortals, shutting out from his sympathy and companionship the ignoble and the ignorant. It could never be said of him, 'This man receiveth sinners, and eateth with them.' Socrates, in his patience under injuries, his voluntary poverty, his inflexible justice, and obedience to the laws, approaches nearer than any other Grecian sage to our great Exemplar. And yet the example which he has given to the world, fighting sword in hand at Potidæa

and Delium, if followed, would never cause wars and the rumors of wars to cease from under heaven. And in discussing the question now before us, 'How can we carry on this war more vigorously?' I would say that our failure hitherto in this contest has been because we have failed to enforce our precepts by the holiness of our lives. We may chant the most sublime anthems, we may repeat the most devout litanies, we may utter the most powerful persuasions to virtue, yet, if our words are not enforced by example, they will all be as 'sounding brass.' Who ever knew a citadel to surrender, bombarded with blank-cartridges? And who of us can expect the City of Sin to surrender, when assailed by words only? In vain do we call upon men to 'renounce the devil and all his works,' while our bodies are covered and our houses are filled with the 'poms and vanities of the world.' In vain do we call upon men to love their enemies, while our own hearts are boiling over with malice toward members of the household of faith. And, that we may have a more perfect understanding of this matter, let us contemplate the power of example, as exhibited in the sacrifices men have made for their liberties, their principles, and their religion.

"In contemplating the first, how do the rugged rocks of Thermopylæ rise up before the mind's eye? Those rocks stand as memorial altars, on which three hundred martyrs to liberty were immolated; and by

which succeeding generations have sworn eternal enmity to tyranny. That heart must be dead indeed that does not beat warmer at the mention of Marathon, Leuctra, Bunker Hill, and Saratoga. The name of Tell will never cease to be the banner-cry of Switzerland until the fires of the judgment shall melt down her eternal glaciers. The names of Wallace and Bruce shall be echoed among the Highlands of Scotland until the mountains shall melt like wax at the presence of the Lord. That man is undeserving the name of patriot who would not say, 'Let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth' if I forget Salamis, Mantinea, Saragossa, and Yorktown. 'Let my right hand forget her cunning' if I prefer not above my chief joy the memories of Leonidas, Regulus, Bayard, Sydney, and Washington: men who have not only put their lives in jeopardy for the salvation of their country, but set an example to all coming time, which, if faithfully followed, would soon rid the world of its monster tyrants, and erect, on every hill top, altars flaming with the incense of freedom.

"I know the young and thoughtless turn from the steady light of such examples, and are caught by the tinsel and glare which gather around the exploits of the Hannibals and Napoleons, who have scattered in their train war, pestilence, and famine. The child, standing on a lofty promontory, will admire the cor-

ruscations which flash athwart the sky from the explosion of a magazine of gunpowder, never thinking of the bodies it has torn and mangled ; but the man will admire the heroism of the surgeon who toils incessantly to bind up bleeding wounds, and to amputate the arms and legs which have been shattered by the explosion. But who is entitled to our admiration? the incendiary who fires the city at the midnight hour, or the watchman who rushes in amid flame and smoke, and rescues the babe sleeping in its cradle? And what were Xerxes and Alexander but incendiaries who have set continents on fire? Their names are luminous, but it is the glare caused by the conflagration of a thousand cities; their bodies were once clad in crimson vestments, but they had been dipped in a dye drawn from human veins. This admiring men, because they have been terrible in destruction, is similar to the blind adoration of the barbarian, who builds temples to the earthquake and the volcano. Even to this day the Hindoo erects temples to murder and the small-pox. Men do not consecrate lofty structures to the rainbow until they have shaken off the chains of superstition, and made considerable advancement in intelligence. The vulgar horde cherish the memory of the plunderer of cities, regardless of the unostentatious deed of the peace-making patriot; but in this they resemble those who worship the crocodile and the monsters of the deep, instead of the

dew and the rain. The character of Washington, in its harmony and perfection, resembles the dew and the rain, while Napoleon looms up before us as a storm-king, making the whirlwind his chariot, and pestilence and famine his winged steeds. Those who bow down before the terrible majesty of the 'man of destiny,' are like those who worship the tornado, which overturns their habitations, unmindful of the vernal zephyr that fans their brows with its odor-laden wings. The savage reveres the thunder and lightning, unmindful of the light and warmth so essential to his existence; and yet the light which chases away the darkness, and the heat which rends asunder the chains of frost, are more powerful than the fires of Jove; and thus the light and heat which have gone out from the noble example of Washington will be found, as the world grows wiser, to be more powerful than all the thunderbolts of war which have flamed over the earth.

"And now I come to contemplate the power of example as exhibited in the sacrifices men have made for their principles; and although the fame of the former may be more world-wide, it is none the less important that we should be well instructed in the latter. If we should cherish love for our country, how much more for our principles. The first is temporal, the last are eternal; the first is of the earth, earthy; the last are emanations from heaven. The

hills and valleys on which our eyes first gazed in childhood are bound by a thousand bands to our hearts; but the principles of justice, mercy, and truth should be bound to our hearts by indissoluble ties.

"The principle of justice had found so firm a lodgment in the soul of Aristides, that no shock of adversity, no love of country or kindred, no tongue of flattery, could drive it from its intrenchments. Adopting justice as his guiding star, he followed its holy light into banishment; and as he goes into exile, wrapped about with the mantle of justice, he towers above kings and potentates, robed in ermine and cloth of gold, as the sun towers above the marshes and swamps of earth. Neither should it be forgotten that 'Aristides the Just' was born a pagan, reared under the vicious example of his venal countrymen, and taught to worship for gods monsters in impurity and cruelty. How must his example put to the blush the venal judge, the place-seeking courtier, and that minister of God who leaves his flock, allured by greener pastures and stiller waters! And here I would ask, Would it not be well for Christian governments, who erect monuments to men whose characters, while living, were stained with vices and crimes of every hue, to place on the steps of their proud capitols a statue of Aristides, so that those who ascend to the halls of justice may be taught to wipe

out from their souls the stains of venality? Turning to the annals of Rome, we read of Fabricius, who discovered to Pyrrhus the perfidious offers of his physician, who pledged himself to the Roman general for a sum of money to poison his royal master; well might he therefore exclaim, 'It would be easier to turn the sun from his course than Fabricius from honesty.'

"We also read of Camillus, who, when besieging Falisci, and seeing the sons of the most worthy citizens led into his camp by their schoolmaster, commanded his hands to be bound and a rod to be given to each of the boys, with orders to whip their master back into the city, and to say to their parents, 'The Romans are accustomed to conquer by the sword, and not by dishonesty.' We also read of Regulus, who, being taken prisoner by the Carthaginians, was sent to Rome, with the promise that he would either persuade the Romans to make peace, or return himself into their hands; but when arrived in Rome, he persuaded his countrymen to carry on the war, though the making of peace would have saved him from a cruel death; and bidding his weeping kindred farewell, he returns to die by the hand of his enemies.

"And what shall I say more of Rutilius, Gracchus, and Metellus, of Cato, Cicero, and Seneca, of Roland and Lafayette, of Sidney, Hampden, and Russell, who, rather than part with their principles and stain their

souls with injustice and cruelty, wandered in banishment, in deserts and mountains. Many were shut up for long and wearisome years in dungeons; 'others were tortured, not accepting deliverance.' And it should not be forgotten, that many of these men were born in lands on which the light of revelation had never dawned, and in which human sacrifices were not abolished; for the Romans believed, when engaged in any dangerous war, that to bury alive in the midst of Rome an individual of the adverse nation, was a powerful charm to secure victory, which practice was not entirely done away with until long after the first preaching of Christianity.

"In contemplating the power of example, as exhibited in the sacrifices men have made for their religion, we are reminded of Joseph, who descended into the prison rather than part with the mantle of chastity and sin against God; of Moses, who esteemed the reproach of Christ greater riches than the pleasures of Egypt; of David, who restrained his hand from slaying his murderous foe when he found him sleeping in the cave of Engedi; of Balaam, who would not go beyond the commandment of the Lord if Balak should give him his house full of silver and gold; of Zechariah, who was slain between the porch and the altar, for daring to reprove Joash for his idolatry. I would also speak of those apostles and confessors who took joyfully the spoiling of their goods, who were

ready to be regarded as the filth and offscouring of the world; who 'counted all things as loss for the excellence of the knowledge of Christ;' who braved dangers the most appalling; who encountered hardships which would have caused the stoutest hearts to quail; who suffered as men never have suffered; who triumphed as men never have triumphed. The frenzy of the rabble, the frowns of the Sanhedrim, the iron-knit brow of power, were unto them as Favonian breezes. The harsh gratings of the rack told them they would soon pass to a land where they would hear the bells of Paradise ringing; the flames of the stake were only wreathing for them a chaplet of immortality; the cup of poison presented to their lips by the hand of persecution, was sweeter than the nectar-flowing chalice. Were they thrust into the inner prison, and their feet made fast in the stocks? even at the midnight hour they prayed and sang praises to God. Were they borne away to 'thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice?' they soon caused Mayflowers to bloom around them. Exiled to a vast howling wilderness, they soon caused the lion to lie down with the lamb; banished to some vast Sahara, they soon clothed the desert sands with the freshness and verdure of Eden. Did a night of tempest and blackness gather around them, neither sun nor stars appearing, then a light shining in a dark place flamed around them; did kings frown, they prayed

for them; did cynics sneer, they answered in accents of kindness; did persecution lift its rod, they blessed and cursed not; did the foot of power trample upon them, they shed over their oppressors the dew of forgiveness; did the flame kindle upon them, their enemies soon found that their faith and virtue were not hay and stubble, but diamond dust, which no fires can consume; did the prince of darkness plot their ruin, they baffled his spells with the wisdom of the serpent; did foes assail, they fought with the energies of hope and not of despair, even the king of terrors shook and trembled at their approach, for he saw the hand-writing on the wall announcing the death of death.

“The champions of the cross furnish us an example of suffering and patience unparalleled in the annals of our race. Suffering the pangs of hunger, they broke to men the bread of life; stung with poverty, they poured along their pathway the affluence of the skies; cold and naked, they proffered unto men the livery of heaven, more gorgeous than the starry robe of night; strangers and pilgrims, they gave unto men title-deeds to an inheritance incorruptible and undefiled; chained and manacled, they proclaimed liberty unto the captives, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound; ignorant of letters, they spoke in every dialect of the babbling earth; having neither sword nor scrip, they broke the power of the Cæsars,

and wrenched the scepter from the hand of Jove; commanded to speak no more in the name of Jesus, they struck dumb pagan oracles, and put to silence the gainsayers. If Napoleon furnishes us with an example of heroism, standing knee deep in mud and snow storming a Russian battery, how much more heroic do these men appear who stormed the batteries of sin and hell, in stripes and imprisonments, in cold and nakedness, charging right on through fagots and flames. He periled his life that he might exalt himself to the loftiest pinnacle of fame; they put their lives in jeopardy, that they might exalt the vile and the outcast to thrones of light and love. He was followed, in his transit from kingdom to kingdom, by the wail of the orphan; they, having revealed unto a fatherless world the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, took their transit from mundane shores, followed by the incense of a grateful world; he clothed the nations of the earth in sackcloth; they, ‘lifting up the vail of covering cast over all people,’ robed them in the garments of salvation.

“In the first we have an example of selfishness, which, if followed, would soon transform our world into a Pandemonium; in the last we have an example of love, which, if faithfully copied, would soon transform our world into a paradise.

“Many wonder why so little good results from their labors, for their words are words of truth and

soberness ; but, alas ! their lives are one continued round of vanity and ostentation. They command men to feed the hungry, but are their days and nights consecrated to the relief of the suffering ? They call upon men to forsake houses and lands, but can they say with their Master : 'The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests ; but the Son of man hath not where to lay his head ?' They command others to 'condescend to men of low estate,' but do they ever eat with publicans and sinners ? They enjoin self-denial, but do they ever wear a seamless coat ? Such men should remember, that it was not by the eloquence of words, but by the power of example, that the Macedonian conquered the world. It was this that enabled Cæsar to triumph at Pharsalia, gave the iron crown to Charlemagne, and placed the laurel on the brow of Marlborough at Blenheim. It was this that carried the standards of France across the bridge of Lodi, rolled back the tide of victory at Wagram, and broke the power of the banded armies of Europe. It was this that rendered the Ironsides of Cromwell invincible, gave victory to Wolfe on the plains of Abraham, and wrought wonders at Trenton and Monmouth. It was this that gave success to the efforts of Luther and Latimer, and opened the hearts of the hardened and obdurate to receive the burning words of Wesley and Whitefield. May I not therefore ask, Can we hope to see the strongholds of sin

overturned, and every vestige swept away from the earth, while our words are contradicted by the example of our lives ? Can men dam up the waters of Niagara with bulrushes ? And can we hope to dam up the rivers of intemperance, licentiousness, and infidelity with words only ? When bishops and archbishops lay aside their miters, and go out into the thronged streets, and throw up their prayers and entreaties between sinners and 'everlasting damnation ;' when our mothers in Israel spend as many hours in their closets as they do at their toilets, praying, with strong crying and tears, that the God of battles will cause victory to flash along our ranks ; when those who urge men on to heaven are seen fighting manfully in the van, and not lingering in the rear, then, and not till then, will this 'war be carried on more vigorously.'

"Napoleon more than once saved his army from defeat, and his empire from ruin, by placing himself between his wavering lines and the fires of the Austrian cannon. Thus Washington saved his troops from a total rout at Harlem Heights, by placing himself between them and the 'iron rain' of the advancing enemy.

"May grace and courage be poured in our hearts, that we may march up boldly in the very front of the battle, regardless of the masked batteries of infidelity, and the grapeshot of papal Rome, so that when dying we may fall with our armor on, the banner of Calvary

waving over us, and the pæan of victory on our lips!"

At the conclusion of Mr. Valiant's address, Mr. Dignity rose, as he said, "to define his position."

"Mr. Chairman: One would imagine, from what we have just heard, that this city is to be overthrown by an arm of flesh; that we, worms of the dust, are able to crumble its massy walls, and break down its impregnable towers. To such men I would say, as did Antigonus, when about to engage in a sea-fight near the Isle of Andros: somebody observed to him, that the enemy's fleet was much larger than his. 'For how many ships, then, dost thou reckon me?' And I would ask, For how many ships dost thou reckon the Captain of salvation? Can he not, with one tramp of his foot, grind them to powder? Does he not hold a more potent trident than Æolus? Cannot He 'who breakest the ships of Tarshish with an east wind,' send forth upon our foes the whirlwinds of his fury? Our great work is to throw up intrenchments and strengthen our outposts, to count our bulwarks and secure our gates, and then to keep within our inclosures; for our security mainly depends on our keeping within the citadel. The law of nature plainly declares, that self-preservation should be our first concern; we are not to starve our own souls while ministering to the wants of others; I am not required to take the coat from my back, or the

bread from my mouth, according to this first law of my being. The world has ever been full of paupers, shame and want will ever attend upon the shiftless and improvident. If the prodigal squanders his estate, and the libertine ruins his health by excess, I cannot see that we are accountable for their misdeeds, or that they are entitled to our sympathies. Our great work should be to worship God, and in order that we may do this befitting his majesty, we must rear up temples worthy of his name. Every church should be modeled after the temple of Solomon, for that was built under the direct supervision of the King of heaven, and when finished he honored it with his presence, and filled it with his glory. Hence every Church should have an apostolic ministry; and I am free to declare that I have a greater sympathy for Rome than for Dissent, for the first is bound together by a three-fold cord of bishops, priests, and deacons, while the last is held together by a rope of sand."

In reply to Mr. Dignity's remarks, Mr. Valiant said:

"Mr. Chairman: I did not intend to engross so much of the time and attention of this council, but the words to which we have just listened have not only made my ears to tingle, but they have tingled every fiber and cuticle of my body. We have been given to understand that it is not by an arm of flesh, but by the hand of Omnipotence, that our foes are to be van-

quished; but I would ask if the King of heaven ever wrought deliverance for his people but by the use of instrumentalities. Doubtless he could have saved Noah without an ark; he could have led the Israelites through the wilderness without the pillar of cloud; he could have fed Elijah without the ravens, and taken him to heaven without a chariot of fire. In like manner God could illuminate the earth without the sun, and moisten it without the rain; but in the empire of nature and of grace he always works by instrumentalities; Joshua did not say, 'The God of Israel can, with one tramp of his foot, grind our enemies to powder; therefore let us sheath our swords, and seek repose in our tents.'

"You tell us that our great work is to throw up intrenchments, and to strengthen our outposts; but I would ask, if the promise is about to fail: 'Upon this rock will I build my Church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it?' Are our defenses so weak and insecure that we must watch with trembling anxiety every attack of our foes? Are the cords of our tents threads of gossamer, are our outposts set up on the sand, that we should fear to leave our inclosures? Does not the angel of the Lord encamp round about us? Are not our walls salvation and our gates praise?

"Again, you tell us that 'our security mainly depends upon our keeping within the citadel.' And has the armor of light become so rust-eaten that it

can no longer protect those who gird it on? Did spear or cimeter ever pierce the breastplate of righteousness? Did the shield of faith ever fail to quench the fiery darts of the wicked? Was the sword of the Spirit ever broken in the hand of him who wielded it valiantly? Are our gun-boats so rotten and leaky that it is dangerous to put to sea in them, to give chase to the pirates of darkness? Are the masked batteries of damnation any more terrible now than when stormed by martyrs and confessors? I am free to say on this floor, that I never feel safe, only when traveling in the path of duty. Walking in that road, I find the scorpions all stingless, the serpents all fangless, the lions all toothless; their hiss and roar only reveal the impotence of their rage. Even the lightnings which play above my head, instead of being followed with bolts of wrath, render my pathway more bright and luminous.

"You tell us that we are not to starve our own souls while ministering to the wants of others. And have you forgotten, sir, the promise, 'He that watereth shall be watered?' Did you ever bind up a wounded heart, and not have your own woes assuaged? Did you ever give a cup of cold water to one, in the name of a disciple, and not have a brimming goblet, sparkling with the waters of life, pressed to your own lips? Did you ever 'deal your bread to the hungry,' without being invited to a banqueting table loaded

with celestial fruits? Did you ever enter a hovel of poverty, without breathing 'air fresh from heaven?' Have you ever thrown the shield of protection round the orphan, and not felt the arms of the Father Almighty underneath you? Have you ever knelt by the bedside of the dying, and not rose up singing, in a more exultant strain, 'O death, where is thy sting?' While you have poured around you the streams of beneficence, have not streams of light and of love been poured into your heart? Go forth, therefore, and open your mouth for the dumb, and your lips will be touched and hallowed by a live coal from the altar of heaven. The tears you mingle with the sorrowing shall shine as crystal drops in the web and woof of your coronation robes, when seated at the 'marriage supper of the Lamb.' The fires you kindle in the cold huts of penury will shed around you a warmth and a fragrance richer than the 'spicy groves of Arabia in a flame.'

"The shiftless and improvident are not entitled to our sympathies.' But let me ask what our rebel world had done to entitle it to the sympathies of heaven, when the Son of God left the realms of light, and linked himself to humanity, that he might wash out the stains of our guilt in his most precious blood? What had the Israelites done to entitle them to sympathy? They murmured and rebelled, they stoned the prophets and the holy men that were sent

unto them; and yet the Father of lights, instead of pouring over them the fires of Sinai, shed around them the effulgence of the cross. Omnipotent love traveled over barriers of crime and ingratitude, high as heaven and deep as hell, to bathe the ulcered heart of humanity with the dews of Hermon; and shall we not travel over mountains of indifference, to gather up in our arms those who have 'spent their substance in riotous living?' To those who have no heart to labor but among the polished and refined, I would say, Remember that it was said unto the supercilious Pharisees, 'The publicans and harlots go into the kingdom of God before you.'

"You inform us that 'our great work should be to worship God; and in order that we may do this befitting his majesty, we must rear up temples worthy of his name.' But I would ask if brick or stone walls are absolutely requisite to worship God acceptably. Did not Jesus say to the woman of Samaria, 'The hour cometh, when ye shall neither in this mountain, nor yet at Jerusalem, worship the Father?' 'God is a Spirit, and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth.' Cannot the sailor-boy on the yard-arm, listening to the murmur of the waves, raise an anthem as acceptable in the ear of Heaven, as though he stood in a lofty cathedral, and joined in the cadence and swell of the pealing organ? Cannot the pioneer in the wilderness, kneeling on the

bosom of his mother earth, canopied with interlacing forest trees, worship God as acceptably as though he bowed in a temple floored with marble and roofed with gold? If fluted columns and frescoed walls are necessary in order that men may worship God acceptably, then the multitudes that go down to the sea in ships are in a deplorable condition. If groined arches and pealing organs are requisite to heighten devotion, then how insipid and jejune must have been the devotions of those worthies who, clad in sheep skins and goat skins, wandered in deserts, and in mountains, and in dens and caves of the earth.

"You would have every church modeled after the temple of Solomon, for that was built under the direct supervision of the King of heaven, and was honored with his presence and filled with his glory. But I would ask if that 'upper room' was not honored with his presence, when 'there came a sound from heaven as of a rushing mighty wind, and it filled all the house where they were sitting. And there appeared unto them cloven tongues like as of fire, and it sat upon each of them.' Was there ever such a manifestation of power and glory, as when the disciples were all filled with the Holy Ghost, and began to speak with other tongues, as the Spirit gave them utterance? Following your own mode of reasoning, I would say, that every church should be modeled after that 'upper room,' for it was more signally

honored with the presence of God than was ever the temple of Solomon. But the argument is weak and invalid in either case; and I would suggest to those who rear up gorgeous churches for themselves, and meager chapels for the poor, to remember that if stained windows and flagreed altar-cloths are necessary to heighten their devotions, they are equally necessary for the poor; for the fountains of knowledge were never broken up in their hearts, and their sensibilities are benumbed by their daily contact with the hardened and obdurate.

"Finally, you inform us that you have a greater sympathy for Rome than for Dissent! Now, if I were about to go to sea for the purpose of visiting a foreign port, and I should find two ships ready to sail, one a three-masted and the other a one-masted vessel, I should doubtless prefer the three-masted ship, being safer and more perfect. But if, on examination, I found the masts all rotten, and her hold filled with bilge-water, and, also, that they had the small-pox, the cholera, and the yellow fever on board, I think I should take to the one-masted ship; especially if I found on board the three-masted vessel the chains and engines with which my ancestors had been tortured for a thousand years, and her decks and scuppers red with their blood.

"Granting that there were three orders in the ministry in the primitive Church, it should not be forgot-

ten that the bishops, priests, and deacons of Rome did not prevent the Church from lapsing into idolatry and formalism. Errors the most deadly grew up under the very shadow of the hierarchy; heresiarchs overtopped, or rather overturned, thrones and principalities; schism was rampant, thorns choked the word, kingdoms were rent in twain, and whole provinces were depopulated. The waves of error and venality rolled on unchecked by this three-fold cord, sweeping away even metropolitan thrones. Neither should we forget that Romish bishops, priests, and deacons guarded the sheep-fold when the Novatians, Sabelians, Manicheans, and Pelagians broke into its inclosures. They stood as sentinels when Arianism, auricular confession, transubstantiation, purgatory, and the sale of indulgences crept into the Church. Under their fostering care Torquemada dug the cells of the Inquisition, and Loyola corrupted the fountains of casuistry and morals. They looked on at the burning of John Huss, and smiled approval when the tragedy of St. Bartholomew's eve was enacted. They baptized the valleys of Piedmont, and kindled the fires of Smithfield. They dug a grave for the Bible, and tolled the knell of freedom. They canonized the dead, and excommunicated the living. If the Sun of righteousness has been somewhat obscured by Dissent, it has been totally eclipsed by Rome. If the truth has been distorted by the one, by the other it

has been smothered in the mummy wrappings of a dead language. If one has tanned and freckled the fair face of the Church, the other has covered its body with ulcers and putrefying sores.

"You have a sympathy for Rome because of its unity and concord! Is Rome united in one body? so are the waters of the Dead Sea; but they are none the less putrescent on that account. Dissent may be divided and broken into fragments, but, like the lakes of the American Continent, or the innumerable springs which well up at the base of its mountains, the waters are none the less pure and wholesome. Rome united! so is 'devil with devil damned;' so are pirates and robbers, but I have no sympathy for them on that account. Sympathy for Rome because of its unity! I would as soon think of having sympathy for that huge pile of serpents described by Humboldt, their bodies twisted and intertwined within the center, while their crested heads and forked tongues presented a united and formidable front. And now, sir, if you have a greater sympathy for Rome, I hope you will go over to the enemy at once, and not remain a treacherous foe within the camp. For my part, I shall for the present withdraw from this council, as we are commanded: 'Come out from among them, and be ye separate.'"

At this a cry arose, "Every man to his tent, O Israel!" and so ended this war council.

BOOK V.

A CONSTERNATION MEETING WITHIN
THE CITY.

BOOK V.

A CONSTERNATION MEETING HELD — ADDRESSES BY MESSRS. SLY, SNARE, TWO-EYES, GET, HYPOCRITE, COME-TO-HIMSELF, STUBBORN, WINK-AT-SIN, AND SMOOTH-THE-WAY — ADDRESS BY THE LORD KEEPER OF THE TOWER OF POPERY — THE LORD KEEPER OF THE TOWER OF IDOLATRY — ALSO BY THE LORD KEEPER OF THE TOWER OF INFIDELITY — ADDRESSES BY THE MASTER OF THE ROYAL MINT — MR. VANITY, OF THE COURT OF FASHION — THE MASTER OF THE ARMORY, AND MR. GLIMMER — THE ARMY OF IMMANUEL STORMS THE CITY — MR. EYE-TO-EYE IS SENT BY THE PRINCE TO ENCOURAGE THE SOLDIERS, AND CONGRATULATE THEM ON THE SUCCESS OF THE ASSAULT.

THE issue of the council was the source of great joy to the City of Sin. In council assembled they voted a statue to Mr. Dignity, and also conferred on him the freedom of the city. Old Mr. Carnal-security was ordered to furnish him a cradle, with a pendulum attachment, together with sundry anodynes and opiates necessary to keep him in his present somniferous state.

That night the city was illuminated, bonfires were kindled, and the bells were rung for joy. Many thought the war was over. Some talked about a house divided against itself. The next day the Merchants' Exchange was crowded; stocks rose

enormously. Some talked of offering Mr. Dignity a public banquet. Penny-a-liners wrote and published his life, together with the life and times of Mr. Halt-by-the-way. Likenesses of the Halt family were displayed in the shop windows. The Court of Honor voted to adorn the walls of the Capitol with a full-sized portrait of Mr. Dignity.

But this joy was short-lived, for it was soon announced that the camp of the besiegers was full of life and animation. The soldiers were constantly on duty; the largest guns had been brought out and mounted; a new corps of sappers and miners had been organized, and set to work under the most skillful engineers; it was also rumored that they were about to make a grand assault upon the towers. A meeting of the citizens was immediately called, to devise plans of defense and to appoint vigilance committees. Some proposed sending an agent into the camp with an abundance of gold, to buy up, if possible, the leaders. Others counseled the use of chloroform, as many of their citizens had found it of great use in stealing and robbing. Mr. Sly proposed offering to the chief men of the enemy the highest offices in the city. He thought Captain Run-never was peculiarly fitted for the office of Lord Keeper of the Tower of Ignorance, and that Mr. Valiant was admirably qualified for the office of Commissioner of Streets and Lamps.

Mr. Snare proposed opening the gates of the city to the besiegers. "Let them," said he, "come in and live with us, and see how long they will retain their sanctity. Let them take up their abode in Love-money, and escape, if they can, the leprosy of avarice; let them live under the shadow of our theaters and brothels, and escape, if they are able, those moral whirlpools. Let them but get a glimpse of the Court of Fashion, and how soon will they be running themselves out of breath to catch its smiles. Let the Captain Run-nevers be domiciled for a few months in Man-worship, and how soon would they be bowing in worship of an echo. Let them come and rear up temples in our midst, and, my word for it, the structures they rear will be more gaudy and finical than our theaters, and our opera singers will soon be employed in their organ-lofts to hymn the praises of their God. Let them come and abide with us, and their warmth and zeal will soon be congealed; orange groves do not bud and blossom in the frigid zone, neither will the rose of Sharon take root and grow in the frosty air of this city. The river of salvation they are rolling through the world will be frozen up the moment it enters our gates. Their lamps of truth can no more burn in our midst, than candles let down into wells filled with poisoned air. Therefore, I say, let them come among us, and under

the enervating influence of our city they will fall, as did the soldiers of Hannibal after indulging in the luxuries of Capua. They will doubtless find, when they come among us, that we possess a spell more potent than that of Circe for changing men into swine, saints into sinners; for our Delilahs lapping the heads of these moral Samsons, we will bind them hand and foot, and putting out their eyes, we will cause them to grind in our prison-houses."

On the other hand, Mr. Two-eyes thought it would be a dangerous experiment: "No doubt," said he, "many will fall victims to our seductive charms; but we should remember that some men are like deaf adders, who will not listen to the voice of the charmer, charm he ever so wisely. We spring traps for foxes, and spread nets for birds, but there are some so old and wary that they cannot be taken. By opening our gates many would fall into our trap; but let us remember that Lot retained his sanctity even in Sodom, and Joseph resisted the allurements of Potiphar's wife. The frosty air of our city would put out the fire of zeal in many hearts; but the fire is so deep down in the hearts of some men, that no waters can extinguish it; like volcanic fires in Iceland, which burn on, age after age, though covered with ice and snow. It is very true that orange groves do not bloom in the Arctic; but the trees of right-

eousness planted by the Moravians in Greenland, retained their verdure amid the rigors of a polar winter. And as to freezing up their wells of salvation, and extinguishing their lamps, let us remember that thermal springs can never be frozen over; and, although the stars may be obscured by mists and fogs, the poisoned air and reeking corruptions of earth can never dim their radiance. Granting we possess the magic charm of Circe, let us fear lest a Ulysses be found able to baffle our spells; and even if we are able to put out the eyes of these moral Samsons, let us beware lest, feeling for the pillars of this huge fabric of our greatness, they bury us and our children in the mighty ruin.

"And now let me foretell the result of giving our enemies free quarters in our city. Should they, for instance, take up their abode in the Tower of Ignorance, they will soon transform it into a tower of light and knowledge; and, making it the base of their future operations, they will issue forth, and overturn every tower on the walls. Our theaters will soon be transformed into temples, where shall be heard hosannas to the Son of David. The tables of the money-changers will be overturned in Love-money; the grass will grow in Man-worship; Cruelty Lane will soon be filled with houses of mercy, hospitals for the sick, and asylums for the blind; the filth and dirt which have been accumulating for ages in our

streets, will be swept away; the lash-resounding dens of tyranny will become solitary; the sobs and moans of the down-trodden will be changed into glad halleluiahs; men will abandon the fountains of death for the waters of life; the lamps of error will go out un replenished, for the gleam of their banners will chase away the gross darkness which now covers us."

Mr. Get regarded these dismal forebodings as the dreams of a moon-struck prophet. "Let us throw wide open our gates; let us bid them welcome. Let them come, and marry, and settle among us. They are renowned for being a frugal, thrifty race, and doubtless they will augment our wealth amazingly, and also increase our respectability, and enable us to take a high stand among the nations of the earth."

Mr. Hypocrite said he had thought of a plan which he hoped would be acceptable to all. "Let us," said he, "adopt the garb and uniform of our enemies, and hang out flags starred and striped like the banners which float so proudly from their pavilions: by so doing we shall dwell securely; and our bills of credit being readily accepted, we can go on trading with the nations of the earth, until, having hoarded vast treasures, we can throw off the mask, and bid defiance to the world."

Mr. Come-to-himself said he was astonished to hear gentlemen talk thus. "Does not every man here

know that we are doomed either to yield or die? Have we not suffered the horrors of famine for many years? Is there a man here who has filled his belly with anything but husks this many a day? A great proportion of our fighting men are on the sick-list. There is not a man here, however shiny may be his coat, but has a deadly leprosy spreading over his body. Even Mr. Get, who talks so valorously, has a running sore in his side, which will soon terminate his career; all his ancestors have died with the same disease. Whole squares of our city have been depopulated by the plague. Think, for one moment, how many die daily in Backbiter's Row, with the black tongue. Every other man you meet in Love-money has a cancer in his heart, eating out the life of love, the life of hope, and the life of joy. Look at the multitudes in the streets of Envy and Jealousy, however arrayed in purple and fine linen, they each carry a viper in their bosoms, which they know will eventually sting them to death. More than ten thousand die every week in the Tower of Ignorance, for the want of vital air; the ventilation of a slave-ship is nothing to be compared with it. Again, I cannot sleep of nights for the groans of the prisoners in the dungeons underneath the Tower of Popery, together with the creaking of their horrid engines of torture, breaking the bones of their victims. Of the Tower of Intemperance it may be said, that the cry

from the dead-cart is every hour, and every moment, 'Bring out your dead! Bring out your dead!' From its iron gateway, 'hearse follows hearse, and coffin rumbles after coffin.' And let us also remember that the blood of the French Revolution is not yet dry on the walls of the Tower of Infidelity. Neither should we forget that we have not only famine, and the pestilence that walketh in darkness, in our midst, but that we are liable, every night of our lives, to be burned up by those old incendiaries, Mr. Lust-of-the-flesh and Mr. Lust-of-the-eye.

"We are told that the river of salvation our enemies are rolling through the world will freeze up the moment it enters our gates; but let me say that a little pounded ice would be more refreshing to my lips than the wormwood and gall I have been compelled to drink ever since I entered this city."

Old Stubborn said he was decidedly opposed to the measure. "Let us," said he, "fight it out to the last. If we are to die, let us die like men. Let us imitate those heroes who have borne up against their foes, even with famine and pestilence in their midst. For my own part, I am determined to defend the walls while I can wield a pike, and if driven from the walls, I will fight from square to square, and from street to street, until, shutting myself up in the castle, I will howl out my defiance in the ears of the rebels. Let us for one moment contemplate the consequences

of opening our gates to our enemies. In the first place, they will throw open the prison gates, and let loose from his cell old Mr. Conscience, whom we have kept bound so long. It has not passed from the memory of our elders, how he once lorded it over this city. When I was a boy one could not go to a theater, but he would whip him all the way home. One could not take a pack of cards into his hands, but he must needs be kicked and cuffed by him. The first time I went to spend the evening at the house of old Mr. Profanity, he gave me such a pinch that I shall carry the memory, if not the marks of it, to the day of my death. It seems as though I could hear the yell he gave me, when one day I was looking over a garden wall, with no intention of leaping over, although the sight of its apples and melons made my mouth water. I once heard my father say, whose bones lie bleaching around yon brandy fountain, that the first time he went down to drink thereat, old Mr. Conscience came very near pounding him to death; he was not able to stir a foot out of his house for a twelvemonth. The snakes of Envy-street are terrible, but his scorpion lash is more terrible; to be pinched by hunger and want is frightful, but the grip of his hand is more frightful. It fairly puts me into a tremor to think of letting him loose in our midst. I should never dare to look one of my fellow-men in the face again. It puts me to the blush to think of

it, a thing I have not done for many a day. If we should permit him to go at large for even a week, what a revolution would he effect? How many would be thrown out of employment, who now get their living by cheating and lying? How many of our moth-eaten garments would he compel us to surrender to the naked poor? How much of our ill-gotten wealth would he compel us to hand over to the laborers who have reaped down our fields? How many slanderous lies would he force us to take back? I, for one, would move out of the city; for I should either have to listen to his roaring in my ears, or else be reduced to bankruptcy. Besides letting old Mr. Conscience loose, we should be compelled to knock off the chains from the limbs of Mr. Pity, Mr. Weep-for-those-who-weep, Mr. Open-the-mouth-for-the-dumb, Mr. Feet-for-the-lame, and Mr. Eyes-for-the-blind, together with all their kindred, and their name is legion."

Old Wink-at-sin was in favor of opening the gates to the besiegers, provided they tie the hands of the said Mr. Conscience behind his back, and put a gag in his mouth, so that he can neither pinch nor roar; and provided, also, that every man, without let or hinderance, be permitted to follow his lawful calling, viz.: to cheat, lie, steal, slander, and commit all manner of uncleanness as he may list. And also provided, that the corps of police, (composed entirely of

the progeny of the said Wink-at-sin,) who now patrol our streets, crying day and night, "All is well! there is no hell!" shall not be superseded by watchmen taken from their own ranks. "For it should not be forgotten," said he, "that we are indebted to these our sentinels for our security and peace of mind. The music of their voices, when singing at the midnight hour, in full chorus, 'All is well! there is no hell!' is sweeter to my ear than Æolian harp or pealing organ. They smooth the pillow of the dying debauchee, and plant hopes in the wrinkled brow of crime. They foster courage in the breasts of our heroes, and cry peace and safety, when the voice of the trumpet waxes louder and louder. Without their aid and encouragement who would dare to live, and who of us would dare to die? Without their countenance, who would dare to put the bottle to his neighbor's mouth, or oppress the hireling in his wages? Without their lullaby, who could sleep of nights, after having been engaged all day in cheating and lying? I know not what others may think, but I am free to declare it as my firm conviction, that, without their aid, we should not be able to hold out another hour. Neither should we forget that our police force are ennobled by a renowned ancestry. Their primogenitor was present, and smiled approval at the laying of the foundations of our far-famed metropolis. Their escutcheon is more ancient than the

armorial bearings of kings and potentates, as the motto thereon plainly shows: 'In the day thou eatest thereof thou shalt not surely die.' Words as cheering to our hearts as when first uttered six thousand years ago. Think, I beseech you, of our condition, provided our faithful sentinels were superseded by watchmen taken from the ranks of our enemies. How soon would they din in our ears, 'Masters, give unto your servants that which is just and equal.' How soon would they be seen standing on the huge pile of bones, now moldering round the fountains of Rum, Gin, and Brandy, crying, 'Woe to the drunkards of Ephraim! The crown of pride, the drunkards of Ephraim, shall be trodden under feet.' Now when one has tarried long at the wheel of the gambler, and looked 'upon the wine when it is red,' he is cheered at every corner by a luminous star, on which is written, in letters of gold, 'Thou shalt not surely die.' Then he would be compelled to hear at every step: 'The soul that sinneth, it shall die;' 'The way of the transgressor is hard.'"

Mr. Smooth-the-way thought that concessions would be necessary on both sides. "There are many things," said he, "we must surrender, and there are many things they must give up before they can take up their line of march, and receive a hearty welcome in our midst. There is that old Book which they carry about with them, (the relic, in my

opinion, of a barbarous age;) they must agree to leave it behind them; for, as is well known, this book is so full of mysteries that many, in trying to solve them, have lost their reason. They tell us that it is the light of the world; but many, in gazing on its effulgence, have been smitten with blindness; like men who look too long at the sun, they have been blinded by excess of light. I should regret exceedingly to see this book brought into our city, for we have as many crazy and shattered people now as we can well manage." He was not aware that the same objection might be urged against having a sun in our heavens; but the sun was not given us to be gazed at, but to be a light to our feet; so the Bible, equally luminous, equally mysterious, was given as a lamp to our feet and a lantern to our path.

The Lord Keeper of the Tower of Popery could see no objection to admitting the Book, provided they would surrender it to his keeping. For fear the people may be blinded or crazed by it," said he, "I will hide it away in some dark corner of my tower, and only let out a little light as the people are able to bear it. It is well known that many people have been killed by drinking too freely of cold water when heated; and as this book is said to be a fountain of living waters, I will build an iron wall round it, and give out a few spoonfuls at a time; for as a starving man should not be permitted to sit down to a feast, but be fed with

a few crumbs, so the starving multitudes around us should be fed with crumbs as I may see fit. [How long should starving men be fed on crumbs?] And you will understand that I am particularly interested in this subject, for I have a myriad host committed to my keeping, men of such stubborn wills, that if full fed they would become altogether unmanageable. As the lion, with an iron band round his neck, is rendered docile and pusillanimous, so bolts and bars are necessary to keep the multitude in subjection. The eagle caged is a tame and spiritless bird, in comparison to the eagle who has derived strength and nerve of wing by sweeping the free air of heaven. The minds of men must be caged in order that they may be rendered sufficiently imbecile to submit to authority. Now this book is a wonderful instrument for opening prison gates, and uncaging the intellects of men. Give this book to the people, and my power and glory would soon tumble into dust. Ichabod would be written on the walls of my tower, men would flee out of it as they would out of a charnel-house, when the light of day has revealed the death's heads grinning on every side of them."

The Master of the Royal Mint was astonished that any citizen could entertain the proposition for a moment; "for," said he, "our enemies will bring in with them an abundance of gold, gold tried in the fire, gold without dross or alloy, whereas our coin is

so thoroughly adulterated that it is with the greatest efforts we can keep it in circulation; and it is only by rigorously enforcing the ordinance which declares 'all gold that glitters,' that we can keep the wheels of commerce rolling; in fact, our circulating medium does not contain an ounce of gold to a ton of dross, and can we expect that men will be content with our cankered and rust-eaten coin, when they have once listened to the ring of the true metal?"

Mr. Vanity, as the representative of the Court of Fashion, was entirely opposed to the proposition. "The entrance," said he, "of such a multitude, with their robes of righteousness and garments of salvation, would be the ruin of our court; for the moment our citizens caught a glimpse of their livery, more gorgeous than the rainbow, they would turn away from our habiliments, the shape and color of which have caused us so much anxious thought, as from filthy rags."

The Master of the Armory was opposed to their entrance for the same reason. "When our citizens," said he, "once behold their dazzling squadrons arrayed with the 'armor of righteousness on the right hand and on the left, having their loins girt about with truth, and their feet shod with the preparation of the Gospel of peace,' they will turn with loathing from our armor of lies."

Mr. Glimmer thought he could see land ahead. "If," said he, "their coin is pure gold, gold coined

in the mint of heaven, and ours is pure dross; if their garments outshine the sun, and ours are as filthy rags; if they are clad in the armor of truth, and we in the armor of lies, why not exchange? Would any sane man feed on chaff when a granary filled with wheat was opened, and all were invited to come without money or price?"

As Mr. Glimmer was proceeding to canvass the aforesaid arguments, a messenger announced that the enemy were making a grand assault upon every gate and tower of the city, and called upon every man to "arm for the fight."

Now it is worthy of note that many who went up to the battle lingered by the way. Old Mr. Consider was heard to say to those around him, while girding on his armor, "If Truth, and Virtue, and Honesty, and Purity are so much superior to Falsehood, Injustice, and Impurity, what are we fighting for? If the first are as radiant and joyous as the angels who guard the gates of light, and the last are as dark and malign as the fiends who stand as sentinels around the gates of hell, why do we contend longer? The bear fights for her cubs, and the lion for her whelps, but we fight for monsters who feed on our miseries. I for one am free to confess that I am heartily sick of the war; I should be rejoiced if the armies of Immanuel should, before the sun went down, crumble every tower, and break down every

gate, and drive from our midst the parasites who, coming to us in the garb of friendship, have scattered fire-brands and death among us." As Old Obstinate was about to reply a ball struck him in the mouth, which rendered him speechless for several days.

The battle waxed hotter and fiercer throughout the day, and far into the night. Many were mortally wounded, many were slain outright. Old Mr. Prejudice had his spectacles shot away. Mr. Blind received such a blow on his head that he saw the stars for the first time in his life. Mr. Atheist had the letter N cut out of his shield, on which was carved, "There is no God." The top of the Capitol was carried away, leaving it in appearance like a truncated cone. Many of the towers were completely riddled, and so terribly was the city shaken that vast numbers of the citizens buried their treasures, fearing, if taken by storm, they would be plundered of their all. Not a few were in favor of making an unconditional surrender, and had it not been for the awe inspired by Captain Man-fearing, they would have hung out the white flag in the very beginning of the assault.

The soldiers of Immanuel retired to their tents, by no means disheartened. "A few more such efforts," said Mr. Valiant, "and we shall win the day."

Early the next morning they were called together to receive the congratulations of their Prince, sent by Mr. Eye-to-eye, formerly sent out as ambassador

extraordinary to the City of Sin. He assured them that their valorous deeds were written in his book of remembrance; and if they had received any damage in the fight, they should each receive a hundred fold in this life, and in the world to come life everlasting. He hoped they would remember they were all brethren, children of the same Father, bought with the same price, and redeemed with the same precious blood. As God had made of one blood all the nations of the earth, and especially as they were now no more strangers and foreigners, but fellow-citizens with the saints, and of the household of God, let all bow the knee unto the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, of whom the whole family in heaven and earth is named, endeavoring to keep the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace.

Mr. Eye-to-eye had no sooner gone away than the different tribes fell to recriminating each other for the failure of the assault. Mr. Episcopos said that if all the tribes had fallen into line, and marched in regular succession, they would have swept everything before them. Mr. Bapto thought that if they had only used more water, there would not have been one stone left upon another. Mr. Free-will thought fire better than water. Mr. Independent thought that if they had used altogether artillery brought from Geneva, they would long since have ground their enemies to powder. They seemed to

forget that the same arguments, the same logic, and the same rhetoric, had been used a thousand times before, but with no avail. A pyramid of books have been written to prove that Mr. Episcopos was in the right; and an equal number to show the superiority of the Genevan artillery. The champions of fire and water have met time and again, but in their combats they have appeared like "men beating the air." Months and years have been wasted in criminations and recriminations, when they should have been employed in pouring an incessant fire upon the armies of the aliens. And it was to heal these divisions, and to reconcile these differences, that Mr. Eye-to-eye was sent back to gather the tribes and clans together, and enforce upon their hearts and consciences the meaning of the words: "Of whom the whole family in heaven and earth is named." Ephesians iii, 15.

"Men are prone to forget the unity of God and the unity of the human race. While every object in nature proclaims his unity, men in every zone have been ready to imagine 'the Godhead like unto gold, or silver, or stone graven by art and man's device,' peopling earth, seas, and air with divinities innumerable. The plumage of birds, the moss-covered rocks of the arctic, and the rich foliage of the tropics are all stamped with the same original hand. There is not a bluebell that blooms, or planet that rolls, but joins in the anthem pealing through the universe,

'The hand that made us is Divine.' And yet the most polished nations of antiquity have given to every object in nature a presiding divinity. Æolus ruled the winds, and Neptune the seas. There were gods supernal and gods infernal. They did not seem to understand, as there could have been but one architect who conceived the plan of the Acropolis, so there could have been but one Architect who planned and built up the temple of the universe, whose walls of blue, fretted with stars, bend over us in such majestic proportions. A temple on whose every column and entablature is written, in lines of light, 'There is one God, and there is none other.'

"In like manner they have forgotten the unity of the human race. The first blunder was preparatory to the second. The moment they embraced the error, 'There are gods of the hills, and gods of the valleys,' they were ready to adopt the dogma, that diversity of color and language was evidence of the diversity of origin in the human race. Hence it is no wonder that when men began to worship antagonistic gods, and to ignore the oneness of their origin, that the earth was filled with wars and rumors of wars. And I may safely say that the tribes of earth will never beat their swords into plowshares, until a firm belief in the unity of God and of the human race finds a lodgment in the hearts of men. Many who profess to be wise in the wisdom of the schools, tell us that

the races now inhabiting the globe are not the descendants of the same renowned ancestry; and in this they aim a blow at the word of God, which positively declares that God made of one blood all the nations of men, for to dwell on all the face of the earth. Should they succeed in wiping out this principle from the minds of men, how soon would the strong be encouraged to oppress the weak! how soon would the powerful be emboldened to make war upon men of another color and another dialect! and when leading their sons and daughters into captivity, they would lay the soothing unction to their souls, 'These sorrowing captives are not bone of our bone, nor flesh of our flesh.'

"But those who advocate this theory are aiming a deadlier blow at our faith; for, if the races of men have sprung from different sources, if all men are not the descendants of Adam, then the Lord Jesus Christ, 'of whom the whole family in heaven and earth is named,' did not suffer and die for all men. For it is only those who die in Adam who are to be made alive in Christ; and as only a small portion of the population of the globe, according to this theory, are descended from Adam, and therefore involved in his transgression, so only this small portion can be benefited by the obedience and death of Christ. Hence, the Gospel should not be preached to the different races of men; for only those can be bene-

fited by his sufferings who are of the seed of Abraham, of whom Christ came. Hence the Book of Genesis, which declares that Noah and his three sons were saved alive in the ark, while the world of the ungodly perished, and that from them have sprung the various races of men now on the earth; all those writings of the prophets which announce the coming of the Ancient of Days, who shall gather into one fold Jew and Gentile; all the writings of the apostle who was especially commissioned to preach unto the Gentiles the unsearchable riches of Christ, were sheer fabrications, emanating from the overheated imaginations of men, whose fevered brains had never been cooled by the waters of human learning.

"Let us, therefore, examine the foundation on which we stand, and see if it is as rotten as they would have us believe. Their argument runs thus: certain races of men are black, others are white; some have flat noses and woolly hair, others long and straight hair; some are intellectual, others are stupid and ignorant; therefore the races of men are not descended from the same primogenitors. But the Bible asserts that all men are the offspring of Adam; therefore the Bible is not true. But do we say, because certain sheep have fine wool and others long and coarse, because some are black and others white, they are as diverse in origin as the ox and the lion? Some horses are black, some white; some are red,

others gray; some, like the Arab barb, are fleet and powerful; others, like the pony of Shetland, are diminutive. Do we therefore say that the steed of the desert has sprung from a different origin, because his neck is clothed with thunder?

"The variety and diversity in color, habits, tastes, and dialect we discover in the different races of men, are in strict analogy with the diversity developed in the vegetable and animal world. Unity in diversity, and diversity in unity, is the universal law. Every genus has its species, and every species its varieties. Among roses what diversity in color and fragrance! yet we never mistake, in any of its species, red, white, or yellow, a rose for a lily. Among dahlias how great the varieties! and yet, among all its varieties, however diversified in shape, size, and color, we never mistake a dahlia for a thistle. If we walk out among the forest-trees, we shall find the same law prevailing. Among maples there are the soft and the hard, or sugar maple, as it is called; among birches there are the white and the black; among walnuts some are tall and fruitless, others, like the shag-bark, abound in fruit. How towering and majestic do the cedars of Lebanon appear, in comparison with the white cedar-trees growing in marshy districts! Among fruit-bearing trees how great the variety! yet we never mistake an apple for a peach, or a pear for a quince.

"Much of this variety depends on the soil, climate, and cultivation; so the varieties in the races of men depend on the soil, climate, diet, and much on cultivation. But this law is more strikingly illustrated as we ascend in the scale of being. As with the Flora, so with the Fauna, all are divided into families. If we go down into the sea, we find its finny tribes divided into distinct classes; but however great the variety in each family, we are at no loss to designate the genus to which each belongs. The same law of division into families holds among insects and reptiles, and each bears a mark to distinguish its class. Among quadrupeds the same law rules; each bears a brand to designate its clan. And should it be any wonder that the same law is imposed on man which holds so universally in vegetable and animal life? Shall the rose, the dahlia, the coral, and the butterfly be distinguished with such striking varieties, and man present the same dull round of uniformity? or shall we say, because men differ in shape, size, dialect, and color, that they are not all of one family? Cuvier not only asserted, but proved, that the bone or tooth of any animal or reptile being given, he could designate the class to which it belonged. In like manner the naturalist, the fin of the fish or the talon of the bird being given, can assign its family. And so distinguished is every bone, nail, tooth, and ligament of the human frame, that the merest tyro in

science can readily separate them from those of all other animals.

"Men of learning have ransacked the globe, during the last century, in order that they might discover the genera and species of everything that hath life and breath; and while many imagined that they were rearing up a lofty structure, under the shadow of which the vine of God's right hand planting would wither and die, they have thrown into our camp weapons whereby we can sweep away their refuge of lies. They have gone down into the caverns of the earth, and discovered that the different strata of rocks composing its crust are divided into tribes and families; and so distinctly are the lines of demarkation drawn, that no one can mistake granite for marble, or mica for quartz. They have walked out on the sea-shore and gathered up its shells; they have entered the laboratory and analyzed the precious metals; they have mounted the observatory and surveyed the stars; and returning, they have put into our hands incontrovertible arguments whereby we can show that the same law of unity in variety which is imposed on the human race, extends from the floating atom to the farthest star.

"Little did Linnæus and his coadjutors realize, when gathering and classifying the Flora of every zone, that they were adding fresh confirmations to our faith. All the light which Cuvier and the orbs which

revolved around him have poured upon our pathway, has only enabled us to see more clearly the truth, that God made of one blood all the nations of men.

"Now what men of science have done for us in the physical world, the same have mental philosophers wrought out for us in the empire of mind; for they have discovered that mind, like matter, is governed by certain laws, eternal and unchangeable; and as the powdered dust of the desert and the diamond dust of the Milky Way are subjected to the same laws of gravity and affinity, so the minds of men, savage and civilized, are governed by the same mental laws. The memory, the judgment, and the imagination of the most ignorant Hottentot and the most renowned philosopher present the same mental phenomena. If we take a child from the interior of Africa, who has been fed on grub-worms and caterpillars, and another from the most enlightened nation of Europe, and place them in the same school, and in the same class, we shall find the laws of development the same in the mind of each; although the development may be more rapid and vigorous in the white child, yet, so far as their faculties are unfolded, it will be in harmony with the same mental laws. As the body of the red man and European have the same number of bones, so their minds are endowed with the same number of faculties, and their hearts with the same susceptibilities and affections. Now this is not true

of animals, for instinct and reason are as far separate as is the east from the west. Man's superiority to the brute that perisheth is shown, not only by being made upright, but by the vast superiority of his intellectual powers. The instinct of the animal is like a harp of one string, while the mind of man may be compared to a lyre of a thousand strings. The bee can make hexagons, but it is impossible for it to make octagons; but man, guided by reason, can make hexagons and octagons, epics and madonnas, steam-ships and steam-presses. The dog is superior to man in scenting his prey, but man can direct his way in safety through the wilderness and over the trackless desert. The nightingale can sing only one song, but the mind of man is a belfry containing a full chime of bells, by which he can ring out an infinite variety of harmonies. Neither let us imagine that this chime of bells is only set up in the minds of men born among the more polished nations of the earth; for we shall find it only requires the hand of culture to bring out the same harmonies from the minds of the Caffre and Esquimaux as are heard pealing from the bell-towers of Athens and Corinth, of Oxford and Cambridge.

"The more we study the laws of mind, the more we watch the development of its faculties, the more familiar we become with the growth of its powers, the stronger will be our conviction that all men

are brethren. The more rigidly we investigate the history of the unfolding of the intellect in those tribes who have emerged from a barbarous into a civilized state, the more ready shall we be to clasp the hands of beggars and bankers, and say, 'Our Father who art in heaven.' And we shall be the more constrained to this when we examine the laws which govern the hearts of men; for if their bodies and minds are influenced by the same organic and mental laws, more especially are the susceptibilities and affections of their hearts governed by the same moral laws. Go where we will, from the poles to the equator, we shall find that the heart of the savage and civilized man continues to wax worse and worse in a course of vice, while it improves in the same ratio when subjected to religious training. There is the same wealth and poverty of the affections among all nations, as marriage is honored or dishonored. The love and the hate of the red man are in strict analogy with the love and hate of the white man; there may be more intensity in one case, but the laws of development are the same. Now, if there are so many evidences to be found in the bodies, minds, and souls of men, of the oneness of their origin, how many more when they have been created anew in Christ Jesus. 'Ye are members one of another.' This is not only true of men formed

of the dust, and endowed with intellect, but especially when born again and adopted into the family of Heaven. And here we are ready to ask, Why will a family of rattlesnakes live in harmony in the solitude of their mountain cavern, while men who profess to draw water from the wells of salvation, bite and devour one another? The wasp, the copperhead, the boa, and the tiger, never prey upon each other. The wolf will prey upon the lamb, but, however tortured by hunger, he never laps the blood of his brother wolf. The vulture eagerly devours the kite, but all the members of the vulture tribe are sacred in his eyes. The lion, who lives by plunder, manifests the tender mercies of the dove toward those of his own family. Yet man, the son of an immortal sire, over whom blazes the torch of reason, and around whom gushes the fountain of wisdom, hates, and defrauds, and murders his fellow-man. Wars, terrific and devastating, have convulsed the earth, not only among tribes of a different dialect and color, but among men born in the same land and reared in the same faith. Sons have been arrayed against fathers on fields of martial strife, brothers with brothers have met in fell encounter. Hence the necessity of a Divine teacher, to reveal unto men the oneness of their origin, and to teach them to say, with clasped hands, 'Our Father who art in

heaven.' To teach and to practice this great truth, was the great work of our Master when upon earth; and it should be the paramount duty of us especially who have been united to the true Vine, and made members of the household of faith.

"Adam became a living soul, God having breathed into his nostrils the breath of life. The life-blood he poured in the veins of Adam he continues to pour into the veins of his numerous offspring. Thus, I may say, the blood of the second Adam has been poured into the hearts of the saints in all ages. The spiritual life of Abel and Enoch was imparted unto them by the life-giving breath of God the Holy Ghost. This Divine breath gave vitality to the patriarchs and prophets, to the martyrs and confessors. Abraham and Lot, Moses and Samuel, were saved by believing in a Saviour to come; we are saved by believing in a Saviour who has already come. The saints of God constitute but one family. They who lived before the advent of the Prince of Peace, were saved by looking forward to the fulfillment of the promise; we are saved by believing in Him 'who made (by his one oblation of himself once offered) a full, perfect, and sufficient sacrifice, oblation, and satisfaction for the sins of the whole world.'

"The races of men widely scattered over the earth present a great variety in dialect and color, but

there is no difference in the blood which courses through their veins. Thus the family of Christ presents every variety in externals, in shades of opinion, in forms and modes of worship; but the difference is only skin deep. Their hearts are filled and expanded with the same love, animated with the same joy, and sustained by the same hope. All are links in the same golden chain, branches of the same tree, clusters of the same vine, stars in the same constellation; one Lord, one faith, one baptism, one God and Father of all, one Mediator of the new covenant, one cross by which we are crucified unto the world, and the world unto us.

"The pillar of fire and of cloud which guided the Israel of God to their promised inheritance, guides our feet in this howling wilderness. The faith that saved Abraham saves us. The hope that emboldened Caleb and Joshua emboldens us. The love that constrained Paul and Silas constrains us. The new song put into the mouth of the Psalmist has been sung by the sacramental host of God's elect in every age. The robe of righteousness which covered the nakedness of Samuel and the prophets, is wrapped about the demon worshipers of the Niger and the man-eaters of New-Zealand. David upon the throne and Lazarus lying at the rich man's gate were clad in the same livery. The Hebrew lawgiver and

blind Bartimeus were ennobled with the same coat of arms. The live coal of fire which touched the lips of the prophet prince, touches and hallows the lips of the humblest believer. The chariot of fire which carried Elijah to heaven lifts the beggar from the dunghill, and bears him to the bosom of God. The ark of the covenant which carried the household of faith above the water floods, is carrying us to the 'haven where we would be.' The form of the Fourth which walked with the Hebrew captives in the furnace of fire, walks with us in the furnace of tribulation.

"Solomon in all his glory was never arrayed like those men, who, clad in sheep-skins and goat-skins, wandered in the caverns and dens of the earth. The starry robe of night is not so gorgeous as the mantle of holiness wrapped about every member of this royal family; a family more ancient than the Ptolemies, more famous than the Gracchi; a family distinguished for its patriots, and renowned for its heroes; a family every member of which not only looks like a prince, but is in truth a prince, destined to become a king and priest unto God forever; a family fruitful in saints, and prolific in martyrs; a family whose heroes rival Leonidas and Palefox, whose historians are head and shoulders above the Xenophons and Gibbons of ancient and modern days, whose poets are unrivaled even by Homer and Pindar,

whose orators have caused the iron-hearted judge to tremble, and kindled blushes on the cheek of the proudest potentate; a family whose elder brethren are now sceptered and throned in light, whose younger brethren are strangers and pilgrims upon earth; a family whose heritage in this life has been 'evil things,' that in the world to come they may receive their 'good things;' a family frowned upon by the world, assailed by the ungodly, jeered by the scoffer, and buffeted by Satan; and yet the Father has smiled approval, the Son has enriched with his grace, the Spirit has comforted, and angels have beckoned them away to those shining seats, where their elders and chiefs are waiting to bid them welcome to those mansions of rest in reservation for all those who go up through great tribulation, and wash their robes and make them white in the blood of the Lamb. May we all, as members of this family, subjects of this King, and children of this loving Father, continue to walk worthy of the vocation wherewith we are called, with all lowliness and meekness, with long-suffering, forbearing one another in love, endeavoring to keep the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace. Let us all now, with one heart and one voice, rise and sing:

"Let saints below in concert sing,
With those to glory gone;
For all the servants of our King,
In heaven and earth are one.

“ One family, we dwell in Him,
One Church above, beneath,
Though now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream of death.

“ One army of the living God,
To his command we bow ;
Part of his host have cross'd the flood,
And part are crossing now.

“ Some to their everlasting home,
This solemn moment fly ;
And we are to the margin come,
And soon expect to die.

“ Lord Jesus, be our constant guide :
And, when the word is given,
Bid death's cold flood its waves divide,
And land us safe in heaven.' ”

BOOK VI.

THE CITY TAKEN BY STORM—THE JUBILEE
OF A THOUSAND YEARS.

BOOK VI.

MR. CONSIDER, WITH A FEW OF HIS NEIGHBORS, LEAVES THE CITY — PURSUED BY APOLLYON AND HIS BODY-GUARD — THEY ARE SENT TO THE FOUNTAIN OF KNOWLEDGE — MR. RITE SENDS THEM TO MOUNT CEREMONY — RESCUED BY THE KING'S MESSENGERS — TAKEN INTO CAMP — GREAT JOY — MR. VALIANT PROPOSES A GENERAL ASSAULT — GATES AND TOWERS ATTACKED — RESERVOIR SET ON FIRE — CITY ENTERED BY IMMANUEL'S FORCES — BATTLE RAGES — CITY SHAKEN BY AN EARTHQUAKE, AND EVERY TOWER DEMOLISHED — A HAIL STORM MINGLED WITH FIRE — APOLLYON IS SEIZED AND IRONED, AND CAST INTO THE BOTTOMLESS PIT — THE TRIUMPHAL ARMY MARCH THROUGH THE CITY — THE JUBILEE OF A THOUSAND YEARS.

Now it did happen, as soon as it was announced in the city that great preparations were being made for another assault, that fearfulness and trembling seized upon Mr. Consider and all his neighbors; and calling them together, he proposed that they should depart secretly by night from the city, and go unto the camp of the saints, and make inquiry upon what conditions they might hope to obtain pardon for their rebellion to the King. "If we remain here," said he, "we shall most assuredly perish. We can but die if we fall into the hands of our enemies. Better to be hewers of wood and drawers of water among

them than remain here and starve, or fall victims to the pestilence which now rages in our midst."

This proposition was heartily approved by all present, and especially by his two sons-in-law, Sincere and Contrition. During the late assault their hearts had been pierced with arrows from the King's archers; and they were now ready, they said, to leave father, or mother, or brother, or sister, or houses, or lands, to find some one who could bind up their aching hearts.

As soon as it was fairly dark Mr. Consider, together with Mr. Broken-heart, Mr. Desire-to-flee-the-wrath-to-come, and Mr. Tremble-at-my-word, departed out of the city. The night soon became very dark and tempestuous. The way was rough and full of pit-falls, and as they were ignorant of the way, and having no guide, they were soon in great perplexity. At one time they were just entering a cavern filled with serpents, and in fleeing from their hiss and fang, they came into a jungle of lions and tigers. Besides the thorns and briars along the way, a deep growth of tangle-wood rendered it almost impossible for them to advance a single step. Being soon overcome with fatigue in cutting their way through, and being tormented with thirst, they wandered about seeking for water, but could find none save a few ponds filled with gall and wormwood. While drinking at these ponds, a flash of lightning revealed them

to a sentinel standing on the walls of the city. He immediately sprung his rattle, and forthwith the alarm-bell was rung, and Apollyon, with his body-guard, sallied forth to seize upon the deserters, declaring that he would flay them alive, could he but once lay hands on them. When Mr. Consider and his little band heard the alarm-bell ringing, they had no doubt that their departure from the city had been discovered. Very soon they heard the yell of Apollyon, and for a moment they were ready to give up in despair; the earth rocked and reeled beneath their feet; the thunders uttered their peals like the trumpet on Sinai, that waxed louder and louder; the serpents and lions, startled by the crash of falling forest-trees, set up a hiss and roar which would have caused the stoutest hearts to quail; and, to augment their misery, a great horror of darkness settled upon them. They would have raised a cry of distress, but they feared they should thereby discover their retreat to their pursuers. The rain came down in torrents, so that they were unable to kindle a fire, which might be a signal of distress to those in the camp. Every moment they expected their pursuers would be upon them, but the tangle-wood which obstructed their way, was equally a barrier to Apollyon and his guard. Meanwhile the night wore away, and the morning dawned, and great were their joy and surprise to find that the rain, against which they had murmured, had

caused a little brook, which they had passed over without even noticing it, to swell to a mighty torrent, so that it was impossible for their pursuers to cross over. "And this reminds me," said Mr. Consider, "of the words of the King's messenger, 'All things shall work together for good to those who truly love God.'"

Now the names of this body-guard of Apollyon were Mr. Spite, Mr. Viper, Mr. Hornet, Mr. Scorpion, Mr. Wasp, Mr. Go-it-blind, Mr. Eat-drink-and-die, Mr. Fang, and Mr. Vice. Being drawn up on the opposite bank, they gazed on the booming water-floods which separated them from the objects of their pursuit, grating their teeth in useless rage. Meanwhile Apollyon thus addressed Mr. Consider and his fellow-fugitives:

"My dear children, why do you flee away from your lawful king? Have I ever restrained you from doing as you might list since the day you were born? Have I ever put a rein on your lusts, or a bridle on your passions? Did I ever shut you out from any joy in seeing or hearing? Did I ever interdict you from any indulgence in eating, or drinking, or revenging? Have I not provided milliners and flatterers to foster your pride? Have I not built up gin-palaces, and gambling saloons, and theaters, and dance-houses for your recreation? Have you not passed a delightful pupilage under Mr. Lust-of-the-

eye and Mr. Pride-of-life? Can you have any fears that my power will ever be broken, that the impregnable towers of my city will ever be overthrown; a city which has survived the shocks of time and the waters of the deluge? Ten thousand cities and dynasties have risen like bubbles from the sea, and like bubbles they have passed away, but my power and glory can never be dried up. The way before you is full of pit-falls, briars, and thorns; you will never obtain the good which you seek; your groaning, and praying, and weeping will all end in smoke; come back, therefore, to the loving arms of your old master, and the embrace of these your old companions dear."

As Mr. Consider was slow of speech, Mr. Tremble-at-my-word took upon himself to reply.

"We have been told by the King's messenger, that you were 'a liar from the beginning,' and 'the father of lies;' that you are always 'seeking whom you may devour,' and that as 'the god of this world,' you have 'blinded the eyes of those who believe not;' and as to your 'power never being dried up,' we have been told that the day cometh, 'when the Lord Jesus shall be revealed from heaven with his mighty angels, in flaming fire, taking vengeance on them that know not God, and that obey not the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ: who shall be punished with everlasting destruction from the presence of the Lord,

and from the glory of his power; and then shall that Wicked be revealed, whom the Lord shall consume with the spirit of his mouth, and shall destroy with the brightness of his coming, even him whose coming is after the working of Satan, with all power, and signs, and lying wonders.' If I mistake not, the chain is already forged whose ponderous links shall bind you for a thousand years. You tell us that you have permitted us to have our fill of sinful pleasures, but every cup of pleasure we have quaffed at your banqueting-table has been a cup of poison. You have fostered our pride, but we have been assured that 'pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall.' You have permitted us to pass a delightful pupilage under Mr. Lust-of-the-eye and Mr. Pride-of-life, but it was only to render each of us two-fold more the child of hell; and now methinks I hear a voice ringing in my ears, 'Escape for thy life, tarry not in all the plain.'"

And as they looked up they saw that the lightnings, which had caused them to tremble so often the night before, had burned up the tangle-wood, so that there was neither let nor hinderance in the way.

When Apollyon saw that they would not hearken unto him he immediately sent back his body-guard, and, transforming himself into an angel of light, he passed on before Mr. Consider and his little company; and soon turning about, he addressed them in

a manner courteous and friendly, asking them from whence they came, and whither they were going. To whom they replied, "We are fugitives from the City of Sin, and are fleeing to the camp of Immanuel."

Then said Apollyon: "It gives me great pleasure to meet you; for it has been my business for many years to guide pilgrims in the right way, and to instruct them how to prepare to come into the presence of the Prince; for I hope you do not think of coming into his presence with your garments all tattered and torn; for, to tell you the truth, you all look as though you had been drawn through a thorn hedge. Permit me, therefore, to present you some thread, called the thread of good works, with which you can mend and darn up your ragged garments; after which you will wash them thoroughly in a fountain near by, called the Fountain of Knowledge; then I will give you the oil of self-righteousness, with which you will anoint your faces to make them shine; and then I will furnish each of you with a bottle of the wine of self-laudation, which maketh the heart glad. Then, and not till then, will you be prepared to present yourselves before Prince Immanuel."

After giving each of them a friendly salutation, Apollyon departed to parts unknown.

And now Mr. Consider and his companions set to work to darn and mend their tattered garments; but

they soon found that, with all their efforts, it was impossible to give them a respectable appearance; for the thread and patches being of a different color, the one green and the other red, they looked more rueful and poverty-stricken than before. And the waters of knowledge, instead of cleansing, only rendered the dirt and filth more apparent.

"Now I do remember," said Mr. Consider, "the words of the King's messenger: 'For, though thou wash thee with niter, and take thee much soap, yet thine iniquity is marked before me, saith the Lord God.' If, as we have been told, 'our righteousness is as filthy rags,' can we ever hope to transform these vile rags into a wedding garment? Can we ever make them resemble in the least the livery of the King, said to be more dazzling than the sun? If the thread of good works and the waters of knowledge can restore the rents and remove the filth from our garments, what are we to understand by the words, 'Though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing. And though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries and all knowledge, and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not charity, I am nothing?'"

Now, while they were in great perplexity and doubt, not knowing which way to turn, they were

met by old Mr. Rite, whose snowy locks and venerable appearance seemed to be sure pledges of his truth and honesty. He professed to be the only sure guide for pilgrims fleeing from the City of Sin to the camp of the saints; and, in order that there might be no mistake as to his mission and identity, he was loaded down with certificates and testimonials from kings and potentates, dukes and lords, who had traveled safely under his guidance. He also carried about with him an enormous scroll, on which were written the names of his ancestors for more than a thousand years. And, notwithstanding many of his progenitors were notorious robbers, and murderers, and adulterers, he could never be done talking of his renowned ancestry. Taking Mr. Consider by the hand, he bade his companions follow, fearing no evil. He soon brought them to an eminence, from whence they could have a fair view of Mount Ceremony. At so great a distance, it appeared to be a mountain of diamonds, so great was the splendor thereof!

"Yonder," said Mr. Rite, pointing to Mount Ceremony, "is the safe retreat of all fugitives, fleeing from the dominion and power of sin and Satan. When you plant your feet on yon shining mount, you will be able to sing, 'Lo, the winter is passed, the rain is over and gone; the flowers appear on the earth, the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land.' Then

the darkness and chaos will give place to the light and order of a new creation; then that voice, whose mandate winds and waves obey, will speak peace to the raging sea, whose waters cast up mire and dirt. There is the abode of peace and plenty; there are fountains which never run dry; there the rose of Sharon fills the air with the rich odors of love; there stand the trees of righteousness, flinging their broad branches heavenward; there also is the tree of knowledge and the tree of life. On yon flaming mount stands the Temple of Liberty. [How long will Mr. Rite promise men liberty, while he himself is entangled with the yoke of bondage?] There the thunders of Sinai are never heard; there Apollyon never dares to set his foot; for there is the shining seat of him who exalteth himself above all that is called God, or that is worshiped; so that he, as God, sitteth in the temple of God, showing himself that he is God. And unto him are committed the 'keys of the kingdom of heaven;' and whatsoever he binds on earth is bound in heaven. He alone hath power to open and power to shut; the power to bind and the power to loose; therefore flee unto him, for he alone can give eternal life."

Mr. Consider and his companions were much elated by what they had seen and heard; and hurrying on with all their might, they soon came to the foot of Mount Ceremony. They were not a little sur-

prised, however, to find that, instead of its being clothed in verdure, not a shrub, or flower, or tree was anywhere to be seen. On every side were huge piles of volcanic rocks, ashes, and cinders. But, hoping that the promised verdure and the trees of righteousness would be visible a little further up, they traveled on regardless of the difficulties of the ascent. They soon came to vast fields of snow and ice, and the further they ascended the deeper was the snow. Enormous layers of ice soon appeared; centuries must have rolled away in their formation. At last, overcome with fatigue, they were about giving up the journey in despair; but just at that moment they caught a glimpse of the domes and spires of a vast city, its walls and towers, of alabaster whiteness, shining like crystal in the distance. Cheered and encouraged by the sight, they toiled on, hoping the promises of Mr. Rite would now be fulfilled. But great was their disappointment to find, when entering the city, that its walls and temples had been hewn, not of solid rock, like Petra, but of ice harder than the nether millstone. Not a human being was to be seen in the streets; all was silent and solitary. On entering one of the temples, they found it filled with men, women, and children; but great was their consternation to discover that they were all frozen to death. A great number of priests, robed and

mitered, holding censers, were frozen kneeling before the altar. Hour after hour they wandered from temple to temple, hoping to find warmth and life within; but over all and around all reigned an eternal winter. The kneeling priests and the kneeling worshipers were as cold and stiff as the glittering arches bending over them. Over the gateway of every temple was written, "Having a form of godliness, but denying the power thereof." In one temple they saw a priest kneeling at the altar, holding a flint in one hand and an old sword hilt in the other. He had evidently been striving to strike a fire, for the tinder beneath had taken fire, burned a little, and then gone out. "Now this reminds me," said Mr. Consider, "of those 'who walk in the light of their own fire, and in the sparks of their own kindling. They shall lie down in sorrow.'"

And fearing that a like fate would overtake them, they made all haste to depart. When they had got fairly out of this city of the dead, they discovered a lofty mound to the right. Up this they clambered, hoping to discover from its top a safe way of returning to the valley from whence they had started. Great was their astonishment when surveying the vastness of the mountain, and of the city which covered its summits, with its palaces and temples, whose domes and spires shone like sapphire in the rays of a meridian sun. Soon, how-

ever, the sky was overcast, a racking mist wrapped itself about the spurs of the mountain, shutting out from their vision every object which could guide them in their way back. Very soon a storm of sleet and rain succeeded, covering the surface of the snow with an icy crust smoother than ivory. They were therefore in danger every moment of sliding down into some ravine or gulf below. They were not able to advance, only as they crawled on their hands and knees. As the rain froze as it fell, their garments were soon incrustated with ice and sleet; their hands and feet were so benumbed with cold that it was almost impossible to move them. A chill struck into their vitals, followed by a stupor which weighed so heavily that it was with great difficulty that they could keep awake.

Mr. Consider begged his companions to beware of going to sleep. "If," said he, "we suffer ourselves to fall asleep, we shall soon be frozen to death, and be like unto the frozen worshipers in the ice temples we have just escaped." Notwithstanding his entreaties, the lethargy seemed to steal upon their faculties, closing up their senses; they no longer made an effort to advance; they heeded not the roaring of the storm, or the frightful chasms yawning beneath them, and folding their arms around each other, they laid themselves down on the frozen snows in hopeless despair.

And now, at this juncture, a messenger arrived from the camp of the King, bearing in his hands a bundle of rods, with which he commenced beating violently Mr. Consider and his companions, calling upon them at the same time to awake from their stupor. He soon succeeded in getting them up on their feet; and bidding them take each other by the hand, he led them, by a way they knew not, down the mountain. When they had got fairly into the valley, and shaken off their lethargy, they began to understand the great peril into which they had been led by Mr. Rite with his lying flatteries, and the kindness of the King's messenger in rescuing them therefrom. "And now I begin to comprehend," said Mr. Tremble-at-my-word, "the meaning of those words; 'My son, despise not thou the chastening of the Lord, nor faint when thou art rebuked of him: for whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth.'" "Now no chastening for the present seemeth joyous, but grievous; nevertheless afterward it yieldeth the peaceable fruits of righteousness unto them which are exercised thereby.'"

Having erected a pillar at the foot of Mount Ceremony, they inscribed thereon these words: "Ye shall neither in this mountain, nor yet at Jerusalem, worship the Father. God is a Spirit, and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth.

The letter killeth, but the Spirit giveth life: circumcision is that of the heart, in the spirit, and not in the letter, whose praise is not of men, but of God."

And now, as the King's messenger led them along toward the camp, he pointed out to them the sundry by-paths which have been cast up from time to time, to decoy pilgrims from the right way; explaining at the same time the law of the King, which is inscribed over the gateway of entrance into his kingdom: "The kingdom of heaven suffereth violence, and the violent take it by force."

"Now you will understand," said he, "that the laws of our King, in the empire of nature, of mind, and of grace, are uniform and analogous. The law of attraction is the same in the furthest star, as upon our earth. The law which wheels along Saturn with his stupendous rings, and Jupiter with his moons, propels our globe in its annual voyage around the sun. The laws of light, of motion, of electricity, and of gravity, are the same in every part of the universe. The light of those stars which are so far from us that they have no apparent parallax, is transmitted through space no faster and no slower than the light which emanates from the sun. The motion of the heavenly bodies, so uniform and harmonious, results from the fact that they are ruled by the same King and governed by the same law. The scepter he sways in giving regularity to suns and planets, is potent in like manner in our

world. Over the gateway of the kingdom of nature is inscribed the unchangeable law: 'The kingdom of nature suffereth violence, and the violent take it by force.'

"The fruits and benefits of nature are hid away from the vulgar eye, and we seize upon them only as we overcome the difficulties and remove the obstacles which lie along our path. If we would have wheat we must sow wheat; but before we sow we must, ax in hand, level the forest-trees, dig up the roots, and mellow the soil with plow and harrow; and even before we can make use of the axe and plowshare, we must dig up the iron ore from its mountain bed, melt away its dross, and hammer it into shape. Silver and gold are not scattered profusely over the surface of the earth, but hid away in some obscure corner of the world. Rocks and mountains are piled thereon, and if we seize upon these precious treasures we must traverse seas and continents, buffet winds and waves, and dig down through the flinty rock, with the violence of muscles and bones, and iron and steel. The treasures of coal, salt, copper, and lead are concealed in vast mines, far down in the bowels of the earth; the drill, the ax, the spade, and the plow are the ponderous keys with which we unlock the store-houses in the kingdom of nature, into whose portals the violent force an entrance. They, and they only, who spin and weave are entitled to be arrayed like the king's daughter.

He who follows in the chase has a right to be in at the death. He who 'goes forth bearing precious seed will doubtless come again, bringing his sheaves with him.' It is by the violence of industry that the wilderness is transformed into a land of corn and wine; rivers of milk and honey flow down in channels dug by the hands of the violent. Doubtless many have been arrayed in purple and fine linen who never came within speaking distance of the loom and distaff; many have fared sumptuously every day who never put their hands to the plow; but they are to be classed with those who climb up some other way into the kingdom of nature.

"This law is equally binding in the kingdom of knowledge; over the portals of the ten thousand temples dedicated to science and art is inscribed this eternal law: 'The kingdom of knowledge suffereth violence, and the violent take it by force.'

"We come into the world naked in body and mind; and if it requires the forth-putting of physical power to clothe the body, so in like manner to robe the intellect in beauty. Men gather diamonds digging in the mines of Omar and Golconda; and can we hope to seize upon the pearls of science and art unless we explore their unfathomable mines? And we should also remember, that in the empire of mind the oceans are wider, the mountains are higher, and the difficulties more appalling; and we could never

enter its vast domain, and possess ourselves of its treasures, reposing on downy beds. Sir Humphry Davy did not analyze the chemical properties of bodies, and reveal the knowledge of the safety lamp, saying, 'A little more sleep, a little more folding of the hands to sleep.' Sir William Jones and Alexander Murray did not educe order from the confusion of Babel, and seize upon the pearls of the Orient, shut up in the Castle of Indolence. Heyne, and Simpson, and Ferguson did not cry, 'A lion in the way,' when they scaled the rocks of ignorance and poverty. Napier, Boyle, Mendelsohn, and Watt stand as way-marks to the kingdom of knowledge, living epistles known and read of all men, because they dared to enter its portals by the violence of thought—constant, vigorous, burning thought.

"When Sanctorio invented the thermometer, and Torricelli constructed the barometer, and demonstrated the pressure of the air; when Hervey discovered the circulation of the blood, and Jenner showed the safety and utility of vaccination; when Castelli laid the foundation of hydraulics, and Gassendi determined the velocity of sound; when De Dominis caught the first idea of the true nature of the rainbow, and Grimaldi discovered the wave-theory of light; when Arkwright set Briareus to spinning cotton, and Cartwright invented the power-loom; when Fulton gave wings to commerce, and Franklin en-

tered the home of the thunder, they were not wasting their time and talents in 'silken dalliance,' or shuffling spotted pasteboard.

"The gates of the Castle of Ignorance stand open day and night, the drawbridge is always down, the avenues leading thereto broad and flowery; while the gates of the kingdom of knowledge are always shut, the road thereto rough and thorny, and those who travel thereon find that every step is attended with doubts and difficulties. In like manner we enter the kingdom of heaven with the holy violence of faith and agonizing prayer. The huge bundles of vicious habits have been so firmly tied upon us, we have been so long incased in the rust-eaten armor of self-righteousness, that it is not the work of an hour or a day to throw them off. Men who have been living for years on the banks of the great Dismal Swamp of transgression, inhaling its miasma, and bathing in its iniquitous waters until they are covered with putrifying sores, cannot expect to emerge from its pestilential vapors, and become naturalized and acclimated in that kingdom, where 'all the air is love,' in the twinkling of an eye. We must bring our hearts, with all their plagues and woes upon them, and submit them to the probing-knife of the Great Physician, at any cost or sacrifice. The rooted lusts must be cut away, and the fallow ground broken up, before we can have our fruit unto holiness. The

benefits of this kingdom are without money or price, but we must comply with the conditions before we can be partakers thereof. The withered hand must be stretched out before it can be restored 'whole as the other;' the blind man must 'go, wash in the pool of Siloam,' before he can declare, 'Whereas I was blind, now I see;' and the impotent man must 'rise, take up his bed and walk,' before he can be made whole.

If men would enter this kingdom, they must be ready to cut off right hands and pluck out right eyes; in other words, there are sins to be repented of, idols to be given up, and darling lusts to be parted with. We eat bread by the sweat of the brow; we eat the bread of knowledge by the sweat of the brain; and we eat the bread of heaven by the sweat of the soul. With money we can fill our libraries with tomes of learning; but all the books and all the instructors in the world can never fill our heads with knowledge, without a constant and vigorous effort on our part. With money we can build churches, erect altars, and surround ourselves with singing men and singing women; but without a rending of hearts and not of garments on our part, we can never become wise in the science of salvation. It requires but little effort to bend the knees of the body; but to bend the knees of the soul in the dust and ashes of humility, and cry, with our hands

upon our mouths, 'Unclean, unclean! God be merciful to us sinners!' to tear our affections from creature objects and nail them to the cross, to love our enemies and pray for those who evilly entreat us, to pluck up sin by the roots, to overturn the tables of the money changers, to wean the heart from the world, to drive the thongs into the lusts of the flesh and the lusts of the eye, requires a violence of effort, at the sight of which the fearful and unbelieving have turned away aghast.

"We should never forget the words of the King: 'Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven, but he that doeth the will of my Father which is in heaven.' Eternal life is promised to those who, by patient continuance in well-doing, seek for glory, and honor, and immortality. Look, therefore, now for him to verify his precious promise: 'Every one that hath forsaken houses, or brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother, or wife, or children, or lands for my name's sake, shall receive a hundred fold, and shall inherit everlasting life.' Now come to the arms of mercy stretched out to receive you, and know the fullness of his promise: 'Whosoever cometh unto me shall in no wise be cast out.' Come, cutting off the offending hand, and plucking out the offending eye, for 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.

"And now," said the messenger, "let us all kneel down and pray that the times of refreshing may come from the presence of the Lord." After remaining on their knees some time in silent prayer, he began audibly, saying: "O Lord most holy, O Lord most mighty, we, poor, helpless sinners, come before thee, begging and entreating thee, for the sake of thy Son, Jesus Christ our Lord, to have mercy upon us. Grant that the scales of unbelief may now fall from our eyes. Let the fire and hammer of thy word melt and break our flinty hearts. Lord, we would believe; help thou our unbelief. Now we pray thee to untie every cord, and break every yoke, and bring us into the liberty of the sons of God. Sprinkle our hearts from an evil conscience; apply the blood of sprinkling, that speaketh better things than that of Abel. Thou art the Father of lights; grant, we beseech thee, that light streaming from thy throne may now illumine our darkened understandings. Let the dew of thy love descend upon us, let the clouds drop fatness, may the rain of righteousness come down upon us! O, break to our souls the bread of life, and help us with joy to draw water from the wells of salvation. Impart unto us, of thy fullness, power to believe, power to repent, power to take thee at thy word. Now help us to touch the hem of thy gar-

ment. May we now by faith stretch out the withered hand; and stepping into the Gospel pool, may we wash away the dismal stains that sin hath made. We ask for the washing of regeneration, and the renewing of the Holy Ghost; we ask for the spirit of adoption, whereby we can cry, Abba, Father; we ask for the revelations of thy love, and that thou wouldst lift upon us the light of thy reconciled countenance. We would wrestle like Jacob, that we may prevail like Israel; we would pant for the living God; we would hunger and thirst after thy righteousness, that we may be filled with peace like a river, a joy unspeakable, and a hope full of immortality. Thou hast promised, though our sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool.

"O, blessed Saviour, thou hast opened the eyes of the blind, and unstopped the ears of the deaf, and raised to life the unconscious dead. Open, we pray thee, our blind eyes, unstop our deaf ears, and quicken us by thy Spirit, who are dead in trespasses and sins. We would cry mightily unto thee, Jesus, thou Son of David, have mercy upon us. We would smite upon our breasts and cry, God be merciful to us, sinners! We have no other hope, or trust, or plea. We plead thy promises, we plead thy sufferings, we plead thy death. May the merits of thy all-cleansing blood avail for us! Now may we hear thy

pardoning voice saying to each of us, Son, be of good cheer, thy sins are forgiven thee. Let down upon us the curtain of thy glory, wrap about us the mantle of holiness, fold about us thy arms of mercy, hide us in the secret of thy tabernacle, and put a new song of praise in our mouths, even praise to the Lord. Receive us, we pray thee, into thy fold; adopt us into thy family, that we may be able to say, with the redeemed on earth and the redeemed in heaven, Unto him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and his Father, to him be glory and dominion forever and ever. Amen."

While the King's messenger was thus praying and supplicating, sobs and cries were heard on every side; ever and anon could be heard the stifled prayer: "God, be merciful to me, a sinner." "Jesus, thou Son of David, have mercy on me!" "Create in me a clean heart, and renew a right spirit within me." And now, as they continued to wrestle and agonize in prayer, the darkness began to flee apace, a few glimmering rays at first began to streak the eastern sky, when anon the sun arose with healing in his wings, pouring light and warmth around them. Great was their astonishment and delight to discover that they were standing in the Valley of Humiliation, and the tents of the armies of Immanuel pitched round about them. They were soon met by

the body-guard of the King, who bade them welcome with outstretched hands and smiling countenances, giving to each a white robe and a new name, and then led them along the tabernacles of Zion, tears of joy meantime streaming down their happy faces, until they came to the pavilion of the King, who gave to each a kiss, calling them his children, and commanded them to sit down to his royal table that they might eat and live for evermore.

While they were banqueting at this feast of fat things, a feast of wines on the lees, of fat things full of marrow, of wine on the lees well refined, they lifted up their united voices, and sang,

"Children of grace have found
Glory begun below:
Celestial fruits on earthly ground,
From faith and hope may grow.

"The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heavenly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.

"Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry;
We're marching through Immanuel's ground
To fairer worlds on high."

"Surely," said Mr. Consider, "my cup runneth over; my soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit doth rejoice in God my Saviour."

And now it did seem that their hearts would burst with joy when they saw their wives and children led into the camp, whom they had left behind in the City of Sin. They ran to embrace each other, weeping and trembling with emotion. One moment they were asking of each other's welfare, and the next shouting, "Glory to God in the highest!" After telling of the trials and conflicts through which they had passed in their flight to this their city of refuge, they all rose up and sang,

"And are we yet alive,
And see each other's face?
Glory and praise to Jesus give,
For his redeeming grace!

"What troubles have we seen!
What conflicts have we pass'd!
Fightings without, and fears within,
Since we assembled last!

"But out of all the Lord
Hath brought us by his love,
And still he doth his help afford,
And hides our life above.

"Then let us make our boast
Of his redeeming power,
Which saves us to the uttermost,
Till we can sin no more.

"Let us take up the cross,
Till we the crown obtain;
And gladly reckon all things loss,
So we may Jesus gain."

"Now," said Mr. Valiant, "now is the time to strike for victory. Let us gird on our armor, and go up to assail yon city, until not one stone shall be left upon another. In the name of our God let us set up our banners. Let us go up trusting in the God of the armies of Israel. Now, while our ranks are filling up with new recruits, warm in their first love, and eager to be led out to battle, while a panic has seized upon our enemies, and fugitives are departing from out their gates every hour of the night, while haggard famine stalks through their streets, and distraction sits at their council-board, and while the Great Captain of salvation beckons us on to certain victory, let us, panoplied in the armor of light, go up to the contest, resolved that we will never give up the struggle until those bloody walls are ground to powder."

At this there was the shout of ten thousand voices, "Let us go up to battle," "Now for victory;" and seizing their scaling ladders, and taking along with them an old ordnance called the "ballot-box," they at first made an assault upon the reservoir, built on an eminence overlooking the city, which supplied the fountains of Rum, Gin, and Brandy. After several hours of hard fighting they succeeded in setting it on fire, and as the lurid flames rolled up from the conflagration of this vast structure, they revealed the bodies of men and women writhing in agony, faces

spotted with ulcers and wet with tears, while the keepers of these fountains were seen weeping, and wailing, and gnashing their teeth.

When the news of this disaster was brought to King Alcohol he gave a howl of despair, and trembling with rage he rushed out of the city, determined to wreak his vengeance on his foes. But Captain Run-never, having had an eye on his movements, and prepared a noose for this very purpose, as he came on blinded with rage, threw it about his neck, and drawing it with a firm and steady hand, led him in triumph into the camp, and commanded him to be put in irons until he could be tried for his crimes.

Meantime the battle raged with incredible fury; every brigade of the vast army was brought into action, every battery was in full play. About the going down of the sun every gate of the city had been broken down. Consternation seized upon the inhabitants when they saw the troops of Immanuel pouring in through every avenue. Apollyon ordered the bells to be tolled all night, and dispatched heralds to bring up fresh battalions from Pandemonium. He also commanded the streets to be barricaded, and as they had cut down the shade-trees in the city, in the straitness of the siege, for fire-wood, they brought out from the public libraries the encyclopedias and tomes of human learning, and piled them

up in the streets as a barrier to keep their enemies at bay. On the covers of many of the huge volumes were written, "Volney's Ruins," "Gibbon's Decline and Fall," "Paine's Age of Reason," (Paine's Age of Madness?) Many of the streets were barricaded with the pillories, and racks, and crosses which they brought up from Cruelty Lane; hoping that the sight of these implements of death, with which they had tortured the saints of former ages, would strike terror into the hearts of the invaders.

As night and darkness came on, the forces of Immanuel, having passed round the watchword and appointed their sentinels, laid down to sleep with their armor on; and notwithstanding the noise and din of preparation within the city, the ringing of alarm-bells, and the shouting of the captains, they slept as soundly as they would had their heads been pillowed on beds of down.

When the morning dawned they rose up, and after a few moments spent in silent prayer, they lifted up their united voices and sang:

"Hark! how the watchmen cry!
Attend the trumpet's sound!
Stand to your arms, the foe is nigh;
The powers of hell surround;
Who bow to Christ's command,
Your arms and hearts prepare;
The day of battle is at hand!
Go forth to glorious war!"

They then prepared to overleap the barriers which had been thrown up to oppose their march. While they stood surveying the height and depth thereof, a spark from one of the batteries without the city fell upon the fly-leaf of a coverless volume, and in a moment all was in flames, and in less than an hour not a vestige remained of this refuge of lies. Forming into column, they commenced their triumphant march. Soon the vanguard engaged with the enemy. The inhabitants, from the roofs of the houses, hurled down upon them stones and missiles of every description, together with arrows whose heads had been wound about with flax and dipped in pitch, and then set on fire; but as every soldier was clad in complete armor, each having on the helmet of salvation and the breast-plate of righteousness, and holding above his head the shield of faith, they were able to quench all the fiery darts of their wicked adversaries.

The sun, which had shone out in unclouded splendor ever since its rising, suddenly went into a bank of clouds. The wind rose, filling the air with dust, which so blinded their eyes that they could scarce distinguish friend from foe. And now all at once the earth began to reel and rock under their feet; soon they heard the crash of falling houses, and the shrieks of men and women buried in the ruins. It did seem that the whole city was shaken by an

earthquake, and that it would be swallowed up in its throes. Every tower was overturned except the tower of Ignorance, which, it will be remembered, was built in the form of a pyramid. The walls round about the city were thrown down for miles. And now verily the powers of heaven were shaken, and while the earth rolled and rumbled beneath, the four winds swept through the air in terrible fury, hurling temples and palaces from their foundations, and bearing away their broken fragments as the chaff of the summer threshing-floor; huge blocks of granite seemed as light as the withered leaves of autumn. Great was the consternation of the prince of the power of the air, to discover that the winds no longer heeded his mandate; and fearing his enemies would discover his loss of power, he hung out a white flag, and sent out an embassy, proposing to surrender to Immanuel all those parts of the city then in the possession of his troops, and all those parts which had been ruined by the earthquake. Great was his chagrin when his heralds returned, announcing that the Prince of Peace required an unconditional surrender, and that he also commanded them to proclaim on the housetops and in the highways: "Behold, the day cometh that shall burn as an oven, and all the proud, yea, and all that do wickedly shall be stubble, and the day that cometh shall burn them up, saith the Lord

of hosts, that it shall leave them neither root nor branch."

At this announcement Apollyon howled and writhed in terrible rage, reminding one of the scorpion, that stings itself to death when ringed with fire. And verily was he, and all his forces, ringed with fire. The batteries without the city were like a chain of fire round about, while every gate and avenue was in the possession of the assailants; and it did seem that the whole city would soon be burned up with the fireballs and bombs which were showered upon it.

And now the Common Council issued a proclamation, commanding every opera, and theater, and dance-house, and gambling house, to be shut up. Every man was required, on pain of death, to enter his name on the muster-roll.

Meanwhile the day wore away, and the night came on apace; and as Captain Run-never and his little band were surveying the ruins of the Tower of Popery, they discovered the lord keeper thereof, sitting like Marius amid the ruins of Carthage. Captain Run-never called upon him, in the name of the God of battles, whose place he had usurped, to surrender himself a prisoner of war. At first he maintained a sullen silence, and then broke out in exclamations of rage and defiance. At this Captain Run-never commanded him to be put in irons and

placed under guard till he could be tried for his crimes; and wrapping his scarlet mantle round him, red with the blood of saints and confessors, they led him into the camp.

During the night, while the armies of Immanuel slept sweetly, protected by an Omnipotent arm and watched over by angel bands, the besieged worked incessantly to throw up intrenchments; and by making use of the broken pillars and prostrate columns which had survived the earthquake and tornado, they were enabled to throw up a vast and solid structure before the morning dawned. Great was the astonishment of the invading armies when they discovered the huge pile which had sprung up, as by enchantment, during the night. At first they were not a little dismayed when they saw vast numbers of the enemy standing on this newly erected battlement, swinging their arms in exultation and bidding them defiance. After their usual devotions, they took up their line of march, in order that they might batter down, if possible, this seemingly impregnable bulwark. Very soon after the columns began to move, they were somewhat startled by the unusual appearances in the heavens. There was a death-like stillness in the air, the sun shone out with a lurid glare, rumbling noises were heard far down in the earth, and there was a chilliness in the air which penetrated to their

very heart's core. Soon a high wind rose, accompanied with rain and sleet, which rendered the pavement so slippery that it was almost impossible for them to keep their footing. Ever and anon the earth opened, and through the rifts livid and forked flames darted up, so that it was with great difficulty they dragged along their artillery wagons. The rain having ceased suddenly, a hail-storm succeeded; and intermingled with the hail could be seen balls of fire, as though the stars were falling from out the sky. And as Apollyon had commanded the great war-drum to be struck, and all the bells in the city to be tolled, and as their peals mingled with the noise of the falling hail-stones and the thunder of the batteries assaulting the city, a scene was presented truly terrific and appalling. Of a sudden the subterranean thunders ceased, the sea, which had been boiling like a pot, became calm. There were signs in the heavens, vapor and smoke; hot ashes and cinders fell about them, broken fragments of volcanic rocks succeeded, filling the atmosphere with a mephitic gas, which almost stifled them.

As those on the walls saw the advancing columns reeling and staggering, they raised a shout of derision, waving their hands in exultation; but their joy was short-lived, for at this moment an angel "came down

from heaven, having the key of the bottomless pit, and a great chain in his hand; and he laid hold on Apollyon, that old serpent, which is the devil and Satan, and bound him a thousand years, and cast him into the bottomless pit, and shut him up, and set a seal upon him, that he should deceive the nations no more till a thousand years should be fulfilled."

As in the twinkling of an eye, the earth lifted itself up, hurling citadel, and battlement, and tower from their foundations; the elements are melting with fervent heat, and a rain of fire falls upon the city, like unto that which fell upon Sodom and Gomorrah; and as the flames rose up from the burning city, the armies of Immanuel lifted up their voices, saying, "Alleluia, salvation, and glory, and honor, and power unto the Lord our God, for true and righteous are his judgments."

And now the thrones were set, and "they sat upon them, and judgment was given unto them; and the souls that were beheaded for the witness of Jesus, and for the word of God, and which had not worshiped the beast, neither his image, neither had received his mark upon their foreheads, or in their hands; and they lived and reigned with Christ a thousand years; but the rest of the dead lived not again till the thousand years were finished. This is the first resurrection. Blessed and holy is he that hath his part in the first resurrection; on such the second death

hath no power, but they shall be priests of God and of Christ, and shall reign with him a thousand years. And the holy city, the New Jerusalem, descended out of heaven from God, having the glory of God; and her light was like unto a stone most precious, even like a jasper stone, clear as crystal; and had a wall great and high, and had twelve gates, and at the gates twelve angels, and names written thereon, which are the names of the twelve tribes of the children of Israel. And the wall of the city had twelve foundations, and in them the names of the twelve apostles of the Lamb. And the city had no need of the sun, neither of the moon to shine in it: for the glory of God did lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof. And the nations of them which are saved shall walk in the light of it: and the kings of the earth do bring their glory and honor into it. And the gates of it shall not be shut at all by day: for there shall be no night there. And they shall bring the glory and honor of the nations into it. And there shall in no wise enter into it anything that defileth, neither whatsoever worketh abomination or maketh a lie: but they which are written in the Lamb's book of life.

THE END.

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