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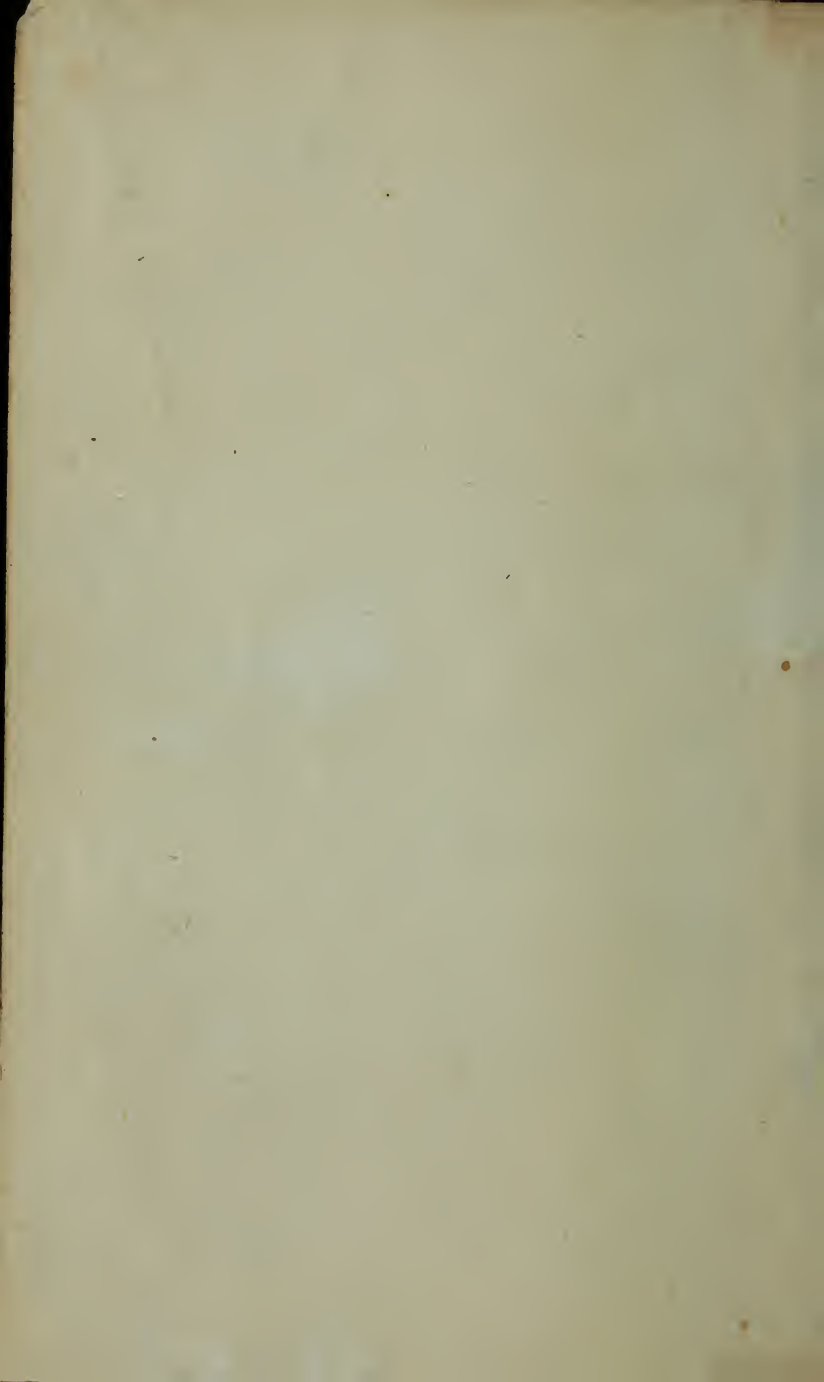
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SACRED VIEWS

OF

THINGS PAST, PRESENT, AND TO COME.

17

BY SAMUEL NOTT, JUN.

It is good that we transplant the instruments of fancy into religion.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

Mine eyes he closed, but open left the cell
Of fancy, my internal sight.—*Milton.*



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THE TELESCOPE.

THE VOICE OF THE GRAVE: OR YOUTHFUL FORECAST.

THE grave at which we are going to listen, was closed in the year 1758. The history of the man, who was then buried out of sight of the living, gives to its silence, and darkness, and corruption, a sacred eloquence. He who has been hidden so long from the eyes of men, came into being about the beginning of the last century, in one of the ancient villages on the banks of the Connecticut. Almost one hundred and thirty years have passed, since his parents rejoiced over a new born son; how helpless in that infant frame! how ignorant in that infant mind! Fond parents sheltered and cherished and guided him in infancy and childhood, and blessed his youth with the means and opportunities of know-

ledge and religion. From that helpless infancy he arose into life, endowed with powers of thought, which made him, for thirty years, the ornament of his country, and of his kind. After fifty-five years spent on this earth, he passed suddenly from the sight of men ; leaving a name which has not yet lost its lustre, nor passed from the mouths of men. It is yet an early stage in the progress of his immortal spirit. Not yet has he doubled his earthly career ; but even now we may pause upon his grave, and hear from its silent chambers, his monitory, his encouraging voice : if, like the long-dead Abel, *he yet speaketh*.

It was from the height of honor that he went down to the grave. Having stood among the great men of his day, he had reached one of the most responsible and honored stations in the land, when in a few months he fell a victim to a loathsome and contagious disease, and went down to the grave suddenly, as helpless as the dying infant of a day ; as separate from the congregation of the living ; as confined to his own narrow house, his solitary cell ; yet in honor still, amidst the clustered worthies of former and later times. Turn traveller aside, wait a stage or two, that thou mayest walk and meditate in

that retired and lonely cemetery. Sons of science and the prophets, spend your vespers there, or listen to the matins of the songsters, who at early dawn, sing to their Maker, as if about their graves they caught the songs of just men made perfect. In that hour of stillness and solitude, when the evening shades are closing thee in from the near-by village ; or when the dawn reveals slowly the record on those chiseled tablets, ere yet the observant world has waked from its slumbers, choose this grave-yard walk : ambitious youth, place thy knee upon the turf which parts the monuments of the learned dead, and recline thy head upon that which bears the date, 1758.... and thou wilt hear a mysterious voice like that from the *first of human dead*. LISTEN ; thou wilt learn thy frailty : thou wilt hear report of the undying spirit, by what choice it rose to a house not made with hands, *eternal in the heavens*. One voice thou wilt hear in harmony with the clustered just.

Here for nearly fourscore years the grass has grown and withered. Near thrice three thousand times the sun has arisen and poured its light over this dark grave ; that eye has not been pleased to behold the sun ; nor that body

sprung forth to enjoy “the cool, the fragrant, and the silent air.” The eye, the limbs, the whole frame have become dissolved. The corpse has no coffin, no death-dress; the bones are crumbled or crumbling into dust. If the spade should violate that grave, nought would be found but dust and fragments of the great and good, whose name was upon the tongue of our fathers four-score years ago. *Now*, he speaketh, LISTENER, in thine ear, at least this word, “*Corruption, thou art my father; worm, thou art my sister and my mother. The grave is my house. I have made my bed in darkness. Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might, for thou art hastening to the grave, where there is neither wisdom, knowledge, nor device.*”

But hark again! Within that silent chamber lie the remains of a frame whose plan was written in the book of the Almighty; made in secret, curiously wrought, fearfully and wonderfully made: fitted for the abode and the growth of an immortal spirit. Sitting within its secret chamber, that spirit maintained, by mysterious connection with the corporeal senses, an intercourse with surrounding scenes; with the very thoughts of men; with the character, and deeds, and re-

lations of the Eternal God. In its very boyhood, it kenred the secrets of philosophy, which sages since have discovered and divulged. During the short space of fifty-five years, the man arose, from the ignorance of new-born infancy, to an extensive knowledge of things human and divine : to a range and power of thought, which gave him, both living and dead, a commanding influence over men : which promises to reach to all nations, and to all times. Of the stroke which laid in the dust this curious frame, we have the biographical record, the chiseled memorial ; and of that spirit to which it ministered, which grew beyond its growth, his works will repeat, “ SECUNDUS NEMINI MORTALIUM,”* when this marble record has wasted into dust. Where is that mighty spirit ? Is it lost amidst the dust of its former dwelling ? LISTENER : dost thou not hear its voice from amidst the spheres ? *The dust has returned to the earth as it was, but the SPIRIT unto God who gave it.*

LISTENER ! hast thou read the earthly history of the SPIRIT which, almost fourscore years ago, returned to God who gave it ?—the testimonies of a moral and spiritual life ; of a fountain which

* Second to no mortal.

sprung up, strong and clear, of everlasting life ; of a heart humble and contrite, already visited and revived by the High and Lofty One ! Canst thou doubt that when that spirit parted from its clayey tabernacle, it spread its wings and soared away into holier regions, and dwells fast by the throne of God, with angels and the spirits of just men made perfect ? Amidst this morning silence, sure there is a voice, in sweet harmony with these carols all around : *Though the earthly house be dissolved, I have a building of God, a house not made with hands, ETERNAL in the heavens.*

Yet hearken again, beloved youth : the sun is not yet risen, though the dawn brightens in the eastern sky. The villagers have not yet come forth from their chambers. Listen yet again to the *voice of the grave* ; and hear of that faith by which the dead obtained testimony that he pleased God ; by which he offered himself up to God, a living sacrifice. Hark ! soft as the singing of the birds ; fresh as the dew of the morning ; cheerful as the light of the sun after the darkness of the night ; the voice is mellow as the tones of youth ;—it is the voice of *youthful piety*, choosing, in the dawn and morning of existence, a day without a night, an everlasting

day. Is it memory ? or is the voice repeated in thine ear amidst the beauties of the morning ?
“ RESOLVED, That I will do whatsoever I think to be most for the glory of God, and my own good, profit and pleasure, in the whole of my duration, without any consideration of the time, whether it be now, or never so many myriads of ages hence.”

Sublime resolve ! What forecast for futurity, for being endless and progressive ! for a soul to grow forever as it grew from infancy, to this power of thought, and forecast, and decision ! Be it thine : that when thy body shall lie mouldering and mouldered, thy spirit may dwell on high, rich in the fruits of forethought so sublime !

Ah LISTENER : thy heart revolts. Thy fancy has already soared away to some mountain height, whence thou canst see all the glories of the world, and call them thine. Pause, then, and hold controversy with thy deceived heart, until thy voice can sound in harmony with the sainted dead. He held that controversy, and gave example of victory. Think not, he found decision easy. Had he no sinfulness ? or lived he when there was no tempter to encourage and

beguile ? Had he no aided wing of fancy, no bewildered eye ? Did not the tempter try to deceive the youth with blessings which must perish with his day ? No doubt he looked, and wished for a moment, and again and again chose the fleeting present, and forgot the ever-during future, and preferred a momentary glare to the whole weight of future glory. No doubt some plain demand of conscience and of faith seemed so grievous, as to incline his heart to give up the kingdom of heaven, as that young man did who went away sorrowful, from the Saviour, because his great possessions were demanded. How fearful of a frown ! How fond of fame ! How ready to give himself the glory of his growing powers ! How cheered with the thought of higher and higher honors ! How ready was the young immortal, for a morsel, to sell his everlasting birthright ! and yet how often was he disappointed ; mocked by lying vanities—sick with desires unsatisfied—tossed with the waves of sinful passion ; of pride, or envy, or self-love, or anger, or sensual desires ! Thus Satan foiled himself, and opened the door of blessings to the soul. The inexperienced youth saw the deception, and triumphed over the deceiver. As he

looked around from his fancied height, and saw the devil's picture of the world, the divine reply sprung to his lips, "Get thee hence, Satan ; for it is written, Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and him only shalt thou serve."

Blessed season of discovery—of triumph over the usurped government of the prince of the power of the air ! when the kind angels, always hovering over him, and helping the fearful struggles of the young immortal, found opportunity to aid the wings of fancy, as she flew up to the "Delectable Mountains," and to hold steadily the prospect-glass as the eye looked away into the distant future ! when the spirit, long striving to enter, was welcomed to a fixed abode in the troubled heart. What aids were there, who can tell ? What hosts of witnesses to the Spirit's entry to the heart, melted to humbleness and contrition by his rising beams. Would that the grave might whisper the hour when the *resolve* kindled into flame to shine through the ages of eternity ! Perhaps it was when weariness and night clouded his soul with gloom ; or when lightning and tempest filled him with awe and terror ; or when, in that pleurisy, he felt justly seized by the hand of the Almighty, and shaken

over the devouring pit, and was forced to seek, “as he never sought before ;” or rather, when listening to the *still small voice* of rebuke and kindness, amidst the silent grove, to which afterwards he listened so often, so attentive. There, alone with God, seeing Him among the trees, in the cool of the day, in every moving branch, in every rustling leaf, in every blade of grass, and in the flood of light—hearing his reproving, winning voice, in the soft breeze, as it passed through the trembling forest—when air and sky, and growing nature, and the vocal birds, gave token of Him who filleth immensity with his presence :—In such a calm and quiet solitude, when the tempests of the outer world were lulled to sleep, *then*, perhaps a calm came in upon the tempest of the soul, a sweet and awful stillness in which God was heard speaking with a father’s tenderness, “My son give me thine heart :” and eternity was seen proceeding in all its endlessness from the passing moment, and receiving its *everlasting* character from the passing thoughts.

Then perhaps the conflict ended in that sublime decision, *I will do, at every fleeting moment, that which shall be most for God’s glory, and my own good, whether NOW, OR NEVER SO*

MANY MYRIADS OF AGES HENCE. How lovely, then, how heavenly, must that youthful face have shone, which bore in its maturity, a youthful loveliness, an aspect fit for heaven, which even human art has been able to preserve, in its ten thousand copies! Methinks the angels must have paused a moment in joy and admiration, ere they flew from the field of conflict where that victory was won: ere they bore away the golden copy of that Resolve, and made heaven's arches ring with their triumphant songs.

Sure, as he returned, and went forward in the pursuits of *mortal* life, filled with the high ambition, of seeking God's glory and his own best good, FOR MYRIADS AND MYRIADS OF AGES, ministering spirits kept about his path; a Father's kindness chastened and cheered him that he might be a partaker of his holiness; the HIGH AND LOFTY ONE, who inhabiteth eternity, made that humbled spirit his dwelling place. No doubt the daily prayer was lifted up, "Lead me not into temptation, but deliver me from evil:" until, having been guided by the counsel of a Father, he was received to glory. While he lived, how steady, how bright, how increasing, were his piety towards God and his good will to

men ! What comforts cheered him in perplexity, and care, and sorrow ! And when amidst the brightest promise of his honored life, his earthly prospects were suddenly darkened in death, how pleasantly he died with these last words upon his lips, TRUST IN GOD AND YE NEED NOT FEAR !

LISTENER ! does thy heart revolt ? Let thy fancy soar : Angels will bear thee up. Set thy feet once on the delectable mountains. Look beyond thy funeral day, when thy limbs will be stiff, thy eyes closed, thy senses vanished :—beyond thy mouldered body. Take forethought for the coming century, and that which shall come afterwards and yet again. Think how thou wilt cheer thyself in the dark valley and shadow of death ; how thou wilt be joyful when thou hast just escaped from the body of corruption ; how thou wilt employ thyself, when earth's service shall be paid for a thousand years, and earth's hymns mingle in the sweet harmony with the hymns above ; how thou wilt rejoice amidst the wonders of the last day, and along the endless, endless path, on which thy immortal spirit has begun to travel ! Ah ! how thy mind changes. Methinks I hear *thy* voice, soft as the singing of the birds, fresh as the dew of the

morning, cheerful as the light of the sun, in the mellow tones of youthful piety—I WILL LIVE TO DAY AND HEREAFTER, AS SHALL BE MOST FOR GOD'S GLORY, AND MY OWN BEST GOOD, WHETHER NOW, OR NEVER SO MANY MYRIADS OF AGES HENCE.

Look! the sun is bursting from the east. Thine angel is speeding his way on the wings of the morning, and thy resolve, written in the golden beams, will be registered in a moment in the archives of heaven. Go back to thy chamber, and pray, and study, and live for ETERNITY! SONS OF NASSAU! As ye float by an unbroken stream of youth, on your way to water and refresh the land, listen to THE VOICE OF THE GRAVE. Or if ye fear at early dawn and under the day star to listen to that mysterious voice, at midnight hour look upon the wall! Perhaps amidst the gloom, thou wilt see the hand of JONATHAN EDWARDS, writing the sublime resolution of his youth; and amidst that stillness thy heart will rise to a resolve for MYRIADS OF AGES!

SONS OF THE PROPHETS, listen to that voice. Read that writing on the wall: and as ye go forth, oh men of God, follow after righteousness, godliness, faith, love, patience, meekness. Fight

the good fight of faith, lay hold on eternal life.
TRUST IN GOD AND YE NEED NOT FEAR.

YOUTHFUL READER, wherever thou art, at the desk, in the field, on the exchange, at the toilette, at the social party—listen to THE VOICE OF THE GRAVE: or if amidst temptation thou miss that voice, in the calm hour of night read thy duty and thy safety in living characters around thy bed, and resolve for ETERNITY.

Traveller! if thou turn aside to visit the grave of EDWARDS, amidst the illustrious Presidents of the COLLEGE OF NEW JERSEY; obey the counsel inscribed on the marble almost fourscore years ago. ABI VIATOR, ET PIA SEQUERE VESTIGIA. Go, traveller, and follow his footsteps; seek God's glory and thy best good, NOW, AND FOR MYRIADS AND MYRIADS OF AGES HENCE.

BOSTON, ON HER TWO HUNDREDTH ANNIVERSARY, SEPTEMBER 17TH, 1830.

As the sun arose, the years that were passed began to be numbered by the artillery. The repeated thunder seemed the knell of the departed century. The silence that followed, was yet more awful ; leaving without memorial the preceding century mingled in the common mass of passed time ; the preceding generations lost in the common multitude of the dead.

At the hour appointed for the rendezvous of the living population, I joined the multitude who kept this holiday ;—the very thought of which raised in my imagination visions of decay and change, of past and future, strange as if they were dreams, and yet as true and real as the ever changing crowd before me.

I had scarce taken my stand, midway in the crowd, in front of that noble pile, which shows its elevated dome far above the common height of the city habitations, towering above the ancient summit of Beacon hill, when the clock

struck NINE : announcing to the gathered and gathering throng, that another century was already speeding its flight ! that ere the pageantry began, unwearied time had been measuring off the hours which were hastening the century to its close !

The MALL, made for spectacle ; an amphitheatre formed by nature for the display and sympathies of multitudes ; raised yet higher with its artificial galleries, its windows, piazzas, porticos, reflecting the splendors of that brilliant morn, and receiving the reflection of the surrounding slopes, covered with gardens and villas and villages and farms ; the *mall*, from its highest pinnacles of art down its gentle slope, and in scattered, changing groups over its noble lawn, presented a living miniature of the living world. *There*, were the servants of the church and state, with church and state themselves ; the sciences and the arts with their professors and their practitioners ; commerce and husbandry ; the aged, as if to bid their last adieu to the living world ; the young, in all their gaiety and beauty, with the four thousand blossoms* of the early morning, to meditate on life's fleeting scene, and to say,

* The public Schools.

“We too must die.” As I looked over this field, scattered with decaying plants, covered with ripened fruit, and spring and summer blossoms in such bloom and richness, as betokened immortality, I knew these bodies could not be incorruptible until first they had wasted into dust; and I said, surely in sympathy with living thousands, “We must die, as those who lived in centuries before us.” Then, fevers, and fluxes, and consumptions, and apoplexies, and accidents, and old age, and lightning, and tempest, seemed flitting before my imagination; and all the living laid unknowing and unknown in the dust of death. Yes, long, long before the morning of another century shall arise upon the living world, we shall be dead, and our spirits which cannot die, will have been borne by the angels to the bosoms of our ancestors in glory, or left in their chosen misery and sin.

At that moment of sympathy, I seemed but to see what was revealed to every eye; and to feel but the sentiment of every soul. There we stood, numbering our days even to four score years, and calling them a dream! What wisdom sprung up from that one discovery! The moralist looked upon his robe, and it was filthy rags:

The miser saw the canker corroding his silver and gold: The ambitious, aiming higher in paths as various as the multitude before me, humbled their high looks and bowed down their haughtiness: The sensualist turned his thoughts inward in search of an appetite which could feed forever on imperishable feasts: The caviller laid aside his questions, and with the eagerness of a dying man grasped after eternal life; and even the infidel stood aghast, looking earnestly after Him who brought life and immortality to light. The whole mass of men seemed waking to the simple prayer, "So teach us to number our days that we may apply our hearts to wisdom. Oh satisfy us early with thy mercy, that we may rejoice and be glad all our days. Let thy work appear unto thy servants, and thy glory unto their children: And let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us!"

As I recovered from the reverie into which these reflections cast me, I looked around for some relics of the hand of time; some abiding memorial of the century remembered; some means of sympathy with the departed age. Not one, who lived a hundred years ago, not *one*, was there; not *one*, on whom I could fix my eyes

and say, *You* saw the last centennial morning as I see this. All who arose that morning from their beds, active and vigorous, now lie deep in darkness in the city cemeteries, or in surrounding hills and valleys, or scattered through the regions of the West, or in the ocean's depths, or on foreign shores. In the soft breathings of that gentle morn, I seemed to hear the whisper from the four winds of heaven, "We were, but are not!" Yet I saw abiding memorials of the departed age. These majestic elms, methought, stand in the unchanging glory of their kind, unmodernized amidst the changeful displays of human art; grown from beauty to sublimity, amidst the decay and renewal of human life. Our fathers planted them, admired their young beauty, and regaled themselves under their tiny shades, talking of the distant times, when a crowded population would be refreshed under their towering tops, and hold sweet converse along these embowered walks. These rolling lands, these hills and valleys, also, in beauty as lasting as the earth, bear over their swelling, sinking bosoms, my sympathy with the generations who are gone. And this glowing sun, shining from its ancient firmament, melts all my

passions into fellowship with our earliest fathers ; who chose this spot by its light ; and were cheered amidst their gloom in establishing for the benefit of future times and of other lands, the METROPOLIS of New England. Oh that I could *indeed* sympathise with the Christian dead ; that I could glow with their pious ardor, with their love of God and man ! These hillocks, these shady walks were not wont, in the ancient days, to be the way of the ungodly and the seats of the scornful : but here, alone or in company, sainted spirits walked, meditating, delighting in the law of the Lord. Here many an hour of Christian fellowship was enjoyed, by those who now have fellowship with angels and the spirits of the just made perfect. Behind these gentle swells, in the secresy of that vale where those willows grow, by the side of this still water, canopied by the starry host, was the closet of joyful contemplation, the chamber of angels' visits to the soul, the temple of secret prayer, and fellowship with God. Here the Mathers, and Sewals, and Princes, and here, too, names unknown to fame, impressed the paths with sanctity, and tintured the air with devotion ; and in this open oratory, the great master of Christian elo-

quence, offered up the supplications of listening thousands, and proclaimed the offers of the gospel.

But these majestic trees, these everlasting hills and vales, this bright and glowing sun, and this blue firmament, are not the only representatives of the centuries remembered. The fathers are living *now*, in the persons of their children ; the good seed which they sowed has not all perished in the soil ; neither have the tares come up so numerous and thick, as to prevent the growth and fullness of the wheat. Even now, Boston is blessed with the spirit and the power of her early fathers. I could almost see again Mather's aged saint, and hear renewed, after more than a hundred years,* the exultation, "I am now going to heaven, and I will there tell the faithful which are gone long since from New England, that though they who gathered our churches are all dead and gone, yet the churches are still alive, with as numerous flocks of Christians as ever were among them." Moreton seemed again to say, "Out of these small beginnings, even greater things have been produced by his hand who made all things out of nothing : and as one small candle may light a thousand, so the light here kindled

* *Magnalia*, vol. I. p. 83.

hath shone unto many, yea in some sort unto this whole nation ; and even unto the whole world.”* As I stood lost in the crowd, I saw many gifted persons who were serving God and their generation after the example of the fathers of New England ; striving earnestly and prayerfully, that at home, the grace of God may not be received in vain, and that its saving power may be carried forth to all heathen nations. Yes, the fathers are living again in the persons of their children : they are here, who came into the wilderness to build the church of the living God ; who labored to gather into her hallowed courts, the surrounding Indian tribes. Yes, the Lord hath arisen in this latter day, yet more gloriously, upon this favored city, and his glory may now be seen upon her, now that He has made her the almoner of the whole land to the Pagan world. “ The Gentiles are coming to her light, and kings to the brightness of her rising.” Methought I could hear the angels whispering, or softly singing in the air, “ Lift up your eyes round about and see ! all they gather themselves together and come to thee—thy sons are coming from afar, and thy daughters are nursed at thy side.”

* See New England's Memorial.

As I lifted up my eye, the crowd around seemed lost before me, and far distant scenes opened on my view. "Thy towers, Bombay," gleamed bright upon my eye. Thy sea-girt shores, thy crowded city, thy palm-sheltered suburbs, thy ever-busy crowds; the faces, and the costumes, and the languages of all nations, were before me. Thy noble plain, open from sea to sea, was thronged with tens and tens of thousands, paying their pagan gratitude to PARASU RAMA, in endless offerings to the calmed ocean. Then again thy multitudes amidst unceasing din, were forcing their way through all thy streets to the sacred water, mystically drowning their perishable gods. Then again thy thousand fires, glaring in the faces of tens and tens of thousands, unblushing amidst their indecent songs: fit preludes to the universal pantomime of lust. But as I looked, my ear caught the dirge of Christian compassion sounding plaintive amidst that long-continued desolation: *Who hath believed our report, and to whom hath the arm of the Lord been revealed?* Yet amidst those plaintive tones I heard the voice of prayer, in that lowly strain, in which with earnest longings it was sent up eighteen years ago. The grass has withered. The flower has faded. The suppli-

ants are scattered. Yet the ever-living word renews and continues the spirit of prayer and praise; even now procuring blessings for Bombay. Amidst those vain idolatries, those deluded crowds, thy messengers, Boston! lay the foundations of the Temple of the GREAT SUPREME. The murmur of thy Christian schools is heard, and instruction dropping as the rain, distilling as the dew, amidst the softer tones of Christian music, in that oratory which America has built on the coast of Malabar. Ah! the vision changes. They are hastening now to the God who heareth prayer. The harsh discords, fit for the praise of gods who cannot hear, are changing into the soft tones of Christian harmony, coming up acceptably before the Lord God of Hosts. The very streets are cleared of the noisy, unfeeling gabble, and common speech sounds in the melody of faith and hope and love; and faces, meaningless before, glow with the conceptions, and designs, and hopes, of heaven-born minds!

Suddenly, I glanced the spicy groves of Ceylon, where seed buried long in dust, has sprung up already, making glad thy reapers, Boston: with Fabricius and Swartz, from whose vigorous hand seed sown in Tanjore fell even on the

shores of Jaffna. Then I glanced the Pacific isles—belting their mountain fires, with fertile lands. How strangely did ye make yourselves ready to greet the messengers from Boston! How strangely did ye bring your sons and your daughters to be nursed at our side! Thou, too, Palestine! And ye countries and islands of the inland sea: Boston shines on you. The sun which went down in your western sky, arose on us, and now it dawns on you with the promise of the morning. As fancy in that rapid flight turned homeward, it rested on the fearful, trembling ones, seen through the thickets of the forest; not with the tomahawk and scalping-knife, but at the plough, at the distaff, and the loom; and by night and by day, meditating in the law of the Lord. Ye, too, have been fostered by the alms which Boston has gathered from the north and from the south. Ye, too, have been sheltered by her love. CHRISTIAN RULERS! if they be the LEAST of those whom the Saviour will call his *brethren*, and place at his right hand in the last great assembly, be it your honor and your joy to hear Him say, *I roamed the forest, and ye gave me a home—I was a sufferer, and ye cheered me with your love—I was lost, and ye*

helped those who came to seek and save me. Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of the RED MEN, ye did it unto me.

As I recalled my wandering fancy, and again stood fixed in attention upon the scenes before me, the chiseled tablets, which used to meet the spectator, as he surveyed Boston and its environs from the top of BEACON HILL, seemed to enlarge their claim upon the sons of the Pilgrims.

“AMERICANS! WHILE FROM THIS EMINENCE SCENES OF LUXURIANT FERTILITY, OF FLOURISHING COMMERCE, AND THE ABODES OF SOCIAL HAPPINESS MEET YOUR VIEW, FORGET NOT THOSE WHO HAVE SECURED TO YOU THESE BLESSINGS.”

—As YOU CAST YOUR EYES TO-DAY OVER ALL NATIONS, REVIVE IN YOUR BOSOMS THE CHRISTIAN KINDNESS OF YOUR FATHERS: AND LET THEM LIVE AGAIN IN THEIR FAITHFUL CHILDREN. Ah! methinks, within the bosoms of the crowd around, the future scene is hidden. We shall beautify or mar the prospect which future and again future ages will call up. The seeds which we plant will yield a harvest on the next, and on the next centurial day, in this and other lands. Oh help us, Father of mercies, by thine angel ministries, by thine indwelling Spirit,

to know for ourselves, and to display to the world the grace of God which bringeth salvation. Make us the instruments of turning the wilderness into a fruitful field, until glories which exceed our thought shall adorn the heritage of our Fathers, and from every quarter of the world, multitudes shall be joyful in that light which, two hundred years ago, our Fathers kindled on the hills of BOSTON!

Here, patriotism caught me suddenly on its wings, or raised me, soaring on its bubble of pride, where I saw the glory of my country,—transforming, by its magic freedom, all ignorance to knowledge, all vice to virtue; even party strife, the monster of its own production, into love; calumny to kindness; and ruling all the elements of discord into harmony and peace; carrying me upward until I could descry a multitude, saying one to another, let us, unasking, and unaided by Him who rules the nations, build for ourselves, and for the admiration of all people, a self-sustained fabric which shall last forever, and gather around its honored base, the copied governments of mankind! Suddenly, I saw tongues confounded, plans defeated, hope blasted, and the boasters scattered, who thought

that nothing was restrained from them which they had imagined to do. Oh for such diligence, and earnestness, and self-distrust, and reliance upon the King of nations, as can alone make our nation happy in herself, or a light to the world. Oh for the spirit of our Fathers, purified, revived, bringing the nation, whose foundations they laid in piety and prayer, to God as the author of all blessings !

Then, prophecy caught me on its wings, and raised me whence I could see all the coming glory. The whole earth seemed spread out before me in one brilliant panorama. Nothing marred its beauty. No storm or tempest disturbed the three oceans and numerous seas, all melted and flowing into one ; no thunders of war roared amidst the stillness, and troubled the sails and steam of commerce. There were no morasses, or wilderness, or desert. Sahara was a garden. Empires lay spread before me, with signs of peace in all their borders ; distinct in government, but bound in universal love. The swords were ploughing in the field, the spears were gathering clusters from the vine, and the powers of nature were employed in providing comforts for man, and in binding all nations into

neighborhood. The whole earth was a paradise. For all flesh had come to Him who heareth prayer.

The vision was distinct ; the beauty was surpassing ; the accomplishment sure. Yet while I would have known the times and seasons, I perceived they were wisely hidden beneath the obscure symbols of prophecy. But as I looked, the assembled crowd before me seemed covered with the reflected glory of the scene ; some, radiant with faith and hope ; some, hiding their faces at so near a view of *Him*, whose countenance is like the sun shining in his strength ; who, coming in utmost mercy, wears on his vesture and on his thigh the NAME by which he will assure to himself the conquest of the world, and to the world its rest of a thousand years. Methought there were angelic whispers in the breeze, caught and repeated by the tongue of man. “ Kiss the Son, lest he be angry, and ye perish from the way.” “ Blessed are all they who put their trust in Him.”

It was not in my power to join the interesting convocation in the temple of the Lord : there, to unite in the public covenant to serve the Lord God of our Fathers, and to hand down to pos-

terity our inherited blessings. As I was conveyed around the mall, the centurial procession seemed like a funeral march over the graves of six generations : while the thought sunk to the heart, how low we must lie ere this pageantry is renewed again ; ere another centurial dirge strikes up ; another centurial pomp covers these fields from whence we now retire ! The hills will remain, and the valleys, which, as I pass, now hide, and now display this floating crowd. That central tree, whose bending branches salute a fifth or six generation as they pass, will greet that other day ; and piazzas, windows, porticoes will glow with beauty, and gaze with ten thousand eyes, when we are faded away !

With these reflections I left the scene, and, hastening through the uncrowded streets, I found myself in a few moments surrounded by the beauties of Dorchester ; and from its gentle heights, turning me round, I saw Boston shining in the splendors of her two hundredth birth-day : rising on her everlasting hills, shorn of their summits, with her lofty spires, her towering dome ; and joyful in her healthful and prosperous population. I had passed away from the hum of tongues, and the noise of her busy streets no longer reached

my ears. As I fixed my eyes upon the METROPOLIS of New England, the fountain-head of blessings descended from our Fathers, and of blessings flowing over the world, how could I help breaking the solemn silence and exclaiming :

BOSTON ! thy foundations were laid in piety and prayer, in the name of the Father, and the Son, and the Holy Ghost ! Thou hast suffered the common lot of temptation, but thou hast not yet utterly fallen ; thy prosperity has not yet ripened thy self-confidence, and wrought thy folly and thy downfall ; thy candlestick is not yet removed out of its place, but shineth still on thee and on the remotest tribes of men. *Thy* Saviour is the SAVIOUR OF THE WORLD. He fulfils his promise and is with thee, and shows Himself THE GOD OF THE WHOLE EARTH. Be steadfast to the covenant of thy fathers. Cleave to HIM, by whose power thou hast conquered Satan and turned darkness to light in the pagan world. Answer the wisdom of men by thy continued and growing victories in the name of THE FATHER, THE SON, AND THE HOLY GHOST. Thy prosperity has been cherished by thy kindness to others ; thy piety has been renewed and increased amidst thy care of the pagan world. *Thy* Saviour

victorious abroad, has been received as their God, by increasing crowds at home! Pursue thy work. Guide the nation in publishing the gospel to the world, and thy Redeemer's growing victories will turn the hearts of the children to the fathers, and the hearts of the fathers to the children; and thou shalt be called a HOLY PEOPLE, THE REDEEMED OF JEHOVAH, A CITY NOT FORSAKEN!

A VISION OF THE LAST NIGHT IN THE YEAR.

AMIDST the musings natural to the last night of the year, I retired to my bed ; meditating on the mortality of man, and often repeating to myself the words of the prophet : “ All flesh is grass, and all the goodliness of man as the flower of the field :” and longing earnestly to receive within me “ the word of the Lord, which endureth forever.”

I have no recollection of intervening thought until I found myself far distant from my place of rest, standing at the great gateway of the Park of our commercial metropolis. A peculiar and death-like silence reigned through the extensive avenue of which I commanded the entire view—a portentous sign of silence in all its tributary streets. There was no rattling of carriages ; no hurrying and jostling of the crowd ; no intermingling of voices ; no hum of distant business, though the sun had but just passed the meridian,

and was pouring its full and unclouded light upon all the haunts and ways of men. I saw only the public and private buildings which human art had reared, as if to mock the frailty of the hands which built them; the trees stripped of their summer foliage, and the withered grass, nature's yearly lesson of mortality to living men; and a mysterious preparation of hearses and mourning carriages, as far as the eye could reach, as though the city were sitting in silent waiting for a universal funeral!

I did not muse long upon the scene before me when a general knell struck upon my ear from every dome in the city; speaking in deep and varied tones the general calamity, and leaving minutes of silence more death-like than before, the mournful, meditative silence of 200,000 souls.

What, thought I, can be the meaning of this awful silence, this pause of motion and business, this mysterious preparation, this universal knell? Has some fearful pestilence made havoc of the people, some angel of destruction smitten the first-born and changed the joyous city into a scene of mourning and wo? While I was musing, fixed in astonishment, the whole city, as by

one consent, seemed to be put in motion. The narrow houses of the dead, apparently innumerable, were brought out from the abodes of the living; I could hear the sounds of universal weeping and lamentation, and felt unutterable sympathy in the public agony. Immediately the death-march commenced, to the different cemeteries, of various processions passing in different directions, without disorder or confusion, moving slowly to the general chime of tolling bells.

I attempted to hasten away from a scene which filled me with horror; but I could not escape. Wherever I went *the funeral was there*; in every avenue, in every street, the same death-like order and stillness, and weeds of mourning, and tolling bells, the same flow of a smitten people to their graves;—to which abodes of silence, the living were every where consigning their dead, as it seemed to me past numbering.

With the rapidity of thought I found myself transported from one part of the city to another, but every where amidst mourning and wo. At one time, I was crushed amidst the crowds of Trinity, until my imagination was bewildered, and I seemed to see strange sights of the long slumbering dead, rising, pallid and half-skeletons,

to bid a welcome to this new year's levee. Then I was in the Bowery, arrested by the confluences from the east and west, and south and north, slow moving, whither the dead might find their last, long home. Then I was at the Potter's field. The crowds were immense. The whole city seemed to be flowing to that great field of death. The earth seemed fresh-dug and unfrosted, and covered with the living crowds. The living were as silent as the dead ; no sound broke upon the ear but the rattle, "earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust!"

I would have asked the meaning of a scene of wo so mysterious, but I saw it written in lines of anguish, and remorse, and repentance, and resignation, and resolution, and faith, in the varied faces of the living crowds. I seemed to have a sympathy with the common heart ; to know the sentiment which the looks expressed. I saw not indeed such marks, as I expected, of overcoming horror for a public and universal calamity, but rather the universal expression which we are wont to see in each particular instance of bereavement ; of sentiments which few are able to banish for the season, how few are willing to retain !

What convictions of the frailty of man ! what feelings of self reproach ! what promises and vows and prayers did I see in the souls which passed before me, transparent as the pellucid lake or river ! Here and there I saw faith, meekly seeking for the guidance and blessing of an un-upbraiding Father :—looking through its tears as if it wept not, and fixing a cheerful hope far beyond the fleeting fashion of this world, amidst the things unseen.

Overcome at length, I hastened away that I might find a place of quiet thought in the winter loneliness of that beautiful promenade, skirted with water on the west and south ; wont of a summer's evening to be thronged by cheerful groups of young and gay in innocent recreation. *But the funeral was there !* The clear, transparent waters gilded with the sun now hastening to set, showed not their ordinary display of craft of all sorts sporting by wind and steam as if to decorate a holiday. The shipping, moored at the wharves or anchored in the stream, showed no other signs of living beings but colors at half-mast. Here and there, scattered sails and steamboats, covered with coffins and decorated dismally with palls and filled with mourners, were

apparently carrying their bewailed friends to be buried among grandsires and parents and kindred who were gone before : here and there also a few vessels of larger size, from distant voyages, with dead on board, now disembarking, how differently from their hope, when they put merrily to sea !

I felt that there was no escape from the horrors by which I was surrounded ; no avoiding this awful funeral, this universal knell, still sounding in softened and distant tones, upon my ears ; and I sat myself down to give vent to my sorrows in a flood of tears.

As I was weeping, I felt a gentle touch upon my shoulder, such as a kind friend might have given who had become an accidental spectator of my grief. I turned and saw a face so lovely, so benignant, as seemed to me more than human : a countenance which could never have been ruffled with anger nor radiant with pride : surely I thought, a ministering spirit ; some holy angel, come to unfold the mystery before me, to sooth the anguish of my heart and to aid me in learning some lesson of salvation ; as I trust, unseen, he has often whispered instruction and consolation to my afflicted spirit.

“What you have seen to-day,” said he, “you may be surprised to know is nothing new. All that is uncommon in the scene before you, is, that by my aid the funerals of 365 days have been clustered before your imagination into one. The knell you have heard was the knell of five thousand, the victims of death’s daily and common work. No other evil has befallen the city of New York but its usual mortality of one hundred a week. No fearful pestilence, no overwhelming calamity has filled the city with mourning or caused this universal knell. Health and prosperity have cheered the past year. The thousands whose obsequies have passed in vision before you, met their death by the common varieties of human calamity and disease. When the sun cast the shadows last as you now see them, the greater part were in health, and had no reason to expect themselves to be the victims of death. Rapid fevers, and fluxes and lingering consumptions have wasted and destroyed multitudes of the strong active and blooming, who have gone to their graves instead of the infirm and aged whom they were expecting to follow. Some fell down dead suddenly amidst their walks, or conversation, or daily toil; or were blasted by

lightning or steam. Some alone and without forewarning, breathed away their lives amidst the quiet slumbers of the night; and heard not the lingering morning call, as it fell again and again upon their dead ear; nor the cry of astonishment and wo, which burst from their friends at the sight of their lifeless corpse.

“Some as they died, no matter where or how, were met by the angels. No shock came so suddenly, no blast so terribly, as to elude the care of those ministering spirits who have daily, nightly charge of covenanted souls. Even in the storm and tempest, in darkness and alone, the charged angels covered them with their shields, until they were fitted for their upward flight, then speeded and aided them to the regions of purity and love.”

I was waiting in anxiety approaching to agony to hear my heavenly guide, speak of those who died unused to prayer; who had never accepted the offered covenant of their Maker, nor welcomed the Spirit sent down by their exalted Saviour: but the foreboding awoke me. As I awoke I found myself still longing to receive within me the *ever-living, life-giving word*: and saying again, “The living, the living he shall

praise thee." "Whatsoever my hand findeth to do I will do it with my might, for I am hastening to the grave." "I will be steadfast, immovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, for as much as I know that my labor shall not be in vain in the Lord."

THE HEIR OF THE WORLD: MATT. xvi. 26.

WHAT an hour of disappointment was the morning of the resurrection; the morning of an undone eternity! I had forgotten that time was to end. I had outlived a multitude of generations, the only survivor of those which had passed away. I had forgotten the word of Him with whom one day is as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day. I thought within myself as I had done for centuries; "To-morrow shall be as this day, and yet more abundant;" until I became assured that amidst the wreck of human generations there would be no limit to my life; to the enjoyment of the *whole world* which had fallen to my single lot. I dreamed that night, the last night of my earthly existence, of rest for ages to come. I saw centuries rolling unto me filled with earthly delights; myself admired and served by succeeding crowds of dying men. I dreamed of earthly immortality. As I awoke, I saw the sun arise as I had seen him for thousands of years; and as he as-

cended the eastern sky, I hailed his presence and traced his path as the witness and the harbinger of my boundless prosperity. My servants shed, as before, the choicest perfumes through all my halls. I was clothed again in robes ornamented with gold and diamonds, and I sat down to a table covered with the choicest viands of the most fruitful climates of the globe ; with an appetite as fresh, as in the earliest days of my unchanging and glowing youth. I could command, that morning, the services of the men of every nation. Even the wisdom of the dead ministered unto me ; for I was encircled with all the conveniences that art ever devised. The inventions and discoveries which had mocked their authors in all ages, were perfected and left as my inheritance ; and adorned and blessed the palace and the domain, where dwelt in unceasing prosperity the HEIR OF THE WORLD.

I had passed the ordinary limits of human wisdom ; and as far excelled the race which died around me in the scope of my mind as in the circle of meaner enjoyments. I had mastered the wisdom of the sages of all times, and had triumphed over their temporary follies. I knew the theories of matter and mind—the

philosophy of mineral, vegetable, animal and intellectual nature ; and in the practice of centuries had trained my mind to such habits of easy thought and recollection, that I could call up my boundless stores of knowledge or dismiss them at my pleasure. I imagined that I could unite the highest happiness of the angelic, with all the delights of the human nature ; and vainly considered myself the favorite of both worlds. At the moment when I was ready to perish, I imagined myself the heir of boundless and endless enjoyments, which should make me happier than either man or angel, than either earth or heaven ! I was a stranger to disappointment, sorrow, or pain : I was a stranger to anxiety and fear. I had nothing to awake me from my delusive dream. As the stream of generations floated by me, I remained firm as a rock ; fruitful and flourishing forever, like a tree standing by the waters. I saw before me boundless, endless enjoyments, and assured myself of ETERNITY as THE HEIR OF THE WORLD.

Yet amidst the profusion of my blessings, and in full expectation of their continuance, I was not absolutely and perfectly happy. I was heir of the world ; I had obtained the utmost

limits of desire ; I had even gained as a perpetual gift what to mortals was only an occasional blessing. I had an appetite that was never palled ; a self glorying that was never put to shame ; a hope of good to come that had never been disappointed, and which had no misgivings for the future. What was wanting to fill up the measure of my bliss ? I wondered what : why I felt inwardly less happy than the heirs of poverty and pain, whose faces shone often with a glory, which showed them while on earth the heirs of heaven. I had all possible prosperity ; I even believed my prosperity unchanging ; but neither enjoyment nor expectation made my bliss complete. I felt a craving which was unsatisfied, and which sometimes made my expectations of future and boundless prosperity a burden. Yet I had all conceivable means of happiness, increasing around me, every century I lived : and all the happiness which was possible to a mind not filled with the love of God and the love of man : all that was possible to a mind, which had chosen the creature and forsaken the all-sufficient Creator. No gifts of nature or of art could have added to my bliss : nothing could have made me happy without deficiency, but to

have chosen God as my Portion and Lord, and to have been a co-worker with Him, in kindness to his creatures. Oh that I had looked upward in season to the Giver of my blessings; and that I had learned to be a ministering spirit, happiest in serving others! Yet, all that the world could give, it gave: all that the Creator could bestow, upon the soul which departed from Him, He gave to me: and for thousands of years, more in each than in a single one was ever given to any other member of the family of man. Guarded from evils, loaded with blessings, new every morning and repeated every moment through successive ages, I had all possible good, and all possible duration; for my prosperity never ceased until the last sun arose; until the last trumpet sounded, and summoned the HEIR OF THE WORLD, in an instant, poor and miserable, and blind and naked and destitute of all things!

It was my guilty and fatal choice, to have my portion in the world. As I rose into life I saw the world inviting a possessor, and all craving to possess it. Some were ambitious of a limited dominion, and bounded domains, under their regal control, for a score or two of years! I made as I thought the wiser choice, of blessings in

abundance and without other limit than the duration of time ;—in the fullest sense to have my portion in the world. My wish was granted : I sought and I received the world, as my inheritance : without the perplexities and fatigues of power.

I perceived at first that my happiness would at some distant period come to an end, and the prospect marred my enjoyment ; but prosperity and ease soon blinded my eyes and satisfied my heart : and wherever I was, and in whatever era of the history of men ever crowding to the tribunal of their Judge, I was still unmindful that my prosperity would be closed at last by a day of account, which would make all my past enjoyments a vanity and a curse. I became myself, my God. I thought I was ALMIGHTY to secure my existence and to provide the conveniences and luxuries which adorned and blessed my abode. Whatever I desired for gratification or use came at my bidding, until I forgot that the MOST HIGH ruled in the affairs of men, and could bring desolation upon the heart of the heir of the world. The casual exclamation of the king of Babylon, became the sentiment of my existence : and for ages I said daily within

myself, Have I not gained the WHOLE WORLD, by the might of my power, and for my increasing and endless enjoyment? Nor was I undeceived until ages rolled me to that morning, when I learned, in the twinkling of an eye, the weakness and sinfulness of man and the dominion of God!

I awoke as from a dream. From the building of the tower of Babel, to the morning of the resurrection, seemed when it was passed like a watch in the night, or even like the passage of a weaver's shuttle. I could scarcely believe that I had lived longer than the multitudes, who came and passed so rapidly in the short lived generations of men. I can never forget the sudden horror of the coming of the Son of man. I heard the trumpet, and was startled from a dream of thousands of years; I had not time to collect my thoughts before myriads were gathering around me, from every wind of heaven, to meet the Lord in the air. My first thought was that the dead only were summoned; for while the living stood in admiration and awe, countless multitudes arose from their graves. The sea and the land gave up their dead. But another blast shook the heavens; and in an instant I had

travelled all the distance between the earth and the seat of judgment. I looked back upon my inheritance with anguish and dismay. Fires were bursting from its mountains and wrapping all in one mass of flame. I was petrified with horror. I cast my eyes around, wishful for a refuge. But all was gone. I was surrounded by multitudes innumerable. All that had ever lived from the morning to the night of time, were now gathered around the proud HEIR OF THE WORLD ; how humbled now ! Not one could befriend, or serve, or even soothe me now. My memory traced the whole track of time, but I could not bring back a moment of lost and departed ages. I could not recover a morsel of my boundless stores, which but a few moments past I held as my everlasting possession. I was as desolate as the heirs of poverty ; as helpless as an infant. I looked around me. The throng was endless : downwards, upwards, around, the whole arch of heaven was crowded with the multitudes of the living and the dead ! But my thoughts centered on myself. Amidst multitudes unnumbered, I felt alone. My soul was so fixed upon itself, so overwhelmed with the wants of the hour of doom, that I forgot the

presence of the whole family of man, and even their existence. All possible anxiety was centered in the soul of the disappointed HEIR OF THE WORLD !

In that sudden horror, I had no eye to see but ONE of the human family ; that mysterious ONE whom I had neglected in the season of my boundless prosperity ; that mysterious ONE who was the temple of God's merciful presence with mankind ; by whom, *I* and *all* had been summoned suddenly to judgment. In my hour of agony, I turned my eye to this BROTHER of the human family ; to the ALMIGHTY FRIEND of man ; and I expected that He who sought so intently the most unworthy of men, and even turned earth into heaven for a thousand years, would smile kindly upon *me*. But as I looked, his face was turned away from me. I saw his right hand stretched forth to a multitude with shining faces, with palms in their hands and crowns of victory on their heads. I saw that I had no part nor lot in the friend of man. For the first time I wished that affliction had been my portion, that I had been tried in the furnace and brought forth as gold. I stood aghast, expecting the Judge to turn to those on the left hand.

Alas that day! the day of judgment! It is called a *day*. I had no measure of its duration; for I had left on flame the ball which had measured time in its daily and annual revolutions: but that *day* seemed longer than thousands of years preceding. It was a life of horror: one moment of which was enough to overbalance the profit of him, who, having gained the *whole* world, was come to the day of the LOSS OF THE SOUL!

I was filled with sudden, bitter, incurable remorse. For thousands of years I had felt no compunction. I had not imagined myself guilty of a crime. I had lost the apprehension of the law and the Lawgiver. I had become SUPREME to myself, and my desires were the rule by which I measured my heart and my life. I thought for *myself*, I lived for *myself*, I could conceive of no sin except against *myself*. By the peculiarity of my condition, by the curse which I had chosen as my blessing, I could not even sin against myself; for as I gathered around me the choicest blessings of the world, I was taught instinctively to use them *only* to the point of their highest and most enduring gratification; and to pause within the boundary of their abuse. From

the hour of my fatal choice, abused nature never reminded me of the folly and the guilt of departing from the source of all good. I was left to the final breaking up of my inheritance, to learn that I had sinned against God, and thus against myself. As I saw the throne of judgment, and the FRIEND OF MAN seated on it, as the JUDGE, my moral sense awoke. All the claims of my Creator, Preserver and Redeemer rushed upon my mind. Alas! I had passed my opportunity. I had refused to take shelter under the wings which were spread out to protect me. I had doomed myself to sin and anguish and despair. I was self-condemned. I was guilty before God. Yet when I looked, I saw in the hands of the Judge the prints of the nails which bore witness of his love. When I saw those hands pointing to the countless myriads of the redeemed, the celestial road to the kingdom prepared from the foundation of the world, I wished for a moment to mingle in that tide of happy beings, which was beginning to flow towards the ocean of eternal love. But in an instant I was shocked at the thought, and I felt that if the Redeemer should turn towards me with the words of invitation which I heard echoing from the tongues

of angels along the ranks of the redeemed, I should be unwilling to accept the blessing; that the heir of the world could not become the heir of heaven. I felt that I was a moral ruin. I could call up no feelings which betokened restoration; which seemed the germ of a recovery. I had been satisfied with myself because nature and art and earth and heaven conspired to render me happy. I sought to quell the tempest of my soul; to be again proud, and selfish, and happy, as I was when all nature and all time ministered unto me. But the ruling principle was gone. *None ministered unto me.* I was left to myself; with habits and desires which craved to have the Almighty and all his creatures the ministers of my happiness; and vainly to call it all my own. I had destroyed myself. I had chosen the whole world and lost the vigor and the virtue of my soul. I suddenly discovered that I was a victim of my folly,—I was vile and unhappy; a troubled sea, casting up mire and dirt!

But I was roused from my misery by the voice of my judge. I saw that his power and justice were to give *form* to the curse, which I had wrought for myself, and sunk into a deeper des-

pair, because I was to be *doomed* an outcast from heaven. I heard the charge and joined in the general plea, "when saw we thee a hungered, or athirst, or a stranger, or naked, or in prison, and did not minister unto thee." Alas! I had been too blind to see the Redeemer in his suffering disciples. I had been too busy in seeking the provisions and embellishments of my palace, to perceive his secret presence in the hearts of men. Even when he reigned over the earth for a thousand years, and united all nations in a harmony never known before, I saw that glory rise and prevail without ministering to the Prince of Peace, for that glory added nothing to the splendors which had encompassed before the HEIR OF THE WORLD.

I remembered my neglect and unkindness. I cast my eyes along the ranks of the redeemed, and knew again those whom I had known before; but I could not see *one* whom I had urged or encouraged onward in the path to glory; *one* to whom I could appeal for testimony against the dreadful charge. Alas! it was my miserable choice to be *ministered unto*: I had no time—no means—no inclination to minister to others. No looks of gratitude for kindness from *me*, shone

forth along those ranks of the redeemed ; yet there were looks of pity, which showed me that if it were possible they would even then have ministered unto *me*. I rose almost to hope at that look of deep compassion, until as I turned I saw the gathering tempest of reproach and hatred, which covered the ranks of the condemned. It might not have been so ; but it seemed to me that every eye was fixed on me with bitter reproach and hatred. I know not who spoke—or if all spoke—but it seemed to me as if the whole arch of heaven rung with their curses—and with threats of bitter and eternal vengeance upon *ME*, as foremost in commending the fatal choice which millions made : who, ever exposed to the common lot, lived and acted as if their houses and their lands and their prosperity would never have an end.

It seemed as if hell was beginning, in those looks and cries and threats, which began to fill the miserable throng ; that midheaven would be its place, if *there* we were permitted to remain. But the Almighty Judge did not suffer us to disturb the harmony of his kingdom : he had descended to the world to save us ; he had died to prove his love and to open the way of salva-

tion and to set our feet in the way of peace ; he had risen from the dead to commend his power ; he had ascended on high and poured out his spirit ; his spirit had strived with us that we might be saved ; but alas ! we had destroyed ourselves. No prison was prepared for *us* ; but we were driven away by the gentle Shepherd into everlasting fire, prepared for the *Devil* and his *angels*. I was carried onward in the throng. It was a tumultuous sea ; billows rolled on billows : surges of a countless, restless multitude, driven as by a tempest towards the place prepared for the Devil and his angels. I felt eternal misery settling on my soul. I became frantic with the sympathies of countless wretches. Within I was a troubled sea ; without, the wicked were a troubled sea on which no calm could come, no quiet sun arise. Oh to have avoided the horrors of that hour—if hour it was : as it passed it seemed *eternity*. My inheritance of the whole world had vanished like a dream. I was awake and I was wretched. I was absorbed in the misery of the present. Eternity seemed wrapped up in the very morning of its being. The certain anticipation brought the horrors of boundless futurity to my bosom. All that I could conceive of du-

ration of sin and suffering was present to my soul. In that first agony I thought I felt eternal wretchedness.

The prison doors were closed ! The sentence, the prison, the company, the prospect, renewed and increased the agony ; especially the distant view of the glory of the blessed. I extended my eye across the impassable gulf. I heard, or thought I heard, the heavenly harmony. The pang was unutterable when I turned my thought within, and saw the desolation of my soul. Wretched in my prison, whither could I flee ? I saw that if heaven were brought nearer, and I were its inmate, *that* harmony could never soothe my soul. Which way I looked, was hell—myself was hell. I felt within a worm that cannot die ; a fire that cannot be quenched. I fed the worm ; I kindled and fanned the fire. I saw that I had bred in my soul the passions which now raged beyond control, beyond recovery.

Yet the thought of relief did for a moment come in amidst the first agony ; and I looked again to find the Great Shepherd—the loving friend of mankind. I could see far distant the seat where he used to be exalted as a Prince and Saviour ; but he had resigned it. There re-

mained no signs of intercession—no descending Spirit—no gift of repentance.

I know not where I am in the progress of eternity. I know not how long I have been wretched. I feel as if eternities were passed since I closed the thousands of years which are vanished like a dream. Alas! ETERNITIES, ETERNITIES are still before me. What is my profit, to have gained the WHOLE WORLD and lost my own soul?

PHILADELPHIA AND THE SUNDAY SCHOOL
UNION, MAY 24, 1831.

AT the distance of more than three hundred miles, let me in my chamber catch the hallowed sympathies, and form the holy resolutions, and pour the earnest prayers which adorn the annual festival of THE AMERICAN SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION. Let me hear and obey the soft whisper, borne by the gentle breezes over all the land, *Suffer the little children to come unto me and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven.*

It is not without visible design, that divine Providence has allotted to each of the three principal cities of the United States, *one* of the three leading religious enterprises of the day. These enterprises are managed probably with more simplicity and energy than could be expected, if they were all seated at our principal metropolis. The most gifted and devoted citizens of each, can now exert the full vigor of purpose and enterprise, unweakened by excessive labors and undistracted by multifarious cares:

devoting to one high design their best affections and thoughts. Each of these fountains of moral influence, also, is thus furnished with the best means of inward purity and fullness. The main organs of the public life are kept in health by the purposes and the doings of an active benevolence, and may thus transmit vigor and virtue to the extremities of the republic.

There is a beautiful fitness also in the actual allotment, worthy of the wisdom of its Divine Author. BOSTON, with New England, of which she is the metropolis, inherited from her ancestors, the principles and habits which qualified her to lead in the work of FOREIGN MISSIONS. Her means of education, and her ancient habit of applying those means to a preparation for the ministry, have furnished her with a more abundant supply of the ministers and agents of religion. Her examples of early regard to the heathen tribes, and of systematic and noble charity, have raised up among the rich many prepared to give birth and growth to enlarged plans of education at home and missions abroad; and her general population to unite their smaller alms into broad and deep streams of Christian charity. At the same time, BOSTON *needed* to see the Redeemer

go forth and prove Himself the GOD OF THE WHOLE EARTH. Let her light shine forth more and more upon the Pagan world, and, as hath been for the last twenty years, will it be reflected more and more with healing on herself!

NEW YORK, is the proper centre of the BIBLE SOCIETY; sitting at the confluence of many waters from every extremity of the country, she is the proper organ of all classes who bear the Christian name, in giving and receiving the word of life. Sitting by the side of the sea, the metropolis of a great Christian Republic, she offers herself as an Almoner to all nations of the only charter of our liberty, THE BIBLE!

AS to PHILADELPHIA, her very *name* befits her chosen office, of training successive generations of the young, to live in love on earth, to dwell in the regions of love forever. Her founder, the benevolent PENN, prepared in the western world a city for the device of the benevolent RAIKES; styling her, as if with prophetic foresight of her future glory, PHILADELPHIA, *the city of brotherly love*. As that name occurs, one seems to see the gathering crowds of savages filling the forest of Coaquannock, coming to meet the man of peace and love, under the wide spreading branches of

the elm; and WILLIAM PENN, unarmed and fearless amidst a warlike host. One seems to hear his unsworn promise of love and kindness, and their assurance of love returned to Penn and to his children, as long as the sun and moon endure! As that crowd of savages retired, loving and beloved, PHILADELPHIA arose, how worthy of her name; how worthy of that office to be conferred upon her future sons, loving and beloved, in deeds of Christian kindness to the young, until *all* shall know the Lord, from the LEAST to the GREATEST!

Is it a fancy of the writer, or is there not something in the very approach to Philadelphia, which prepares a stranger to sympathize with her in her maternal care of the rising race? I have never approached that city from the south and west; but I need not tell those who are familiar with the journey from New York to Philadelphia, how agreeable the contrast after the jolting and dust of a hurried ride from the Raritan, when one finds himself passing rapidly down the Delaware in a swift and mighty chariot on the waters; now gliding in the channel, now shooting to the western, now to the eastern shore; discerning villages, and villas, and farms, and gardens, in all

the beauty of the most verdant season of the year. The entranced traveller forgets the horrors of the road, as he rides triumphantly on the waters amidst the ever changing beauties of nature and art, growing on his eye, until he enters calmed and quieted, the city of BROTHERLY LOVE.

Is it fancy again, in sympathy with the calm and quiet spirit of her founder and her first settlers, or is there not a fitness for her lovely office, in the regularity of her arrangement, in the evenness of her surface, in the uniformity of her aspect, in the gentleness and beauty of her whole appearance, sitting on her quiet waters; and in that fine arrangement by which she pours from her side, through all her habitations, streams of cleanliness and health and security? Wears she not thus, an air of dignity and grace, suited to her noblest character as the quiet, loving, faithful mother of the rising race of our great Republic?

Lovely city, PHILADELPHIA! Lament not thy loss of the Capitol; nor long to be the seat of political power. Divine Providence has given thee a nobler office, a more commanding influence, a higher glory. Thy worthiest work of *power* was the promulgation of the Bible to our

needy land :* thy lasting glory shall be to prolong and perfect that work in thy present exaltation. Let thy doctrine drop as the rain, and distil as the dew, as the small rain upon the *tender herb*. Thus shalt thou overspread the land with piety and peace, and be more honored and beloved, than to have dwelt for ages the civil metropolis of our growing Republic. Thy seat is MAHANAIM, whence go forth over all the land, seen and unseen ministries from the LORD's Host. Angels hover o'er thee, and amidst thee, and with thee, guiding and aiding the labors of thy love. Thy founder, PENN, thine exemplar, RAIKES, it may be, visit THEE, as their chosen spot of heavenly ministry!

Yet they see thee not, thine angelic guides and guardians see thee not, *altogether* such as

* The first English Bible ever printed in the United States, was published by Atkins, at Philadelphia, 1781, a time when the supply from England was interrupted by the war. It was recommended to the people by an Act of the American Congress, signed by their Secretary, Charles Thompson. A copy of this Bible, was used by the gentleman who stated the fact to me, and was worn out in the service of his family; he cherishes the most lively regard for this Bible of his childhood, and has purchased and preserves a copy. I trust the present good work of Philadelphia will appear in like ripe fruits fifty years hence, and in far greater abundance.

thy founder wished, as angels can rejoice over. But amidst the scenes which now delight my fancy, I will not know thy spots; save that I cannot hide that pile, which opposite seems to claim pre-eminence over the temple of the Sabbath schools;* herself a temple for the young, patroned by adult and hoary devotees at her honored shrine. Tell me then, ye citizens of Philadelphia, ye ministers of mercy and of justice, is she also a tender, nursing mother to the young, blessing them for time and for eternity? Or like her sister Theatres, does she also hide eternity behind the curtains of time; and even involve the interests of time in a dream of pleasure; and in that dream of pleasure is she the pander to drunkenness and debauchery; the tempter to all crimes, the mother of all ruin, ever covering her base imposture under the *pretence* of morals and refinement? Is she like her sister at the Park of our great commercial metropolis, who faces the hall of justice, with bold front, while she fills her purlieus with temptation and sin, and nightly trains the successive victims of her evenhanded neighbor? or like Tremont, look-

* Chesnut Street Theatre, opposite the Sabbath School Union House.

ing askance on the green fields of Boston, as half ashamed, to have broken her promise to the metropolis of the Pilgrims?

Methinks, as I ask these questions, I see the lovely youth, fresh from his mother's bosom, from his father's counsels, listening to the call of this rival temple. In loud and stubborn tones, and with an impudent face, (how unsuited Philadelphia to thy name of love, to thy mild and gentle manners,) she proclaims, "I have peace offerings with me, this day have I paid my vows, therefore came I forth to meet thee, diligently to seek thy face and I have found thee. Come with me, and I will show thee good from evening to the midnight hour—I have sights for the eye, music for the ear, a feast for the soul, and with me all that appetite can crave or lust desire." Alas! he stops and listens; her words are already music to his ear. He enters, and again he enters, and again, the hall of temptation; at first weakened in his mind, and perverted in his moral sentiment, by late hours, excessive amusement, and the unchristianised, paganised, profane drama; above all, by the voluntary loss of all opportunity for sacred reading, meditation and prayer; at length, the spectator and the partner of intem.

perate revelry, and the victim of the harlot's wily invitations. Alas! temptation produces desire, desire ripens into crime; and health, and morals, and youthful hope, are sold for the pleasures of a moment; are bartered for misery and ruin!

It may not be so with every youthful visitant. The grosser temptations *may* assail, and not overcome. The inmate of the Theatre *may* remain safe from intemperance and debauchery; *may* prosper in business, acquire wealth, and live and die on the heights of prosperity:—*still an inmate of the Theatre!* But will he be a CHRISTIAN? Dear youth, what will be thy calamity, if thy evenings should be too busy and too happy for prayer, and thy mornings too feeble and worn;—thy Bible a sealed book, thyself without religion and without God! without faith and without hope! What though prosperity should shine upon thy path, and pleasure gladden it, and pride should tell thee that the glory is all thine own? What will soothe thee when sickness or calamity cometh suddenly upon thee? Where wilt thou make thy refuge until the storm be overpast? Or if sickness and calamity should spare thee, whither wilt thou flee when the almond tree hath blossomed, and the grasshopper

has become a burden, and desire has failed, and thy imagination sees before thee, thy long home? Where then will be thy refuge? Who then will be thy friend? Or, when the last trial comes, in youth, maturity or old age, what shall comfort thee in that dark hour, if the Lord is not thy shepherd, if thou hast not a Saviour? Or at the last great day, what will cheer thee, when the Saviour says—"Thou didst not minister unto me." Or in eternity, whence will flow thy bliss, if God is not thy God, and sin remains a never dying worm, a never quenched fire!

But list! another voice: "My son, keep my words, and lay up my commandments with thee. Keep my commandments and live, and my law as the apple of thine eye. Bind them upon thy fingers, write them upon the table of thine heart. Say unto wisdom thou art my sister, and call understanding thy kinswoman." Oh, there is a wisdom in the providence of God, which places the antidote adjacent to the evil. Rather what wisdom in that arrangement, which has extended the call of wisdom from this blessed centre, over the whole nation, and invites and allures the young before they meet the temptations to folly, intemperance and debauchery; before they have

learned in the toil of pleasure, to pervert nature's seasons of meditation and prayer; *the morning and evening*, before they have lost nature's opportunity for religion; *the bloom of youth!* Lovely temple! Best ornament of Philadelphia, the city of brotherly love! Thy ministries are ministries of kindness; pure, peaceable, gentle, easy to be entreated, full of mercy and good fruits, without partiality and without hypocrisy! Thou causest short, hasty life to rejoice in the blessings of industry, prudence, and piety, and its greatest sufferings to prove short means of everlasting holiness. Child of the Sabbath school; youth, taught in the word of God, in the law of the Lord! meditate therein day and night; then thou shalt be like a tree planted by the rivers of water, which bringeth forth its fruit in its season; his leaf also shall not wither, and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper. The storms of life may thicken over thee, and the tempests threaten thy destruction; but thy roots shall be strengthened, and thy branches refreshed, and thy fruits ripen for immortality. Who shall harm thee in the hour of peril and calamity? What shall affright thee in the hour of death? And when the last breath of life departs, who shall

hinder thy angel friends from bearing thee to the bosom of Abraham and the saints made perfect? And when thy spirit shall enter its glorified body, who shall forbid thy standing at the right hand of the Redeemer, or shut against thee the gates of the kingdom of heaven?

Yes, **RAIKES**, that angelic whisper, **TRY**, heard by thee in the streets of Gloucester,* has been renewed from the city of **PENN** to tens of thousands. Holy resolution has been roused; faith working by love is carrying Christian invitation and instruction to every city and village and hamlet, turning the hearts of the children to the parents, and the hearts of the parents to the children, and the disobedient to the wisdom of the just. At that word, from the haunts of poverty and vice, children are called forth into the school of Christ; and returned to win their parents by their gentleness and obedience. From the abodes of a mere earthly economy, and neatness and thrift, where parents and children together, are neglectful of the Bible, indifferent to

* "I can never (he remarked to Mr. Lancaster) pass by the spot where the word "**TRY**" came so powerfully to my mind, without lifting up my hands and heart to heaven in gratitude to God for having put such a thought into my heart."

eternity, the children are called forth to consider their latter end, and returned unconscious prophets of another world. Even from the temples of domestic piety, the children are invited to receive the testimony of beloved friends, to those precious truths which they have been taught from their infancy, and to be aided by the sympathy of their companions. Happy the families thus preserved from examples and sympathies abroad, which formerly were wont to hinder or to blast the utmost care at home. Blessed schools, which restore the family to its proper work, or with skillful hand, feed and guide the well tended lambs of the parental fold.

TRY! Let that word which gave *existence* to the Sabbath schools, *perfect* their power! EXPERIMENT, patient and untiring! What discoveries in science has it revealed! What power has it prepared in the works of art! From the simplest elements of thought, it has furnished a measure for the spheres. From the first rude inventions of untutored man, it has contrived the finished machines which have multiplied ten thousand fold the conveniences of life!

TRY! *Teachers!* Let that word speak to your very soul, as it spoke to the *soul* of Raikes.

What wonders will it work in you; what wonders spread around you! Make *experiment* on yourselves, and see what stores of knowledge you can amass; what aptness you can acquire to win and teach the tender mind. Examine the works of God; above, below, around. Range the walks of history. Study the Bible, and with it nature and man, by which it displays the character of God. School *memory*, to ready and skilful recollection; *imagination* to the conception of all that God reveals, and let *faith* guide it to the substance of things hoped for, to the reality of things not seen. Let *reflection* prepare and lay up wisdom in its deep treasury. *Invention*, let it never sleep, until all is contrived for the benefit of man, nor *industry* slacken until all is done. *Piety*, humble, fearful, trembling in its weakness, let it TRY the strength of the Almighty! Shall a successor of Raikes be dull, and dole away the hour which he and his pupils alike wish to be over! Shall the volunteer instructor of an *immortal mind*, be satisfied with the doing of a task? and not TRY to train himself to his high calling?

Who is already wise? Whose sanctified fancy holds clearly enough the things unseen; or rea-

son judges, or invention reaches to their utmost limit? Where is the Sabbath school which does not fail to interest and bless the young immortals, for want of intelligent, interested, conscientious, believing teachers:—because TRY has not fallen upon their souls as it fell upon the very soul of Raikes?

Parents, TRY! That angel in the streets of Gloucester was no DEMON of temptation; no patron of parental ignorance and sloth; no WOLF to tear away the lambs from the parental fold. The shepherds were not caring for their lambs; did not gather them with their arms, nor carry them in their bosoms, but left them to stray through brake and brier and slough, far away from the green pastures and the still waters of salvation. RAIKES saw them, and opened to receive them a *little pasture* beside a *living spring*; that they might not perish, and that nature's shepherds might be warned and won to the care of their tender lambs.

Parents! be aroused and encouraged by this tenderness and care. Hasten to restore the fold, and open the pastures and fountains of domestic piety; and all the Sabbath and all the week carry the lambs in your arms and gather them in your

bosom, and feed and refresh them around your door. Let *home, sweet home*, be the school of knowledge and religion, furnished with their richest treasures, with their aptest teachers. Let the sitting in the house, the walking by the way, the evening's lying down, and the morning's rising up, find the law of God dwelling in your heart, and flowing forth upon your children. Bow the knee in prayer; and draw down upon the shepherds and their lambs a blessing, even life forever more.

But imagination bears me to-day to the most interesting single scene which Philadelphia ever displays—the annual convocation of the American Sunday School Union. The sun, great instrument of light, renovator of the seasons, shines into my chamber, while at this instant it cheers the path of the multitude, as they are thronging the streets of PHILADELPHIA: while a choice number from all parts of our land are hasting to the house of God.

Could there be a fitter place for this annual convocation, than this sacred solitude; amidst, yet far from the haunts of men; amidst, yet secluded from the din and bustle of the crowded city? As we go up the ascent to the house of

God,* we turn and survey one of the finest fields, where nature has shed her choicest beauties over the handy work of art; covered with verdure unexcelled waving in the soft breeze; and studded with trees and shrubs in every variety of beauty. From every stem and leaf and flower the unclouded sun shines forth with gentle radiance upon the cheered eye of the gathering crowds. Oh who could look for a moment upon his dazzling brightness, as he now shines in glory from the heavens. Yet with what a cheered eye and gladdened heart we receive his rays, reflected from this beautiful and brilliant parterre—from this blue canopy above. Even so within these courts of the Lord, shall we receive the healing light of the Sun of Righteousness, reflected on our sight from the nurseries and gardens of youthful piety. Even so will we, as their Patrons and Cultivators, shed forth the healing lustre of Christian example and influence. In our place and station we will receive the glory of the risen sun, and shed its softened radiance on the world.

Here we enter thy courts, King of kings!
We meet to hear thy voice, OF SUCH IS THE KING-

* Presbyterian Church, Washington Square.

DOM OF HEAVEN. Oh how changed art thou, since thou didst lay thy hand upon the little ones: now that thou sittest on high: and thy countenance is like the sun shining in his strength. Look not forth upon us in that glory which cast the beloved disciple at thy feet as dead. Let us see thy softened light in the holiness of thy disciples, and let *us* reflect that light upon the world. Help us in our families—in our schools—the elder and the younger together to receive and reflect thy healing light!

Amidst the interests of this holy convocation; its earnest longings for a blessing on the young and on the old; its personal penitence and faith and holy resolution, the sun is descending towards the mountains of the west. The light is softer; the air is cooler; the hour is fitter for holy consecration, while as with one heart we say in silence, *The living, the living they shall praise thee, as we do this day: the elder to the younger shall declare thy truth. . . .* As we rise to depart, the evening shades are beginning to cover the earth: the sun is gilding the mountains and the rivers of the west with its setting glories—a sign of the soft influence of the Sab-

bath schools, as it shall fall over that mighty valley which is the object of our councils to-day. The night is coming over us and we are to be cast again upon the protection of the Almighty, the Lord and giver of life. Surely he is not withdrawn, for he is bringing forth the full moon to pour all night the reflected light of the sun upon the earth; and the stars, to show himself to feeble man as the Lord God of Hosts. We will both lay ourselves down and sleep in peace, for thou Lord only makest us to dwell in safety.

Oh if we arise to see once more the light of the sun, and again and again arise from our nightly death; as we breathe the air and live upon the bounty of the Lord God of hosts, we will say by thy grace, THE LIVING, THE LIVING THEY SHALL PRAISE THEE: THE ELDER TO THE YOUNGER SHALL DECLARE THY TRUTH.

If we rise again, we will go forth in the spirit of the departed RAIKES, and TRY, until from the Atlantic shore to the farthest regions of the west, the whole land shall be filled with the public and the domestic schools of piety: and the Sabbath and the week shall unite their power to instruct and bless the rising race. "Then shall

our sons be as plants grown up in their youth,
and our daughters as corner stones polished after
the similitude of a palace. **HAPPY IS THAT PEOPLE
THAT IS IN SUCH A CASE: YEA, HAPPY IS
THAT PEOPLE WHOSE GOD IS THE LORD!**

THE FIELD OF DEATH.

Dated New York, April 6th, 1822.

IT requires no time for imagination to call up unseen realities, or to transport itself to past and future ages ; and faith can rest upon things unseen, and upon the most distant futurity, as intently and as firmly, as sight, upon present things and passing events. It is profitable in the highest sense, amidst the cares and bustle and hopes of this world, to indulge, not a wild, wandering imagination ; but a sacred and scriptural imagination, which calls up in authorised forms those unseen realities, which bear an awful relation to our present condition. Who that will do this can have his mind engrossed and enslaved by “ things seen and temporal ?” While he mingles with unseen and future realities, and dwells upon the hidden scenery which Revelation discovers, he feels the sacredness and the responsibilities of his passing hour. Born but yesterday, and living for a day, I need not bury my soul in the present and the visible. There are other realities, in which I am infinitely more concerned.

I love to recall the imagery of ages past, which history and Scripture warrant, and to throw myself into the midst of that untried futurity of which inspiration portrays the instructive and awful scenery.

Often when walking the streets of our great and busy city, do I turn away my mind from the passing scenes, and lose myself in the vivid conception of the unnoticed realities which have a present existence—of the revealed realities, which I conceive are yet to have existence on the very ground we now tread upon—and never with deeper interest than upon that “FIELD OF DEATH,” situated at the very confluence of the business and pleasure of our city.* From what a commanding position, and with what a ghastly aspect, does Death look down upon the great arena† of our city’s business: how he seems with his hundred thousand victims to block up the very avenue of our wealth, our speculations, and our commerce; and what a chilling frown meets the expecting and the successful speculator, as he strives to pass by, unheeding and un-

* “It is ascertained that more than 100,000 persons have been interred in Trinity Church-yard alone; and it has long been impossible to inter one, without disinterring another.”

† Wall-street.

heeded! With what a ghastly aspect looks he on the ceaseless stream of parade and fashion and pride, along that brilliant thoroughfare, over which he presides! * With what a chilling frown he meets the glee of folly, the swell of vanity, the gaudy trappings of the gay, morning or evening, as they pass, by thousands! Did they see the frown of Death—did they see his heaps of long slain victims, piled rudely upon heaps—what an appalling thrill and dread would come upon the throng who give all their activity and earnestness, to the gettings of this fleeting hour! How are their eyes holden that they see Him not!—Was it for nought that He who directs the destinies of our citizens, whose Providence concurs with the gracious invitation of his word to lay hold on eternal life, should have placed on such a commanding eminence, Death's crowded field! Oh, was it for nought that the parade, and fashion, and pride, which glory in the vanishing realities of the moment, must all pass the Field of Death!—that vanity must strut and vapor its fleeting hour, that giddy thoughtless folly must all day long tread on the border of the Field of Death!

* Broadway.

How silent is this crowded field! Was ever crowd so still? They utter no complaints, they teach no lesson, save with the silent eloquence of Death. Once they were moved by our motives, and mingled in the affairs of men:—but now how silent! The rattle of the crowded streets disturbs them not. The anxieties, and hopes, and desires, which hold the passing throng of living mortals in eager pursuit, and which mingle with the air from a multitude of tongues, as all day long the ceaseless procession of “a proud and gay and gain devoted city” passes on, disturb not the breathless silence of the Field of Death. If the sun shine, or the heavens blacken; if summer cover their habitation with the green grass and the flowering shrub, and gently wave the foliage of its elms and willows with its southern breeze; or if winter strip away the vegetation of the Field of Death, and overspread it with an icy covering, howling among the surrounding tenements of the living, around the Death environed church, and across the graves—this mighty congregation heed it not:—The Sabbath, with its symphony of prayer and praise, seeming to disenthral the Death-field of its terrors; the week day, with its jar, and noise, and

confusion—are alike to them. Along the avenues of business and pleasure they cast no anxious looks. Who owns the real estate; who manages the banks; whose richly laden ships come safely into port; who rolls in splendor, and who rules the state—they ask not, care not. Gathered from the east and from the west, the children of two continents and many islands here sleep together. The rich and the poor, the honorable and the base, crowd each other in their narrow house—moulder and mix their earthly frames together. They lie unnoticing, but not unnoticed. He, who sustained their living frames, watches their sleeping dust. The fair and garnished habitation here lies in ruins. But the immortal tenants stay not in this Field of Death. It is sown with the bodies, not with the spirits of men. They live, but where? Oh, who can tell me where? Live they in the bliss of Heaven, or in the pains of Hell? Oh, could the DEATH-FIELD speak and tell the history of its hundred thousand—what mingled sounds might break upon our ear! What wailings might issue from the tombs of the gay youth, of the prosperous speculator, of the rich capitalist, whose souls were required of them in the moment of

their vainest hopes ! What songs of the youthful and aged, of the rich and poor, of the prosperous and afflicted, who were found watching and waiting for the coming of their Lord !

We know not where they dwell. Yet we believe, that to every ruined habitation, there is in some untried region, a living but absent spirit. As many bodies moulder sown in earth, so many spirits live, awaiting the day of their re-union. Immortal spirits wait to re-occupy their long deserted habitations, and often cast a look through the distance to those mouldering ruins, once so precious, now so vile, and yet again to be restored by the power of God. When many ages more shall have rolled over the sleeping thousands of this crowded Death-field ; when the vacant squares of our wide extended city shall be each a garden of the dead ; when many millions shall have slept with us and with our fathers, and mingled quietly with the dust of the Island of our habitation ; when, after many ages of the reign of Jesus, countless millions await a glorious resurrection, and Satan for a little season beguiles again the sons of men :—

THEN, on such a morning as I now behold, when the sun is mounting towards his midday

height, tracing his track, trodden from the foundation of the world, and seen as he has been seen in the splendor of an unclouded morn by the countless millions of the human race—when busy crowds are careering their way along our avenues of business and pleasure, and their hearts are beating high with hopes of long life and large inheritance :

THEN, will the heavens thicken with a mighty cloud, and in the twinkling of an eye a trump will sound, arresting in the street and in the house, on the land and on the sea, the thousands of our city, and the millions of our world—and every eye from pole to pole shall in an instant turn to gaze upon the portentous signs of an abused or received Redeemer in the air : Then shall the hidden dust ascend—a great and living congregation from the Field of Death—a spectacle to an amazed city, mingling in the rising ruins of the whole family of man—a momentary prelude to the ascension of the living and the conflagration of the world.

Reader, thou wilt shortly be a tenant in a Field of Death. In the day of thy soul's reunion to its mouldered body, mayest thou hear thy Saviour say, "Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

NEW YORK AND THE AMERICAN BIBLE SOCIETY.

MAY 12th, 1831.

The following article was forwarded for the New York Observer of May 7th, but did not reach its destination. It is preserved in its original form, as a memorial of the spiritual blessings of the spring of 1831, and a grateful recognition of the signs which claim the faith and zeal of the revived church.

YEARS have passed since the writer of this article has had the privilege of mingling with his fellow Christians at the ANNIVERSARY OF THE AMERICAN BIBLE SOCIETY, around which so many other interesting convocations are arranged like clusters on the vine. Let me in imagination be seated under the shadow of it, and let its fruit be sweet unto my taste.

I shall conceive the 12th of May, 1831, as ushered in upon the assembled Christians of the country, by a soft and gentle dawning, shining brighter and brighter, until the glowing and unclouded sun shall arise above the horizon, as in the most lovely mornings of that lovely month. That soft and gentle dawning will assure the city of our solemnities, that he is still travelling his wonted and unwearied course, and has reached

already the shores of Newfoundland. In an hour, he will rise and shine upon the eastern boundary of the United States. In half an hour, he will gild the turrets of NEW YORK, greeting from Christian temples, the EVERLASTING SIGN, the glowing image of the SUN OF RIGHTEOUSNESS :—Then he will come forth from his eastern chambers as a bridegroom ; rejoicing as a strong man to run a race. In an hour, he will rise upon the lakes and rivers of the west ; and from every dew-drop glistening in his rays, from every stem and leaf and flower in every hue of beauty, will be confirmed to that mighty valley, the ancient promise of the Almighty : *Unto you that fear my name, shall the SUN OF RIGHTEOUSNESS arise with healing in his wings.* In an hour, the Rocky mountains will reply to his rising beams : *With everlasting kindness will I have mercy on thee, saith the Lord thy Redeemer.** In another hour he will reach the shores of the Pacific ; revealing to the wild man, the love of God. The hill-tops on which the storm has been raging and the thunders rolling, will glow with the morning sun, and be vocal with the music of the birds, foreshowing the day-spring from on high, and

* Isaiah liv. 8—10.

the songs of Zion. In another hour, when the friends of the Bible will be assembling from every quarter of the city, speaking one to another the words of those that fear the Lord, and that think upon his name; while the record is making on high in characters of light, and the soft whisper to the soul is heard, *They shall be mine when I make up my jewels*; the sun will be rising upon the waste expanse of the Pacific, where to his morning rays, ocean, with all its waves, will reply in chorus, *While the sun rises and the ocean roars, God will be gracious.*

In another hour, the day will begin to dawn upon the Christian natives of Oahu and Otaheite, as they go forth amid the palm groves to welcome the God of the morning to their hearts. At that sacred hour, when the Bible shall be opened and its promise read in the ear of the listening crowd, the EVERLASTING SIGN will be declaring its truth, in the morning dawn, on the Christian isles of the Pacific, and in the last rays of evening twilight upon the patient toils of those who sow in hope on the coast of Malabar; covering all America and Europe and Africa and western Asia, with its unchanging testimony to the oath and promise of the Lord: Yet giving

its special witness, amid the lingering glories of the far spent day upon the mountains of Israel, and greeting with its special smiles the collected friends of the BIBLE, in the city of NEW YORK.

It was not without reason that the AMERICAN BIBLE SOCIETY, following the example of her illustrious Parent, chose for her annual convocation, that season when the SUN looks forth upon the northern hemisphere, with his vernal radiance and warmth: gladdening the valleys and the hills and the mountain tops: giving the seed time, and the promise of the harvest: every where expanding nature into beauty and production. The festival will return again, amidst the unfolding testimonies of the renovated earth. Here, the sun will be entering the pores of the mellowed soil, warming into life-giving death, seeds innumerable, that they may bring forth food for man. There, he will be training the tall wheat, how rapidly from its bed of snow! here, swelling the bud: there, unfolding the flower, or from the embryo fruit dropping the fragrant petals to be wafted in the breeze: every where carpeting the earth with grass, and adorning garden and hedge and field and forest, with flowers of every fragrance and color: every where receiving

from the warmed and moistened earth the responding witness, *My word shall not return to me void.* On that festal day, while the sun is coming up and overspreading the whole breadth of our land with light, and fertility, and beauty, the mountains and the hills will break forth into singing, and all the trees of the field will clap their hands; while from earliest dawn the birds, in simple notes and oft repeated song, will say on this May morning, LET EVERY THING THAT HATH BREATH PRAISE THE LORD.

The mind has fixed upon this morning and vernal scenery, at once beautiful and sublime; awakening the deepest awe and the most softened and gentle admiration; because it is so fitted to win the trembling heart of man to Him, who daily gives in all the habitations of men, the mildest and most powerful tokens of his love; and because the natural sun is the chosen sign and emblem of that grace which the BIBLE reveals for the salvation of the world.

Can any thing in human thought or language be more attractive to the heart, than those scriptures, which represent the Saviour under the emblem of the natural sun? *Unto you that fear my name,* says Malachi, *shall the SUN OF RIGHT-*

EOUSNESS *arise with healing in his wings.* Zechariah prophesied of *the DAY-SPRING from on high, to give light to them that sit in darkness and in the region and shadow of death; to guide our feet in the way of peace.* Simeon, with the infant Saviour in his arms, said, *Mine eyes have seen thy salvation, which thou hast prepared before the face of all people, a LIGHT to lighten the Gentiles, and the GLORY of thy people Israel.* Peter commended the sure word of prophecy to be considered and pondered, until the *day should dawn and the day-star arise in the heart*; perhaps remembering the while, that morning of bitter weeping, when from the hall of Pilate, he went forth as with grief incurable:—how amidst the shadows of the moon, descending behind the city of the Great King, he went perhaps again over the brook Kidron, towards the Mount of Olives, dark, gloomy, and despairing;—how the cock-crowing through all Jerusalem cut him to the heart;—how, as he went up the Mount of Olives, crying in agony, *Lord, to whom shall I go but unto thee; THOU hast the words of eternal life*; the serene day-star met his weeping eye, and the dawning of the day came in on that night of sorrow; and that look of the Saviour in the hall of

Pilate, seemed changed into the balmy morning of the SUN OF RIGHTEOUSNESS, rising with healing in his beams !

It must be, as in the case of the writer, that this lovely and glorious emblem of the grace of the Saviour will have new interest at the present season, from greater familiarity with that darkness and shadow of death in which the convinced sinner feels himself after the candles of his own righteousness are gone out. It must be that many will be present at the anniversary of the twelfth of May, whose privilege it has been, like his, to come in as a feeble day-star amidst the darkness, and to have witnessed the dawning of the Sun of Righteousness on the night of the soul, healing its agony. It must be that many, as they meet to do honor to the Bible, will say within themselves as they tread thy hallowed streets, METROPOLIS OF LIGHT, "Surely the day *has* dawned upon our cheered hearts ; we have been healed by the gentle beams of the SUN OF RIGHTEOUSNESS." Doubtless those will be there, over whom many a cloud has passed ; hiding for a season his cheering beams : whose eye has often drowsed or slept ; yet who again and again have been joyful in his returned or

discovered light, varying, yet shining brighter and brighter in the progress to the perfect day. On that hallowed morn the Christian multitude, joyful in the presence of their Lord, will be able to say: WE have not followed cunningly devised fables, when we made known the power and coming of the Lord Jesus, but have been EYE WITNESSES of his majesty. The day-star has arisen, the day has dawned, and the healing beams have shone upon our souls. Will not the believing, joyful throng, hear the voice which attends the day: His voice who goes forth as a BRIDEGROOM to win each family and neighborhood and town and city, our country and all nations, as his bride? ARISE AND SHINE, FOR THE GLORY OF THE LORD IS ARISEN UPON THEE.

If there be any occasion when the American church may be supposed, in one UNIVERSAL ASSEMBLY, to be sitting in the light, and listening to the voice of her heavenly bridegroom, it must be at the anniversary of that Society, which unites ALL who love the LORD, in circulating the BOOK, which bears the name of its divine Author, and is called THE WORD OF GOD:—*itself* the medium of that LIGHT, of which HE, the TRUE LIGHT, is the fountain and the source; and

which goes forth in silent majesty converting the soul. And if there be any anniversary, appropriate to such a call, it must be that which is to occur on the 12th of May, 1831. Amidst the beauties of this spring-time of the natural and spiritual year, she will hear the voice of her BE-LOVED: *Rise up my love, my fair one, and come abroad. For lo, the winter is past, 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. Arise, my love, my fair one, and come abroad.* ARISE AND SHINE, FOR THE GLORY OF THE LORD IS RISEN UPON THEE. Never, perhaps, since the world began, did such a spring awake upon the earth; never such a May morning dawned and shone, as hastens to adorn the coming anniversary; *never*, before the light of the church had been cast upon the pagan world, and reflected back with increasing glory on her sons and daughters around her; and they were seen, as now, flying like a cloud, and as the doves to their windows.

With what interest, with what a hearty covenant, with what fixed determination, yet with what trembling self-distrust, and glorying only in

infirmity, may we suppose the Redeemer's call will be heard by that representative assembly; will be urged by those who shall be the organs to the public ear, and will be transmitted to the Green mountains and the lakes, to Massachusetts bay and Passamaquoddy, over the Alleghany ridge, along the rivers of the west and the Atlantic shore: **ARISE AND SHINE, FOR THE GLORY OF THE LORD IS RISEN UPON THEE.**

But the Redeemer waits not the eloquence of man. Ere yet the tongue of the learned and devout wakes into harmony, the call will have gone over the whole land in the soft eloquence of **LIGHT**: in the truth of an **EVERLASTING SIGN**.

“Church of the living God, arise. Look to thy heavenly bridegroom with the eye of prayer: as meek, as earnest, as wakeful, as of old, from gloom and suffering, from the dungeon and the scaffold. **SHINE, HUMBLE** as the morning, when the dark, colorless earth receives from the sun her renewed robe of beauty; yet, **GLORIOUS** as thy day, *more* holy, *more* useful than prophets and righteous men who lived in the dawning. Vaunt not thyself; but call thy kindred and thy neighbors and all nations to the *glory of the Lord* arisen on **THEE**. Shine in the **FREE LIGHT**

OF DAY. Rush not to tower or mountain top. The light falls on the valley and the plain ; is reflected from the lawn, from the field, from the garden, from stem and leaf and flower, as bright as from tower top or mountain brow. If any say, Lo here ! lo there ! believe them not ; but in thy place and station receive and reflect the glory of the Lord ARISEN upon thee. ABIDE IN THE LIGHT. Hide not thyself again in the dungeon of declension, or in the chambers of indolence, singing or dreaming amidst thy chosen gloom :—The bridegroom has departed, and seeks not *now* to win all people as his bride. Shine by the WORD OF GOD ; enlightening the eyes, converting the soul. Wield the arts of men with the mightiest energies of nature, and throw the SUN BEAMS into every habitation of men.”

In harmony with the soft eloquence of light, with the truth of the everlasting sign, how will the assembly sit entranced, persuaded ! How melted in holy sympathy ! How earnest for the Saviour’s glory and for man’s salvation ! How strong in holy resolution ! How sincere the assurance in the felt presence of the ALL-SEEING : *Lord thou knowest all things, thou knowest that we love thee !* The resolution will be accepted :

the assurance acknowledged, as the sun descending towards the west, enlightens the paths of the dispersing crowds,—bearing its witness over the whole continent of America, over the Society and Sandwich islands : while the response will be sung by all the waves of the Atlantic and the Pacific, as they roll basking in the day. *Let the assembly disperse in faith and holy resolution.* As the day fades away, the moon and the stars will give forth over our land their silent witness the livelong night ; while the dawning and glory of the morning will rise upon Japan and China and the mountains of Himalaya and the plains of the Ganges, striking the turrets of pagoda and mosque ; and calling all the dark nations to worship the God of the morning, the Author of salvation. LET THE ASSEMBLY DISPERSE IN HOPE AND HOLY RESOLUTION. As the evening twilight of the 12th of May shall fade away, the morning will begin to dawn upon the tops of Lebanon and Carmel* and Zion ! Once more on the heights of Israel, desolate and forsaken, the sign will be renewed, that God will fulfil to his people the promise of the NEW COVENANT, that *all shall know the Lord from the*

* Jer. xxxi. 35.

least to the greatest; and afflicted, chastened, broken-hearted Jerusalem be built again to the Lord from the tower of Hanemeel unto the gate of the corner: and the whole valley from the brook Kidron be holy unto the Lord! As the American Church rests in the arms of the Redeemer on the night of the 12th of May, the rising sun will strike the minarets of Jerusalem: and the desolate top of Zion:—a sign to the trespassing Mussulman, to the unbelieving Jew, and to thy heralds, WORD OF GOD,—the SUN FOR A LIGHT BY DAY, a renewed and everlasting sign, of the recovery of the seed of Israel as LIFE TO THE WORLD.

Go forth, thou ORACLE of the living God! Rod of the Saviour's strength, go forth from Zion. GREAT SUN OF RIGHTEOUSNESS, shine by thy WORD, and enlighten, and convert our kindred, our neighbors, our country, and the world. Go make the nations thy willing people: in the beauties of holiness, from the womb of the morning, fresh, abundant in the dew of thy youth!

ON Lebanon, on Zion's hill,
Arise and in thy glory shine ;
Ages have given, oh Lord fulfil
Thine own, the EVERLASTING SIGN !

Arise, with healing in thy wings,
And comfort Israel's broken heart ;
While Judah's daughter wakes and sings
Thy kindness never can depart.

Let Israel's glory move the night
From desert and from wilderness ;
On Zion's top reveal its light,
And all the Gentile nations bless.

From darkness and from dawn, break forth
Thou glorious Sun, CONVERTING WORD !
From east to west, from south to north,
O'er Christian realm, o'er savage horde.

Thro' all our land, thy light reveal ;
And let its soften'd radiance glow,
From mountain, plain, and deepest vale,
On which thy beams of glory flow.

Lighten the islands of Japan ;
O'er China's millions rise and shine :
At Delhi, and at Ispahan ;
Around the cross of Constantine.

From Egypt to the Caffree's land,
From Greece, and Italy, and Spain,
To Iceland and the Loffoden,
From Finisterre to Astracan.

From Alaska to Newfoundland,
O'er Christian realm, o'er pagan horde,
From Mexico to Magellan,
Arise, thou all-converting word !

The oath confirm'd by daily light :
Confirm'd by every ocean's swell ;
By all the splendors of the night,
Confirm'd for ages, NOW FULFIL !

THE BOX OPENED.

Dated New York, Oct. 6, 1821.

THE public have been informed that a *lead*en box, containing medallions, coins, books, newspapers, &c. has been formally deposited in one of the four pillars, just erected at the great gateways of the Park in this city—deposited as a LEGACY TO A DISTANT POSTERITY. Sublime and solemn act ! How many ages may roll away before those solid pillars, tottering by the hand of time, shall be removed, and the *legacy* be found !

When all our present citizens have long—long been buried in the earth ; when all that is now great or honorable of our population shall be lost in the night of antiquity ; when our never-dying spirits shall have been long happy in heaven or wretched in hell ; when the city of New York, long a “city of the Lord,” shall overspread the Island of Manhattan, and the millions of her population shall be of one heart and one

mind ; when the Bible shall be the dearest treasure of every individual, and the voice of prayer and praise, and the sacrifice of obedience shall ascend from every house ; when “her people shall be all righteous,” her “walls salvation, and her gates praise ;” when the eye, surveying the crowds up and down our present Broadway, shall not see *one* who is not a friend and brother in Jesus Christ ; when her thousand temples shall be filled with devout and joyful worshippers, and her Sabbaths a heaven below :—

When the forests of the west, subdued by the hand of Christian industry, shall have become a fruitful field, and an English and Christian people shall spread from the Atlantic to the Pacific—from Mexico to Labrador ; when from a million temples, shall ascend the joyful homage of the American church “in spirit and in truth ;” when the gospel shall have been preached in all nations, and received by all nations ; when war shall have ceased under the mild reign of the PRINCE OF PEACE, and “every knee shall bow and every tongue confess”—when

“ One song employs all nations, and all cry,

‘ Worthy the Lamb, for he was slain for us :—’ ”

When the church, having perhaps for centuries embraced the whole earth, remembers no more the *reproach of her widowhood*;—when the tradition of a sinful age has ceased, and only on the page of history can be learnt, the folly, and vice, and impiety of ancient times :—

THEN, since ruin is inscribed upon the strongest monuments; since massy columns cannot stand forever—THEN, if itself survive the wreck of time, will this long unknown memorial of ancient days be discovered by a generation so remote that they cannot trace back their line of ancestry to us; be inherited by a new and holy population: a memorial of the arts and sciences, the heroes and statesmen, not only, but of customs and follies, and vices, which have long passed from the memory and tradition of men. Methinks as the men of other times cluster around the spot where these pillars stand, and listen to some venerable and holy sage, while he describes the manners of the ancients from their bequeathed memorials, that regret, and shame, and astonishment will awhile trouble every bosom. “*There,*” he may say, “stood the theatre, where the mouldered dead, as says the page of ancient story, trifled their short lives away, met

the votaries of vice, and drowned their souls in perdition. Yonder stood the debtor's prison;—yonder the bridewell—receptacle of crime:—there stands the ancient hall of justice, now the seat of mercy. *Here*, on the Park, met and mingled on many a day of dissipation the vicious and profane. All along down Broadway were the lottery offices, the idler's hope, the country's ruinous tax. There poured an unceasing tide of dress, and fashion, and parade—of vanity and pride. Gain was the people's god. Strong locks and bars guarded every house, and were trafficked in every street. Drunkenness was an article of commerce, was bought and sold in every block—the buyer's and the seller's ruin. The sword and spear, the musket and the cannon, which history describes as weapons of murderous warfare, and as beaten centuries ago into ploughshares and pruning hooks, were sold in enormous quantities, and stored in mighty magazines.—Even *here*, often poured the parade of soldiery; here roared the thunder of arms, in mimic warfare, while music, made for heaven's praise, pealed insultingly in martial strains to heaven. In all the earth, pride and ambition filled the minds of men, and even tarnished the purity of

believers. The daily news revealed thefts, and contentions, and murders, from the cottage to the throne ; and piracies and man-stealing, and nation warring against nation." Awful exhibitions of antiquity, to men whose hearts are love ; when lust and hate and war are known no more, but lie forgotten like the barbarous rites of our own *heathen* ancestry.

Yet they will dwell upon whatever of great and good they find in the memorial. When all that this world admires has ceased to be admired, the record of the Bible Society will consecrate the Daily Advertiser, which transmits the most glorious of all our institutions to the admiration of a distant posterity :—THE BIBLE SOCIETY, which sends down a stream of mercy, swelling as it flows, turning the desert into a fruitful field, the wilderness into a garden of the Lord.

It was an oversight, in sending down the doings of our age to a posterity, who will love the Bible and the Saviour, not to add the religious publications of our city :—the Christian Herald, the Christian Journal, the Methodist Magazine and the Missionary Register, little known indeed to our present generation, but worthy to transmit along with the memorials of our arts and sciences,

our follies and our vices, the general efforts which are making to bring to pass among all nations, the dominion of the Saviour of the world. Then might the assembled crowd which I have imagined gathered around the ancient dilapidated pillars at the Park, see that even in our *iron* age, there was a *little* of the fear of God, of the love of Jesus, of the faith of good things to come.

Such an assembly our eyes never saw. An assembly of which the present dwellers of our city are unworthy to be the ancestry. What emotions of holy gratitude would fill their souls, while looking back upon sinful antiquity ! And, assembled on a spot once the arena of folly and sin, would they not spontaneously pour forth a song of praise to the giver of all good. The writer of this article is far too feeble in genius, too low in holy feeling to conceive the strain. Yet he seems to hear thousands of voices, from ground once polluted, sending up to heaven a song of praise in a far higher, holier, more heavenly strain than this :

MILLENNIAL HYMN.

Christ 's our King : He reigns below :

We yield ourselves to Thee alone :
Redeem'd from sin, redeem'd from wo,
We cleave entirely to thy throne.

The locks and bars are all remov'd
Throughout our city family :
The prisons now are known no more :
Love, is our bond of harmony.

In all our streets, they love thy name,
To Thee, in every house they bow ;
A thousand temples sound thy praise,
Our Sabbaths are a heaven below.

The sword and spear, and wrath and pride,
The battle-field, the victor's mirth,
A country's joy at groans and death,
Are known no more in all the earth.

The tribes of men are all the Lord's,
Earth is his wide and fair abode ;
The sun in all his daily course,
Shines only on the sons of God.

THE HEIR OF HEAVEN.—REV. vii. 14.

I DO not know that my sufferings were greater than the common lot. I was less afflicted than multitudes ; far less, than those who tremble for years under the uplifted hand of persecution ; or who pined in the dungeon, or died on the scaffold, or at the stake ; or who bewailed their imprisoned and murdered friends. I was even less afflicted than multitudes, who sought in outward blessings their highest good : whose schemes were baffled ; whose prospects were blasted ; whose heart was overwhelmed, without a rock of refuge. Yet I was a sufferer, and out of *great tribulation*, came up hither. I was tried in the furnace that I might be brought forth as gold.

I had my share of afflictions which were obvious to the public eye, but my most frequent and poignant sufferings were secret to myself. My heart alone knew its own bitterness, and no

stranger was acquainted with my grief. God only was the observer of my sufferings. He chastened me as a father for my profit, that I might be a partaker of his holiness. He chastened me in secret, that I might be forced to tell HIM my sorrows; that I might not seek instead of Him, some friend helpless as myself, but might be meekly and quietly in subjection to the Father of spirits and live.

I was a sufferer even at my best estate. As I arose the mount of prosperity, I was still in the region of cares and woes; of fears and sufferings. As I took my rank among the prosperous, I saw them beset with perplexities and difficulties, peculiar to themselves, and still exposed to the common lot of sickness, calamity, losses, and bereavement. I submitted to a discipline from which there was no escape. I even yielded, often cheerfully and with thankfulness, to the hand which chastened me amidst the profusion of its gifts. It was good for me that I found a thorough intermixture of bitterness in the sweetest cup of life. Thus my longing was increased for the waters of salvation; I was made to hunger and thirst after righteousness until I was filled.

But I was often visited with cares and sufferings so perplexing, and so severe, that I was tempted to forget the blessings intermixed. I needed food, and raiment, and shelter—and they were given me as my heavenly Father saw best, but amidst uncertainties and difficulties which awoke sometimes the deepest anxiety. I was compelled to rise early, to sit up late, and eat the bread of carefulness, as if the body was to be sustained by the neglect of the soul; and I sighed for more leisure for meditation and prayer, even for a lonely wilderness and a hermit's cell, that I might give my thoughts to God. I had not yet learned, that the occasions of care, and anxiety, and labor, furnished the school for the recovery of my soul. It was here that I learned how much I needed the help of Him, who won me by his daily kindness amidst daily necessities, to make Him my everlasting portion. I felt that I could not live a day, or an hour, or a moment, without Him. "I cried unto the Lord in my trouble, and he delivered me out of my distresses." I even said—"There is none upon the *earth* that I desire besides thee." He supplied the wants which forced me to ask his kindness, and gave me infinitely more; a fixed and

settled choice of Himself, as my portion and friend. As he stretched out His hand to feed and clothe me, I saw that He was able and willing to bestow more than I could ask or think ; even to give me a perfect and unbroken fellowship with the Friend, to whom in my extremity I resorted so anxiously. In my prosperity, I forgot the Giver of my mercies, which I was learning to ascribe to my own industry and skill ; which I was heedlessly and proudly taking to myself as other gods. How kindly did my heavenly Father threaten to strip me of every blessing, and make me cast over the future a look of helplessness and despair. How precious were the seasons, when I turned and asked of my Father in heaven my daily bread, and found myself hungering and thirsting after righteousness. I began with seeking the provisions of my body, and I ended in a fulness of blessings for the soul. I was abundantly satisfied with the fatness of his house ; and drank of the river of his pleasures. I said within my heart, “with thee is the fountain of life ; in thy light shall I see life. Oh continue thy loving kindness unto them that know thee, and thy righteousness unto the upright in heart.” I had longed to be re-

leased from want, and care, and perplexity, and temptation, that I might have fellowship with God ; but I learned by experience, that these were the means which I needed to incline my heart to draw near to Him.

I needed yet severer discipline. I was vigorous in body and in mind, and was concentrating my energies upon a design which promised good to men and glory to God ; yet overrating my skill, and forgetting how helpless I was—I was leaning to my own understanding, and setting a value upon my own services, when I was humbled under the mighty hand of God, that I might be exalted in due time. I sunk under bitter sickness. My strength of body, and vigor of mind, failed me in an hour. I felt as a worm and no man. At the divine rebuke, all my beauty consumed away as the moth. As I lay crushed beneath the hand of the Almighty, unable to lift my head from the pillow which his kindness had left me, I bowed submissive to his chastening hand. I bewailed the folly which made me honor my loaned powers ; I prayed for restoring, forgiving, and upholding mercy. “Oh Lord, I am oppressed ; undertake for me. What shall I say ? He hath both spoken unto

me, and himself hath done it. I shall go softly all my days in the bitterness of my soul." The Lord heard my groaning, and forgave me; and brought me up slowly from the gates of death, and helped me to say, "Thou hast in love to my soul delivered it from the pit of corruption: for thou hast cast all my sins behind thy back.—The Lord was ready to save me." As my strength returned, I received it as the gift of God. As my mind resumed its energies, I tried to employ all its faculties for Him; saying, "The living, the living, he shall praise thee as I do this day."

I had maladies of the mind. I felt often trembling, and darkness, and horror, when all was well to the eye of my nearest and dearest friends. I could not tell always, how far they were produced by diseases of the body, when they belonged to the weakness and helplessness of a creature, or when they were the direct consequences of the errors of a sinful mind. Sometimes, I knew they were the secret workings of disease upon a frame always tending to death: holding a spirit not yet fully taught to make God its refuge. Sometimes they were the passions of a feeble spirit, struggling with inward sins and outward difficulties, still failing to trust in

God its strength ; and often, I knew they were the misgivings of an immortal soul which sought again and again a fulness from the dry fountains of the world. Blessed seasons, of trembling, and darkness, and horror ! I came to God because I was broken and decayed in spirit—because I was craving in my inmost soul ; and I sought Him and found Him as my portion forever. I said again and again, in the midst of light bursting over clouds of darkness and gloom, “ Why art thou cast down, O my soul, and why art thou disquieted within me ? Trust thou in God, for I shall yet praise Him, who is the health of my countenance and my God ! ”

But I did not live alone. I was successively a member and a head of a family, and from childhood to life's end, had its varied opportunities ; its tribulations as well as its mercies. I suffered from anxieties and fears, even when no real evils occurred. I trembled in expectation of accidents, which never befel me or mine ; of diseases, of which I saw only the faintest symptoms ; of deaths, which for years a kind Providence delayed. I cannot now call it folly to have been so sensitive. I see that I was placed not only in a state of suffering, but of anxiety

and fear; that when no heavy calamities were upon me, I might seek the guidance and the aid and the cheering presence of my heavenly Father. A thousand times, when pride, and vain glory, and worldly satisfaction, were taking away my heart, I was affrighted back by my anxiety and fear. When I was not smitten with the rod of correction, I saw again and again the uplifted hand; the sight of which reminded me of my sins, and made me earnestly long to be a partaker of the holiness of God.

But my social discipline was not confined to anxieties and fears. I was required to watch the sick bed of wife and children; sometimes held in the most anxious suspense, whether life or death would be the issue; sometimes feeling the most distressing certainty of coming calamity. I was compelled to resign the dearest and the best to Him who gave them; and to feel bereaved and alone. Still, I knew I was undergoing a discipline for heaven; that a Father's hand was leading me on in a pilgrimage to glory. I learned, in the bitterness of my social anxieties and sorrows, still more tenderly to bewail my sins, to humble myself before God, and to cleave to Him as my everlasting portion. As I

felt His sacred influence on my recovered soul, sorrow gave place to joy, and I was enabled to say, amidst the most tender recollections, "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord." My tribulation wrought patience and experience, and a hope that never made me ashamed.

Yet my severest trials were those which I brought directly upon myself. I desired conformity to God ; I sought to be transformed into his image ; to do all his will ; but in the hour of temptation, how often did I fail ; blinding my own eyes, forgetting my own vows, forsaking God my helper, and leaving my bosom so far the seat of evil passions, that I became like a troubled sea, when it cannot rest ; tossed by the winds of pride, and lust, and anger, and discontent, which at sometimes I thought had given place forever to the gentle breathings of the Holy Spirit. Then it would seem that sin had regained all its power, and that the severest struggles were in vain. What bitterness did I suffer in those hours of trial, from the reluctance of my sinful mind to bear the cross which I had made for myself, and from the fear that I should deny my Lord, and bring upon myself

swift destruction ! Often, I seemed to stand on the very verge of ruin ; to be just ready to seal my character in hopeless sinfulness. But thanks be to my Redeemer that he prayed for me, that my faith should not fail ; that I was enabled to lift my heart to the Prince and Saviour, and to cry, " Help, Lord, for my foot slippeth." At the moment when I was ready to fall, I found the everlasting arms around me, holding me fast upon the rock of salvation ; and higher raised towards its heavenly summit. Then the language of mercy to the church seemed as if spoken in soft accents to *my* ear. " In a little wrath I hid my face from thee for a moment, but with everlasting kindness will I have mercy on thee, saith the Lord my Redeemer."

But success, even victories renewed again and again, exposed and hindered me. As I gained fresh triumphs, I was " exalted above measure." I lost sight of the weakness and sinfulness of my heart. I trusted in myself, and became again under the power of sin, until the Spirit set my sins in order before me ; often, until He who led me through great tribulation, startled me by some alarm, blasted some high hope, or withdrew some idolized blessing, and I learned

again that I was a worm and no man ; that I had no skill in the heavenly warfare, and no hope of success in my conflict with inward corruption, but in the aid of my all-sufficient Redeemer. Then, I did not count myself to have apprehended, but “ forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those which were before, I pressed towards the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus my Lord.”

Often, I thought that the last conflict was at hand. Often, did my guide and friend show before me the prospect of death, preparatory to that trying event. I needed, often to stand on the border of eternity, to convince me how naked, and poor, and blind, and miserable I was. Sometimes my pride and self-sufficiency were blasted in a moment. I heard, or thought I heard, “ Thou fool, this night thy life will be required.” Then the brightest visions of my tempted fancy vanished as a dream.

Yet I knew the voice to be of warning, and not of judgment ; the voice of conscience, and of the striving and quickening Spirit, whom I had grieved from my bosom. Thus was I restored, and with a fearful, trembling heart, came back from the

shades of death, to walk before God in the light of the living ; trusting in Almighty aid ; strong in my weakness ; and finding his grace sufficient for me. Oh how sweetly did I live, as I sung, in my soul, "The Lord preserveth the simple ; I was brought low and he helped me. Return unto thy rest, oh my soul, for the Lord hath dealt bountifully with thee. I will walk before the Lord in the land of the living." Then the victory seemed to be won, and the last trial past ; and I enjoyed such fellowship with God, that I seemed almost a possessor of the promised glory. Yet again and again I forsook my rock and my refuge, and vainly gloried in myself ; and again and again was driven back by the rod of my heavenly Father. How often did I hear the soft and cheering whisper to my soul, "I have chosen thee in the furnace of affliction. I have tried thee, and thou shalt come forth as gold." Each suffering had its kind design ; each made me more than before a partaker of his holiness ; and darkened as my path often seemed, changing as was the light I saw, and wayward as I was, I was led onward in a path "shining brighter and brighter to the perfect day."

Yet there was another tribulation needful, so deep, so growing, so enduring, as to throw the past into oblivion. Amidst life's uncertainties, it was so probable it would never come, that I thought to pass into rest without its darkness and horrors. But he who knew my heart, appointed for my profit the lengthened discipline of weak, fearful old age. I trembled as I felt its gradual approach, lest I should fail in the last long trial; lest I should be consumed in the last heat of the furnace of affliction.

At length the days came in which I had no pleasure. I would have used my limbs, but they refused to support my frame, and seemed to have no other use but as the seats of pain. I would have looked out at the windows of my soul, but all was dark. I would have listened to the daughters of music, but the sweetest harmonies were lost upon my ear. I was afraid of that which was high; the almond tree flourished on my head; the grasshopper was a burden, and desire failed. I looked forward without hope; and could see nothing in my worldly prospect, but man going to his long home, and the mourners going about the streets. Soon, said I, the silver cord will be loosed; the golden bowl will

be broken ; the dust will return to the earth, as it was, and the spirit unto God who gave it.

I had never before seen days in which there was *no* pleasure. I was never before so naked, helpless, and forlorn. Man could not help me. The kindest children could not give me the succor which I needed. Wealth could not buy what my desolate state required. I was blessed with comfortable abode, with kind attendants, with abundant supplies. I could have pampered an epicurean's appetite ; but I had no desire for food. I could have clothed richly my withered and aching limbs, and laid my body on a bed of down ; but I could not ease my pains, or rest my limbs, or quiet my trembling mind. After all my trials, I was unprepared for this ; for these days of darkness, and gloom, and suffering, and hopelessness. I felt the risings of impatience ; and even the terrors of unbelief. I felt that pride and self-confidence had mingled with my former peace and joy. I trembled, lest after all, I should be filled with my own devices, and perish helpless and alone ! But oh, how short was the fear, repeated though it was, again and again. For I remembered the word, "As thy day is, so shalt thy strength be." "And

even to your old age, I am He ; and even to hoar hairs, I will carry you ; I have made, and I will bear ; even I, will carry and will deliver you." I cried out amidst the gloom, when it thickened around me, " Oh, Lord, thou art my guide from my youth ; forsake me not when my strength faileth ; cast me not off in the time of old age. Now when I am old and grey headed, oh God, forsake me not until I have showed thy strength unto this generation, and thy righteousness unto every one that is to come." I was sure that he heard my prayer ; and that underneath were the everlasting arms. Out of weakness, I was made strong ; as my outward man was perishing, my inward man was renewed day by day. I could hear in the inmost recesses of my soul the promises of my Redeemer ; I could see Him interceding for me at the right hand of God ; I could remember all the path of loving kindness from my youth. As I looked out of the windows, it was dark ; but as I looked upon Jesus, it was light ; and I felt myself more rapidly than before changing into his image, from glory to glory ; and I could see nearer and still nearer, the city which hath no need of the sun, or of the moon, because the Lamb was the light thereof.

At length the last trial came. I had passed fourscore years, and felt that the hour feared and longed for had arrived. I had learned the deceitfulness and wickedness of my heart. As I fixed my dying eyes on the INFINITELY PURE, I was overcome with a sense of unworthiness. An awful foreboding came over me, that sin so obstinate might never be removed. For a moment I was tempted to despair. At that moment I cried anew, "Lord, to whom shall I go, thou hast the words of eternal life? Lord, save me, or I perish." I had not reached that certainty of my salvation which I once expected; but I had tried the Saviour so often, that I believed he would not *now* turn away my prayer, nor his mercy from me. As the last crisis came, all the events of my life were clustered before me; I was encouraged by all my former victories. All my resolutions revived, and were united in one act of universal consecration to God. All my prayers seemed concentrated in one act of faith. I prayed for a victory over sin with unutterable "groanings," and seemed to gain within my soul, the strength of the Almighty; as I beheld with unclouded eye, the Lord, my righteousness and

strength. I cried with a faith which I felt to be absorbing, "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit."

I knew not death. I felt merely transformation, and complete resemblance to my Lord. I was guided and borne by the angels. As I arose, I forgot the tribulations and the withered body from which I was released; I was so ravished with the pleasures of unsullied holiness, with the transforming face of God, and with the holy society of angels, and the just made perfect. I was bemoaned, and buried, and given up to worms, before recollection came in as the handmaid of my joy. Then I remembered the path of tribulation which led me to my rest; how, amidst my sorrows, I saw the Lamb of God who came to take away the sins of the world; how, out of the depths, I cried unto the Lord, until I could say, "There is forgiveness with thee that thou mayest be feared;"—until by faith in Him, I was turned from darkness unto light, and from the power of satan unto God;—until at length my purified spirit parted from its earthly tabernacle, and rose triumphant to its house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.

At length the period came for the Redeemer's kingdom to be closed. I was summoned to

judgment—I descended fearless to the earth, the scene of my dangers and my victories. The trumpet sounded, and in a moment I found myself the tenant of a body—how like, and yet how unlike that which had been sown in corruption. I saw the lands of my nativity; the hill top where I had often gone to the burial of kindred and neighbors; the hills and valleys remaining as in the days of my childhood. I rose from the fields where I was sown in corruption. There my corruptible put on incorruption, and my mortal put on immortality. I ascended in the air, with inconceivable swiftness; yet soaring without a struggle, and seeming to have passed thousands of miles in an instant, I was at the right hand of my Judge. I saw his benign countenance, like the sun shining in his strength; and yet as softened in the light which he shed upon the redeemed, as “the bright and morning star.” As I looked, the remembrance of passed sins came over me almost to overwhelming; and yet I was most happy in a sweet and calm conviction of unworthiness, while his light shone into all the once darkened corners of my soul. As I looked upon my Re-

deemer and Judge, I felt assured that darkness and night would be no more.

I heard the invitation to my final rest. I had forgotten, as I heard them recalled, the services which I had rendered to my Lord. But He had preserved the record ; and when our humbled minds failed to remember as services, what we had done amidst temptations and sins, He bade us look upon the redeemed. I had not noted till then, the scene around me. We seemed in open space, suspended in the regions of immensity ; innumerable, shining in glorious bodies, like unto that glorious sun, upon which our whole attention had been fixed. No earthly beauty could be remembered comparable to this. Though we could see that some in childhood—some in youth—some at maturity, and some in old age, had been laid in the grave. All were beautiful ; all were diverse ; and there were countless gradations, as one star differeth from another star in glory. At the Saviour's bidding, I looked for the witnesses that I had ministered unto Him. I could recal the earthly looks of the glorified around me ; visible through the splendors of their immortal bodies. I remembered, without confusion, and with perfect ease,

the day, and the hour, and the place, where amidst sin and shame I met and aided them on earth. The board where the hungry was fed; the cup of water which I had given to the thirsty; the sick man's bed, and the captive's prison, were instantly before my imagination: with other forms of human wo, which, as a sufferer myself, I had learned to pity; and though a sufferer, had been able to relieve: above all, many whom I had warned of their spiritual dangers, and whose spiritual burdens I had been able to bear. The services, which I recalled, had been so mixed with sin, as to be remembered only amidst the tears of repentance; but then, I saw how my momentary and imperfect kindnesses had been blessed in comforting the afflicted; in cheering the Christian on his way; or in softening the stony heart, and bringing it to the Saviour.

One, I saw, whose case broke upon me with a sudden overpowering. We had met as happy spirits disembodied; but had not recognised each other; for I met him whom I knew as a youth, with all the marks of aged saintship. But now—when each had recovered in the form of glory, his earthly body, from which not eternity

can remove its distinguishing appearance—making heaven as various as beautiful—I turned, and his eye caught mine. It seemed kindled with the same fire, as when I saw his first espousals to Christ, only purer and lovelier. I had found him going astray from the instructions which his dying parents had left him. I warned, I besought in vain. He sickened, and I visited him—not knowing him yet as one of the Redeemer’s brethren. I helped his feeble mind to reflect—his weak memory to recal the teaching of his tender mother. I watered his couch with my tears—his heart melted—his conscience awoke—his vows were made, and his anxious, trembling prayer was offered up, “God be merciful to me a sinner.” I led him to Jesus; half doubting the while, whether I knew the way myself. I saw the commencement of his course, and we parted, and met not for years before I was called from the earth. When I knew him again, it was in his incorruptible body, on the morning of the resurrection. The Saviour seemed pointing to him, and saying, “inasmuch as thou didst it unto him, thou didst it unto me.” I turned again, and saw father, and mother, and son, and daughter, and neighbor, and friend,

and many a stranger, too, who in all my sorrows and sins, were the Saviour's ministers unto me ; and who now received their reward, as if they had done their various service unto Him. Then, confused views rose upon my eye, since becoming more and more distinct and glorious, of the feeble kindness of such a worm as I, spreading its saving influence over the wide world, and descending down through many generations, and giving *me* a part in the joy of millions and millions, standing at the right hand of the Redeemer, and called His brethren. Then, I could see all the streams of human kindness, bearing the love of God to the heart of man, descending and widening through all time, and uniting the redeemed throng with charity, the bond of perfectness. Then, I beheld, as in every face, the sweet expression of gratitude for mutual kindness, mingled with silent praise, to the infinite Redeemer, through the innumerable throng, and earth's little moments seemed to be the fountain of a peaceful eternity, flowing from never failing charity.

We rose together, obedient to the word, "Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the

world." We rose as a cloud, not tempest driven, but as we had seen on earth the clouds of the morning borne by the gentle breeze, and gilded by the rays of the morning sun, until we arrived at the city which "hath no need of the sun, neither of the moon to shine, for the glory of God doth lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof; and the nations of them that are saved, walk in the light of it; and the kings of the earth bring their glory and their honor into it."

Death was swallowed up in victory. It seemed so as I rose triumphant, a redeemed and holy spirit, after the last earthly struggle, when I left my worn-out body on the death-bed. It was then a glorious triumph; for while my body was given to the worms and wasted into dust, I was still with the God of my living spirit; happy, without hindrance or defect. But my happiness was not complete until the resurrection; when resuming my body, which I used to find the occasion of sin, that it might be the means of holiness, I found it a temple of holiness and joy. My senses became so many aids to the knowledge of God. When corruption put on incorruption, and mortal put on immortality,

and death was swallowed up in victory, oh what new glories burst upon our sight, so large as to invite our diligence forever What new harmonies broke upon our ears, and dwelt upon our tongues, as we learned more and more to turn our knowledge into praise.

As we entered, new arrived, hosts of angels burst forth in universal acclamation; "O death where is thy sting! oh grave where is thy victory!" Ten thousand times ten thousand, multitudes innumerable, replied in chorus—*Thanks be to God which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ!*

Through much tribulation, I have entered into rest, and my robes have been washed white in the blood of the Lamb, and I am before the throne of God, and serve him day and night in his temple, and he that sitteth on the throne dwelleth with me. I hunger no more, neither thirst any more, neither doth the sun light on me, nor any heat. For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne, feedeth me, and leadeth me unto living fountains of waters, and God has wiped away all tears from my eyes. I am changed into his image. My bosom is like crystal, reflecting the perfect image of the sun.

I retain my individuality, and hold in perfect remembrance, all the path of tribulation, which led me hither; and yet, as I look upon the Lord God, and reflect the beams of His glory, I feel that I am *one* with Him.

I am still his servant; not permitted, not desiring to be an idle partaker of his happiness. I serve Him day and night, if earthly measure be taken to express my unceasing diligence; but I am never weary. My employments are my refreshment—while I toil, I rest. I am progressive. Hitherto I have no measure of duration, but the improvement of my faculties—higher happiness—greater knowledge, and increased resemblance to my God. I desire no other measure. I think of improvement, but not of time. I am wiser, holier, happier than I was. I shall be wiser, holier, happier than I now am. What other measure can I desire? It is enough that my progress has no boundary.

I could be happy if I were alone, reflecting the glorious image of my God. Yet it befits my nature more, to unite with other spirits in love, service, adoration and praise. My capacities of happiness seem now, as if multiplied by all the myriads of heaven. I feel so one with

the countless hosts of the Redeemed, and even with other hosts of happy spirits, that the happiness of all seems as if poured into my single bosom, while we sing ; BLESSING, AND HONOR, AND GLORY, AND POWER, BE UNTO HIM THAT SITTETH ON THE THRONE, AND TO THE LAMB FOREVER !

LONDON ;
A RETROSPECT OF THE BRITISH AND FOREIGN
BIBLE SOCIETY. MAY 1, 1816.

AT the anniversary of May 1, 1816, THE BRITISH AND FOREIGN BIBLE SOCIETY shone forth in MERIDIAN GLORY. Then, the mists and clouds which obscured its rise and progress, seemed completely dispersed—dissolved in a serener air—distilled in dews, and dropped down in rain upon the earth, warmed and thriving in its beams. The storms and tempests which had been gathered over Europe, had cleared away—leaving the lands from which the Bible had been either withheld or discarded, watered and open to its rays. The more distant nations, clouded beneath their own dark exhalations, saw in that mid-day glory, a light piercing their gloom. No people was hidden from the heat thereof.

I entered the hall at great Queen-street, at 10 o'clock ; and sat partly in meditation, and partly in that Christian fellowship, which the occasion produced, until the hour appointed for the annual solemnities : joining in the burst of welcome, with which again and again, the more illustrious friends of the Bible were greeted. At TWELVE, the President, LORD TEIGNMOUTH, as humble as honored in that exaltation, opened the meeting, which I have ventured to characterize as the MERIDIAN of the BRITISH AND FOREIGN BIBLE SOCIETY. At that moment, the SUN shining from its mid-day height, poured its rays over the habitable world ! Shedding the light of day over both continents—it cheered the western coast of America with the rising glories of the morning, and lingered in the evening twilight on the islands of Japan ; thus designating LONDON as the *moral centre* of light to the world. Even so THE BIBLE SOCIETY, having emerged from the night of modern infidelity, pursued its course amidst the mists and clouds of the morning, and darkened by lowering and roaring tempests, over all the sky, until that day shone forth over the *whole earth* ! At that moment, America was collecting her scattered rays into one great beam

of light, sufficient to cover with glory the whole western hemisphere. Russia, and her northern and southern neighbors, seemed suddenly opened to the whole light of day; while it was seen gleaming far on distant Africa, and Asia, and the islands of the sea. There was no speech nor language where the voice was not heard. The symbol retired; and day and night, and night and day have succeeded each other, for half a generation, yet daily renewing at noon, the symbol of the meridian glory of the British and Foreign Bible Society: still shining, LONDON, over thee, and flowing in streams of mercy over the whole earth.

The condition of the world at the anniversary of 1816, was remarkably suited to fix it as the *meridian era* of the British and Foreign Bible Society; a condition more striking to the writer, because it had burst upon him suddenly with a noon-day glory. The events of the spring and summer of 1815, which brought the infidel drama to its close, and exalted the British and Foreign Bible Society to be the light of the world, broke upon him with an effect which they can scarce imagine, who received the successive items of intelligence by every new arrival from

abroad. He had left the coast of Malabar in the month of October, just on the news of Napoleon's escape from Elba, arrival at Paris, and his rallying the armies of France against combined Europe ; ready to embroil the world in the horrors of protracted war. In this state of suspense, when the conqueror was on the wing, the writer embarked for Great Britain, and remained ignorant of subsequent events until the middle of December, and within a few day's sail of the island of St. Helena. The reader may imagine with what interest we saw on the verge of the horizon, a ship, appearing now, not merely to break the solitude in which for weeks we had traversed the ocean, but to inform us of the fates of men, at one of the most remarkable crises of human history. He cannot imagine the *effect* upon our minds, when we received at once the detail of events, the battle of Waterloo, the fall of Napoleon, the pacification of Europe, and the imprisonment of the CONQUEROR OF THE WORLD, on that rock in the ocean to which we were hastening our way. A few day's sail brought us, with unimpaired interest, to the prison, where, as now appears, Napoleon was sent to die, by HIM who taketh the wise in their own craftiness,

and subdueth the mighty by their own weapons. Even there, in the midst of the ocean, far from the Christian world, the mind was overcome, as that towering rock loomed higher and higher in the prospect, with the thought of Him who had judged among the nations and rebuked many people, that at length they might beat their swords into ploughshares, and their spears into pruning hooks, and learn war no more ; and wrapt into the sympathy of the instructed nations, we seemed to hear and return the appropriate exhortation of that wonderful period, "Come ye and let us walk in the light of the Lord."

On arriving in London, the last of February, 1816, the impression was deepened. The most striking wonders of that wonderful metropolis, were now the trophies of victory, turned into ensigns of peace among contending nations. The armor, the weapons, the chariot, the horses, the travelling bed and furniture, the varied regalia of him who had wasted Europe ; were the objects of universal curiosity and admiration. The battle of Waterloo, itself, was made to pass in review,* before the tens of thousands of all nations, as if it were to be gazed at, as the last

* Referring to the Panorama view exhibited in Lincolns-Inn-Fields.

specimen of man butchering man on the tented field ; the last sight of blood and battle, on which repentant man would fix his eye. There seemed at least such a pause in the conflicts of man, as at the birth of the Prince of Peace, when the temple of Janus was shut, and the nations were at rest ; now so much the more promising, because contending nations acknowledged Him as Lord, and were open to receive the converting word.

In the midst of these ensigns of returned peace, the spring of 1816, came clustered with its joyous anniversaries ; succeeding each other through the month of April : all covered with new lustre by the glories of the times, and all under the golden motto, repeated by one of the most eloquent orators in those brilliant assemblies ; AMICITIÆ SEMPITERNÆ—LET FRIENDSHIP REIGN FOREVER.* At length, May-day came, illustrious in the *meridian glory* of the British and Foreign Bible Society, casting its light over the whole earth. On that blessed day, faith seemed to see throngs of pacific angels hovering over the METROPOLIS of all nations, having the everlasting gospel to preach unto them that

* Rev. Mr. Bunting, of the Methodist Church.

dwell on the earth, and to every kindred, and tongue, and people ; and to hear, instead of the noise of battle, soft harmonies of songsters innumerable, "GLORY TO GOD IN THE HIGHEST, ON EARTH PEACE AND GOOD WILL TO MEN."

It is impossible to make this retrospect upon LONDON, as the centre of moral light to the world, without reflecting upon its original darkness ; as sitting in its ancient shadow of death. How has the land of deepest gloom come at length to shed the noon-day light upon the world ! When our Lord commanded his disciples, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature," LONDON, now radiant with the WORD OF GOD, signalized its May-day, by the Bealan fires, fearfully glaring over every town and village of Britain, Ireland, and even Gaul, between which, beasts and men ready to be sacrificed were compelled to pass. Mid-summer, too, was sacred to Belinus ; and honored with the most splendid pageantry. "When the sun enters into Cancer," says Quintus, in his letter to his brother, M. T. Cicero, "it is the greatest festival of the god ; and on all high mountains and eminences of the country, they light fires at the approach of that day, and make their wives, their children, and

their cattle, to pass through the fire, or to present themselves before the fire in honor of the deity. Deep and profound is the silence of the multitude during this ceremony, until the appearance of the sun above the horizon, when with loud and continued exultations and songs of joy, they hail the utmost exaltation of that luminary, as the supreme triumph of the symbol of the god of their adoration." On the eve of the first of November, a more striking act of reverence was paid. Over all Britain, the fires in every house were extinguished; and every master of a family, sought the prosperity of the following year, by bringing home to his domestic hearth the consecrated fire! Bless the Lord, LONDON, that the adored sun has become the symbol of that light which has arisen over thee, and pours its healing beams over the whole earth!

How slow the rising of that light! How little welcomed were those healing and reviving beams! In times unknown, the word of life found its uncheered way among the untutored Britons; yet forced to hide itself on the heights and in the depths of the mountains of Cornwall and Wales. Then we see Gregory sending the

heralds of the cross, that he might prepare these *Angles*, to be ANGELS ; and the gospel welcomed through all the Saxon kingdoms. Then, again, we see Egbert translating the gospel, and venerable Bede giving his countrymen the Bible and dying with the words of faith on his lips, "I will go to him from the flesh who formed me out of nothing ; my soul desires to see Christ my King in his beauty : " and ALFRED, too, that wise and Christian king, preparing the *laws* and diffusing the holy light under which England is blessed after near a thousand years ! Yet as we look again, Britain is seen worshipping sun, and moon, and fountains, and rivers, and trees,* and amidst its later darkness, him who seated in the temple of God, shut up the Bible from the eyes of men.

Amidst the gloom, the light was not extinguished. Through the distance of five hundred years, Wickliffe rises on our view, offering to his dark countrymen the LIGHT OF LIFE ; and for so great a crime, dug from the grave, burned to ashes and scattered in the river ; yet followed by Lord Cobham, a martyr to his zeal, hung in chains for spreading the knowledge of the Bible.

* In the 11th century, Canute forbade this worship by law.

But see ! a distant light breaking over Europe ! The chain of superstition, rusted and worn in ten thousand links, suddenly bursts at the stroke of the monk of Wittemberg ; and England and her sister nations hasten to be free. Yet half Europe rivets again her iron bondage, and darkens her windows, to the spreading light. Even England doubts and hesitates, whether to come forth into the freedom and glory of the gospel. Now, she unfolds the word ; now, she closes it and seals its hidden contents in the blood of her sons ; and the prison, and the axe, and the stake join their cruel hands to drive the Bible from the shores of England. And when these did not avail, the council of the church and the power of foreign states covered the seas with the INVINCIBLE ARMADA, to destroy the friends of light, and cover England again with darkness and the shadow of death. Then treachery laid its train and prepared its secret thunders, that one instant might blast forever all the hopes and joys of England. Yet no weapon prospered against the word of God. The Spanish host was wasted by the tempest ; and the gunpowder plot defeated by the misgivings of cruelty. “The bright occidental star,” had not long set, when

the morning star arose in the publication of the *authorized version*, which by means of the Bible Society covers all who speak the English tongue with light. Yet look again—reluctant England did not even then welcome the healing and reviving light; was not then ready to be its almoner to all nations. Scarce was the victory gained over cruel superstition, when studious and crafty philosophy prepared most skilfully its glittering weapons for a warfare against the Bible.

Now, it pretended that human reason was too skilful in reading the book of nature to need the book of revelation, and now declared it impossible for God to confirm a message to mankind. Now, it could see no testimonies of history to establish the records of the Bible; and now blinded its eyes to rites and customs of Jews and Christians, which no wit could explain if those records were false. Now, it plunged into the archives of eastern nations, and came back from their hidden depths with dates and dynasties which put all scripture history to shame; and now dug through crust after crust around the crater of the volcano, until it exulted in the discovery of an under-soil, far older than that

which arose out of chaos on the morning of creation. Oh, Britain, what a guilty part had thy sons, in the infidelity of Europe; in the vain attempt to quench the light of life, and cover the earth with darkness! Thy profound philosophers—thy sagacious historians—thy enterprising travellers; what pains did they take to stop the dawning day—the rising sun! Miserable men; monuments of folly, amidst your boasts of wisdom! How hopeless was your task, to stop his giant course! As ye wrought your little night, and involved yourselves, and your disciples, in a chosen darkness; little did ye think, how soon the word of God would arise in glory, over LONDON, BRITAIN, AND THE WORLD. Little did ye think, as ye welcomed the skirts of the gathering clouds, how soon the tempest of infidelity would burst, and leave all Europe and the world, sitting in the clear light of day! Little did ye think, that when ye were laid in the darkness of your faithless graves, a light would break forth, which would disperse the fictions of your toil; and even quench the lights, which the advocates of the Bible had set on high amidst the gloom of infidelity. Little did ye think, while ye dreamed of darkness, and clouds, and

gloom, about to overshadow your European paradise, a light would issue from the kraals of the Hottentots—from the dark isles of the Pacific, so bright as to cover all Europe, and the world with light. Little thought ye, that from the fancied midnight in which ye were covering your own native isle, a light would break forth from ignorance and want, which would cheer the Bible onward to its meridian glory; that the cry GIVE US THE BIBLE, from the mountains of Wales, would rally its friends to the work of spreading it abroad over all nations; and that amidst the boasts of victory and the wailings of your defeat, it would shine forth as the SUN in meridian glory over LONDON AND THE WORLD.

It was thus, that we saw LONDON, May-day, 1816, the centre of a world at rest, and sat down amidst assembled throngs, to rejoice in the triumph of the word of God. The scene returns again as we write, radiant with its former splendor; and London is before us, as we saw it in those gala days of Europe, or as on that May-day, basking in the LIGHT. As the vision returns, the wonders of that wonderful metropolis, borrow their interest from their relations to the remembered and growing glory.

We revisit the tower, and seem to hear the splash of the oars which bear a lover of the Bible to its silent chambers; and from those silent chambers, to his last sufferings, and testimony; we listen to his prayers; we see his blood, as seeds of increase to the word of God. Or amidst the trophies of ancient victory over the foes of the Bible—the relics of the invincible armada—instruments of torture for the protestants of England, we pause to read the inscription, unwritten, yet glowing in fancy's eye, “No weapon formed against thee shall prosper.” Or surveying the pageant kings of many generations, in their mute parade;* the Williams, Edwards, Henrys, Charleses, Jameses, Georges; we listen to their silent eloquence, “All the glory of man is as the flower of grass. But the word of THE LORD endureth forever.” We retrace the sepulchral courts of Westminster Abbey; the mausoleum of the gifted and honored dead; but it is only to ask, amidst the glory in which ye lived and died, did ye give heed to the sure word of prophecy, and follow its dawning and increasing light, until ye were led to

* In effigy, in armor, and on horse-back.

the realms of eternal glory, in which your earthly fame is all forgotten ; and even now, are ye bending from your thrones, with bursts of joy, as ye see the WORD OF GOD triumphant. We see again, ST. PAUL'S, rearing its emblematic ball and cross ; now, symbols of the sun of righteousness, arisen on high, over London and the world.* As we enter that magnificent edifice, we forget again its architectural grandeur, lost in the moral sublimity of the Apostle of humanity, standing in marble before us ! The outstretched arm, extending the key, to unlock the prison door—the intrepid step—the fearless look, softened into the sweetness and gentleness of an angel of mercy, mark the immortal HOWARD ;—the harbinger of the age of the spread of the gospel : showing with what energy, and courage, and kindness, the next generation must go forth, proclaiming the acceptable year of the Lord :—healing the broken hearted—preaching deliverance to the captives, and opening the prison to them that are bound. We reascend, that lofty

* The symbol, and the name of that splendid cathedral, may be said to have been welcomed by the See of London, when the excellent Bishop Porteus, led the way of the English Bishops in the patronage of the British and Foreign Bible Society.

tower, and see again, London, itself a world ! sitting beside its liquid pathway ; long the track of commerce and of war : now, how remarkably of the WORD OF GOD ; bordered by her surrounding villages, in all the beauty of green England ; and to fancy's eye, by the growing glories of the summer, over all the fertile lands of Britain ; the memorial of that prophecy which closed the report of 1816 :—

SO SHALL MY WORD BE, THAT GOETH FORTH OUT OF MY MOUTH ; IT SHALL NOT RETURN UNTO ME VOID, BUT IT SHALL ACCOMPLISH THAT WHICH I PLEASE, AND IT SHALL PROSPER IN THAT WHERE TO I SENT IT.

It was not England alone, which was concerned in the anniversary of 1816. . . . All Europe seemed that day, to have trodden back her wandering paths of infidelity, and to have come to do homage to the Bible, and to God. EUROPE, for her pride and her atheism, had been cut down to the stump, until three times seven times, had passed over her. She had been cast out, desolate and forlorn, forsaken of her rejected God and Saviour, until chastened by her sufferings and disgusted with her pride, she came back, acknowledging the Author of the Bible

as the MOST HIGH GOD; before whom all the inhabitants of the earth are reputed as nothing : who doeth according to his will, in the armies of heaven; and among the inhabitants of the earth. Did we not see Europe, that day, with her reason restored—her honor and brightness returned—honoring and extolling the King of Heaven, all whose works are truth, and his ways judgment—and those who walk in pride, he is able to abase ? Did we not hear the decree unto all people, nations, and languages : *How great are his signs, and how mighty are his wonders. His kingdom is an everlasting kingdom, and his dominion is from generation to generation !*

The Chancellor of the British Exchequer, may be said to have been the HERALD of smitten and returning Europe, when he announced to the British and Foreign Bible Society on its first succeeding anniversary, the two-fold work of the sovereigns of Europe and their people,—THE HOLY ALLIANCE, and the PATRONAGE OF THE BIBLE SOCIETIES, by the Emperor Alexander, and the associate kings. *The holy alliance* was signed at PARIS, September 26, 1815; and significantly published at St. Petersburg, Dec.

25th; "the day of the birth of our Saviour:" having received, meanwhile, the accession of Holland, and the informal, but "entire concurrence," of the Prince Regent of Great Britain. Its terms were most striking, when considered as issuing from Paris; so lately the metropolis of atheism and deism. THE THREE POWERS TAKE FOR THEIR SOLE GUIDE, THE PRECEPTS WHICH THE HOLY RELIGION OF OUR SAVIOUR TEACHES. THEY DECLARE THAT THERE IS NO OTHER SOVEREIGN THAN HIM, TO WHOM ALONE POWER REALLY BELONGS, OUR DIVINE SAVIOUR, THE WORD OF THE MOST HIGH, THE WORD OF LIFE. Thus failed the watch-word of Voltaire, *écrasez l'infame, crush the wretch!* Thus ended the decree at Paris, 1793, which abolished the gospel! Thus ended the law and the inscription, THERE IS NO GOD.

After the lapse of fifteen years, our views of this great public act, of returning Europe, are not changed.* Notwithstanding the sneers which have been cast upon it, the HOLY ALLIANCE will never be blotted from the records of

* The Christian Observer, at the time, styled it a "solemn recognition of the Supreme Authority of the great Sovereign of earth and heaven."

heaven—will never lose its importance in the annals of the world. Be it as some have supposed, a piece of state chicanery—the offspring of the hypocrisy of courts—a plan of the princes, to fix the nations in slavery; what was it but Europe in the person of her hollow-hearted sovereigns, sick of the vanities of her former confidence, humbling herself under the mighty hand of God? The more just supposition is, that the princes were influenced by the discipline of Providence; and that they, with their subjects, were awed into an acknowledgment of the Scriptures, and of God: were bowed to the authority, under the auspices of which they had triumphed over the atheistical empire. No wonder that the conquerors, were awe-struck at their victories! when they found themselves triumphant on the spot where Christianity was threatened with extermination; at the fountain of that atheism, which was to have overspread the globe! No wonder that they were awed to acknowledge THE WORD OF THE MOST HIGH—THE WORD OF LIFE; and to welcome its light as the only blessing to Europe and the world!

Inconsistency has ensued;—but the act is not blotted from the records of heaven; and will

never lose its importance in the annals of the world. In one sense, no doubt, THE HOLY ALLIANCE was premature. The heart of Europe was not yet ready to obey the dictates of its conscience ; was not yet ready to adopt a treaty, which broke upon it like a sudden day-spring from on high ; the very dawning of the millennial morn. Europe has not been ready to follow her princes—her inconsistent and backsliding princes, have not been ready to lead their people, in paying the vows which their mouth had spoken in their trouble, and renewed in the first grateful moments of deliverance ; yet, on the records of heaven, and in the annals of mankind, THE HOLY ALLIANCE will remain, as a great preliminary movement, fore-showing the final submission of the nations, when kings shall be nursing fathers, and queens nursing mothers, in the church,—the kingdom of the KING OF KINGS !

It may be, that the inconsistent leader of that Christian treaty, was sincere in his effort to guide allied Europe to the God of the Bible, and that being forgiven for his defection from the cause he had so earnestly and successfully served, he was taken away from the evil to

come. Yet, even now, that treaty is required at the hand of the nations—at the hand of the princes, who have forgotten the God of their deliverance; and flourishing in the pride of their hearts, are faithless to the bond by which they or their predecessors bound the nations to Him, to whom alone power really belongs, OUR DIVINE SAVIOUR, THE WORD OF GOD. Alas, neither Europe nor her princes have humbled their heart, though they knew all this; but have lifted up themselves against the Lord of Heaven, and have not glorified the God in whose hand their breath is, and whose are all their ways. Even now the handwriting of affliction and judgment, burns in characters of fire, on the walls of the palace of the Czar; whether amidst his exultations over Poland, or his fears lest the arch of empire should fall, or his plans of foreign war to widen its base and compact its parts. Nay, the writing is seen on all the high places, and in all the streets of Europe, whether for forewarning and recovery, or for overthrow and ruin, who can interpret? War has returned with its havoc, or its threatening, upon the lands which were solemnly bound to the Redeemer, by THE HOLY ALLIANCE: while He that rules among men,

stands ready to arrest and exceed the havoc of war, by the overflowing pestilence.

Let not the nations be deceived, by the pause in the judgments of the Almighty: nor riot in the joys of a fancied escape from the overwhelming scourge. He who rules among men, and to whom allied Europe did homage half a generation ago, OUR DIVINE SAVIOUR—THE WORD OF THE MOST HIGH, THE WORD OF LIFE can now, or when he will, gird his sword upon his thigh, and ride forth, KING OF KINGS AND LORD OF LORDS. He can array the passions of courts and nations, which they will not restrain, and let them loose as the instruments of mutual slaughter; or he can lead on the pestilence:—the cholera, at which the world stands aghast, or other pestilence from the store-house of his judgments; a scourge over Christian Europe, as overwhelming as its opportunity has been great, and its vows public and distinct. Who does not perceive the signs of the times? Who does not see that HE TO WHOM ALONE POWER REALLY BELONGS, is looking down upon the nations, who have taken counsel against the Lord, and against his anointed, to cast away the cords of 1815: yet still, while war for a moment grounds its

arms,* and pestilence stays its havoc, saying in accents of utmost kindness, “kiss the Son lest He be angry, and ye perish from the way. Blessed are all them that put their trust in Him.”

Yes, and over France ; whose desecrated capital welcomed the princes, when they paid in her streets, the homage of allied Europe, unto God ; and whose approving voice was given to the HOLY ALLIANCE, the voice of warning sound-eth loud ; mingled still with the sweet accents of mercy. Can she escape the contest and the trial if it come, when all Europe shall rush together for carnage and destruction, with a conflict of passion more universal and more deadly, than ever before she broke her returning vows ? or escape the pestilence which can dash her glory like a potter’s vessel ?

And England ; that happy nation, which amidst the storms, of infidelity welcomed and speeded the word of life rising over the nations ; and when the reason of maddened Europe was restored, was found sitting under its meridian glory, shining over London, Bri-

* March 9, 1832, in view of intelligence to January 21st.

tain and the world, is not excepted from the warning, while she hears still, in sweetest, loudest chorus, the accents of mercy. For while the sounds of foreign war, and internal contentions call her forth to mingle in the wasting conflicts of men, and pestilence stands smiting her uttermost border, the kindness which she ministers to Europe and the world, is re-echoed to her heart, from many a family, and village, and island, and nation, joyous in the word of life published by her sons.

And America, far from the strifes of men; with the wide Atlantic, as her cordon, against the march of the cholera. Is not she forewarned? Is not she invited to the Redeemer? Let England and America, allied in the great work of saving mankind, accept the forewarning: and as they see the ruin which threatens to involve the nations, let them hear the voice, "Come out from among them, that ye be not partakers of their plagues;" and renew their counsels, and increase their efforts for spreading the word of life over the world.

But amidst the forebodings of the storm, let us hope for something better than infatuation and destruction among the afflicted and threat-

ened nations. Let us hope that northern and southern Europe will note the footsteps of their abused Redeemer ; that they will be forewarned by the first skirmishes of the great battle, which is yet to purify the world :—and whether amidst the thunder and the storm, or the intervening calm, will hear the assurance, *Blessed are all they that put their trust in Him*. Sure, conscience will awake, and the melted heart flow forth in all the palaces of Europe, in all her cities, and villages, and families, and the golden promise of cleaving to the Lord, will come forth again out of the furnace of affliction ; and the banner of another HOLY ALLIANCE, will be unfurled, and the nations of Europe and the world, sit down together in peace and holiness, under the meridian light of the word of God, shining over London, Britain, Europe and the globe !

THE GANGES, AND THE MISSISSIPPI.

It is impossible to cast one's eye upon the map of the world, without perceiving a striking resemblance between the two great rivers of India and the United States ; and those wide and fertile districts, through which they pursue their long pathway to the ocean. The resemblance prepares the mind to dwell with intenser interest upon contrasted views, which force themselves upon it ; and upon the prospects which faith opens to the eye, when those well watered regions shall be equally glorious under the reign of the Redeemer.

THE GANGES, that king of Asiatic rivers, flowing from the actual heights of the world—the mountain tops of Himalaya, claims to itself the oriental title of *heaven descended Gunga* ; and a divine origin from the forehead of Mahesa,

“ When Gunga from his brow, by heavenly fingers press'd,
Sprang radiant, and descending, graced the caverns of the west.”

As she flows through the most fertile regions of the earth, the means of food and raiment, and the channel of intercourse to bordering millions, she passes as a goddess of beneficence, scattering her gifts in rich profusion, and receiving by her side, and in her sacred bosom, the vows and the reverence of her worshippers; from age to age: even now, the homage and the offering and the victim, amidst the light and improvements of the modern world.

Alas! that in far distant times, the gifts of the Creator, the bounties of Providence, should have been so abused by the perverseness of man; that when they knew God, they refused to glorify Him as God, and worshipped and served the creature, rather than the Creator. Alas! that along this mighty river, these ever fertile plains, kindness did not win the ancients to their Maker;—that when the fountains of posterity were opened, and the streams were enlarged, on which millions after millions, were to flow in successive ages, they were polluted so heedlessly; that light was turned to darkness, wisdom to folly, religion to idolatry, as the inheritance of unnumbered immortals; passing their pilgrimage and opportunity, worshippers, of the rivers, and the trees,

and all animated nature, and men, and shapeless idols, until bewildered fancy could imagine three hundred and thirty millions of gods !

That branch of the Ganges, most familiarly known to Europeans, is the Hoogley ; which passing Calcutta, the capital of British India, empties itself into the bay of Bengal, we may say between two remarkable TEERT'HU ST'HANU—*places of salvation*, to which the Hindoos have been accustomed to resort, that returning, or ne'er returning, they might bear witness that the people hold a perpetual lie in their right hand. Strange, that for ages, Gunga should have been adored as heaven descended, and been visited in ceaseless pilgrimage—and been born to be worshipped over all India ; when she empties herself unceasingly, as between the jaws of some nether hell ; as the only proper outlet to a stream, whose bosom swells from its uttermost heights, with the dying victims of superstition, from hoary age to the first breath of infancy !

The grand landmark by which this mouth of the Ganges is approached, is the temple of JUGUNATH, on the coast of Orissa ; the temple of the *ruler of the world* : how fearful a symbol of the cruelty of that religion, which has consecrat-

ed Gunga ; whose waters without much stretch of fancy, may be said to wash its base as on its western bank ; how fearfully showing, in its annual groans, and death—and in the whitening bones of men, covering the country round, for fifty miles, what havoc man makes of himself, when for the creature he forsakes the Creator. On leaving the temple of Juggūnath, the voyager, losing sight of land, sails eastward for the pilot ground, bordering the sand heads, formed by the influx of the mouths of the Ganges. On receiving a pilot, the dangerous passage is accomplished in a few hours, and the Hoogley is entered, washing on its eastern shore, the celebrated island of Saugor, the other *place of salvation*, to which we have referred as an emblem and symbol of that cruel religion, which Gunga patronizes from the foot of the mountains of Himalaya to the bay of Bengal—a fearful spot, guarded by the fiercest tygers and alligators, and sending up from deep jungles exhalations of death ; yet frequented twice a year by vast crowds, when many sacrifice themselves, and many a mother casts her helpless infant into the alligator's jaws, or leaves it the tyger's prey.

Unhappy land ! How strong the current of thy

sin ! How increasing the stream as it has flowed from age to age :—thy passing generations, refusing still to worship the uncreated BREMH, ever lingering in the borders of thy perverse mythology : refusing still to worship the author of thy annual rains, gathering over heavens of brass ; who makes thy seasons fruitful, and fills thee with food and gladness : refusing still to learn the lesson which tradition mingled with thy false religion, and choosing but the dregs of the patriarchal stream—refusing too the gospel ; of which remnants, few and feeble, prove thee a rejecter of the good news published to all nations.

Yet, India, there are healing streams for thee. There is a *heaven descended river*, which will yet flow through thy plains, and will drop down in rain, and distil in dew with the waters of salvation ; each drop of which, like the fabled Gunga, abounds with life, and is the precursor of the ever-flowing stream ; and as it flows amidst thy realms of death, it will raise thy people with a power so great and so benign, as amidst thy gathered, listening crowds, was never fancied of the sons of Sūgūrū.* Thou hast become wearied in

* 60,000 sons of Suguru were restored from their ashes, according to the legend, by the descent of Gunga.

the greatness of thy way ; long lost in the mazes of the wisdom of the East,—in self-confidence and pride. Even now, thou hast begun to receive from the fools of the West, the streams of salvation. From Britain, from Europe, from America, from thy sister valley, thou shalt receive the full stream of the gospel, and thy 100,000,000, and thy 400,000,000, shall rise in a spiritual and immortal life.*

But we turn to view the river—the rivers of the West, for ages watering and fattening their fertile valley, to be settled in the fulness of times, when the lessons of all ages should be ripened on the human mind, and its growing millions might be only blessed and a blessing :

Flowing in reserve: until the arts of men, struggling upwards, through the hindrances opposed by sin and Satan, should be ready to bless the valley of the West, covering its plains with every boon of life ; traversing, with ease, its impetuous rivers, and binding it, with its Eastern and Western neighbors, and the world, in useful and harmonious intercourse, giving and receiving all that can adorn and comfort the home of man ;

* Mr. Ward supposes that all Eastern Asia, including China, is under the influence of Hindooism.

—until the institutions of our pilgrim fathers, and the wisdom of Washington and his compatriots, and the British constitution, like the oak of Britain, spreading its branches, and strengthening its roots, beneath the storms which break off its rotten, useless limbs, should have given the opportunity of sheltering the happy valley under the protecting shade of a just, beneficent, and enduring government; wide enough to cover the mountains and the shores from sea to sea;—until the powers of the common mind should be understood, and education should have descended with her offer of knowledge into all the walks of life; and science should have become habited in the people's mother tongue, and the school, and the academy, and the lyceum, and the press, should be ready for the welcome of its growing population.

Flowing in reserve : until that boon was ready for a universal reception, which, received in part, had thus prepared the conveniences, and comforts, and growing knowledge for an earthly paradise;—until the idolatry of the ancient and modern world should have been seen by fearful exhibitions, as the offspring and the parent of vice and misery; and superstition had shown

what guilt and folly she could clothe in the garments of Christianity ; what malice, and misery, and blood she could lead on under the banner of the gospel ; and the nations, some in repentance, and some in disgust, had cast her chains, that man might reject all human lords from the temple of his worship, and come to the word of life, as the fountain of salvation ; and infidelity, the daughter of superstition, had broken her promise to mankind ;—until it was proved, by the ripened experience of all times, that neither idolatry, nor superstition, nor infidelity, have the promise of the life that now is, or that which is to come. And, at length, free from the *priestcraft of superstition*, and free from the *priestcraft of infidelity*, fearless of the papal frown, or the wicked man's sneer, the gathering people might wait on the message from heaven, and THE BIBLE, confirmed by the growing history of all times, first meet a universal welcome in the valley of the West, and a Christian people, the influx of all Christian nations, be cemented as ONE, by believing and obeying the word of life.

Flowing in reserve: until amidst the glories of the age of propagation, the gathering crowds from all Christian lands might know their privilege to

welcome to their heart the healing light, and to speed it through the world ; to receive and to convey the waters of salvation : and all the paths of emigration, eastern, western, northern, southern, might seem none other than the way of holiness, covered with the ransomed of the Lord ; while forth from every avenue, blessings should flow abroad upon the nations. Until, may we not say, Faith, matured by Providence for ages, and revived and cheered by success in all lands, had gained strength for the most difficult achievement, in the recovery of *two races of men*, lingering on the borders of the happy valley, almost until now, in hopeless despondency ; until the light reflected from the islands of the Pacific, from Caffraria and Guinea, and from Brainerd and Eliot, might shine upon the dark, ill-boding clouds, in the blest assurance, *The things that are impossible with men are possible with God* ; inviting to that heavenly skill and power, which may fix the remnant children of the Forest, in such goodly gardens, as shall make them lovely and beloved, in the future history of our country.

Nay, until that cloud, which even now lowers with the bursting storm, might seem glowing to the eye of faith with the most cheering of all encour-

agements, THE THINGS THAT ARE IMPOSSIBLE WITH MEN, ARE POSSIBLE WITH GOD ; when every feeling of despondency might be changed into prayer, and the hearts of tens of thousands ask wisdom of Him who will not upbraid when they ask His guidance, in recovering a *state of society*,* in which master and servant are alike unhappy ; until, as of old over the tabernacles of Israel, a guiding pillar shall be seen. It does not become the writer to presume to foresee whither

* The writer believes that the great question of the welfare of the servile population of the South will never be fairly met by the mingled benevolence of the country, until at the North, we regard their condition in the same light, as we do any other unhappy state of society which modern benevolence attempts to relieve ; that, for instance, of the idolaters of India ;—instead of urging the irritating charge of a crime. Viewing slave-holding as a crime, it were difficult to decide which were the most guilty, the masters, who by birth-right, hold the peasantry in a servile state ; or the slaves, who by the same tenure, hold the masters in a state of mastership ; a bondage more severe and more fearful than their own. As a state of society, generated like all other existing evils, in the errors of former times, it is bad ; a considerate master sees it to be so, without casting the blame upon the slave, who holds him in the unhappy condition of owner ; as a considerate slave may be supposed to do, without casting blame upon the master, who holds him in the condition of servility. It certainly becomes us at the North, who, without our care or payment, are placed in neither predicament, instead of blaming either, or calling for a disruption of society, ruinous to both parties, to unite with all the kindness and wisdom of the South in those measures, which may produce a gradual change, to the mutual advantage of all. Enough has been seen of the progress of society, under wise Christian applications at the present day to show that gradual, means neither sluggish nor slow. As to crime, they will be guilty, whether at the South or North, slave holders or spectators, who refuse to apply the principles of this age of benevolence to an unhappy state of society ; who waste their time and talents either in indolence or reproaches ; and refuse to labor in hope, even against hope, that He, who has released Polynesia from a worse bondage, will guide a Christian people in the attempt to bless their own servile population.

that pillar will guide the steps of a thoughtful and praying people ; how the triumph will be gained over one of the most difficult problems of human society. Yet, as we look, we cannot fail to see in no distant prospect, Africa—desolated, afflicted Africa, released from the oppression of the slave-dealer and his allies, her cruel and avaricious princes, and from the worship of gods and devils ;—and on the Senegal, and the Gambia, and the Mesurado, and the coast of the gulf of Guinea, inward to the Niger, and the Mountains of the Moon, a people renovated and blessed by their returning sons ;—the children returning to their mother's bosom, with the word of life ! And at home, that wisdom which Britain was reluctant to learn on the shores of the Ganges ; gaining by instruction, and kindness a sway over a virtuous and religious people, such as can never be held over ignorant and vicious minds ; and in ways, which prayer is yet to learn of the infinitely wise, blessing the African race more rapidly than a growing population can be removed from our shores ; so that while one division of the stormy cloud passes on, to drop down over Africa the saving dew and rain of the Word of God, the other may become the adorning of our own horizon.

Flowing in reserve: that the happy valley might have its settlement in the morning of earth's millenium ; that one spot on earth might form its habits at such an auspicious era, that at the last coming of the Redeemer, no rod of iron might need to be stretched forth over it, no potter's vessel to be dashed in pieces, no flesh of captains to be given to the fowls of the air, but blessed, and a blessing might welcome his coming ; that one spot on earth might be settled under such happy influences, as might sanctify its beginning and its progress ; and its tide of people, swelling from age to age, might flow into the ocean of immortal bliss, welcomed as they come to the bosoms of the patriarchs, who opened the fountains and enlarged the streams of a posterity so glorious ;—who led the way first to the rivers and the valley of the West, and thence to the paradise above, while angels, who rejoice over one redeemed, sound their welcome in chorus of rejoicings.

Here Pittsburgh, Cincinnati, Louisville, St. Louis, Natchez, New Orleans, fulfilling their promised numbers in their growing history, rise upon our view, centres of Christian influence, more hallowed than the famous cities of the Ganges ; and the Ohio, the Mississippi, the Mis-

souri, the Arkansas, flowing by other hallowed cities yet to rise, and by the well tilled and fruitful farms and gardens of a virtuous people, a multitude won by the kindness of the Creator to his worship ; while the matron states of the East, and the daughters of the farthest West, shall be bound to the central valley by the cords of filial and maternal love ; and the Union, from sea to sea, be secured by that divine covenant which subdues the heart of man ; by that oath which calls to witness the sun for a light by day, and the moon for a light by night, shining over it, and all the waves of the Atlantic and the Pacific roaring on its shores.

Yet fancy is no fool—no alien to reason and truth ; and in the glowing prospect sees that there is an option ; that only by practising the lessons of ages ; by yielding to the principles displayed in the history of centuries ; by co-operating with the means which divine Providence offers to the times ; by believing that it is possible with God to direct and aid the work which he demands of men, can the valley of the West possess its privilege. If the prospect shall arise and become a speedy and glorious reality, it will be because the settlers of the West, at such a time as never rolled on before, and in such favorable circum-

stances as never existed before, are such a studious, watchful, active, prayerful race, as never, on sea or river, laid the foundations of empire before. If it shall rise, the East will continue and increase their efforts for the West; and the West will welcome all the aid which the East will or can bestow; yet multiplying it a thousand fold; as their peerless valley, receiving the head waters of the rivers which enrich and adorn it, contributes ten thousand streamlets from its own bosom to increase them as they flow, and distills the dew, and drops down the rain on every field and plant; thus forming a bond of union as gentle and as everlasting as binds the Ohio to the Alleghany and Monongahela, and that double river to the mountains and fountains of the East.

If this glowing prospect shall become a reality, it will be because opportunity is met by a spirit of self-improvement, such as never gave impulse to infant state before; showing in every village and hamlet, amidst the humblest walks and works, such wisdom and refinement as were wont to be shown only on the high places and leisure grounds of society. It will be because science, education, philosophy, whether coming to the high or low, has laid aside her self-sufficiency, nor ven-

tures to teach her disciples with their eye withdrawn from the Infinitely Wise . . . because, with her demon cast out, Philosophy sits, with her train of disciples, at the feet of Jesus in her right mind, preserving thus the valley of the West from entering such a maze of folly and ruin as was opened by the boastful, baneful wisdom of the East: because the growing people look upward to the PRINCE and SAVIOUR, asking and receiving that gift of the Spirit, which even now is poured forth, claiming the universal welcome of the valley of the West, because they join the company which publishes the gospel—blessed, by blessing others.

Happy land! Wilt thou be blessed and a blessing? Ye emigrants from the Atlantic shore, descending the rivers and the lakes: ye people of all Christian lands,—will ye enter on your inheritance, harvesting the ripened wisdom of ages? Free from the bondage of superstition, and the licentiousness of irreligion, will ye inherit your fertile valley, in the liberty of the gospel? Or shall we look again—unwilling—down the vista of a people, false to their opportunity; *traitors* to posterity? . . . See those clouds of smoke, once ready to vanish away, thickened again and covering the whole valley with one

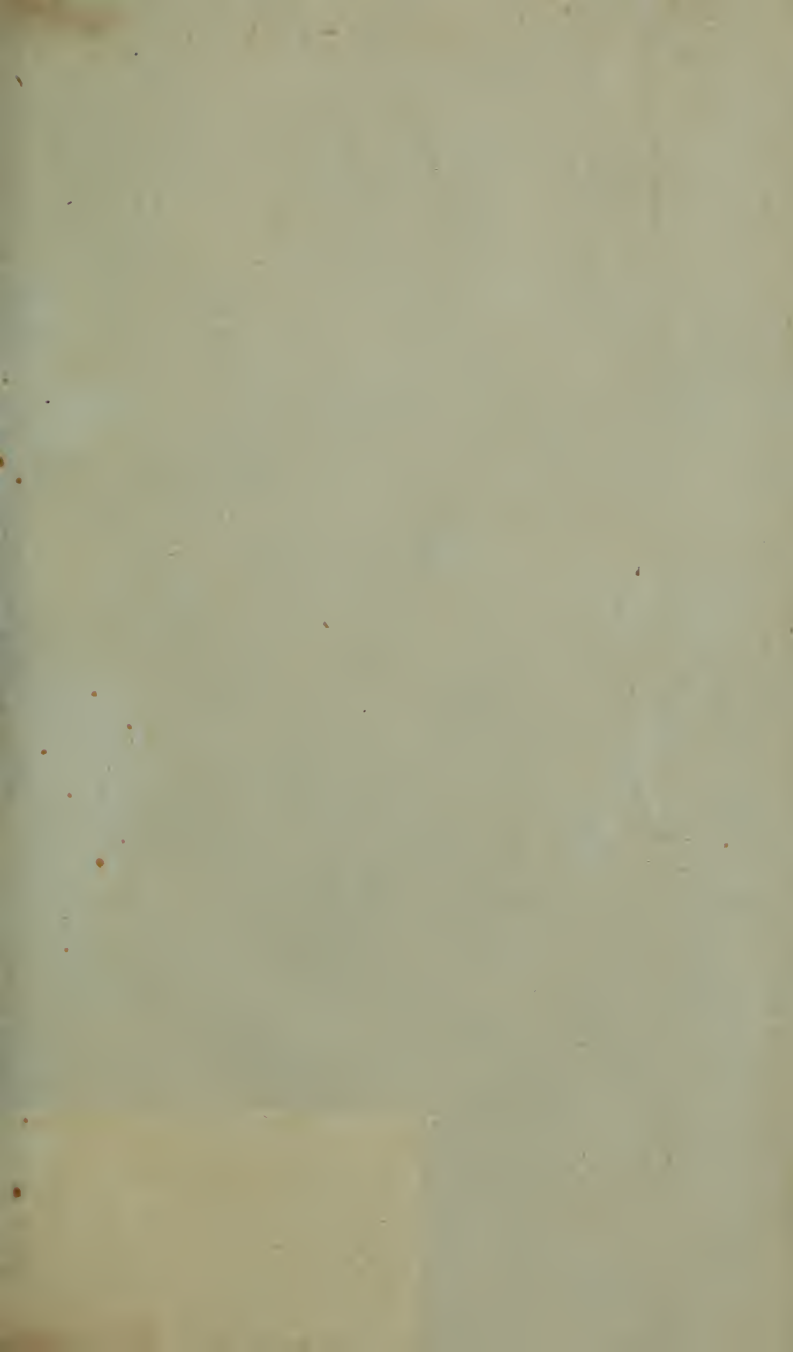
dark cloud, underneath which the liquid fire parts from its harmless companions, that it may be poured into the bosoms of a vicious people, and speed them on in folly, debauchery, and violence ! See those hapless families wasted with poverty amidst the riches of the valley of the West ; those hamlets, villages, continuing late at the cup in contention and blood, amidst the beauties of those moonlight evenings ; and breaking even the chains of debauchery to desecrate those balmy mornings with violence and wrong ! . . . Hark !—hear those oaths, mingled with loud laughter, the mockery of happiness ! Hear those yells of anger, more fearful than the ancient war whoop ! those loud voices, within that inn, amidst that liquid fire ; the horsewhip—the bludgeon—the pistol ! See genteel malice—murder in the garb of honor—the fashion of the times ! See those freemen at the polls, symbolizing the liberty of their inheritance, by ribaldry and oaths, and staggering, and bruises, and blood, and eyeless, ghastly countenances ! See that fearful panorama of a valley too fertile—opportunity too favorable ; of posterity cursed by the folly and the guilt of an ancestry self-wise ; posterity, willingly polluted, until the gangrene spreading

from the vitals shall have destroyed the whole body, and the republic shall lie a loathsome carcass, the abhorring of all lands—from which the ransomed empires of the world shall turn to worship the Lord on a new earth, and under new heavens!

Alas! the decision is at hand. The valley of the West, reserved for settlement in the last, best days, will not come to its crisis by the slow process of less favored times. Nay, the nations of the earth with it, on the heights of opportunity, will with it hasten to the crisis. The hopes of the world will not linger much longer on the sin and folly of man. The lesson of ages is nearly complete; and the favored valley must welcome it to her heart, or be hastened to her ruin. If she will be faithless to her opportunity, and enter the mazes of superstition or irreligion, then will human passions hasten with more speed and more acrimony, than was ever known before, to the havoc of men, without waiting for the slow progress from licentiousness to despotism, and from despotism to revolution, in their partial, ceaseless round of desolation; but rousing themselves in all the subdivisions of society, will fill the land with violence and wrong; or, since there

is a power which, as of old, knows how to arrest the violence of men, human passions may be outstripped by the pestilence walking in darkness and raging at noon-day ; as has been only faintly shadowed on the banks of the Ganges ; sweeping the valley of the Mississippi, and the border heights of the Rocky and the Alleghany mountains, and the Atlantic and the Pacific shores, until a ~~dominant~~ ^{dominant}, great or small, shall welcome HIM who ruleth over men !

But we turn with horror from the sight ; nay, with hope, that the last great valley, reserved for settlement until now, will need neither human violence, nor judicial pestilence, to cleanse it for the millennial reign of the SON OF MAN ; no breaking with a rod of iron ; no dashing in pieces like a potter's vessel ; no giving of the flesh of captains to the fowls of the air : that one spot on earth, reserved for settlement in the happiest times, shall so early and so fully yield to the Redeemer, that only in mercy shall it see the signs of his coming, until with unbroken harmony the Mississippi shall say to the Ganges, and the Ganges to the Mississippi, the Western to the Eastern, and the Eastern to the Western world, "COME YE, AND LET US WALK IN THE LIGHT OF THE LORD."



Deacidified using the Bookkeeper process.
Neutralizing agent: Magnesium Oxide
Treatment Date: April 2005

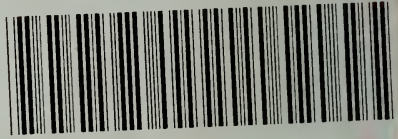
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