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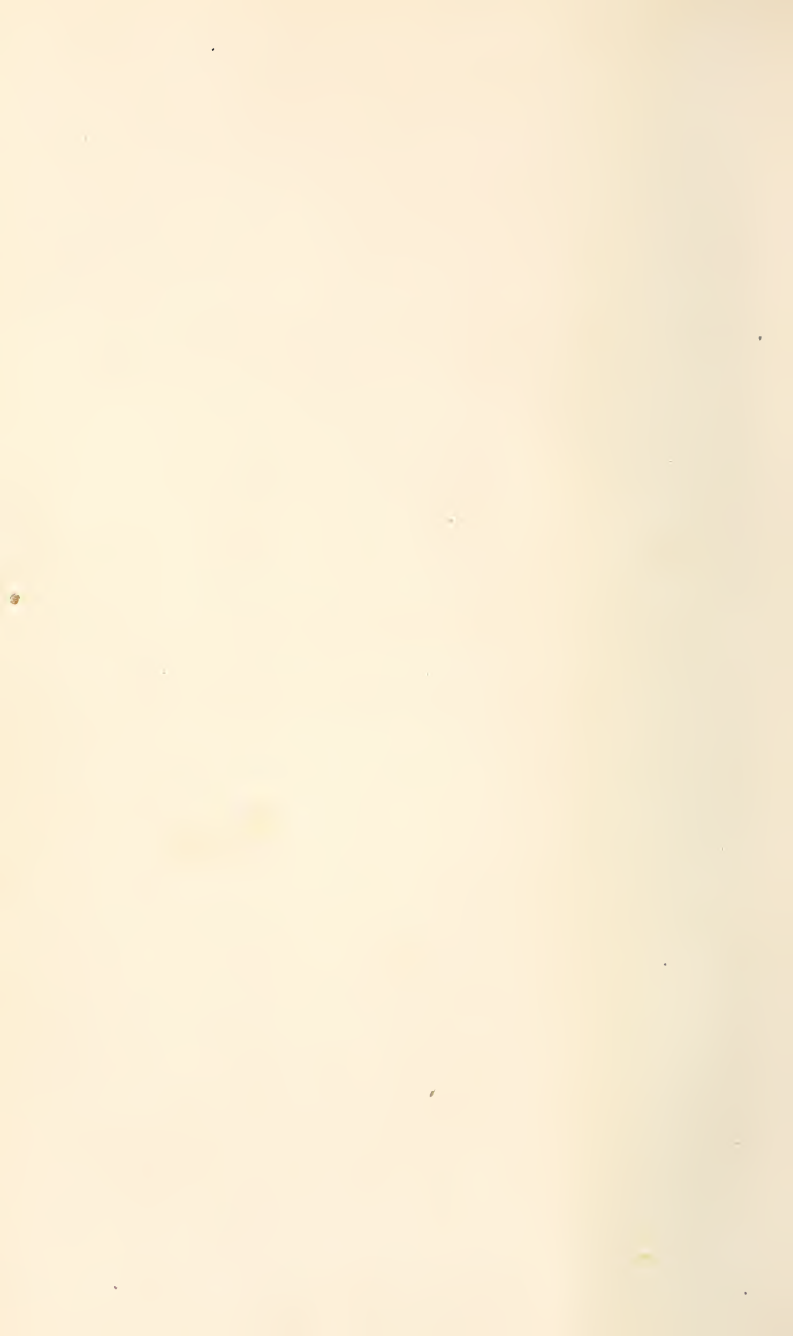
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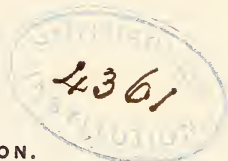
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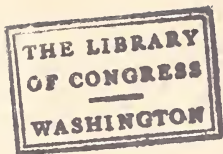
FOR THE PEOPLE.

BY
T. H. STOCKTON.

SECOND EDITION.

PITTSBURGH:
A. H. ENGLISH & CO. PUBLISHERS,
No. 79 WOOD STREET.
1854.





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PITTSBURGH, PA.

TO

MY FATHER,

AS A TOKEN OF CONSTANTLY INCREASING AFFECTION:

TO THE

METHODIST PROTESTANT CHURCH,

AS A MEMORIAL OF DENOMINATIONAL ASSOCIATIONS:

AND TO

ALL WHO LOVE THE LORD JESUS CHRIST,

AS AN HUMBLE EXPRESSION OF ARDENT DESIRE TO BE IDENTIFIED WITH
THEM, ON EARTH AND IN HEAVEN:

This Volume

IS RESPECTFULLY AND PRAYERFULLY INSCRIBED

BY

THE AUTHOR.

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P R E F A C E.

LAST autumn, while in Pittsburgh, the ministerial brother who appears as one of the publishers suggested to me the propriety of printing, or having printed, a volume of my sermons—proposing a very efficient interest in it, on his own part. Soon after, the business firm, now united with him in the enterprise, proffered an arrangement promising to be still more efficient, and, at the same time, to relieve me from all responsibility and care, except as to the contents of the work. For various reasons, these applications seemed to be opportune interventions of an ever-watchful and ever-gracious Providence: and, therefore, though utterly unexpected, I consented to the plan, and proceeded to co-operate with my friends in its consummation. The book herewith submitted is the result.

And now—what kind of a book is it? Others are accountable for whatever opinions they may please to express concerning it; but, according to my own consciousness, the chief facts are the following:

1. It is not an artistic book—at least, in the sense of conforming studiously, patiently, and skillfully, to any original or adopted model or models. I never made a model—never sought a model—never prepared a sermon in this way.

2. It is a book which owes its origin and character to simple natural and spiritual impulses—every sermon in it starting as a spring starts from the hill-side, and flowing on according to the unforeseen provision of the most convenient channel.

3. It is a very miscellaneous book—showing no regularly sustained preference for any class of subjects, mode of discussion, or peculiarities of style. Certain discourses, remembered in the locality where the project arose, were specially called for, and a few of these are given. They were desired “as they were delivered:” and this fact, with the want of time, prevented any considerable alteration of them. Of the whole number, only four have been re-written for this publication: and of these four, only one has been much enlarged or improved. So far as the assumption of subjects is concerned, some of these productions date back to the first year of my ministry—a quarter of a century since, when just out of my boyhood. Others belong to the last two or three years. Two of them have been previously printed.

4. Of course, it is a book without pretensions—except of the most modest kind. There is no learning in it—according to the ordinary professional understanding of the term: for the simple reason—which I greatly regret, though not without excuse—that there is none in the author himself. It is the mere mind and heart of an English reader and American thinker—with the Bible and the world open before him, and somewhat, he humbly trusts, of the piteous help of the Holy Spirit within him. It comes unostentatiously to the homes

and sympathies of the people—especially of such as believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and are anxious, above all things, to love and serve him, and so find their way to a perfect and imperishable heaven.

5. It is not, in all respects, such a book as I should have chosen to issue, if my own wishes alone had been consulted, and leisure had been allowed for more deliberate selection and adjustment. Still, it may do as much good as any other I could have furnished. But, my specific meaning is this. The most of my sermons, perhaps, are serials. Indeed, about half of those here presented belong to nearly as many different series. One of these series comprises thirty sermons—discussing the whole of the thirteenth chapter of First Corinthians. The best of my manuscripts—if any of them have any worth—are in this form—including, severally, five, ten, fifteen, twenty, or thirty sermons: being more or less extended, as the channel windings have invited the onflow of truth from the heights of revelation to the expansions of society; whence the Father, like the sun, and Christ, like the cloud, and the Spirit, like the wind, are always sure to bear all truth back again, renewed in freshness and purity, and without the waste of a drop. Trusting that this sudden natural association has not betrayed me into any irreverence, I return to the insignificance of my own instrumentality by saying, that my own choice would probably have been in favor of a volume of serial sermons—as, for instance, one on the Mediation of Christ; or, the Authority of the Bible; or, the Excellency of Christianity; or, the Gospel as the Power of God unto Salvation; or, the Supremacy of Love: or some other similarly important subject—so securing a more homogeneous and equal issue. Still, as already intimated, this, for the present, may be better.

And now, I can only pray God to prevent the book from doing harm, and grant, if it can be so, that it may be blest in the accomplishment of some good. He has honored me with various classes of friends, who, I fear, are more sympathetic with me than with each other. I allude to Methodists, to isolated Independents, to co-operative Independents, and to Christian Unionists and Reformers of various denominations. Can I hope to please all by such a book as this? Why not? Let us all draw nearer to Christ, and so come nearer to each other.

T. H. S.

BALTIMORE, July 24, 1854.

PREFACE TO THE SECOND EDITION.

The author desires to make some grateful acknowledgment of the blessing of Providence, and the kindness of his friends, as manifest in the warm welcome and quick exhaustion of the first edition of his book. It has been in his heart to do something more than this—to accompany the second edition with certain corrective and illustrative notes: but there is no time for such preparations. He can only commend the volume again to the goodness of God and the favor of his people.

CHRIST CRUCIFIED;

AS REGARDED BY JEWS, GREEKS, AND CHRISTIANS.

“For the Jews require a sign, and the Greeks seek after wisdom; but we preach Christ crucified, unto the Jews a stumbling-block, and unto the Greeks foolishness; but unto them which are called, both Jews and Greeks, Christ the power of God, and the wisdom of God.”—1 COR. Ch. i: 22, 23, 24.

THE subject thus presented, is of universal, perpetual, and incomparable interest. It has been chosen, in good hope, through grace, that the opening of it may be the means of instant, enduring, and saving influence. And so—may our due attention to it be accompanied by the best blessing of “the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.” Amen.

I propose,

1. A Summary Scriptural and Historical Rehearsal of the Apostolic Proclamation.
2. A Review, more at large, of its Reputed Feebleness and Folly: and
3. A Closing Contemplation of its Real and Divine Power and Wisdom.

I. THE APOSTOLIC PROCLAMATION.

The most important particulars, in this wonderful announcement, are the following:

1. The Nature of Christ:
2. The Expectation of Christ:
3. The Advent of Christ:

4. The Person of Christ:
5. The Character of Christ:
6. The Death of Christ: and,
7. The Design of the Death of Christ.

1. AS to the NATURE of Christ—herein, it is confessed, is the chief mystery of the series. “Without controversy, great is the mystery of godliness: God was manifest in the flesh.” It is not strange, that being thus manifest, He should be “justified in the Spirit, seen of angels, preached unto the Gentiles, believed on in the world, received up into glory.” Rather, these things succeed, as matters of course. But, that God should reveal himself, personally and permanently, in the flesh—this is the mystery.

Still, it is certain, that the Apostles proclaimed Christ as a Being divine as well as human; uniting in himself all the original and essential attributes of Godhead and manhood. This proclamation, however, involved the disclosure of another mystery—a distinction in the Divine nature; the distinction of Father and Son, or, as fully stated, in the perfect and infinitely sacred Christian formula—the distinction of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. In accordance with this distinction, the manifestation in the flesh was reported as confined to the person of the Son. Here, then, is the whole mystery in regard to the nature of Christ. It is a two-fold mystery—that he is God and man; and that, in each relation, he is a Son—the Son of God, and the Son of man. So, substantially, the Apostles proclaimed him, to their latest breath. And so, in the records of their inspiration, and in his name, and by his authority, they continue, unto this day, to challenge the faith of the world.

I have used the qualifying term, substantially, for the

sake of agreement, as far as practicable, with all who admit that the Apostolic proclamation included, in any form, the divinity of Christ. Some Trinitarians prefer to distinguish the Divine nature of Christ by the title of the Word, restricting the title of Son entirely to his human nature. It is remarkable, however, that in the only instance in which this form occurs—"the Father, the Word, and the Holy Ghost,"—it is generally conceded to be an interpolation, even by the most orthodox critics. To my own mind, the two titles appear equivalent and interchangeable—the Word being the name of the Son of God, as Jesus is the name of the Son of man.

Without pausing to expand this topic, as it might be expanded, it must suffice to say, that human sonship, however mysterious, is an indisputable fact; that, therefore, Divine Sonship is a philosophical faith; that the union of the Divine and human natures in a two-fold Sonship, is equally philosophical; and that it were quite as reasonable to deny the fact first stated, as to deny either of the propositions which follow it. Of course, Christ, as the Son of God, is like his Father—equally divine; and, as the Son of man, is like his mother, or his earthly ancestry in whole—equally human. So, at least, the subject now appears.

It may be well, in passing, to notice these facts:—that, often as the foregoing titles are found in the New Testament, our Saviour never applied the higher one to himself, except on a few extraordinary occasions; while, on the other hand, not even in a single instance, did his Apostles address him by the lower one. The exceptions alluded to, on our Saviour's part, are exceedingly interesting. Take the three following:—On one occasion, he made a most impressive distinction be-

tween his two natures, and two titles, in relation to two of His most important offices. "Verily, verily, I say unto you, the hour is coming, and now is, when the dead shall hear the voice of the Son of God; and they that hear shall live. For as the Father hath life in himself, so hath he given to the Son to have life in himself." This agrees exactly with what the same Evangelist records of the Word—"In him was life; and the life was the light of men." It is the Son of God, or the Word, who has life in himself, even as the Father has life in himself; and, therefore, is qualified to impart life, to quicken the dead, to cause the resurrection. "And," proceeds our Saviour, "hath given him authority to execute judgment also, because he is the Son of man." See! here is a change—a change of office, and a corresponding change of title. As first stated, he has power to raise the dead, because he is the Son of God: and, as next stated, he has "authority to execute judgment also, because he is the Son of man." On the other occasions referred to, the exceptions occurred in reply to inquiries as to his being the Christ; one of them proceeding from the people, and the other from the Sanhedrim—both of them of great moment. In the first instance, being yet at liberty, "Jesus walked in the temple in Solomon's porch. Then came the Jews round about him, and said unto him, How long dost thou make us to doubt? If thou be the Christ, tell us plainly." The answer, after a little admonition, was this:—"I and my Father are one," or, as presently interpreted, "I am the Son of God." Twice during this avowal, though they had drawn it from him by their own solicitations, the Jews attempted to stone him. In the other instance, being under arrest, and in the presence of the Council, the high priest "said unto him, I adjure

thee, by the living God, that thou tell us whether thou be the Christ, the Son of God. Jesus saith unto him, Thou hast said ;” and, having thus completed his testimony before the Jewish nation, repeating to its highest authorities what he had previously declared to the populace, he turned immediately to his preferred title, adding—“Nevertheless, I say unto you, hereafter shall ye see the Son of man sitting on the right hand of power, and coming in the clouds of heaven.” The result, in this case, was his instant condemnation, as “guilty of death,” and the cruel abuse of his holy person.

With such exceptions, Christ called himself the Son of Man. His Apostles, however, frequently styled him the Son of God; never, as already mentioned, addressing him by the former title. Why was this difference? The fact was duly stated, in each form: but why this habitual preference, by each party, of one title to the other? Let it not be considered irreverent, if, in part, I humbly answer thus. To me, there seems to be something, on both sides, like the natural sentiment of wonder, excited by the novelty of the circumstances. On this supposition, to Christ himself the wonder was, that he, who had been known, adored, and worshipped from the beginning of the creation, as the Son of God, in heaven, should thus obscurely dwell, as the Son of man, on earth! To the Apostles, however, who were sadly familiar with the degradation of our own nature, the wonder was, that one in the guise of the Son of man, should be, in reality, the Son of God! Strange!—even Christ might think—that I, the Son of God, should be the Son of man! Strange!—his Apostles might muse—that he, the Son of man, should be the Son of God! With all the magnificent contempla-

tions and reminiscences of eternity thronging his mind, in constant contrast to the little things of time, attracting his senses—to Christ himself, his passing humiliation may have been far more impressive than his former proper and exclusive pre-eminence. To his Apostles, on the contrary, who knew nothing of the spiritual world but by faith and fancy, the more subduing sensation was awakened by the ascending and peerless relations of the homeless pilgrim, whom they acknowledged as their Lord and Master, to the kingdom, throne and bosom of the God and Father of all. The feeling is the same, though differently excited, and varying in its degrees of clearness and power. Behold! I, the conscious Son of God, am, indeed, the Son of man! Behold! Jesus, the Son of man, must be the Son of God!

It may be, moreover, that Christ made these common references to his humanity, in part at least, to forestall, by his own authority, the heresies which he must have known would soon arise in this relation. His Apostles, being destitute of this foreknowledge, did not then appreciate this reason. Their Master was still with them, and they, and the world, saw him daily, in all the ordinary conditions of humanity, except sin. So far, no instance is recorded, even of doubt in regard to his true manhood. Before the close of the Apostolic age, however, this fact was not only doubted, but denied; on which account, the writings of John, the last of the inspired authors, are distinguished by so many and such decided corrections of the error. But, from the very beginning, it was necessary for the elect witnesses of Christ to be qualified to assert the divinity of their Lord; for this, notwithstanding the public demonstrations of it, was generally rejected. Therefore, prior to the crucifixion, Peter was prepared, by

acknowledged revelation from the Father, to affirm:—“Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God;” and again, in more obvious comprehension of his official associates—“We believe, and are sure, that thou art that Christ, the Son of the living God.” In like manner, long afterward, John testified that—“Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God;” and that, whatever mysteries may attend the relation, “He is antichrist, that denieth the Father and the Son”—that is, he is against the whole doctrine of the Christ; denies that there ever was, is, or can be such a being as the Christ; who denies the distinction between the Father and the Son; for, if there be no Son, there is no Christ. And so, it is reported of Paul, the author of our text, that, as soon as he was converted, “he preached Christ in the synagogues,” and, especially, “that he is the Son of God.” In the same spirit, he subsequently wrote to the Romans confessing that Christ “was made of the seed of David, according to the flesh;” but adding, nevertheless, that he was “declared to be the Son of God with power, according to the spirit of holiness, by the resurrection from the dead.” True, the world objected then, as it still objects, to this doctrine of the union of divinity and humanity; but the Apostle carefully guarded the churches against its scepticism, saying, as in his epistle to the Colossians—“Beware, lest any man spoil you, through philosophy and vain deceit, after the tradition of men, after the rudiments of the world, and not after Christ. For”—he continued, taking advantage of the occasion to re-assert the great and glorious truth with the utmost possible distinctness and emphasis—“For in him dwelleth all the fullness of the Godhead, bodily.” Indeed, similar passages are so numerous, so clear, so strong, and so conclusive, that, were it not for claims

on our respect which cannot be charitably or even justly resisted, we should not hesitate to declare, that doubting implies ignorance, and denial is blasphemy. As it is, we pity our common nature, and cherish love, and pray for light.

2. As to the EXPECTATION of Christ—even a slight acquaintance with sacred and profane history is sufficient to assure us that such a sentiment had prevailed, universally among the Jews, and to a considerable extent among the Gentiles, for ages before the time of the Apostles. Nothing is easier than to account for this fact. It was the natural consequence of the course of divine revelation. The Christ was first announced to our first parents—the parents of all living—and so became the traditional hope of all nations. In the new world, the promise was repeated to Abraham—the father, not indeed of all nations, but still, of a multitude of nations; the Ishmaelites, Edomites, Israelites, and others, all of whom cherished and diffused the glorious intelligence. Abraham, himself, it must be remembered, was a Missionary of Revelation—passing from Chaldea to Mesopotamia, and thence to Canaan, to Egypt, and to Canaan again, as the friend and witness of the Almighty. In after times, when the Kingdom of Israel was firmly established, the promise was renewed to David, and so became an element of great strength in the perpetual devotion of the people to his royal house, and an occasion of no little jealousy to the authorities which superseded it, whether native or foreign. Besides the promise, however, a vast variety of corresponding anticipations of Christ, both typical and prophetic, accumulated among the Jews, and, by their agency, either active or passive, became more or less known to the whole world. By the original captivity

in Egypt; by the exodus from Egypt; by the sojourn in the desert; by the invasion and occupancy of Canaan; by the formation of political alliances; by the extensions of commerce; by voluntary migrations; by the captivity and dispersion of the Ten Tribes; by the captivity and return of Judah; by the multiplication of colonies in all lands, with their peculiarities of language, worship, and periodical returns to the Temple at Jerusalem; by the researches of philosophic pilgrims, within the limits of the Hebrew language and literature; by the circulation of the Septuagint version of the Holy Scriptures; and by all the subsequent commingling of nations consequent upon the alternations of Egyptian, Greek and Roman ascendancy—the original announcement, and many of its successive confirmations and illustrations, were made the common heritage of our speculative race.

As the moment drew near for the rise of “the Sun of Righteousness,” the horizon flushed and flashed with rosy suffusions and radiant scintillations. “For about eighty years before the birth of Christ,” says one of the best historians, “the world became filled with prophecies of all sorts:” among which “were several which foretold the coming of the Messiah, and the greatness, bliss, and righteousness of his kingdom.”* It is a grave historic record, that—“After Pompey captured Jerusalem, about forty-three years before the Christian era, it was believed at Rome, that the Jews would produce, or, as Suetonius informs us on the authority of Julius Marathus, that nature was about to bring forth a king; and the historian adds, that the Senate passed a decree, that no child born that year should be brought

* Prideaux's *Connexion*, vol. 2, p. 404.

up, but that those who drew the prophecy to themselves defeated the decree." * The attempt to draw the prophecy to themselves was made, indeed, by many; from the chief men in Rome to the humblest marauders in Judea. Julius Cæsar lost his life in an effort which he sought to strengthen by this prediction. Lentulus idly leaned on the same mystic support. "At the birth of Augustus," remarks the same authority just cited, "flattery directed the expectations of men to him, as to the predicted King; and a similar adulation continued to apply the descriptions, which were derived from traditions, from the Scriptures, and from intercourse with the Jews, to his offspring, long after the birth of Christ." Herod, the Great, also exhibited various Messianic pretensions; and had a party to sustain him in them, not only at Jerusalem, but likewise at Rome. Theudas, Judas of Galilee, and others, retiring to the deserts, raised the same banner, and endeavored to rally the people around it. Moreover, it is worthy of observation, though somewhat beyond our proper range, that the Jews, notwithstanding their rejection of the true Messiah, ventured upon their last war in hope of the fulfillment of this prophecy; and that their celebrated historian, Josephus, saved his life, or at least procured his liberty, and so found facilities for composing his works, by applying the same prediction to Vespasian, their conqueror.

In the New Testament, and particularly in the Gospels, incidental illustrations of this topic are everywhere observable. In Elizabeth's salutation, in Mary's thanksgiving, and in the prophecy of Zacharias; in Simeon's blessing, and in Anna's acknowledgment; in the wise

* Gray's Connection, vol. 1, pp. 243-4.

men's search, in Herod's trouble, and in the Council's answer; in the appearance of John the Baptist, in the multitudes that attended his ministry, and in the priestly mission to inquire into his claims; in the special statement, that "the people were in expectation, and all men mused in their hearts of John, whether he were the Christ or not;" in the appearance of Jesus, proclaiming—"The time is fulfilled," and the great multitudes which thronged his path; in the tidings from Andrew to Simon, and from Philip to Nathaniel; in the confession of Nathaniel; in the inquiry of the two disciples of John; in the statement of the woman of Samaria; in the persuasion of the people of Samaria; in the desire of the Galileans to make Jesus their king; in the prayer of the woman of Canaan, and the cry of the blind beggars, and the shouts of the triumphal procession, and the chantings of the children in the temple to the "Son of David;" in the demand of the people to be delivered from doubt; in their opinion of the law, in relation to Christ; in the reference of the Apostles to the teachings of the scribes, on the same subject; in our Saviour's warnings against false Christs; in the high-priest's adjuration; in Pilate's examination; in Herod's mockery; in the dying request of the penitent thief; in the taunts and jeers of the mob about the cross; in the character of Joseph of Arimathea, "who also, himself, waited for the Kingdom of God;" in the sad reminiscence of the two disciples, on their way to Emmaus—"We trusted that it had been he which should have redeemed Israel"—as though constrained to conclude that they were doomed to another and unequalled disappointment; in all these, and in other instances, and their various connexions, may be found abundant disclosures of the prevailing expectation, not

only on the part of the Jews themselves, but, also, among the strangers with them, and the nations around them. The simple truth, of course, is, that it was the right time for the expectation to become prevalent. Therefore, says Paul, in regard to both the birth and death of Christ—"When the fullness of the time was come, God sent forth his Son, made of a woman, made under the law:"—"When we were yet without strength, in due time Christ died for the ungodly."

Such intimations, though not complete, and though most of them do not attain to the true dignity of the nature of Christ, may yet suffice in this connexion. To my own mind, there is great interest in this point. "What shall this man do?" said Peter to Christ, after the resurrection, and in relation to John. "Jesus saith unto him, If I will that he tarry till I come, what is that to thee? Follow thou me." From this reply, the disciples inferred, though Jesus did not say it, that John would never die—that he would live on earth until the Second Advent. Here, it may be, is one of the occasions of the mysterious fiction of the Wandering Jew; a story so readily made impressive, and which is commonly traced to a sadder source. In fact, so fugitive is our present condition, such frequent and startling incidents prompt the cry—"what shadows we are, and what shadows we pursue!"—that the thought of any intelligent agent surviving many human generations, and remaining continually connected with the affairs of the world, cannot be otherwise than impressive. But how much more so, than in any other imaginable case, is the contemplation of the real Christ—the Son of the living God! It seems, however, that the expectation of Christ, instead of transcending the promise, did not equal its divine grandeur. The Gentiles may

not have expected even an immortal Christ. Perhaps the Jews, generally speaking, notwithstanding an opposite indication already alluded to, did not expect an immortal Christ. "We all expect"—said Trypho, in the dialogue with Justin Martyr—"that Christ will be a man born of human parents." So it may have been with most of his countrymen, prior to the coming of Christ. Therefore, they may have judged that Christ, like his parents, and within similar limits, would be naturally subject to death. Moreover, as to the pre-existence of Christ, it is probable that this doctrine was nearly lost in their ordinary worldly misconceptions and aspirations. And yet, surely, such of them as were at all spiritual must have had higher notions. Such of them as were familiar with the Holy Scriptures, must have understood the matter more worthily. Indeed, the cases already specified involve various proofs of this fact. Certain it is, that the Scriptures themselves soar infinitely above all merely natural views. Certain it is, that they represent Christ as one of whom it is not too much to say, "Lord, thou hast been our dwelling-place in all generations. Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever thou hadst formed the earth and the world, even from everlasting to everlasting, thou art God." Certain it is, that the expectation of Christ, excited by them, however much it became perverted and reduced, was designed to have all the impressiveness about it derived from the contemplation of a being "whose goings forth have been from of old, from the days of eternity;" and who survives and superintends not only many but all generations. This is the true view—a view unutterably magnificent and splendid. Here is the contrast, the grand contrast, the divine contrast, to all the ephemeral phenomena of human existence—the

original, universal, and perpetual personal sympathy; the frequent personal appearance, and final personal and permanent manifestation in the flesh, of the Son and Heir of God, "the Image and Glory of God," "the brightness of the Father's glory, and the express image of his person." So, at last, the Apostles, to their great surprise, and assured joy, came clearly and fully to understand it. Their faith died with the Son of man, but rose again with the Son of God—like him, to live forever. Then they went forth, not only to take advantage of the expectation of Christ, but to proclaim its proper character—to correct and exalt the sentiments of all who entertained it. As Paul declared to the Athenians, the "unknown God" whom they ignorantly worshipped, so all the Apostles declared, to both Jews and Gentiles, the Unknown Christ whom they ignorantly expected. They appealed to the Inspired Records of the promises, types, and prophecies of Christ; explaining and applying them with infallible precision and irresistible power. In accordance with these, they represented Christ as the one whom "Moses," and "all the prophets, from Samuel, and those that follow after, as many as have spoken, have likewise foretold," the one worthy to be, not only the "Hope of Israel," but, also, "the Desire of all nations;" speaking "peace unto the heathen," and having "his dominion from sea to sea, and from the river to the ends of the earth."

3. As to the ADVENT of Christ—the Apostles proclaimed this, with the utmost solemnity, every day, in every presence, at every risk, as a fact of which they were personal and fully qualified witnesses. They averred that they had been his disciples, had heard his instructions and seen his works; had communed with him under all circumstances, long and intimately, and

were acting as his chosen and anointed ambassadors. They could all say, in the language of John, "That which was from the beginning, which we have heard, which we have seen with our eyes, which we have looked upon, and which our hands have handled, of the Word of Life; (for the Life was manifested, and we have seen it, and bear witness, and show unto you that eternal life which was with the Father, and was manifested unto us;) that which we have seen and heard declare we unto you, that ye also may have fellowship with us; and truly our fellowship is with the Father, and with his Son Jesus Christ." Even Paul himself, though after the ascension, was converted by a personal interview with Christ, and, therefore, he also was enabled to affirm that he had seen the Lord, and heard his voice, and received the Gospel from his lips, and been invested by his hands, with the Apostolical office. At the same time, they announced that the great fact to which they thus testified was not confined to their own observation, but was abundantly demonstrated, during a succession of years, in the presence of the whole nation to which they belonged, and of the myriads of strangers constantly within its limits. I need not say more on this topic.

4. As to the PERSON of Christ, the Apostles referred, always and only, to Jesus of Nazareth. With full knowledge of the history of his life, they reported it freely and frankly; making no questionable effort to conceal or misrepresent any part of it. They dwelt not, with exclusive boasting, on the indications of his divinity, but blended with these all the tokens of his humanity. They published as faithfully his voluntary poverty, and lowly associations, and bodily and spiritual sufferings; as they did, the infinitude of his resources, and the

instant submission of heaven and earth to his commands. They were as prompt to repeat his plaintive saying, "The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests, but the Son of man hath not where to lay his head," as they were to describe how his countenance kindled and glowed with the glory of the Son of God, when he said, "In my Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you." They stated as readily, if not as cheerfully, that the tears of humanity streamed from his eyes, at the tomb of Lazarus; as they did, that the voice of divinity issued from his lips, and awoke the dead to life. In a word, judging their preaching by the specimens recorded in the book of Acts, as well as by the general character of the Gospels and Epistles, they told the whole story of the humble Nazarene, with perfect simplicity and candor—its reproach, as well as its honor; its afflictions, as well as its triumphs—always, however, insisting upon it, as a fact so firmly established in their convictions that they would attest its reality even unto death, that this same Jesus was the Christ. So Peter, on the day of Pentecost, in the midst of Jerusalem, cut thousands to the heart when he closed his sermon with the convicting and criminating cry—"Therefore, let all the house of Israel know assuredly, that God hath made that same Jesus, whom ye have crucified, both Lord and Christ." And so Paul "confounded the Jews which dwelt at Damascus," (and everywhere else, as it might be added), "proving that this is the very Christ."

Here, if it could be done within due limits, I should delight to enlarge. Never before was such a work undertaken; never before were such results achieved. It was nothing less than the moral conquest of the

world. I have reviewed the Acts and the Epistles, more carefully than ever, on purpose to ascertain, more distinctly than ever, the course which the Apostles pursued. I can only remark now, that, amidst all the varieties of their natural and supernatural action, it is particularly interesting to witness the form and effect of their logic, the irresistible force and influence of their inspired reasoning. I allude chiefly to the examples of Peter and Paul, especially to Paul's example. The staple of their argument consisted of two main facts in the history of Jesus of Nazareth, as fulfilling the requirements of the scriptural prophecies in relation to the Christ. As to the prophecies, according to the language of Peter in his second epistle, and according to the common sentiments of the Jews, they "came not in old time by the will of man: but holy men of God spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost." They were national, standard, decisive authorities; from which there could be no appeal. As to the facts, including, of course, their proper accessories and relations, these were—the death and resurrection of Jesus; the former acknowledged by all, the latter amply sustained, both by human testimony and by divine sanctions. It only remained to bring the prophecies and facts rightly together, and, in the progress and heat of the controversy which ensued, they were fairly welded forever. Behold Peter addressing the nations on the day of Pentecost; addressing the Jews, in Solomon's Porch; addressing their Council on different occasions, and then addressing the Gentiles at Cæsarea. Though somewhat modified by the auditories and occasions, still the argument is substantially the same: the crucifixion, the resurrection, and the predictions of both. Behold Paul, also, at Antioch, at Thessalonica, at

Athens, at Corinth, at Ephesus, at Miletus, at Cæsarea, and at Rome; in the synagogue, the market, the court, the palace; before the people, the priests, the philosophers, the judges, the kings—pursuing the same plain and successful course. But why these hurried references? Let me give you at least one fuller illustration. It is one that illuminates the whole history. See Paul and Silas “came to Thessalonica, where was a synagogue of the Jews: and Paul, *as his manner was*”—lo! here is the habit of his entire apostolate!—“went in unto them, and, three Sabbath-days, *reasoned* with them, out of the *Scriptures: opening and alleging that Christ must needs have suffered, and risen again from the dead; and that this Jesus, whom I preach unto you, is Christ.*” Paul is often complimented on his Grecian accomplishments, but I am not aware that this instance of their appearance has been hitherto observed. Certainly here are two perfect and resistless syllogisms, which Aristotle himself, the father of the form, could not have improved.

Notice the first:

According to the Scriptures, the Christ must needs have endured certain sufferings;

Jesus of Nazareth, and he alone, has endured these sufferings;

Therefore, Jesus of Nazareth is the Christ.

Notice the second:

According to the Scriptures, the Christ, having suffered, must needs have risen again from the dead;

Jesus of Nazareth, and he alone, having suffered, has risen again from the dead;

Therefore, Jesus of Nazareth is the Christ.

With such arguments—so expanded as to comprehend, and so compressed as to concentrate, all the

evidence in the case; bringing it to bear, at a moment's warning, upon the confirmation of the great conclusion which it was designed to eternally establish—the Apostles swept from their path the mightiest opposition that could be arrayed against them. True, it was not logic, alone, that gave them such power; not even that eloquence which is said to be “logic on fire;” not even that higher eloquence which may be styled, not only logic on fire, but logic in a blaze. No, no; it was the inspiration of their logic, the inspiration of truth, the inspiration of the Spirit of truth, the demonstration of the Holy Ghost, in its own proper omnipotence, in vindication of the true meaning of the prophecies; and of their illustrious subject, the Son of God; and of God the Father, who sent him into the world; and even of men themselves, for whose salvation, Jews and Gentiles alike, he came into the world, and suffered, and died, and rose again. It was the logical condensation, vindication and glorification of all authentic history and prophecy, from the beginning of the world to the end of the world; the grandest debate of all time, in which it was no more than just and becoming that God's orators should be humbly attended wherever they went by “signs and wonders,” and “divers miracles,” in honor of the truth which they spoke, honestly, boldly, and kindly, as it ought to be spoken.

5. AS to the CHARACTER of Christ, the Apostles invariably asserted its constitutional and conditional perfection; in particular, its tempted but triumphant and immaculate holiness. No statement of his humanity was allowed to escape this essential qualification. He might be represented as constantly surrounded by sinners; as familiarly associating with sinners, even the vilest of sinners, the outcasts of society; but it must

never be forgotten that, nevertheless, in his own character, he was "holy, harmless, undefiled, separate from sinners." He might be described as hungry, thirsty, and weary; as surprised, displeased, and distressed; in a word, as "tempted," not in any one point, or only a few points, but "in all points, like as we are;" but, the addition was indispensable—"yet, without sin." This was a vital exception. Christ, himself, had demanded of the people—"Which of you convinceth me of sin?" They accused him of sin, but who ever convicted him of sin? "That holy thing," said the angel, before he was born. So he remained to the last. The Sanhedrim found no sin in him. The Civil court found no sin in him. He "did no sin," said Peter, "neither was guile found in his mouth." "He is pure," said John; "He is righteous;" "In him is no sin." And so Paul declared, that God "hath made him to be sin" (or a sin-offering) "for us, who knew no sin; that we might be made the righteousness of God in him."

6. As to the DEATH of Christ, the Apostles were perfectly candid. Never were they known, even in their remotest journeyings, to withhold it. Rather, they undertook their journeys for the very purpose of making it known. Never did they attempt, in any way, to pervert the real character of the event. The substitution, on the cross, of another body, natural or mystical, for the body of Jesus, was a heretical invention. More, perhaps, than by any thing else, were the true witnesses distinguished by the fact, that, wherever they went, they fully proclaimed the crucifixion. They refrained not even from the use of terms which seemed to imply that Christ had been overcome, though unjustly, by his enemies. "Him," said Peter, "being delivered by the determinate counsel and foreknowledge of God, ye

have taken, and by wicked hands have crucified and slain." And again—"Ye denied the Holy One and the Just, and desired a murderer to be granted unto you; and killed the Prince of life." And again—"The God of our fathers raised up Jesus, whom ye slew and hanged on a tree." So was it with the author of our text. Paul never yielded, even for a moment, to the storm of opprobrium which everywhere assailed him, as a bearer of the cross. He breasted it bravely, and, though somewhat hindered, made constant headway against it. Well knowing that the Jews required a sign, and that the Greeks sought after wisdom, still, regarding himself and his companions as commissioned to contend with and subdue the prejudices of both parties, he wrote—"We preach Christ crucified: unto the Jews a stumbling-block, and unto the Greeks foolishness; but unto them which are called, both Jews and Greeks, Christ the power of God and the wisdom of God." And so again, with more particular reference to himself, "I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ;" "God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom the world is crucified unto me, and I unto the world;" and, "I determined not to know anything among you, save Jesus Christ, and him crucified."

7. As to the DESIGN of the death of Christ—their testimony was equally open and clear. They proclaimed the event as essential to the salvation of the world; and, in this gracious and glorious connexion of it, found the justification of their whole message. Their report of the nature of Christ, the expectation of Christ, the advent of Christ, the person of Christ, the character of Christ, and the death of Christ, would have ended in utter vanity and shame—if it had not been for the ad-

ditional development of the design of his death, the object to be gained by it. To say nothing of Old Testament intelligence in this relation, although it is inexhaustible, it is enough to remember the New Testament record—that the high-priest, in virtue of his office, and by the spirit of prophecy, declared to the Council that it was “expedient” that “one man should die for the people;” that Christ himself more strongly expressed the same truth, to the Greeks who called upon him, saying, “Verily, verily, I say unto you, except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone; but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit:” applying the remark, presently, to his own approaching death; and that, although the Apostles at first failed to apprehend and appreciate this subject, and Peter, in particular, had to be severely rebuked for objecting to one of his Master’s anticipations of the event, they all, ultimately, awoke to its incomparable importance, and filled the world with its grandeur and splendor. “We were reconciled to God by the death of his Son!” became the transcendent doctrine and rapture. The law could not have produced this effect. The moral law demanded vengeance. The ceremonial law had no intrinsic virtue. But, “what the law could not do, being weak through the flesh, God, sending his own Son, in the likeness of sinful flesh, and for sin, condemned sin in the flesh.” The design was, “that he, by the grace of God, should taste death for every man:” “that through death he might destroy him that had the power of death, that is, the devil; and deliver them who, through fear of death, were all their life-time subject to bondage.” They could scarcely restrain—they did not restrain, their seeming delirium of ecstasy. Even the mighty Paul desired no better apology than this—“The love of Christ constraineth

us, because we thus judge, that if one died for all"—there is the great fact!—"then were all dead"—there is the great necessity!—"and that he died for all"—here comes the great design—"that they which live should not henceforth live unto themselves, but unto him which died for them, and rose again. "Christ died for our sins;" "In whom we have redemption, through his blood, even the forgiveness of sins;" "Who gave himself for us, that he might redeem us from all iniquity, and purify us unto himself, a peculiar people, zealous of good works:" being, himself, "the propitiation for our sins, and not for ours only, but, also, for the sins of the whole world;" and designing, finally, to "deliver us from this present evil world, according to the will of God and our Father," and to introduce us to the enjoyment of that "inheritance" which is "incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away, reserved in heaven for (all) who are kept, by the power of God, through faith, unto salvation, ready to be revealed in the last time." "For this cause, he is the Mediator of the New Testament, that, by means of death, for the redemption of the transgressions under the first testament, they which are called might receive the promise of eternal inheritance. For where a testament is, there must also of necessity be the death of the testator." Other passages, almost without number, might be cited with similar effect; but these must suffice. They show the ample compensation, involved in this doctrine, for all its apparent shame. The death of Christ was necessary to the salvation of the world.

Such, then, is the simple rehearsal of the Apostolic proclamation—the statement of the main points in the doctrine of Christ crucified; the doctrine which Paul himself had already preached in Arabia, Palestine, and

Syria; in Asia Minor and Europe; at Damascus, Jerusalem, and Antioch; at Iconium, Troas, and Philippi; at Thessalonica, Berea, and Athens, and at Corinth itself; to Jews and Greeks, under all circumstances, and with every variety of result.

CHRIST CRUCIFIED;

AS REGARDED BY JEWS, GREEKS, AND CHRISTIANS.

“For the Jews require a sign, and the Greeks seek after wisdom; but we preach Christ crucified, unto the Jews a stumbling-block, and unto the Greeks foolishness; but unto them which are called, both Jews and Greeks, Christ the power of God, and the wisdom of God.”—1 Cor. Ch. i: 22, 23, 24.

HAVING attempted, in the preceding discourse, a correct preliminary rehearsal of the Apostolic Proclamation; I now proceed to consider the two remaining points, as then stated:

II. A REVIEW, MORE AT LARGE, OF ITS REPUTED FEEBLENESS AND FOLLY.

It has already plainly appeared, that the doctrine of the Christ, was known to both Jews and Gentiles. The Apostle might have said, with little qualification, the Jews preach—the Christ; the Greeks preach—the Christ; and we preach—the Christ. But, the Jews preach Christ—with a Sign, or, with Power; the Greeks preach Christ—with Wisdom; while we preach Christ—with the Cross. The Jews, preferring their Christ, reject our Christ—as Weakness; the Greeks, preferring their Christ, reject our Christ—as Foolishness; but we, nevertheless, preach the Crucified Nazarene as the true Christ—not Weakness, but Power—not Foolishness, but Wisdom. The Jews’ Christ would be Weakness,

the weakness of man; the Greeks' Christ would be Foolishness, the foolishness of man; but our Christ is the Power of God and the Wisdom of God. In a word, they differed, not in simple knowledge of the doctrine, but in relation to the proper understanding and application of it. This, as will be seen, was a difference of infinite consequence.

Let us first examine the case of the Jews. "We preach Christ crucified, *unto the Jews a stumbling-block*;" an occasion of surprise and prostration. What! the Christ—crucified? It was utterly incredible. Such a doctrine would lay their highest and proudest hopes low in the dust forever. It was the mightiest insult, the bitterest mockery, their nation had ever heard. Their astonishment was perfect; their resentment, malignant. But why was this? The answer is found in the first verse of the text—"The Jews require a sign;" that is, a miracle. They scarcely deigned to notice any other evidence of the Messiahship. They not only expected, but demanded, as the only satisfactory sanction of claims to this great office, some supernatural demonstration of divine power.

But, it may be asked, did not the history of Jesus of Nazareth disclose demonstrations of this kind? Certainly, it did; and this fact creates a necessity for the statement of an important distinction; a distinction by which the difficulty thus suggested may be entirely avoided, and the true ground of the opposition of the Jews to the Gospel be clearly and fully displayed.

The distinction alluded to is that which exists between miracles performed in behalf of Individuals, and miracles wrought for the advantage of the Nation.

The Jews were looking for a National and Political Redeemer. This is proved by every record of the times.

Therefore, the signs or miracles which they required were such as should illustrate the ability of the supposed Messiah to deliver them from national subjection, and exalt them to a condition of supremacy and masterdom. Several causes encouraged this requirement.

In the first place, their history was full of such encouragements. Their ancient deliverers—successively raised up by Divine Providence as the exigencies of the people called for them, and the most of whom might be regarded as types, more or less exact, of the Great Promised Deliverer—in nearly all instances had exhibited such signs. Let us observe a few of them.

When the Israelites were to be brought forth from Egypt, Moses was commissioned to go in as a god before Pharaoh, attended by Aaron as his prophet. Then the dry rod, cast upon the floor, coiled into a living serpent, and sprang again into the hardness and deadness of a staff. Then the delicious waters were changed into stagnant blood; and then, bloated reptiles; and then, loathsome insects; and then, the “grievous murrain;” and then, burning boils; and then, the fiery hail-storm; and then, the consuming locusts; and then, the thick three-days’ darkness; and then, the universal midnight cry over the death of the first-born—at once avenged the wrongs of the oppressed, secured their emancipation, and established the divine authority of their magnificent leader.

These were miracles for the advantage of the nation. And such were all the memorable achievements which subsequently distinguished their descent into the sea, their repose among the mountains, and their prolonged pilgrimage in the desert.

So was it, again, at the time of the entrance of the Tribes into the Promised Land, under the guidance of

Joshua. Jordan, sweeping onward in its flood-season and overflowing all its banks, shrank from the feet of the priests who bore the Ark, and turned back upon itself, heaping the torrents in its northern course, as though intercepted by an invisible but impenetrable wall, and leaving a bare channel southward from the fording to the lake. Thus, the authority of Joshua was confirmed. Therefore, it is said, "On that day the Lord magnified Joshua in the sight of all Israel; and they feared him as they feared Moses, all the days of his life." So was it, moreover, when the walls of Jericho, at the sound of the priests' trumpets and the shouting of the people, "fell down flat, so that the people went up into the city, every man straight before him." And, so was it, also, on the day of which it is said—"There was no day like that, before it or after it, that the Lord hearkened unto the voice of a man;" permitting the behest of a child of the earth to control the movements of the sky; when Joshua, "in the sight of Israel," exclaimed, "Sun, stand thou still upon Gibeon; and thou, Moon, in the Valley of Ajalon!" and, for "about a whole day," Gibeon burned in the overhanging glory, and the motionless moon beamed in its beauty on the wondering inhabitants of Ajalon. All these were miracles for the nation, that the people might "avenge themselves upon their enemies."

In like manner might be adduced the marvelous achievements of Gideon, Samson, and Samuel; of David and Elijah. These, too, were signs which the tribes exulted to witness and welcome; wonders which challenged and secured immediate and universal confidence, for they changed and improved the public condition.

Look more particularly at the lonely and unaided

Elijah. See the land given to idolatry—groves, temples, altars, priests, and sacrifices, everywhere parading contempt for Jehovah, and pride in the worship of Baal. Punishment was the first thing essential to redemption. “And Elijah said unto Ahab, as the Lord God of Israel liveth, before whom I stand, there shall not be dew nor rain these years, but according to my word.” And it was so! For three years and six months the day brought no rain, and the night yielded no dew. The brooks were dried up, the fountains failed, the grass crisped to rottenness, the cattle perished, the people languished, until, at last, the governor of the palace, and the king of the nation, went forth, separated, and wandered, vainly searching mountain and valley for moisture and growth. The Eden-like plains of Jordan, Esdrelon, and Sharon, blended with the deserts, and filled the air with the fine dust of palm-leaves, harvests, and flowers. Tabor and Carmel, Hermon and Lebanon, became barren as Ebal, and desolate as the Cliffs of Cursing. It seemed as though Jehovah, in his anger, had sworn that Baal, the sun-god, should be suffered to make the world his temple, the elements his priests, the mountains his altars, and mankind his victims; ruling heaven and earth with the omnipresence and omnipotence of fire.

Thus punished for their crime, the people were next to be shown that their folly was as great as their guilt. Behold the assembly on the slope of Carmel! Behold the foaming waves of the sea, rolling in the fierce light like molten silver, and dashing on dazzling coasts that glow like heated iron! Behold the haughty king, and his courtiers, and the four hundred and fifty priests of Baal, and the thousands of all Israel; and, in the midst of the enraged multitude, see the only remaining

prophet of the Lord—the very ideal of faith, the very personification of courage! Hear his challenge! Mark the contest! Why do the priests of Baal fail? Surely they have every advantage. They are hundreds in number. They have all classes, in court and kingdom, to cheer them. They have a dry altar. They have the first sacrifice. The whole day is before them. And all they have to do is to catch one spark from a sky all fire. Hark! “O Baal, hear us!” But there is no “voice, nor any to answer.” See, how they leap around the altar! But still they are unnoticed. And now it is high noon. The throne of their god is in mid-heaven. Does not the prophet tremble? Every ray, from such a sun, threatens to kindle into a blaze! Ha! He scorns their god, and scoffs at the priesthood. Listen to his taunt—“Cry aloud, for he is a god: either he is talking, or he is pursuing, or he is in a journey, or peradventure he sleepeth, and must be awaked!” O, how the keen irony cuts into their souls! And how, with knife and lancet, they, themselves, cut their bodies, in their agony, until the blood gushes out all over them. And still they cry; cry, unanswered; cry, unheard; cry, until the sun has far declined, and hope has set forever. But now behold the triumph of the brave and holy one! See how the people crowd around, while he joyfully repairs the broken altar of the Lord. See the twelve stones, symbolical of the twelve tribes, resuming their places, in the name of the Lord. See the trench around the altar, the wood on it, the offering on the wood. See the four barrels of water, brought up from the ready sea, and poured over the whole; and four more; and four more; running round about the altar, and filling the trench to overflowing. And now—hark! how serenely the prophet’s petition ascends through the still

evening air. And see! the instant answer! The fire has fallen! The sacrifice is consumed—the wood, the stones, the dust, all have disappeared, and the very water steams into the sky, and floats abroad, like a flag of victory, over all the field of flame. No wonder the people feel and confess their folly. No wonder they fall upon their faces, and cry from the ground—“The Lord, he is the God! The Lord, he is the God!”

Being thus brought to repentance, only one thing more was wanting—the restoration of their forfeited blessings. And now, again behold the prophet! See him kneeling on the top of Carmel. See his servant, seven times surveying the world of waters. Mark, at last, the rising of the “little cloud—like a man’s hand” in size, but, in power and mercy, like the hand of God. See the hurried dismissal, the heavens “black with clouds and wind,” and the boundless down-pouring of the great rain! Then the fountains laughed, the brooks sang, the cataracts danced, and the rivers and lakes ran wild with joy. Then the ashy seeds, and the stalkless roots, thrilled all the soil with recovered life; and the groves in the fields, and the forests on the hills, uplifted their arms and clapped their hands in the freshness and strength of a sudden, but assured and perfect resurrection. Then the valleys sent up their praise to the mountains, and the mountains bore it aloft to the skies; and the blended thanksgivings of all the earth, rising through the thick darkness, and through the serene sunshine above it, collected their grateful music at the throne, and entered the ear, and touched the heart of God.

Let these instances suffice, in illustration of the fact, that the history of the Jews encouraged their habitual demand for signs—in attestation of claims to the office

of the Messiah: signs, moreover, which, according to the natural tendency of such a history, might be expected to consist, at the actual advent of the Messiah, of pre-eminently stupendous and splendid miracles for the advantage of the nation.

In the second place, many of the prophecies relating to the person and office of the Messiah, encouraged this demand: or rather so they appeared to do, when studied under ordinary influences. These prophecies were numerous and various: some, literal; others, figurative: some applicable to the first advent, others to the second; and others, perhaps, though in different relations, to both. To merely natural men—men governed by worldly motives alone—it was unavoidable that such records should be misunderstood and perverted.

Among the prophecies referring to the first advent of Christ, some literally describe his humble estate and complicated sufferings—as, for instance, where he is said to be “despised and rejected of men, a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief.” Others, as literally, and with great particularity, anticipate his miracles—miracles, however, it is important to remark, which should be wrought, not for the advantage of the nation, but in behalf of individuals—as, for instance, where it is written: “Then the eyes of the blind shall be opened; and the ears of the deaf shall be unstopped: then shall the lame man leap as a hart, and the tongue of the dumb sing.” Now, we know, from the subsequent history, that these and similar classes of predictions were actually and exactly fulfilled in the life of Jesus of Nazareth—and yet their fulfillment was very slightly regarded.

Among the prophecies relating to the second advent, however, or those which, if applied to the first, must

be figuratively understood, there are some which represent the glory of Christ and his Church by the pomp and prosperity of a king and his kingdom. A few citations will be sufficient here.

Thus, the second Psalm opens with opposition to the Lord and his Anointed. The heathen rage, the people imagine a vain thing, and kings and rulers unite in arms and council. Then the Lord laughs at them, holds them in derision, speaks to them in his wrath, and vexes them in his sore displeasure. Then he enthrones and proclaims his Son as king in Zion. Then the Son himself declares the decree—acknowledging his sonship, and conferring upon him the heritage of the world. Then the Psalm concludes with a prediction of his conquests, and with advice to all earthly authorities to render him homage.

Again, there is the record in Isaiah: “Unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given, and the government shall be upon his shoulder; and his name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, the Mighty God, the Everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace. Of the increase of his government and peace there shall be no end, upon the throne of David, and upon his kingdom, to order it, and to establish it with judgment and with justice, from henceforth even forever.”

And so, there is the record in Daniel: “I saw in the night visions, and, behold, one like the Son of man came with the clouds of heaven, and came to the Ancient of Days, and they brought him near before him. And there was given him dominion, and a glory, and a kingdom, that all people, nations and languages should serve him; his dominion is an everlasting dominion, which shall not pass away, and his kingdom that which shall not be destroyed.”

There is no difficulty, now, in discerning the figurative character of such prophecies as these, if they be applied to the first advent; or, if they be literally received, in determining their application to the second advent. Historically assured, as we are, of one actual advent of Christ, we know that he did not then ascend the throne of David: was not then proclaimed on Zion: and did not then, in any worldly sense, establish a universal and everlasting dominion. He did, however, set up a spiritual kingdom in Jerusalem, and extended it to Rome, and has perpetuated it to this hour, and presides over it at this moment, and is steadily conducting it toward its certain, complete and endless supremacy. True, a spiritual kingdom is an all-inclusive development; beginning at the inmost centre and expanding to the outmost circumference; purifying the moral, sanctifying the material, and subordinating all things to the perfect will of God: and, therefore, whatever was wanting in the first advent is only waiting for the second, when the figurative shall become literal, the spiritual consummate its renovation of the natural, the grace of the invisible be the glory of the visible, and God in Christ be all in all, in a world of fadeless beauty, full of immortal saints.

The Jews, however, overlooking the literal prophecies of the lowly condition and merciful miracles of Christ, and undervaluing the facts by which they were fulfilled, in their very presence, in the life and works of the loving Nazarene, cherished with a proud delight the gorgeous descriptions of the Messianic reign, and, whether figurative or literal, in time or out of time, applied them all to the purposes of their national ambition.

These afforded all they desired. In his person, the

Messiah was to be the son of David, the monarch whose memory they most revered: if not, in some sense also the Son of God, the being whose name, for thousands of years, they and their fathers had so profoundly adored. In his office he was to be a king, and not only a king, but King of kings, and Lord of lords. He was to make his advent in the clouds of heaven, displaying all the insignia of authority bestowed upon him by the Ancient of Days. His works were to excel, incomparably, all that had distinguished his most illustrious types: and yet, though so superior to them in grandeur, still, like them in object, were all to be performed for the elevation of his own people. Moriah was to be the mount of worship, and Zion the mount of majesty, for the whole earth. Jerusalem was to be the city of cities, Judea the land of lands, and the seed of Abraham the nation of nations. And all this was to continue, under similar auspices, forever. No Egyptian, no Canaanite, no Assyrian, no Roman conqueror, should ever again place his foot on the neck of the Daughter of Zion. All thrones, in all ages, were to become tributary to their Throne of thrones, and all kingdoms were to revolve, in borrowed light, around the central orb of their fixed, unequalled and unending glory.

As already intimated, it is no wonder that they thus mistook the prophecies. The prophets themselves had been unable fully to comprehend their predictions. The people, generally, for a succession of ages, had rested in this understanding of them. Indeed, the class of predictions to which these belong, detached from others, regarded literally and applied immediately, did certainly suggest such developments. And, moreover, the condition of the nation just at that juncture,

groaning under the impositions of a government foreign, idolatrous, and vile, inclined them the more strongly to the indulgence of the hopes excited by such constructions of their inspired records.

These, then, were some of the causes which encouraged the Jews to demand of candidates for the Messiahship a sign, and which, more particularly, encouraged them to require a national sign—a sign of authority and power to perform whatever miracles should be necessary to the emancipation and exaltation of the whole people.

Thus encouraged, they did demand such a sign. They required it of Jesus himself, and that in connexions demonstrating their chief desires and hopes. Thus said the Scribes and Pharisees: “Master, we would see a sign from thee.” Again, the Pharisees and Sadducees “tempting, desired him that he would shew them a sign from heaven.” Again, the Jews in the temple inquired, “What sign shewest thou unto us, seeing that thou doest these things?” And again, the multitude at Capernaum asked, “What sign shewest thou, then, that we may see and believe thee? What dost thou work? Our fathers did eat manna in the desert; as it is written, he gave them bread from heaven to eat.” And these demands were made, in the first instance, just after Jesus had dispossessed a blind and dumb man of a devil, and caused him both to see and speak: in the second, soon after he had fed “four thousand men, beside women and children,” with “seven” loaves of bread “and a few little fishes:” in the third, when he had just performed the appropriate work of purifying the temple: and in the fourth, when he had fed another multitude, of “five thousand” men, with “five barley loaves, and two small fishes.”

So that it is perfectly plain that works of piety and mercy were not sufficient to meet their wishes, and that nothing would satisfy them but some grand and decisive demonstration, in assumption and advancement of their political redemption. Indeed, it is everywhere observable, that just as the works of Jesus produced a favorable impression, the popular heart turned toward him, in hope that he would prove to be the long-expected and victorious Sovereign. Thus, in the first instance just alluded to, the people, amazed at the miracle, instantly betrayed this hope, inquiring, "Is not this the son of David?" an inquiry promptly checked by the Pharisees, who waited for some mightier sign than the salvation of a poor demoniac, but still indicative of the prevailing sentiment. So, in the fourth instance, the people again exclaimed, "This is, of a truth, that prophet that should come into the world;" and Jesus had to withdraw from them, perceiving that if he remained, they would disregard his remonstrances, and "take him by force, to make him a king." In a word, what they wished, and all they wished, was—a king, a matchless king. Therefore, they required the "sign" of a king.

Such being the demand of the Jews, it is easy to see why they rejected the doctrine of the Apostles. It was not, chiefly, because of the divine nature ascribed to Christ. It was not at all because of the assertion of the ancient expectation of Christ, nor yet, simply, because of the announcement of the actual advent of Christ. It was, mainly, because of their testimony to the person and character of Christ, and especially to his death and the design of his death. What! they asked, has the Christ come? Where is he? Who is he? And the Apostles answered, Jesus of Nazareth.

What! they objected, Jesus of Nazareth the Christ! Where, then, is his sign? Where is the power, with which God has honored him, for the advantage of our nation? Why, according to your own showing, the history of Jesus of Nazareth was a manifestation of utter weakness!

Was he not the poor child of poor parents? born in a stable? cradled in a manger? and soon carried off, in haste and fear, to a foreign land? And did he not timidly return, hiding himself in Galilee, and growing up obscurely in the toil of a carpenter? Did he not enter upon his self-assumed mission without the slightest patronage? Was he not homeless, moneyless, and, except yourselves, friendless? His instructions! what were they but commendations of a poor, mourning, meek, unresisting, uncomplaining, suffering spirit, blessing and praying for its foes! His miracles! what were they, but pitiful reliefs of old women, widows, and children, and cures of servants, beggars, lepers, and demoniacs! There was no element of sublime power about him. When did he marshal the hosts of Israel? When did he smite the accursed Gentiles? Where is his sign? He has none!

Why, he suffered himself! and so confirmed his servile precepts by his pusillanimous example. He was called, to his very face, a glutton, a drunkard, a devil, and even the prince of devils, and yet took no vengeance. He was betrayed by one of your own number, denied by another, and forsaken by all, and yet looked without a frown even upon him who repeated lie upon lie, and added swearing to lying, and cursing to swearing, on purpose to disown him. And then, his death! After being seized in the garden, and led from place to place, all night, through the city, and chained, and scourged,

and spit upon, and buffeted, and mocked, and condemned, and led out again, beneath the burden of his cross, and stripped, and nailed to the wood, and suspended, pale and bleeding, and almost exhausted; and again scoffed at, and jeered, and derided, and challenged to come down, and promised faith and welcome—even then, in the moment of his bitterest agony, when the meanest craven that ever breathed would have knit his brows, and gnashed his teeth, and foamed his maledictions on his murderers—even then, what did he do but lift his calm eyes to heaven and pray, “Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do!” That was your Christ! A victim of the cross—and such a victim! Would ye have us believe in him? Would ye captivate us with such signs as these? Is this to be the end of our hope of the Messiah? Nay, verily—never, never!

And then, the design of his death! What! would ye escape confusion by telling us that he died to save the world? that he shed his blood to atone for sins? Atone for sins! Is this the object of our Champion’s coming? Shall the offspring of Omnipotence enter the world, and that, too, in the person of the son of him who slew the giant of Gath, to atone for sins? Atone for sins! Whose sins? The sins of the Gentiles? Where was his sword, that it did not make their own blood atone! Our sins? Where is the priesthood? Where the temple? Where the altar? Where are the sacrifices? What other atonement do we need? Is such the vindication of your crucified Christ?

And ye, yourselves, who are ye? pretending to be his Apostles. Better return to your nets and to the tables of custom! What is your endowment? A cunningly devised fable! And what is your commission? To travel about and tell it! And what is your

motive? Is it love for your dead Master? A very likely story! Is it love for the wicked world? Aye, it loves you so much! And what is your object? To persuade the people to believe you! And whom have you persuaded? The outcasts of society! And what is your hope? That you and your dupes, forsooth, will inherit a kingdom—the peerless kingdom of him whose throne was a cross! Far better is your chance for the cross itself! Are these your signs? Then we are not the fools to receive them. To us your doctrine is a stumbling-block, and we shall be careful enough to avoid it. We have waited for power, and are not to be deluded into the acceptance of weakness.

So much for the fact, that the preaching of Christ crucified was a stumbling-block to the Jews. Their historic books encouraged them to require a sign. Their prophetic books encouraged them to require a sign. They did require a sign. And, so far, it does not appear that they did wrong.

But in this was their wrong. They required a false sign. They were full of the love of the world, “the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life.” Their pride, in particular, was excessive. Therefore they demanded the special sign of royal power. Therefore, without due consideration, they rejected all other signs. Because their ancient deliverers had displayed national signs, they took it for granted that the Christ would do the same, without inquiring whether he was to come for social or personal, political or spiritual, purposes; for their own benefit alone, or for the benefit of the world; and whether, therefore, merely national signs would be appropriate or inappropriate? And, in like manner, as their ancient prophets anticipated the Christ as a king, and his kingdom as glorious;

and, as these were the tidings that flattered their pride; they at once adopted the literal meaning, and immediate application, without inquiring whether this natural splendor was not the symbol of a greater spiritual glory, or whether, the spiritual being first in order, the natural must not be deferred until the consummation of the spiritual? and, at the same time, overlooked those predictions which were really literal, and literally fulfilled, representing the Christ as passing through a precedence of suffering and death, and ministering, in his gracious course, the most remarkable individual reliefs of body and soul, the true types of entire and eternal redemption.

This exclusive devotion to political ambition was all wrong. It led them into a thousand errors. It hurried them into a thousand crimes. It was a manifestation of national haughtiness and prejudice, exceedingly unjust and offensive, to both God and man. It showed a selfish, contracted, and corrupt heart. It induced them to require signs in proof of the Messiahship, which would have been complete disproofs; and to contemn, as worthless, the divinest and most decisive demonstrations which it was possible to make. It unfitted them for the appreciation, and even for the apprehension, of the wisest and most benevolent disclosures of our Maker; and cut them off from the sympathies of the great brotherhood of our race. A stumbling-block, indeed! With all their care they did not avoid it. They fell over it. And no wonder they fell! They deserved to fall! They preferred the pomp of a tribe to the happiness of mankind, the sovereignty of Israel to the salvation of the world. No marvel that Christ refused to give them such a sign as they desired. How easily he could have done it! How easily he could have filled heaven and earth with such signs! How easily he

could have eclipsed the most splendid achievements of Moses, Joshua, Elijah, and all their compeers from the beginning of the world—so completely and permanently eclipsed them, that they would scarcely have come into mind any more. How easily! Aye, physically, with infinite ease; but, morally, it was infinitely impossible. He could not minister to such a spirit. It was part of his divine joy, that the works which he did perform were such as “none other man did,” from the foundation of the world. River and sea had been sundered; hill and mountain had been fired; sun and moon had been stayed; and, in connexion with all, cities had been overthrown, kingdoms demolished, and nations exterminated; ten thousand signs of terror had filled the earth with dismay; but, where was the record of the meek and lowly Saviour, who never took a step, or lifted a finger, or breathed a word, to injure any; in whose presence the eyes of the blind opened, the ears of the deaf were unstopped, the lame man leaped as a hart, and the tongue of the dumb sang? Where was the record of the Friend of Sinners, welcoming to his love the most neglected of the outcast, the poorest of the poor, the dullest of the dull, the vilest of the vile, and the saddest of the sad; sharing their sorrows, supplying their wants, healing their diseases, forgiving their sins, enlightening their minds, consoling their hearts, and saving their souls; inviting them all to his holy and happy home in heaven, going up, at last, to prepare heaven for them, and sending down his Spirit to prepare them for heaven? Where else is the record that shows such signs as these? And yet, though it was part of the divine joy of Jesus that, in the whole succession of illustrious men from the beginning of the world, “none other man did” such works as these: these were not

his greatest works. One, in particular, remained—far greater than all. This was his own chosen and favorite sign; the one which he came from heaven on purpose to exhibit, not to Israel alone, but to all mankind. Therefore, while he refused the sign required, he promised the one intended. “What sign showest thou?” said the Jews. “Destroy this temple,” said Jesus, “and in three days I will raise it up.” No wonder they were astonished. And yet, even according to their own understanding of the task, with what infinite ease he could have done it; restoring every thing to its place, from the deepest stone in the foundation to the highest spike of gold on the pinnacle of the sanctuary. But, he spake not of Herod’s temple. He alluded to a far more hallowed shrine, the temple within which dwelt, not the pale shekinah, but, “all the fullness of the Godhead.” He “spake of the temple of his body;” the temple of the universe and of the God of the universe. That was the sign; the same sign which he afterwards connected with an humbler symbol, saying, “An evil and adulterous generation seeketh after a sign, and there shall no sign be given to it, but the sign of the prophet Jonas;” that is, the sign of his own most blessed death, burial, and resurrection; the sign of atonement, rest, and immortality for man—of faith, hope, and love—of pardon, peace, and paradise—of all good and good for all; a sign, not to the Jews only, but to all nations—not to the seed of Abraham alone, but, to all the children of Adam; the sign of the one, true, and only Christ—announced in Eden, promised in Hebron, crucified on Calvary, and enthroned forever in the heaven of heavens.

Having thus reviewed the manner in which the Apostolic doctrine was generally received among the

Jews, let us, in the second place, examine the case of the Greeks. "We preach Christ crucified, unto the Jews a stumbling-block, and *unto the Greeks foolishness.*" The Jews regarded it as weakness: the Greeks, as folly. The Jews objected, that it was physically imbecile: the Greeks, that it was intellectually absurd.

The question here is similar to the one already treated. Why did the Greeks thus estimate the doctrine of the Apostles? Here, too, the reply is found in the first verse of the text—"The Greeks seek after wisdom." They were more anxious to secure moral than physical power. They desired truth rather than strength, a maxim rather than a miracle. To a great extent, at least, their character deserves this acknowledgment; and, so far as proper, it is delightful to make it. The remembrance of such a distinction gives an instant refinement to all thought.

But here again it may be inquired, did not the history of Jesus of Nazareth display the attractions of wisdom? Certainly it did; and, therefore, it is necessary to attempt some comparison of the wisdom sought by the Greeks, with the wisdom manifested by Jesus, in order to understand the ground and force of their objection.

What, then, was the wisdom sought by the Greeks? The subject naturally transcends the common and eager, though often idle, curiosity for which the Greeks were celebrated. "Would you go about the city," exclaimed Demosthenes, "and demand what news? What greater news can there be than that a Macedonian enslaves the Athenians, and lords it over Greece?" So it is recorded by Luke, of the time when Paul, a greater than Demosthenes, preached in Athens, that "All the Athenians and strangers which were there, spent their

time in nothing else, but either to tell, or to hear, some new thing." Here, indeed, may be one of the primitive elements out of which the nobler things originally ascended, for invention is generally curious, but the nobler things themselves invite our chief attention.

And now it is difficult to decide what to exclude from this circle of wisdom; so pure and clear, so concentrate and intense, so myriadly and successfully active was Grecian genius, so illustrious and enduring were its model achievements, and so proud were the people of its monuments and fame. The nature of the case, however, demands some discrimination. The beauty of art must be excluded, for the Apostles were neither artists nor representatives of art, and hence there is no occasion for comparison in this connexion. For similar reasons, general literature and science must be excluded. In like manner, though more nearly involved, the popular mythology must also be shut out; for scarcely any honest and competent seeker of wisdom could fail to discern that this was merely the machinery of poets, priests, and kings. What, then, is left? Something, indeed, of logic, rhetoric, and oratory, but, chiefly, philosophy—the sublimest embodiment and paragon of all: philosophy, in whole, in its amplest horizon aspects, as when its blushing rise was witnessed at Miletus, and its splendid setting beheld at Alexandria; and, more particularly, in its zenith condensation—the moral philosophy of Socrates and his successors, the golden noon of Athens and all Greece. The Grecian philosophy was the result of the patient, laborious, and most careful devotion of many of the strongest, keenest, and best disciplined intellects that ever lived, to the study of the highest accessible truth. Whatever, within the whole range of thought, and especially in relation

to the great subject of human duty, could be thus ascertained, they learned, adjusted, and taught. Due allowance being made for their circumstances, the confession must follow, that the human mind has never displayed more magnificent energies than were seen in the persons, efforts, and attainments of these honored sages.

The estimation in which the people held their philosophy—notwithstanding the number of its sects and the diversity of its doctrines—was incomparably exalted. They considered it their chief crown and glory. And so it was. It was by this power, principally, that they maintained their social pre-eminence throughout all political vicissitudes. Their arms might fail, but their philosophy could not. Their heroes might be vanquished, but their sages were invincible. Leonidas was crushed by Persian force, and Alexander succumbed to Persian blandishments, but Socrates and Plato, Aristotle and Zeno, were immortal. They seemed to die, indeed, but only to lead a higher life; disappeared from sight, but only to ascend the skies and command and rule the world. War made Greece the captive of Rome, but philosophy made Rome the captive of Greece. In a word, Grecia and wisdom were inseparably united, and patriotism and philosophy were one.

In respect of those among the people who added personal devotion to common admiration, becoming disciples of wisdom and students of philosophy, these things at least may be remarked: that nothing could exceed their veneration for their teachers, their docility under instruction, their diligent researches, their persevering meditations, their zeal in dispute, the shrewdness of their distinctions, or the graces of their style. Years of silent or inquisitive listening, in their own land; and years of observant pilgrimage among the

courts, and schools, and temples of foreign lands; and years of subsequent seclusion for the arrangement, improvement, and communication of the ample materials thus collected; all passed away, and still they remained as ardent as ever in the pursuit of wisdom. "The Greeks seek after wisdom."

Here we approach a development of the causes toward which these reflections have gradually conducted us. Such of the people as were too much employed in humbler duties to engage in the study of philosophy, were, nevertheless, as already intimated, instinct with admiration of its fame; imagined nothing essentially adverse to it could equal much less excel it; witnessed, with exquisite pleasure, its occasional illuminations of all the more sensuous forms of society; and longed for the opportunity of becoming more fully indoctrinated into its truth and imbued with its spirit. These, of course, were prepared to regard as foolishness the new and strange proclamation of the Apostles. What! preach the doctrine of Christ crucified to us! and that, for the subversion of our renowned philosophy! What egregious folly! It would almost discredit an idiot. These men are mere babblers.

Another class, however, may be remembered, as having sought wisdom in a nobler sense. Having enjoyed greater facilities for becoming acquainted with the several systems of philosophy—being convinced of their numerous imperfections, contradictions, and uncertainties, and assured of their own inability, and the inability of others, like themselves, to perfect, harmonize, and confirm such theories—they waited for and sought the presence and help of some extraordinary personage, wiser than themselves, and wiser than their masters; some sublime embodiment of superhuman intelligence.

In seeking wisdom, they sought a pre-eminently Wise Man; one who should yet be more than man, and competent to afford all the knowledge they desired.

The necessity for such intervention was freely acknowledged by the principal philosophers themselves. They had much pleasure in the abstract contemplation of their doctrines; but not much in the observation of their practical influence. Rather, they saw, with pain, that their best lessons were inefficient. Socrates declared the vanity of all hopes of reforming the world, unless God would send some superior instructor. Plato compared the good man to one who seeks a shelter from a violent hurricane. Beholding the prevalence of wickedness, and being unable to resist it effectually, he contents himself with self-preservation—passing his life in retirement and peace, and dying at last with tranquility and hope. Nothing, he also averred, could be rightly adjusted, but by the special interposition of the Deity.

But, they not only acknowledged the necessity for divine aid; they expressed, moreover, an expectation that it would be granted, and advised their disciples to wait and watch for it. Socrates, in particular, encouraged his hearers to look for a more perfect disclosure of their duty to God and man. He spoke of the person who was to bring this intelligence as having a concern for them, and being ready and willing to relieve their minds of doubt, and even recommended the suspension of sacrifices until they should be informed by this expected teacher whether or not they were acceptable to the Divinity.

How extensively this sentiment prevailed, it is difficult to determine. The necessity for such a messenger must have been always felt. This feeling would natur-

ally prompt desire, and desire would as naturally tend toward expectation. There was, however, another excitant of such an expectation. I mean, acquaintance with the Jews. A number of the philosophers are very justly supposed to have been aware of Jewish opinions. Plato, in particular, has been described as "Moses, speaking in Greek." About the time of our Saviour's appearance, the communion of the two races was constant and intimate. Doubtless, therefore, the universal and authoritative anticipations of the Jews confirmed and extended the vague notions of the Greeks: the hopes of the two nations being modified by their ancient characteristics—the Jews, ever looking for a conqueror, and the Greeks, for a sage.

Still, the Greeks of this class resembled those previously noticed. They, also, had no fellowship with anything directly opposed to their own philosophy. They desired an extraordinary teacher, not to destroy it, but to improve and make it perfect. Regarding it already as their highest boast, they only wished to see its errors removed, its defects supplied, its uncertainties relieved, its truth sanctioned, and its authority established. They desired it to be perpetuated forever; the most precious memorial of their ancestry, and the richest inheritance for their posterity: its olden honors unfaded, its new glories ever increasing; at once, the light, the life, and the law of the world.

Such, then, being the character of the wisdom sought by the Greeks, it is not difficult to determine why they rejected the doctrine of the Apostles.

Their object was the perfection of their national philosophy: the philosophy of reason, affording a refuge from the complex vanities of mythology, and imparting a tone of comparative dignity to moral principle, to

speculative thought, to practical conduct, to the logic and rhetoric of all eloquence, and to the taste and beauty of all poetry and art. It was this they so sedulously sought: the further understanding of it, as it was, by those who, before, had only traditionally and popularly admired it; and the consummation of its pretensions, in unimprovable excellency, on the part of those who had studied it most thoroughly, and were therefore best acquainted with its wants—an end which could be secured only by the coming of the greatly needed, ardently desired, and widely expected superhuman instructor.

They, therefore, like the Jews, made little if any objection to the Apostolic assertion of the nature, expectation, advent, person, or character of Christ, abstractly; but they objected, as strongly as the Jews themselves, to the proclaimed manner and design of his coming, and to the instruments and means employed in the advancement of his cause.

What! they would exclaim—Has the Christ come? Where is he? Who is he? And the Apostles would answer—Jesus of Nazareth!

What! they would object—Jesus of Nazareth, the Christ! Where is the wisdom of this announcement? Was there ever such an exhibition of folly?

Out of your own mouths we condemn you. Was he not a Jew? And shall a Jew teach a Greek? Nay, was he not an uneducated Jew? At whose feet did he learn philosophy? What foreign lands did he visit? What national mysteries did he explore? What illustrious centres of civilization, what courts, what schools, what temples, ever beheld him at their gates? Or if, indeed, it must be supposed, that a young Galilean carpenter, untaught and untraveled, could really be supe-

rior to instruction, where are the demonstrations that he was so? Where are the proofs of his original and divine genius? What matchless system did he invent? Where shall we find his physics, his metaphysics, his morals? Are the trifling fragments you occasionally recite, all you have to show? What are these but mere truisms, and scraps of fancies? There is no argument in them, no eloquence. There is no theorizing, no analysis, no synthesis, no lofty abstraction, no elaboration in any way of any grand scheme of things. Why, even the ordinary attractions of style are wanting! Is this the Christ? Is this the wise man? But—what should you know of wisdom!

And then, his death! To think that the Deity would take so much pains to send a special teacher into the world, and, after all, suffer him to be hung upon a cross! Who can receive such a statement? It is unutterably foolish!

And, moreover, the design of his death! the remission of sins, the salvation of the world! What! shall Greeks depend upon the crucifixion of a Jew, for the forgiveness of their sins? Astonishing absurdity! If, indeed, atonement be necessary, we have our own altars, and our own sacrifices. Besides, we wish no physical suffering in our behalf; especially none on the part of a man and a friend. We seek mental development and culture; not death, but truth; not blood, but wisdom.

And ye—his surviving companions and professed instruments—who are ye? Where is your genius? Where your learning? Where your eloquence? Illiterate stammerers are ye all! And are ye the preachers of a new doctrine? the heralds of a new era? Ineffably ridiculous!

But, what is your object? Ha! can it be, that you presume to assail and expect to overthrow the authority of Zeno and Plato, of Aristotle and Epicurus, by such a delusion as this? Is this the way to scatter the disciples of the Porch and the Academy, of the Walk and the Garden? Shall the laurels of Greece be suspended as trophies on the cross of Calvary? Amazing infatuation! Unparalleled folly!

So much for the fact, that the doctrine of Christ crucified was foolishness to the Greeks. They sought after wisdom, and surely this was right. They could not have made a nobler search.

But, with a littleness of spirit deserving to be connected with the bigotry of the Jews, they confined the application of the term to their own philosophy. This exclusive attachment to national wisdom, like that of the Jews to national power, was at once a fault and a misfortune.

Had it not been for this, they might have considered that, as their philosophy was the product of unaided reason, there was a possibility, at least, of its doctrines being erroneous, and its measures inappropriate. Its doctrines were erroneous; its measures were inappropriate. It was an attempt to reform the world, without knowing the cause of its evils, and, of course, without knowing how to remove them. Unable to trace the stream of corruption to its fountain, they could only throw dams across its channel: lost labor! succeeded by instant swellings and terrible overflows. It was wisdom, beginning in ignorance, advancing by mistakes, and ending in utter disappointment. What, then, was it worth? It was essentially wrong, formally wrong, all wrong. It could not be perfected. It could not be improved. It could not be perpetuated, as it was. It

was a structure fit for nothing but to be pulled down, displaced, and substituted by one of better materials, better founded, and better built. And yet, the admirers of this wisdom contemned the Gospel as folly.

But, further, had it not been for this national prejudice, instead of deriding the Gospel, they might have seen and acknowledged its divine distinctions. The despised doctrine of Christ crucified, revealed at once the cause and the cure of all human woe. It made the way plain, and the work easy. It comprehended all that was wanted, and all that could be wished.

Still, to their current apprehension, it remained foolishness. It was as much a stumbling-block to the Greeks, because of its supposed absurdity, as it was to the Jews on account of its imagined imbecility. The Greeks also, like the Jews, fell over it. The Greeks also, like the Jews, deserved to fall. Their zeal for wisdom was more a matter of selfishness than benevolence; of patriotism, than of philanthropy. They also preferred their own renown to the welfare of the world; the glory of one people, to the illumination and elevation of all mankind. How different was this from the spirit of Christ! When, not long before his death, some of the Greeks desired to see him, and were admitted into his presence—how strangely must have sounded in their ears the wisdom that fell from his lips, as he signified this self-sacrificing but all-redeeming close of his career, by the saying: “And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me.”

Having thus reviewed the reputed feebleness and folly of the Apostolic proclamation among the unbelieving Jews and Greeks, the remaining point, as intimated, requires but few words.

III. A GLANCE, IN CONCLUSION, AT ITS REAL AND DIVINE POWER AND WISDOM.

How distinctly the two races we have noticed are characterized! How strongly they are contrasted! See! The Jew—with a religion from God: revealed, authoritative, sanctioned and confirmed by miracles. The Greek—with a philosophy derived from nature speculative, uncertain, and without due sanctions or obligations! The Jew—haughty with his divine honors, official eminency, and anticipated destiny! The Greek—proud of his personal superiority: the mental expansion, invigoration and elevation, resulting from self-discipline—the accomplishments of the finest genius, exercising itself in the study of all things profound, beautiful and sublime! And, therefore, the Jew—always requiring a sign: the Greek—always seeking after wisdom!

They are both in training for a better system: the Jew, for a transition from stately pomp to spiritual glory; the Greek, for a change from human researches to divine disclosures.

And yet, see how they pervert the purpose of their Maker. Why does the Jew so highly value the interpositions of divine power? Because of their effect in the establishment of national sovereignty! And why does the Greek so highly value the attainments of human reason? Because of their procurement of national renown! What does the Jew hope for? Political supremacy! And what does the Greek hope for? Intellectual dominion! Their objects are social, and, therefore, perishable. They are confined, in each case, to a nation; and, therefore, are confined to earth and time. They have nothing to do with either im-

mentality or eternity. They are both destined to disappointment: for such objects, and the motives which prompt them, are all in contravention of the plans of God. They are too little, too mean, too contemptible for the Almighty longer to endure.

Behold! I see a third cause rising! And what is this? It is the cause of Christ crucified! Here is power, here is wisdom: not power alone, not wisdom alone—but, power and wisdom both! Not the power of man, and not the wisdom of man, but the power of God, and the wisdom of God! Not to crown Judah with gold, not to garland Grecia with laurels, not to distinguish any nation as a nation, but to save “them which are called, both Jews and Greeks:” to save Individuals, of all nations: to save the immortal brotherhood of personal believers in Christ Jesus, our common Lord: to save them with a free and full, spiritual and natural, blissful and glorious, present and perfect and everlasting salvation: to make the grandeur and splendor of empire and fame dwindle and darken into vanity and nothingness, in comparison with the redemption of a single soul, quickened by the breath of the Eternal, and thrilling with the assurance of surviving the dissolution of all the kingdoms of the world, and increasing in perpetual glory when the light of the sun shall be obscured forever.

And hark! Three thousand happy voices ascend from the blood-stained streets of Jerusalem in Pentecostal thanksgivings! City after city, country after country, join the cry. Age follows age, and still the marching of the saints shakes the world like an earthquake; and the thunder of their praise resounds through the skies from pole to pole. Jerusalem is cast down: Athens languishes: and Rome grows old and decays.

The wondering barbarians crowd the capitals of the West, and the voluptuous infidels usurp the gardens of the East. The thrones of Europe are established. The powers of the East begin to fail. And now, the land of the sunset, the last and best, the loveliest and richest expanse ever opened to equal dignity and enjoyment, looms between the seas and blooms among the billows, all green and golden, all fruitful and roseate; its fadeless valleys shining and singing with thousands of streams, and its purple mountains hushed into rapture by visions of beauty and peace through all the evening air.

But thou, O Judah! Where is thy crown? Where is thy sceptre? Where is thy throne? And where is the harp of thy majesty and joy? All buried, long buried, deep buried, at the foot of Calvary's cross! And where are thy sons and daughters? All scattered, long scattered, far scattered—the only landless, cityless, homeless race under the whole heavens! And thou, Grecia! Where is thy wisdom? Speak, Socrates! Speak, Plato! Speak, all ye divinities of philosophy and eloquence!—speak! Alas! the immortals are no more! Thy laurels, O Athens! were hung upon the beam abhorred; until, fading and falling, they crumbled and mingled with the dust beneath. And now, the voice of thy fame is the fainting echo of the long-gone past.

But thou, Christianity! thou Power of God! thou Wisdom of God! thou Angel from heaven! thou Spirit of the cross!—tell me! where art thou? Methinks she answers with a smile, Ask “them which are called!” I do ask them. And hark! they answer! From the continents, they answer. From the islands, they answer. From the mid-mountains, and from the mid-

oceans, they answer. From pole to pole, and from the whole equator, they answer. In all tongues, they answer. From all conditions, they answer. But, with one joy, they answer, Here! here! here!—and everywhere! In every land, on every wave, through every clime! Here is upraised the cross of Christ! Here, the potentates and magnates are all forgotten in the spectacle of the Crucified! Here, the power of God is felt! Here, the wisdom of God is understood! Here, the subjects of salvation look around upon the world, to bless it with their labors of faith and love; and look up to heaven, to claim it for their holy and perpetual rest!

Brethren! Sisters! what is stronger than Jewish pride? What, more invincible than Grecian vanity? What, more fearful than Roman domination? What, more impenetrable than Gothic ignorance? What, more cruel than Mohammedan sensualism? What, more oppressive than Brahminical superstitions? What, more enthralling than Savage fetichism? What, more hopeless than the condition of all people in past ages? And yet, to a great extent—to an extent absolutely demonstrative of the divine adequacy of its ability to the full accomplishment of its predicted destiny—Christianity has already triumphed over the combined opposition of all.

The prospect brightens. The vapors of the night have risen and withdrawn. The dews of the morning have sparkled and vanished. The sword is all beauty. The sky is all glory. 'Tis almost noon! Behold the shadows—how short they are! Shine on, O Sun of Righteousness! shine on. Secure thy cloudless sphere, sublime and supreme, in the midst of heaven. Let thy reign be complete, universal and everlasting. Ah!

Living Sun! expand thy healing wings—the wings which never yet shed sin, or grief, or death, or any ill! Shake all thy plumes divine: thy plumes of light, and life, and love: shake wide thy plumes above immortal nations! Disperse thy rays, diffuse thy beams, from the zenith to the horizon, from the centre to the circumference; and fill the scope entire with the pure and quickening elements of perfect and endless day.

Alas! how vain our efforts! How infinitely inferior to our theme and our wish! Our refuge is—the cross. Our hope is—in prayer. May God “pour upon the house of David, and upon the inhabitants of Jerusalem,” and upon the Jews of all lands, and upon the Gentiles of all nations, “the spirit of grace and of supplication,” that they may “look upon” him “whom they have pierced, and mourn for him, as one mourneth for his only son, and be in bitterness for him, as one that is in bitterness for his first-born.” So may it be with ourselves! So may we be prepared to take part with the “great multitude which no man” can “number, of all nations, and kindred, and people, and tongues,” which stand “before the throne, and before the Lamb, clothed with white robes, and palms in their hands; and” crying, “with a loud voice, saying, Salvation to our God which sitteth upon the throne, and unto the LAMB;” while “all the angels” stand “round about the throne, and about the Elders, and the four beasts, and ‘fall’ before the throne on their faces, and ‘worship’ God, saying, Amen: Blessing, and glory, and WISDOM, and thanksgiving, and honor, and POWER, and might, be unto our God forever and ever. Amen.”

CHARACTER AND RELATIONS
OF THE
CHRISTIAN MINISTRY.

“For we preach not ourselves, but Christ Jesus the Lord; and ourselves your servants for Jesus’ sake.”—2 Cor. Ch. iv: 4, 5.

WITH prayer and hope toward God, with respect and affection for my auditory, I proceed, at once, to the consideration of the subject suggested by the text—THE CHARACTER AND RELATIONS OF THE CHRISTIAN MINISTRY: its CHARACTER—as a *Ministry*; its RELATIONS—as the *People’s* Ministry, and, as *Christ’s* Ministry.

I. THE CHARACTER OF THE MINISTRY.

The structure of the text is elliptical: but its meaning is so obvious and indisputable, that no objection can be anticipated to the supply of the ellipsis. Thus supplied, it reads as follows:—“For we preach, not ourselves *as Lords*, but, Christ Jesus *as the Lord*; and ourselves, your servants for Jesus’ sake.”

The point before us, therefore, is presented both negatively and positively. We are *not* lords: we *are* servants. We are *ministers*: and *nothing more* than ministers.

This is a subject which every American Christian should clearly understand. Like those which are to come after, it involves the wisdom of God and the welfare of man.

As American Christians, there are two things which, from our very childhood, we have been taught to abhor. I mean—*king-craft* and *priest-craft*. We must all, indeed, be aware that these epithets are often shamefully misapplied by worldly and infidel scoffers at religion, and revilers of all just authority. They stigmatize the true ministry—notwithstanding its purity, humility, and self-denying zeal and toil—as a system of priest-craft. And, in like manner, they denounce the most wisely constituted civil magistracy—notwithstanding the constant employment of all its resources in the distribution of common blessings—as a sort of king-craft. On the other hand, we must also be aware of the fact, that there are too many among us, who so highly venerate official character, both in Church and State, as to be apparently incapable of discerning the threatening developments of the essential principles of priest-craft and king-craft, because their practical forms are disguised under other and inoffensive names.

Still, there is a medium between these extremes, which it is our duty and interest to distinguish and hold. It is the Bible ground—the ground of truth and right. We should be vigilant, that we may detect; bold, that we may rebuke; firm, that we may oppose; and strong, that we may suppress—all tyranny, whether in Church or State; all invasions of the privileges and hopes of the many by the few; all the principles of priest-craft and king-craft, let their forms be disguised as they may. At the same time, we should be equally vigilant, to detect; equally bold, to rebuke; equally firm, to oppose; and equally strong, to suppress—the grosser tyranny of infidelity and anarchy; the malignant efforts of those who would banish from the world, not only kings and priests, but, the true preachers of

the Gospel, and the rightful executors of law with them, and the Bible with these, and Christ with the Bible, and God with Christ; and then, having done their utmost to divest the earth of its last resemblance to heaven, would consummate their plans by making it a complete counter-part of hell—building thrones and altars for all the devils in perdition, and substituting, for the dominion of law and the worship of goodness, the bloody despotism of every thing cruel, and the beastly orgies of every thing vile.

I repeat, that it is a matter of infinite importance to our country, that the true character of the Christian Ministry be duly understood. There are two reasons, in particular, why this is so important.

The first reason is—that the American people, if faithful to their high mission as the social regenerators of the world, will never submit to priest-craft. It were equally a sin and a shame, if they should. Our forefathers fled from it. They crossed the ocean, to escape it. They preferred a wilderness to a paradise; caverns to palaces; and barbarian dangers to civilized endearments—rather than offend their consciences and their God, by submission to its unholy usurpations. We, as their descendants, remember their deeds and cherish their spirit. We cannot, we will not, succumb, to what they so indignantly spurned. Our descendants shall remember our deeds and cherish our spirit. We will teach them to abhor what we were taught to abhor. We will make them understand, that even king-craft is innocent in comparison with priest-craft: for the former only, or chiefly, enslaves the body, but the latter enslaves the soul. Free from both, from the beginning until now, our nation is the only one so distinguished in the history of the world. Let it remain so forever!

The second reason is—that the American people, if true to their trust, will never cease to sustain the genuine Ministry of the Gospel. It was the true ministry that fled hither from the false ministry. The corner-stone of our national temple was laid by their hands—with the Bible put in it, and the seal set upon it, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Their labors have blest every stone which has been added to its walls, from that day to this: and it would be as disrespectful to the people as sorrowful to themselves to do otherwise than suppose, that, when the cap-stone shall be brought forth amidst the rejoicings of more than a hundred millions of freemen, these same ministers will be honored with the holy duty of dedicating it, in all its magnificence, to the perpetual service and glory of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. Indeed, without them, the peerless pile would soon emulate the hoariest ruins of all the past.

Surely the reasons thus intimated are all-sufficient to engage attention to this great subject. If the Gospel ministry, in some form, is certain of maintenance and influence, the proper character of it ought to be studied and understood. If the false ministry be so full of mischief, and the true ministry so fruitful of good—the decisive marks by which they may be distinguished ought to be thoroughly known, and become matter of common and daily application.

How could its proper character be more strongly stated, than it is in the text? What marks could be more distinctive or decisive than those which are here presented? Look at them again:

The first is this—“*We are not Lords.*” We are neither lords temporal nor lords spiritual. We aspire to no dominion in Church or State—over “God’s heri-

tage" or over Cæsar's heritage. This, surely, is plain enough. It cannot be made plainer. Perhaps, however, it may be made more impressive. In order to this, consider who it is that speaks, and for whom he speaks. The speaker is the Apostle Paul; and he represents all the Apostles. Even he was not a lord. Even they were not lords. They all disclaimed all such pretensions. They would not consent that any should make them lords, or call them lords. And yet—they were the elect and triumphant revolutionists of the world! And yet—they were the inspired and infallible law-givers of the Church! And yet—they held the power of miracles, controlling the bodies of men! And yet—they held the gift of tongues, commanding the souls of men! And yet—to say all in a word—the "Spirit of glory and of God" rested upon them, and lived in them, and thrilled the nations through them! But—they preached not themselves as lords. They would have been afraid to do it. They would have been ashamed to do it. They would have been afraid and ashamed to suffer themselves to be so represented by others. Had they done it, the Spirit would have abandoned them in the first moment of their treachery, and their own nothingness would rightly have challenged the contempt of their foes.

What then? Can any fail to understand the mark? Can any mistake, in applying it? Wherever you see a minister who claims lordship—mark him! Mark him as a false minister. Let his other pretensions be what they may, he is a false minister. Though he multiply ten thousand proofs that he is even a successor of the Apostles—this one mark disproves them all. Is he a lord? That's enough! His doom is fixed. Paul was not a lord. Peter was not a lord. James

was not a lord. John was not a lord. Among all the Apostles, there was not one lord. Lords succeed lords. He is no successor of theirs! So, wherever you see a body of ministers who claim lordship—who pretend to exercise dominion over the faith or worship of the people—mark them! Mark them as false ministers. They may plead what authority they please. However ancient, however venerable, however influential, in other relations, it may be—here it is “nothing, and less than nothing, and vanity.” The body of Apostles were not lords. In all the ecclesiastical assemblies of their age, there appeared not a single lord. In all the Bible, there is no patent for such a peerage. Wherever their patents come from, they barter their Bibles for them. They are traitors to the ministry. They sell themselves to evil; and purchase condemnation with the price of their crime.

But, look at the second mark—“*We are servants.*” We are, what our title declares, ministers—mere ministers. This cannot be made plainer. Still, as before, its impressiveness may be heightened by the Apostolic example. Not only did they disclaim lordship; not only did they declare themselves servants; but—they showed themselves servants. Their whole life was a ceaseless ministry. Their divine distinctions, instead of persuading them to repose, urged them the more to excel also in toil. If the church labored, the Apostles labored abundantly; and the greatest of the Apostles more abundantly than any other. Never were servants so faithful to their instructions, so diligent in their duties, so self-sacrificing in their habits, so careful of their trusts, so devoted, living and dying, to their Master and his cause.

What then? Is any thing easier? Apply the mark.

Wherever you see a minister, who is one in fact as well as in name; who acknowledges himself a servant, and proves himself a servant; who cleaves to his original and divine instructions, in sublime disregard of the contemptible contraventions of human ambition; who discharges his obligations, under all vicissitudes, with obvious reference to the prosperity of his work, rather than his own honor, emolument, or ease; who is ever ready to do good, to any individual or any society, in any and every way in his power, and without watching the connexions of personal or party advantage, in the result; who studies the truth that he may know it, and loves it as soon as he learns it, and preaches it because he loves it, and as he loves it—with all his heart, mind, soul, and strength—and exemplifies its redeeming and sanctifying power in his own deportment—mark him as a true minister. And, wherever you see a body of such—mark them all as true ministers. Such are the successors of the Apostles. Paul was such an one. So was Peter. So was James. So was John. Such were they all. And such have all their true successors been. Such were many of our forefathers. Such are many of their descendants. Such the true ministry ever will be. These are servants; they render service, great service, inestimable service, indispensable service. I cannot dwell upon its details. Suffice it to say, such ministers deserve to be sustained here; and are sure to be rewarded hereafter. In the Last Day, they shall hear the approval and welcome which will pay for all days—"Well done, good and faithful servants, enter ye into the joy of your Lord."

With these general and condensed observations on the CHARACTER of the Christian ministry, I pass to the

second point—only concluding this by the statement—that there can be no doubt, that the prevalence of priestly lordship, under all forms of false religion, and the tendency toward it, even in connexion with the true religion, in all lands and ages—are the reasons why the New Testament so carefully guards the church and warns the world against it: and surely American Christians, even above all others, are under obligation to hold up the fact to admiring and rejoicing nations—that Jesus Christ, the only Lord of all the world, has, from the very beginning, most solemnly proclaimed, that there is no authorized priestly domination in all his empire. Wherever such is found, therefore, its claims should be denied, its power should be resisted, and its institutions should be overthrown.

Having thus glanced at the CHARACTER of the Ministry, let us now notice its RELATIONS. These are, as already stated: 1. Its Relation to the *People*: 2. Its Relation to *Christ*.

This, then, is the first point here—THAT THE GOSPEL MINISTRY IS THE PEOPLE'S MINISTRY—a point, as it seems to me, of no little interest.

The whole subject is admirably comprehended in the terms of the Great Commission, as recorded by Mark: "Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature." See how beautifully these terms apply to the two distinctive methods of ministerial operation—FOREIGN AND HOME MISSIONS. "Go ye into ALL THE WORLD, and preach the Gospel." There is the specific warrant for FOREIGN Missions. "Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to EVERY CREATURE." There is the specific warrant for HOME Missions. The former describes the amplest outline that is possible; the latter, the most minute filling up that is possible.

Not a single spot on the globe, not a single individual of our race, is omitted.

Sometimes it is interesting and profitable to bring out the meaning of Scriptures by simple emphasis, and amplification. Let us try this plan here, in connexion with FOREIGN Missions. See:—

“*Go!*” Do not wait for the world to *come* to you. Do not wait for the world to *call* you to come to it. Do not wait for the *church* to *send* you to the world. If the world *come*, if the world *call*, if the church *send*—well: avail yourselves of such advantages. But, stay not for want of them. *Go*—because the world *needs* you. *Go*—because *I* send you. *Go*—in my *name*. *Go*—in my *spirit*. *Go*—in my *company*. *Go*—for—“*Lo! I am with you always, even unto the end of the world!*”

Again, “*Go ye!*” *Ye*—my chosen Apostles. *Ye*—mine elect, of all lands and all ages, the true successors of the Apostles. *Ye*—not only my Apostles’ successors, but, more than this, my own successors. *Go ye*—whether *others* go or stay. If selfishness detain them at home, if dangers daunt them abroad, let it *not* be so with *you*. If they *will* stay, let them stay: but as for *ye*—go!

Again, “*Go ye into the world!*” Think not *Judea*; or, *Judea* and *Samaria*; or, *Judea*, *Samaria*, and *Galilee*—may limit your range. Even under the Levitical Institute, the priesthood had no compact territorial allotment, like the other tribes. Their scattered cities, were half on the hither side of Jordan, and half on the thither side of Jordan: and their ministry was the ministry of the nation. That Institute is abolished. That priesthood is no more. Under the new and better covenant, there is but *one altar*, *one sacrifice*, and *one priest*. That

altar has been stained *once*; but will be stained no more. That sacrifice has been offered *once*; and will never be repeated. That priest is *immortal*; and shall never be superseded by another. Calvary was the altar; my body was the sacrifice; and my spirit, the priest. Ye are mere *preachers*. Your duties are simple—that your sphere may be boundless. You have no cities, at all; and no country, at all. Your “field is the world.” Free from the toil and care of the altar and the shrine, elevated to spiritual and holier dignities; as it becomes you to scorn for an inheritance, the oasian towns of the Levites, and to scorn for your ministry, the borders of Palestine alone—even from Dan to Beer-sheba, and from Gilead to the Great Sea: so you must learn to disdain Antioch, and Corinth, and Ephesus, and Athens, and the farthest flights of the eagles of imperial Rome—still, and forever, challenging the regions beyond to the utmost expansions of the globe.

Nor only so, but, if additional emphasis be needed—“Go ye into *all* the world!” Ye know not now what is meant by *all* the world. The proudest sovereigns, enlightened by all the intelligence of war and commerce, have no conception of its meaning. I made the world. I know what it is. I anticipate the progress of discovery. I contemplate the time when what you style the Great Sea shall dwindle into littleness; and what you call the whole world shall appear as a small part of it: when the equator shall be girdled, and both poles shall be grasped, and every island be numbered, and every continent be explored. To you, therefore, and your true successors, I give the charge—Follow Providence, wherever it leads. Become the best practical geographers, topographers, and statisticians, in the world. Remember, that however partial other enter-

prises may be, yours is universal. However rapidly caravans, armies, and fleets may pursue the shortest routes by land and sea; and however transiently merchants, pilgrims, soldiers, and sailors may touch at attractive points, and be gone again—it is your duty, patiently and perseveringly, to spread abroad, and fill up the entire circle of the earth, and so “occupy till I come.”

Again: “Go ye into all the world, and—*preach the Gospel.*” This is your distinctive office. Preach the *Gospel*—as *I* have preached it. Preach the *Gospel*—as I have *taught* you to preach it. Preach the *Gospel*—as, hereafter, my *Spirit* shall teach you to preach it. Preach it, not only as *a* Gospel, but, as *the* Gospel—not only as glad-tidings, but, as *the* glad-tidings, infinitely more gladdening than any other tidings ever heard. *Preach* it—not *prove* it. You might as well attempt to prove that sunshine is from heaven, as to prove that the Gospel is from heaven. Only *preach* it—and it will *prove itself*, as sunshine proves itself. *Preach* it—all heaven would exult to preach it. *Preach* it—all the earth languishes to hear it preached. Preach it *everywhere*: for *sin* is everywhere. Preach it *everywhere*: for *sorrow* is everywhere. Preach it *everywhere*: for *death* is everywhere. Preach it *everywhere*: for there is *no other hope*, anywhere. Preach it—as *salvation* from *sin*. Preach it—as *salvation* from *sorrow*. Preach it—as *salvation* from *death*. In all the world, to the end of the world, this is your whole office—to *preach the Gospel*.

But, let us turn a moment to the topic of HOME Missions. See! “Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to *every creature.*”

You are not only to go from city to city, from country

to country, and, ultimately, from ocean to ocean and from pole to pole: you are not only to follow Providence until the circumference of the earth is completely disclosed, and practically brought within your range: but, moreover, you are to make thorough search into *every section* of every continent, coast and island; of every city, town, and village; of every street, lane, and alley; of every house on the land, and every boat on the wave, and every dark and dreary mine under the land and under the wave. And not only *wherever* man is, but also *whatever* he is—the Gospel should find him. Whether young or old, rich or poor, bond or free, enlightened or ignorant, vicious or virtuous, wretched or happy, sick or well, living or dying—the Gospel has grace and glory for every one. As the air encloses the globe, and is breathed by every animate thing, so the Gospel is designed, not only for diffusion about our race at large, but as the element of constant spiritual life to every individual soul. “Preach the Gospel to *every creature.*”

Now surely there is nothing so magnificent and sublime as this, in any merely human undertaking. I dwell upon it, because of its illustrating the position—that the *Gospel ministry is the People’s ministry.* “For we preach not ourselves” as *Lords*, “but Christ Jesus” as “the Lord; and ourselves” *merely* as “*your servants*, for Jesus’ sake.”

See! Jesus Christ, as the Lord of the world, *sends no Ambassadors to worldly powers.* He neither asks, desires, nor needs their help. Earthly governments do this, among themselves—for to them it is indispensable. To what Court do not Nicholas, Francis Joseph, Louis Napoleon, and Victoria send Ambassadors? Where is the National Authority in the presence of which

some Messenger of the United States stands not up? Have we not sent Lawrence to England? and Barringer, to Spain? and Rives, to France? and Barnard, to Prussia? and Brown, to Russia? and Marsh, to Turkey? and Homes, to China? and Peyton, to Chili? and Schenck, to Brazil? and Letcher, to Mexico? Was it not always so?—and under present relations, must it not always be so? But what Sovereign, except the Lord Jesus Christ, ever sent ambassadors to the *People*? I repeat that—What other Sovereign ever sent ambassadors to *any* people, much less to *all* people? How shall we account for this phenomenon in the history of the world? Surely, as he himself declared, his “kingdom is *not of this world!*” It is not *like* other kingdoms. It seeks not simple recognition and acknowledgment within any assigned and limited locality. It comes to “break in pieces and consume all other kingdoms.” It allows them not, in their own right, a grain of sand, or drop of water, or breath of air: but claims the perfect sphere as its own inheritance. And so with its *King*. *He* is not of *this* world. He is not *like* other kings. He seeks no brotherly alliance with any autocrat in existence. He cares not, except for themselves, whether earthly monarchs confess or reject his authority. *He* is “King of kings, and Lord of lords:” and they must either bend or break beneath the blast of his power. He sends no embassy to them: unless, it may be, a pale prisoner, now and then, like PAUL—to rattle his chains in their hearing, and make them tremble on their thrones, and sigh to be like their victim. When did he commission an ambassador to Pilate? or to Herod? or to Festus? or to Felix? or to Agrippa? or to Augustus? Nor sends he any now.

True, there may be, and are, those who seem to

regard themselves as called to this office. But they have mistaken the State's call for Christ's call; and "the honor that cometh from man," for that "which cometh from God." Therefore, they are *dishonored*. Lounging in palaces; luxuriating in festivals; and simpering in the smiles of iniquitous royalty—pretty specimens are they of the ambassadors of Christ. Let them show their credentials! Are there any wounds in their feet?—any wounds in their hands?—any wounds in their sides? Is there even a scourge mark on their shoulders?—or a thorn print on their brows? Again, I say—let them show their credentials!—and let them beware lest they show gems for tears and wine for blood. Such are not the seals of the successors of the Apostles—of the true ministers of Christ.

No—no: Christ sends not his ambassadors to Courts. They live not in a queen's smile: nor on a king's compliments. He invests them with a higher honor. He sends them to *the People!* As though there were no other sovereign on earth, or none to be regarded—without leave of any, independently of the help of any, and careless of the opposition of any, he sends his plenipotentiaries, ordinary and extraordinary, to *all* people. Let their rulers, if they dare, "take counsel together, against the Lord, and against his Anointed, saying—Let us break their bands asunder and cast away their cords from us. He that sitteth in the heavens shall laugh; the Lord shall have them in derision. Then shall he speak unto them in his wrath, and vex them in his sore displeasure. Yet have I set my king upon my holy hill of Zion. I will declare the decree: the Lord hath said unto me, Thou art my son; this day have I begotten thee. Ask of me, and I shall give thee the heathen for thine inheritance, and the

uttermost parts of the earth for thy possession. Thou shalt break them with a rod of iron; thou shalt dash them in pieces like a potter's vessel. Be wise now, therefore, O ye kings; be instructed, ye judges of the earth. Serve the Lord with fear, and rejoice with trembling. *Kiss the Son*, lest he be angry, and ye perish from the way, when his wrath is kindled but a little. Blessed are all they that put their trust in him."

There is God's own proclamation of our Lord Jesus Christ: and it invests him with the Sword of Power as well as with the Sceptre of Mercy. Therefore, I say again: Let the rulers of the people, at their peril, oppose his ordinations. What! shall mere human sovereigns claim the people as their own, and prohibit Christ's ambassadors from addressing them? Shall the savage Queen of Madagascar, or the half-civilized Emperors of China and Japan, or any other heathen authorities, deny them admittance? Shall any of the Asian or African Mohammedan Powers, uninfluenced by the example of the European Sultan, meet them on their borders, and bid them away? Shall the Greek Church, and its degenerate Oriental allies, challenge them in the name of Christ himself, accuse them falsely, and embarrass their holy work? And, moreover, meaner than even the meanest Paganism, shall the Roman Church, at the same time that it accepts and abuses the liberty allowed it in most Protestant States—guard its own grey coasts with walls of fire, and fill its dull ports and relic-posted capitals with inquisitions and dungeons, with spies and executioners, to prevent "the truth as it is in Jesus" from coming "home to the business and bosoms" of its ignorant and oppressed masses? Forgetting its anathemas, and despising all righteous consistency, shall it make common cause with abhorred

schisms; conspire with every form of civil government—bless despotisms, flatter republics, advocate conservatism, instigate revolution, sanction usurpation—do any and every thing to perpetuate its own tyranny over the people—to keep Austria still and dark; to keep Italy still and dark; to keep France still and dark; to keep Spain still and dark; to keep Portugal still and dark; to keep Ireland, at least in part, still and dark; to keep Mexico still and dark; to keep South America still and dark: all, as still as death and as dark as the grave? So be it!—but Christ's ambassadors are not to abandon their Great Mission to the People for all that! Christ loved the people: and his ministers must love them. Christ suffered for the people: and his ministers must suffer for them. Papists themselves have suffered among Mohammedans and Pagans: and Protestants must be willing to suffer, not only among Mohammedans and Pagans, but, among *Papists, too!* True, there is a limit to suffering; and a sure punishment for those who cause it. Christ was crucified—but lived again: Jerusalem was overthrown, the Jews were scattered, and so they remain to this day. So is it now. "Behold!" saith the Lord—"I send my ambassadors to *the people!* Let their way be opened, to the uttermost parts of the earth!" Will any refuse? Who can doubt it? Some always have refused. But, as it has been with them, so it will be with their successors. Where the way is not *opened*—it will be *cut open*. This is not of choice—but, of necessity. Where the sceptre fails—the sword must follow. "The Son" prefers to be meek: but he can be "angry." He loves to "kiss:" but he may smite. As a "potter's vessel," when struck by an "iron rod," flies into fragments—so his enemies shall be dashed "in pieces." As a broad landscape is desolated

by a whirlwind of fire, occasioned by a spark—so the widest opposition to Christ shall perish from *his* way, “when his wrath is kindled but a little.” He loves the people as much as ever. If he overthrow the tyrants—it will be for the people’s sake. He has made his ministry the ministry of the people; and will see that they enjoy its advantages. He has given the commission—“Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature:” and will secure the opportunity for its fulfillment. But when? how? by whom? I know not. It matters not. ’Tis not our business to fight; but, to preach. The Gospel, not the sword, is our instrument. “Vengeance is mine!”—“I will repay!—saith the Lord.” Some say—“1848 is dead.” Some say—The political exiles in Belgium, England, and the United States, are almost hopeless. What then? Who would antedate vengeance? Christ’s time is the right time—and not only for the people of Europe, but for the people of the whole world. At his command, dead years will rise again: nay—are they not already rising?—and the feeblest exiles shall become rods of iron, and wheels of adamant, and flames of fire, for the dashing of crowns to atoms, the grinding of thrones to powder, and the burning of kingdoms to ashes. Then the Gospel shall “drop as the rain,” and the preaching of it “distil as the dew, as the small rain upon the tender herb, and as the showers upon the grass.” Then the ministry shall “publish the name of the Lord:” and the people, redeemed from the thralldom of ages, shall “ascribe greatness unto our God.”

Where, then, are *the people*? There is the place for *the ministry*! Wherever access is *possible*, let it be immediately and diligently improved. Wherever it is *not* possible, let there be a watchful waiting on Provi-

dence, until it becomes possible. In a word, follow Providence, and so fill the world.

Having thus noticed the relation of the ministry to *the people*—let us now glance at its relation to *Christ*. As it is the people's ministry—so it is Christ's ministry. If the former relation be impressive, the latter is more so. There is only one point, however, in connexion with it, which I can now present. This is suggested by the last three words of the text: "For we preach not ourselves—as *Lords*, but Christ Jesus as the Lord; and ourselves your servants—FOR JESUS' SAKE."

Here, if I may so express it, is the protecting clause of the true ministerial character and dignity. I should be sorry to suppose that the Apostle, on any occasion, condescended to the utterance of an ignoble sentiment. Yet, without this clause, the text would seem ignoble. It would be equivalent to saying—Christ is *your* master, and *you* are *our* masters. Now, it were quite as revolting to say that the *people* are *lords* over the *ministers*, as to say, that the *ministers* are *lords* over the *people*. Some of the people are young, and ignorant, and uncourteous; confined to very small circles of experience, enterprise, and contemplation; and unfit to venture beyond them. On the other hand, some of the ministers are aged, learned, refined; habituated to broad views of men and things; prepared to act wisely and efficiently in behalf of a nation or the world. What then? Shall the former class be masters of the latter? Never. Again: some of the ministers are yet youthful: recently called from obscure situations; with less to recommend them than they themselves imagine—scarcely anything indeed save their ardent and voluble piety: while, on the other hand, many of the people are persons of high social position, polished manners,

general intelligence, great wisdom and energy, and as anxious as they are able to assist in all good works, and leave a useful example to encourage their successors. What then? Shall such ministers be masters over such people? Never. The whole notion of human mastery is inadmissible. On all sides, it is all wrong. *One* is our *Master*: even CHRIST: and we all—ministers and people—are *brethren*.

As the text stands, however, it is all right. *We are your servants*—but, only—“FOR JESUS’ SAKE.” See: here is an intimation, both of the *motive* and of the *object* of our service. In another passage, the Apostle states them more distinctly—“For the *love of Christ constraineth us*”—see: there is the *motive*!—“because we thus judge, that if one died for all, then were all dead, and that he died for all, that they which live should not henceforth *live unto themselves*, but *unto him* which died for them and rose again:”—See: there is the *object*! The *motive* is—LOVE FOR CHRIST: the *object* is—SELF-SACRIFICING CO-OPERATION WITH CHRIST IN THE GREAT WORK OF REDEMPTION.

Think of the *motive*, a moment. Tell me, my brethren! would any other motive than the *love of Christ* sustain an efficient *people’s ministry*? Apply the inquiry to *Home Missions*. Would *self-love* sustain *Home Missions*?—that is, the love of *ease*? the love of *wealth*? the love of *fame*? the love of *power*? or any similar impulse? Think of the duties of a home missionary—day and night; week-day and sabbath; summer and winter; in heat and cold; through rain and snow; along lanes, and alleys; among the hovels of poverty, and the haunts of disease; with the naked, and shivering, and hungry; the sick, and dying, and dead—only think, and you will need no other answer. Even

if *settled Pastorates* be included within the notion of Home Missions, still *self-love* is an insufficient motive to fill them with a true people's ministry. In such a country as ours, especially—where ease, and wealth, and honor, and power, are so much more accessible in other directions—if the ministry be not supplied with mere drones, something higher and nobler than mere self-love must sustain it. What then? Would *love of the people* support the ministry in connexion with Home Missions? Never. We know, too well, in this elective government, what this much boasted *love of the people* amounts to, without some diviner affection to purify and strengthen it. Love of the people, among us, is too often a selfish or partizan catch-word to have much influence among discriminating observers. It often contemplates any other kind of elevation than that of the people themselves. Besides, it is a periodical excitement, and soon subsides. It knows nothing of the steady energy necessary to support Home Missions. No—no: it is not either in *self-love*, or in *love of the people*, that the true motive of the people's ministry is to be found—but only in the *love of Christ*. Unless this “constrain” a man, he is not fit for this service.

But, apply the inquiry to *Foreign Missions*. Would *self-love* suffice, as the *motive, here?* Ease? wealth? fame? power?—are they to be secured by crossing the widest oceans, and going into the ends of the earth? If so, still it were better to seek them more honestly than in the capacity of a Gospel missionary. What an awful conscience such a man would carry with him! At sea, its weight would threaten to sink the ship. On shore, every pestilence would snuff its malaria, and hasten to seize him. But—all sin and shame aside—how is self-love wounded, at the very embarkation

of a foreign missionary? Home, country, kindred; father, mother, brothers, sisters, friends—all given up: not in death—not of necessity—not because of estrangement: but, in the freshness of life—in freedom of will—in fullness of affection: all given up, and that, perhaps, forever! Ah me! how sorely must self-love be wounded, on such occasions; one would think almost beyond recovery. What then? Would *love of the people* suffice? Surely not. *What* people are they?—relatives? friends? countrymen? Nay—but strangers; foreigners; idolaters; semi-civilized, barbarian, savage; imbecile, ignorant, superstitious: vile in morals; disgusting in their habits; treacherous, thievish, murderous. What are they to the missionary? *Why* should he love them? And yet—shall he *so* love them, as to relinquish the dearest on earth, for their sake? Shall he so love them, as to take his young wife from her dearest, also, and live with them, and labor for them, and actually become *their servant*?—and see his wife also *their servant*?—and train up whatever children God may give him, also to become *their servants*? Surely mere love of the people would never lead to such results as these! No—no: the love of Christ must “constrain” the ministry—or Foreign Missions will soon come to an end.

The love of Christ! Oh! my brethren! This is the motive: a reasonable motive: a sufficient motive: a noble and omnipotent motive. Tell me not of myself—of my relatives or friends! Tell me not of the people—at home or abroad. Let self-love be nothing. Let social love be nothing. Let me forget even the selectest exemplars of our race: the most brave, and brilliant, and beautiful: the most wise, and good, and useful: the most exalted and extolled—the very stars in the firmament of our glory. Let me forget even the angels and archangels; the cherubim and seraphim; the

thrones, and dominions, and principalities, and powers of higher and holier spheres; the most ancient, the most mighty, the most illustrious, of all the orders of creation. But—there is one Star above all other stars; one Angel above all other angels; one Name—far above every other name, not only in this world, but also in that which is to come. He is infinitely lovely: in intellect, in affection, in action; in person, in position; retrospectively, currently, prospectively. He saw the first star's first sparkle, and heard the first angel's first song. He now surveys the splendor of the universe and hears the harmony of all its worlds. In like manner, the future flashes on his vision with intended conflagrations, and charms his hearing with the music of new creations. Every good being in existence loves him. The Father so loves him that "all the fullness of the godhead dwelleth in him, bodily." Methinks I see him! Exceeding beautiful—but *pale!* Immortal—and yet *wounded!* I hear the inquiry—Was he ever wounded before? And eternity answers—Never! I hear another inquiry—Where did he receive these wounds? And immensity replies—He received them on earth: no other orb has known the dropping of his blood. But another voice asks—And why was he wounded? And one from the earth responds—"He was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities, the chastisement of our peace was upon him, and by his stripes we are healed."

And what now? Do we love him, who has thus loved us? Do we feel the full force of this motive? Are we constrained by it, as the Apostle was constrained by it? Can we honestly account for our character and conduct, by this constant and controlling impulse? If we be sober, to the wonder of the gay; or if we be beside ourselves, to the astonishment of the grave: are

we sure that our solemnity and enthusiasm are only the alternations of the love of Christ? If so—if this indeed be our law of life—happy are we! The motive right, we are prepared for the object set before us: prepared for self-sacrificing co-operation with the Redeemer in his incomparable work: prepared to become, with all gladness, the servants of the people—for Jesus' sake; and, therefore, for the people's own salvation. This, it seems to me, is the true view of the subject.

And now, in conclusion, having thus endeavored to present a trustworthy estimate, so far as it goes, of the Character and Relations of the Christian Ministry—let me pause, for a moment, to think, with reverence, of the Cross and the Throne: of him who died on the one and lives on the other: of his relations to the Father and to the Spirit, to the Bible, the Church, and the World: to think, moreover, of our own relations and responsibilities to him: and so, having paused and thought, let me add these brief but deliberate and earnest exhortations—first, to the equal brotherhood in whole, Let there be neither masterdom or serfdom in all your bounds: and, secondly, to the ministry in particular, Be ye not lords: Be ye all servants: Be ye all the people's servants: but, above all, be ye all, and always, the people's servants—for Jesus' sake! Any other motive, will degrade, enfeeble, and injure all parties concerned. In this, is our purity, dignity, and power. In this, is our hope, our only adequate hope, of usefulness to our country and to the world. And so—"let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us: and establish thou the work of our hands upon us; yea, the work of our hands, establish thou it."

THE RICHES OF HEAVEN.

“For ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that though he was rich, yet for your sakes he became poor, that ye through his poverty might be rich.”—2 COR. Ch. viii: 9.

The *Design* of Christ is before us: the *Object* which he had in view: the *Manner* in which he intended to make us *rich*.

It is no more true, to affirm that Christ promised his disciples “all worldly comforts in abundance,” * than it would be to say, that he gave them no promise at all: the plain fact being that he proposed to them a medium condition, assuring them that their heavenly Father would supply them, by his daily providence, with whatever he should see to be needful for them; and exhorting them, therefore, to exercise a grateful confidence in this arrangement, to dismiss the anxieties which generally prevail in this relation, and to “seek—first, the kingdom of God and his righteousness.”

The object of Christ, in connexion with our enrichment, in this world, has chief, and almost exclusive, respect to our *spiritual* interests; and the accomplishment of his purpose, in this particular, is committed to the universal and perpetual, ordinary and extraordinary, invisible but omnipotent, agency of the Holy Ghost—from whom it is our privilege, personally and socially, freely and constantly, to receive—not, indeed, “an

* A sceptic's assertion.

abundance of all worldly comforts," but—the fullness of all religious consolations, "the full assurance of understanding," "knowledge," "wisdom," and "utterance;" "faith" and "hope;" "love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, fidelity, meekness, and temperance;" "whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report"—every thing virtuous, every thing praiseworthy; every thing saint-like, Christ-like, and God-like.

Who can fail to perceive that these spiritual gifts are infinitely superior to any mere natural endowments? If we could cover the world with the most magnificent and ornamental artificial improvements ever contemplated by the most gorgeous imagination—every phalanx a palace, and every domain a paradise, which even imperial opulence would be too poor to imitate: still, without these spiritual and sanctifying benefactions, every palace would be a den of crime, and every paradise a vale of tears. But, if we could diffuse these redeeming and ennobling virtues over the same extent, though the progress of material refinement should be no more rapid than at present, and though the angels of Providence, in their daily ministrations, in fulfillment of the promise, should merely supply the natural need of the obedient nations—still, every house would be a Bethel, and every garden an Eden, and even the gates of the grave would glow like the portals of pearl, which open on the city of God.

And yet, infinitely superior as are these spiritual gifts to any other kind of wealth, with which they can be compared, *on earth*, they do not constitute the whole of the riches which Christ designed to bestow upon us.

When the Queen of Sheba looked upon the state, and listened to the wisdom of Solomon, it is said: "*there was no more spirit in her.* And she said to the king, It was a true report which I heard in mine own land of thine acts, and of thy wisdom: howbeit, I believed not their words, until I came, and mine eyes had seen it: and behold, *the one-half of the greatness of thy wisdom was not told me:* for thou exceedest the fame that I heard." So here, after all that has been said in relation to the preciousness of our portion in Christ Jesus the Lord, not "the one-half of the greatness" of it has yet been told.

Our heavenly Father knows that we have need of more than any of us receive, or are capable of receiving, in the life which now is. Therefore, "godliness is profitable unto all things, having promise of the life which now is, *and* of that which is *to come.* This," as the Apostle affirms, "is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation." Let all who are to die—think of it.

Our Lord Jesus Christ, also, was aware of the extent of our want, when, for our sakes, he became poor, that we, through his poverty, might be rich. He fully understood our future career; and therefore endured his deep humiliation with such cheerful patience, that he might duly provide for the exigencies of so transcendent a destiny.

The agency of the Holy Ghost has the same prospect. All its offices are preliminary to eternal conditions. Therefore, its continued abode, and ceaseless action. It distributes the riches of grace on earth, as an earnest of the riches of glory in heaven.

Now, let us return to the Book. Let us complete our comprehension of the object of Christ. Let us learn the largest sense in which he intends to enrich us.

Read Matt. vi: 19, 21: "Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal: But lay up for yourselves *treasures in heaven*, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal: For where your treasure is, there will your heart be also."

Read again, xix: 21:—the promise of the Young Ruler—"If thou wilt be perfect, go and sell that thou hast, and give to the poor, and thou shalt have *treasure in heaven*; and come and follow me."

Read again, the 28th and 29th verses of the same chapter—"Verily I say unto you, that *ye* which have followed me in the regeneration, when the Son of man shall sit in the throne of his glory, ye also shall sit upon twelve thrones, judging the twelve tribes of Israel. And *every one* that hath forsaken houses, or brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother, or wife, or children, or lands, for my name's sake, shall receive an hundred-fold, and shall *inherit everlasting life*."

Read again, xxv: 34.—"Then shall the King say to them on his right hand, Come, ye blessed of my Father, *inherit the kingdom* prepared for you from the foundation of the world." These, the righteous, as foretold in the 46th verse, shall go away into "*life eternal*."

Proceed to the Epistles. Read Rom. vi: 22-3.—"Now, being made free from sin, and become servants to God, ye have your fruit unto holiness, and the end *everlasting life*. For the wages of sin is death: but the *gift* of God is *eternal life*, through Jesus Christ our Lord."

Read again, viii: 16, 17, 18.—"The Spirit itself beareth witness with our spirit, that we are the children of God: And if children, then *heirs: heirs of God*, and

joint-heirs with Christ: if so be that we suffer with him, that we may be also *glorified together*." More particularly, in the 23d verse—We, "which have the first-fruits of the Spirit, even we ourselves groan within ourselves, waiting for the adoption, to wit, the *redemption of our body*."

Read again, Tit. iii: 5, 6, 7—where it is declared that God sheds the Holy Ghost "on us abundantly, through Jesus Christ our Saviour; that, being justified by his grace, we should be made *heirs* according to the *hope of eternal life*."

Read again, Heb. vi: 11, 12.—"We desire that every one of you do show the same diligence to the full assurance of hope unto the end: That ye be not slothful, but followers of them who through faith and patience *inherit the promises*."

Read again, Heb. ix: 15.—"For this cause he"—i. e. Christ—"is the Mediator of the new testament, that by means of death, for the redemption of the transgressions that were under the first testament, they which are called might receive the *promise of eternal inheritance*."

Read again, 1 Pet. i: 3, 4, 5.—"Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, which, according to his abundant mercy, hath begotten us again unto a lively hope, by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead, to an *inheritance incorruptible, and undefiled, and that fadeth not away, reserved in heaven* for you, who are kept by the power of God through faith unto salvation, ready to be revealed in the last time."

Read once more, Rev. xxi: 7.—"He that overcometh shall *inherit all things*; and I will be his God, and he shall be my son."

Such are a few of the passages relating to this great

subject. They have been selected, in preference to others, chiefly because their terms are expressive of the idea of *enrichment*, by relation, gift, promise, testament, and inheritance. They set before us the resurrection, judgment, heaven, and eternal life: represent us as heirs of God himself; joint-heirs with the Son of God; princes in the kingdom of God: and endowed with treasures not liable to fraud, violence, corruption defilement, or any evil that could diminish their amount or impair their value.

How shall I treat a subject so grand?

THE RICHES OF HEAVEN:

Do we really need such riches? A German infidel, has recently described Christianity as the religion of suffering; and thence inferred, that, as it will no longer be wanted, in the condition of general physical prosperity by which the world is about to be enchanted, it will be politely bowed out of society, with many thanks for its past services—and doubtless, we may add, with great rejoicing to be freed from its holy restraints.

Before this is attempted, however, it will be well to be made perfectly sure of the cause of suffering; perfectly sure that this cause can be removed; perfectly sure that suffering itself will be actually and speedily banished; and perfectly sure, therefore, that the religion of suffering can at last be spared.

What then? Has infidelity ascertained the cause of suffering? Can it remove this cause? And will it?

Is it true, that *poverty* is about to disappear from society? Is it true, that the time has arrived for the fulfillment of the poetic prediction—

“Prone to the dust *Oppression* shall be hurl'd,
Her name, her nature, withered from the world?”

Is it true, that *Violence*, *Accident*, and *Disease*, the three great agents of *Death*, are about to resign their awful functions? Is it true, that *Death* himself is about to quit the empire over which he has ruled so ruthlessly and so long? Is it true, that the vaults of the *Grave* are about to be garnished and illumined as chambers of peerless pleasure, and saloons of immortal pride? Is it true, that all sighs are about to be hushed forever? that all tears are about to be wiped away forever? and that all griefs are about to be assuaged forever? Is it true, that the earth and its inhabitants are just about to disclose perfection, and then maintain it forever? and this, too, without the love, or blood, or breath, of Father, Son, or Holy Ghost? in disdain, and derision, and exclusion of all?

Alas! if such were the prospect, who could think of the retrospect without sorrow and weeping? For infidelity has no resurrection! Though it deem itself strong enough to exile God from his dominions; and to perfect man, in despite of sin, and perfect the world, notwithstanding the curse—it claims no power to raise the dead! Where, then, are the beautiful, and brave, and noble, of the ages gone by? Where are the glorious geniuses, who have been revered as the gods and goddesses of art, and science, and philosophy, and literature, and government? Where are the cherished ones of our own homes, and hearts, and fadeless memories? Tell me—ye sacred shades! Ye dear, departed! tell me! Ah, vain apostrophe! unmeaning eloquence of thoughtless woe! They cannot tell me! They are all dumb—dumb, even to fancy's ear—and dumb forever! Ah, me! why lived they not to see this roseate dawn?—to mark the clearness of this morning star?—to hail the glory of this rising sun?—and share the

triumphs of this perfect day? Alas! the dust that gathers on my sandals, may blend the only relics of the lost: and every footstep leave its print in the hopeless ashes of some whose name and fame are still the common idolatry! But infidelity has no regret for the dead; and no sympathy with mourners. Epicurean in private, and stoical in public, its chief changes, like those of an Eastern tyrant, are from the harem of lust to a throne of skulls.

But, turning again to the future, and to the infidel's vision of its multiplying improvements, I again demand—Is it true, that all mankind are about to enjoy such wonderful physical prosperity, that there will no longer be need of a religion on earth, or of a God and a home in heaven? What does the infidel mean, when he speaks thus? He confesses he cannot raise the dead. What then? Does he think he can prevent death?—and prevent the suffering which leads to death? Does he sincerely anticipate a succession of generations, all blooming with imperishable health? If so, he is beyond the reach of argument; and ought to be kindly conducted to one of those retreats where insane enthusiasts are blest with careful and gentle oversight. But, if he has no such thought, and no such anticipation, then where is the reason for his prediction? Let the future bring as many improvements as it may, and make the possession of them as equal as it may: still, if death remain, how can Christianity be spared? As our Saviour inquired, in relation to the soul, so we may ask in relation to life—What shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own life? Or what shall a man give in exchange for his life? If a man gain the whole world, and offer it in exchange for his life, and yet fail to effect the exchange—is it

not plain that he needs something more than the whole world?—needs something which will save his life? And where can this something be found, except in Christianity? And how, therefore, can men afford, in any condition of society, to bow it out of their presence?

Here, then, is the development of our greatest want. Christ promised us all we need, in this world, in connexion with both our natural and spiritual interests. But this was not enough. Our whole want comprehends the other world, as well as this world; eternity, as well as time; heaven, as well as earth;—and, therefore, in addition to all earthly blessings, we have the promise of the riches of heaven.

The riches of heaven! Yes, indeed, we do really need them. “Alas, poor Heines!”—said the infidel’s translator, as well as I remember his words—“he was sore sick the last summer, and went to the Pyrenees for his health.” But, let him go where he will, he cannot long elude the destroyer. His friends will soon say—Alas, poor Heines! he is dead! He, too, needs the riches of heaven. May God, for Christ’s sake, grant that he may yet find them.

Come, then, and gather around me, and gather your friends around me, all ye who believe that the Redeemer descended from heaven to exalt us to heaven; all ye who feel your need of the riches of heaven; all ye who are encompassed by the defects, and frailties, and infirmities of mortality, and long to put on immortality!

Behold! they come: the masses press around me. I contemplate their *bodily* condition. Some are incurably *blind*. The splendor of the sky, the colors of the landscape, and the graceful varieties of universal motion, are as invisible to them, as the heaven of heavens to us.

Some are incurably *deaf* and *dumb*. The music of nature and of art, of speech and of song, is as inaudible to them, as the harmony of saints and angels to us. Some are *halt*; some, *maimed*; some, *deformed*; some, *deranged*; some, *idiotic*; some, *diseased*; some, even now, manifestly *dying*. Even the *fairest* and *strongest* are *consciously* and *sadly imperfect*. The smoothest and amplest brow among them all is sealed, like the rest, with the sentence: "*Dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return.*"

What now? How shall I address them? Thank God! the religion of suffering has not yet been bowed out of society. I remember Paul's ascription of praise, and the occasion of it. "Blessed be God, even the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Father of mercies, and the *God of all comfort*; who *comforteth us in all our tribulation*, that *we may be able to comfort them* which are in *any* trouble by the comfort wherewith we ourselves are comforted of God." Our God is the God of all comfort: the Father is a comforter; the Son is a comforter; the Holy Ghost is a comforter; the Bible is a comforter; the Church is a comforter; and its ministers are comforters. Even I, am a comforter.

Here, then, "I magnify my office." I know that suffering abounds; but I know, also, that comfort much more abounds. Here, then, I begin to apply it. "*Any* trouble"—"comfort them which are in *any* trouble"—in any *bodily* trouble.

Ho! then, ye subjects of physical affliction! throw open your souls to the passing anthems of Christianity—to the sound of the silver trumpets of the trooping angels of the resurrection! God gave us bodies, that we might commune with himself, and sympathize with each other, in the full enjoyment of the material uni-

verse. What then? Has sin despoiled us? Christ recovers the spoils. True, ye must die: but in this is the charm and the rapture. Christ has changed the curse into a blessing. "Precious in the sight of the Lord, is the death of his saints." For you, "to live is Christ, and to die is gain." Who would live as he is forever? That, indeed, were an intolerable curse. No form of suicide would be left unattempted, by him who should be subject to such a doom. No death, no resurrection! No resurrection, no perfection! No perfection, no full enjoyment of the universe, no complete sympathy with each other, no undisturbed communion with our Maker! Then, all hail! the chantings and the trumpeting of the angels of the resurrection! As they fly round the world, let the heart's-ease blossom on every tomb; and the morning-glory unfold upon the door-posts of every sepulchre! Though death and the grave still lie at the gate of immortality, as if to prevent entrance, the weary Pilgrim of the cross, when the shades and the dews of the night-fall come on, bears his burden into the very presence of the monsters; lays it on the ground between them, stretches himself on it as on a pallet and pillow of down, rests his left hand on the serpent's head, twists the fingers of his right hand in the lion's beard, and sings, ere his eye-lids close in sleep—"O death! where is thy sting? O grave! where is thy victory? Thanks be unto God, which giveth" *us* "the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ!" And then he dreams of heaven—until the morning dawns, and the gate opens, and the porter touches him, and he *awakes* in the *likeness* of *God*, and is *satisfied*!

But the resurrection is only the beginning of comfort. Again, I look upon the masses gathered around me. I contemplate their *social* condition. Nearly all of them

have been distressed by the injustice and cruelty of false public opinions and usages. The world does not know them: does not apprehend their true character and relations. It contemns them; despises them; slanders them; abuses them. They encourage one another by saying: "Behold, what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons of God!" And then they explain their position by adding: "Therefore, the world knoweth us not; because it knew him not." God himself "was in the world, and the world was made by him, and the world knew him not. He came unto his own, and his own received him not." Instead of acknowledging him as the Maker and Ruler of all things; they cried—"Away with him! Crucify him!" And they *did* crucify him! No wonder, therefore, the world does not know his children. And yet it sometimes seems hard for his children to bear all that comes upon them. Seeing that the world rewards men for wickedness, and praises them for serving Satan; it appears too bad to be borne, that they themselves should be persecuted *for righteousness' sake*, and reviled for *loving the name of Jesus*. They forget, for the moment, that it is their duty and privilege to "rejoice and be exceeding glad; for great is" their "reward in heaven."

Oh, how many such, in all lands and ages, have pined and perished under the load of obloquy and shame! Misunderstood and misrepresented; traduced, vilified, and outcast; hunted, seized, imprisoned, tried, condemned, scourged, maimed, exiled, executed, quartered, exposed in parts over bloody city gates, burned to ashes, thrown upon the winds, flung upon the waters; recorded as heretics, traitors, criminals; and consigned

to the abhorrence of posterity, as wretches, accursed of God as well as of men.

And is there no remedy? Ho! ye victims of social wrong! The blast of the trumpets of the angels of the judgment will speedily follow the winding music of the angels of the resurrection: a blast so terrible to the wicked that they will call on "mountains and rocks to fall upon them, and hide them from the face of him that sitteth on the throne, and from the wrath of the Lamb!"—but, *to you*, a high, and holy, and heavenly harmony, inspiring you rather with a triumphant ambition to shout from the tops of the mountains and clap your hands for joy! Then the Grand Court of Appeal will be opened. Then the truth shall be ascertained. And then your honor shall be vindicated. For God "hath appointed a day, in the which *he* will judge the world *in righteousness*, by that *man* whom he hath ordained: whereof he hath given assurance unto all men, in that he hath raised him from the dead." And sweeter than the song of the morning stars over the birth of the world; and sweeter than the song of the seraphim and cherubim over the birth of the Saviour of the world; and sweeter than all the bugles of salvation, summoning his elect to take their stations, in shining garments, and in the sight of the assembled universe, on the right of his throne; and sweeter even than his own sweet voice, then touched with sorrow, when he said to his disciples, in the night of his agony—"In the world ye shall have tribulation, but be of good cheer: I have overcome the world:" ay, sweeter than the sweetest of all previous salutations, will be that long-looked for welcome, from the lips of the "King"—"Come! ye blessed of my Father! inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world!"

But the judgment is only a second comfort, added to that of the resurrection. Again I look upon the masses gathered around me. I contemplate their *spiritual* condition. They are assured of the immortality of their souls. They think and feel; and have no doubt that they will continue to think and feel forever. Their capacities for knowledge, and love, and enterprise, and enjoyment, appear to be boundless; and they long to have their god-like nature fully developed and eternally glorified. They know something of creation; something of providence; something of redemption; and something of the God of all: but they wish to know more and more, forevermore. They wish to have more intimate and intelligent communion with the Father of spirits—with his works and ways—his government of the material universe, and of the moral universe—the manifestations of his infinite perfections, in infinite space, through infinite duration. Here, there conscious powers are closely confined. Some are restrained by toil; some, by poverty; some, by infirmity; some, by surrounding ignorance and the want of accessible facilities. They are not well acquainted even with their own world, and their own race. If they would travel; if they would visit all countries, and all nations; home-ties are hard to break, and expense hinders, and danger threatens, and life is short, and death draws near. And so, they wait, and pray, and hope for something better after death.

And what now? Shall they wait, and pray, and hope—and at last die in vain? Hearken! oh, hearken! ye beautiful spirits! ye glorious spirits! ye god-like spirits!—now so darkly obscured, yet panting for your god-like destiny! Think you that the immense colonial empire of the universe has no central home-dominion?

Think you that home-dominion is not the paradise of the empire? Think you that paradise has no metropolis? Think you that metropolis has no palace? Think you that palace has no throne? And think you that throne has no king?

Behold!—"the *King in his beauty, and the land of far distances!*" Methinks I see the vast circumference, adorned with fadeless bowers of bloom and fragrance; shaded and fruitful with the groves and forests of the trees of life; and glittering, in and out, and round and round, and all over, with the countless streams of the waters of life! Methinks I see the gradually rising and all-commanding plateau in the midst, shining on every slope, and on all its ample summit, with long-drawn streets of purest gold, and magnificent mansions, with neither roofs nor walls—broad platforms of pearl, and sapphire, and emerald, with colonades of ruby, and jasper, and diamond; all glowing with the radiance of the royal palace, and throne, and presence, above them; blending their brilliant colors one with another; and spreading them far and wide on all the descent and over all the plain—the imperishable homes of the saints of all ages and the angels of all orders; the undefended homes of the holy and happy sphere where society knows neither force nor fraud, and nature knows neither night nor storm; homes of perfect bliss, eternally open to the glory of God and to the vision and harmony of creation!

Think you that royal presence is without poetry and music? What else could utter the praise? What else could tell the joy? Gabriel and Michael—are they not there? David and Isaiah—are they not there? And all their bands—the sons of light and the tribes of the redeemed—are they not there? And their souls, and

voices, and harps, and trumpets—are they not forever flashing, and singing, and ringing, and swelling, with the divine inspirations of love, and wisdom, and ecstasy, and thanksgiving?

Methinks I hear them—first, an angel melody: next, a saintly melody: and now, their mingled melodies! How sweetly Gabriel and Michael begin the strain! How sweetly David and Isaiah respond! How sweetly the four unite their voices! What searching, melting melodies: serenely sharp and shrill! In the progress of their song, they celebrate the blessed condition of the saints. There is *heaven*—and there are the *riches* of heaven! There are the *treasures* which they sent before them: *safely laid up where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal!* There is the *inheritance* which was reserved for them: *incorruptible and undefiled, and that fadeth not away!* There is the *kingdom* which was prepared for them, *from the foundation of the world!* There they enjoy *eternal life!* There they see themselves, indeed, *joint-heirs with Christ!* There they feel themselves, indeed, the *heirs of God!* There, with Christ, in God, they *inherit all things!* There they commune with the nature of the Godhead; comprehend the manifestations of his attributes in his works and ways; and have their constantly expanding capacities completely filled with the perfections of absolute and unchangeable felicity! And now, the comforting melody closed, how sublimely the harmony of the mighty chorus breaks forth!—Thousands upon thousands, and millions upon millions, like the roaring of seas and the sounding of thunders, rising higher and higher, waxing louder and louder, floating farther and farther, even from world to world, and from system to system, until, from every thrilling

star, and from every trembling sun, the grand reverberation collects about the throne the homage of the universe!

But even the prospect of heaven, for our own enjoyment, is not the last comfort. Once more, I look upon the masses around me. I contemplate their *relative* condition. They are bound to each other by ties of unspeakable tenderness, and yet of unspeakable strength. They are husbands and wives; fathers, and mothers, and children; brothers and sisters; friends and associates. Many of them stand in the midway of life. Some of their loved ones have gone before them; others are coming after them. They need consolation, in connexion with both classes. It seems to them that heaven would be no heaven without their relations: that all its riches would be utter poverty, in the absence of their friends. It might not prove so: but they are sure it would. They feel as though, if they were in heaven, and should fail to find their cherished ones, they would turn away from all its glories, and try to hide themselves in the deepest shade of the remotest forest, that there they might mourn their desolate doom!

We should be on our guard against such feelings. They may interfere with our love to God; and make other bereavements necessary. "Blessed are the pure in heart:"—but why?—"for they shall *see God*." "And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again and receive you unto myself; that where *I* am"—not your friends—"there ye may be also." We should always be able to say with the psalmist: "Whom have I in heaven but *thee*? and there is none upon the earth I desire besides thee!"

Still, Jesus loved his friend; and wept at his tomb;

and did not dry his tears until, by divine power, he had constrained the grave to restore him.

That young mother weeps, though her babe that died was only a few months old; and other months have gone by since the little one was laid away in its rest. She thinks of its sprightly form, its curling hair, and sparkling eyes, and rosy lips, and fragrant breath: and how sweet it looked in the coffin, with its closed eyelids, and pale face, and waxen hands, folded on its snowy vesture, and pressing the green sprig and white flower: and she can scarcely restrain the cry—"Oh, give my infant back!" And if, in this gentlest form of losing the loved and lovely, there be such a keen and abiding grief, how shall I speak of those, who, after the choicest plants of affection had struck their roots deep into their hearts, lengthening and strengthening their filaments, in all directions, through and through them, year after year, have then had them wrenched and torn from them, leaving them bleeding and helpless, with many a wound which hardly a lifetime could heal. Ah! ye who have lamented the death of children grown up to youth's beauty and promise: or of a wife, or of a husband, whose presence was the sunshine of your home: or of a father, or of a mother, whose smiles, and kindnesses, and prayers, made all your time a blessing: I wonder not that your spirits are ever inquiring: "When shall we meet again?" Would you wish to live forever, if they should not live also? Painful as was the separation here, you had reason to expect it. You knew that, in some way, it must come. It has come. And now, you long for reunion—immortal reunion!

Come! ye angels of the resurrection! come, and comfort them! Come! ye angels of the judgment!

come, and comfort them! Come! ye sweet singers of heaven! come, and comfort them! Show them the heart's-ease on the grave, and the morning-glory on the sepulchre! Show them the opening of the gate of immortality, in the sunrise of glory, for the admission of every pilgrim of the cross! Show them the gathering of the righteous, and their common approval, at the right hand of the Judge! Show them the union of Abraham and Sarah; Isaac and Rebekah; Jacob and Rachel; and their children, and children's children, in the paradise and city of God! Show them the thronged mansions, and the rejoicing groves, full of friendly converse and olden memories! Show them their own kindred there! See! If they died in childhood, that is enough for them. If they died in adult years, trusting in Jesus, that is enough for them. If you, as Christians, shall be faithful unto death, that will be enough for you. And if those who come after you, imitate your spirit and example, that will be enough for them. All shall meet, to part no more forever. And so shall it be said of you, as of others—"The Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters; and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."

THE YOUNG RULER.

“What lack I yet?”—MATT. Ch. xix: 20.

THIS question is the best stand-point in the history before us. It affords a central and elevated position, from which we may command a complete view of the whole case. The past, present, and future of the Young Ruler's career: his history, condition, and destiny: what he had been, what he was, and what he might and ought to have become: are topics, all of which lie within the comprehension of the inquiry—“What lack I yet?”

The most thorough treatment of the question would require both a negative and a positive answer: showing, first, what he did *not* lack; and, secondly, what he *did* lack. This method would most perfectly bring into review all the circumstances recorded, and enable us to deduce from them the entire complement of the principles they embody and the lessons they enjoin.

But, I cannot take time to pursue this method. Allow me, therefore, to state, that the proper negative answer includes four points. They are these:

1. The Young Ruler did *not* lack the *knowledge of eternal life*;

2. He did *not* lack the *knowledge of the essential connexion of Duty and Destiny*;

3. He did *not* lack the *general outward observance of*

Duty, according to his *previous understanding* of its *character* and *claims* ;

4. He did *not* lack the *opportunity* of *perfecting* his *knowledge* and *conduct*, by *access* to the *highest possible Authority* and *Example*.

Having thus stated the points involved in a negative answer, I proceed to the improvement of the present occasion by answering the question *positively*. In the amplification of this answer, the most important parts of the subject will come before us.

Here, then, is the question—WHAT LACK I YET?—and the positive answer to it is—The Spirit of Christ: the Christian Spirit: the Spirit of Sacrifice: the Spirit of entire consecration to God and his cause.

As to the case of the Young Ruler, the defect, with him, was certainly reduced to this one point. In his interview with Christ, he not only had an opportunity of perfecting his knowledge of duty; but—it *was* perfected. He was distinctly and impressively informed of both the nature and the rewards of duty—especially of his *own* duty. Before that, he was partially if not wholly excusable: but, afterwards, surely he was inexcusable. It was no longer the want of *knowledge*, that prevented his full salvation. It was the want of *will*. “*One thing thou lackest*”—said Christ. As though—to repeat the substance of his instructions—he had said: “If thou hadst that *one* thing, thy character would be faultless, and thy destiny, glorious. It is my spirit. It is the spirit of my disciples. It is the spirit without which no man can either become or remain my disciple. In a word—it is the Spirit of Sacrifice: the Spirit of entire consecration to God and his cause! That this *is* thy lack: that thou *art* destitute of this spirit: nay, that thou art selfishly and inveterately opposed to it:

that thou wilt not consent to receive and cherish it—even at the proffer, and on the injunction of the one whom thou hast acknowledged as thy “Good Master,” and to whom thou hast so anxiously applied for direction: all this I will now demonstrate, both to thine own consciousness, and to the judgment of all who see thee thus kneeling before me. Hark! Go thy way! Sell all thou hast, and give to the poor, and come, take up the cross, and follow me!” “But”—says MATTHEW—“when the young man heard *that* saying, he went away sorrowful; for, he had *great possessions.*” “He was *sad* at *that* saying”—says MARK—“and went away *grieved*; for, he had *great possessions.*” “He was *very sorrowful*”—says LUKE—“*for, he was very rich.*”

The demonstration was *irresistible!* And so it is *yet*—thrice recorded, as a warning to the world forever!

What a contrast of scenes it presents! How natural! How affecting! How instructive!

See the young man!—running to Christ: kneeling at his feet: and lifting heart, voice, vision, in one impassioned prayer! What cares he for the gaping crowd? What cares he for a scornful world? What cares he for anything—but Christ, and duty, and eternal life? Noble youth! Magnanimous! High-minded! High-hearted! He looks a man—every inch, aye, every thought, a man! And what is so sublime as a man—a real man—a true man! Comparatively—it is nothing to be rich: nothing to be a ruler: but—to be a man: a genuine man: a God-like man: O! *that is something!* nay, it is *everything!* Some declaim loftily of angels and archangels, cherubim and seraphim: and, in its place, such eloquence is well—full of inspiration and elevation. But—the true man has no ambition to be else than man. It was not by the angels, that the

glory of God was revealed: but—by a man! Their shadowing images were suitable symbols in the sacred seclusion of the Holy of Holies:—but, “the light of the knowledge of the glory of God” shines forth to the world, “in the face of” the man “Christ Jesus.” Neither is it by the angels that the sovereignty of the world is exercised: but—by a man! Their ministry however exalted, is *only* a ministry—the thrones are not their’s! The Throne of Grace, the Throne of Judgment, and the Throne of Glory, are all the thrones of a man!—even of him “in whom dwelleth all the fullness of the Godhead, bodily.” Behold, then!—if I may so speak with due reverence—Behold these two Young Men!—the Perfect Man, the Model Man, and—the man praying to be made like him, that he also may be perfect! O! surely—if it be divine to possess perfection, it is only less than divine to desire and seek it! Such is the *first* scene!

But—there is yet another. See the suppliant rising from his knees! See him!—recreant to duty: declining eternal life: and turning his back on Christ! See him!—withdrawing from the crowd; silently, slowly, drooping his head as he goes! See him!—quickenng his steps, and, as he still farther retires, yet without turning, quickening his pace again! Not a woman hissed: not a man scoffed: not even a boy hooted as he left. The dewy eyes of Jesus sent only their softest glance of pity after him. And yet—the farther he goes, the faster he goes: as if his path were haunted! It *is* haunted! *Shame*—with down-cast and blushing countenance! *Sorrow*—pale and tearful! *Remorse*—haggard and wild! *Fear*—quick and tremulous!—and *Despair*—with calm, cold, dim eyes!—*these* haunt his path, and ever will! Nor these alone—for some minion of the

Arch-Deceiver will henceforth hold him in special keeping: and, to complete the horror of his forfeiture, when Shame, and Sorrow, and Remorse, and Fear, and Despair shall compose their ghastly circle around him, this fiend will teach him to boast—like a drunkard: and smile—like an idiot: and dance—like a harlequin: and chuckle and jabber—like a maniac: until even those “calm, cold, dim eyes” shall fail to subdue him.

And what now? Is he a man—a true man? What! a man—and faithless to his duty? A man—and faithless to his destiny? A man—and faithless to his God? No—never! He is only a ruler: a rich ruler. *That’s all!* And a very little thing it is—as heaven, earth, and hell, all bear witness: the commiseration of the first, the scorn of the second, and the sport of the last. He is “sad”—is he? “Grieved”—is he? “Sorrowful”—is he? And even “very sorrowful”—is he? Why? Because he is “very rich”—has “great possessions.” *Great* possessions! Are they great? Great, indeed! A pile of stones: a lot of dirt: a bag of metal! Or, if you prefer poetry to philosophy—a palace!—a domain!—a treasury, filled with gold, and silver, and precious stones! These are great possessions—are they? How great? Great as personal perfection? great as the office of the ministry? Great as the benedictions of the poor? Great as the blessing of Christ? Great as treasure in heaven? Great as eternal life? So *he* esteems them! Nay—he esteems them *greater!*—and refuses to exchange them for all these! O! said I not well—he is no man! —he is only a ruler! —a rich ruler! Nay—he is less than this—far less. Rich! Why, he is the veriest pauper: destitute of the love of God, the love of man, and the hope of glory. A ruler! Rather, he is the vilest slave: without self dominion,

and therefore disqualified for the government of others. What! Has he dwindled in the distance? Is he out of sight? Alas for him! He lacks everything: and he has gone to prove, by bitter experience, that, as sure as it is divine to possess perfection; and the next thing to divine, to desire and seek it—it is devilish and damning to despise it!

But, turning from the past to the present: from the case in the book to every similar case in the house: and so attending to the more immediate and pressing interests of this occasion: I now propose the same question and return the same answer, as expressive of the One Great Want which everywhere meets my notice, in the contemplation of modern society.

Hark! What lack I yet? The Spirit of Christ!—The Christian Spirit!—The Spirit of Sacrifice!—The Spirit of entire consecration to God and his cause!

I am persuaded that this subject is not understood: that is—not sufficiently understood: and that is—not so commonly and thoroughly understood as it ought to be. More particularly, I am persuaded that the great majority of our young men do not fully understand it: and, at the same time, that it is a matter of unspeakable importance to enable them to understand it. Commencing with these convictions, I trust that even such humble help as shall now be rendered may prove somewhat welcome.

The only question that can be discussed, at present, is this:

WHAT SACRIFICES DOES CHRISTIANITY REQUIRE?

The history, connected with the text, contains a complete reply. Analysed—its elements may be classified

and stated thus: Christianity makes one Generic and several Specific sacrificial requirements. The Generic requirement is this—the sacrifice of selfishness. In this application, sacrifice means destruction. Selfishness must be destroyed. The Specific requirements are these—the sacrifice of property, employment, society, and life: under each of which specifications are included various *particulars*, which need not now be mentioned. In these connexions, sacrifice means consecration. Property, employment, society, and life, must be entirely consecrated to Christ and his cause.

According to this statement, the first, chief, and all-comprehensive demand of our holy religion, is—the sacrifice of selfishness.

What is selfishness? Selfishness may be defined, as—the principle which prompts man to seek the promotion of his own supposed interest, in disregard of the will of God and the welfare of his neighbor.

It is a natural principle—the essential characteristic, the controlling law, of every man in an unregenerate condition. It were idle to collect facts, or compose arguments here. An appeal to consciousness is instantly and infallibly decisive.

It is a false principle—the concentration of all error: and, of course, antagonistical to all truth. While under this dominion, a man's *supposed* interest is *never* his *real* interest: and his devotion to it, however impious and unsocial it may be, is chiefly unjust and injurious to himself. This remark, also, is trusted to its intrinsic evidence.

In a word, it is a sinful principle—and the very soul of sin. As such, it is opposed to the nature of God: opposed to the order of creation: opposed to the progress of providence: opposed to the plan of redemption:

opposed to the example of Christ: opposed to the precepts of the Bible: opposed to the constitution of the Church: opposed to the improvement of the world: and opposed to the honor and happiness of its individual subject.

Here, then, is the first requirement. This principle must be sacrificed. The requisition is found in such terms as these:

First—the two great commandments. These introduce the parties which selfishness disregards, viz: God and our neighbor: and so declare every man's duty, in relation to them, as to demonstrate that the sacrifice of selfishness is indispensable to obedience.

Notice the first commandment: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God, with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength, and with all thy mind." It is highly important to appreciate the absolute perfection of this law. See! the human being is constituted by the union of three classes of powers—physical, intellectual, and moral: and is destined to unending existence and action. The commandment is exactly adapted to this comprehension. It claims the *heart*—or the moral powers: the *mind*—or the intellectual powers: and the *strength*—or the physical powers: and, together with these, the *soul*, or *life*, including both the duration and exercise of these powers. The *fullness* of the claim, also, in each of these particulars, must be observed. It is—*all* the heart, and *all* the soul, and *all* the strength, and *all* the mind. Moreover, the *spirit* in which the claim is to be met, is a remarkable specification. "Thou shalt *love* the Lord thy God, with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength, and with all thy mind." The whole nature, in its whole action, and throughout its whole existence,

is claimed as a free, spontaneous love-offering to God. Nor even yet is the meaning of the commandment exhausted, or its perfection entirely displayed. Its *individuality* must not be overlooked. “*Thou shalt love the Lord thy God.*” The application is as personal, and the obligation as imperative, to every human being, as they could be, if there were none but God and himself in the universe. Our Saviour styles this—“the *first and great* commandment.” It is a consequence of the original, essential, and perpetual relation of the Creator to his intelligent creatures. His sovereignty and their felicity unite in its supremacy. And I appeal, with confidence, to every hearer, for the truth of the assertion, that this law is an eternal exclusion of all selfishness. No selfish man can thus love God.

But notice, also, the second commandment. “*Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.*” It is alike important to appreciate the perfection of this law. It embodies the doctrines of universal brotherhood, and mutual rights. These doctrines are derived from the common and equal relation of all mankind to the Deity, as his offspring. By this legal form and sanction, they are made practically efficient. The term neighbor is in nowise restricted. It designates, on Christ’s own authority, a stranger as well as an acquaintance: a foreigner as well as a countryman: and an enemy as well as a friend. It applies, irrespectively of all circumstances—of color, class, language, religion, or anything else—to every member of the human family. And the duty prescribed, is—to *love* him. The same principle that sanctifies our devotion to God, must hallow devotion to our neighbor: not, indeed, the same in degree, but, the same in kind—the fervent love of pure hearts. The degree of it is determined by another standard.

And what an admirable standard it is! "Thou shalt love thy neighbor—as *thyself*." Self-love is our first, strongest, and most constant love. Its intensity, activity, and perseverance, in prospect of our own advantage: its patience, long-suffering, and forbearance, in treatment of our own faults: its instant resentment of all disagreeable intrusions and injurious assaults upon our own peace and dignity, from others: these, and all its familiar distinctions, are matters of uninterrupted consciousness. This, therefore, is the standard, according to which each one of us is bound to love his neighbor. So that we need have no fear of loving our neighbor too much—unless we exalt him far above ourselves, and put him in the place of God. Of this second commandment, the Saviour declares, that it "is *like* unto the first." It is like it in goodness, wisdom and authority: and is as essential to the harmony and prosperity of society, as is the other to personal purity and joy. Here, then, I appeal to you all for the truth of the assertion, that this law, also, is an eternal exclusion of selfishness. To love our neighbor at all, is the diminution of selfishness: but, to love him as ourselves, is its annihilation and oblivion!

"On these two commandments"—said Christ—"hang all the law and the prophets." They enshrine the first principles of duty and hope: and must be maintained, in all their holiness and majesty, unimpaired, forever.

But, secondly—the same requisition is found, again, in the primary condition of fellowship and Christ. See! "If any man will come after *me*—let him deny *himself*." Here, also, there is necessity for examination and reflection.

The principles of the two commandments just

noticed—*precede redemption*. Their origin is as ancient, and their range as extensive, as the moral creation. Throughout the universe, wherever there is an association of intelligent beings, there exist the relations between self, neighbor, and God: with all the obligations, derived from them, of mutual, perfect, and eternal love.

Fellowship with Christ, however, introduces a new relation. It is *not* universal and eternal: but, local and temporal. It is *not* between the Almighty and all moral agents: but, between God and men alone. It is not a consequence of natural order: but, of the violation of that order; and has, for its object, the restitution of order. I mean—the relation of a MEDIATOR! From this new relation, spring new obligations. On the part of God, with whom it originated, the obligation is, to invest the Mediator with plenary authority, and sanction its exercise. This he *has* done: committing to Christ all honor, power, and judgment in heaven and earth. On the part of man, after due intelligence of the arrangement, the obligation is, to acknowledge the Mediator, and avail himself, by faithful obedience to his instructions, of the advantages of the intervention. Millions of our race have happily fulfilled this obligation.

Now, just here it is that the *primary condition* of fellowship meets every applicant. It is prescribed by the Mediator himself. It is unalterable. There is, there can be, no appeal from his decision. Hark! “If any man will come after me”—i. e. will secure fellowship with me, and enjoy the advantages of my mediation: “let him”—i. e. first of all, as an indispensable preliminary—“*deny himself!*” As though he had said—The wisdom of the world has allowed selfishness. Its teachers were selfish themselves: and as ignorant as selfish.

They knew not the nature and relations of man. But, all truth is known to me. I know—that selfishness was the first form of sin, and has since produced all other forms. It was selfishness that violated the natural order: sundered original relations: trampled on original duties: and created the necessity for my mediatorial toils and sufferings. Where sin began, redemption must begin. The root of the evil must be extirpated. Selfishness, itself, must be destroyed. The wisdom of the world is foolishness with me. I am not of the world. My disciples are not of the world. There is no selfishness in me. None shall be allowed in them. While sun, and moon, and stars endure, their very initiation shall be signalized by the solemnity of this sacrifice. A single exception is a moral impossibility. “If *any* man will come after me, let him deny himself!”

The self-denial thus required of every man who would become a Christian, has two objects, corresponding with those of the two original and universal commandments. That is, it is designed to prepare the way for the love of Christ, corresponding with the love of God: and the love of every disciple of Christ, corresponding with the love of our neighbor. Hark! “If any man come to me, and hate not his father, and mother, and wife, and children, and brethren, and sisters, yea, and his own life also, he cannot be my disciple.” That is, as elsewhere explained, if he love any or all of these more than Christ, he is not fit to be a Christian. What is this but placing the Mediator in the stead of God, and requiring men to honor the Son, even as they honor the Father? Surely, the claim would be no stronger, if it were made in the terms of the first commandment: if, for instance, it read thus—

“If any man come to me, and love me not with all his heart, with all his soul, with all his strength, and with all his mind, he cannot be my disciple.” Nay, in one sense, it would not be so strong: for the first commandment, as already intimated, applies to heaven as well as earth, and, of course, to societies in which the relations of father and mother, wife and children, brethren and sisters do not exist; and in which, as there is no sin, there is, also, no death; so that, under such circumstances, such sacrifices as Christ requires are not possible. Christ requires every one of his disciples to hold himself in readiness, if need be, to sacrifice his dearest domestic ties, aye, and even his life. Certainly, selfishness cannot survive where this law prevails.

But hark again!—“A new commandment I give unto you, That ye love one another; as I have loved you, that ye also love one another. By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another.” And again, exhibiting his own example and the meaning of the law more plainly—“This is my commandment, That ye love one another, as I have loved you. Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends.” Here is a new law added to an old law: a special law added to a general law: the law of mutual love among Christians added to the law of mutual love among neighbors. In this case, as in the one just noticed, the new commandment is not only as strong as the old, but even stronger than the old. It requires us to love one another as Christians, not only *as ourselves*—as neighbors are bound to do: but, so to speak, *better* than *ourselves*. It requires us, at least, beyond all cavil, to love the *Church*, as Christ himself loved it—that is, even unto *death* in its behalf. So says St. John,

alluding in his epistle to the words of Christ in his Gospel—"Hereby perceive we the love of *Christ*, because he laid down his life for us: and we ought to lay down our lives for the brethren." This is the law which ought to prevail in every church under heaven—the law which, if it *did* prevail, as it *ought* to prevail, would make the church as much superior to all other institutions as heaven is higher, and holier, and happier than the earth. Nothing can be plainer than that it was intended to perfect the work of salvation from all selfishness.

Such, then, is the general requirement of Christianity. You perceive that its immediate application and force are interior: that its nature is strictly spiritual: that it assails the evil principle itself: searching its secret source, and exhausting the elements of its energy. To do this effectually, it adopts, from Judaism, the two old, universal, and perpetual commandments, of love to God and our neighbor: and then adds to these the two new, more select, and more self-sacrificing requirements of love to Christ and the Church. The object, however, in all these relations, is the same—the destruction of selfishness. Like successive shocks of lightning, they shiver the deadly tree to its deepest roots: and so bring down at once, in thunderous ruin, both splintered trunk and scorched and blighted branches!

So far, the assurance may be indulged, that I stand on undisputed ground. Few, if any, will object to this statement of general principles. If a practical application of them were now to be made: if I should proceed to explain the SPECIFIC REQUIREMENTS of Christianity; as they relate to property, employment, society and life: then, perhaps, some difference of opinion would become evident. But, as this is not now my

purpose, I repeat the assurance, that, for the present occasion at least, I stand on undisputed ground. I challenge no man's house, or lot, or purse: no man's family, or friends, or acquaintance: no man's years or months, days or nights. In the name of God and of our neighbor, in the name of Christ and of the Church, in "words of truth and soberness," and in the power of the Holy Ghost, I might challenge all: aye, all, at once and forever. Christianity does challenge all—but, so let it rest.

I ask, now, only these two things: first—a common acknowledgment of the fact that our holy religion demands the sacrifice of the principle of selfishness: and, secondly—a general confession of failure to meet this demand; or, at least, a failure to meet it *fully*.

What now? Are you ready for this acknowledgment—all ready? Hark! Christianity requires this sacrifice! Do you solemnly avow that this is your conviction of the truth? Methinks you answer—yes: such is our solemn avowal! So let it stand before God: unchangeable as his throne!

Whether, in regard to property, rich or poor: whether, in regard to employment, high or low: whether, in regard to society, neglected or caressed: and whether, in regard to life, in its fullest flush, or feeble and infirm, you now realize your oneness of constitution, oneness of relation, oneness of duty, and oneness of destiny: and, while Christianity makes its appeal to your inmost souls, you acknowledge, as with one heart and one voice, that selfishness—though a natural principle—is utterly false, and awfully sinful: that it is idolatrously inconsistent with our relation to God, inhumanly inconsistent with our relation to our neighbor, unchristianly inconsistent with our relations

to Christ and the Church, and suicidally inconsistent with our own personal interests—on all which accounts, it is righteously condemned and must be destroyed.

It may be, that some of you transcend my wish: that you are ready to disparage revelation, by asserting that reason makes the same requirement: and to disparage Christianity, by maintaining that other religions, and philosophy, and law, and even public opinion, all make the same requirement. You may be inclined to say, that selfishness is so unmanly, so ignoble, so mean, so contemptible, that it dishonors Christianity to represent this requirement as one of her distinctions—for it is a universal requirement.

I deny the objection. Pardon me, if I speak strongly. I utterly deny it—deny it, as equally and egregiously false and blasphemous. That selfishness *is* unmanly, ignoble, mean, and contemptible—all that, indeed, I admit, and have endeavored to make more apparent and repulsive. No vile vocabulary can half express its vileness. But—I deny that reason makes the same requirement in regard to it that revelation does! I deny that any other religion, or any philosophy, any law, any public opinion, ever made the same requirement that Christianity makes! And I cannot forbear the utterance, that he who entertains such an objection falls very far short of a just appreciation of the principles presented in this discourse.

No—no: the objector has made a gross, an infinite mistake! In this Christian injunction, there is a sublimity, an ecstasy of truth, never even imagined by these vaunted compeers. *This* is their office, and this *alone*—the *restraint* of selfishness! False religions *may restrain* selfishness: so may philosophy: so may law: and so may public opinion. Reason may teach the

propriety, nay, even the necessity of this. But mark!—it is only the *restraint* of selfishness: and that—*for the sake of selfishness*. It is an attempt to establish separate bounds, within which isolated yet contiguous individuals may *indulge* their selfishness to the full, without trespassing too far upon their neighbors. And, moreover, it is a *mere* attempt: or, rather, a miserably unsuccessful attempt. On all sides, the bounds are broken. Reason is mocked and derided, for the folly of proposing such a restraint. Public opinion proves to be nothing but a great whispering-gallery: where the curious crowd repeat to each other the catch-words of private interest, and so promote the very mischief they would fain correct. As to the law, he would surely be too visionary either for its enactment or administration, who should repair to its capitols, palaces, or courts, for many examples, of either personal or official success, in restriction of this evil. And as to philosophy, she might well be driven from the world by the jeers of the populace, were it not for the retreats in her marble halls, where her welcoming students sing their *sub-rosa* song—they may laugh who win! And as to misnamed religion, she builds temples and mansions to the very principle she pretends to suppress: and, having first beguiled and then plundered her victims, at last joins hands with the State to murder or enslave them.

O! said I not well that the objector has made an infinite mistake? Christianity does not require the *restraint* of selfishness. No: she requires its *extirpation!* *That* is her distinction! In what land has reason, or opinion, or law, or philosophy, or false religion, ever done *that*? Christianity denounces it as too abominable for mere restraint. Who would think of merely imposing restraints on lying, stealing, adultery, murder,

and idolatry? Yet these are only forms of selfishness. No, no: though the whole strength of sin is in it, and the whole strength of error is in it, and this two-fold power is a natural power—having, from the earliest inception of our being—

“Grown with our growth and strengthened with our strength”—

perverting the understanding, deluding the imagination, polluting the affections, degrading the appetites, betraying the will, and disgracing the life: until it may seem to have consummated a condition of demoniac and eternal thralldom: still, Christianity commands a revolt, a spiritual revolt, a revolt of every faculty that retains the slightest remembrance of its divine origin and affiliation: a sudden and mighty, but patient and persevering revolt, encouraged by inrushing and omnipotent auxiliaries from heaven, and ending in the dethronement and expulsion of self, and the triumph and coronation of Christ. Then shall it be seen that our *real* interest is identical with the will of God and the welfare of our neighbors and brethren: the littleness and fretfulness of our solitary estrangement shall be forgotten in the grandeur and felicity of our restoration to universal sympathy and communion: and heart, soul, strength, and mind, shall forever fill and thrill with the presence and blessing of infinite love.

But now let us attend to the confession of failure fully to meet this requirement. Are you ready for this confession?—all ready? Do not forget that I am now dealing with the general principle: not with its special applications. I do not ask—whether you have sacrificed or consecrated property, employment, society, or life, as you ought to have done. But, I come to the door of every man's heart, and knock upon it, and, as con-

science opens it, I inquire concerning selfishness itself. Have you sacrificed that? Or, rather, are you *willing* to *confess* that you have *not*?—at least, according to the *full extent* of the requirement?

I do not wonder that so many are reluctant to make such a confession. I know myself too well—to wonder at this. Selfishness, as we all agree, is so despicable—that we are ashamed to have it known that we, ourselves, are selfish. But, this very shame is one of the strongest proofs of the power of the evil. He who makes confession, conquering the shame of it, has already commenced the sacrifice of selfishness. And surely, if shame be excited at all, it should be occasioned rather by the conscious existence of the sin than by the voluntary exposure of it. If ashamed at all, let us be ashamed of *that*. *Such* shame will *prompt* confession, prompt repentance, prompt faith, prompt prayer, and so tend to salvation.

What then? Let the dark record be unrolled! Let the mean fact come out, before God, and our neighbor, and our brother Christian—that we do not love either of them as we ought! Let the ungrateful truth be spread before our Lord Jesus Christ, that we do not love him as we ought! Let the *reason* be disclosed—that we are yet *selfish*!—that, although God is our forgiving Father: and Christ, our crucified Redeemer: and our neighbor, our natural blood-brother: and our fellow-Christian, our supernatural blood-brother: still, we have shut our hearts against all: cut ourselves off from their glorious companionship, with all its exquisite sympathies: loved ourselves better than all, and so lived alone, in our littleness, insignificancy, and nothingness. *Out* with it! Though you can but blush: can but weep: can but groan: can but throb: can but sink, faint and

overwhelmed at the exposure—still, *out* with it! Confess it! For your neighbor's sake, confess it: for your brother's sake, confess it: for Christ's sake, confess it: for God's sake, confess it! Nay, for your own sake, confess it! By withholding a confession, you may not harm others, and yet—you may thus ruin yourselves. The Lord help us all to make confession!

And what now? Would you like to begin to lead a nobler life? Would you know how to do it? And have you patience to return to the case of the Young Ruler, in order to learn? See!

Before the time alluded to in this history, in all probability he had only *heard* of JESUS: heard of him, perhaps, as at Nazareth, or Capernaum, or Bethsaida, or Bethany, or Jerusalem: but, at this time, he *saw* the Holy Pilgrim, hastened into his immediate presence: knelt at his feet: prayed for instruction: and was graciously answered. Especially was this the case in regard to his last inquiry: the apparently triumphant challenge—"What lack I yet?" The Lord's reply to this inquiry was greatly in advance of any thing the Young Ruler had ever imagined, as a moral or religious obligation. It was sufficient, if it had been rightly received and studied, to make his knowledge perfect. It comprehended his whole duty. In a word, it transcended Judaism—and introduced Christianity. It proposed, that he should cease to be a Jew—and become a Christian.

"*One thing thou lackest*"—said Christ—"if thou wilt be perfect, go thy way, *sell* whatsoever thou hast, and *give* to the *poor*, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven; and come, take up the cross, and follow me."

Did Judaism ever teach such a lesson as that? Never! Judaism was a religion, the foreground of

whose pictured rewards was crowded with temporal blessings: while those which are eternal were thrown into such distant, diminished, and dim perspective, that they could scarcely be discerned. Some celebrated divines, indeed, have failed to discover any eternal sanctions in that dispensation. But Christianity is a religion, from the open centre of whose broader canvas, the effulgence of heaven so dazzles down upon the foreground—that the things of earth are lost in the lustre, like meteors in the sunshine. Judaism was the religion that garnered the harvest, and gave the gleaning: Christianity is the religion that thrives upon the gleaning, and gives the harvest. Judaism was a just religion: Christianity is not only just, but, also, generous. Judaism was self-indulgent: Christianity is self-denying. Judaism was a self-enriching religion: Christianity is a self-sacrificing religion. Judaism was the religion of a nation: Christianity is the religion of the world. Judaism was a transient religion: Christianity is everlasting.

But, if this be, indeed, the Christian completion of the notion of duty, let us try to understand it.

1. *Look at its character.* “Sell whatsoever thou hast.” Is this a general duty? Never mind! or, rather, our concern, just now, is with the Young Ruler. Christ’s rehearsal of the commandments was imperfect. The *first* table of the law was *not cited*; and, from the *second* table, *one* commandment was *omitted*—while *another*, not found in the Decalogue at all, was *added*, as if for a *substitute*. The one *omitted*, was—the prohibition of *covetousness*—“Thou shalt not *covet*,” &c. The one *substituted* was—“Thou shalt *love* thy *neighbor* as *thyself*.” Was this designed? Certainly. Then, what *was* the design? Did Christ know that the Young

Ruler was covetous?—that his office had been made to minister to this vice?—that his wealth had been acquired in this way?—and that his heart was fully set on the world? Knowing these things, did Christ take this course to enable the applicant to declare his innocence in other respects, and then to make his guilt and wretchedness in regard to this one sin the more startling and impressive? We know not: but—so it resulted. The injunction, to *sell all he had*, looks like a prescription to cure covetousness: a copious depletion to reduce a high fever. By such counsel, Christ magnifies his wisdom and grace. The “besetting sin” must be specially counteracted. “If the right eye offend—pluck it out: if the right hand, or foot, cut it off.” Such are the figures by which he shows the propriety of any sacrifice, however great, in order to rescue life. It is better to lose one member than the whole body. So, morally and spiritually. Covetousness is not to be cured, either by increasing or by hoarding property. Either course would prove fatal. Sacrifice is the only remedy. Does the eye love to look at the accumulation? What of that! Does the hand love to handle it? What of that! Does the foot love to measure it? What of that! Eternal life is at stake! 'Tis an infinite stake. Its loss or gain is just about to be determined. Up, and be doing! Haste to the sacrifice. If rich as Solomon, sell all thou hast. Kill covetousness, or covetousness will kill thee! Such seems the spirit of the lesson.

But, Christ's plan is—to make every one he saves *useful to others*. See! “Sell whatsoever thou hast, and—*give to the poor*.” *Sell*—for your *own* benefit: *give*—for the benefit of *others*. What others? The *first* precept was not qualified. He must *sell*: but it

is not said *to whom*. As he was *very rich*, however, he could only *sell* to the *rich*. In such cases, the poor cannot buy. They thank God if they can buy *bread*: and never dream of purchasing the Ruler's palace and domain. But, the *second* precept *was* qualified. *Give*—but, not to the *rich*! They have enough already: nay, too much. It might be an injury, instead of a benefit, to give to them. Though your nearest and dearest kindred, still, if rich already—give *not* to *them*. Give to the *poor*. They *need* thy benefactions. See them! How cheerless their homes! How insufficient their clothing! How scanty their food! How neglected their children! How dreary the prospect before them all! O thou selfish heart!—forget to *covet*, and learn to *pity*. And thou, O selfish hand! forget to *grasp*, and learn to *give*. Pity and give to *these*—the *poor*. Repair their homes. Shut out the frost and rain. Let in the light. Make the hearth blaze. Make the table smoke. Find them work for the week. Hang up Sabbath suits in their closets. Place the Bible on the shelf. Put shoes on the feet, mittens on the hands, and comforts on the necks of their little ones; muffle them up warmly, and send them to the house of instruction—that they may learn the fear of the Lord, which is the beginning of wisdom, and get that good understanding which will enable them to keep his commandments. Especially, if any are *sick*—give to them. Send the doctor—find a nurse. Tell the butcher to stop at the door: and the baker: and the milk-man: and let the grocer send round his boy and basket. More especially, if any are *strangers*—assure them that at least *two friends* are near: one, all the time; and the other, often: God and yourself. So you may render them spiritual as well as natural service. And, if

they thank the servant, will they not bless the Master who sent him? If they love the Christian, will they not love Christ more?

But this notion of duty is not yet complete. Hark! Go thy way: sell all thou hast: give to the poor: and—*come!* See that! Not only *go*: but, *return*. Not only go, sell, and give: but, return to do still more. *That* is only the sacrifice of *property*. Thou hast yet to sacrifice life. “Come, *take up the cross.*” “All that a man hath will he give for his life.” But here is one who is required, not only to give all he hath, but—to throw his life into the bargain. It may seem enough to make thyself *poor*: but, it is *not* enough. Even thy *social* duty is not yet complete: for thou art bound to *spiritual* benefactions as well as natural. Moreover, thy duty to *God* is yet untold. To him thou *owest* thy *life*: and thus he *claims* it. “Come, *take up the cross.*” True: thou art *young*; and it may seem hard to yield thy *life!* True: thou art a *ruler*; and so it may seem the harder to *carry a cross*, like a *slave*; and to *die* on it like a *criminal!* Nevertheless, it must be done. The demand cannot be abated. Great as it is, heaven and earth shall pass away before one jot or tittle shall be taken from its terms. It is serenely made: but, like the Throne of Omnipotence, it is as immutable as it is serene. “Come, *take up the cross!*” Hereafter, thou shalt feel, that thy life, like thy property, is no longer thine own. Thou art to hold it, use it, lay it down, take it up, where, when, and as God shall require. Instead of watching the daily sun, until its glory shall pale on thine age-dimmed vision, like the morning moon: and thy hair shall be white as the hoar-frost: and thy shrunken form shall be like the stripped tree in autumn: and thy dry and wrinkled skin shall be

like the shriveled foliage, which no shower can revive, and no sunshine relume: instead of this—before the blossom of this noon-tide shall close its chilled leaves in the twilight, or the homeward shepherd shall crush it unseen in his shadowy path, thou mayest meet thy last challenge, and be compelled to obey it! Instead of reclining on the softest couch in the tapestried chamber of thine ancestral home; instead of the constant presence of sleepless love; and the hushed step and gentle hand of ministering kindness; and the soothing voice of frequent friendship; and the window-glimpse of the old cedars that cast their shade all day, and drop their dews all night, on the honored tombs of many generations of thy kindred: instead of this, or anything like this—thou mayest be nailed fast to the post and beam: lifted, streaming with blood, in the uncurtained and pitiless air: and left, suspended—love absent, friendship absent, kindness absent: and none present but thy cruel executioners, with a malignant mob to cheer them, and curse thee; and no prospect, even for the repose of thy wounded and exhausted body, better than that afforded by the unburied and dishonored bones of former victims, scattered all over the place of skulls. “Come”—then—and “take up the cross!”

But, even yet, this notion of duty is not complete. It embraces one more point—a vital point—without which all that has gone before would be sheer fanaticism. This sanctions all, as infinitely rational. “Go thy way—sell all thou hast—give to the poor—come—take up the cross—and—*follow me!*” Hear *that!*—FOLLOW ME! Here, at least, is the disclosure of a spirit sublimely brave. If this Divine Man—this Unvanishing Apparition of One who seems as much God as Man—

if he claim more than Moses claimed: if he condemn the righteousness of the law as unworthy his own more glorious system: and if he challenge the property of the rich for the poor, and the persons of the noble for the cross: it must be admitted, at the same time, that he honorably sustains his requisitions by his own example. He asks none to lead: but, commands all to follow. He is himself always in the van. The greater the danger, the more sure he is to meet it in person. The keener the distress, the more ready he is to endure it himself. As "the Captain of our salvation," he rejoices to be "made perfect through sufferings."

Follow me! Thou art styled rich, and very rich: but I was infinitely richer! Nevertheless, though I was rich: so rich, that, as I reclined my head on the bosom of my Father, and surveyed the circling universe, shining below and around us, I could look up in his smiling face and say—"All that the Father hath is mine"—still, "for your sakes," I became poor: so poor that I seem to have been estranged from my Father, disinherited of the universe, and exiled to this world of sin—while, even here, though "the foxes have holes and the birds of the air have nests," I—in appearance the Son of man, but in reality the Son of God, "have not where to lay my head." All this have I done that ye, through my poverty, might become "rich" indeed.

Follow me! Thou art styled a "Ruler:" but I was infinitely more exalted—King of kings, and Lord of lords. And yet, though enshrined, adored, and worshipped, "being in the form of God" and thinking it "not robbery to be equal with God," I made myself "of no reputation," and took upon me "the form of a servant," and "was made in the likeness of men," and, being thus "found in fashion as a man," I now humble

myself, waiting to become "obedient unto death, even the death of the cross." Though it was by me that "all things" were "created, that are in heaven, and that are in earth, visible and invisible, whether they be thrones, or dominions, or principalities, or powers:" though the gates of the Eternal City are full of my praise, and the palaces of saints and angels repose in perpetual splendor within the luminous shadow of my throne: though the cherubim and seraphim of the heaven of heavens never linger for my example, but stretch their pinions, and stand alert, at the first breath of my bidding—happy enough to outfly the lightning, and honored enough to outshine the sunbeams, as the agents of my will, and the heralds of my decrees:—still, as though I had no claim to the slightest attention, I came hither, "not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give my life a ransom for many." I chose an obscure maiden for my mother: and a hard-working carpenter for my protector. The stall was my elect birth-place: and the manger my welcome cradle. With twelve legions of angels, ready to leap from their starry thrones to kneel at my feet—I have preferred the attendance of these twelve fishermen and publicans. Who is so humble, that I am not humbler? Who is so poor, that I am not poorer? Who is so afflicted, that I suffer not more?

Follow me! Thou mayest not die on the cross—bear it never so long. With thee, it is only a *risk*. True: it should be a noble and cheerful risk. Thy life should be as saintly as though sure thus to end. But, thou mayest expire—gently expire on a bed of down. Thine eyes may be closed by the fingers of love. Thy form may be laid by the side of thy fathers. Not so with me! My doom is fixed. I was born with the mark of

the cross on my shoulder. The cross itself was soon laid on my shoulder. I learned to walk, with the cross on my shoulder. I learned to talk, with the cross on my shoulder. I learned to work, with the cross on my shoulder. I bowed to baptism, with the cross on my shoulder. I endured the temptation, with the cross on my shoulder. I began my ministry, with the cross on my shoulder. From my earliest moment, it has been my burden all day, and my pallet all night. It went with me, from Bethlehem to Egypt; and returned with me, from Egypt to Nazareth. I have climbed Olivet, oppressed by its weight: and paced Jerusalem, dishonored by its shame. It has been ever with me. I bear it now. And I anticipate the issue. It is just before me. Caiaphas condemns me. Herod mocks me. Pilate surrenders me. The soldiers crucify me. The priests and people deride me. Even the sun, withdraws its light from me. The Father, himself, forsakes me! "My soul is exceeding sorrowful, even unto death." But—notwithstanding all this: though of the people, aye, even of my disciples, none *can* be with me: though it must needs be, that I tread the wine-press of the wrath of the Almighty *alone*: I came to do it, and am ready to do it. To some extent, at least, cherish my spirit, imitate my example—*follow me!*

But—the REWARDS of duty, so understood, must not be forgotten. Christ, himself, expected reward. It was, to "*bring many sons to glory,*" that he was "made perfect through sufferings." It was "for the joy set before him" that he "endured the cross, despising the shame." So with his disciples. So, in the case before us. He assures the Young Ruler of abundant rewards, on the fulfillment of his duty. With a few words, here, I close.

See! The *first* reward is—*personal perfection*. However good a *Jew*; as such he was imperfect. “For the law made nothing perfect: but the bringing in of a better hope did.” “*One thing thou lackest!*” Thou art not yet a *Christian*. Thy religion is of *works*: it should be of *grace*. It is merely *formal*: it ought to be *spiritual*. “If thou wilt be *perfect*—see *that!* there it is—*personal perfection*:—“If thou wilt be *perfect*,”—do as I command thee. It is the same as saying: Obey me, and thou *shalt* be perfect! No wonder this reward is stated *first*. It is first in *importance*, as well as in *order*. It ought to be first in *hope*: for it must be first in *inheritance*.

Why did Jesus love this young man? Because he was *rich*? Not at all! Because he was a *ruler*? Not at all! But—because he was comparatively innocent, and anxious for a perfect and immortal life. In a word, it was because of his *personal*, and not his *social*, or *civil* distinctions. *Character!*—not *wealth*. *Character!*—not *rank*. *Character!*—not even *reputation*. *Character!*—the inmost and essential character!—*this* is what God esteems. Adam’s loss of character was infinitely greater than his loss of Paradise. Christ’s restoration of character is infinitely more glorious than the restoration of Paradise. O! to be *perfect!* To *know* our *duty* perfectly, and to *perform* it *perfectly!* To be “created anew”—“in the image of God”—“in knowledge and true holiness!” To be presented perfect, in Christ Jesus, before the Father and his angels! Can man imagine, or God promise, more than this? *Moral* perfection *here*: *mental* and *physical*, *hereafter!* Perfection, once attained—secured forever! Who could desire more? O! let *my last particle* of *property* be taken: let the *cross* be *laid heavily* on my *shoulder*:

let me *live under* it, and *die on* it—if, only, I may *supply my lack*, and *become perfect*.

But, after all, this was *not* all. *Condition*, as well as *character*, was to be *perfected* by the *change*. Hark! “Go thy way, sell whatsoever thou hast, and give to the poor, *and*”—*here* is the *point*!—“*thou shalt have treasure in heaven!*” And what is the *advantage* of “*treasure in heaven,*” over treasure on *earth*? It is *safer*. It is *better*. It is *more abundant*. It is *more enduring*. St. Paul could not declare it—nor all the saints with him. Gabriel could not describe it—nor all the angels with him. Mortal and immortal eloquence, both combined, would fail to make it known. *What treasure* is it? It is *all Christ’s* treasure. It is *all God’s* treasure. For the statement is—that we are “*heirs of God, and joint-heirs with Christ.*” And *how* is it to be *reached*? “*Come, take up the cross, and follow me!*” Is it a *strange* way? But—it is the *right* way! This is the way that Christ himself pursued—and now, he has recovered all. See! The “*Father of glory*” has set him at his own right hand in the heavenly places”—above—aye—“*far above all principality, and power, and might, and dominion, and every name that is named, not only in this world, but also in that which is to come!*” Again, he reclines on his Father’s bosom: again, he looks up, from the rolling worlds, to the smiling countenance bent toward him, and repeats, as of old, “*All that the Father hath is mine!*” And, methinks, I hear him add, in almost mournful reminiscence—“*If that Young Ruler had followed me, he might have exchanged his ancestral hovel for these magnificent and imperishable mansions of the ‘morning stars’ and the ‘sons of God:’ exchanged his narrow domain for the immensity and splendor of this sinless*

and deathless 'land of far distances:' and exchanged the haunting horrors of shame, and sorrow, and remorse, and fear, and despair, for the beautiful and blissful groups of these cherubim of wisdom, these seraphim of love, these saints of memory, and all the eternal fullness of his Saviour and his God!"

CHARACTER AND DESTINY OF THE JUST.

“The path of the just is as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day.”—PROV. Ch. iv: 18.

THERE are three methods of using natural facts as moral illustrations. The first, both constitutionally and historically, is the *poetic*: which employs facts according to their impressions on the senses. The second, both constitutionally and historically, is the *scientific*: which employs facts according to their best ascertained laws, without respect to sensible impressions. The third is a recent one; and is distinctive of the highest constitutional development and accomplishment. It may be styled the *composite*—as it unites the poetic and scientific: applying facts in accordance both with the laws which govern them, and the manifestations which accompany them.

The method generally adopted in the Bible, is the poetic. The wisdom of this is obvious. The scientific method would have required a scientific revelation: and the time for this had not yet come. The founders of false religions, perhaps attempting to improve upon the oldest and only true religion, hastily seized upon the erroneous hypotheses which were accepted as scientific in their several generations, and embodied them in their sacred records: so exposing all their pretensions to inevitable ultimate rejection and infamy. The Bible,

on the contrary—and it is believed to be the only religious authority in the world of which the remark can be made—avoids this difficulty entirely. Whatever statements it contains, approaching a scientific character, are free from the uncertainties of current speculations: and nothing could be a stronger demonstration of their divine origin than the fact, that, to this day, the disclosures of science have only multiplied the confirmations of their truth. In the great majority of instances, however, as already intimated, the natural world is here contemplated poetically; in accommodation to the state of knowledge among the people, and in calm and assured waiting for such openings of science as may be important to the welfare of society in the progress of the Providence of all ages.

But, not to dwell too long on these introductory observations, it is enough to say, that the text is an example of *poetic* illustration. *Scientifically*, the sun neither rises nor sets: neither shines more and more, nor less and less: knows neither day nor night. *Scientifically*, we now regard the sun as ninety-five millions of miles from the earth: ever maintaining its “whole round of rays complete:” and whirling away, with all the planets, satellites, and comets, composing its mighty system, in an orbit almost infinite, around some most magnificent centre and balance of the universe. But, *poetically*, the sun is as near to us as ever: as familiar to us as ever: as exclusively our own as ever: and as incomparably glorious as ever. We personify it, and sympathize with it, as readily as ever. We regard his course, as the work of a day, as much as ever. He awakes in the east, exults in the zenith, and retires in the west, as regularly as ever. The incidents of his circuit, whether favorable or unfavorable, are as inter-

esting as ever. His superiority to all opposition is as transcendent and instructive as ever. And still, if we would illustrate the Character and Destiny of the Just—we cannot do so better than by saying, in the simple, beautiful, sublime, *poetic* language of the Bible: “*The path of the just is as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day.*”

These, then, are the points—the CHARACTER and DESTINY of the JUST.

I. THE CHARACTER OF THE JUST.

See how strongly the context contrasts with this, the character of the WICKED. “Enter not into the path of the wicked, and go not into the way of evil men. Avoid it—pass not by it—turn from it—and pass away. For they sleep not, except they have done mischief; and their sleep is taken away, unless they cause some to fall. For they eat the bread of wickedness, and drink the wine of violence.” It would be difficult to select more forcible figures than these. They describe a course “earthly, sensual, and devilish.” There is not a tint of heaven in it. “But—the path of the just!”—Oh! how exalted it is, above such degradation; and how open and glorious it is, in comparison with such cavern-like darkness:—it is even “as the SHINING LIGHT, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day.”

The character of the just is distinguished by these two facts: 1. Its ELEMENTS are PURE and COMPLETE: and, 2. They are WELL-PROPORTIONED in their COMBINATION.

Let us glance at these ELEMENTS. They are matters of *intellect, sentiment, propensity, conscience, and will.*

The *intellect* of the just man is always *thoughtful of moral principles.* This accords with the direction of the Apostle Paul—himself an almost peerless example

of the character: "Finally, brethren, whatsoever things are TRUE, whatsoever things are HONEST, whatsoever things are JUST, whatsoever things are PURE, whatsoever things are LOVELY, whatsoever things are of GOOD REPORT; if there be any VIRTUE, and if there be any PRAISE—THINK ON THESE THINGS."

Think on them. They deserve thought. Their *positive* merits challenge thought. Their nature and relations challenge thought. They are the glory of our constitution. They are the life of society. They lead to the contemplation of unfallen beings: of the Redeemer of the fallen: and of the Father of all—in whose bosom these principles originate, and in whose government they are universally and eternally supreme.

Think on them. Their *comparative* merits challenge thought. Compare them as you may, there is nothing so worthy of thought. In *languages*, a man may excel Porson or Lee: master all tongues, ancient and modern. In the *natural sciences*, ranging from Botany to Astronomy, he may surpass Linneus and Newton, and the chiefs of all intervening departments. In *mental science*, Locke and Reid, Cousin and Kant, Morell and Hamilton, may lag far behind him. In *political science*, Grotius and Puffendorf, Madison and Hamilton, may all be acknowledged his inferiors. And yet, if he neglect—which is hardly possible: or despise—which often occurs: *moral principles*—what is he? Men may call him an archangel: but he is only an "archangel RUINED."

The *sentiments* of the just man *admire moral principles*. As exemplified around him, they charm him. He sees that they sustain self-respect: and claim, rightly, the respect of the community. Those who are governed by them, are honorable and serviceable in all their

habits. Whatever their condition in life, their virtue dignifies and adorns them. In like manner, as the same principles complete their dominion over his own nature, his admiration of them increases. Before, they were matters of observation: now, they are subjects of experience. There is a difference between observation and experience, somewhat like that between sight alone, and sight in connexion with the other senses. For instance, we may see a fire at a distance: but if we draw near to it, we shall feel the heat, as well as see the light. So with moral principles. Their outward influence may be known by observation. But the excellency of their inward power can be learned only by consciousness. As all that is *true*, and *honest*, and *just*, and *pure*, and *lovely*, of *good report*, and *virtuous*, and *praiseworthy*—is brought near to the man, and takes hold upon his being, and subdues, and saves, and blesses him, so his admiration increases—not, indeed, of himself—but of these new and holy elements—these evidences of regeneration. The glory around him grows brighter, and the glow within him warmer.

The *propensities* of the just man *cling to moral principles*. As *thought* excites *admiration*, so *admiration* excites *love*. He naturally loves his *family*, his *home*, and his *country*: and, therefore, as his intellect discerns the connexions of moral principles with these interests, and his sentiments kindle into admiration of the beauty of the development, his very propensities become attached to them, and identified with them.

The *conscience* of the just man is *responsive to moral principles*. Instead of being seared and dead, it is alive and quick. Its instant intuitions of virtue and vice, and its instinctive excitements, consequent upon these intuitions, aid the intellect in its studies, encourage

the sentiments in their admiration, and confirm the propensities in their attachment. Not vain, however, of its natural sagacity, it acknowledges the necessity and superiority of revelation; and corrects its own errors by the infallible decisions of the Word of God. Else, it might be educated here, as in heathen countries, to subserve all that is base and abominable. Indeed, even in our own land, where this standard is rejected or neglected—conscience is perverted, and becomes either a tyrant or a slave. Among the heathen, a false education makes it minister to self-indulgence and corruption, in one class of cases; and, in another, to the self-imposition and infliction of a thousand austerities and pains. So, at home. In this very community are examples of both classes: among those who dishonor the Bible. Their conscience is deluded: pandering to sin, on the one hand, as though it were no sin; and, on the other, ordaining unrequired and unreasonable grievances, degrading to man and offensive to God. The conscience of the just man, however, worships before the embroidered veil of the Bible: and rules as the high-priest of the oracle of Jehovah.

But, the *will*, also, of the just man, is *faithful to moral principles*. This is his grandest distinction. Intellect may know these principles: the sentiments admire them: the propensities impel to obedience: and conscience add its solemn injunctions: but, if the *will* fail—all is lost. Alas! how many fail here! Why are they not dignified and adorned with the excellency of a noble and useful moral character? Because they do not *understand* moral principles? No! Because they do not *admire* them? No! Because they have no *propulsion* toward obedience? No! Because *con-*

science confesses no *obligation* to obey? No! Why then? Because they *will not* obey! Sometimes their will seems wholly *inactive*: at others, it acts *feebly*: at others, *waveringly*: at others, with *spasmodic force*, but, also, with *spasmodic brevity*: at others, it *rebels against* goodness: but how seldom is it resolutely set on the right! Yet, with the truly just man, it is so set. His will is unchangeable in its fidelity to piety and virtue. Pleasure may smile, wealth may shine, fame may attract, power may persuade; scorn may deride, wit may sneer, want may vex, affliction may frown, and persecution may smite:—"but"—says the just man—"none of these things move me, neither count I my life dear unto myself, so that I might finish my course with joy." "Yea, doubtless, and I count all things loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord." "My heart is fixed, O God! my heart is fixed: I will sing and give praise."

Perhaps these are sufficient indications of the *elements* of the *character* of the *just*. "*Whatsoever* things are TRUE, *whatsoever* things are HONEST, *whatsoever* things are JUST, *whatsoever* things are LOVELY, *whatsoever* things are of GOOD REPORT—if there be *any* VIRTUE, and if there be *any* PRAISE," he THINKS "on these things," and ACTS ACCORDINGLY. *Intellect, sentiment, propensity, conscience, and will* are *all devoted* to the *cultivation* and *exemplification* of the *principles* of *moral excellence* in all their *holiness* and *completeness*.

Let us glance, now, at the second fact—that these *elements* are *well proportioned* in their *combination*, in the *character* of the *just*.

See! A man may be, almost exclusively, an *intellectual* moralist: or, a *sentimental* moralist: or, an *impulsive* moralist: or, a *blindly conscientious* moralist: or,

a *harsh voluntary* moralist. But a *truly just* character is free from such *separateness* and *exclusiveness*.

Again: a man may *unite two, three, or four* of these *elements*, without possessing *all*. But, in these cases, the character is still imperfect. *All* the elements are required.

Again: a man may unite *all* the elements, and yet the union be *disproportionate*. But, what is wanted, is, a balance of powers: all the faculties and principles in equal and harmonious action.

It is amazing how men deceive, and are deceived, in these connexions. See: first—their *faculties*: then, their *principles*.

For instance, in relation to *faculties*. The *intellectual* moralist considers himself *just*, because he has made himself a *casuist*. His ethical discriminations are unerring: he can define any duty, solve any difficulty, settle any doubt: but, that is all. His theory sinks in his practice—like a clear stream in a marsh.

The *sentimental* moralist regards himself as *just*, because he flames with admiration under some holy discussion, or in the presence of some saintly character. Charming!—he exclaims: and then thanks the Lord that he is so sensitive to such charms. Wait a little, and you will find, that when his excitement subsides, he is good for nothing.

The *impulsive* moralist deems himself *just*, because he occasionally surprises his friends or the public by some unusually honorable and useful act. And yet, the intervals between such actions are occupied by meannesses which seem much more the result of *principle*—though an *evil* one—than these unexpected outbursts of good. Sad, indeed, it is, when a man's *good*

acts are mere matters of impulse; and his *bad* ones the product of steady-working principle.

The *conscientious* moralist calls himself *just*, because he *is* conscientious. But, because he has *hands*, is he therefore an *artist*? Because he has a *tongue*, is he therefore a *linguist*? Because he has a *mind*, is he therefore a *philosopher*? Certainly not. Then—neither is he *just*, because he has a *conscience*. The artist has *educated* hands: and the linguist an *educated* tongue: and the philosopher an *educated* mind. So, the just man has an *educated* conscience. An *ignorant* conscience often gives great trouble.

The *voluntary* moralist, in like manner, styles himself *just*, because he is *determined* to do right. Sometimes, he manifests his determination very *harshly*. And yet, a man who merely *determines* to do right, may, nevertheless, do *wrong*. Without the co-operation of the other faculties—enlightening, cheering, soothing, and directing it—the *will* is a cold, stern, obstinate, and heartless agent.

But, notice the deception in relation to *principles*, as well as faculties. For instance, how many think themselves *just*, and are generally acknowledged to be so by others—merely because they cultivate a *certain class of virtues*: neglecting others, *equally*, or *more important*. Are not both *private* life, and *public* life, full of examples?

How many are supposed *just*—simply because they *pay their debts*. Justice *requires* them to do this: but, after all, it may be done, *not because* justice requires it, but, in the way of selfish calculation. Are there not men, as punctual in their payments as any in the world, who, when they have paid a creditor the last cent due

to him, will seize the first opportunity of taking advantage of him in a bargain?

But, suppose this exceedingly desirable punctuality to be an affair of *pure principle*; still, may not a man be just in this respect, and in all monetary relations, and yet be unworthy the round and glorious title of a just man in whole? Surely he may. "*The just*" is a character infinitely transcending such limits as these. It is a character which concentrates virtues of all classes: a character in whose presence every divine ordinance and every human interest are sacred and inviolate.

But look at *public* life a moment: and the truth, though not more *clear*, may be more *impressive*.

How many *public* men pride themselves on being *just* men, and are treated with the respect which none but just men deserve: who, nevertheless, *live* as though the moral law were not an ordinance of eternal and irreversible obligation—a law which it is infamy to despise and damnation to transgress—but, merely a matter of convenience, to be honored or dishonored, obeyed or disobeyed, as selfishness may plead to be expedient.

How many apply moral principles differently to *public* and *private* affairs! *Privately, justice is greater than self*: but, *publicly, party is greater than justice*. A *private lie* is unpardonable: a *party lie* may be tolerated. *Private fraud* is abominable: *party fraud* is commendable. Really, it seems almost insufferable thus to speak: and yet, unless all parties are false accusers, it must be so.

How many pursue an opposite course! With these, *public* justice is everything: and *private* justice, nothing. Charge one of them with a public default—and he will challenge you to a duel! Detect him in a private mis-

demeanor—and, if you promise not to expose him, he will laugh at it, and boast of it!

How many more are there—who have been so trained by godly parents, and so encompassed by godly influences, that they cannot doubt the divine obligation of every principle of Christian morals; in all times, places, relations, and circumstances; private and public; personal, partizan, and national: and who, because of educational convictions, devote themselves, with much commendable zeal, to things generally honest and honorable, and yet, alas for them!—after all, in downright, disgraceful, inexcusable self-indulgence, cherish some vice which they dare not own, and perpetrate the crimes to which it prompts them, with the secrecy of assassins, the lechery of brutes, the cruelty of fiends, and the mean and quivering forebodings of conscience-dogged and hell-hunted cowards. If such men as these have already disgraced many a high office in our State and General Governments: if even the highest office in the land, and, as we fondly and truly style it, the highest in the world, has not remained entirely unspotted by such intrusion—let the people remember the melancholy fact only to swear—if a great nation may rightly perform such a solemn act—only to swear, on the altar whose first flames were kindled by the clean hands of Washington, with fire caught from heaven and freshly burning still—that it shall be so no more! Let them pray, rather, that, cold as the symbol may seem, the purity of perpetual snow may rest forever on the central and peerless summit of our common majesty and power!

How vastly different is the truly just man from all such examples! The elements of his character are pure, complete, and well-proportioned. He cherishes

all virtues: and shows them in harmonious action. He remembers that—"Whosoever keepeth the whole law, and yet offendeth in one point, he is guilty of all:" and there is a life-principle within him, of reverence toward God, which revolts from every thing sinful, secret or open, great or small. Such men are the pillars of faith, and temples of the Holy Ghost.

But let us not forget—

II. THE DESTINY OF THE JUST.

"The *path* of the just is as a shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day." It is compared, as you perceive, to the path of the sun. What, then, are the distinctions of the sun's path?

It is a HIGH PATH: far too high for any earthly obstruction. Mountains rise in vain. Clouds rise in vain. The mountains may hide it, awhile, both morn and eve: and the clouds may occasionally obscure it, even at noon. But, these are only apparent obstructions. Its true path is above them all.

So with the path of the JUST. It is too high for men or fiends to obstruct. They may gird his whole horizon with stern and rocky opposition: they may send up from every marsh, and lake, and sea, of expanded and swelling calumny, clouds and storms of reproaches:—but the purpling peaks of the horizon shall foreshow the vanity of their intervention; and the lowering clouds of the zenith, shall only darken the regions whence they rose—the lightnings only strike, and the thunders only appall, the lowlands and shores where the elements of the tempest were collected. High over them all, the path of the just is unchangeably open, fair and serene.

The path of the sun is a RADIANT PATH. It is not

only glorious. That expresses but half the truth. It is glorious *because* it is radiant. The sun is not like the moon—a mere reflector: glittering with borrowed light. God has given it light in itself: and therefore it shines, and cannot but shine. If the mountains could be lifted up, until they should enclose it, like a wall: and the clouds, ascending from the mountains, should concentrate their masses, and overarch it, like a roof—it would shine still. Nay, made the more intense by the confinement, it would turn the mountains into diamonds, and the clouds into crystals, and flash through them all, and fill the world with new splendors.

So with the path of the JUST. His glory is from within. It is a radiation. Put him where you will; he shines, and cannot but shine. God made him to shine. For instance, imprison *Joseph*—and he will shine out on all Egypt, cloudless as the sky where the rain never falls. Imprison *Daniel*—and the dazzled lions will retire to their lairs, and the king come forth to worship at his rising, and all Babylon bless the beauty of the brighter and better day. Imprison *Peter*—and, with an angel for his harbinger star, he will spread his aurora from the fountains of the Jordan to the wells of Beersheba, and break like the morning over mountain and sea. Imprison *Paul*—and there will be high noon over all the Roman Empire. Imprison *John*—and the isles of the *Ægean*, and all the coasts around, will kindle with sunset visions, too gorgeous to be described, but never to be forgotten—a boundless panorama of prophecy, gliding from sky to sky, and enchanting the nations with openings of heaven, transits of saints and angels, and the ultimate glory of the City and Kingdom of God. Nor only so: for modern times have similar examples: examples in

the Church, and examples in the State. For instance, bury *Luther* in the depths of the Black Forest—and “the angel that dwelt in the bush” will honor him there: the trees around him will burn like shafts of ruby, and his glowing orb loom up again, round and clear, as the light of all Europe. Thrust *Bunyan* into the gloom of Bedford Jail—and, as he leans his head on his hand, the murky horizon of Briton will flame with fiery symbols—“delectable mountains” and celestial mansions, with holy pilgrims grouped on the golden hills, and bands of bliss, from the gates of pearl, hastening to welcome them home. And so, to say nothing of *La Fayette*, and thousands more in the sphere of the State, it is enough to make this one addition: arrest *Kossuth*—shut him down in the dungeon of Buda, or drive him, in exile, to the stronghold of Kutaiyeh, and he will shine still. Rising, ere long, from the confines of Asia, and beaming at once over Europe and Africa, he continues his high career across the Atlantic, salutes from afar the shores of America, and comes down in peace among the encircling splendors of the free skies of the West.

The path of the sun is a TRIUMPHANT PATH. This, indeed, has been already intimated: but may be somewhat amplified. The mountains surrendered to the sun thousands of years ago: and have been employed, ever since, morning and evening, to telegraph the appearance and departure of their illustrious conqueror. The clouds surrendered, thousands of years ago: and, ever since, have risen and fallen at his command. Even the storm may not pass, without leaving a rainbow arch in acknowledgment of his dominion. From pole to pole, every living thing lights its eye in his ray: and there is not a tree, or flower, or blade of grass that

bears not some token of his reign. The dew-drop glistens, and the great ocean basks in his beam. "His going forth is from the end of the heaven, and his circuit unto the ends of it; and there is nothing hid from the heat thereof." His sovereignty is universal and supreme.

So with the path of the JUST. He is *sure* to triumph. God has ordained it: and it must be so. True: there may be a very solemn intervention here: before the triumph is secured—an intervention which is not unimpressively symbolized by a total eclipse of the sun. I mean—the occurrence of *death*. Still, though deferred until *after* death—the triumph is certain, endless, and complete. The *Apostles* were martyred—martyred, not conquered: for, even at this day, their mighty spirits fill twelve thrones, and, in the name of their Master, give law to the church and the world. Thousands of confessors and reformers have risen from the scaffold or the stake, to stations of similar, if not equal, influence. And, oftentimes, it is glorious to see how the man truly just—though persecuted as long as he had a living body to define his presence: nay, whose *dead* body, instead of being decently buried, was divided, distributed, and exposed: nay, sometimes, whose *buried* body, instead of being permitted to remain undisturbed, has been disinterred, and burnt, and scattered in ashes on wind and wave: has, nevertheless, ascended spiritually, even in this world, to an immortal principality, and surrounded the mere apparition of his greatness with historians, orators, and poets; with sculptors, painters, and engravers; with all the representatives of religion, and government, and literature, and philosophy, and science, and art; drawing largely upon the wit and skill, the wealth and power of nations,

to recall and embellish the scenes of his supposed disgrace, and to glorify the genius, and virtue, and heroic deeds, for which he was so long and so violently vilified, wronged, and abused. So has it been with Wickliff, and Zwingli, and Wesley, and many more.

But, once more, the path of the sun is a BENIGNANT PATH. It is not for a vain display of its *own* glory, that its path is so *high*, and *radiant*, and *triumphant*. Nay: it is the humble representative of its *Maker's* glory. Its Maker's glory is the glory of doing good. While showing *that*, the sun shows its *own*: and cannot avoid it. But its purpose is—to enlighten, and warm, and vivify, and direct the world. It shines, to temper the elements: to ripen vegetation: to quicken all forms of animate nature, and renew, in successive generations, universal gladness. It shines, to awaken every farmhouse and hamlet; every town and city; every land and nation: to cheer all toil, and assist all art, and encourage all adventure. It shines, to restore the summer of the pole; and to open a channel for the ice-bound ships to return to the haven of home. It shines, to brighten the bars of the prisoner's narrow window, and bless him, in the gloom of his cell, with an angel-like companion. It shines, to lift the mists from the sick man's roof, to dry the air that glides through his dwelling, to relieve his oppressed breathing, to revive his feeble pulse, and to relume the languid eye that has longed all night for the morning. Had it not been for the innumerable offices of love, it would never have shone at all.

And so with the path of the JUST. He lives to glorify God, by doing good to man. True: there is a vast difference between the unconsciousness of the sun, and the consciousness of the man: the mechanical

fulfillment of the office of the former, and the moral agency involved in the duty of the latter. The man may be tempted, and is tempted, to think of his own glory, in all his efforts, and in all his successes. But, just in proportion as he *is* just—he acknowledges this, and seeks, by the grace of God, to guard against it. He sees that the noblest of all conditions, is that in which the faculties are most fully developed, most highly accomplished, most efficiently exerted, and yet—most unselfishly consecrated, in co-operation with the Father, Son, and Spirit, to some department of the holy and benevolent work of human redemption. As Christ himself, when he came from heaven to save the world, improved every opportunity of incidental kindness: taught the woman at the well, enlightened the blind man by the wayside, and folded to his bosom the children of the poor: so his disciple remembers and imitates the example. As his character conforms to this ideal—his destiny more brightly describes its benignant circle in the firmament assigned him. He rises higher and higher, extends his vision farther and farther, and diffuses his influence wider and wider. Wherever his light shines, his heat glows: knowledge and love spontaneously blending in common good. In time, it seems that nothing is too vast for his circumspection, or too minute for his scrutiny, or too desolate for his regard. He beams from every point in the zenith; and reaches every point on the horizon. Glancing at the new sections of the social sphere, as they turn into the range of his radiating sympathies; but never neglecting the near for the distant, the little for the great, or the duties of the present for contemplations of the future—he withdraws not, too soon, a single ray, even from the violets below him, though

continents challenge his attention from afar, and oceans clap their hands at the first flash of his coming. Still, humbly but gloriously holding on his way—a light to the poor and oppressed; to the tempted and persecuted; to the sick, and dying, and bereaved, and forsaken;—a light to every interest of truth and right, of patriotism and philanthropy, of charity and piety;—wondering that he is so long upheld, adoring the goodness of the God who upholds him, and feeling every moment that if left to himself he would quit his place and wander in darkness—he fills the serene of heaven and earth with beauty and bliss, and then, blushing to think he has done no more, retires from this, to rise on a fairer and happier sphere.

Methinks I see a statesman in whom the pure elements of a just character were all combined in happiest proportions.

Intellect, sentiment, propensity, conscience, and will—in study, in admiration, in impulse, in solemn responsibility, and in immovable determination—were all devoted to moral principles.

Called to public posts of unequalled importance; pressed by most threatening dangers; supplied with inadequate means;—still, in darkness, in doubt, in defeat, in discouragement, did he ever oppose public morals to private, or dishonor his country by employing in her behalf expedients he would have disdained in his own?

Or—while honoring his country, did he disgrace himself, by private vice?—by violations of truth, of chastity, or any other virtue that can be named?

How modest he was in accepting office! how faithful in discharging its duties! how disinterested in rejecting its remunerations! how exact, through a long

war, in the record of its expenses! and how happy to embrace the first opportunity of resigning his trust to those who gave it!

With what wisdom in council, he then excelled his bravery in the field! With what dignity and discretion he presided over the forming destinies of the States he had saved!

With what gladness he laid aside, both the sword of battle, and the robe of power; for the fruitful plough, and the calm repose of his forest home!

With what peace—he died!

And yet—even WASHINGTON, THE JUST—had enemies! Reproaches, slanders, calumnies, assailed him. Intrigues wrought hard against him. Measures were urged to displace him. *Mountains* of opposition met him: *tempests* of difficulty thundered in his way: but lo!—now, all is plain, and still, and his path—like that of the shining light—shineth *more*—and MORE—unto the PERFECT DAY! America is all a-glow with his glory: the monarchs of Europe look up, and marvel at the majesty in whose presence their thrones turn pale: and still the acknowledgment extends, that the Statesman of the West, who loved his country better than himself, is not only “first in the hearts of his countrymen,” but destined to be first in the hearts of mankind!

And yet—what is Washington, in the presence of Jesus? At best—a sinner, saved by grace! The man truly just—is the sinner justified by the grace of God, in Christ Jesus—and his path shall shine unto the fullness of the day that shall beam with bliss forever.

LIFE AND IMMORTALITY.

“Who hath abolished death, and hath brought life and immortality to light, through the gospel.”—2 TIM. i: 10.

It is impossible to express the greatness of the interest I feel in this subject. The most transient intuition of it, by the mind, is oppressive to the sensibilities of the heart. On this account, it is difficult to treat it properly—difficult to secure due consecutiveness and dependency of parts, and comprehensiveness of general development. There is a sort of confused consciousness of being at the centre of a circling movement of innumerable sublimities; too magnificent to be arrested, too complicate to be immediately understood, and too solemnly and divinely impressive to be calmly and clearly contemplated and studied. And yet, by the aid of the Holy Spirit, supplied in answer to humble prayer, the soul may antedate its destiny; and, even in the midst of the infirmities of the flesh, exert somewhat of the power which is to be one constituent of the glory of the life that shall come after.

The context speaks of God—the Name of names! never to be taken in vain: the name of the Being of beings—infinite in all excellency of essential and unchangeable greatness, goodness, and bliss. It speaks of God, in connexion with Christ, and in connexion with ourselves. It declares that, poor, miserable, dying

sinner as we are, God "hath saved us, and called us with an holy calling:" and, that he has done this, "not according to our works, but according to his own purpose and grace, which was given us in Christ Jesus before the world began:" and, moreover, that this original and most gracious design, though so long, for good reasons, withheld from the world, "is now made manifest by the appearing of our Saviour Jesus Christ, who"—according to the glorious proclamation of the text itself—"hath abolished death, and hath brought life and immortality to light through the gospel:" by so doing, opening the way for the ultimate consummation of the utmost intentions of God in our behalf.

What now? Do we believe all this? Certainly, we have many and precious persuasives to confidence in it. It is the testimony of the Bible—the Book of God—his own record of his own government—exposed to a thousand conflagrations of rebellion, but, on every occasion, snatched from the midst of the flames, or unburied from the ashes of ruin, without the scorching of a page, or even the smoking of a letter—its truth as entire, its seal as distinct, and its signature as radiant as ever. It is the testimony of the Book which comes to us in the venerableness of incomparable ages—consecrated and confirmed by the irresistible assurance of its unimprovable completeness—beginning with a history that has nothing before it, and ending with a prophecy that leaves nothing after it—filling earth and heaven, time and eternity, with the tidings and the rapture of God's name, and God's grace, and God's Son, and God's Spirit, and God's people, and God's salvation. It is the gospel of all the high-minded and holy-hearted. It comes to us, hallowed by the trust of innumerable millions: by the smiles and songs, the

tears and blood, the praises and blessings, of all generations. Genius, learning, and love: wealth, honor, and power: have all bowed down in its presence, and offered their tribute of faith and devotion: and, though no art can adorn it, no opulence enrich it, and no patronage exalt it, still the homage of a redeemed and grateful world is not to be rejected or despised.

What then? Do we believe it? Surely, if we believe not this, there is nothing better we can believe: nothing so good we can believe: nothing at all we can believe. As to any thing superior—the world has never known it: never imagined it: and cannot imagine it. It is an infinite condescension, to challenge the world even to imagine any thing superior! What! a God superior to “the Only True God?” A Saviour superior to “Jesus Christ, whom” he hath “sent?” A salvation superior to “eternal life?” In a word, a gospel superior to this gospel? The world has no dreamer to dream such dreams as these. As to any thing inferior—others may believe it, but we cannot. The Jews may believe in Judaism: i. e. in Judaism unfulfilled—but we cannot. The Mohammedans may believe in Mohammedanism—but we cannot. The Boodhists may believe in Boodhism—but we cannot. The Brahmins may believe in Brahminism—but we cannot. The Parsees may believe in Parseeism—but we cannot. The various tribes of savages may believe in the lowest grades of Fetichism—but we cannot. I repeat, therefore, that if we believe not this glorious gospel, there is no religion we can believe. If there be any true God—it is our God. If there be any true Saviour—it is our Saviour. If there be any true salvation—it is our salvation. If there be any true gospel music floating among the homes and sepulchres of this sad and deso-

late sphere, it is the melody of our own gospel—the prelude to the trumpets of the resurrection.

What then? Do we indeed believe it? If not, I have no hesitancy in affirming that the reason must be, not because it is too little, but, because it is too great for our faith. The day has forever gone by, in which the “exceeding great and precious promises” of the gospel could be reputably ridiculed. Who was it that said something like this—that he did not wish to go to heaven, to sit still, on a bright cloud, in a white robe, and sing hallelujah to all eternity? I do not remember: nor is it worth remembering. Even yet the mind of the world has not been brought up to a just apprehension of the grandeur of Christian contemplations. But, it has been sufficiently elevated to be convinced that its former contempt of immortality was of all things itself the most contemptible. The higher it has risen, the more magnificent, and varied, and splendid, its panorama has become: and the more, in correspondence therewith, its own faculties have multiplied their powers and developed their adaptations. The very sciences, which, after the utter exhaustion of the ancient opposition of Jewish pride, and Grecian wit, and Roman might, have, in these modern times, been so diligently cultivated and so confidently relied upon for the disproof of the gospel—have confessed it their highest honor to add their testimony to its truth, and to merge their resplendence in its illustration. Anthropology—shining with the light of universal intelligence and kindling with the flame of universal sympathy—renews the announcement of the inspired Apostle, that God “hath made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on all the face of the earth, and hath determined the times before appointed, and the

bounds of their habitation :” and, meditating on Adam, on Christ, and on the saints, proclaims that the Model Man—the true offspring of God—is the man of the gospel. Geology, also, just recovering from the astonishment of its recent awakening, and beginning to understand the significancy of its perceptions, abandons its dream of an idle God and a changeless globe; trembles above the fires over which the continents are arched and the oceans roll; and, recollecting the first creation and anticipating the second, adoringly admits that the Model World—the proper workmanship and mirror of God—is the World of the Gospel. And so, too, Astronomy, the oldest and most adventurous of the sciences, having long ago dissolved the firmament, and dissipated every crystalline sphere, and opened the ethereal immensity to the magnitudes and motions of the illimitable universe—returns from its latest and widest explorations, to bow its crown of stars at the name of Jesus, and acknowledge that the best *expression* of the universe is, the many-mansioned house of our Father—the imperishable home and inexhaustible domain of our immortality, as disclosed in the gospel.

Under such circumstances, it is no wonder that infidelity betrays a disposition to change its course. The Perfect Man of the gospel—can infidelity match that revelation? The Perfect World of the gospel—can infidelity match that revelation? The Perfect Universe of the gospel—can infidelity match that revelation? The Perfect God of the gospel—can infidelity match that revelation? And do not these revelations supply resources adequate to the utmost demands of immortality? Can it be idle or tedious with such associations?

Who ever became tired of his position and relations, even here—unless by the pressure of such personal

afflictions as will be forever excluded from the salvation of the gospel? Who, with this exception, ever became wearied with the interchange of society, or the contemplation of nature? True, it may be answered—What is our life—in comparison with immortality? “It is even a vapor, that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away.” But, did Methuselah grow weary? Yet his life, also, was only as a vapor. But, had Adam lived to the present, can we imagine that he would have grown weary? Still, such a life, too, would have been only as a vapor, in comparison with immortality. True, I admit all this: but, after all, it can hardly be conceived that, if sin and death were unknown, we should ever grow weary even of such a world as this. The constantly changing events among men; and the constantly changing scenery and influences of earth, and seas, and skies; might afford us pleasure to all eternity. And yet, what a world is this, in comparison with the enlarged and glorified visions of the gospel? To say that it is as a prison to a palace, is saying nothing. To say that it is as hell to heaven, is hardly saying too much.

Why, the mere consciousness of personal perfection would be a delight too great for eternity even to diminish. But, to add to this the felicities of sympathy with a perfect society, composed of the saints of all ages and the angels of all orders; with Christ as our Visible Head; and the Father of all in omnipresent and unceasing communion with all: and all this in association with the whole variety, not only of all the present works of God, but, also, of all his future works: making him more and more manifest in the infinite richness of his unsearchable nature, forever and ever—surely, if we can form any proper conception of the meaning

of such terms, they indicate, instead of the diminution, the increase of bliss—overwhelming as the thought may be—the unspeakable increase of bliss as long as immortality shall endure.

What now? This: as already stated, Infidelity betrays a disposition to change its course. Its complaint now is, that the inheritance of immortality is a destiny infinitely too great for man. The very desire for it is an experience of which every enlightened person ought to be ashamed. So write the recent English correspondents: “I think”—says one—“that not only is the desire taken for evidence, but the desire itself is a factitious thing.” “I quite agree” with you:—says the other—“The desire of a future existence is merely a pampered habit of mind, founded upon the instinct of self-preservation. It is a longing, and those who have it are like drunkards or children.” Certain German infidels go still further. “The idea of a future world”—says one—“is the last enemy whom speculative criticism has to oppose, and, if possible, to overcome.” “So long”—says another—“as mankind shall hang, by a single hair, to the idea of heaven, there is no happiness to be looked for on earth.”

Are not these things surprising? I might well apologize for introducing them: were it not that the love of truth seems to be unsatisfied without a momentary acknowledgment, at least, that, in these times of universal agitation, even such sentiments are practically efficient, at home as well as abroad. I am aware, by my own experience, that too much attention may be allowed them for one’s own peace of mind. As a general rule, it is best to let them alone. And yet, a duty to others may occasionally require the disturbance of our own tranquillity for their advantage.

What then? I confess, with unutterable solemnity, that here is the point where my own faith in immortality is most accessible to my spiritual adversaries—the overwhelming greatness of such a destiny. At this point, therefore, it becomes me to be most vigilant to detect their approach, and best prepared to repuls their assaults.

It is not, therefore, without hope, that I notice, in all such connexions, the admission of the fact and principle, that man desires to be happy, and ought to be happy. I, too, with my whole nature, plead for happiness: here or somewhere, now or sometime. If, then, it be asserted—that the only evidence of a future existence, is the desire for it: that this desire itself is a factitious thing, merely a pampered habit of mind, an intemperate or childish longing: that the very idea of such an existence is an enemy to our true interests: and that, so long as this idea is cherished, “there is no happiness to be looked for on earth:”—and if, therefore, in view of these considerations, it be proposed, as our best course, that we conclude there is no future existence, and act accordingly:—then, lest such a procedure should prove precipitate, and have to be repented of, I wish to be well assured beforehand as to what will be gained by it. I wish to know in what ways, and to what an extent, happiness *may* be looked for on earth, when the last dream of attaining it in heaven shall be discarded. I wish to know what will be the condition of the heart, when no desire for a future existence shall remain in it—and what will be the condition of the mind, when the faintest idea of such a state shall have faded from it. Who will tell me these things? Are there any who have had sufficient experience in the process, to be prepared to persuade me of its

delightful results? If not—if the demonstrations of experience be wanting—let me ask an answer to a few rational inquiries:—Will the denial of a future existence prolong our present existence? If not—will it, in any way, improve our present existence? In relation to *personal* interests, will it remove our vices, relieve our sorrows, purify our motives, justify our plans, dignify our objects, prevent bereavements, or mitigate the pains and terrors of death? In relation to *social* interests, will it subdue wrong, establish right, equalize our estates, extend our sympathies, or harmonize our various and discordant classes? And in relation to *natural* interests, will it enrich the soil, or smooth the seas, or attemper the skies to pleasure and health, or by any means enlarge the income of joy from the earth itself, or from the planets, and suns, and systems around it? Where, I again demand, will be the gain? Alas! I fear, that if the hope of happiness in heaven were relinquished, the hope of happiness on earth would soon follow it! Certainly, I say not this in a spirit of unworthy opposition. It is an honest, and earnest, and irresistible conviction. I cannot but fear, that, instead of improvement would come desolation: and such desolation as the world never saw.

See! The theory is one: and stands or falls in whole. If there be no immortality—there is no Jesus Christ. If there be no Jesus Christ—there is no God the Father. If there be no God the Father—there is no God at all. If there be no God at all—there is no true religion. If there be no true religion—there is no authority for government. If there be no authority for government—there is no obligation to obedience. If there be no obligation to obedience—there is no rule of life but self-interest. If there be no rule of

life but self-interest—selfishness, and not justice, will determine its applications: and so society will be divided, and its divisions be forced into conflict, and the old alternations, but in worse forms than ever before, will be the perpetual alternations—from anarchy to despotism, and from despotism to rebellion, and from rebellion to anarchy, over and over again! Meantime, the institutions of religion being all swept away, with its doctrines—the Bible, the Sabbath, the Ministry, the Ordinances, the Sanctuary, the solemn assemblies of worship, all abandoned: and the institutions of the State, in every form, growing more and more insecure and oppressive: and all natural evils continuing to accumulate, unaccompanied by their former alleviations: how soon would the most sheltered seclusions of home be filled with the lamentations of private pain, and grief, and despair! and how awful would prove the helpless agony of the race in whole—“strangers from the covenants of promise, having no hope, and without God in the world!”

Surely this sketch is not overdrawn. Rather, it is entirely too tame. In such a case, extravagance is impossible: and inevitable realities exceed all previous imagination. One case, and well is it that there is only one: one case, and it is to be hoped the world will never know another like it: one case in history sadly enough illustrates the horrors of such a condition. I allude, of course, to the Revolution in France, at the close of the last century. See the Bishop of Paris, with his apostate priests, moving, in open procession, to the Convention; and there hear him publicly proclaim that the *religion of Christ is an invention of priestcraft!* See the doors of that same Convention again thrown open to another procession; and *a harlot*

unveiled, at the right hand of the President, as the *Goddess of Reason*, and the *object of national worship!* See the cemeteries overhung with the inscription—*Death is an eternal sleep!* See the *churches closed*, the *worshippers scattered*; and the splendid cities and vine-shaded hills, of the beautiful land and the glorious people, overrun, and defiled, and accursed, with the *consecrated carnival of murder and lust!*

But here is the searching question—how long did it last? Was even that one generation content to die out, with no God but Uncleaness, and no hope but Corruption? Nay, verily: for the Reign of Terror was only a one year's reign! The banishment of religion was but of a few months' continuance! The Convention hastily decreed the re-acknowledgment of the Supreme Being: and united with the people in a festival to His honor!

But, what is now proposed? It is proposed, virtually, if not formally, that, next time, there be no relenting! It is proposed that Infidelity be enthroned again: its dominion to be extended over all nations, and its place to be maintained forever! In a word, it is proposed that the Reign of Terror be established over the whole earth, to endure to all eternity! I say—to all eternity: and I mean all I say. For, do you not see that Infidelity has nothing to do with time, except in relation to the individual man? Infidelity knows nothing of time, in relation to the race, or to the earth, or to the universe. It has no history of a beginning: and no prophecy of an end. Man, as man, *has* lived from eternity, *is* living in eternity, and *will* live to eternity. And so with all nature—it is all eternal. Hitherto, not because of sin, but for want of infidelity, our race has been wretched: and that, not for six thousand years only, but, from all

eternity! Hereafter, also, still not because of sin, but for the same want of infidelity, the race will continue wretched, and that, not only for six thousand years more, but, to all eternity!—unless, indeed, the present proposition be accepted! If this be done, the evil shall be corrected. Then, happiness may be looked for on earth! Then, it will be sure to appear, and what tongue of fire shall tell the glory of its advent!

Alas! I cannot trust it! It were vain for me to make the effort. The nature of things is against it: and all history is against it. What then? Let me return to the gospel, and try this again. Really, it does not seem so hard to believe it now, as it did before. One very impressive fact, at least, has come to light. If the promise of the gospel be too great for my faith—even in this respect, Infidelity could not relieve me. Infidelity, as well as Christianity, confesses the doctrine of eternity. We are environed by duration, as we are by space. Both press upon our consciousness, and are alike irresistible. We cannot set bounds to them. We cannot escape the conviction of their absolute infinity. Something, therefore, must be eternal. There is but one question for dispute: and that is—What is eternal? If, now, Infidelity teach the eternity of man, of the earth, and of the universe—is it not more reasonable for Christianity to teach the eternity of God? True: man, the earth, and the universe, are objects of sense: and God is imperceptible to the senses. But what of that? Thought is insensible; and it is thought, not sense, that requires a cause: a cause like itself, insensible. Christianity, by teaching a God, assigns a cause for everything: but Infidelity, denying a God, leaves me without a cause for anything. Again: if Infidelity teach the future existence of our race, is

it not more reasonable for Christianity to teach the future existence of the individuals who compose it? True: individuals die, while the race multiplies. But what of that? Death is only a sensible change: and sense cannot determine what is reasonable. It is thought, not sense, that demands immortality: and that for this reason—If the race only be immortal, then there is no hope of essential *improvement*: but, if individuals be immortal, then *improvement* may proceed to *perfection*, and *perfection exult forever*. Which, then, is the worthier doctrine; and which is it the easier to believe?—the everlasting succession of fugitive, miserable, and unimprovable *generations*? or, the immortality of *individuals*; finding, in a better world, an abundant recompense for the sorrows of this, and vindicating, to all eternity, by the grandeur of their developments and attainments, the character and government of him who created and redeemed them? Surely, the latter view is the more rational and the more credible. This doctrine has a meaning, and a glorious meaning, too: but the other means nothing at all. An immortality of personal and social perfection may be so sublime as to confound my imagination and overawe my faith, but it does not contradict my reason: but the notion of an eternal multiplication of men as they are, perishing so fast, and perishing forever, is a notion that *does* contradict my reason: a contemplation so ignoble, that faith turns from it in disdain, and imagination with disgust.

And what now? Certainly, if I must be overpowered, it shall only be by god-like sublimity, glory, and bliss. If I am challenged to the exploration of eternity, I will choose for my guide, not the demon of Infidelity, but, the angel of Christianity. I will make my confession,

before I start, of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost. I will acknowledge time, as well as eternity. I will remember the connexions of my text. I will remember God's "own purpose and grace which was given us in Christ Jesus before the world began." I will remember how this grace of God was manifested "by the appearing of our Saviour Jesus Christ," when the world was four thousand years old. And then I will recall the text itself. I will cherish it as an indisputable truth—nay, as a fact rather than a doctrine—a real, personal, perpetual, still-subsisting, and forever unchangeable event—that Jesus Christ "hath abolished death, and hath brought life and immortality to light through the gospel." I will study this event: study it in its own proper and inspired records: study it in all its earthly and heavenly associations: study it through falling tears, and with a glowing mind, and with a grateful heart, and with lips quivering with thanksgiving, and a tongue ever ejaculating praise. I will remember *when* he did it—more than eighteen hundred years ago. I will remember *where* he did it—at the garden sepulchre, close by the wall of Jerusalem. I will remember *how* he did it—by his own almighty and immortal resurrection and ascension. And I will especially remember *why* he did it—to demonstrate and illustrate the true and hastening destiny of our race. Then, thus prepared, I will yield to the first impulse of my angel-guide, and rise from this globe of graves: and surmount all the circles of time: and sweep out into the immensity of space and the eternity of duration: and soar away to the central presence of God, and to the open vision of Christ, and to the "innumerable company of angels," and to the "innumerable company" of saints, and to the fellowship of all col-

lected at the Throne, and to the observation of all dispersed through the universe, and to the admiring contemplation of their exalted intelligence, holiness, and joy; the dignity of their employments, and the increasing magnificence and attractiveness of their prospects: and if, at last, I must faint, though the angel hold me—must faint, under the “far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory” there revealed—still, such an oppression will be a pleasure, if, by bearing it, I may only forget the miserable eternity of infidelity in this world, occupied as it is, and must be, not by anything worthy of either God or man, but only by sin, and shame, and sorrow, and death, and dust, and darkness, and doubt, and dread, and despair.

If, now, recovering from such oppression, any should charge me with folly, and renew the assertions—that the *desire* for personal immortality is *factitious*, a *pampered habit*, a *drunken longing*: and that the very *idea* of it is an *enemy*, *mischievous* to our *intelligence* and *peace*: I am not without a sufficient answer. See: the book from which I preach is, in part, the most ancient record extant. Roman literature is modern, in comparison with it. Grecian literature is modern, in comparison with it. Herodotus, “the father of profane history,” came a thousand years after Moses; and Sallust, five hundred later still. Nor only so: but this book professes to give the history of the world, in so far as was needful, from the very creation of the world.

What then? What then! Why, it demonstrates, from the beginning, the truth of St. Paul’s declaration in the latter part of it:—that, instead of its being any local, unnatural, artificial, and pampered habit—the result of any instinct of mere physical self-preservation—this lofty and irrepressible desire is the extorted

cry of the spirit for its proper birth-right destiny: its universal and perpetual demand for a condition worthy of its powers, and of the God who gave them: "For we know"—says the Apostle—"that the *whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain together until now*"—"earnestly" expecting and waiting "*for the manifestation of the sons of God.*" "In the day that thou eatest thereof, thou shalt surely die." He did eat, and did die: and was it not natural for him to grieve for his incomparable loss, and implore restoration? And why did Abel sacrifice? And why did Enoch cleave close to the side of God? And why did Noah adhere to his righteousness? And why did Abraham go forth on his unknown journey? Was it not because of the *desire* for immortality? And by what *art* was this *desire excited in them*? Who *pampered* such a *habit* in these *fathers of the world*? Go back to the scene of the first transgression. Hear the threatening on the serpent—the devil in the serpent—the tempter to death—*The seed of the woman shall bruise thy head!* That threatening upon the true enemy of man was the promise of continued life and restored immortality to the world. It was the *art of God*, and the *pampering* of the *Eternal*, that encouraged his dishonored children to look again toward the skies. "These all *died*"—says the Apostle: ayé, but then he adds—"in FAITH, not having received the promises, but having seen them afar off, and were persuaded of them, and embraced them, and confessed that they were *strangers and pilgrims on the earth.*" Come down to the time of JOB. Standing, as he does, midway between the beginning and the present, let him speak for all. "For there is hope of a tree"—he complains—"if it be cut down, that it will sprout again"—"but man dieth, and

wasteth away: yea, man giveth up the ghost, and where is he? As the waters fail from the sea, and the flood decayeth and drieth up: so man lieth down, and riseth not: till the heavens be no more, they shall not awake, nor be raised out of their sleep. Oh that thou wouldst *hide me in the grave*, that thou wouldst keep me *secret*, UNTIL THY WRATH BE PAST, that thou wouldst appoint me a set time, and remember me. If a man DIE, shall he LIVE again? all the days of my appointed time will I wait, till my CHANGE come. *Thou shalt call*, and *I will answer thee*: thou wilt have a desire to the work of thy hands." Yes: verily: not only does man desire deliverance from his ancient oppression: but God himself sympathizes with him, in this respect. He can neither forget nor despise the work of his hands. The time of wrath must run out: the great demonstration of the evil of sin must be completed: but then God will call, and the innumerable millions of all ages will respond from land, and seas, and skies, with the shout of salvation and the anthems of immortality.

What then? Do we believe it? Ah me! how mournfully many spoke who came after Job! Hear the Psalmist: "In death, there is no remembrance of thee: in the grave who shall give thee thanks?" And again: "What profit is there in my blood, when I go down to the pit? Shall the dust praise thee? Shall it declare thy truth?" And again: "Mine eye mourneth by reason of affliction: Lord, I have called daily upon thee, I have stretched out my hands unto thee. Wilt thou show wonders to the dead? Shall the dead arise and praise thee? Shall thy loving kindness be declared in the grave? or thy faithfulness in destruction? Shall thy wonders be known in the dark? and thy righteous-

ness in the land of forgetfulness?" Hear the Preacher, also: "A man hath no pre-eminence above a beast: for all is vanity. All go unto one place; all are of the dust, and all turn to dust again. Who knoweth the spirit of man, that goeth upward, and the spirit of a beast that goeth downward to the earth?" And again—"Though he live a thousand years, twice told, yet hath he seen no good: do not all go to one place?" And again: "To him that is joined to all the living, there is hope: for a living dog is better than a dead lion. For the living know that they shall die: but the dead know not anything, neither have they any more a reward, for the memory of them is forgotten. Also their love, and their hatred, and their envy is now perished: neither have they any more a portion forever in anything that is done under the sun." And again: "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might; for there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom, in the grave, whither thou goest."

Is there anything like *art* here? Alas! this is the great burden of humanity. The huge heart of the world moans forever with the echoes of such lamentations.

Sometimes, indeed, the desire for immortality, after thus declining into melancholy, grew strong again in faith, and resumed the language of triumph, or the words of wholesome warning. So the Psalmist exclaimed, in terms that shine with new beauty as now daily repeated:—"Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me, thy rod and thy staff they comfort me!" And so the Preacher, also, closed Ecclesiastes with the exhortation and assurance: "Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter; Fear God, and keep his

commandments: for this is the whole duty of man. For God shall bring every work into judgment, with every secret thing, whether it be good, or whether it be evil."

In short, the whole history is the history of a great and solemn struggle. A factitious desire indeed! A pampered habit indeed! Alas! as no art excited it, so no art can suppress it! Intemperance, instead of encouraging it, has often been resorted to, to throw it into stupor, and in many sad and separate cases, has awfully succeeded. But still, high above all the harmonies of art, and high above all the uproar of passion, and high above every other sound that rises from the earth, ascends the original, universal and perpetual cry—the immortal pleading of the race for personal and relative immortality!

But what says the text? What need of prolonged discourse? Jesus Christ—"hath abolished death, and hath brought life and immortality to light through the gospel."

This is the only question—*Do we believe it?* If so, we follow in the train of the great and good of all lands and ages. Especially since the opening of the Christian era, countless millions have quickened their heavenward steps in matchless exultation. The whole course is strewn with the honors, and treasures, and cast-off adornings, of genius, and learning, and bravery, and beauty, and rank, and office, and wealth, and power: with the tears of the bereaved, the prayers of the poor, and the blood of the martyrs: all hasting to lay hold on eternal life! In the rear of the procession, we discern the forms of our own beloved ones: who glided from our arms into the pathway of glory, and still turn to smile upon us from afar, and beckon us after them!

Oh, do we indeed believe in immortality? What a motive is here! I feel the need of it constantly. The Lord increase *my* faith! The Lord increase *our* faith! How should our spirits thrill with the inspiration of such a truth! Thank God! there are some among us, who are living for eternity. To them, at least, death *is* abolished. Life shines upon their vision, like the morning star; and immortality expands to their view like the sunrise on the mountains. If we ask them—Where are your friends?—they answer: A little ahead—but we shall soon overtake them! Thank God, again, that such of his saints still linger among us! What a blessing it is to hold companionship with them! They “wear the world as a loose garment,” and are ready, at a moment’s warning, to throw it aside, and sink to their hopeful rest in the place where Jesus lay. The fringes of their eye-lids will lie close in the darkness of the sepulchre: but their souls will extend their perceptions from the throne of the Highest to the circle of the universe: and derive their joys from the communion of the saints and angels, the ceaseless love of Christ, and the inexhaustible fullness of God.

A NEW-YEAR'S SERMON.

“What shall I render unto the Lord for all his benefits toward me? I will take the cup of salvation, and call upon the name of the Lord. I will pay my vows unto the Lord now in the presence of all his people.”—
PSALM cxvi: 12, 13, 14.

I SAW the *Old Year*. He was lying on a bed of gathered leaves. The grass around was brown and withered; save here and there, close by the edge of the snow-patches, where it retained somewhat of its greenness. The turf was almost as hard as the pike—the smooth and stony pike, that glared in the lamp-light, and rung under the rattling iron hoofs and wheels of the passing mail. Of course, it was a secluded spot: away from the tide, with its ships and steamboats; and away from the wire, the rail, and the whistle. The spring gurgled out from the hill-side; but was almost hidden by the long icicles that hung thick from the moss-line, on the front of the over-jutting rock, down to the very basin of the fountain: nor was it seen long, for, as it came out between the icicles, it slipped under the ice that covered its channel, and again found itself almost as much in the dark, as it was before it escaped from the inner crevices of the hill. Over the rude couch of the dying Year, the trees spread their leafless, snow-sprinkled branches, as though they would gladly have sheltered him if they could; and the breeze

moaned by his side, as tenderly as though a woman's sympathy had touched it into piteous sweetness. The air was very keen, and very clear: and the barking of the distant watch dog, startled by that passing mail, sounded loud and fierce, as if on the very border of the glen.

That glen was thronged with an almost innumerable spiritual multitude. The *four seasons* were there. The *twelve months* were there. The *fifty-two weeks* were there. *Three hundred and sixty-five days* were there. *Three hundred and sixty-five nights* were there. Nearly *nine thousand hours* were there. More than *half a million minutes* were there. And more than *thirty millions of seconds* were there. The *seasons* were distinguished by the varied color of their robes—white, green, yellow, and purple. The *months* had a fillet of silver net-work on every forehead, adorned with a crescent of shining pearl. The *weeks* wore a seven-hued girdle, with a brilliant clasp—adorned with an altar, olive-branch and trumpet. The *days* bore an image of the sun on every breast-plate. The *nights* held a star, downward, on the head of every sceptre. The *hours*, *minutes*, and *seconds*, carried each a miniature diamond chronometer: those of the hours, with an hour-hand alone; those of the minutes, with a minute-hand alone; and those of the seconds, with a second-hand alone.

The pale Patriarch, thus surrounded by his immense host of descendants, summoned me into his immediate presence. I passed through the parted lines, and knelt by his humble pallet. "I have called you hither"—said he—"not for your own sake alone, but, for the sake of the church and congregation to which you minister. I have called you to commit to you, for them, my last and most solemn message. I am only

one of the *six thousand Princes of Time*. Time is the son of eternity. Eternity is the son of God. Next to his being the Father of the *Lord Jesus Christ*, the most glorious title the Almighty bears, is that of the Father of eternity! From eternity, down to the youngest second, all ages, and years, and seasons, and months, and weeks, and days, and nights, and hours, and minutes, are *his messengers*: intrusted with his richest benefits, and commissioned to bear them to man. My mission, like that of my predecessors, is ended. Before their departure, they reminded you of God's goodness. Before my departure, I remind you of the same. My office has been one of ceaseless love. If you marvel that I am encompassed by such a host, I have only to inform you, that they have been my faithful assistants, as well as my affectionate children; and that the reason of their multitude is the multitude of God's benefits to man. A smaller number would fail to distribute his abounding mercies. There is not one, in all this array, who has not been thus employed."

"Ere I die"—he continued—"I will question them in your presence; and you must report their testimony to the worshippers in the sanctuary:

"SEASONS!—What have *you* given to man?" And the four Seasons answered—"God's benefits!"

"MONTHS!—What have *you* given to man?" And the twelve Months answered—"God's benefits!"

"WEEKS!—What have *you* given to man?" And the fifty-two Weeks answered—"God's benefits!"

"DAYS!—What have *you* given to man?" And the three hundred and sixty-five Days answered—"God's benefits!"

"NIGHTS!—What have *you* given to man?" And

the three hundred and sixty-five Nights answered—
“*God's benefits!*”

“HOURS!—What have *you* given to man?” And the nearly nine thousand Hours answered—“*God's benefits!*”

“MINUTES!—What have *you* given to man?” And the half-million Minutes answered—“*God's benefits!*”

“SECONDS!—What have *you* given to man?” And the thirty millions of Seconds answered—“*God's benefits!*”

“Servant of God!”—said he—“Minister of Christ! You have heard their uniform answers. With my own fast-failing breath I confirm their truth. I have superintended their toil. I know that our whole mission has been occupied in the distribution of ‘*God's benefits.*’ Return to your charge! The chapel will be open and illumined. The people will be assembled. You anticipate the solemnity of the occasion; and honestly and earnestly desire their profit. Tell them, that you have seen the dying Year. Tell them, that they themselves must die. Tell them, that when their own death-time shall come, the world will be withered around them, as it is now withered around me! Tell them, that they, too, must lie down on the dead leaves of their summer prosperity! Tell them, that every garden of pleasure will then be as desolate to them, as are now these fields of nature to me—the verdure all wasted, the trees all stripped, the streams all frozen, and the air crisp, and cold and still! Tell them, that they will then have but *one* hope, as I have now! See!”—said the weary and dying pilgrim—lifting his kindling eye, and pointing, with thin finger, to the heavens—“See! though the sphere of my labor on earth is all blighted and drear—*no change is there!* Or if, in that

high place of reward, there be any change, it is only for the better. Behold! the blue skies are bluer now, and the bright stars brighter now, than they were in *mid-summer*. Nothing withers or declines there! There is the inheritance which is incorruptible, and undefiled, and that fadeth not away! That is my hope: that is their hope: that is our only hope! But, thank God! it is a sufficient and glorious hope!

“Go!—and tell them, that ‘God’s benefits’ begin with life, but do not end with death: that they commence on earth only to multiply in heaven: and that, while they enrich us in time, they will endure throughout eternity! Go!—and tell them, that the Old Year—looking back from his pallet of dry leaves to scenes of freshest beauty and bliss: and looking up, from this wasted world to a universe of imperishable grace, glory, and rapture—*breathes out his last prayer* in their behalf, that every one among them may immediately and solemnly consider the great and pressing question, asking, with the Psalmist—‘*What shall I render unto the Lord for all his benefits toward me?*’—and answering with the Psalmist, also—‘*I will take the cup of salvation, and call upon the name of the Lord. I will pay my vows unto the Lord, now, in the presence of all his people!*’”

So ending, the dying Year drew from his bosom a many-leafed scroll, and put it in my hand, saying:—“Take this scroll. You will find it composed of hundreds of messages, severally addressed to your hearers. Distribute them, as a final token of my regard for them! But see!” said the fainting Old Year, kindling again as he spoke—“see! they come!”

As he spoke, a pale, long-drawn light, as though the milky way were settling earthward, descended through the thin air, and rested, like a glimmering mist, on the

dusky range of the horizon hills. I rose, gazed, and drew back from the coming of One, glowing with angel glory, and yet with the countenance of a younger brother of the waiting pilgrim. He stooped by the humble pallet: and the leaves, and grass, and snow, and icicles, and frosted trees, and hills, all glittered with a golden sheen! Behind him, FAIRER seasons, and months, and weeks, and days, and nights, and hours, and minutes, and seconds, in far-gleaming perspective, dimly waved their line. I saw the New Year kiss the Old: and the Old arose at that token, and stood by his brother's side, and acknowledged him as his successor, and resigned the sceptre to him, and embraced him, and blessed him, and bowed to his attendants, and then beckoned to his own, and ascended with them, softly and beautifully as the scintillations of the aurora, vanishing at last among the conscious and welcoming stars. The New Year and his host glanced, smiling, at the quick and happy transit: and then dispersed, on errands of mercy, through all the earth; to meet again, when another New Year shall hang out his signal in the sky, and come to enter on his reign.

The vision has past! And now, I stand here in your midst to discharge my duty. It is as plain and simple as it is solemn. I unroll these messages for distribution: and examine them: and find them duly directed. Not a person is present to whom one is not sent. They are sent to both sexes, to all ages, and to all relations; domestic and social. They are sent to daughters, sisters, wives, mothers, and a few even to grandmothers. They are sent to sons, brothers, husbands, fathers, and a few even to grandfathers. They are sent to servants, apprentices, laborers, masters, mistresses, and employ-

ers; to mechanics, manufacturers, artists, merchants, and bankers; to students, teachers, physicians, lawyers, and officers of the General and State governments; to preachers, pew holders, church members, church officers, and Christians of every grade and name. In a word, they are sent to all classes, and to every individual in every class.

On looking at them more closely, I perceive, that, although written within and without, the two sides are in different languages. It is only the language on one side that I can read. This informs me, however, that the characters on the other side will be perfectly intelligible to the person for whom the message is intended. It is the appeal of the Spirit of God to every one's conscience: and that Spirit, having inspired the Old Year to make the record, will be sure to interpret it, as soon as conscience shall look upon it.

On the side that I can read, I see, at the top of every record, this inscription:

THE LORD'S BENEFITS TOWARD ME.

Under this inscription, I find a long enumeration of such items as the following—some of them on every message, and others divided among various messages:

1. *My Bodily Benefits.* The continuance of life; health and strength; preservation from accident, violence, and disease; freedom from pain; my members all sound; my organs of sense, speech, and motion still vigorous in the performance of their several functions; a thousand dangers, at home and abroad, in all manner of conveyances, by land and water, escaped without harm: my chief capital, and greatest physical comfort, the sense of industry, the energy that animates

effort, the ready ability to labor, most mercifully kept from waste and exhaustion.

2. *My Spiritual Benefits.* Intellect, comprehensive and clear as ever: nor only so, but, more enlarged, more enlightened, and more thoroughly disciplined. Perception, reason, judgment, memory, and imagination, all true to their high trusts. The sentiments, too, still exquisitely sensitive: gratitude, honor, courage, justice, mercy, benevolence, truthfulness, all responsive to every proper claim. The affections, too, ardent as ever, and growing more pure: love, friendship, joy, peace, and all gentle and blissful emotions. Conscience, too, still unseared, quick, indeed, and tender as the apple of an eye; and, with it, the free, prompt, decisive, and indomitable will. A thousand temptations, unavoidably arising from my nature, position, and relations; and tending, either to undue depression or undue excitement, all graciously restrained, and prevented from doing me any essential ill.

3. *My Family Benefits.* [Here the records vary more. You will know how to apply their points, however, as I proceed—some suiting one family; others, another.] Our new home, opened with great comfort. My bride—and a new circle of affectionate relatives with her. My groom—and a new circle of affectionate relatives with him. Every prospect as bright as heart could wish. AGAIN—Our old home, happier than ever. My wife, still spared to me, and our children. My husband, still spared to me, and our children. AGAIN—Various birth registers: our first child; our first daughter; our first son; our fifth child; our tenth child. And AGAIN—Our threshold, safe from spoilers; our hearth-stone, ever warm; our table, ever full; our wardrobe, well supplied; our roof, untouched by fire; our group of

love, unbroken by bereavement; our children, fond of the week-day school, fond of the Sabbath school, and fond of the church: free from vicious habits and associations; and promising to be the stay and rejoicing of our latter years. Our oldest daughter—well settled. Our oldest son—well established in business. Every room in our house—a closet of prayer. Our family altar—still duly supplied with fresh offerings every morning and night. Our whole company, always in grateful readiness to repair from the home of love to the sanctuary of piety. A blessed hope always burning in all our hearts, that we shall be reunited in a yet happier home in heaven.

4. *My Business Benefits.* [Here, too, there is no little variation. But a few words will intimate all that is necessary. Hark!] Constant employment—nearly constant employment—increase of wages—good sales—good returns—large profits—brisk seasons—enough to live on—something laid by—relieved from many difficulties—debts gradually diminishing—times more easy—a safe and prosperous establishment—quite independent—extraordinary success—far in advance of my former compeers—nothing now to fear, unless it be the deceitful and corrupting influence of great wealth.

5. *My Civil Benefits.* An heir of liberty. A native of the noblest land, and a citizen under the best government on earth. A descendant of many generations of freemen: and with their purest blood still beating the pulsations of independence in my veins, like the drums of the revolution. Or—an adopted citizen: unable to claim the highest birth-right dignities and privileges, but, with sense enough to appreciate my acquired advantages, and with spirit enough to unite with the sons of the soil in opposition to all foreign

clanship, and in maintenance of genuine American principles and interests in all righteousness and peace. A sovereign—among millions of equal sovereigns. A man—as fully developed as a mere civilian can be: exulting that there is no thrall on my own flesh or spirit; determined that there never shall be any; and praying God, with all my heart, that, in his own good time and way—to my poor thought, the sooner the better—all men may enjoy the *same glorious distinction*.

6. *My Ecclesiastical Benefits.* Connected with a free Church, corresponding with our free State: no imposed pastor; no legal tax; no tithes; no dissenters' reproach; a free Bible; a free pulpit; a free baptismal font; a free communion table; a free marriage-altar; a free place of sepulture; a free officary; a free membership; a free congregation—all free as the gospel itself: or, if, in any respect, not yet perfectly free, not quite practically free, still, easily made so, practically as well as theoretically, and which ought to be made so, and must be made so. *Means of grace*—all blest in my experience. Again—a penitent; a believer; a baptized believer; a communicant believer; a fellow-citizen with the saints, and of the household of God; a child of God; an heir of God; a joint-heir with Christ; a lover of the Bible; a lover of prayer; a lover of public worship; a lover of social worship; the fear of death all gone; holiness, daily increasing; my hope of heaven, in full bloom.

7. *My Disciplinary Benefits.* Occasional chastenings, for the improvement of my character and destiny; sick, for a week; sick, for a month; health, generally, much impaired; business, falling off; unjustly and unkindly reproached; injured by some in whom I most confided; difficulties multiplied by the thought-

lessness and carelessness of those who should have diminished them. Again—lost a friend. Or, lost my father. Or, lost my mother: my wife: my husband: my child: my brother: my sister. But—sickness of my body sanctified to the salvation of my soul. Declension of business—followed by increasing confidence in Providence. Man's reproaches make more precious God's approbation. Treachery of friends makes more delightful God's fidelity. Carelessness of friends makes more impressive God's watchful tenderness. Bereavement, notwithstanding all its anguish, has been overruled in mercy to my spiritual advantage. My heart has been carried to heaven by those who have gone before. All things, in fulfillment of Scripture, have worked together for my good.

But—*further detail is needless!* Of these, and similar items, the whole record is composed: that is, the record on the side which I can read. The other side, as already stated, is in a language which none can read for you. It is enough to know that it is a continued and special enumeration of "*God's benefits*" toward each one of you in particular. I might imagine the meaning, in some cases; but will not attempt to do so. You would feel, perhaps, as though I were intruding upon a forbidden sphere. It is a sacred appeal, by the Spirit of God, in the sight and hearing of God, to your own consciences. The Lord will assist you in reading it: and notice your thoughts, and feelings, and purposes, while you read it.

But, this I may say: even in view of the benefits already enumerated, how great is the solemnity of this appeal! Think of them again: Your bodily benefits: spiritual benefits: family benefits: business benefits: civil benefits: ecclesiastical benefits, and disci-

plinary benefits. And now, in remembrance of all, let the inquiry be announced again, and let conscience be called upon to respond to it. I have no doubt it will be a more common response than is generally heard, even during the reading of prayers in some of our sister churches. I have often felt the solemnity of that: and surely, to say the least of it, this should be no less solemn. Hark!

“What shall I render:”

“What shall I render:”

“Unto the Lord:”

“Unto the Lord:”

“For all his benefits:”

“For all his benefits:”

“Toward me?”

“Toward me?”

Is there one person present, whose conscience does not thus apply the subject? Is there one who does not feel that it involves the most imperative and pressing obligations? Surely not.

What then? Are you ready to say—Tell us what to do, and, if the message appear to come from God, we *will obey it?* I cannot do this with the particularity which some might desire. I repeat, that the whole matter is an appeal to the conscience of every one among you. You are to answer the question for yourselves. I would not dare to assume the responsibility of a full and minute reply. God forbid that I should ever usurp, or even accept, the office of an absolute and infallible spiritual director. I can only declare, according to my purest honor and clearest intelligence, as a minister of the gospel of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, the general principles of truth and duty which I believe should govern every one of you, in the

case before us. These principles are concentrated in the accompanying statement of the Psalmist. Imitate him! Hark:—

“I will take the cup of salvation, and call upon the name of the Lord.”

See that! There is the FIRST principle. PERSONAL SALVATION! Devote yourselves, in commencement or in continuance, to the great work of securing your own salvation. Nothing can excuse the neglect of the duties belonging to this great work. Life is wasted, utterly wasted, except as these duties receive attention.

Notice the two points here: 1. I will take the cup of salvation; and, 2. Then I will call upon the name of the Lord.

“I will take the cup of salvation.” Here is the confession of sin. Here is the exercise of faith. Here is the grateful and hopeful acceptance and improvement of the appointed mediation between God and men. As a sinner, I will not dare to draw near to Infinite Holiness, without an appropriate offering. Not one word of prayer or praise will I presume to breathe, until I am thus prepared for it. Therefore, “I will take the cup of salvation:” the cup of wine—symbolical of the blood of sacrifice: the cup of wine—commemorating the work of atonement: the cup of wine—which reminds me of precisely the mediation I need, and on the efficacy of which I can repose with perfect confidence.

To us, as Christians, speaking still more plainly, the blood of Jesus is the true atonement: and the sacramental cup, which is now before us, is its duly ordained and most significant memorial. If, therefore, you ask me—*“What shall we now do?”* I answer thus: First of all, take this cup of salvation. Take the cup—drink

the wine. Take even the outward sign of the atonement; but see to it, more especially, that you penitently and faithfully apply the atonement itself to your inmost hearts and consciences. In a word, take proper advantage of the mediatorial sufferings and death of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ: and then—but no till then—sinful as you are, you may acceptably approach the Highest.

“*I will call upon the name of the Lord.*” Here are the offices of prayer and praise. The Psalmist was remarkable, perhaps above all men, for his ardent devotion to these duties. It is not too much to say, that his prayers, and his praises, have become, to a great extent, the prayers and praises of the whole world. For *twenty-eight centuries* they have been constantly ascending, day and night, to the throne of Jehovah. In the Psalm now before us, he exclaims—“I love the Lord, because he hath heard my voice and my supplications. Because he hath inclined his ear unto me, therefore will I call upon him as long as I live.” Such ardor is well worthy of perpetual imitation.

Among us, as Christians, there can be no doubt of the essential connexion of prayer and praise with the beginning and progress of personal salvation. Sin is pardoned, in answer to prayer: its power is broken, in answer to prayer; peace springs up, in answer to prayer; holiness increases, in answer to prayer; all heaven descends, in answer to prayer; and then, gratitude requires praise; love, and joy, and hope, all prompt the tongue to praise. Clearer views, larger views, more glorious views, of the divine perfections and government, and the tendency of all things toward ultimate vindication and bliss—such views, ever accompanied, as they are, by a thousand kindling raptures—all

heighten and strengthen the impulse to praise. The Bible is full of incitements to these duties. And so is Providence: every day bringing occasions for both prayer and praise. If, therefore, I be further asked—*What shall we do?*—how can I answer better, than by saying, simply but earnestly, “*Call upon the name of the Lord.*” *Pray more! Praise more!* Spiritual life is to be secured and perpetuated only by communion with its source. That source is in God. Having taken “the cup of salvation”—come to God without fear; come, even with “boldness;” come close to his throne—for it is now the throne of grace, the seat of mercy, and, so coming, you “may obtain mercy, and find grace to help in time of need.” Alas! how many, in a dying hour, have regretted the neglect of these duties! but who was ever known to deplore their performance? The Lord help us, that this New Year may find us more faithful in all these connexions of
PERSONAL SALVATION.

But—mark the succeeding statement, also. “*I will pay my vows unto the Lord, now, in the presence of all his people.*” See that! There is the SECOND principle. SOCIAL SALVATION! Remember your “vows unto the Lord:” your professional obligations to his house, and cause, and people. Honor his house. Sustain his cause. Encourage his people. Be sympathetic and co-operative with all. Make your zeal, in good works, manifest and exemplary in the sight of all. So far as your means and influence extend, let nothing languish in this noblest of enterprises. The neglect of the duties involved in this requirement, will be almost sure to be followed by the neglect of your own best interests. Give up the cause of God, in the church at

large, and in the world at large, and you will be likely to give up your own salvation.

As Christians, Protestant Christians, Evangelical Christians, Independent Bible Christians—these duties, in my humble judgment, ought to press upon us exceedingly: and particularly at this juncture. Even in the days of the Psalmist, true religion extended its relations much more widely than seems to be generally supposed. But, in these days, our form of it—the highest and best development of it—Christ's own development of it, in all its New Testament purity, simplicity, and glory—why, THIS is the one, grand, peerless interest of the world! There is scarcely a spot on earth which is not, at this very moment, mightily affected by Christianity. And, now, as it always has been, and always will be, it is *everywhere aggressive!* It has enemies; and knows them, and expects to meet them, and is prepared to meet them, and goes forth to meet them, and is happy to meet them—and sure to conquer and destroy them. Never did the battle reach so far, or wax so hot, or bring into action such a multitude and variety of antagonisms, as are now contending against the truth. Never were the disguises of its foes so numerous, so deceptive, or so mischievous. If it be possible, they will delude the very elect. Never was pure Christianity more lonely, in the great conflict, than at present. Yet, never was the perception of its sovereign majesty—shining like a God through all the clouds of war—more enchanting: and never was there a sublimer heroism than that which is now summoned to follow in its train. Never, moreover, was its triumph so near; or the thought of it, so dear. Looking up to the throne of the Great Arbitrer of the long-

protracted strife, we can scarcely restrain the impatient cry—"Come, LORD JESUS! come quickly!"

Now, in this state of things, every man has more to do than attend merely to his own interests: every church has more to do than attend merely to its own interests: and every confederation of churches has more to do than attend merely to its own interests. Our "vows unto the Lord" require, that we unite, to the utmost possible extent, in promoting, to the utmost possible degree, "*the work of the Lord*:" maintaining, at all risks, the truth of the Lord—contending "earnestly for the faith once delivered unto the saints."

Nor let it be thought, even for a moment, that whatever is to be done, is remote from ourselves. No, no: in our own country, in our own state, in our own city, in our own sanctuary, the great work of *social salvation* constantly claims our time, our talents, our means, our zeal, and our prayers. Sentimentalism as wide as the world, is not worth one good day's work at home. The enemy is here—in a thousand seductive disguises: and must be met and repelled, on the spot. There is as much necessity for keeping the "truth as it is in Jesus" pure, and free, and efficiently operative, in Baltimore, as in any other city on earth.

What then? Brethren! brethren of this church! Look within you, and around you, and above you. Rightly estimate your nature, your calling, your destiny—and *act accordingly*. Rightly estimate your education, your character, your reputation, your position, your opportunities, your resources, and your responsibilities—and *act accordingly*. Another year, full of blessings, demands some sensibility, some gratitude, some acknowledgment, some thanksgiving, some offering, some renewed, united, and earnest effort for Christ and his cause.

What shall it be? It is not for me to suggest. I am only, for the time, "your servant, for Jesus' sake." But, I honestly and earnestly desire your prosperity. I pray God to bless your counsels, and direct your action: to send you soon, from the north, or from the south, or from the east, or from the west, the pastor of his choice as well as your own: under whose ministry this sanctuary shall again become a centre of attraction, a fountain of influence, a high place, and a heavenly place, of spiritual wisdom, and power, and glory. I pray that this New Year may prove to be the year of your permanent re-establishment—the commencement of an era hitherto unequaled in your history, highly favored as it has been—an era of unparalleled harmony, energy, usefulness, and joy.

But lo! the *New Year* stands in the aisle! I see his angel beauty; and welcome him among us. One of the seasons is with him—the white-robed Winter. One of the months is with him—with the fillet of silver net-work, and the crescent of shining pearl. One of the weeks is with him—with the seven-hued girdle, and its brilliant clasp; adorned with the altar, olive branch, and trumpet. One of the days is with him—bearing the image of the sun on his breast-plate. One of the nights is with him—holding up a star, on the head of her sceptre. Twelve hours are with him; and more than seven hundred minutes, and more than forty thousand seconds, are waiting without.

Why art thou here? thou youthful Prince of Time!

"I am here"—he answers—"to strengthen your appeal. I am here, to promise a continuance of 'GOD'S BENEFITS' to those who shall honor his cause. I am here, to say to the people—If, during all my term, ye would have every month, and week, and day, and night, and hour, and minute, and even every second,

bless you—attend to the blended interests of personal and social salvation: cherish the Church, which Christ hath purchased with his own blood.

“I cannot, indeed”—he proceeds—“make special promises. It is not mine to say—Whether the body shall live or die; whether the soul shall retain its powers, or lose them; whether the family shall remain united, or be separated; whether business shall flourish, or decline; whether civil and ecclesiastical relations shall be strengthened, or impaired; or whether chastenings shall be many or few, slight or severe. But this I must and do aver—that he who remembers ‘God’s benefits’ toward him, during the term of my predecessor, with the most grateful devotion, has the greatest reason to HOPE for their renewal and increase throughout my own. At any rate, whatever the guise in which they come, ‘all things work together for good to them that love God.’”

But why does the New Year kneel in the aisle? And his train—why kneel they all?

Behold! A *still diviner form* stands by the table! He, who, of old, when “the door was shut,” came in among the disciples, and stood in their midst, and said “Peace be unto you!” and showed them his wounds, and accepted their homage, and confirmed their faith—even he has entered here. Behold him! Hear him!

“Ye are my witnesses!” “This do in remembrance of me.” “Take the cup of salvation, and call upon the name of your Lord. Pay your vows unto your Lord, now, in the presence of all my people.”

Is it not Jesus? Let us pray!

THE CLAIMS OF THE GOSPEL.

“Worthy of all acceptance.”—1 TIM. i: 15.

LET us consider the CLAIMS of this statement. These are embodied in the phrase—it is “*worthy of all acceptance.*”

To *accept* the saying, is to *believe it* and *act accordingly*: to believe “that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners”—and, as sinners, to seek and secure the salvation thus provided.

In this sense, the saying is *worthy* of acceptance; and worthy of *all* acceptance: i. e. worthy of *universal* acceptance—worthy, especially, of *our* acceptance.

It is worthy, because it is *true*. It is worthy, because its truth meets the need of the whole world, and supplies it—meets, especially, our own need, and supplies it.

Let us so contemplate it: first, in its *general*, and then in its *special relations*.

I. ITS GENERAL RELATIONS.

When it is thus affirmed that the gospel—for this saying is the sum and substance of the gospel—is worthy of *all* acceptance, I regard the affirmation as implying that no *other* religion is worthy of *any* acceptance. That the gospel claim does imply this, is

unquestionable: and that the implication is just, is abundantly evident.

Now, this is an important fact. Man has been styled, philosophically and distinctively, a *religious animal*. I do not admire the collocation: but it is susceptible of an interesting exposition. Religion is the bond which allies its subject to God. It brings God down to its subject: and raises its subject up to God. It establishes conscious communion between them. God knows all his creatures: but all his creatures do not know him. Religion divides his creatures into two classes: elects one to acquaintance with God, and leaves the other in ignorance of him. The inferior animals are without religion. They know nothing of God. In this respect, though identified with them in some others, man differs from them all—infinately differs. He has religion. He does know God. His very nature is religious: so religious, that the sins of six thousand years have not destroyed the ideality of divinity even in the most degraded of our race. Therefore, the history of man is the history of religion. True, in great part, it is the history of false religions: but the prevalence of these, in the absence of true religion, is only the demonstration of a religious nature. The inferior animals are as incapable of false, as they are of true religion. The nearest knowledge they possess of anything divine, is their knowledge of man: and this, doubtless, is merely an animal perception, that comprehends not that which is really God-like in man.

In view, then, of this great distinction of humanity, I repeat that there is great importance in the fact, that the gospel is so *exclusive* in its claims. There are many religions. The world has always been full of them: is.

still full of them. Such as have perished, were all local and fraternizing religions. Such as exist now, with the exception of the gospel—and, perhaps, the lingering shade of Judaism—are all local and fraternizing religions. If they dwell apart—they acknowledge each other, respectfully, as well adapted to their several districts. If they dwell side by side, in the same community, they make similar acknowledgments of their adaptations to diverse classes. If their deities were all arranged on pedestals, around the rotunda of a modern Pantheon, they would smile on each other, and repose together in perpetual peace. But not so with the gospel. The gospel is exclusive and repulsive. It claims to be the *true religion*—and the *only* true religion. It claims to be the religion that *meets* and *supplies* the *whole need* of man—and the *only* religion that does this. It claims, therefore, to be *worthy* of *all* *acceptation*—and the *only* religion that is thus worthy. It declares that *other* religions are all *false*, and all *foul*, and all unworthy of *any* acceptation. It abhors any compliments from them. It disdains any participation with them. It denounces them all as execrable impositions; and dooms them all to utter destruction. True: some of them are numerically stronger than the gospel, and occupy ampler territories. All combined, they are at least four times as strong, in both place and people. But these facts are nothing to the gospel. The gospel asks no quarter, and gives no quarter. And this is no new thing. It was the same of old. It was the same when Judaism was enshrined on Moriah, enthroned on Zion, expanded over Palestine, and enriched by the tribute of colonies throughout the world: and when, at the same time, Heathenism not only tolerated, but protected, Judaism;

exalted, itself, to an eminence so much more sublime, commanding from the heights of Imperial Rome the homage of all mankind. Even then, when Rome and Jerusalem, Heathenism and Judaism, had just united in crucifying the Saviour—when his name was despised, and his salvation despised, and the humble city in which he had dwelt, always despised, was despised the more for having yielded him a home: even then, the gospel stood up before the blood-stained tyrants, and in the presence of all their hosts, and declared in tones as serene and sure as the utterance of God—“Be it known unto you all”—that—“there is none other name under heaven, given among men, whereby we must be saved”—but the name of “Jesus Christ of Nazareth!” And when they derided the testimony, the gospel continued:—“Behold, ye despisers, and wonder and perish: for I work a work in your days, a work which ye shall in no wise believe though a man declare it unto you!” And as the work went on, and the incredulous despisers *did* behold, and *did* wonder, and *did* perish—the gospel lifted her triumphant chant above their dishonored sepulchres, singing—“Where is the wise? Where is the scribe? Where is the disputer of this world? Hath not God made foolish the wisdom of this world?” And this was not a vain boast. The body of Judaism is in its sepulchre yet: though its spirit still haunts the earth, as though hunting for the Messiah, and hoping for a resurrection. And so Heathenism—that is, the Heathenism of the Roman world—is in its sepulchre yet, with no spirit to wail over it, and no hope of revivification. It is true, indeed, that other enemies of the gospel have usurped the ruins of Jerusalem and Rome; and seem, like demoniacs, to love the shadow of the tombs: but these enemies are not Judaism and

Heathenism — they are Popery and Mohammedanism. The seal on the chamber of the Crucified was broken by the angel of God, on the morning of the third day: but ages on ages have elapsed since the risen Redeemer sealed the vaults of his executioners, and there is not a power in the universe that would dare to touch those seals. As they were, so they are—symbols of eternal silence.

The spirit of the gospel is still the same. It is still exclusive and repulsive. It still claims to be “worthy of *all* acceptance,” and therefore demands that every other religion, which is now accepted, shall be abandoned, and that the whole world shall embrace and obey the truth.

You see, at once, that this is a just and noble exclusiveness. It is not like the exclusiveness of sectarianism—that professed friend, but real enemy, of the gospel: ever seeking to vindicate its own miserable narrowness by misunderstandings and misrepresentations of the broad generousities of the gospel. It does not divide its own subjects by attempting to reduce the immensity of the Bible within the paltry limits of a hundred crafty and conflicting creeds: or by inventing as many arbitrary, unrelenting, and Providence-defying governments: or by magnifying mere modes of ordinances into girdles of charity and means of salvation. It does not estrange its own ministers, one from another; and its own members, one from another; and its own churches, one from another; merely because of differences of opinion in relation to things too difficult for any common authority to settle, or too trifling for any common authority, with any propriety, to take the trouble of settling. It does not say to any one party of Christians—Be exclusive and repulsive toward all

other Christian parties! It does not say, to the whole circle of Christian parties, Rule your ministers and people, internally, with rods of iron; and watch each other, externally, with perpetual jealousy and rivalry! No—never: no—never! It knows too well how sectarianism distracts the work of salvation at home, and retards it abroad. It knows too well how sectarianism ministers to Infidelity: and how both cast stumbling-blocks in the way by which Mohammedanism and Paganism should be, and might be, conducted to the Cross.

Alas! Sectarianism has no *right* to be exclusive and repulsive. Do you ask me—Why? Why—indeed! Who does not see the reason? Who does not feel its force? Why? Because it is *not* “*worthy of all acceptance!*” *Nothing* has a right to be exclusive and repulsive unless it is “*worthy of all acceptance.*” The gospel itself ought to be censured, rather than applauded, were it not distinguished by this characteristic. But does this characteristic distinguish sectarianism? *Which of the sects* is “*worthy of all acceptance?*” And is the *system*, in *whole*, “*worthy of all acceptance?*” Would the gospel mission be accomplished—if the jarring creeds, and jarring governments, and jarring ordinances of sectarianism, were extended throughout the world?—if, in all lands, their rival machineries were exhausting all the energies of iron and steam; of gold and silver; of voice, and pen, and press; of bone, and brain, and heart; of genius, learning, and zeal; of tact, cunning, and skill; of congregations, confederacies, and hierarchies; in maintaining and urging to their ultimate mutually-destructive issues, their present deplorable struggles of false authorities?

No—no: the gospel has a *right* to be exclusive—a

right to be repulsive. Such a spirit, and such a course, become its divine dignity: the divine dignity of its origin, the divine dignity of its character, and the divine dignity of its end. It has a *right* to be so—for it is “worthy of *all* acceptance.” *This* is the gospel cry—“Do you acknowledge the *faithful saying*?” Do you believe “that *Christ Jesus* came into the world to save sinners?” Will you *embrace* him as your Saviour? and *obey* him as your Saviour? Repenting of your sins, and imitating him who “knew no sin”—will you take part in the great work of persuading the world to renounce sin, and so, of reclaiming it to wisdom and holiness, to glory and God? If so—that is enough. Come with me—and thou shalt inherit the earth. Come with me—and ye all shall inherit the earth. Come with me—and ye all shall be *one* in the enjoyment of the honors and felicities of the Kingdom of God. But, if ye deny the faithful saying: if ye deny “that *Christ Jesus* came into the world to save sinners”—*that* is enough. I exclude you. I repel you. As I live, no false religion shall find rest for the sole of its foot. However ancient, however extended, however mighty, however illustrious, however venerated by their miserable dupes and slaves, and victims, I will hunt such religions into the ends of the earth. I will weary them: I will waste them: I will exterminate them. They shall not retain book or charm, shrine or idol, temple or tent, priest or altar, monarch or menial—in all the world. Too long have they cursed it already: blighting its flowery vales with crime, and darkening its golden mountains with wrath: grouping its isles as lairs of lust, and grinding its continents into deserts of hell. I am the angel to declare it, and to swear it, that such time shall be no more! Wherever God’s light shines,

God's truth shall shine. Wherever God's heat glows, God's love shall glow. Wherever God's wind breathes, God's spirit shall breathe. Wherever God's water flows, God's salvation shall flow. Wherever God's ground blooms, God's grace shall blossom. Wherever God's ransomed sinners have wandered, God's white-robed saints shall find a home. Wherever sin has kindled a blush of shame, the tears of penitence shall glisten in the radiance of reconciliation. Wherever sorrow has prompted the utterance of a sigh, the music of consolation shall warble into ecstasy. Wherever death has dropped the curtain around an evening sleeper, the angel of hope shall hang her lamp from the lintel, and then sit down upon the threshold, beside the angel of the resurrection, to wonder at the beauty of the night, and wait for the glory of the morning. Sectarianism and Infidelity; Paganism and Moham-medanism—all the perversions of true religion, and all the devices of false religion—shall surrender the dominion of the world to One infinitely mightier than they: and the "FAITHFUL SAYING," which is "*worthy* of all acceptance," shall *win* all acceptance: and then, the flowery vales, unblighted by crime; and the golden mountains, undarkened by wrath; and the holy isles, like recovered Edens; and the happy continents, like symbolic heavens—from sea to sea, shall sing: from shore to shore, shall ring: from the deepest depths shall cry: from the highest heights reply: and thrill the enchanted sky—with the only good news on earth, the only glad tidings under heaven—"THAT CHRIST JESUS CAME INTO THE WORLD TO SAVE SINNERS!"

But, let me turn from these general relations—a theme which can scarcely be touched—and notice, in the next place, the special relations of this saying.

II. ITS SPECIAL RELATIONS.

If this gospel announcement be “worthy of *all* acceptance,” it must, of course, be worthy of *our* acceptance. And, if no other religion be worthy of *any* acceptance, no other, of course, is worthy of *our* acceptance. If it be, therefore, the crowning distinction of our nature, that it is a *religious* nature, it is plain that we can meet the demands, and sustain the dignity of this nature, *only by becoming Christians*—and, I may add—nay, I *must* add it, *only by becoming Bible Christians, protestant Christians, evangelical Christians, experimental Christians, or, in a word, truly spiritual Christians.*

This is the claim of the “FAITHFUL SAYING” upon us. How irrational and ruinous it must be to deny, or in any way to attempt to evade, this claim.

Some of us acknowledge these special relations, and honor them: acknowledge that the gospel is *worthy* of our acceptance, and *accept* it: *profess* to be *Christians*, and endeavor to *sustain* our profession by our *practice*. Others, virtually if not formally, *reject* the gospel: live in as utter neglect of it, as though the “faithful saying” had never been *uttered*—or, though uttered, were not *true*: or, though *true*, were of *no importance*.

How shall I address these different classes?

To you, my brethren! who comply with the claims of this subject, I have somewhat to offer. You confess that our *nature* is *religious*: that we were created in contradistinction from all other earthly beings, and in pre-eminency over them, to know, and love, and serve God. You regard this as infinitely the noblest element in our constitution. You would deem the loss of it equivalent to annihilation. Even in view of its present

developments, it is rich in blessing: and the prospect of its future disclosures is ineffably magnificent and splendid. You see plainly, that *one soul*, capable of religion—capable of communing with God—is far greater than all other beings, incapable of this, in all the universe.

Again: You confess that it is your natural duty to *cultivate* this natural capacity. Nay, further, you confess that, as this capacity is the noblest provision of our constitution, so it is your *highest* duty to cultivate it. Nay, farther, you understand and appreciate the fact, that, as it is your highest duty, so it is your highest *interest* to cultivate it. You would deem it to be living worse than in vain, to live in negligence of these obligations.

Again: Confessing your religious obligations, you have become, as a matter of course, professors of *Christianity*. Your early education prepared you for this: your later observation has assured you of its propriety. If there be anything clear in your convictions, it is this—that you have been created a religious being *in vain*, unless Christianity be true: that there is no other religion which meets the wants of our nature—no other which you can conceive it your *duty* or *interest* to adopt—no other that is *worthy* of your acceptance—no other that you ought not to *reject*.

Again: As professors of Christianity, you rank yourselves with *protestant* Christians—more particularly still, with *evangelical* Christians—more particularly still, with *experimental* Christians—with truly *spiritual* Christians. Your early education prepared the most, if not all, of you, for this: and your later observation has only confirmed, more and more strongly, the advantages of it. If you be Christians at all, you wish

to be genuine Christians. As you have a nature, which, though constitutionally capable of religion, is conditionally averse from it, through sin, and therefore needs to be saved: you wish it to be saved as soon as possible, and as completely as possible. As "*Christ Jesus* came into the world to save sinners"—as he is the *only Mediator* between God and men—therefore you *accept* him as *your Mediator*, *rejecting* every system which encourages the notion of any other mediation. As "*Christ Jesus* came into the world to save sinners," by *shedding his blood* in *atonement for our offences*, and as the efficacy of his mediation so plainly depends on the sufficiency of this atonement—therefore you *accept* this atonement as the ground of your justification in the sight of God, *rejecting* every system which presumes to substitute, or add, any other expiation; or which, on the other hand, denies the necessity of an expiation. As "*Christ Jesus* came into the world to save sinners," by preparing the way, also, for the communication of the *Holy Spirit*, to follow up the general work of atonement by the special work of personal salvation; regenerating and sanctifying, comforting and strengthening, the individual believer—therefore you *accept*, and diligently improve, this spiritual visitation and agency, *rejecting* every system which dishonors the Spirit by an over-valuation of forms and ceremonies, or which, in any way, disallows or makes light of this grace. As "*Christ Jesus* came into the world to save sinners," by preparing the way also, through the sanctification of the soul, first, for the reception of the soul itself, after death, into heavenly felicity; secondly, for the resurrection of the body, in immortal adaptation to the utmost capacities and susceptibilities of the soul; and, thirdly, for the enthronement of the whole redeemed and per-

fectured nature at the right hand of God, in all the beauty, and glory, and bliss of his image and likeness—therefore, you *accept* this sublime contemplation as your proper hope and real destiny, infinitely wonderful as it is; *rejecting*, with God-like superiority, every system which comes short of it.

Being thus professors of Christianity, as a religion in all respects *worthy* of your acceptance; confiding in the mediation of Christ Jesus; realizing the justifying merits of his blood and the sanctifying power of his spirit; enjoying, in a word, the present salvation from sin—how happy is your condition, and with what a chorus of welcomes and raptures, eternity hails your approach to the vision and bosom of God.

“All things are yours; whether Paul, or Apollos, or Cephas”—*whether the Church, in whole*—*“or the world, or life, or death, or things present, or things to come; all are yours; and ye are Christ’s; and Christ is God’s.”*

For you, the ANGEL OF HISTORY descends upon the mist-covered mountains of the *past*, radiant as the rainbow which waved its wings on the retiring gloom of the deluge: and shows the progress of Providence, from the time of the joyful concert of all the stars over the beauty of Eden, to the humble opening of our own era, by the dewy and silent light of the single star that trembled with wonder over the manger of Bethlehem. All that God has done, was done, in part, for you. You see, you feel, your interest in all. For you, the *natural* world has changed so often. For your *restraint*, the curse smoked, the flood surged, and the local agents of current evil were first set in action. For you, the *social* world has varied its forms so often. For your *encouragement*, the Saviour was announced as soon as sin had occurred. For you, the offering of Abel was

“accepted;” and that of Cain, “rejected.” For you, Seth and his children began again “to call upon the name of the Lord.” For you, “Enoch walked with God” on earth, and went with God to heaven. For you, Noah prepared the ark; and the last “preacher of righteousness” in the old world became the first builder of an altar in the new. For you, Abraham forsook his home and country, and “went out, not knowing whither he went.” For you, Joseph was taken down into Egypt, as a lonely captive; and Moses marched back to Canaan, as the princely leader of emancipated millions. For you, the law was proclaimed, in thunders of justice, from the darkness of Sinai; and was succeeded by the oracle of mercy, soft and sweet, breathing from the light of the Shekinah, in the Holy of Holies. For you, the tabernacle of the wilderness, and the rustling tents around it, and the hot and barren sands around them—were exchanged for the temple on Moriah, the palaces on Zion, and the shadowy fullness of the land that flowed with milk and honey. For you, the judges ruled, the kings reigned, the priests ministered at the altar, the poets struck their harps, and the prophets blew their trumpets. For you, above all, in due time—“CHRIST JESUS CAME INTO THE WORLD TO SAVE SINNERS.” For you, the Apostles then went forth into all the world, to declare the faithful saying, and urge its acceptance upon every creature. For you, the HOLY SPIRIT came down upon them in Jerusalem; and accompanied them, in divinest wisdom and power, to the ends of the earth. For you, the churches multiplied, suffered, and triumphed. For you, the fathers taught, and the martyrs died. For you, Judaism waned, and Heathenism perished. For you, in the ages of apostacy, the church in the wilderness waited on God.

For you, the reformers arose, and struggled, and conquered. For you, Wicliff and Huss, and Luther, and Zwingli, and Calvin, and Cranmer, and Wesley, and Whitefield, and Brewster, and Williams, and Edwards, and Dwight, and Davies, and Mason, and Asbury, and Sneathen, and Duncan—and the thousands of recent friends of God, and our own friends, whose images, as we thus speak, sparkle out in our memories, like stars in the twilight sky—for you, they preached and prayed, they toiled and wept, they languished in death, and ascended to immortality. Ay, all the *past* is yours; from the beginning until now; all yours, and yours forever. And not only what God has thus accomplished in the VISIBLE WORLD. That is but a *fragment* of the *past*. Oh! think of the INVISIBLE WORLD! What has God wrought *there*, in six thousand years! Doubtless, the scheme of redemption has been more efficient there, than here: for there have assembled all who have hence departed! Oh! what a multitude!—millions on millions, thousands and myriads of millions! Christ Jesus came into the world, to secure them grace; and has gone back from the world, to crown them with glory! With what delight, he surveys them! What mansions he has prepared for them! How munificently he entertains them! And yet, all are *yours*. For you, Christ has redeemed them! For you, he has assembled them! For you, he has endowed them! There is not one in all the host, in whom you have not some interest: and in a few—ah! who could tell your interest! Weep not, brother! weep not, sister! All are God's; all are Christ's; and all are *yours*!

But, the *past* is not all. For you, the ANGEL OF OBSERVATION descends upon the mist-covered mountains of the *present*, radiant with a subtler light than that

of the cloudless sun at highest noon, and illumines the forms of nature and society, as they hang darkly before us—changing the vast obscure into a brilliant diorama, all glittering with the designs of Almighty goodness, and significant of vindications of his government, which men and angels shall yet exult to see. For you, Nature throws open her stores: affirming that those who are most grateful to God, enjoy his blessings the most. For you, the day is brighter, and the night calmer. For you, the week has an easier task, and the Sabbath a stiller rest. For you, the moon bends a surer bow, and rounds a safer shield. For you, the sun gives a greater variety and richness to the seasons: the winter is more cheerful, the spring more green and gay, the summer more golden and full, the autumn more purple and glad. For you, childhood and youth have gone by, with less regret; maturity has brought more wisdom; and old age approaches with a warmer welcome. For you, besides, Society opens its stores. For you, Art multiples its improvements; and Science, its discoveries. For you, Philosophy develops its confirmations of right; and Government engages in its ameliorations of wrong. For you, Religion concentrates and diffuses its inestimable blessings: blesses your first birth, and your second birth; blesses your water baptism, and your spiritual baptism; blesses your marriage, and your offspring; blesses your business, and your worship; blesses your walks of usefulness, and your well-springs of happiness; blesses your identification with its institutions, at home and abroad, and your contemplation of their successes and hopes. For you, the Church fills Christendom with the call of bells, and the response of congregations. For you, the agents of the Bible, and Missionary, Tract, and

Sunday School Boards, kindle the altars of holiness on the coasts of Pagan pollution; and swing among the inland haunts of crime, the golden censers of truth, all glowing with the fire and smoking with the perfume of a Saviour's love. For you, in a word, the natural and social ruins of sin, are everywhere covered with the glory of heaven; and the downward path of the light is the upward path of your spirits to the world where sin is unknown.

But, the *past* and the *present* are not all. For you, the ANGEL OF PROPHECY—radiant as the rainbow of the Apocalypse, whose emerald softness embellishes heaven with the prevailing tint of the earth renewed—descends upon the mist-covered mountains of the *future*, and reveals the consummations of redemption, in the ultimate grandeur and bliss of the city and kingdom of God. For you, *death* throws off his disguise as the king of terrors, and appears in his true character, as the messenger of Christ, and the harbinger of rest. Like a rosy-cheeked youth from Paradise, with a fresh-gathered tuft of heart's-ease half hidden in his bosom; with the dews of the night on his sandals, and the light of the morning in his eyes; with the fragrance of blossoms in his breath, and the music of birds in his voice; with the names of your friends on his tongue, and their biddings of love in his song;—all caroling forth, he will come to meet you, as you reach the end of the desert, and gently conduct your weary feet to the gate of the Pilgrim's repose. The *grave*—the grave—the dreaded grave! aye, *that* is the gate of the Pilgrim's repose. For you, its pillared portico shall be newly twined and festooned with vines and wreaths from “the place where” JESUS “lay:” and the cheerful lodge shall be hung all round with the smiling

portraits of the loved and blest, whose foot-prints shine in all the course before you. Nay, more—you shall find themselves again: shall see their own sweet faces, and hear their own sweet voices, as they catch the tidings of your coming, and hasten from every “way of pleasantness,” and from every “path of peace,” to clasp you again, and re-claim you forever, and lead you, with garlands of gladness and anthems of praise, to the palace and presence of Infinite Love. For you, in countless addition to these, the *saints* of all time survive in eternity. The patriarchs, of the first dispensation, the prophets, of the second, and the apostles, of the third—are all united there. They preceded you on earth, to encourage your faith; they await you in heaven, to honor your fidelity. For you, their illustrious circles expand: for you, their god-like gifts and glorious opportunities have been so long and so greatly improved: and the splendor of their perfections shall heighten the beauty of your own. For you, in countless addition to these, the whole hierarchy of *angels* retain their lofty estate. All of them often have ministered to the world; many of them, doubtless, have ministered to you. Though sinless themselves, they sympathize with the Saviour of sinners, and delight to serve his disciples. For you, they held their thrones, and wore their crowns, and waved their scepters, before the earth was framed. For you, they were made witnesses of the process of creation—and treasure its memories still. For you, they were made agents in the development of providence—and treasure its memories still. For you, their early desires to look into the mystery of redemption were at last allowed; and, so far as it has yet been unfolded, they treasure its memories still. For you, the cherubim shine with

wisdom; and for you, the seraphim flame with love. For you, the morning stars still sing together; and for you, the sons of God still shout for joy. For you, like the saints, they all rise up from afar; and never a brow among them will blush to meet you, but every heart beat high with honest and earnest welcome. There, once arrived, your position so pre-eminently exalted, and your facilities for observation so vastly increased—for you, the ancient and complex arrangements of Providence shall renew their progress, and hasten, in ampler and clearer vision, toward their final and stupendous issues. For you, in like manner, the widely distributed energies of redemption, completing the encompassment of the globe, shall press with concentrate and resistless force on all their destined objects. For you, CHRIST JESUS himself—having once come into the world, to atone for sin: and then returned to his Father, to intercede for sinners: shall conclude his priestly mediation, and come forth in his royal power. For you, his hosts shall form in the sky, and flash to the ends of the earth. For you, the voice of his will—the universe shall thrill. For you, he shall magnify his goodness, wisdom, and might, in the resurrection of the dead, the judgment of the world, and the opening of the righteous dispensation of life everlasting. What then shall succeed, no tongue may reveal. Greater wonders of creation, than ever angels have witnessed; greater wonders of Providence, than ever saints have known; and greater results of redemption, than either or both have ever imagined—may all be involved in the inheritance of “things to come.” Let them come—they will come from God, and be like God, and lead to God. Let them come—for “all are yours; and ye are Christ’s; and Christ is God’s.”

And now—Christian brethren! pardon me, if, after doing my best to intimate your bliss, I still fall short of it. You have found a religion that is *worthy* of your acceptation, and have *accepted* it. *How* worthy your religion: *how* happy yourselves—I may often attempt, but must always despair to tell.

And what now? Can I close without a word to those who are yet *without* religion? Oh! how is this, my friends!—how do you account for this?

Do you not acknowledge that our nature is *religious*? Do you not acknowledge that our religious capacity is the *chief distinction* of our nature? Do you not acknowledge that it is our *duty* and *interest* to *cultivate* this capacity? Nay—do you not acknowledge that this is our *highest* duty—our *highest* interest? Certainly, you agree with us in these things. What, then, is the difficulty? Is not the world *full* of *religions*? Why, then, do you not embrace some one of them, and comply with its requirements?

Methinks you answer—True, the world *is* full of religions, but there is not one of them worthy of my acceptance! Is this your answer? And is it *true*? Then, I grant you, notwithstanding all your constitutional indications, you cannot be justly reproached for living and dying without religion. No religion, unworthy your acceptance, can be properly urged upon you. Neither would it be of any advantage to you, to imitate some of the present race of French philosophers, and invent a religion for yourselves. You could not invent a religion that would be worthy of your devotion. Religion must be revealed by the God to whom it would bind us—or it is of no worth.

Nay, I go further—I grant you, that all the religions in the world, except one, *are* unworthy of your accept-

ance! I grant you that all forms of *Fetichism* are the absurdities and cruelties of the most miserable savage degradation. I grant you, that *Magianism* is a meagre idolatry; and that *Boodhism* and *Brahminism* are foul and disgusting abominations. I grant you, that *Mohammedanism* is a gross perversion and base imposture. But who solicits you to the disgrace of accepting either of these?

Yet see—Is there not a religion in the world instantly perceived to be infinitely different from these? Is not Christianity divinely separate from all, and divinely superior to all? Is not the Gospel the very grace of God, and the very glory of God? Is it *not* “a faithful saying, and worthy of *all* acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners?” Is not *this* a *genuine* revelation? And is it not, therefore, worthy of *your* acceptation?

Alas! for the increase of Infidelity! Is it right to mention it? Who can conceal it? Moreover, we ought to be put on our guard. Thus it has been from the beginning. At its first announcement, Christianity was styled “a cunningly devised fable.” Even then, to the Jews it was “a stumbling block, and to the Greeks foolishness.” Up rose the whole world to put down this petty superstition. “You are crazy!”—said the Jews. “You are fools!”—said the Gentiles. But the disciples remembered the words of Jesus:—“Fear not, little flock; for it is your Father’s good pleasure to give you the kingdom.” So they prayed on; and sang on; and preached on; “with the spirit,” “and with the understanding also,” until, in part at least, the kingdom *was* given unto them: not the kingdom of Judea alone, or of Greece alone, or of Rome alone, but the empire of all. In part, I say, for all

that was gained at first, or has since been gained, or is now in whole possessed, is only a part of that which the promise included. "Nevertheless"—said He who gave the promise, and foresaw its progress to fulfillment—"when the Son of Man cometh, shall he find *faith* on the earth?" Verily, the greater the infidelity of the world, the stronger should be the faith of the Church!

What then? On all hands, this is confessed: The *great question* is—CHRISTIANITY, or ATHEISM? The BIBLE, or NO REVELATION at all? OUR God—or NO God! OUR Saviour—or NO Saviour! OUR religion—or NO religion! How will you decide it? Come! this is no time for indecision. The hosts are marshaling for the greatest battle of time—the struggle which is to determine the destinies of eternity. On which side will you take your stand? Will you reject the Gospel, as *unworthy* of your acceptance? Will you surrender your asserted interest in all its connexions with the *past*, the *present*, and the *future*? Will you give up its *God*, as a phantom; its *Saviour*, as a myth; and its *Heaven*, as a dream? Will you give up your *family*, as mere shadows; and your *soul*, as a breath of air? Will you content yourself to say, in your dying hour—"I have no hope of ever seeing again, any who have gone before me, or any I leave behind me! I am just about to drop into the nothingness from which I so strangely came!" Are you ready for all this? If so—on what warrant? Do you think it can be trusted? Are you sure it ought to be trusted? Is it the verdict of the wisest, and purest, and happiest, and most useful, of our race? If not—if, on the contrary it be the fact, as remarkable as it is gratifying, that all such—the choicest exemplars of mankind—have deemed the

Gospel “worthy of *all* acceptation,” and therefore accepted it themselves; can it be unworthy of *your* acceptance? How came you from nothing? Is it enough to say, that you came *strangely*?—or that you know not *how* you came? Are you sure that there is not a God? Are you sure that he did not create you? And if God made you the something you were before you were born: and has made you the nobler something you have become since that infinitesimal beginning—are you sure that he did not design, that he does not even yet desire, that you *may* become something infinitely nobler still?—ay, all that the blessed Gospel so sublimely contemplates? If you admit his existence at all, you cannot deny his *power*: why, then, should you distrust his *love*? Behold! what he has done for your *natural* life! What a world he has given for your habitation! What continents to nourish you! What oceans to refresh you! What skies to inspire you! What a sun, to glorify your days! What a moon, to relieve your nights! What a magnificent expanse of multitudinous stars, to enlarge your thought, and command your admiration! And what society he has given you! What a family, to love you! What friends, to cheer you! What a galaxy of glittering incitements in the splendid civilization around you, to elevate your aims, and refine your pursuits! What arts, to adorn you! What sciences, to enrich you! What a literature, to instruct you! What a government, to protect you! What an interchange of nations, to multiply your securities and comforts! And what now? What is the meaning of this *natural* life, if there be no *spiritual* life?—if there be no *eternal* life? And if the *higher* life be provided for by means excelling those of the *lower*: still more divinely wonderful than

the whole preceding material display: *why should this occasion cavil?* If wrong exist—and who can deny it?—if wrong be sin—and who can deny it?—if sin bring ruin—and who can deny it?—then why should not God, who has magnified his *power* by strewing immensity with suns and systems, illustrate his *love* by sending “Christ Jesus into the world, to save sinners?” What though the Redeemer was “the brightness of the Father’s glory, and the express image of his person”—what though, “being in the form of God, he thought it not robbery to be equal with God:” nay, more, what though his humiliation involved the awful mysteries of the weeping blood of Gethsemane, and the shuddering darkness of Calvary: who can deny that the sacrifice, great as it was, was justified by the certain and endless recompense? Where so much is done, for the subsistence of the body—what should not be done, for the salvation of the soul? Oh! sooner let me lose my vision of creation, than lose my faith in redemption! Sooner let all the sepulchral systems in the universe—deceptively luminous as they are, if the Gospel be not true—whirl into the darkness and dissolve in the oblivion of nonentity, than the Angel of Immortality forsake her station at the cross of Christ! Far better would it have been, had I remained the nothing that I was; than, having become the something that I am, to be now despoiled of my growing hopes, and remanded again to my origin! O Thou who hast given me life, let it not fail to prove life eternal! Mine—now: lo! I cling to it forever!—cling to my consciousness, cling to my family, cling to my friends, cling to my race, cling to the universe, cling, above all, to Thee!—O Thou who *art* life! my Saviour and Sanctifier, my Father and God! Surely *this* saying is

a *faithful* saying: *this* religion is the *true* religion! Surely it is “worthy of *all* acceptance!” Surely, my friends! yet out of Christ—without God and without hope in the world—*this* religion is worthy of *your* acceptance! Who among you will now accept it! “Behold, now is the accepted *time*; behold, *now* is the *day* of *salvation*!”

A CHRISTMAS SERMON.

“Glory to God.”—LUKE ii: 14.

I DIVEST myself of sensation. I withdraw myself even from the organs of intellect, sentiment and affection. I abstract myself entirely from my physical constitution. I throw myself as a pure spirit into the original condition of immensity and eternity. God alone is there. I commune with him—spirit with spirit. I learn that he desires to share his infinite felicity with other consciousness than his own; and that his perfections have composed a theory of creation. What that theory is, I am not informed; but am satisfied that whenever it shall be disclosed it will glitter with all the insignia of his own sovereign distinctions.

Resuming my natural sympathies with the universe, I hold it in contemplation. I see its throne. God is on it. A heaven-full of cherubim and seraphim shine and sing around it. Beyond heaven, innumerable and magnificent systems of suns, comets, planets, and satellites, map off the darkness with golden lines of silent glory, and fill up the vacuum with the pulse, and thought, and action of life everlasting. The genius of the Mind of minds has made itself creative; the theory of eternity is embodied in time; and while God withholds not a smile at the faithfulness of the mirror

before him, the mirror kindles with still more glowing beauty, reflecting his smile and the bliss by which it is brightened.

I look again. The pavilion of God is closed, and his throne is shaded within its folds. At the sight, the multitude of worshippers suspend their praise. There is silence in heaven. The fellowship of anxiety prevails. Soon they descry afar off a returning host. As they come nearer, they are seen to consist of two orders. In one, every brow is crowned, and every crown adorned with a single star. In the other, a royal breast-plate gleams on every purple robe. They are the Morning Stars and the Sons of God. They went out to witness the creation of a world. As it rose, they welcomed it with ecstatic music. They saw it perfected; saw it filled with living things; saw its paradise planted and burst into bloom; saw the manly majesty and womanly beauty of its wedded rulers; spent the first Sabbath with them, and exulted in its holiness and bliss. But now they come, sad that they went. As they alight upon their native landscape, and fold their plumes among the myriads that gather around them, they tell the story of sin and death!—The whole multitude turn toward the throne, and wonder no more that the folds of the pavilion are drawn closely around it.

Touched with a desire to behold the scene of guilt, and the parties involved in it, I leave the centre of creation and tend toward its circumference. I find a new system, and less magnificent than many I have passed. I alight upon its sun, and survey its comets, planets, and satellites. The planets are divided into three classes. Those in the first and remotest class are comparatively of great size, and beautifully adorned—

one with belts, another with rings; one with four moons, another with six, another with seven. Those in the second and middle class are very small. The four in the third and nearest class are larger than the latter, but not one of them is even a tenth part as large as the largest of the first class. In this nearest class, I find the one I seek. It is the third from the sun, and moves along its orbit attended by a single moon. I descend upon it, and stand on a hill overlooking paradise. The garden of the Lord has not yet lost its loveliness, though its sinful tenants, ashamed and sorrowful, hide themselves in its deepest shadows.

I commune with my own thoughts. What is such a world as this, and who are these its occupants, that, for any thing done here, the hallelujahs of heaven should be hushed, and the throne of the universe be darkened? I am overwhelmed by the realization of the infinite holiness and sensibility of the divine law. There is no point in immensity where the finger of sin can touch it, without that touch being felt by him who ordained it. But why is it not avenged? Even as a bubble on one of its own streams, so might such a world dissolve and vanish. Why does it not? Ah me! I feel the cause. Those timid criminals, trembling in the shade, have been quickened into immortality by the breath of God; and there is not an archangel in heaven whose spirit shall not fail with age as soon as theirs. Nor only so: but those same fugitives are the representatives of innumerable millions of immortalities like themselves—enough, if they should be finally translated to heaven, to make it necessary to employ ages in preparing mansions to receive them. What now? Who shall terminate this awful suspense—and how shall it close?

I return whence I came. The cherubim and seraphim still stand, in adoring silence, in the strange twilight. But lo! the pavilion opens—and all is glory! A feeling of intenser love comes with it, exciting a rarerapture. The Angel of the Lord appears at the right hand of the divine Presence. He announces the adoption of a plan of redemption—the necessity of sacrifice to the accomplishment of the plan—the inability of any less than himself to make the sacrifice—and his own assumption of the obligation, to be discharged in due time. He summons the Morning Stars and the Sons of God to attend him again; commands the resumption of worship by the multitude left before the throne, and comes away on his mission of mercy to this far-off sphere of sin. With the noblest burst of music that heaven ever heard still seeming to follow, I come with them, and hover in the midst of the holy train, while the angel of the Lord himself descends to the garden, calls the sinners before him, gives law to their changed estate, intimates the scheme of salvation, and sends them forth from their forfeited inheritance, to engage in toil, endure pain, and hopefully await the performance of his promise.

The Angel and his retinue re-ascend. I remain to see the influence of the first death. Men multiply. Sins multiply. Sorrows multiply. All the good of the former estate perishes. As some noble tree, in the autumn, feels its life returning to the soil from which it rose in the spring, and sees its foliage withering and falling from its branches, till, one by one, they are all stripped and bare, so the spiritual life of man returns to its source in the Godhead, and all his beauty and glory fades and dies. The tree is not hopeless. Another spring may warm its life up again, through

every branch, and into every twig, and cover it all over with leaves, and blossoms, and fruit. And so, man is not hopeless. Redemption may hereafter invest him with fairer and richer felicities than he knew at first. But, for the present, he perishes. Intellect dies: reason, judgment, memory, imagination, knowledge, wisdom, truth, all die. Sentiment dies: gratitude, benevolence, honor, courage, virtue, conscience, all die. Affection dies: love, friendship, joy, peace, all die. Ignorance, like that of the brute, prevails. All notion of the magnificence of the universe is lost. Even the magnitude of the earth is not suspected. Men deem it a small plain; the sky above it a solid dome; and sun, moon, and stars a set of interchanging lamps. But not only is all proper notion of the works of God lost: God himself is not in all their thoughts. They have a dreamy remembrance of something divine; but know not whether it is one or many, little or great, or where or how it is to be found. They seek it in the objects around them, even inferior to themselves. They think they see it in the eye of a beast, in the coil of a reptile, in the wing of a bird, in the color of a plant—and so worship these. Meantime, the passions of the brute awake to confirm and aggravate this ignorance. Gluttony, lust, jealousy, murder; and, with these, vices of which brutes know nothing—drunkenness, cursing, lying, covetousness, fraud, slavery, war, and a thousand others. In the midst of all, a little spiritual life is preserved—like an evergreen, with a waste of wintry snow around it. I see a venerable patriarch, here and there, who builds an altar to the true God, and lays his offering on it. An angel descends, stands by the altar, blesses the worshipper, touches the offering with heavenly fire, and ascends with the flame. The patri-

arch learns much of God—his will, ways, works, and designs; but still all is confined within the apparent littleness of the circle of the senses. To him, the sky is simply God's palace; there is his throne; thence he looks to the ends of the earth, or, from horizon to horizon; the lightning is the glance of his eye, the thunder is the utterance of his voice, the cloud is his chariot, and the winds are his steeds. So near is he, at all times, that he not only sees every sacrifice that is made to him, but smells the savor of it, as it rises from the altar. Therefore, too, he so easily hears and answers prayer.

Time passes. All the life left on earth is enclosed in an ark. There it burns, brightly but gently, with a world of wild waters around it, striving to quench it. But God dries the top of a mountain, sanctifies it as an altar, puts the living fire on it, hangs the rainbow over it, and smiles to see how the waters rush down and away from its kindling and spreading glory, and gather their waves forever within impassable bounds.

Other ages pass. Men multiply again. Sins multiply again. Sorrows multiply again. Intellect, sentiment, affection, die again. Yet, here and there, in the withered wilderness, a true altar is raised, and the fire from heaven again descends upon it. Ere long, a nation of slaves, whose chains melted from their forms at the flash of an angel's eye, and who marched over a path of pearl through the valley of the sea, between mountains shining all through like crystal, pitch their camp in the shadow of a desert cliff, and see that same pavilion which was folded round the throne of the universe, in the hour of heaven's strange twilight and hushed hallelujahs, borne by the Morning Stars and Sons of God, and rested, with its fullness of inner glory,

amidst the trumpeting and shoutings of the whole host, on the trembling summit. They see their leader enter the pavilion with the pale face of a man, and come out again with a countenance glowing like a God. He bears in his hand a law written by the fingers of him who dwells within those sacred folds. They make a tabernacle, according to the pattern shown in the mount, and the priests bear it from station to station, for forty years, under the angel's watching, till Jordan pauses to let it pass, and Zion rises up to receive it, and Lebanon bows in homage from afar; and the great sea, turning its billows and foam into gold and gems, in the smile of the setting sun, rolls its tribute along the coast from Syria to Egypt, and kneels and kisses the soil which is hallowed from shore to shore by the presence of the Shekinah and the tribes of the chosen.

Other ages pass. The temple shines on Moriah. The sky above it gleams with prophetic visions. The land around it blooms with symbolic blessings and smokes with symbolic curses. The rocks, groves, and streams; the palaces, cottages and tents, are all alive with the bugles of faith, the harps of hope, the lutes of love, and the timbrels of salvation. The thrill is felt in other lands. A gush of expectation is felt at the heart, and pulsates to the extremities of the world.

Four thousand years have rolled away. Many generations of millions on millions have led an animal life, and fallen, with the beasts, into the grave. Some spiritual life has kept the world from growing quite cold; and, besides this, there is hope of redemption. The promise given in Eden is on record yet. But why is it not fulfilled?

Again, I leave this little, lower world. I pass Venus, pass Mercury, pass the sun, pass the orbit of Mercury

again, and of Venus, and of the earth; and of Mars, and of the Asteroids, and of Jupiter, and Saturn, and Uranus; pass other systems, thousands on thousands, still tending to the centre and balance of the universe. I reach heaven. I see the Angel of the Lord again, with a farewell suffusion in his eyes, but a smile of joy on his lips. Though "in the form of God," and thinking it "not robbery to be equal with God," and with the whole host of glory in adoring homage before him, there is something nearer and dearer to his heart than all the grandeur of his filial estate. His promise is the brightest jewel in his breast-plate; and is only excelled by the love which burns behind it. He sees from the throne what no other vision can discern, the humble dwelling-place of man. And the appointed time is near for his advent and sacrifice. Solemnity, such as was never felt before, oppresses heaven. In the universal stillness, if a single harp-string should snap, the sound would jar the throne. He alone may break such silence. I hear his voice divine. All orders are permitted to attend him. When they approach the earth, order after order is to descend and ascend, offering him worship—but quietly and unseen. One company only, the Sons of God, with Michael, the archangel of power, at their head, may announce his coming to a few shepherds. Another, the Morning Stars, with Gabriel, the archangel of wisdom, at their head, may lead a few sages to his presence by the light of a single star.

I wait not to witness the solitude of heaven, but rather leave the procession to complete its arrangements, and hasten again to the earth.

The world is at peace. The decree of a Roman prince is abroad in Judea. The people are gathering

together in the cities to which they belong. I repair to Bethlehem. Though the least of the cities of Judah, it is honored as the birth-place of David, and cherished as the chosen of David's greater Son. Already it is crowded. Every street, and court, and roof, and the hill-side around is thronged. I look upon its multitude, and think—Oh how will they feel when the coming Messiah, advancing beyond his invisible host, shall shine on their towers, and alight in their midst! The sun sets. The cool of the evening causes the throng to retire to their shelters. The twilight lingers about the gates.

I pass through. I seek a rest at the inn. It is full. I hear of two strangers who have spent several days in the stable. If good enough for them, it is good enough for me. I enter the same retreat. I find it full of parental solicitude. The noble countenance of the man is softened with a heart-full of tenderness. The pale face of the young mother is inexpressibly serene, with a holy and wonderful beauty. Her bed is but straw; and in a manger, laid close beside her, sleeps her babe, but a few hours old. Young as it is, that babe has a heavenly smile; but the mother is still the most attractive. There is a dignity in her mien that awes me, and a spirit which it seems as if nothing could surprise or overcome. Yet, as she bends her calm eyes on her smiling son, she wears a look of devotion and praise.

I soon learn their story. They have come from Nazareth, from the hills of Galilee, overlooking the plain of Esdrelon; by Tabor and Gilboa, and the mountains of Samaria; between Ebal and Gerizim; by Jacob's well; and by Jerusalem—a long and weary way. And now, though both of the lineage of David, and in the city of their renowned ancestor, and under

circumstances of so much interest, they are happy to find a refuge from the careless crowd around them among the beasts of the stall.

But who are these? Shepherds! whence do ye come? They answer not; but kneel by the manger, and worship the babe! They rise with his heavenly smile reflected in their own. They tell of a visit of angels; first one, then many, with visions of glory and chantings of praise and peace. I tremble with fear. Where, then, is the Angel of the Lord? While yet the night lingers, other footsteps draw near. Sages! who and whence are ye? They answer not. Like Moses, they take off their sandals, breathing only—This is holy ground! They, too, kneel by the manger, and worship the babe. With tears in their eyes, they spread their gifts before him—gold, and frank-incense, and myrrh. They, also, rise, with their tears turned into smiles. They tell how a star brought them from their far-off homes. I tremble more and more. What means this worship of the stranger's babe, and where yet is the Angel of the Lord? I step forth from the stable. I listen. All is still. The inn is hushed. The halls around are all hushed. I look up. I see the new star sparkling in the middle air, right over the stable. My natural vision seems clear as ever; but my spiritual vision has been dim ever since I saw the suffused countenance of the angel of the Lord, preparing to leave the throne of the universe. To think that he should make such a sacrifice as to stoop to the earth for a kingdom, and resign the government of angels for the redemption of men, was more than my spirit could bear. But still less can I bear the burden of this mystery. Has he come? Where, then, does he hide the greatness of his power? God of the servant of thy servant Elisha, open thou mine eyes!

My vision returns. That star-light! See! It shines on the forehead of Gabriel, standing on his watch as he stood erewhile at the throne! Lo! The Morning Stars are arrayed beside him, and extend their train far behind him. Lo! Michael stands opposite, with all the Sons of God in their purple robes and royal breast-plates. Behold! how, between their ranks, order after order of the whole heavenly host descend and ascend, to worship the babe. I tremble still; but doubt no more. I sink by the manger, and thrill while I see that the same suffused light, and the same glad smile that were blended in the countenance of the angel of the Lord, gleams in the eyes and glows on the lips of the infant Jesus!

"Sweetest name on mortal's tongue,
Sweetest note in angel's song,
Sweetest carol ever sung,
JESUS! JESUS!"

Yet, was it not sacrifice enough to exchange the throne of heaven for the throne of earth? Why this deeper humiliation? How shall he rise now? Earthly sovereignty is divided. A thousand petty princes sway their scepters here. How shall he reach even the palace of Zion? And, if this be hard, how shall he displace Cæsar, and win the supremacy of the world?

I see him as a boy; wise indeed, and pure, but self-abased and gentle.

I see him as a man; wonderful in word and mighty in miracle, but still meek and lowly in heart, the companion of fishermen and publicans, outcast and poor; a citizen, but without a penny for tribute; weary, but without a spot to lay his head; hungry, and without a morsel of food. I see him opposed by demons; assailed by jealous and blood-thirsty men; betrayed by

one of his cherished friends; conducted, with every method of insult, through a mock trial; condemned, without the shadow of guilt, to the vilest and most painful of all modes of execution; and led forth, without a murmur of complaint or an effort of resistance, bearing his cross, through a jeering mob, to the place of skulls.

Again, I am confounded. What means this strange submission? Will there be a change presently, like that between the throne whence he came, and the manger where he lay? Will Calvary, as soon as his feet touch it, tower above Zion and Moriah? Will the cross be turned into a shining seat of imperial power? Will the patriarchs and prophets be summoned from their graves, that he may reign in the midst of his ancients gloriously? Will his enemies wither in his glance, and shrivel in the wrath of his frown? Will all cities throw open their gates, and all princes come down from their thrones, and all nations send ambassadors in haste to conciliate his majesty with homage and praise?

I see him step on Calvary, and not an atom trembles. I see him nailed to the wood. I see his upward look of pitying love, and hear his prayer—"Father, forgive them, they know not what they do!" I see him hanging, faint, in the noon-day darkness. I hear his last cry—"It is finished!"—and see his head fall upon his bosom in death!

Sudden as the shock of the earthquake, my soul thrills with the truth. Quick as the rending of the veil of the temple, the veil upon my mind is parted, and the glory of God shines in upon it.

I see that there was *one* sacrifice too great for Christ to make! He was willing to leave the throne of the

universe for the manger of Bethlehem; willing to grow up as the son of a poor carpenter; willing to be called the Friend of publicans and sinners; willing to be watched with jealous eyes, and slandered by lying tongues, and hated by murderous hearts, and betrayed by friendly hands, and denied by pledged lips, and rejected by apostate priests, and a deluded populace, and cowardly princes; willing to be sentenced to the cross, and to carry the cross, and be nailed to the cross, and bleed, and groan, and thirst, and die on the cross. But he was *not* willing to wear an earthly crown, or robe, or wield an earthly scepter, or exercise earthly rule. *That* would have been too great a sacrifice! He did, indeed, endure the crown of thorns, and the cast-off purple, and the reed, and the cry—"Hail! king of the Jews!" But this was merely because he *preferred* the mockery to the reality; so pouring infinite contempt on the one, not only by rejecting it in the beginning of his ministry, but, also, by accepting the other at its close.

A god-like sacrifice! I see it. I see it. The blood of Christ was an atonement for the sins of the world! "He was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities, the chastisement of our peace was upon him; and by his stripes we are healed!"

I see it. His burial hallowed the tomb; the breaking of the seal on his sepulchre, was the breaking of the seal on every sepulchre; the ascension of his humanity to heaven is the warrant of our own ascension; and its entire and eternal perfection, exalted as it is, "far above all principality, and power, and might, and dominion, and every name that is named, not only in this world, but also in that which is to come," is the assurance of our own perfection, in all the honors of

joint-heirship with him, in the many-mansioned house of his Father, where he has gone "to prepare a place" for us.

I look on heaven again. Instead of the Angel of the Lord, I see by the throne of the universe, Jesus, the babe of Bethlehem, the boy of Nazareth, the man of Calvary!

"While, long returned, the angels round him sing,
And saints, yet coming, shout to see their king!"

The saints! Who are they? "The spirits of the just made perfect"—redeemed from the earth! They who have "come up through much tribulation, and washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb." They who, in imitation of their Lord and Master, quickened into spiritual life, have cherished and manifested a readiness to sacrifice fame, rank, office, power, wealth, pleasure, ease, time, health, life—everything but righteousness—for the one great cause of man's redemption!

Patriarchs! Prophets! Apostles! Martyrs! Confessors! Reformers! and millions of humble names scarce ever heard on earth beyond the hearth-stone of love, the threshold of home, and the courts of the house of the Lord, there unite with the first-born sons of glory in giving praise "to him that sitteth upon the throne and to the Lamb forever!"

I see an immense multitude, around me, preparing for the same transit:

"They all of sin were dupes and slaves,
And rushing blind toward hopeless graves.

"Then blew the trumpet of God's word!
Then flashed the Spirit's two-edged sword!
They burst their bonds, their freedom won,
And now toward heaven are marching on!"

We are enrolled with them. We are pledged to the whole campaign! What though our foes are many? What though they are mighty? "Greater is he that is in us, than he that is in the world!" "Through Christ we can do all things." This is the victory that overcometh the world—even our faith! "All things are possible to him that believeth!" We can run through a troop, we can leap over a wall. "One shall chase a thousand, and two shall put ten thousand to flight!" Let the mightiest array be marshaled against us that ever was mustered by the Prince of Darkness, we fear not to meet them. Our friends are beyond them. Our kindred are beyond them. The saints are all beyond them. The angels are all beyond them. Christ is beyond them. God is beyond them. Heaven and eternal life are beyond them. And we will break through them. Shoulder to shoulder, foot to foot, heart with heart, hand with hand, with our shields lapped and our swords ready, we will press and cut our way to glory!

The spirit of Abraham is in us. The spirit of Moses is in us. The spirit of Elijah is in us. The spirit of Paul is in us. The spirit of Luther is in us. The spirit of Wesley is in us. Like them, we are ready to give up all for Christ. Nay, the spirit of Christ is in us, and like him, we are ready even to be crucified for the cause!

It is well, brethren and friends, to be confident in the Lord—to be able to say, "I am persuaded, that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord."

But, it is still better to be actually "faithful unto death," and then to be able to say—"I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith: henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give me at that day: and not to me only, but unto all them also that love his appearing."

"GLORY TO GOD!"

THE INSPIRATION OF THE SCRIPTURES.

“All scripture is given by inspiration of God.”—2 TIM. iii: 16.

THE dignity and value of the Scriptures essentially depend on their inspiration. Admit their inspiration, and they are instantly invested with inimitable glory and inestimable importance. But, decide that they are not inspired, and they assume at once the characteristics of a dazzling delusion: inculcating a splendid scheme of doctrines—but destitute of appropriate sanctions; imposing a pure and beautiful system of duties—but without corresponding obligations; and exalting to rapture the hopes of the good, and quickening to horror the fears of the bad, by golden promises and iron threatenings, for which there is not, and cannot be, any just occasion.

It is necessary, therefore, that the proofs of the inspiration of the scriptures shall be generally understood: that the common faith in their divine origin may be intelligent and immovable, and the magnificent developments they make, be sustained by supreme authority. It would be exceedingly presumptuous, however, to attempt a statement of all the evidence in the case in an hour's discourse. But, as even this brief interval may suffice for a condensed and popular view of some of its parts, I respectfully introduce the subject to your serious consideration.

Here, then, is a volume pre-eminently styled—the BIBLE. It is composed of sixty-six books. These are presented in two collections—the Old and New Testaments. The Old Testament contains thirty-nine books—comprising histories, laws, psalms, proverbs, and prophecies. The New Testament has twenty-seven books—narratives, epistles, and symbolical visions. More than forty persons, living in different ages and countries, were employed in the production of these works. Some of them are more than three thousand years old—much older than any other authentic records extant. The most recent of them were written more than seventeen hundred years ago.

Taken as a whole, we affirm—that this is the BOOK OF GOD: that, numerous as were the writers, different and distant as were the times and places in which they wrote, and various as are the subjects and the styles in which they are treated—“all scripture,” in the language of the text, “is given by inspiration of God.”

What, then, is the nature of this inspiration? The term is synonymous with—inbreathing. It imports some action of the Divine Spirit on the human spirit, corresponding with the breathing of air or life into a human body. In the account of the creation of Adam, it is said that “the Lord God breathed into his nostrils the breath of life; and man became a living soul.” In like manner, it is elsewhere written—“There is a spirit in man: and the inspiration of the Almighty giveth them understanding.” So it is recorded of our Saviour, that “he breathed on the disciples, and said unto them, Receive ye the Holy Ghost.” It is to be supposed, of course, that the spiritual process, whatever it really is, is thus best described. This is the chosen word—inspiration. In the text, the action is limited

to the sacred authors, and involves, therefore, its noblest relations, its highest degrees and forms.

But, what is the character of this inspiration—the actual result of the process in the mind of its subject? The two main opinions are these: 1. That the Almighty communicated both thought and language: 2. That he merely imparted the matter, leaving the writer to select his own mode of expression.

The former opinion is here preferred: for it is extremely difficult, if not impossible, to think without words; and so, if God used not words, we would be at a loss to understand how he could convey thoughts. At most, we can conceive only one other way, that is—by visions; but visions, instead of being commonly disclosed, were comparatively rare, and even they involved the interpretation of voices.

In addition, however, to any merely philosophical views, we may notice certain peculiarities of the record itself as favoring the same sentiment. Among these are the following:—"Thus *saieth* the Lord;" and again, "The Lord *said* unto me;" and yet again, "For of a truth the Lord hath sent me unto you, to speak all these *words* in your ears." These passages prove that when God commissioned his prophets to speak to their contemporaries, he communicated his will in words; and hence it is highly probable that he did the same when he instructed them to write for posterity.

But, although we deem this opinion the correct one, it is not necessary to insist upon it here. The question is one of inferior magnitude: and should not be allowed to embarrass the chief subject proposed for discussion. The attempt now is, not to determine the mode of inspiration, but, to establish the fact.

That it is *possible* for God to inspire man cannot be

reasonably disputed. As our Creator, he certainly and thoroughly understands our constitution: knows all the avenues by which the mind may be approached, and all the means by which it may be affected: and must be acknowledged as capable of making upon it any impression he may desire. How readily we communicate knowledge to each other! And surely, while our own spirits, shut up within separate and complicate fleshly investitures, possess so many and such great facilities for the interchange of ideas and emotions, it were absurd to suppose that God himself can afford us no revelations.

But, it is not only possible for the Almighty to inspire mankind, it is *probable* that he did inspire the writers of the Holy Scriptures. Consider the character of the intelligence contained in the Bible. Here is a record of the most astonishing miracles, the most glorious doctrines, the most holy precepts, the most instructive examples, the most solemn ordinances, and the most wonderful predictions. These miracles, doctrines, precepts, examples, ordinances, and predictions, were designed for general and perpetual information, faith, obedience, warning and encouragement, government and hope: and therefore it was necessary that they should be *faithfully* recorded. But, as to events, many of these had occurred two or three thousand years before the time of the authors who relate them: while others, the subjects of prophecy, were not intended to occur until thousands of years after the dates when first foretold. Now, tradition was not sufficient to furnish an accurate history of the former class: nor any natural sagacity adequate to the circumstantial anticipation of the latter. Of course, admitting the truth of the record, inspiration was necessary. And

not only was it necessary in relation to events, but, for reasons quite as strong, it was indispensable in regard to all the other points specified. If, then, inspiration were thus necessary to truthfulness, it is in the highest degree probable that it was employed: for, again, it were absurd to suppose that the Sovereign of the universe would perform such miracles, reveal such doctrines, enjoin such precepts, raise up such examples, institute such ordinances, and open such prophetic contemplations, through any succession of generations; and then, when the time came for things of so much interest to be registered, for the benefit of all generations, throughout the world, to the end of the world, should abandon the scribes to the erroneous influences of old legends, and treacherous memories, and wild imaginations. The probability is exceedingly strong, that, as God exercised so much care in the preparation of material for the Scriptures, he also dictated, or, in some way, superintended and controlled the composition of them.

But all these remarks are general and preliminary. We may now be more particular and determinate. The position is more than probable—it is certain. There are positive proofs that God did inspire the writers of these books.

A very judicious English author, treating this same subject, notices the evidences of the inspiration of the Old Testament, and of the New Testament, separately. There are manifest advantages in this arrangement: and hence it is here adopted.

First, then, let us examine some proofs of the inspiration of the OLD TESTAMENT.

I commence with the *testimony of the Jews*. The ancient Jews divided this part of our volume into

twenty-two books, and arrayed them in three classes—the law, the prophets, and the psalms. The modern Jews divide them into twenty-four books: preserving, however, the same number of classes, but attributing different degrees of inspiration to them—to the first class, full inspiration; to the second, less; and to the third, but little. In all ages though, notwithstanding minor varieties of opinion, they have steadfastly adhered to the belief that their Scriptures, in whole, are truly inspired. As long as they maintained their integrity as a nation, they “preserved the sacred books in the archives of the temple, and read them in the synagogues.” They called them “books of holiness,” and “the holy thing of the Lord:” and, in respect for their holiness, they were remarkably scrupulous in the use of them—washing their hands before they touched them, kissing them whenever they opened or shut them, and always placing them on the top of other books. Again—they styled them “the sacred writings,” and “the oracle of God,” perhaps in contradistinction to the vanity of heathen oracles. Josephus, moreover, declares that “it was a common principle, imbibed by all the Jews, from their very birth, to consider them as the doctrines of God, to abide by them, and, if need be, willingly to die for them.”

We have, then, the testimony of the whole Jewish people in support of the position that the Old Testament was “given by inspiration of God.” And here it must be remembered, that the Jews well knew, and they alone, the origin and history of the writings to which they ascribed such peculiar honor. They were Jewish books: not borrowed from other nations, but produced among themselves. Even Job may not be an exception. This is the fact which makes their

testimony so important: and which, as far as human authority is admissible, makes the argument conclusive.

The second argument is derived from the *testimony of Christ and his Apostles*. This is explicit, and deserves the utmost confidence. Jesus, speaking of the law, the prophets, and psalms, as they related to himself, affirmed that "they *must* be fulfilled:" and mentioned certain events as occurring for the very purpose "that the Scriptures *might* be fulfilled:" and frequently referred disputants and inquirers after truth to the same sacred authority, as altogether decisive and satisfactory. In like manner, the Apostles were in the habit of quoting from the books of the Old Testament in proof and illustration of their assertions. "What saith the Scripture?"—exclaimed St. Paul, in maintenance of his argument: and his official brethren had recourse to the same source of evidence, as amply sufficient to settle any controversy.

Now, it is plain that there could be no propriety in declaring that the Scriptures *must* be fulfilled; no propriety in representing current events as actual Scriptural fulfillments; no propriety in appealing to these Scriptures as supreme religious arbiters; unless they were received, on all sides, not as the word of man, full of conjecture and perhaps of error, but, as the word of God, revelation by inspiration, the indisputable will of the Highest.

We have, however, still further proof: not, indeed, of superior authority, but, more precise and clear. Thus, St. Peter, speaking of the prophets, most emphatically avers, that "it was the spirit of Christ, which was in them, that testified beforehand the sufferings of Christ, and the glory that should follow." In another passage, he states, that "the prophecy came

not in old time by the will of man; but holy men of old spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost." Again, in the Epistle to the Hebrews, there is an extract from the ninety-fifth Psalm, which is introduced in this way: "Wherefore, as the Holy Ghost saith"—not as *David* saith, or as the *Psalmist* saith, but, "as the Holy Ghost saith:" expressly attributing the origin of the saying to the divine spirit. These instances, however, are particular. Now, therefore, let us conclude this enumeration of evidences by a passage which has a general application. Here I refer to the text and context. In the two preceding verses, St. Paul thus exhorts his son in the gospel: "But continue thou in the things which thou hast learned and hast been assured of, knowing of whom thou hast learned them; and that from a child thou hast known the *holy scriptures*, which are able to make thee wise unto salvation, through faith which is in Christ Jesus." Then comes the text itself: "*All scripture is given by inspiration of God*, and," as the context proceeds, "is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness: that the man of God may be perfect, thoroughly furnished unto all good works." True, it has been observed, and with some consent, that the clause ought to read—"All scripture, given by inspiration of God, is profitable" &c.; but even if this were agreed upon, which it is not, the sense would remain the same, for this reading implies that there are certain scriptures which have been "given by inspiration of God," and the preceding context confines the implication to "the Holy Scriptures" of which we are speaking.

Upon these testimonials, then, for the present, we will rest the position, that the Old Testament was "given by inspiration of God." Let us now notice a

few of the proofs of the inspiration of the NEW TESTAMENT.

It may not be improper to preface these, also, by the statement of a strong *probability*. This is inferred from the fact, that, if it was important for the writers of the Old Testament, it was still more so for those of the New, to be inspired—because the New Testament is the record of the last and best, the most universal and most permanent, of all the divine dispensations.

But, there is positive evidence here also. Notice, then, first, in connexion with the necessity of inspiration, the *promises of Christ* that it should be granted. True, the authors of the New Testament, excepting St. Paul, were personal witnesses of most of the transactions they relate; and had learned the doctrines they taught from the lips of the Lord himself: and these, certainly, were great advantages, in view of their subsequent labors. Still, it was necessary that they should be inspired: for several years had elapsed between the death of the Messiah and the production of the earliest of the gospels; and, before the composition of some of the New Testament books, thirty, forty, fifty, or more, years had gone by. Now, it cannot be imagined, much less believed, that the Evangelists and Apostles could recollect, with exactness, all which they have written—such a multitude and variety of incidents and discourses—during so long an interval of time. It must be conceded, that, if they have given us correct narratives, they were inspired to do it: for the task which they had to perform was manifestly beyond the power of the human intellect, unless aided and directed by the divine spirit. But, we may argue that they actually enjoyed this heavenly assistance, not only from the

necessity of it, but, more especially, from the fact that our Saviour plainly promised it unto them. "The Comforter"—said Jesus—"which is the Holy Ghost, whom the Father will send in my name, he shall teach you all things, and bring all things to your *remembrance*, whatsoever I have said to you." And not only was the Spirit to bring past things to their remembrance, but he was also to give them knowledge of future things. Hence, the Redeemer afterward declared—"Howbeit, when he, the Spirit of truth, is come, he will guide you into all truth: for he shall not speak of himself, but whatsoever he shall hear that shall he speak: and he will show you *things to come*." This argument seems, to me, decisive. It may be summed up thus:—In the very nature of things, it was necessary that these writers should be inspired: and our Lord, foreseeing the necessity, promised to meet it at all points, and supply it fully, by the mission of the Holy Spirit. The only question that could remain would be—whether the promise was fulfilled; and the manner in which the several writers have accomplished their undertaking, is ample demonstration that it was fulfilled. Their whole work bears the impress of the Spirit.

But, further, the Apostle Paul substantially, if not expressly, *claims* inspiration. Witness his authoritative address to the Corinthians. "If any man think himself to be a prophet, or spiritual, let him acknowledge that the things *I* write unto you are the *commandments of the Lord*." Again, in the same epistle, he seems to take the liberty of stating his own judgment in a certain case—yet not without the greatest caution. Mark his language: "But, to the rest speak *I*, not the Lord." Still, even in that instance, it may be presumed that

he spoke with the ordinary authority of an apostle, though without special instruction. In the same chapter, however, he reverts to special instruction, or else refers to pre-existing statutes, saying: "I command, yet *not* I, but the LORD." The remarkable care which he thus manifests, to distinguish ordinary from extraordinary decisions and requirements, furnishes evidence which forcibly commends itself to our reason, that, with certain designated exceptions, if indeed even such instances be exceptions, all his writings were truly "given by inspiration of God." And, if St. Paul was inspired, then is the inference fair and strong, that his co-workers in the same high office were likewise endued with the same indispensable qualification.

In addition to these evidences, we may notice the fact, that the earliest Christian authors, after the first century, make frequent extracts from the writings of the evangelists and apostles, and pay them the same deference which they show to the other Scriptures, and employ as exalted titles to distinguish them from un-inspired books. They styled them—"the sacred writings," "the holy scriptures," "the divine word," "the divine scriptures," "the divinely inspired scriptures," and "the scriptures of the Lord." Indeed, the universal consent of the church in all ages may be adduced in confirmation of the truth—that the New Testament, as well as the Old, was "given by inspiration of God."

So far, after glancing at the nature and character of inspiration, we have seen that the contents of the Scriptures and the circumstances under which they were written, render it highly probable that they were inspired: and have noticed the faith of the Jews in the inspiration of the Old Testament, and the consent of

the church to that of the New. Doubtless, however, it has been observed, that the strongest part of the argument—that in which the New Testament is made to support the inspiration of the Old, as well as to testify in behalf of its own—depends upon the *authenticity* of the New Testament. Now, therefore, another class of proofs may be submitted, which will incidentally involve the authenticity of the Scriptures generally, while, by the same means, our main proposition may be more satisfactorily established. The allusion here is to the external evidence of miracles and prophecy, and the numerous varieties of internal evidence.

Let us notice, first, the evidence of *miracles*. True, it has been argued, and with no little force, that miracles, instead of proving inspiration, require an inspired record to assure us of their own occurrence. This, however, is not exactly correct. They require an authentic record: but not, of necessity, an inspired one. Still, there is a sort of internal evidence in the very character of a reported miracle, which goes far toward conviction of its occurrence or non-occurrence, and the truth or falsity of the report. This may be better felt than described. We are likely to have some realization of it as we proceed. We cannot, indeed, notice all the peculiarities of the scriptural miracles: but a few will answer our purpose. One summary of them represents them as sensible, instantaneous, public, and great. But this omits some of their most impressive distinctions. We may reflect, however, for a moment, on each of the points stated.

They were *sensible*. He that had eyes to see, might see them: for the lame man leaped up in perfect soundness; the blind man looked around upon the spectators of his cure, with the radiant countenance of unutterable

gladness; the deaf man started, when the mingling voices of the multitude poured into his unstopped ears; and the pale and weak invalid arose, renewed, and took up his bed and walked. And so, he that had ears to hear, might hear them: for the man dumb from infancy, shouted for joy, and talked with all he met; and even the power of taste, or the appetite of hunger, could prove them: for a few loaves and fishes were made substantial food for thousands, and the relics were more than the original provision.

They were also *instantaneous*. The eyes that were all gloom one instant, were all glory the next: the lips that were silent as the grave one instant, were musical with a rapid eloquence the next: the palsied arm that hung trembling at the side one instant, stretched itself forth and thrilled with teeming energies the next: and the miserable maniac, maddened by demons, in the twinkling of an eye became gentle as a lamb.

They were also *public*. Not in the night only, not in private places only; but, at noon-day, and in the common highway, and in populous towns, and in crowded cities, with thousands in his train, or grouped around him; and under the inspection, not only of a few disciples, but, of hosts of enemies, gazing with malignant eyes on all he did, and listening with malignant ears to all he said—thus did our Lord, in particular, perform his works. And so were the miracles of the Bible generally wrought.

But, not only were they sensible, instantaneous, and public, they were also *great*. Duly considered, those of the New Testament excel in grandeur. At first sight, however, some in the Old Testament seem more magnificent. Turn, for instance, to the Exodus from Egypt. Behold the frantic tribes of Israel on

the border of the Red Sea, with the dark and mighty waters heaving and roaring before them, and the thunder-like roll of thousands of chariots, and the earthquake tramp of myriads of hastening foes, reverberating behind them. And now, behold Moses, serene as a statue, but lifting his rod as surely as though he held in his grasp the omnipotence of the angel shining in the cloud above him: and see! the sundering of the deep, the backward rush of the resurgent billows, and the sudden formation of liquid walls, as firm as granite and as fair as crystal: and now, wonder at the escape of the people of the Lord, plunging into the depths, hurrying on between the walls, and rising up unharmed on the opposite shore: and again, with still greater wonder, gaze on the returning waves, as they uncoil their crests, and fling their fullness on the tyrant and his host, and all the parade of war is tossed amidst the seething foam and strewn along the resounding shore.

Or, come down again to the time of our Saviour. Behold him, wakened in haste by his terrified disciples, rising up calmly in the little vessel, and, by a single breath of peace, causing the winds, that were sweeping through the whole heavens, to cease to blow; the surges, that were raging from shore to shore, to hush their faintest murmur; and the steady boat to glide along the smooth and glassy surface, with only a whisper of love in its sail, and the prattle of breaking bubbles at its prow.

Or, look again. There is a city. A funeral train comes forth from the gate. A poor, heart-broken widow walks behind the bier which bears the corpse of her only son, her last hope, now going to the grave. But who is this, that approaches the train, and speaks to the disconsolate, saying, "Weep not?" Can any

one in human form thus mock her woe? Ah! 'tis the pilgrim Jesus! He comes from afar in mercy, and utters the language of promise. See! he touches the bier, and its bearers stop. He calls to the dead—"Young man, I say unto thee, arise!" And lo! he that was dead, sits up, and speaks, and his Saviour delivers him to his mother. Thus, the captive of death was restored to his home; the grave listened in vain for the coming of the mourners' steps; and the heart of the widow became a heaven of delight—her son alive, and her Lord at her side.

Now, if these be, in part, the true characteristics of the scriptural miracles: if, to say no more of them, they were indeed thus sensible, instantaneous, public, and great: then, it may be argued that the account of them must be authentic. There could be no imposition, under such circumstances. Self-deception seems out of the question. The reporters of them, at least of such generally as have been noticed, were personal witnesses of them. Possessing the common senses, they were capable of making a just estimate of their character. Moreover, they were honest men; so honest that all of them hazarded their lives, and most of them lost their lives, by adherence to the truth. If, however, the account be authentic—if these miracles did actually occur—then the divine mission of those who wrought them is established, and the inspiration of the Scriptures, prepared by their hands, and left us as inspired, must be acknowledged.

The chief peculiarity of the miracles of the Bible, however, and especially of those performed by Christ himself, is, their connexion with the plan of redemption—their significancy as symbols of the design and the ability of our Lord Jesus Christ to secure for us,

ultimately, an entire and eternal salvation. We are sinners, and need a Saviour from sin. We are sufferers, and need a Saviour from suffering. Christ is such a Saviour. Why did he forgive sin? Why did he remove so many of the effects of sin? Why did he give sight to the blind, hearing to the deaf, speech to the dumb, strength to the lame, wholeness to the maimed, cleanness to the leper, soundness to the paralytic, peace to the lunatic, self-possession to the demoniac, health to the diseased, life to the dead, resurrection to the buried, and all other varieties of relief to all other classes of sufferers? Was it for their sake alone? Surely not. They all became sufferers again: and this day their bodies are still mingling with the common elements. No, no: it was for the sake of the whole world, to the end of the world, that these miracles were wrought. By them, the Lord Jesus illustrated then, and illustrates still, and will continue to illustrate, until the appointed time for his second advent, both his intention and his power to "save them to the uttermost that come unto God by him." Then, when he shall "appear the second time, without sin, unto salvation," he will fully accomplish what his former miracles only prefigured. The resurrection will be—sight for all, hearing for all, speech for all, strength for all, wholeness for all, cleanness for all, soundness for all, peace for all, self-possession for all, health for all, and life, immortal life, for all. Now, when the miracles of Christ are thus studied, the resultant impression is—the whole record must be authentic, and, being authentic, it must be inspired. The world is not more full of the wants of man, than the Bible is full of the redeeming supplies of God.

But, merely intimating this range, let us now turn to the *prophecies* of the Scriptures, as proofs of their inspiration. This is probably the highest evidence that can be exhibited, in support of this doctrine. It is manifestly impossible for any man, in the simple exercise of his natural faculties, to foresee and foretell future events. This must be confessed. On the other hand, it will be as readily admitted that God knows events which are future to man, and has power to communicate the certainty and circumstances of their occurrence. If, therefore, the Scriptures contain prophecies of events which were clearly beyond the reach of all human sagacity; and prophecies which, in due time, were circumstantially and indisputably fulfilled; we must conclude that they were “given by inspiration of God.”

Look, then, at some of these predictions. For instance, was it not predicted, by many prophets, from the time of Moses to the time of our Saviour, that the Jewish people, after being carried captive again and again, should at last be dispersed among all nations: be oppressed everywhere: and become a common astonishment, proverb, and by-word of reproach? Was it not predicted of Edom, the proud dweller “in the clefts of the rock”—“Though thou exalt thyself as the eagle, and though thou set thy nest among the stars, thence will I bring thee down?” Was it not predicted of Egypt—“It shall be the basest of the kingdoms; neither shall it exalt itself any more above the nations?” Was it not predicted of Tyre—“Behold, I am against thee, O Tyrus, and will cause many nations to come up against thee, as the sea causeth his waves to come up. And they shall destroy the walls of Tyrus, and break down her towers: I will also

scrape her dust from her, and make her like the top of a rock. It shall be a place for the spreading of nets, in the midst of the sea?" Was it not predicted of Babylon—"It shall never be inhabited, neither shall it be dwelt in from generation to generation: neither shall the Arabian pitch tent there: neither shall the shepherds make their fold there?" And was it not predicted of Nineveh, also, he "will make Nineveh a desolation, and dry like a wilderness. And flocks shall lie down in the midst of her, all the beasts of the nations: both the cormorant and the bittern shall lodge in the upper lintels of it; their voice shall sing in the windows; desolation shall be in the thresholds: for he shall uncover (or, when he hath uncovered,) the cedar work?"

And what now? Were not all these predictions, and many more of equal or greater importance, literally and exactly fulfilled? Where are the Jews? Are they not a scattered and oppressed people, an astonishment, a proverb, and a by-word unto all nations? And where is Edom? Let the startled echoes of sepulchral Petra answer. And where is Egypt? Is it not "the basest of the kingdoms?" And where is Tyre? Did not "many nations" go up against her—from the Macedonians to the Turks? Her walls are destroyed, her towers are broken, her site has been scraped and made like the top of a rock, and there the fishermen do resort and spread their nets. And where is Babylon? The Arabian pitches not his tent there; the shepherds make not their folds there. It only remains as a heap of ruins: the haunt of howling beasts and hooting owls—an astonishment and a hissing, without an inhabitant. And where is Nineveh? Dry as the wilderness, for many ages, the place where it stood

forgotten and unknown, it has been but recently disclosed, and its "lintels," and "thresholds," and "cedar work," are at last "uncovered," as if on purpose to bear witness to the fact and the fidelity of inspiration.

But, of all the scriptural prophecies, none were so important, none so numerous, none so various and minute, none in all respects so complete, and none so carefully and correctly fulfilled, as those which related to the coming, character, ministry, miracles, sufferings, death, resurrection, ascension, and reign of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. "To him," as St. Peter declared, "give all the prophets witness." That he was to be preceded by a preparatory messenger, and born of a virgin, and in the village of Bethlehem; that the angels should worship him; that he should be known as the Son of God; that he should teach the people, and particularly the poor; that he should perform certain specified miracles; that he should be persecuted by the civil and ecclesiastical authorities; that he should be revered by the multitude, and saluted by the praise of children; that he should be at last betrayed by an apparent friend, and be tried and condemned, and die a violent death, and with the infamy of a transgressor, and be buried with the rich, and rise again from the grave, and ascend into heaven, and thenceforth reign over all the world forever—all these, and beside these, so many other things were foretold in regard to him; so many minute circumstances, even to the kind of drink to be offered him in his thirst, and the casting of lots for his raiment; that the recital of them in whole would almost convey his perfect biography. For—they were all accomplished. John the Baptist was supernaturally provided as the harbinger: the blessed Mary was the virgin-mother:

and her holy son was born in Bethlehem. The angels did worship him—from the beginning to the end of his mission. Even from his youth, he familiarly called God his Father. The people, and especially the poor, received his instructions with universal and undeclining interest. Miracles were his constant and common benefactions. Nevertheless, the authorities did persecute him—though the masses still revered him, and the children sang hosanna in his train. He was betrayed by a professed friend; and tried, condemned, and crucified, by his foes. He was exposed with malefactors: and, while he hung on the cross, his executioners offered the recorded drink, and cast lots for his seamless vesture. He was buried in a rich man's tomb, did rise from the dead, did ascend into heaven, and there he has reigned, and does reign, and will continue to reign, until all things shall be subdued unto himself—until even “death, the last enemy, shall be destroyed,” and the suddenly resuscitated and imperishable forms of the innumerable millions of our race, shall collect before his throne, and await from his lips the irreversible decision of their everlasting destiny.

And now, surely, no reasonable man can reflect upon the number, variety, and importance of the scriptural prophecies; and the amazing precision and completeness of their actual realization; without acknowledging that they were inspired of God. And, if the prophecies were “given by inspiration,” the inference is fair that the whole system of which they form a part, had, as it claims, the same origin.

There is yet another class of proofs, to which it becomes us to devote some attention. It is scarcely, if at all, inferior to the evidence of prophecy. Indeed, in its full accumulation, it might be considered superior.

The allusion, of course, is to the internal evidence of the inspiration of the Scriptures, consisting of the sublimity of their doctrines; the holiness of their precepts; the harmony of their parts; their wonderful preservation; and their blessed effects.

How sublime are their doctrinal developments! The nature, character, and government of God; the nature, position, and relations of man; the spiritual universe; the material universe; the history, condition, and destiny of both: in all these connexions, what an infinite loftiness and sweep of severe and simple thought there is! What an assurance of truth there is! What mind can even imagine the dissolution of this circle of accepted reality, and the substitution of something now unknown, as essential and eternal truth? Certainly, the God of the Bible, the Man of the Bible, the Creation, Providence, and Redemption of the Bible—these are the facts that occupy immensity, and have no need to be superseded, and cannot be superseded.

How holy, also, are the precepts of the Scriptures! They are all embodiments of love, pure love, and nothing but love. They are full of love—love from God to every man, and to all men: and love from every man to God, and from all men to each other. They are solemn with love—so solemn, that they allow nothing ludicrous, from the beginning of the Bible to the end of it. They are tender with love—so tender, that they allow not the slightest disrespect toward God, or the least ill to mankind. They are happy with love—so happy, that they intimate the source of God's own bliss, and make the obedient among men, under all circumstances, wishful of no other joy. They sanction the obligations, and prescribe the duties,

flowing from all relations; and leave nothing to be desired, by individuals, by members of families, by neighbors, or by nations, but the due practical observance of their directions. The beauty of holiness is here—the dignity of holiness—the divinity of holiness.

How remarkable, also, is the harmony of the Scriptures! So many of them, so different in their special subjects and objects, and so variously produced—really, it is wonderful that they should be so consistent, so thoroughly pervaded by one supreme design, and so co-operatively intent on the same gracious and saving result. As in the sky over Bethlehem, when one angel sang, “Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men,” there was a multitude of other angels, at first unseen and unheard, to make the melody a sudden and mighty harmony: so, in the heaven of revelation, when even the least of the inspired ones lifts up a similar song, as though only to arouse the sleeping echoes around, the very leaders of the band, though before unnoticed, instantly acknowledge the ever-charming challenge, and the whole company join the chorus, without one lagging or jarring tone.

How strangely, also, have the Scriptures been preserved! Thousands of other books, more admired and prized by the great men of the world, have been utterly lost, or are known only by a few fragments—while these have been kept entire, and comparatively uncorrupted. The effort has been to save other books: and yet they have perished. The effort has been to destroy the Scriptures; and yet they survive. Tyrants have assumed their utmost terrors, and threatened the holders of these books with death, and given to the flames all the copies extorted from the fears of the

faithless—but other copies still escaped. Ten whole tribes of the very people among whom they originated have failed from the nations, and the remaining two are no longer separately distinguishable—but every one of their sacred books retains its place, and exercises, at this moment, a far more decided, extended and impressive sovereignty, than in the days of old. The breath of God, on a bit of parchment, is infinitely mightier than the most magnificent empire on the globe. Not only tribes and kingdoms, but “heaven and earth” may pass away—and yet “one jot or one tittle shall in no wise pass from the law, till all be fulfilled.”

But, once more—how blessed, also, have been the effects of the Scriptures! To a great extent, and in the noblest sense, they have already revolutionized the world. They have changed the principles, sentiments and habits of mankind: enlightening, purifying and elevating all. In many cases, they have reformed constitutions, equalized laws, and given a peaceable and liberal character to the administration of government. They have imparted a new impulse to the progress of art and science, of literature and philosophy; and are, at this moment, carrying the elements of the highest civilization to the ends of the earth. Compare the vilest horde of savages with the purest society of Christians, and the advantages of the latter are only a partial demonstration of the power of the Scriptures. Nay, compare the most degraded and disgusting individual savage with the most exalted and enchanting example of Christian wisdom and saintliness—and still the illustration remains imperfect. That is, the Scriptures are capable of greater good than they have ever yet accomplished, even in the best specimen of their

influence. It is in personal relations, however, rather than social, that their actual effects are most admirable. They take the man as he is—whether high or low, rich or poor, bond or free, intelligent or ignorant, moral or immoral, sick or well, living or dying, and make him and keep him, in fact or by promise, all he ought to be. Oh, what grandeurs of thought, what raptures of feeling, what glories of relation and destiny, they silently but surely suggest, excite and sustain! How many myriads, like angels from heaven in disguise, are now living, in the midst of all the sins and sorrows of earth, holy and happy, through the sanctifying virtue of the Bible! How many other myriads, like angels laying aside their disguise and returning to heaven, are now dying, in the paleness of perfect peace, or with the transfiguring splendor of triumphant joy—assured of a blissful immortality by the undoubted authority of the same cherished Word!

And what now? Can it be supposed that these Scriptures—so sublime in doctrine, so holy in precept, so harmonious in structure, so imperishable in texture, and so inestimably productive of spiritual and practical blessings—are of merely human origin? Surely not. Read them, realize their influence, observe their influence, reflect upon the history of their influence: and innumerable most affecting proofs will confirm the conclusion, that they were “given by inspiration of God.”

Many additional evidences might be introduced, in corroboration of the truth of our position: but the discourse has reached its proper limit, and we must submit the case, as thus presented.

We have noticed the nature and character, the possibility and probability of the inspiration of the Scrip-

tures. We have advanced to the certainty of their inspiration. We have stated the positive proofs of this. We have specified the testimony of the Jewish nation, in all ages, and of our Saviour and his Apostles, in behalf of the inspiration of the Old Testament. We have cited the promises of Christ, the claims of the Apostles, and the consent of the Church, in support of the inspiration of the New Testament. We have reviewed the evidence of miracles—sensible, instantaneous, public, great, and, more particularly, symbolically redeeming: and the evidence of prophecies, also—ancient, circumstantial, minute; involving the fate of nations; anticipating the history of the Messiah; and all, in due time, exactly fulfilled. To these evidences, we have added those derived from the remarkable internal distinctions of doctrine, precept, and harmony, as well as the connected facts of wonderful preservation and saving influence. And so, for the present, we rest: re-affirming, in view of all, that the Bible is the Book of God—re-adopting, on its own authority, the explicit statement of the text, that “All Scripture is given by inspiration of God.”

And now, receiving this as a settled and acknowledged truth, the subject ought to be susceptible of a profitable application.

If this be, indeed, the Book of God—if we all agree that “the high and lofty one that inhabiteth eternity, whose name is Holy;” and who, having created the universe, still upholds, superintends and controls it; has, from time to time, through many ages, paused in his mighty operations, and dictated to holy men, word by word, chapter by chapter, and book by book, the volume before us—with what gratitude and reverence should we regard it: with what diligence should we

study it: with what care should we employ it in domestic and social instruction: and with what zeal should we circulate it among all the nations of the earth.

But, have we regarded it with gratitude and reverence? Whether *we* have or not, others have: hundreds, thousands, myriads, millions: from the time when the first few tracts were written, down to the completion of the whole Book; and, with the exception of some dark intervals, ever since. How the psalmist exulted in the small parcel in his possession! "Thy law is my delight!"—"How sweet are thy words unto my taste! yea, sweeter than honey to my mouth!" "The law of thy mouth is better unto me than thousands of gold and silver:" and again, as if language nearly failed him, "O, how love I thy law!" We should have the same spirit, but in a still higher degree. We should not only imitate this example, but excel it. Surely, with "*All Scripture*" in our possession, our gratitude should be more fervent, and our reverence more profound.

But, have we diligently studied this volume? Hear the psalmist, in this connexion also: "It is my meditation all the day"—"Thou, through thy commandments, hast made me wiser than mine enemies: for they are ever with me. I have more understanding than all my teachers: for thy testimonies are my meditation"—"Thy word have I hid in mine heart, that I might not sin against thee." What hosts of holy students have transferred not only a part, but nearly or quite the whole of this divine intelligence from the book to their memory: hiding it in the heart: holding it at constant command: and subordinating everything in thought, feeling, word and action to its supreme authority and infallible direction! Let us be like them.

But again: Have we carefully used the Scripture in family and social instruction? Hear the psalmist, in this relation also, referring to the "sayings of old:" "We will not hide them from their children, showing to the generation to come the praises of the Lord, and his strength, and his wonderful works that he hath done. For he established a testimony in Jacob, and appointed a law in Israel, which he commanded our fathers, that they should make them known to their children; that the generation to come might know them, even the children who should be born, who should arise and declare them to their children: that they might set their hope in God, and not forget the works of God, but keep his commandments." What multitudes of homes and schools have been illumined by such instructions: and, from these hallowed centres, what civil and religious energies have gone forth for the government and comfort of the world. Let us fulfill our own duty.

And yet, once more: Have we shown due zeal in the diffusion of the Scriptures among destitute nations? "O send out thy light and thy truth: let them lead me; let them bring me unto thy holy hill, and to thy tabernacles." So prayed the psalmist. And yet, not by his own wants alone, nor by those of his own people alone, were his sensibilities excited, and his supplications prompted. On another occasion, he exclaimed: "O sing unto the Lord a new song; sing unto the Lord all the earth. Sing unto the Lord, bless his name; show forth his salvation from day to day. Declare his glory among the heathen, his wonders among all people." Under our dispensation, as the truth is now complete, it is made the duty of all who have it, to convey it to all who want it. Within the

last half century, the Church has pursued this work in earnest, and with surprising success. It might be thought tedious to enumerate the scriptural versions which have been made, or to name the nations and tribes among whom they have been distributed. Even in private, and with all possible facilities, it is difficult to keep up with the glorious progress. The vision tempts us to extravagance. We are disposed to say—At last, the moral world has turned into a region of common light. The heavens, all around it, are simultaneously radiant. True, this radiance is not equally intense at all points. Still, everywhere it is either as the noon or as the morning. The cone of the night-shadow is pierced by a spiritual brilliance, more searching and subduing than the pale beauty of the moon and stars. The kind of light which prevails in the city where there is “no need of the sun, neither of the moon, to shine in it,” has come to inclose our sphere in perfect and endless day. Alas! we must resist this temptation. Though much has been done, more remains to be done: and we must take part in doing it. Where is our zeal? Think of Christ and his cross! Think of the world and its woe! And let us remember, that our God is the God of all. **ALL SCRIPTURE WAS GIVEN FOR ALL MEN.**

THE ONLY SAVING NAME.

“Neither is there salvation in any other: for there is none other name, under heaven, given among men, whereby we must be saved.”

ACTS, iv: 12.

FROM the text and context, the following three propositions are collected: 1. That God has given to the world the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth, whom the Jews crucified, and whom he raised from the dead, as the name whereby men must be saved; 2. That there is none other name so given under heaven or among men; and, 3. That there is not, therefore, salvation in any other.

The first of these propositions is of supreme importance. It involves the honor of God and the happiness of man. It implies a contrast of divine perfection and human imperfection; of the goodness, wisdom, and power of our Maker, to the depravity, folly, and weakness of our race; a contrast solemn, wonderful, and overwhelming; tending to penitence, faith, and obedience—and, by such means, to redemption and praise.

The necessity for salvation is universal. The proofs of this necessity are witnessed in sin, sorrow, and death, all over the world. The acknowledgment of it is seen and heard, in tears and groans, wherever there are eyes to weep or lungs to breathe. The desire for it is nearly or quite co-extensive: being everywhere

expressed by the institutions of religion, either true or false. In a word, the fearful haunts of the fugitive living, and the silent homes of the settled dead, are alike overshadowed by this one want.

Such a condition is sufficient, of itself, to invest with the most persuasive probability the supposition of some saving intervention on the part of the Almighty. But, as Christian ministers, we go farther than this: asserting, as the distinctive duty of our glorious office, that such an intervention has been made—presenting and elucidating the historic and prophetic testimony, in relation to the origin, progress, and completion of the plan. In the course of this development, we are constrained, by the most imperative obligations, to state—in the clearest, fullest, and strongest terms—the deep humiliation and dishonored death of the person announced as the elect agent of the Godhead for the accomplishment of this incomparable work.

Here it is, that our sinful nature, from first to last, evinces its hostility to the revelation of the Highest. Notwithstanding its beseeching acknowledgment of the necessity for salvation, it turns away offended from such a Saviour as this. As though the lessons of Eden were forgotten: as though the frost of death had never fallen on the Tree of Life, and the golden terrace over the folded gate had never flashed with the fire-swords of the cherubim: man, even in his degradation, still ambitious to become a god, and yet, with marvelous inconsistency, still disdaining to be *like* God, prefers pride and damnation to humility and redemption, ever receding from heaven by perverse perseverance in the path that takes hold on hell.

In all this opposition, ignorance is as remarkable as pride. These deplorable distinctions of the natural

man are, indeed, inseparable. If one exist, so must the other. If one prevail, so will the other. If one decline, so will the other. And herein is our hope. Herein is the hope of the Church. Herein is the confidence of Christ. Herein is the serene assurance of the Father. Ignorance may be dispelled; and therefore pride may be subdued. Error may be vanquished by truth; and therefore love may succeed to hatred. The mind may be enlightened; and therefore the heart may be hallowed.

The plan of salvation, in order that it may be successful, must be appreciated; that it may be appreciated, it must be understood; that it may be understood, it must be studied; and, that this study may be rightly conducted and well concluded, it must be strictly confined to or determined by the recorded and authoritative expositions of divine revelation.

Here it is, that we assume our vantage ground. We survey the plan, not from an earthly, but from a heavenly position. We stand, not in the darkness which gathers about the cross, but, in the glory which beams from the throne. We make our observations, not with the filmy vision of the "natural man," who "receiveth not the things of the spirit of God," esteeming them foolish, because he cannot clearly discern them; but, with the open sight of the "spiritual man," to whom it is given to know these things, "comparing spiritual things with spiritual," judging "all things," and having "the mind of Christ." In a word, instead of the ineffable impiety of presuming to decide the character of a scheme, which presents the brightest transcript of infinite perfection, by the petty prejudices and vile passions of our unrenewed estate, we rise, with redeemed facility and felicity, into the

sublimest condition of communion with God, feeling his emotions, thinking his thoughts, looking through his eyes, and sympathizing with him, in the unequalled display of his goodness, wisdom, and power, in the objects, theory, and history of this most magnificent of his works.

How, then, does the Divine Mind contemplate the plan of salvation? Blessed be his name! it is not impossible, not difficult, nay, it is as easy as it is delightful, to tell. For, to repeat substantially but not formally the same truths just cited, though it was once written—"Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man the things which God hath prepared for them that love him:" it has since been written, with equal authority and in this immediate connexion—"But God hath revealed them unto us, by his spirit; for the spirit searcheth all things, yea, the deep things of God." *Where, then, is this revelation?* It is here—in the Bible! The eye may look, the ear listen, the heart long for it from any or all other sources, but—it is to be found only here. Here the veil is removed: and, in this Holy of Holies, we discover "the hidden wisdom which God ordained before the world unto our glory." The princes of the world, now as of old, may reject this wisdom: but, if they do, in the awfulness of their delusion they crucify afresh "the Lord of glory." "But *we* all with open face beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image, from glory to glory, even as by the spirit of the Lord." But—*what* is this revelation? This is the great question, and must be plainly answered.

The two main events in the annals of our race are—the INTRODUCTION OF SIN, and, the ATONEMENT FOR SIN.

These are the causes which modify our history and determine our destiny. The former is destructive; the latter, restorative. The former originates the evils which the latter is designed to counteract: and the character of the Deity is to be vindicated and glorified by the demonstration of the sufficiency of the contrivance to its purpose.

In comparing these two controlling agencies, it will be found that there are remarkable resemblances and diversities between them—in all of which will be evident the admirable adaptations of the redeeming plan.

Look at their history. Here are important resemblances. Was sin introduced into the world by one man? So was the atonement for sin made by one man! Has sin been universal in its influence? So has the atonement been! Has sin been perpetual in its influence? So has the atonement been! Has sin affected all human interests, personal and social, for time and eternity? So has the atonement for sin! These resemblances were essential to the subjugation of evil by good. The evil is met, at every point, by a power adequate to its entire overthrow. Is not all this like God?

But now look at their nature. Here are utter contrarities. Does sin imply the transgression of the divine law? Atonement implies that the law is magnified and made honorable! Does sin imply the success of demoniacal temptation? Atonement implies the destruction of the works of the devil! Does sin imply self-indulgence? Atonement implies self-sacrifice! Are not these counterworkings worthy a God? Should not his law be rescued from dishonor? Should not his foe be baffled? Should not these objects be

secured, even at the cost of such a sacrifice? Alas! here starts up again that old and mighty objection! Let us turn away, therefore, for a while, and consider more particularly the *great demonstration of sin*—the depravity, folly and weakness of man while in subjection to sin.

It seems clear, from the sacred history, that a sort of ambition—a holy ambition—an upward, heavenly, divine tendency—was one of the original and essential characteristics of our perfect constitution. The personal distinctions, both bodily and spiritual, of which our first parents could not be unconscious, must have been accompanied by a sense of incomparable dignity. Their specified office, also—a kind of mediatorial sovereignty, representative of God before the world, and of the world before God: their pleasant situation—in the paradise of a sphere fresh with its first dew and fragrance, blooming with all beauty, glowing with all love, and over which, harmonizing with its own music, “the morning stars sang together and all the sons of God shouted for joy:” these circumstances, in connexion with the magnitude of the actual and prospective interests dependent upon their agency, were naturally attended, if at all appreciated, by a feeling of elevation—a feeling made solemn indeed by many and great responsibilities, but still a current rapture, and instinct with intimations of a yet nobler and forever progressive destiny. The character of the temptation, also, by which they were betrayed into ruin, agrees with the view suggested. The sagacity of the tempter is confessed by the record, and illustrated by his success. But, to what principle did he appeal? To a *downward* principle? Not at all. There was no such principle in our nature. Such an appeal might well have caused

the very serpent to hiss at the demon who possessed it. Satan knew that the whole tendency of man was upward: from the natural to the spiritual, from the earthly to the heavenly, from the temporal to the eternal, from communion with the world of which he was lord to communion with its Creator, who made him lord. Therefore, it was to this principle that he artfully applied. "Ye shall be as *gods!*" That was the enchantment. True, the tree was supposed to be "good for food"—and this was an appeal to the appetite. It was "pleasant to the eyes," also—and this was an appeal to the imagination. Moreover, it was to "be desired to make one wise"—and this was an appeal to the intellect. These three attractions were strong; but they were known before, and had been resisted before. Other trees, exuberantly fruitful, certainly good, charmingly fair, and perfectly free, were grouped about them, with a blessing, instead of a curse, on their branches: and as for knowledge, they already enjoyed it, in its proper elements; being acquainted with God and his works, and remaining ignorant only of "evil." But "*ye shall be as gods!*" There was the assault upon the heart. And the heart gave way. The knowledge of "evil" was acquired—that men might be "as gods." The sentence of "death" was incurred—that men might be "as gods." The law of God was broken, and the authority of God renounced—that men might be "as gods." The very principle, which, if its rectitude and allegiance had been maintained, would have found its reward in a translation from Eden to heaven, was made the means, by its treasonable and selfish perversion, of a hopeless pilgrimage from paradise toward perdition. And so, having exalted themselves "as gods," the "eyes of

them both were opened, and," in marvelous addition to their former stock of knowledge, and with corresponding ascension above their former employments, the two divinities "*knew that they were naked, and they sewed fig-leaves together, and made themselves aprons!*"

Now, this first example is the best key to the history of our race, in all its rebellion against God. The same *principle* that distinguished Adam and Eve—the same upward tendency, the same lofty aspiration—has distinguished their descendants in all lands and ages. Most wretchedly perverted as it is, still it is the hope and the glory of our nature. If man sink, it is because he must sink. His wish, and will, and effort, are all opposed to it. He may cause his own ruin, but will contend against it to the last. As the eagle, with a viper in her talons, finding, when too late, that its folds are round her neck and its fangs about her heart, screams out in the silent sky, soars higher and higher, turns over on her back, flaps her wings upward, strikes with her bill, turns again, spreads her pinions, shakes her plumes, sweeps away on the wind, and toils back, shuddering, toward her nest, yet still bleeds, and droops, until, ever struggling to rise, she closes her faint vision—lifted to the last toward the cliff and the sun—and falls, lifeless, to the serpent's lair: so struggles man with his coiled and venomous vices, and so he falls, with his latest glance upraised toward his home and his God.

The same *design*, also, apparent in the departure of our progenitors from God, has marked the wickedness of their children. Never yet have men or nations—savage, civilized or Christian—entered upon a course of wrong, violated the law of conscience, or the law of the Bible, with a deliberate determination to debase

and destroy themselves. They have done wrong when forewarned, even on divine authority, that such consequences would ensue. But they did not believe the warning. They expected, at least, to improve their condition, if not their character: and their overvaluation of the former made them insensible to the mischief of impairing the latter. They were fascinated by the fictions of the tempter. They *designed* to be "as *gods*."

The history of the world is an inexhaustible accumulation of evidence in support of this truth. Glance at the antediluvian history. Why did Cain murder Abel? Because, as the official superior, he could not brook that his own offering should be rejected, and his brother's accepted. It looked like the transfer of his birth-right sovereignty, his decreed and predicted rule, from himself and his descendants to Abel and his descendants. Is it not manifest that murder began for the maintenance of dominion? And why was it that the first murderer built the first city? And why is it that, in his genealogical line, which both begins and ends with the name of a murderer, we find, not any allusion to the worship of God, but merely the origin of the arts, the domestic and national symbols of wealth, fame and power? Are not these plain indications of an impious race, ambitiously but vainly striving to be "as *gods*" themselves? And so, when the comparatively humble and holy offspring of Seth, who first, after the death of Abel, began "to call upon the name of the Lord," and who, therefore, are denominated "the sons of God"—when they, looking upon the gaiety of the daughters and the giantry of the sons of "men," or the posterity of Cain, forsook their own homes of embowered and pastoral simplicity, and for-

got the virtue of their own virgins and the sacredness of their hallowed altars in forbidden alliances—*why* was it that they so sinned against the God of their fathers, blending the righteousness of the world, which had been so long sanctified, with the unrighteousness of the world, which had so long revelled in excess, until the “wickedness of man became great in the earth, and every imagination of the thoughts of his heart was only evil continually”—“and it repented the Lord that he had made man on the earth, and it grieved him at his heart,” for “the earth was corrupt before” him, and “filled with violence,” and “all flesh had corrupted his way upon the earth”—*why* was all this, but that, infatuated by worldly prosperity and pleasure, and aspiring to participate in the excitement to the utmost, they designed, by their apostacy from the Almighty, to be “as gods” themselves?

Glance, also, at the postdiluvian history. Is not the same design universally obvious? What was the object of the magnificent enterprise on the plain of Shinar?—the building of the tower of Babel? Did not the ancient ambition, which all the waters of the flood had failed to quench, rekindle there? “This they begin to do,” said God, “and now nothing will be restrained from them which they have imagined to do.” It was the same proud spirit still. They had already begun a great thing; their imaginations were full of yet greater things; and all restraints were set at nought. They, too, would be “as gods.” And what follows, through all the ages, but a continuous illustration of the same purpose? Is it not evident in the persons of history, from Nimrod, Sesostris and Solomon; Nebuchadnezzar and Cyrus; Alexander and the Cæsars; to Attila, Tamerlane and Napoleon? Is it not evident in the cities

of history, from Nineveh, Thebes and Jerusalem; Babylon and Tyre; Carthage, Athens and Rome; to Constantinople, Paris and London? And is it not evident in the empires of history, from the Assyrian, Egyptian and Jewish, the Persian and Phœnician, the Grecian and Roman, to the Turkish and Spanish, the English, French and Russian? What mean the jealousies and envyings, the frauds and cruelties of individuals, but this? What mean the rivalries of mighty cities, but this? What mean the wars of nations, and the collisions of kingdoms, but this? What means the entire tumult, the universal and perpetual tumult, of the world, but this? It is the same antique aspiration. Men would be "as gods."

But it is still more important to observe the fact, that the same *effect* has followed, in all subsequent strife with God, that was witnessed in the case of our first parents—the same *essential and complete disappointment*. Substantially, in all their relations and enterprises, the successive generations of dying deities, instead of creating worlds and commanding systems of worlds, have only discovered that they were all naked, and sought to hide their shame by sewing fig-leaves together and making themselves aprons.

See Cain, for instance—driven forth from the presence of the Lord, a fugitive and a vagabond, trembling with fear, and crying, as he flies, "My punishment is greater than I can bear!" See his whole progeny, after all their city-building and art-inventing, and power-displaying, and fame-achieving; and the whole progeny of Seth, except one family, after nearly two thousand years of hard toiling to become "as gods," swept away by the deluge, as unfit even to mingle with brutes and reptiles in the habitancy of a

sphere despoiled of its proper charms, and smouldering with an ancient curse. Hear, also, the sudden jargon-ing at Babel; and behold the confused multitude, breaking into parties, forsaking their unfinished tower, and hastening away in diverse pilgrimage to the ends of the earth. As for later times, see Solomon, even in the midst of his incomparable magnificence, kneeling on his golden footstool, between the twelve lions, and writing on his ivory throne, all overlaid with gold, the grievous confession, "Vanity of vanities, all is vanity." Hear Nebuchadnezzar exclaiming, "Is not this great Babylon, that I have built, for the house of the kingdom, by the might of my power, and for the honor of my majesty?" And then, see him "driven from men," eating "grass as oxen," his body "wet with the dew of heaven," his hairs "grown like eagles' feathers, and his nails like birds' claws!" See Alexander in the death-throes of a drunken fool: Cæsar, falling "even at the base of Pompey's statue:" and Napoleon, withering like a weed thrown up by the ocean on a sun-scorched island-rock. As for the cities, though more stable than their builders, where are they now? Nineveh—where is it? Babylon—where? And Thebes, Tyre and Carthage—where? Jerusalem rises to our vision from its sepulchral vaults, like Simon, its last defender, ghastly pale. The ghost of Athens wails around the Acropolis. The skeleton of Rome is strewn, bone by bone, over the seven hills. And as for the empires, they too have disappeared. What is Assyria now? What, Egypt? What, Phœnicia? What, Israel? What, Syria? Persia? Grecia? Carthage? or Rome? How have the tall cedars been laid low! How have the mountains, which cast their shadows far down upon the clouds, and far away over

continents, been leveled to the plain, and scattered with the sands of the desert! How have the very stars descended from their serene and inaccessible spheres, and expired in the air, or been quenched in the sea!

Why all this waste of time and toil, of skill and power? *Why* such disappointment, shame and sorrow? *Why* such ruin of walls and gates, of towers and capitols, of temples and palaces? *Why* such overthrow of thrones, crumbling of crowns, and snapping of sceptres? Is it not enough to make even fiends pity, and cause angels to weep, and God himself to grieve, to find such scorn and contempt cast upon the birth-right dignity and glory of all generations? In the name of man, the suffering subject: in the name of God, the omnipotent sovereign: for the happiness of the one and the honor of the other, I sadly challenge a hearing—I solemnly demand an answer.

Why is it? Is it because *ambition*, in itself, is *sinful*? because the upward tendencies, the divine aspirations, of our nature, are essentially wrong? For the glory of God, I answer—No! Never! Not in the slightest degree! How could the child of God avoid the thrill of his filial sympathies? How could the image of God fail to reflect the sublimity of his Father's countenance? How could the heir of God do else than look from the footstool to the throne? When we cease to look up, we cease to be like God. When we look down, we turn toward perdition, and prepare for the exchange of the divine for the demoniac. No, no; the cause is *not* here.

What then? Is the cause in the *design*? Is the effort to secure the improvement of its condition, the reason of the afflictions of our race? Not at all! Here, also, for the glory of God, I repeat the answer—

this is *not* the cause. Improvement was possible, even in Eden: and, because possible, desirable. Since the expulsion from Eden, it has not only been possible and desirable, but indispensably necessary. Without it, under present circumstances, existence is only a continuous aggravation of the original curse. Certainly, next to the redemption of our character, we need the renovation of our condition. Better were it for any man "had he never been born," than that he should live and die unimproved.

What then? If the lofty spirit, and if the improving design, disclose not the cause of the evil, where shall we find it? Is it to be found in the *plan* which has been adopted and pursued? For the glory of God and for the good of mankind, the prompt and decisive answer is given—Aye, here *is* the cause! the true and only cause!

Draw near, then, ye rulers and people: ye teachers and scholars of the world! Princes! dash your dim diadems on the stones! Sages! trample your faded laurels in the dust! When ye were children, ye spake as children, understood as children, thought as children: but, long ere this, ye should have become men, and put away childish things. Alas! Ye are children still! Sit down, then, with the docility of children, at the feet of Truth. Look, listen and learn. Here is the worth of your boasted wisdom. To think that the perfection of man is to be found in disobedience to God—*this* is the wisdom of the world! To think that our divine destiny is to be attained by following the lead of the devil—*this* is the wisdom of the world! To think that heaven is to be opened to our vision by means that make us hide in the bushes with shame, and that the splendid garments of celestial royalty are

to be won by acts which render even fig-leaf aprons a provided miracle of mercy—*this* is the wisdom of the world! To think, next, that the murder of God's true worshipers, the abandonment of all worship, the building of cities, the pitching of tents, the playing on harp and organ, the working in brass and iron, the indulgence of sensual lusts, the pursuit of fame, the increase of power, the practice of violence, and such an utter corruption of the "way," or government of God, as to occasion the flooding of the globe and the drowning of the world, is the best method of improving the condition of our race—*this* is the wisdom of the world! To think, after all this, that such results, of nearly two thousand years' experience, furnish no lesson deserving to be remembered; and, therefore, that, to renew and multiply such absurdities and iniquities, for nearly four thousand years more, is still the readiest mode of securing what ever has been, and ever must be, only the farther removed from us by every advance in the ruinous process—*this* is the wisdom of the world! To discredit the true, dishonor the right, and forget the certain; to believe the false, perform the wrong, and expect the impossible—*this* is the wisdom of the world! To be vain of all foolery, proud of all knavery, greedy of all deviltry, and careless or glad of all misery—*this* is the wisdom of the world! In a word, to think that men become "as gods," by making God even less than men: to think that man knows everything, and God knows nothing; that man can do everything, and God do nothing; and that man is everything, and God is nothing—*this*, aye, *this* is the wisdom of the world!

Such, then, has been the actual *demonstration* of sin.

PART II.

IN the opening of the subject, it was stated, that the two main events, in the history of the world, are these: the INTRODUCTION OF SIN and the ATONEMENT FOR SIN.

For the sake of a better understanding of the boasted wisdom of the world—that wisdom which opposes the wisdom of God, and particularly the doctrine and fact of the atonement—we have reviewed the progress of the *great demonstration of sin*—the manifest depravity, folly, and weakness of the world for nearly six thousand years! No wonder that such a world, in the excellency of its pride and vanity, contemns the plan of salvation! But, how contemptible is its contempt! How infinitely less than nothing! And yet, in remembrance of the divine author of the plan of salvation—how awful is such scorn!

Let us turn, therefore, to the *proper contemplation of this plan*. Let us look at it in the way intimated as our privilege—that is, as GOD looks at it. Let us notice its true and sublime contrast to all the littlenesses of human infirmity—its glorious indications of divine goodness, wisdom and power.

The *object* of the Deity is announced in the very *title* of the plan. It is the plan of *salvation*. The devil had wrought ruin: and the object of God was to “destroy the works of the devil.” All human interests, of body and soul, of character and condition, as pertaining to earth and heaven, to time and eternity—were forfeited by the first transgression. The actual, and, more especially, the prospective importance of these interests, was fully known to God alone: and his perfect goodness prompted him to seek their entire

and everlasting rescue. The individual mind, in its exercise of the most peerless gifts, has never yet imagined the real greatness of this object: and, of course, the social mind, in its noblest variety of expansions and illuminations, has never completely comprehended it. In comparison with it, the objects of worldly ambition are unworthy even of the most dreamy recollection. God himself will require the whole of eternity for its illustration!

The *principle* of the plan is the next consideration—the principle that controls the operations of the plan in the accomplishment of its object. This principle, of necessity, was determined by the character of the law, the violation of which made some redeeming interposition indispensable. That law was, a specific and imperative prohibition, with a positive and inevitable penalty. The prohibition was broken: and, that moment, the spirit of the law, in all the solemnity of its high office, rose up before the throne, and, in the name of him who sat upon it, and in the name of the moral universe—everywhere affected by the act—invoked the fatal retribution. Death was incurred: and, therefore, death had to be inflicted. It was not possible for God himself to withhold the doom. As though sworn to an unalterable challenge, the law stood immovable, uttering only this one word—**ATONEMENT!**

This, then, was the principle destined to control the practical developments of the plan of redemption, viz: the *principle of atonement*. Without atonement, the Almighty was as helpless as the sinner. It is of vital importance, that this truth be distinctly understood, and profoundly appreciated. The perfection of God' nature: the honor of his government: and the happi-

ness of his empire, alike, unchangeably, and without possibility of change, demanded atonement. The first step toward salvation could not be taken without it: and the last must be entirely dependent upon it. It was the beginning and the end, the alpha and omega, the sum and substance, the all in all of the scheme. With this, it might almost be said that the sinner would become as strong as the Almighty—for then the rule would be: "*All things are possible to him that believeth.*" Atonement supplied—the law would be vindicated, and man might be saved.

The *plan*, itself, is next to be considered—the contrivance, adopted for the practical application of this principle to the attainment of the intended object. Several remarkable provisions distinguished this plan. See! As the atonement was to be made by death—the plan provided, first of all, an agent in a nature which might die. Again: as the atonement was to be made for man—the plan provided an agent in the nature of man. Again: as no atonement could be made by a sinful man—the plan provided a man without sin. Again: as no sinless man could spring from sinful parents—the plan provided that such an one should be reproduced by divine power. Again: as the law required that a sinless nature should be demonstrated by perfect obedience—the plan provided that its elect agent, enduring multiplied and diversified temptations, should, nevertheless, remain "holy, harmless, undefiled, separate from sinners," by his example, as well as by his sacrifice, "magnifying the law and making it honorable." Finally, as the very purpose of his mission was to be thus vicariously sacrificial—the plan provided, that, notwithstanding his glorious nature and benevolent object, his condition should be

one of unresisting and uncomplaining humiliation and suffering—"a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief."

The *fulfillment* of the plan is the next consideration. This depended, not upon any human contingency, but, upon the ordination of God: and, therefore, was as certain in intention as it could be made by execution. Moreover, the efficacy of the plan was to result, not from the fact and manner of the atonement being known to mankind: but, from the fact of its being decreed and made by the will, and in the sight, of God. On these accounts, it was not necessary that the plan should be actually fulfilled immediately after the first transgression: not necessary that it should be fulfilled in the very scene of the first transgression: not necessary that it should be fulfilled in the personal presence of the first transgressors: and not necessary that its fulfillment should be clearly anticipated by the great majority of men living before its occurrence; or even communicated, in this life, to the great majority who should come after it. Various reasons might be offered to sustain the propriety of these statements: but, it is enough to say, that they present truths which are illustrated and confirmed by the facts which have transpired in the progressive development of the plan—facts recorded in all history, and more especially in the sacred history, devoted, by express inspiration, to their faithful perpetuation.

See! The atonement was not made immediately after the first transgression—but, on the contrary, four thousand years were allowed to intervene! It was not made in the scene of the first transgression, nor in the presence of the transgressors themselves, nor even in the same condition of the natural world: but, on the

contrary, in a distant region, in an exceedingly different presence, and after many and great physical, as well as moral, revolutions. It was not properly anticipated by the great majority of men who lived prior to its consummation: nor has it been communicated to the great majority of those who have lived since its completion. In remembrance of the general condition of our race in all lands and ages, there can be no hesitancy in asserting, that only a very small minority of mankind have been informed of this most important event in the annals of the world.

Notwithstanding these facts, however, I am fully prepared to affirm, that the genuine, gracious, saving influence of the atonement—not depending on mere earthly accidents—has been realized, to some extent, though the reason of it may have been entirely unknown, by every human being on the globe. Never lived an individual, from the patriarch of near a thousand years down to the babe of a single breath: and never was known a social compact, from the feeblest family alliance to the mightiest of imperial nations: however diversified by characteristics of virtue or vice; or, by circumstances of joy or sorrow, triumph or defeat, glory or shame—never one that has not experienced, in some way, and to some degree, the advantages of this great provision.

Now, if you please, *mark me well*. See! In the contemplation of God—as in the subsequent progress of all history—we plainly discover the operations of *two great systems*, both of which are designed to exhibit the results of the atonement. I mean, of course, the systems of a *general* and a *special providence*.

The *object* of the *general* providence of God appears to have been this—to *keep sin in restraint*. Sinners

have multiplied far beyond all that we can believe, in remembrance of the fatal tendencies of sin, would have been possible—had it not been for the restraining providence which has been exercised over all generations. By natural agencies, sin has been restrained: by changes of the structure, climate, and productions of the globe; by repeated and great abridgements of the term of life; by the terrors of pestilence and famine; by the ravages of storm and earthquake; and by innumerable other causes. In like manner, sin has been restrained by spiritual causes. By the involvement of personal with social interests; by the effects of the counsel, example, and superior condition of the less vicious upon the more vicious; by the laws of States, enacted for mutual protection against common temptations; by even superstition and idolatry—the vain devices of ignorant but remorseful consciences—evils counteracting, perhaps, still greater evils; and, far above all, by the searching presence and subduing majesty of the Spirit of God, arousing and exciting conscience, all over the world, and through all the lapse of time—sin has been restrained. True, as far as was right and expedient, indulgences have always and everywhere been blended with restrictions. Sun, moon, and stars rise and set, burn and shine, for all. The winds blow, and the waters flow, for all. The cloud showers, and the soil flowers, for all. Personal enjoyments, home endearments, and public festivals, charm and enliven all. And so, a race of beings, which, in all probability, would have been exhausted by its iniquities, or destroyed by suicidal violence, thousands of years ago—had it been left to itself, with its passions entirely unchecked, and its pursuits entirely uncontrolled: still multiplies and distributes its hun-

dreds of millions of mortal immortals, over myriads of mountains, and vales, and plains, on all the continents and islands of the earth. All this is the result of the atonement! The grand system of a general providence restrains within the limits of self-preservation, at least, the race for which Jesus died.

The design of the *special* providence of God seems to have been *two-fold*. Its first object has been, to *keep the sinner in hope*. To the elect subjects of this system—for surely nothing is plainer than this social election, the election of a part for the good of the whole—to the elect subjects of this special providence, I say, have been committed, in all ages, for the ultimate advantage of the world, the continually progressive and increasingly vivid indications of the purposes, principles and plans of the divine administration. The purest and wisest, the happiest and most useful of mankind, appear in this predestined succession. Patriarchs and kings, legislators and judges, orators and poets, historians and prophets, priests and warriors, the rulers and champions of nations, the teachers and exemplars of the race, all pass before us. To them, the promises of the atonement are given. To them, the types and symbols of the atonement are given. To them the national prefigurations, the theocratic anticipations, of the atonement are given. In their walks, the voice of God is heard. To their tents, the radiant messengers of heaven descend. On their tabernacle, the mystic pillar rests, shading the splendor of the day, and shining through the gloom of the night; with its angel, ever watching the altar, sprinkled with frequent blood. Into their temple, with a cool flame, and a slow majesty, gently glided the glorious Shekinah, as though the Highest, himself, preferred the seat of mercy on

earth to the throne of power in heaven. It was on their cliffs and in their glens, along their deserts and among their cities, by their palace-gates and through their cloistered courts, that the trumpets of the prophets uplifted sonorous voices, and enchanted sky and landscape with the plaintive music of the coming, suffering, dying Saviour's love and praise.

And yet, as already intimated, not for themselves alone were all these blessings given. Here, was their grand mistake. Here is one of the most common, egregious and mischievous errors of all the subjects of a special providence. The Israelites—to whom, chiefly, allusion is now made—were exceedingly fond of this delusion, and, therefore, were frequently admonished, in the strongest terms, not to indulge it. They were assured, that God had chosen them, not because of their own worth, or for the exclusive promotion of their own prosperity—for they were stubborn and rebellious, and, therefore, of necessity, had to be often and severely chastened—but for the good of the world! They were merely constituted the channel, within which the intelligence at first communicated to the world in whole, was, for the time being, concentrated, and through which it was conveyed toward its re-issue, for re-diffusion throughout the whole world again.

Let me illustrate this. Suppose the long-projected enterprise of a grand ship canal across the Isthmus of Panama, uniting the Atlantic and Pacific waters, had, at last, been really executed. Suppose that, in consequence of this great work, a dense population had collected there: that natural difficulties had been subdued by superior art: that the marshes had been drained, the forests cleared, the fields planted, and the mountains graded or tunneled: that good roads had

been opened in all directions, stretching through the swamps, traversing the vales, and winding up the hills—with a thousand bridges, over-arching the brooks, leaping across the torrents, and springing from cliff to cliff: that cottages were smoking among all the rocks, and towns reposing on all the plains, and a great metropolis expanding and exulting in the sunshine and sea-breeze of either coast. And now, suppose that the settled inhabitants of that wonderfully improved locality should claim, for themselves, the whole advantage of the mighty change! How would the happy sailors, relieved from their long conflicts with the tempests of Cape Horn and the Cape of Good Hope, laugh at their folly! How would the hardy heroes—whose prows have so often been frozen into motionless captivity amidst continents of polar ice, whither they ventured in hope of the North West passage—smile at their delusion! How would the pitiless world scoff and hiss at their vanity and pride! How would the white-winged angels of commerce, in remembrance of the fleets of Europe and America, and of the trade and treasures of China and the Indies, and of the ports, and capitals, and kingdoms enriched and adorned by the new achievement; and especially, in remembrance of the day when the old and hoary oceans first joined hands on the altar of the Andes, and swore to maintain, to the latest generation, their sublime covenant for the peace, prosperity, and glory of the whole brotherhood of man—oh! how would the spirits of land, and sea, and sky—of the fountain, the wind, and the surge—chuckle among the peaks, whisper and whistle through the air, and foam and thunder on the strand, in sharpest and sheerest derision, in deepest and proudest disdain!

So foolish would it be to limit to the range of the Levitical institutions, or to the people among whom they were established, the advantages of the redeeming intelligence embodied in them. They only brought it down from the patriarchal world before them, to the Christian world after them. Their office was conferred for the good of mankind. And so it is, in all similar cases.

But, the special providence by which a sinful race was thus trained to *hope*—was not thwarted. The hope was fulfilled. The due time came: and the predicted agent of atonement made his advent.

And now see! Here comes the recapitulation! Here rises the divine contrast!

How did he come? First, with what *spirit*? The original spirit?—the ambitious spirit?—the upward, heavenly, divine tendency? Hallelujah! he *did* so come! Lift high the Christmas chant—in double music of heart and voice. For—in Christ, this spirit was perfect. The second Adam had more of it than the first: and more than all the descendants of the first. In him, it was the true spirit—looking, not only to the throne of God, but, to God himself, on the throne: satisfied with nothing less than identification and communion with him.

Again: *How* did he come? That is, secondly, with what *design*? The original design?—the universal and perpetual design?—the design of improvement?—of exaltation? Hallelujah! he *did* so come! Higher than the highest, beat his heart of hearts! He came, as it is expressly declared, for “the joy set before him!”—joy, pure and lasting!—joy, ineffable and ecstatic!—joy, “set before him”—not by the tempter, but by God himself! A joy full of God!—the joy of

bringing "many sons to glory:" of transforming sinners into saints, saints into angels, and angels, I might almost add, into gods: the earth itself, meanwhile, regaining Eden, and Eden exchanging only for heaven.

Again: *How* did he come? That is, thirdly, on what *plan*? The original plan?—the plan of worldly wisdom?—the plan of faith in the devil?—the plan of treason to the Almighty?—the plan of seeking to be "as gods," by disobedience to the law of God! Thrice hallelujah! he did *not* so come! Such wisdom was folly with him. He came on the Father's plan. The object of this plan was his object—salvation. The principle of this plan was his principle—atonement! And all its practical provisions met in him—as he was mortal, human, holy, obedient, and surrounded by the incidents of humiliation and wo.

Lift high the Christmas chant once more! Join the first angel! Join the whole host of angels! Join the shepherds! Join the star! Join the wise men! Collect the after anthems! Call up the venerable priest; and the aged prophetess; and the abashed doctors; and the witnessing Baptist; and the commissioned apostles; and the thousands of disciples; and the myriads of beneficiaries; and the millions of spectators and auditors, whether friends or foes. Rehearse the marvels of his whole career—and tell me, if God in Christ hath not made foolish all the wisdom of the world!

If the season inspire you, indulge the inspiration. I, too, lay aside all scruples, and sympathize, this day, with the entire Christian world. I, too, draw near to the stable, and stoop to its lowly entrance, and stand by its simple manger. I, too, admire the confiding dignity and serene attentions of the foster father. I,

too, am charmed by the pale beauty and seraphic rapture of the maiden mother. And I, too, am quite entranced, not, indeed, with

“That trembling awe that dares not move,”

but, with a sort of

——Smiling “awe that” does “not move,
And all the silent heaven of love,”

as I gaze at, and believe in, and welcome, and adore—until, at last, with the dew-fall in my eyes, and the star shooting down into my heart, I drop upon my knees and worship—even as “all the angels” worship him—that dear little divinity—that blue-eyed baby embodiment of the blue heaven’s creator—that rosy-cheeked and dimple-handed infantile disguise of him who planted the flower-bowers of Paradise, and flushed the face of the first morning that looked down upon its bloom—that auburn-browed darling, every hair in whose golden ringlets may be taken as a symbol of the curling and shining line of some planetary orbit, gilding the far away darkness of immensity, in obedience to the wisdom which hides within that brow—that—what shall I call him more?—that sweet little Jesus! for so the season inspires me: that miniature Saviour, in whom, already, without restriction of essence or suspension of functions, “dwelleth all the fullness of the Godhead bodily.” Oh! tell me, tell me, if there be aught of the wisdom of the world in all this!

But Christmas is a deception, without Good Friday. Anticipate the day of death. To what *end* was Jesus born, and for what *cause* did he come into the world? Hark! “To *this* end was I born, and for *this* cause

came I into the world, that I should *bear witness unto the truth.*" *What* truth? The whole truth of the plan of salvation. And *how* bear witness to it? Not only by his instructions, and not only by his miracles; but, more particularly, by his sufferings and death. He came to *die*—and he *did* die. He preferred humanity to divinity, earth to heaven, servitude to sovereignty, scoffing to thanksgiving, Calvary to Zion, and the cross to the throne—on purpose that he might die! Surrounded by foes, suspended between thieves, and overshadowed with supernatural gloom—he exulted to die! The cloud passing away—the thieves hanging faint at his side—the group below watching in silence—the guilty city again looking forth from its dawning gates—he, happier than Pilate and Herod on their thrones—happier than the High Priest in his palace—happier than the Sanhedrim in the temple—happier than the people in their myriads of homes—happier than the happiest on earth—ay, even happier than the happiest in heaven—shouted from the “accursed tree,” “IT IS FINISHED!”—bowed his head upon his bosom, and gave up the ghost. *This* was the *plan!*

“O for this love let rocks and hills
 Their lasting silence break!
 And all harmonious human tongues
 Their Saviour’s praises speak!

“Angels, assist our mighty joys;
 Strike all your harps of gold;
 But when you raise your highest notes,
 His love can ne’er be told!”

But, once more—*How* did he come? That is, fourthly, with what *result*? The original result?—the effect of universal and unceasing disappointment?—

heart-crushing, man-dishonoring, and even God-reproaching disappointment? A thousand hallelujahs might herald the answer—He did *not* so come! The result was as God-like as the design.

See! Atonement was made! Salvation was secured! Witness the first proof in Christ's own exaltation: "Being in the form of God, and thinking it not robbery to be equal with God, he made himself of no reputation, and took upon him the form of a servant, and was made in the likeness of men, and, being found in fashion as a man, he humbled himself, and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross: *Wherefore*"—see! here is the wisdom of God! here is the result of obedience to God! here is the true method of becoming "as gods!"—"Wherefore, God also hath highly exalted him, and given him a name which is above every name; that, at the name of Jesus, every knee should bow, of things in heaven, and things in earth, and things under the earth; and that every tongue should confess that Jesus Christ is Lord, to the glory of God the Father."

Witness, also, the second proof in our own exaltation: for the exaltation of Christ is the symbol and pledge of our own entire and eternal redemption. Wherefore, we unite with the grateful and happy Apostle in the cry—"Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, which, according to his abundant mercy, hath begotten *us* again, unto a lively hope"—or the hope of life, instead of the dread of death—"by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead, to an inheritance, incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away, reserved in heaven for *you*, who are kept, by the power of God, through faith, unto salvation, ready to be revealed in the last time." See *that!* *There* is

the result of God's plan. How different from the effect of the wisdom of the world!

And what now? Preach! preach! preach! But, *what* shall we preach? Preach the Name! the One Great Name! the Name in which there is salvation! the "Only Name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved!" the name of Jesus; Jesus, the Christ; Jesus, the Christ, our blessed Lord and Saviour!

And *how* shall we preach him? In the way of worldly wisdom?—as a city-builder?—as a nation-founder?—as a world-conqueror? Never; no, never! What contemptible littleness is here! How the poor, sinful race mourns and perishes, on any such plan as this! Away with the wisdom of the world! Away with its guilt, and grief, and pride, and disappointment, and shame! Give me Jesus! "For I determined not to know anything among you, save Jesus Christ, and him crucified." This is the peerless name. Man did not give it. Man could not give it. Away with man's names! He cannot give us one, which, in this connexion, deserves to be heard. Here is the name that God has given! given it to me! given it to you! given it to all men under heaven! given it as the name whereby we may "be *saved!*" "Neither is there salvation in any other."

Having thus noticed the first and chief proposition—That God has given to the world the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth, whom the Jews crucified, and whom he raised from the dead, as the name whereby men must be saved: it were now in order to consider the other two, viz:—That there is none other name so given under heaven or among men; and, That there is not, therefore, salvation in any other. But, these

were not intended for enlarged discussion. They resemble mere inferences from the first; and may be briefly treated in the form of an appropriate conclusion.

Analyze the second. Notice its exclusiveness, distinctiveness, and cumulative emphasis. *There is none other name*—not even one. *So given*—by the same authority and with the same object. *Under heaven*—the most expanded and perfect natural comprehension which it is possible to make. *Or among men*—the most complete and various social comprehension.

True, other names abounded, and were mighty, when this statement was first uttered. Baal, in the east; Jupiter, in the west; and all their correlative hosts. In like manner, other names abound, and are mighty now. Paganism has Fohi, Budha, Brahma, and their innumerable subordinates. Magianism and Mohammedanism cling to the Fire-Priest and the Sword-Prophet. Judaism remembers Moses, and hopes for the unrevealed Messiah. And even Christianity—including Grecianism, with its Asian and African allies, and Romanism, and Protestantism—superstitiously cherishes many other names: some, names of angels; some, names of saints; some, names of fathers; some, names of councils; some, names of creeds; some, names of sacraments; and so on, almost without number. To the ancient names, thousands of millions of mankind bowed down. To the modern names, other thousands of millions have bowed down. Hundreds of millions bow down to them at this very moment. But, the most of these names were given by the devil—to degrade and destroy. And, even if God gave the others, it was not that they should be used as symbols of salvation. No saving merit is embodied in the best of them.

And here is the specific force of the third announcement—There is not, therefore, *salvation* in any other. They are not without power. It has been said that “the world is ruled by names:” and no proofs of the fact are so strong as those which are derived from religious connexions. *Sin* is in them, in all its elements, forms, and degrees: and, therefore, *evil* is in them, as the consequence of sin, in all its elements, forms and degrees. But—*salvation* from sin and evil is *not* in them.

What then? Who shall declare the destiny of the great majority of our race? Behold! they have trusted in names which cannot save them! Alas for them! But, must they, therefore, of absolute necessity, all be lost? To most benevolent persons, the supposition of such a doom is intolerable. What! All lost! Pagans, Mohammedans, Jews, and all classes of unevangelical Christians, lost, forever lost, because of their trust in worthless names! Never! never! And yet, where is the hope of their salvation? Take away all their reliances, and what is left?

“*Thanks be unto God for his unspeakable gift!*” There is another name, a common name, an infinitely higher and holier name, an entirely and eternally saving name. Though Baal and Jupiter fail them: though Fohi, Budha, and Brahma fail them: though Zoroaster and Mohammed fail them: though Moses and the unknown Messiah fail them: though oriental and occidental hierarchies fail them: though angels, saints, and fathers fail them: though councils, creeds, and sacraments fail them: though no pardon, no peace, no purity, no death-triumph, no heavenly inheritance, no element of redemption, of any kind, can be derived from any of these sources: there is one name which

cannot fail them. It is the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth: "the same yesterday, to-day, and forever:" the "Son" whom "the Father sent to be the Saviour of the world." What then? Shall all men be saved? Alas! we cannot affirm this. But, whether heard or unheard among men, the name of Jesus is ceaseless music at the throne which overlooks the world; and, to Him that sits upon the throne, and constantly and graciously surveys the world, it is the accepted symbol of an atonement co-extensive with sin. Wherever this atonement *can* be applied, it *is* applied. Wherever salvation is *possible*, it becomes *actual*. Wherever a sinner will *let* God save him, God, for Christ's sake, is *sure* to save him. If, resisting God, he perish, it is his own fault. How many thus finally and fatally resist, no man can tell. Both in the Bible and in the world this subject is a fearful contemplation. Men willfully make it so. But, on God's side, all is light and love, mercy and truth, righteousness and peace, grace and glory, and diffusive salvation. Let *us*, humbly and gratefully, avail ourselves of his goodness: and may the Only Saving Name soon become the Only Trusted Name in all the earth. Even so: Come, Lord Jesus!

LOVE:

THE APOSTLE—NOTHING WITHOUT LOVE.

“Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not love, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal.”

1 COR. xiii: 1.

THE Apostle!—the messenger of Christ to the whole world!—the highest human title ever brought from heaven or announced on earth!

The Apostle!—the incumbent of the noblest office in the Mediatorial kingdom!—the collective centre of all the gifts of the Holy Ghost!

The Apostle!—distinguished by the vision of Christ, the call of Christ, the instruction of Christ, the infallibility of Christ, the omnipotence of Christ—and intrusted with the universal and controlling superintendency of the work of Christ!

The Apostle!—without predecessor, as superior to all who came before: and without successor, as equally superior to all who come after!

Here, then, is the position at which we open our sublime contemplation—the very climacteric point of the glorious ministry of the divine Redeemer. From this position, which is close to the throne of Christ, we shall gradually descend—passing the prophet, the teacher, the miracle-worker, the healer, and the alms-giver—until, having exhausted all authority and all property, we come to the exhaustion of life itself, at the stake of the martyr, close by the cross of Christ:

and there, with the ashes of sacrifice at our feet, and the memory of the upper panorama of magnificence and splendor and power in our minds, we shall re-affirm the infinitely impressive truth, that, from first to last, from the highest to the lowest, through the whole range of honor and dishonor, there is nothing without love!

The original Apostles were twelve in number—corresponding with the twelve tribes of Israel, and all their correlative symbols; such as the twelve pillars of the altar, the twelve precious stones of the breast-plate, and the twelve loaves of shew-bread: corresponding, also, with the twelve stars, twelve gates, twelve angels, and twelve foundations of the New Jerusalem. One of these, however, like a precious stone, plucked from the breast-plate, and cast before swine: like a loaf of the shew-bread, taken from the holy table, and thrown to the dogs: like a pillar of the altar, subverted and broken: like a foundation-stone, removed from the wall of the city of God: like one of the gates of pearl, lifted from its golden staple, and dashed into a thousand fragments: like a star, glittering far above the turrets, but suddenly falling from its sphere, and fading into darkness: or, rather, like one of the angels, seized upon the very threshold of the portal, and plunged headlong into perdition: so, one of these, the original Apostles, more sadly than any of the cited examples, forsook the throne which archangels might have envied, and buried his crown of glory beneath the cinders of the coast where roll and foam forever the waves of quenchless fire.

But I may not dwell on the one, faithless: or the eleven, faithful: or the manner in which the latter deemed it expedient to supply the vacancy occasioned

by the treachery of the former. The group, as completed, confirmed, and irradiated with all heavenly inspirations, was the peerless group of the human race. If John the Baptist was at least the equal of any one born before him: and if the very least in the kingdom of heaven be greater than he: then, surely, it may be acknowledged that when we look upon the elect group of the greatest in the kingdom of heaven, we see, indeed, alike illustrious and immortal, the chiefs and champions of mankind.

I hasten, however, to invite your attention to the one, additional, extraordinary, and, in many respects, incomparable Apostle, in whose history we may find the best example of the dignity and endowments of the office. I mean, of course, the great Apostle to the Gentiles, the manly and godly Paul.

I love to think of the pre-existence and pre-arrangements of our Lord and Saviour. Nothing, scarcely, can be more interesting than the precursory intimations in regard to the appearance of Christ himself. First, he was promised in the guise of a Man: then as a Hebrew: then as an Israelite: then as a Judean: and then as of the city of David, of the house of David, and of a virgin daughter of David. We cannot suppose similar selections to have been of similar importance, in relation to the Apostles: and, therefore, as might be expected, we do not find such recorded. Still, we can hardly doubt that some determinations were made, and their fulfillment provided for, in these connexions.

The Jewish Apostles, it would seem, were all Galileans: all born on the shores, or in the neighborhood, of the Lake of Gennesaret. Moreover, they were all, or generally, occupied, in early life, with humble, active, out-door employments. These answered excel-

lent preparatory purposes. They made them familiar, on the one hand, with the revelation of God in nature—the grand facts of which are so prominent and impressive, that no commentary, however erroneous, can much impair their influence: and, on the other hand, they shut them up, pretty closely, in literature, to the revelation of God in the Bible, so preventing them from becoming familiar with the traditional records, which, in this relation, so strongly tended to obscure the sacred volume. Their faculties, therefore, it is presumed, were so developed and disciplined as to fit them far better for their ultimate instrumentality, as the instructed and anointed witnesses of Christ, than they would have been, if they had been born among the palaces of Zion, and educated within the cloisters of the temple. So much for the training of the Jewish Apostles.

It was not so, however, with the training of the great Apostle to the Gentiles. I turn away from Palestine, from Phœnicia, and from all Syria: and enter Asia Minor, through the “gates of Cilicia.” I come to the banks of a cold-flowing river, descending from adjacent and lofty mountains. I see an ancient and renowned city, not far from the coast of the Mediterranean, and with the river running through it, on its way from the mountains to the sea. This city was founded by Sardanapalus, king of Assyria. Triptolemus strengthened it by an Argive colony. Sandan, the Ethiopian, devoted his wealth to its improvement. The younger Cyrus was once here. Alexander the Great has been here. Julius Cæsar has been here. Cicero, great as a governor, as well as an orator, has been here. Here Mark Antony first beheld the beauty of Cleopatra. On these fair waters, her golden galley

spread its sails of purple silk, and dropped its silver oars to the sound of witching music, and gently bore her gay pavilion and gayer person to charm the eyes, and cheat the heart, and unnerve the arm of the master of the world. Here, too, the wiser and triumphant Augustus, lavished imperial honors and treasures, to elevate the dignity of the people and enhance the brilliance of the scene.

Thus, then, in succession, Assyrian, Argivian, Ethiopian, Persian, Macedonian, and Roman—it would seem that this favored city, constantly extending its commerce, and multiplying the elements of its prosperity, must have gathered to itself the arts and sciences, the philosophy, literature and eloquence, the mythologies and religions, of nearly all nations. So it has! And now, nothing is requisite, but that the Almighty shall embody, in the midst of these circumstances, one great soul—a soul that shall open its faculties to the influences of those silent and immovable mountains, of this cool and bracing river, of that rolling and sounding sea, of this pure and splendid sky, and of all these varied and quickening social energies—nothing but this is requisite, to provide a power, which, by the aid of a more immediate and spiritual blessing, shall make the globe its monument, and mark it all over with memorials of matchless deeds, before which all royal arches of conquest shall crumble into dust, and which will only shine the brighter when the fires of the last day shall break from their long restraint.

And is there no need for such a phenomenon? See! Far away to the southeast, some two years ago, the meteor burned over the manger of Bethlehem. At this moment, it may be, the babe of Bethlehem—the little fugitive Messiah—plays upon the bank of the

river of Egypt, watched alike by his virgin mother, seated in the shade of the palm, and by his Divine Father serenely enthroned in the cloudless sky. At the same time, the huts of the fishermen, along the shore of the Lake of Gennesaret, are merry with the voices and bright with the eyes of the young apostles who are destined to attend the personal ministry of their Lord, and become his special witnesses to his chosen people. But, where is the provision for the fulfillment of the prophecies in relation to the calling of the Gentiles into the kingdom of God? Surely, there is a need, yet unsupplied.

Behold, then, in this rare city of the northwest, almost within the shadow of Mount Taurus, and among this magnificent variety of the homes and haunts of heathenism, Judaism, by the providence of God, has secured a highly respectable representation. Here, in a word, is the appointed place; and there, in that Jewish mansion, God has embodied the great soul which is destined to be the chief servant of his Son, in the form of the free-born infant, SAUL OF TARSUS.

But, I cannot thus continue to expatiate on his history. I am warranted, however, in such an opening of it; for the Apostle himself declared, in after life, that "it pleased God to *separate*" him from his *very birth*, "and *call*" him "by his grace, to *reveal his Son* in" him, "that" he "might *preach him among the heathen*:" so that, when he was afterward called by Christ himself, it was in fulfillment of the original purpose: and such a purpose seems to intimate to us, very plainly, one of the reasons, at least, why, though a Jew was preferred for its accomplishment, he should be born beyond the precincts of the Holy Land—not in Judea, nor yet even in Galilee, but away in Cilicia,

among all the assembled distinctions of the heathen world.

I have spoken of him as a great soul: and this for the sake of vindicating the prerogatives of such a soul. Strabo is reported as representing the youth of Tarsus, "after having well laid the foundations of literature and science in their own schools at home," as demonstrating their zeal for learning by resorting to the most celebrated institutions abroad. Saul, however, as a "Hebrew of the Hebrews"—"a Pharisee, and the son of a Pharisee"—is supposed to have been confined, while at home, chiefly, if not exclusively, to a Jewish education: and when, according to the example of the higher Gentile families, he, too, was sent abroad to perfect his education, instead of repairing to Athens or Rome, he went to Jerusalem, as desiring rather to become a Jewish Rabbi, than either a Grecian philosopher or a Roman orator.

Still, who can doubt that his teeming susceptibilities were powerfully impressed by all the more prominent circumstances of that early position? It is the prerogative of such a soul to open its capacity to the comprehension of the whole circle of its relative existence. Even its apparent idleness may be only the calm intensity of universal and unobscured contemplation. All nature and all society, collecting at every point the memories of the past, the developments of the present, and the tendencies toward the future, lie exposed to its vision: and it silently attracts to itself the distinctive elements and controlling laws of the entire combination. So it becomes prepared for the after excitement of its thousand enthusiasms; the sublime and steady supremacy of its indomitable will;

and the successful execution of its vast and multiplied enterprises.

What though its home education be the training of truth, and all beyond is the delusion of falsehood? Its allegiance to the true cannot keep it insensible to the vicinity of the false. Rather, its holy estimate of the infinite superiority of truth is constantly suggestive of confirmatory comparisons: and where, especially, the great majority of mankind are the victims of the false, the very sympathies which identify the generous nature with the whole brotherhood of humanity, prompt it to the mastery of every principle, and the appropriation of every fact, which may aid the aims of a noble and useful life.

When, therefore, I find the Apostle, in his later years, so often alluding, in his speeches and writings, to the philosophy and science, the poetry and eloquence of the Gentiles, I cannot but accept these facts as tokens of the early concentration, within his ample and discriminating consciousness, of all the important distinctions of his position. It was not necessary that he should be a student in heathen schools, to make this consummation. With such a spirit, it was the natural result of quick special perceptions, general sympathies, and systematic intuitions. Could he think of riches—and not recall the name of Sardanapalus, and all the treasures of the Orient, some nine hundred years before? or forget the wealth of the West, and the gifts of Augustus, in his own day? Could he think of courage—and not remember the bravery and the exploits of Alexander the Great and Julius Cæsar? Could he think of pleasure—without the concurrent illustration of Antony and Cleopatra? Could he think of eloquence—without a thrill, as though Cicero were

still at Tarsus, or the ghost of Demosthenes had crossed the Ægean? What though he might compare with these the first king of Israel, whose name he bore; and the mightier David, and the magnificent Solomon, and the orators of inspiration, Isaiah, Jeremiah, Ezekiel, and their compeers? Was it not the better for him, in prospect of his future sphere, to be able to make such comparisons?

But now follow him more rapidly. This great soul—this myriad-minded and mighty-hearted youth—this Greek and Roman Hebrew—this Jew and Gentile both—was transferred from Tarsus to Jerusalem. By this time, the Messiah had opened his mission; gathered the Galilean Apostles around him; and, it would seem, had even finished his work and ascended to heaven. If Christ, however, had still remained, in all probability this proud and fiery young Pharisee would have esteemed him the last person in all Palestine at whose feet to sit down as a pupil. He sought the most distinguished doctor of the law, the very “head of the college,” the princely Gamaliel, and placed himself at *his* feet—doubtless in hope of one day sitting by his side, or filling his vacant throne.

But, was Gamaliel himself inclined to be a Christian? And, if he saw his impetuous scholar kindling with false zeal, did he say to him, as he said to the council, when the Apostles had been before them, “Refrain from these men, and let them alone?” We know not: but, if he did, Saul must have despised his advice; for, though he afterward declared that he was “taught according to the perfect manner of the law of the fathers, and was zealous toward God,” he was constrained to add, as if he had turned from Gamaliel with an intolerant and malicious temper—“And I persecuted this way unto the death.”

Behold, then, this finest specimen of the natural man—fully developed, highly disciplined, richly endowed—in all the glory of his youth, and in all the expansion of his pride and power, showing, in every movement, the inward and swelling force, the teeming and sparkling energies, of the blended elements of Tarsus and Jerusalem, breathed into his soul of souls by the spirit of ages!

Behold him! at large and at work—performing, like an angel, the task of a fiend! Behold him, at the head of his troop, the haughtiest of the haughty, checking his foaming and champing steed on the height overlooking Damascus. Little thinks he of the Form that so softly descends to meet him. *His* vision is charmed by the beauty of Damascus. But the eyes that shine over heaven are fixed on *him*. *His* hand points with rapture to the paradise of palaces. But the hand that wields the thunder of omnipotence, or lets loose, as it lists, the doves of mercy, is extended over him in judgment and in blessing. See! the Holy One who is remembered as the babe of Bethlehem, the prattler of Egypt, the boy of Nazareth, the prophet of the Galilean Apostles, the crucified one of Calvary, the risen one of Olivet, the crowned one of Heaven, and the giver of the Holy Ghost: Jesus himself has met him. And how shall I tell the result? I confess I do not know. I would fain intimate what I cannot fully express: that, by some divine power, the mere disclosure of whose presence made the sun turn pale—by some sort of spiritual electricity, which struck the persecutor to the ground, and yet left his intellect clear and his will free—the elements of all nature and all nations, collected within his glorious constitution, were instantly fused into a pure and simple medium, through which the light of the Holy Spirit, soon to be

revealed in him, might shine forth, changing him from glory to glory, transfiguring him into the image of his Lord, and making the apostle elect an Apostle in fact, with not a nation in the world from whom he had ever received a thought or an impulse to whom he was not commissioned to return, bearing "the fullness of the blessing of the gospel of Christ."

And now, attend to a new correspondency. Why was he not arrested in Jerusalem? Why did not Christ reveal himself to him there? or lead him forth to the shore of Gennesaret, and call him to his office there? "Am I not an Apostle?" he inquired of these Corinthians. "Have I not seen Jesus Christ our Lord?" Ay, but *when* did he see him? "Last of all," is his own reply, "he was seen of me also, as of one born out of due time." And *where* did he see him? Nowhere within the limits of the Holy Land! Do you not see? The great Apostle to the Gentiles was born among the Gentiles, and "born again" among the Gentiles! first, at Tarsus: next, at Damascus.

But this was only the beginning of his official career. As a man—a mere natural man—a man of vast and varied, but yet unsanctified capabilities, heathenism and Judaism had encompassed and impressed him by their utmost attractions: but it yet remained for Christianity to turn him to his proper and incomparable uses. Having now received the vision of Christ, and the call of Christ, the other essentials of the apostolate were soon superadded. Think of the opening of his blinded eyes on a new world: the baptism of his body with water, and the filling of his soul with the Holy Ghost. Think of his prolonged and thorough instruction, by Christ himself, in all the con-

nexions of the old and new covenants, and the ordinances and destiny of his boundless and endless empire. Think, in a word, of this grandest of all its distinctions, that, however diversified were the inferior gifts and subordinate offices of the Church, all gifts and all offices were concentrated in the apostolate, as the authoritative representative of Christ over all.

Are there, indeed, as formerly enumerated, so many distinct gifts of the Spirit—wisdom, and knowledge, and faith, and healing, and miracles, and prophecy, and discernment of spirits, and tongues, and the interpretation of tongues? And are there, indeed, as were also enumerated, just as many official appointments of the Son, to embody and exercise these gifts? True: and yet it is also true, that whoever looks at the apostolate may see all in one! And this was needful to their universal action and government.

Behold, then, the fully developed and fully equipped Apostle! combining the grandest selection of personal qualities and official endowments that ever adorned the globe! Behold him! standing apart, alone, sublime: contemplating the world as his area, and all time as the multiplier of the influences he is about to set in motion! Behold his noble assumption of his duties, in that same eastern city—the Gentile Damascus. Follow him, by land and sea, from city to city, from province to province, from continent to continent: repeatedly returning, as he does, to Jerusalem, and visiting every colonial synagogue; yet ever turning away to his greater work, and appealing to the nations in whole. See him in Tarsus again: and go forth with him, in his new life, to Antioch, to Salamis, to Paphos, to Iconium, to Derbe, to Lystra, to Troas, to Philippi, to Thessalonica, to Berea, to Athens, to Corinth, to

Ephesus, to Cæsarea, and to Rome. Here, at last, in the metropolis of the Gentiles, he must *die!* But see!

“THE WORD OF WISDOM!” *Hark!* He speaks it “among them that are *perfect*; yet not the wisdom of this world, nor of the princes of this world, that come to nought: but—the wisdom of God in a mystery, even the hidden wisdom, which God ordained before the world unto our glory.”

“THE WORD OF KNOWLEDGE!” *Hark!* He speaks this, also—proclaiming to the hitherto uninformed the truth “as it is in Jesus”—“determined not to know anything among” men, “save Jesus Christ and him crucified.”

“THE WORD OF FAITH!” *Hark!* He announces this, also—“in *demonstration* of the Spirit and of power:” That the faith of the feeble may “not stand in the wisdom of men, but in the power of God.”

“THE GIFT OF HEALING!” See! the cripple at Lystra leaps up at his call; the fallen youth at Troas arises as from the dead; the unvisited sick, in Ephesus and around it, are cured by the missives of kindness; and the rude islanders of Melita start from their pallets of fever and pain, to bless the coming of their shipwrecked benefactor!

“THE GIFT OF MIRACLES!” See the sorcerer of Paphos—struck as blind as was Saul himself at Damascus, but without so relenting a spirit: and again—the demoniac maiden of Philippi, dispossessed and redeemed!

“THE GIFT OF PROPHECY!” See his foresight of near results, in his own history, as the safety of every life involved with his own in shipwreck: and again, his grander perception of the events of the latter times, the manifestation of the man of sin, the second

advent of Christ, the resurrection of the dead, the change of the living, and the final and eternal triumph of the kingdom of God.

“THE GIFT OF DISCERNING SPIRITS!” See this in exercise, both in wrath and mercy: as when, at Paphos, being “filled with the Holy Ghost,” he “set his eyes” on that sorcerer, and exclaimed, “O full of all subtilty and all mischief, thou child of the devil, thou enemy of all righteousness:” and again, when he “steadfastly” beheld that lowly and longing cripple at Lystra, and perceived that he had “faith to be healed.”

THE GIFT OF “TONGUES!” Doubtless, by his education alone, he spoke freely in Hebrew, and Greek, and Latin; but, besides these, he spoke, by the Spirit, whatever dialect was required in every district of every country he ever entered. “I thank my God,” he wrote to these same Corinthians, “I speak with tongues more than ye all.”

And thus we are brought to—

THE GIFT OF INTERPRETING TONGUES—a gift that he valued far more highly than their unintelligent utterance: wherefore, when he made the declaration just cited, he was careful to add—“Yet, in the church, I had rather speak five words with my understanding, that I might teach others also, than ten thousand words in” a foreign or “unknown tongue.”

And yet, surely, besides the grandeur of this concentration of *natural qualities*, and *educational advantages*, and *spiritual gifts*, and *ecclesiastical offices*, and the constant and extensive *action* of all, within the limits of this *one apostolate*, there is another and most impressive concentration, which it were great injustice to our theme to overlook. I mean his *humiliations*, and *labors*, and *privations*, and *exposures*, and *oppositions*,

and *persecutions*, and *afflictions*, and *successes*, and *exaltations*, and the progressive and prospective *influence* of his *office*, in all lands and ages. Let me touch these points, if it be only as the telegraph key is touched:

HUMILIATIONS—The guise of a journeyman tent-maker, for the great Apostle to the Gentiles, in all the capitals of the Gentiles, for nearly thirty years!

LABORS—Not the mere name of his trade, nor yet the toil of obligation, but the industry of choice, and independence, and benevolence. “I have coveted no man’s silver, or gold, or apparel. Yea, ye yourselves know that *these hands* have ministered unto *my necessities*, and to *them that were with me.*”

PRIVATIONS—“Not that I speak in respect of *want*,” said he, “for I have learned, in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be *content.*” And yet, from the very next verse, it appears that he knew how to be “*abased*,” and to be “*hungry*,” and “to *suffer need.*”

EXPOSURES—“Thrice I suffered shipwreck, a night and a day have I been in the deep; in journeyings often, in perils of waters, in perils of robbers, in perils by mine own countrymen, in perils by the heathen, in perils in the city, in perils in the wilderness, in perils in the sea, in perils among false brethren.”

OPPOSITIONS—Everywhere, as at Corinth, “the Jews opposed themselves, and blasphemed:” and everywhere, as in Galatia, the Judaizing teachers among the Christians opposed themselves: and everywhere, among the Gentiles, “the oppositions of science, falsely so called,” and “the wisdom of the world,” and the craft of idolatry, and the policy of States, arrayed themselves against him.

PERSECUTIONS—“I could wish that myself were accursed from Christ,” said he, “for my brethren, my

kinsmen according to the flesh:" and yet the Jews repaid him, "five times," with "forty stripes save one," and in every way abused him from first to last; some of them binding themselves, under a "great curse," that they "would neither eat nor drink till they had killed" him. As for the Gentiles: the masses, whom he strove to redeem, rejected and mobbed him: the magistrates, for whom he prayed and taught the Church to pray, scourged, chained and imprisoned him: and on the very spot where he healed the cripple, and where even the priests of Jupiter brought garlanded oxen to offer him sacrifice, the Jews persuaded the people to stone him, and left him lying in his blood for dead.

AFFLICTIONS—The "thorn in the flesh"—"the messenger of Satan to buffet him"—the occasion of the reproach which so often assailed him, that his "bodily presence" was "weak" and his "speech contemptible."

SUCSESSES—Despite of all his humiliations, and labors, and privations, and exposures, and oppositions, and persecutions, and afflictions—by the grace of God, he filled the cities with churches, the kingdoms with evangelists, and the world with Christians. Not only "from Jerusalem round about unto Illyricum," but it may have been, that from the plains of Damascus round about to the olive-groves of Spain, the vineyards of Gaul, and the white strand of Briton, he "fully preached the gospel of Christ." Despite of the Jews, the sanctuary tottered, and the synagogues fell. Despitè of the Gentiles, the idols were demonstrated to be "nothing in the world;" and their mightiest temples mere monuments of emptiness, or abominable seclusions of fraud and crime. And, despite of the Devil, it came to be understood that the head of the

serpent was bruised with a wound that no lapse of time can cure, while the heel of him who bruised it was quite restored, and the crucified Man of Calvary had already become the crowned Sovereign of Glory, and the certain conqueror of Death and Hell.

And then, his EXALTATIONS—how opportunely and beautifully they came to his relief. Not terrible were his visions, after the first fearful glare, near the gates of Damascus. How kindly the same Saviour once hurried him from Jerusalem! How gently he encouraged him amid the trials of Corinth! How approvingly he assured him that as he had testified of him in Jerusalem, so he must “bear witness also at Rome.” But who shall tell his ecstasy, when, not content with honoring him on earth, his Lord directed him to be “caught up to the third heaven:” and again, to be “caught up into Paradise”—there, at least, not only to see, but, as though his privileges were enlarged, also to hear—to hear, it may be, the tongues of the angels to whom he refers in the text—tongues yet unspeakable indeed, not lawful or possible for a man to utter, but full of the love of God, and the glory of his redeemed creation! And yet, not even this is all. One exaltation more, he has already secured. “For I am now ready to be offered,” said he—when his brow was wrinkled with age, and his spirit was longing for immortality—“and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith: Henceforth,” he exclaims—as though it had been shown him in heaven—“henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give me at that day: and”—for this would be insufficient joy for such a soul as his—“and not unto

me only, but unto all them also that love his appearing!”

But is there not *one* point more? Ah me! I could never have done! And yet I did say something of his progressive and prospective INFLUENCE! But who can tell it? See! They rise around me! Historians, with their Pauline events: chronologists, with their Pauline dates: geographers, with their Pauline places: architects, with their Pauline buildings: painters, with their Pauline pictures: sculptors, with their Pauline statues: poets, with their Pauline verses: kings, and heroes, and orators, with their Pauline names: theologians and ecclesiastics, with their Pauline literature and institutions: churches, and states, and nations, with their Pauline traditions and memorials: Gentile Christians, from pole to pole, with ten thousand celebrations of their great and glorious Apostle! And yet, hear the Apostle himself. Let him descend from heaven, and illustrate this pulpit in the name of our common Lord and Master. Let him bring with him only one clear, comprehensive remembrance of the love of God, and that will be enough for our purpose.

Hark! As I wrote to the Corinthians, so I repeat to you: “*Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not LOVE, I am become as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal.*”

THE APOSTLE IS NOTHING WITHOUT LOVE.

LOVE:

THE PROPHET—NOTHING WITHOUT LOVE.

“And though I have the gift of prophecy—and have not love, I am nothing.”—1 Cor. xiii: 2.

THE Prophet!—the orator of the future—the oracle of the Holy Ghost—the special witness of Christ to designated persons, classes, and nations!

The Prophet!—the incumbent of the second office in the mediatorial kingdom—the collective centre of all spiritual gifts, except those which are distinctive of the universal supremacy of the Apostle!

The Prophet!—not essentially dependent upon visible communion with Christ in the flesh; and, therefore, appearing either before, or with, or after the great manifestation—a member of a succession as ancient and continuous as the history of revelation!

Such being the scope of this theme, I must turn at once to its most attractive points, and touch them rapidly and lightly.

1. What is the *nature* of the gift of prophecy? It is spiritual sensation; the opening of the spiritual senses to spiritual objects; the release of the spirit of man from its usual restraints, and its admission to a participation in the intelligence of the Spirit of God; the special, immediate, and divine instruction of an elect agent, in such a condition, for outward, ministerial purposes.

2. What are the *modes* by which the instruction is given? In some cases, by visions and voices—corresponding with the supernatural susceptibilities just described. In these cases, the ordinary action of the bodily and mental faculties is not suspended. The prophet is wide awake, and in full self-possession: but the gift which glides into him superadds an extraordinary energy to his whole being—exciting a force of will, a fire of sentiment, and a vividness of imagination; a glow of poetry, a gush of pathos, and a glory of eloquence, never known except in demonstration of its own presence, and for the accomplishment of its noblest ends. In other cases, the intelligence is imparted by dreams. These merely require the sleep of the body, and the appropriate improvement of a common natural process, so as to render it significant, and impress it permanently and plainly on the memory and understanding. In other cases, there seems to be only a silent inspiration of quickening suggestions—a delightful enlargement and clearness of intuition, especially in connexion with the study of the Bible and nature.

3. What are the *degrees* of this gift? These seem to be only two: which, therefore, may be conveniently distinguished as superior, and inferior. The superior degree implies instruction, not only in relation to the past and present, but, also, and pre-eminently, in relation to the future. This degree, moreover, includes the subordinate gifts of teaching, miracles, healing, tongues, &c. In a word, the possessor of this degree, is the prophet in full grandeur. The inferior degree is confined, chiefly, to a better training than is otherwise accessible in the knowledge of the past and present—the comprehension of natural and recorded

mysteries, and their relations to the future, as the future is laid open by the discoveries of those who are invested with the higher degree. This lower degree of the gift of prophecy, therefore, is nearly or quite identical with what is afterward styled the gift of teaching—as the next discourse is expected to show. Generally speaking, it would seem that this degree did *not* include the subordinate gifts of miracles, healing, &c.

4. What is the *design* of this gift? This is as simple, sublime, and glorious—as distinctively obvious—as the sun in mid-heaven. It is—to qualify its possessor to be a witness of Christ—to testify of Christ.

“I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end, the first and the last,” said Christ. As the elements of all literature, however vast and complex its combinations, may be found in the letters of the alphabet, so the solution of the government of the world may be found in the personal agency of Christ. From the beginning to the end, from first to last, recognized or unrecognized, his all-searching sovereignty controls its whole development. We cannot doubt this fact: and yet how wonderful it is!

See! Nature attests the Creator, but not the Mediator. What then? If, since the creation of nature, a great moral change has occurred, requiring the world to be put under special mediatorial government, shall not the Mediator be proclaimed? If nature be constitutionally incapable of bearing testimony to his reign, shall not some other witness be provided? Surely, some other must be provided. Here, then, is a great need to be supplied.

It may seem strange that such a need should exist. Why, it may be asked, might not the Mediator reveal

himself? The facts, here, are very interesting. From our present position, it is not difficult to look back upon them, with some justness of appreciation. We may thus appreciate, perhaps, both the general seclusion and occasional disclosures of the Mediator.

See! According to the plan, he was sometime to be manifest in the flesh. That time was deferred until four thousand years had gone by. During this interval, of necessity, he refrained from this kind of manifestation. Nevertheless, it was desirable that his continuous existence and superintendency should be occasionally demonstrated to the passing generations, by inferior appearances: and, therefore, such appearances are actually recorded. He did reveal himself—perhaps to the full extent of consistency with the plan.

The reasons for restraint, however, on his own part, whatever they were, confirmed the need of other witnesses. The earliest method adopted for the supply of this need was, the establishment of religious institutions—regular, symbolical, mediatorial institutions. These, however, in all ages, have proved insufficient: on which account, irregular and extraordinary institutions—if I may so style them—have been introduced and sustained, according to the pressure of current circumstances.

Now, it is in these connexions, that we find the origin of the gift of prophecy. All other witnesses might fail: but prophecy was sure to succeed. The whole sacrificial institute, priest, victim, altar, offerer, and shrine, might so degenerate as to forget all relations to the invisible but ever-active Messiah: but the Messiah himself, though still, in wisdom, withholding his glory from the priesthood and people, might reveal himself to the prophet, and the prophet was certain to

lift up his voice like a trumpet and proclaim his message without fear or favor.

This, indeed, was the grand design of his office—to do what Nature, with all its voices, could not do; to do what Society, with all its voices, failed to do; to do what Christ himself was personally restrained from doing; to vindicate, in every presence, and at all hazards, the holiness and justice, the majesty and mercy of the mediatorial government; to declare the goings forth of the Mighty One from everlasting; his continued and supreme sovereignty; and the magnificence of his future progress toward the ultimate attainment of universal and perpetual empire. Therefore, the almost innumerable passages agreeing with the following: “To him give all the prophets witness.” And again: It was “the Spirit of Christ which was in them”—that “testified beforehand the sufferings of Christ and the glory that should follow.” And again: “The testimony of Jesus is the spirit of prophecy:” or, in other words, the spirit or soul of all prophecy is the testimony it bears to our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

It were interesting to dwell on various other points, in these preliminary observations: but I can only allude to one more, and then proceed to a summary opening of the main contemplation.

5. The additional point here may be suggested by a fifth inquiry: What is the *limitation* of the gift of prophecy? And to this I answer, briefly—the *legal constitution* under which it is exercised. That is, the prophet is neither a law-giver, nor a law-reformer. He is rather an assertor of the law, when it is neglected; and an avenger of the law, when it is broken. He may predict changes, but not ordain them. True: the

case of Moses may be objected; but the objection is obviated by the fact that Moses was *both* a law-giver and a prophet—not a law-giver *as* a prophet. Under the Patriarchal dispensation, it was the office of the prophet to bear witness for Christ, according to the covenant then in force. Under the Levitical dispensation, it was his duty to do the same, according to the covenant then in force. And under the Christian dispensation, it is his duty to do the same, according to the covenant now in force. It makes no difference in what way, or by what authority, Christ is dishonored: it is the prophet's office to vindicate his honor, and that, not by the substitution of plans of his own, but simply by insisting upon, and, if practicable, securing the revival and observance of the laws and institutions of Christ.

With these remarks, omitting others, I hasten to a quick unrolling of the prophetic panorama.

Zacharias, you may remember, “was filled with the Holy Ghost,” and prophesied: blessing “the Lord God of Israel” for the fulfillment of the predictions of “his holy prophets, which,” he added, “*have been since the world began.*” Need I cite any similar passages? Surely, as it is sometimes said, one is as good as a thousand. Very well. Here, then, is the range—*Prophets since the world began!*

You see, at once, a vast difference between the Prophets and the Apostles. The Apostles, by the conditions of their office, were limited to a single generation. Space, not time, was their element. Therefore, their number—not, by the way, like a single Pope, shut up in the Vatican, or posting, in disguise, to Gaeta—but twelve or thirteen Apostles at once: demanded, as they were, by the extent of their mission

and the necessity of its fulfillment in so short a period—Apostles, it may be added, as was formerly stated, not one of whom had, or could have, either predecessor or successor. These glorious cotemporaries, in regard to the occupancy of space, far excelled the whole succession of Prophets, from the beginning of the world to the advent of the Mediator.

The Prophets, on the other hand, according to the conditions of their office, extended their line through a long series of generations. There was no era, however, if I remember correctly, in which a cotemporary group of Prophets, equal in number and prominence to the group of Apostles, made its appearance. Nevertheless, it is plain, that, as the Apostles surpassed the Prophets in occupancy of space, so the Prophets far excelled the Apostles in occupancy of time. Time, indeed, and not space, is the prophetic element. The Apostles continually traversed space: the Prophets were always exploring time. The Apostles were scarcely ever at home: the Prophets seldom went abroad.

Another difference may be touched, as we glide along—at first sight, but only at first sight, of advantage to the Prophets. Though the Apostles, compared with the whole succession of Prophets, were so few, yet, as was formerly noticed, one of their number was lost. Among all the Prophets, there is no example of an equivalent fall. Many and great were the errors of some—particularly of some who were not exclusively Prophets—but their record names not one who bears a brand like that of Judas Iscariot: the pitiful wretch who at once betrayed Divinity, disgraced humanity, and destroyed himself.

Yet it is well to remember that Pentecost had not then inbreathed its powers. After that, the timid one,

who had previously trembled at the voice of a maiden, was more than a match for the world. So, in relation to the Prophets. The gift of the Spirit was the induction into their office. There was no time to doubt, and no reason for doubt. God was in them: God was with them: God was for them: and denial would have been blasphemy; and disobedience, rebellion; and distrust, as abominable as idolatry. Therefore, when rulers became corrupt, and the people corrupt, and the priesthood, fearful of both, and careful chiefly of self, became more corrupt than either—the Prophet, though apparently alone, stood forth in the frailty of man, but with the courage and power of an angel, and denounced their crimes, and instantly inflicted, or unerringly predicted, the due award of wrath. Therefore, they were generally so bitterly hated and cruelly wronged. Never said Stephen, or any other, to the Jews, Which of the *Priests* have your fathers not persecuted? but the Christian proto-martyr did sting them by the challenge, “Which of the *Prophets* have your fathers not persecuted?” The Prophets were all faithful to their gift, and to him who gave it.

What then? Such was the race of men, whose succession now unrolls. And lo!—the opening of the antediluvian world! See Enoch, the seventh from Adam—the Sabbath-man!—standing in the midst of the mighty multitude of giants in stature, and giants in sin. See him lifting his hand toward the home of him who hallowed the Seventh day, and has equally hallowed the seventh man, and hear him exclaim, “Behold, the Lord cometh with ten thousand of his saints, to execute judgment upon all, and to convince all that are ungodly among them of all their ungodly deeds which they have ungodly committed, and of all their hard speeches which ungodly sinners have spoken

against HIM!" Do you not see? Hark, again! "Against HIM!" Against the LORD! Against CHRIST! There is the true Prophet—the incorruptible witness for Christ!

Behold! again—that same beautiful world, changed, by the command of Christ, into one vast prison: and all its inhabitants held in bonds, as convicted and condemned criminals. The mountain doors are shut, and none but Christ can open them. The windows of heaven are covered with thick clouds, and only as the wind sways them does even a gleam of the light beyond come down between the bars. Yet, in that gleam, I see the pale face and compassionate countenance of Noah, as he stands, for the last time, prompted by the spirit of Christ within him, and pleads with the crowds of prisoners, sitting sullen in the deepening shadows, and scowling upon their last and best friend. How many among them has he known long and loved well! And why does he now appear, as if against them? Not that he loves them less, but Christ more. There, again, is the true Prophet—the only witness left to vindicate his Lord! And if he turn away, by the one passage which his deliverer still keeps unclosed for his exit, it is only because there is no more hope.

Behold, again!—a new world, and a new race, but soon overrun with old sins. And Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob—favored with visions and instructed by voices, and dreams, and silent, sightless inspirations—pass before us, renewing the testimony for the Almighty Mediator.

And so we come to Moses! Lo! the sea parts: the mountain darkens, and flames, and resounds: and away through the low and level track, the cloud of the tabernacle, without lightning or thunder, shades the

desert by day, and shines on the silent tents and sparkling sands through the cool and grateful night. Remember the superiority of the Prophet to the Priest. "Thou shalt be (to Aaron) instead of God." Remember, also, the sayings of later times: "Had ye believed *Moses*, ye would have believed me," said Jesus to the Jews, "for *he wrote of me!*" And so again: "Beginning at *Moses*, and all the prophets, he expounded (unto his disciples) in all the Scriptures, the things concerning *himself*." And thus another instance, where many might be added: "All things must be fulfilled, which were written in the *law of Moses*, and in the Prophets, and in the Psalms, concerning *me*."

Turn, then, to the death-scene of Moses. As, in the prime of life, he esteemed "the *reproach of Christ* greater riches than the treasures of Egypt," and as, through the eventful progress of life, he has never shrunk from the *testimony of Christ*, so now—see!—having just stood on Pisgah, by the *side of Christ*, and followed the pointing of his finger in a rapturous survey of the Promised Land, and understood this as a symbol of the beauty and bliss of the Better Land, he is not only content to die there, apart from all Israel, and with none near him but his Lord; but he is happy also to know that his Lord himself will bury him, even though it be where no man shall find him—ay, infinitely happier than he could be, if, dying in the palace of the Pharaohs, he should be assured that his embalmed body, enclosed in a sculptured sarcophagus, would be deposited in the proudest of the pyramids, amidst the lamentations of all Egypt and the memorial homage of the world. To Moses there was nothing desirable, but to be a worthy witness of Christ.

And so passes Joshua, the triumphant type of Christ, looking as though he had just returned from

the National Assembly, and was yet full of the serenity of the noble resolution with which he closed his testimony—"If it seem evil to you, to serve the LORD"—that is, to serve CHRIST—"choose you this day whom ye will serve; whether the gods which your fathers served that were on the other side of the flood, or the gods of the Amorites, in whose land ye dwell: but, as for *me* and my *house*, we will serve the LORD."

And so follows the saintly Samuel, another opener of a prophetic epoch: wherefore St. Peter declared, "Yea, and all the prophets, from Samuel, have likewise foretold of these days."

And so follows David—once awfully polluted as a king, but always true as a Prophet: whose sin, acknowledged and forgiven, may now be passed over; but whose Psalms, enshrining, like the glorious robe of the High Priest, the sacred form of the Mediator, shall bear their purple pomegranates, and ring their golden bells at every movement before the mercy seat, until the final hour of reappearance and blessing.

And so we come to the golden ages of prophecy. But here—reverting a moment to the *past*—how lightly it has been touched! Where were Eldad and Medad, and the seventy elders, among whom the overflow of the Spirit in Moses was divided, making them all prophets, and occasioning the noble cry—"Would God all the Lord's people were prophets!" or, all Christ's disciples his truly inspired witnesses? Where, too, was the company of prophets at Naioth, and the first band of Saul's messengers, prophesying among them? and the second band, prophesying among them? and the third band, prophesying among them? and Saul, himself, prophesying among them? Even so must it be. Time admits no more.

Turn we, then, to the golden eras—not, indeed, of national prosperity, but of prophetic grandeur, fidelity and power. See the rending of the kingdom, under Rehoboam, and the rivalry of the houses of Judah and Israel. Glance at the succession of prophets, for some two hundred and fifty years, in each kingdom: *first*, in ISRAEL—Abijah, Elijah, Micaiah, Elisha, Jonah, Amos, Hosea, and Oded—so coming to the captivity of the ten tribes in Assyria: and *then, secondly*, in JUDAH—Shemaiah, Azariah, Hanani, Jehu, Eliezer, Jahaziel, Zechariah, Joel, Isaiah, and Micah; and *then*, still in Judah, but after the captivity of the other tribes, Nahum, Zephaniah, Jeremiah, Habakkuk, Huldah, (the prophetess,) and Obadiah; and *then*, during the seventy years' captivity of Judah itself in Babylon, the ministry of Ezekiel—the Peter of the prophets—ever looking back toward his own land and nation: and the magnificent office of Daniel—the Paul of the Prophets—surveying the world of the Gentiles, and claiming it all for Christ: and *then*, glance again at the three witnesses, *after* the captivity, and the return to Jerusalem—Haggai, Zachariah and Malachi. Thus we come within four hundred years of the advent of Christ himself—and close the prospect with the prediction of John the Baptist—the morning star of the new dispensation, and of Jesus, himself, “the Sun of Righteousness,” rising upon all mankind with “healing in his wings.”

What shall we do with such a succession as this? Let me increase the difficulty, by adding to it the succession of the new covenant. Remember, however, if you please, that, generally speaking, the higher degree of prophecy was superseded in the new era—in part, by the recorded predictions of preceding periods: but,

chiefly, by the personal disclosures of the Prophet of prophets—the manifest Christ himself. The humbler degree of prophecy—the gift of teaching—of understanding and explaining the mysteries of the Book of books—this is the distinction of the true Church of Christ. Still, John, the precursor, must never be forgotten. The fact that the Apostles were also Prophets, must not be forgotten. St. Peter's application of the prophecy of Joel, on the day of Pentecost, to the disciples generally, both men and women, in connexion with visions, and dreams, and spiritual utterance, must not be forgotten. The "prophets" who came "from Jerusalem to Antioch," must not be forgotten. Agabus, in particular, and Barnabas, and Simeon, and Lucius of Cyrene, and Manaen; and Judas, and Silas—all of whom are styled prophets—must not be forgotten. The Tyrian disciples, who warned Paul, by the Spirit, must not be forgotten. The four daughters of Philip the Evangelist, at Cæsarea, must not be forgotten, but rather associated with Miriam and Deborah, Hannah and Huldah, of the old dispensation.

We cannot but feel, however, that here, in the New Testament, we have no Acts of the Prophets: no predictions of the seers: no book corresponding with the Acts of the Apostles. On the former occasion, it was an easy thing to illustrate the dignity of our special subject, and so make the more impressive the startling announcement that all the concentrate gifts and offices of the apostolate are nothing without love! I had only to select the great Apostle to the Gentiles, as the example: collect and arrange the incidents of his history: develop the intimations of his character: portray the grandeur of his gifts and the successful administration of his complex office: and suggest the cumu-

lative progress and fullness of his unparalleled influence.

But what shall I do now? I have endeavored to open the whole Bible on my theme: and the elements of its collected intelligence lie all around us. Rather, the prophets themselves are here—all here. But they all stand in shadow. The Sun of Righteousness has gone down below the horizon: and not only, as we have just acknowledged, are we oppressed by the feeling that the glory has departed, and that the gray twilight is closing in upon us—but it is a clouded twilight—mountains, and plains, and coasts, and isles of clouds, and vast scaffold-like bars of gloom, that seem designed to fill each open space, and deepen the cold and common darkness.

And yet, see! Was it ever so known from the foundation of the world? Most marvelous vision! Can it indeed be so? Why, the sun appears to have turned back in his course! His orb is not seen: but his light increases. There is some strange effusion of searching and transforming splendor. The clouds are all transfigured. The vast scaffold-like bars melt away from magnificent palaces and metropolitan cities. Seas roll their waves of pearl through zones of gold: and the mountains flame around, with scarce a shade to relieve their brilliance. Heaven opens over all, and discloses all its wonders! Thrones, and dominions, and principalities, and powers, cherubim and seraphim, morning stars and sons of God, angels and archangels, of every name, and every office, glitter in the glory, gliding on a thousand missions. Saints of all ages trail their white robes along every line of beauty and bliss. Even he that sitteth on the throne of thrones, and the Lamb, in the midst of the throne—the symbol

of infinite meekness sheltered by infinite majesty—become clearly apparent. Innumerable and indescribable changes occur. The silence becomes intolerable. A breath blends with the light: and instantly all voices, of all beings, and all instruments, utter all melodies, and combine in all harmonies, and hold all contemplation in divine enchantment.

And the Prophets! Lo! they seem to understand all! They have come from the first to the last ages of time, to behold in common, and hear in common, the last vision and the last music of the prophetic spirit. See! how Enoch's eyes sparkle in the splendor! Hark! how Isaiah's tongue trembles out its ecstasy! And mark! especially, the outstretched arm and moving hand of Daniel, directing the whole irradiate and enraptured group to the commanding points of every scene—and hear him declaring the correspondencies of all—and anticipating the final and most gorgeous descent from heaven of the city of God—the home of the holy—and the capital and paradise of life everlasting!

And now, again, all is faded and all is still. The visions of Patmos close the contemplation. And *who* was the prophet of Patmos? John the Evangelist—the special Apostle of *Love*. And *what* was the prophet of Patmos *without* his love? Even *he* had been nothing!

THE PROPHET IS NOTHING WITHOUT LOVE.

LOVE:

THE TEACHER—NOTHING WITHOUT LOVE.

“And though I understand all mysteries, and all knowledge, and have not love, I am nothing.” 1 Cor. xiii: 2.

THE Teacher! the Prophet of the second degree! the master of mysteries! the keeper of the keys of knowledge! the incumbent of the third office in the Mediatorial Kingdom!

The Teacher! the highest officer in the Church as now apparent! the agent of the greatest spiritual gift continued to the present time! the synthesist of the past, the analyst of the present, and the most sagacious contemplatist of the future! the advance star of the latter day glory!

Inferior subjects often excite superior interest. So, here. On former occasions, for instance, we noticed the Apostle and the Prophet. These officers were superior to the Teacher. But the Apostles were soon transferred to invisible thrones: and the last of the prophets—*i. e.* of the first degree—departed with them, to study the hastening events of higher spheres. The Teacher, however—*i. e.* not merely the ordinary teacher, the mechanical teacher, the teacher without a spiritual gift, but, as I have already styled him, the Prophet of the second degree—the Teacher *with* a spiritual gift—endued with an intuitive understanding of mysteries, and an unfailing enthusiasm in the com

munication of knowledge—*he* is still among us: and, therefore, though his office be inferior to its predecessors, its current relations awaken within us a far superior interest. With this impression, at least, we enter upon its consideration.

Many opinions are heard in regard to the essential qualification of a Teacher in the Church. Perhaps the four following are the most prominent among them: 1. That it is *natural talent*; 2. That it is a *thorough education*; 3. That it is a *genuine Christian experience*; and, 4. That it is rather the *union*, more or less complete, of these several distinctions.

The connexions of the chapter now before us, however, suggest another view: but, before I open this, it may be well to give some attention to the opinions already stated.

1. As to *natural talent*—the highest rank which that can secure, in the work of church instruction, is the rank of a PULPIT ORATOR.

By an orator, I mean more than I have either time or disposition, at present, even to attempt to explain. In this land of oratory, however—this land of liberty, and therefore the land of oratory—and especially in this city, which has recently concentrated so many of the selectest voices of our magnificent republic—I may well be excused from any effort at explanation. Who among us does not *know* what oratory is? Who does not distinguish the true orator from the false? Very well. Where I ought to be silent, I wish to be silent: and, so understanding it, will be silent. Nevertheless, here let me say, or, rather, I *must* say, that by an orator I mean a great character.

True, there are degrees in this, as in all greatness. Mere physical capabilities and adaptations may rise into greatness. Intellectual fullness, variety, and facility, are certainly greater. A serene, all-commanding, and all-sustaining will, is still greater. An incorruptibly honorable motive—a pure life-law—sacredly secluded behind the will, master of the will and all its agents and instruments, is infinitely greater than all.

But, by an orator, though I cannot fully explain it, I mean, in a word, one who comes as near as natural talent, self-disciplined, can enable him to come to the complete combination and best action of all these attributes in his own person: one whose motive quickens at the call of every just occasion: whose will is true to his motive: whose intellect is true to his will: and whose voice is true to all—true, what shall I say? true to the electric kindlings of all his higher nature, as the thunder to the lightning is true, but instantly turning, like the thunder, from sudden terror into lingering music, forgetting its triumph amidst the stillness, and tears, and renewed repose of the scene it startled, only to purify and bless.

Now, I cannot but admire oratory, describe it as you may. The unconscious easiness of it, and gracefulness of it, and courtesy of it: the extempore and inexhaustible resources of it: the perfect self-possession and ever-changing skillfulness of it: the only-conscious, all-conscious, and overwhelming earnestness of it: these, and other characteristics of it, wherever it is found in its original simplicity and power, charm me also, even as others are charmed.

How much I might say here, and am strongly tempted to say, as I think of the three orators—the orator of the South, already hushed in death: the ora-

tor of the West, fast sinking into the same silence: and the orator of the East, whose voice, yet full of life, must, ere long, faint into the same feeble breathing, and the same unbreathing quiet!* But I bow before him “who *only* hath immortality,” and am still!

Let me return, therefore, to my more immediate theme, and remark, that oratory, even in the pulpit, as well as everywhere else, when it is really natural, and honest, and therefore almost or quite unavoidable, is still admirable, and will be admired—generally, indeed, unduly and often injuriously admired. But, I repeat, the rank of an orator is the highest rank that mere natural talent can secure in connexion with the pulpit: and to this I must now add, that the most finished pulpit orator which natural talent alone, however highly improved by self-discipline, ever produced, ranks far below the Teacher described in our text, and may be utterly destitute of the truly essential qualification for this office.

2. As to a *thorough education*—the utmost which this can effect, in connexion with the instruction of the Church, is to enrich it with a PULPIT EXPOSITOR.

By an expositor, I mean not only more than I have time or disposition to explain, but, also, more than I have ability to explain. Whatever deficiencies exist in other relations, here they multiply and become more oppressive.

Not only does our land abound with great civilians, who are entirely trustworthy as expounders of all political instruments, and the various and often complex authorities involved in them, but it also happily abounds with great theologians, who are equally trust-

* All silent now.

worthy, so far as the advantages of a thorough and appropriate education are applicable and productive, as literal expositors, or, to the full extent of the more comprehensive phrase, as critical expositors of religious records and authorities. This latter statement is true, moreover, not only as it relates to the true religion, but, also, as it may be extended to false religions. Our most experienced statesmen, in all probability, are not more familiar with the constitutional organization and current policy of the various civil powers of the world, than are many of our churchmen with the organic and functional distinctions of all the religious systems of the world. In relation to the greatest of all the literal sciences—true, biblical divinity—they are frankly acknowledged, at least in England, if not on the Continent, as decidedly in advance of the theologians of the Old World.

Now, the importance of having in the pulpit, not merely a natural orator, but, if it may be so, in addition to this, a comprehensive and all-searching critical expositor, is too obvious and impressive for a moment's comment. Indeed, a well-trained, intellectual, and patient auditory might be expected to say, Whatever may be the value of the orator, in his proper place, if we must be content with either, separately, give us the expositor. Give us the preacher who is profoundly intimate with the original languages of the Scriptures, and with the languages and literature of their most ancient and useful versions, and with all the cognate branches of theological science: and who will diligently apply his stores of learning to the general illustration of the Holy Word, especially assuring us, always, of the purest possible rendering of the sacred

text, and so securing us the nearest access to the mind and will of God!

All these things, indeed, being so plain as not to need to be explained, I will only remark here, that the most richly-endowed critical expositor in the world is still inferior to the Teacher set forth in the text, and *may* be as utterly destitute as the mere orator, of any just claim to the essential qualification for the office.

3. As to a *genuine Christian experience*—the most, perhaps, which this great blessing will, by itself, insure to its official possessor, or to the Church, is—the character of a well-meaning and warm-hearted PULPIT EXHORTER.

By such an exhorter, however, I mean one who often accomplishes more good than a host of fine orators or erudite expositors; and does it, moreover, under circumstances, at first sight, of comparatively little promise.

Not for the comfort of *his* admirers are the deep foundations laid; or the wide walls raised; or the pillared porticos, or turreted towers, upreared; or the lofty and many-arched roof overhung; or the purple pews prepared; or the gilded organ built; or the painted windows opened—of the splendid chapel, or more massive and gorgeous cathedral. Not for *his* enjoyment is the marble polished, or the drapery embroidered, which are to aid the pomp and power of the ministerial throne. Not to suspend their breath under *his* fervid and tearful entreaties will the witlings of the world run thronging to the sanctuary: nor thither will the gay ladies, just foolish enough to be fashionable, but not wise enough to be genteel, trip with eager feet and tender, but morbid, sensibilities.

No, no: if he ever approach such a pulpit—almost frowning to see him come—it is only on some occasion when the eloquent orator or learned expositor is absent: and the crowd absent: and the most of the musicians absent: and the smaller, and plainer, and more faithful part of the congregation wait, in humility and simplicity, for the unpretending message of truth and love. Yet even on such occasions he sometimes gains a richer result than the walls around him ever witnessed before.

Generally speaking, however, the circumstances of his ministry are suburban, or rural, or even wild—as among the mountains and forests of the laborious, ignorant, and rude. Wherever he goes, his exhortation is substantially the same, and substantially good: always in place and always important. Sometimes, too, it is gloriously illumined, as if by a Christ-like transfiguration, which, without changing the form of it, fills it with the present and manifest God. Then it seems as though Moses, and Elias, and Christ had all come at once to the help of the speaker: and the law flashes and peals; the silver trumpet of prophecy uplifts and prolongs a shrill, and sweet, and all-subduing strain; and, last of all, the voice of Jesus breathes upon the very heart-strings of the redeemed, entranced and enraptured disciples, and not only one of three, but every one of the hundred, or the thousand present, exclaims—“It is good to be here!” At such a time, if a passing traveler, not, indeed, a witling, but a man of sound sense and solemn appreciation, should witness the scene, he would leave it with the acknowledgment and record that there was the true workman and the true work of God.

Still, it must here again be added, that the most pious and useful exhorter that ever lived—though his

Christian experience be vital in other connexions—may be as destitute as the popular orator and venerated expositor of the special qualification of the Teacher in the text.

4. As to the *union*, more or less complete, of the three preceding distinctions in the same person, it may be remarked—that the noblest product of even such an advantage is only the highest style of what was denominated, in the beginning, the ordinary teacher—the teacher without a special spiritual gift.

True, such a teacher is a splendid specimen of constitutional and sanctified humanity. The Church has good reason to rejoice in him. What is it, that I say of him? It is this—that he unites great natural talents with a thorough education, classical, scientific, and professional; and, as the crowning excellence of all, with the saintly virtues of a genuine Christian experience!—that he is at once an eloquent orator, an erudite expositor, and a zealous and powerful exhorter. How could he be more?

Still, it might just as well be asked—How could the superior prophet be more than the teacher? or the apostle more than the prophet? If you will review the history of the Church you will find its places of instruction generally and permanently occupied by the separate classes of ordinary teachers: in some, the orators; in others, the expositors; in others, the exhorters; and in others, though less numerous, of course, the choice men, who illustrate the union of these characteristics. But, beyond and above these, you will find in every age the few advance stars that indicate the opening of brighter and better epochs.

Now, these several classes of ordinary teachers, of whom alone I speak at present, must rank and do

rank, however eminent, below the occasional, comparatively few, and extraordinary teachers just alluded to. The difference is like that between Luther and Melancthon; or Zwingli and Bullinger; or Calvin and Beza; or Wesley and Fletcher; or Whitefield and Cennick. It is the difference between the providential leader, whether so acknowledged or not, and all who follow him, in the way prepared for them.

A pulpit instructor might combine the eloquence of Cyprian, Gregory, and Chrysostom; with the learning of Origen and Jerome; and with the zeal of Athanasius and Augustine: and, after all, be inferior to the teacher described in the text.

So much, then, for the four prevailing opinions in relation to the essential qualification of a Christian teacher. I have no fault to find with them, now—except that they do not bring into view the gift and office of the teacher in the text.

Now, see! Does not the Church, in every age, need some higher agency than the instruction furnished it by its ordinary teachers? Certainly it does. The Church believes and proclaims the great doctrine of progress—of human progress; of the progress of man, and the progress of society: and this, not merely as a conclusion of philosophy, but, primarily and authoritatively, as a revelation of inspiration. Moreover, it is the office of the Church to prepare the world for every new stage in this progress. But how shall the Church fulfill this office? Who shall prepare the Church itself?

Do you say—the successors of the Apostles? I answer again, as was formerly shown, that the Apostles have no successors. True: I have heard it claimed,

in an ecclesiastical convention, that the bishops of the party it represented, are the successors, not of the primitive bishops, but of the Apostles themselves. On a previous occasion, however, I demonstrated, by the example of St. Paul, illustrating every point in the case by his history, that the apostolic office included all the gifts of the Spirit, and all the ministerial appointments of Christ, as enumerated in the preceding chapter, viz: wisdom, knowledge, faith, healing, miracles, prophecy, discernment of spirits, divers kinds of tongues, and the interpretation of tongues—all of which were comprehended within the apostolic investiture as qualifications for a mission as wide as the world. Now, if any of our Christian brethren can conscientiously believe that, within the sectional limits of their denominational organizations, and among their special functionaries, undistinguished, as they are, by any semblance of miraculous powers, the official successors of the Apostles are truly evident—why, all I have to say is, they must be left, with entire respect, and unabated affection, to the liberty and exercise of this faith. But they must not be grieved with us, if we honestly profess that this is one of the very last things which *we* could believe.

What then? Do you say—the successors of the Prophets shall prepare the Church? Here, also, I answer, as was shown before, that the Prophets—i. e. the foretellers of future events—have no successors. Their office, though it existed thousands of years prior to that of the Apostles, ceased at the same time with that of the Apostles. The last of the Apostles was also the last of the Prophets. It may be remarked as a singular fact, in this connexion, that while the doctrine of apostolic succession is so earnestly insisted

upon by some, the doctrine of prophetic succession is unknown to the Church; or, rather, there *is* no doctrine of prophetic succession. Peters and Pauls, Jameses and Johns, are numerous enough: but Isaiahs and Jeremiahs, Ezekiels and Daniels, are nowhere heard of. Christ's apostles were only twelve or thirteen; but the Church's apostles have been thousands on thousands: and yet, though Christ's prophets extended from Enoch to John the Baptist, the Church has had no representatives of them for nearly eighteen hundred years! Why so? The Prophets were not rulers! Ambition seeks power.

What then? Do you say—the successors of the Priests shall prepare the Church? I answer, still more emphatically, the Priests have no successors. Christianity acknowledges but one priest, and that one is Christ himself—of whom it is affirmed, with infinite solemnity and impressiveness, that he, “through the Eternal Spirit, offered himself, without spot, to God.” The highest honor of the Priests, under the Mosaic dispensation, was to offer typical sacrifices, and these consisted merely of select animals. In all their generations, corrupt as they often became, they never dreamed of offering Christ himself. Neither, when Christ appeared, did they dream of offering him. Had they even believed Jesus to be the Christ, they would not have dreamed of offering him as a sacrifice for the sins of the world. If that was to be done, it was to be done by himself. It *was* done by himself: aided, as we have seen, by the Eternal Spirit, in the presence of God the Father. There was the accomplishment of the most awful mystery of which the universe ever had knowledge. No wonder it is invested with such transcendent and exclusive dignity. It was not neces-

sary, is the testimony of the Apostle, "that he"—even *he*—"should offer himself *often*." Therefore, it is said—"Once, in the end of the world hath he appeared to put away sin by the sacrifice of himself:" and again—"By *one* offering he hath perfected forever them that are sanctified." And yet, "Hear it, O heavens! and give ear, O earth!" there *are* churches which perpetuate a nominal priesthood, and blasphemously pretend to repeat, by unholy hands, the offering of Christ, every day, all over the world! But, where is the Eternal Spirit? and where is the Divine Father? And where are the miraculous attestations? the darkening sky? the shuddering earth? the opening graves? the rising dead? Nay, where is Christ himself? where is his body, with its flowing blood? where his soul, with its imperishable divinity? What! dare they say it? IN THAT WAFER! Ah me! It *is* a wonder that the sky does *not* darken; that the earth does *not* shudder; that the graves do *not* open; that the dead do *not* rise; that the Eternal Spirit, in the name of the Divine Father, does *not* avenge the atrocious insult to God, the execrable imposition on mankind! Why this restraint? Surely the most charitable answer is this—Because he who offered himself, once and forever, renews, in heaven, his ancient prayer on Calvary—"Father, forgive them: for they know not what they do!"

What then? Again I demand—Who shall prepare the Church for its new duties in promotion of human progress? Do you turn back to the *ordinary teachers*? to the *popular orators*? the *critical expositors*? the *impulsive exhorters*? or the *pre-eminent exemplars of the concentrated powers of these separate classes*? Do you say—*they* shall prepare the Church?

I pray that no unjust word may drop from my lips, in this connexion. I look upon the American Protestant Ministry, in whole, as worthy of all respect and confidence. An infidel, whom I once visited for religious conversation, inquired for my opinion, in this relation: seeming to think, himself, that the duties of the ministry were generally performed, only or chiefly, for the sake of selfish interests. I was happy to inform him that I had every reason to believe, so far as my acquaintance with ministers extended, that they were perfectly honest in their devotion to Christ and his cause. So I think still: though my experience has much enlarged, and certain important discriminations have become necessary, between the large-minded and whole-hearted servants of Christ and his cause, in the broad Bible sense of such terms, and the unfortunately perverted and restricted champions and victims of our unworthy, un-American, un-Christian, and happily declining system of divided, conflicting, and therefore comparatively inefficient, sectarianism.

But, with all my respect and confidence in the ministry generally, apart from the evil, and perhaps in most cases imperceptible influences of sectarianism—and with all my love for every true man, in the ministry, who will let me love him—my allegiance to truth requires that the general principle be announced, as applicable to all lands and all ages, and, of course, applicable here and now, that the ordinary Teachers of our holy religion, though of inestimable importance in the sphere assigned them, acting constantly in behalf of all the current interests of both life and death, are incompetent, of themselves, to the direction of the Church in the work of progress. If this be not a manifestly correct induction from all the facts of

ecclesiastical and civil history, then I must be convicted of ignorance of the facts, or of inability to distinguish and appreciate their logical consequences.

I hold this to be the truth in the case, that neither natural talent, however great: nor a professional education, however thorough: nor Christian experience, however genuine: nor any combination of these energies, is adequate to the leadership in the work of progress. All eloquence will fail, and all criticism fail, and all enthusiasm fail, and all blendings of them fail, in such a position.

No one will suffice here but the Teacher described in the text—the Prophet of the second degree—the master of mysteries—the keeper of the keys of knowledge—the instructor who *is* endued with a *special spiritual gift*—the *true, essential qualification* for the office, so obviously needed.

I am not disposed to insist upon this gift as obviously miraculous, in the present condition of the Church. Perhaps it was not so, even in the primitive Church. There is no ecclesiastical formulary to designate him who shall receive it: or to determine ministerial solemnities to accompany its bestowment: or to provide, in any way, for the subsequent official and social recognition of it. He who receives it may not himself recognize its extraordinary character. Its obligations may seem to him no more than those of commonly apprehended truth. He may wonder that others do not apprehend the truth as he does, and feel the same obligations. When opposed in his efforts to do what he sees needs to be done, and must be done, he adheres to his work rather as a Christian than as an elect teacher: as a matter of common honesty, rather than of special responsibility, involving great results in futurity.

But, socially-recognized or not: self-recognized or not: there he stands—a providential agent, adapted to the times. As compared with the *ordinary Teachers*, he is more like the *Prophets*, and they are more like the *Priests* of the old dispensation. The *Priests* were not *progressives*. On the contrary, they generally opposed progress. When most corrupt, they most bitterly opposed progress. Their interests were identified with things as they were: and they abhorred change—as though God had established their office for their own benefit, instead of that of the people. They were mere performers: not thinkers. They were ceremonialists, ritualists, formalists: not theorists, students of principles, or spiritual contemplatists. And so are the pretenders to the priesthood now. Instead of being *progressives*, they are *retrogressives*. We all know that this is true. Their element is the *past*. Their models are in the past: and among the little things—not the great things—of the past. Look at the Romish church, and see if it be not so. Look at the Protestant churches which are most like the Romish, and see, again, if it be not so. This is the fatality of the priesthood. It must be so, for, as already stated, there is now no warrant for a priesthood. Every ecclesiastical priesthood is anti-Christian—awfully anti-Christian—and, of course, instead of aiding the great work of Christian progress, hinders it, and does all it can to stop it.

Now, I repeat, the ordinary Teachers of the Church, even where they disclaim the priesthood, are still *more like* the *Priests*, and *less like* the *Prophets*, than the extraordinary Teachers. The reason of this is, that so many of them, if not *retrogressives*, are yet opposed to *progress*. They are, at least, *conservatives*. They wish

to keep things as they are: some of them—the sectarian champions—because, I fear, in part at least, of personal ambition: others—the subordinates of these champions—because, I fear, of other personal and domestic interests. I do not, however, for a moment, or in the slightest degree, abandon my professed confidence in their *Christian* character, so far as *sectarianism* does not blind and mislead them. They are the feeders of the different folds of the great flock of “the Shepherd and Bishop of souls.” If not *progressives*, they are, at least, *good conservatives*. Moreover, the majority of the people are very much like them. They, too, are *conservatives*. Therefore, the general harmony between them. Therefore, these Teachers, like the Priests of old, instead of being persecuted, are cherished, revered, and sustained. And not only does the majority in the Church sustain them, but the majority in the world also—for the world, generally speaking, is as conservative as the Church.

On the other hand, the extraordinary Teacher, as was stated, is more like the *Prophet* than the *Priest*. He is not a formalist, but a spiritualist. He cares more for one great thought, or truth, than for ten thousand rites and ceremonies. He knows that forms must die, but that their principles will survive, and assume new forms, forever, and ever, and ever. He identifies himself, therefore, with good principles; and survives, and progresses, and improves with them. True, like the higher Prophets, his vocation involves suffering. He is recognized as one, who, instead of wishing to keep things as they are, is studious of change. The ordinary Teachers, therefore, of all classes—orators, expositors, and exhorters—become afraid of him, if he be powerful; and dislike him, even

though he be weak. The people, sympathizing with their Teachers, and valuing settled comforts above all things, manifest the same sentiments toward him. Oftentimes, either fear or dislike *inveterates*, if I may coin a word, into active hostility—sometimes open and comparatively honorable; at other times, secret and dishonorable. Though, at best, he be but a secondary Prophet, and would be likely to say of himself that he is neither “a prophet nor the son of a prophet,” still there seems to be something, in spirit at least, that is applicable to his own sorrow, in the inquiry, “Which of the *Prophets*”—not *Priests*—“have not your fathers persecuted?” as though his *hope*, at least, of better things, gave him some right to remember the prophets.

His great consolation, however, is this: that let the ordinary teachers or people judge him as they may, he *knows* that the only reason why he does not wish to keep things as they are, is, that he is anxious rather to help to make them as they ought to be: and this, not for any selfish purpose—for his whole course involves great self-denial—but for the sake of the salvation of souls, the prosperity of the Church, the conversion of the world, and the glory of God. This, I say, he *knows*; and the knowledge of it is sweeter than honey and the honeycomb—yea, pure and rich, and inspiring, also, as the wine which maketh glad “the heart of God.” Still, therefore, he continues to bear both his prophetic testimony and his prophetic fate.

See him in his glory! See him, in the freest exercise of his noble gift! See the synthesist of the past! See the analyst of the present! See the contemplatist of the future! See him, with the open Bible before him: and nature, and art, and society around him! See him, with the Spirit resting upon him!

Is he engaged in his closet? Why does his eye sparkle and his lip quiver? Why does he turn from the sacred page, with gushing tears, and drop upon his knees, and pour out his soul in thanksgiving to the Highest? Or is he in full earnest in the pulpit? Why, there, has the flush surprised him? and why does the flash illumine him? Why does he blaze, in the firmament of his power, like both "a burning and a shining light?" Why does he glance so rapidly from the zenith to the horizon: from centre to circumference—making the morning, noon and evening of time all one and all illustrious—the present glowing beneath him without a shadow, and the past and future throwing all their shades behind their objects—the beginnings of progress, the expansions of progress, and the final consummations of progress, standing all at once disclosed: the principles, agents and subjects of redemption, determining the changes of nature, the dispensations of religion, and the revolutions of society, gathering, as they come, the only available spoils of all lands, and ages, and nations, and passing on, as if all heaven were in procession, toward still accumulating and ever improving events, until the throne of God appears in the cloudless light of a perfect and eternal vindication; and the Son of God is seen leaning against it in graceful and august repose; and the universe of saints and angels exulting around it with the ecstasy that remembers no ill and knows no fear; and the last and least of the prophets is crowned with the righteous reward of his faithful devotion to the good and the true?

Alas! that so little must be uttered where so much waits for utterance. The Bible! Why, years would be required to tell the opening of its mysteries, the

hastening of its knowledge, to his soul. And in the light of the Bible, all nature shines, and all art shines, and all society shines: and oftentimes faith exclaims, that nothing, any longer, is dark!

Yet, vain were the effort to exhaust the mysteries and knowledge of the Bible. Far sooner may the universe be exhausted, and all its machinery grow stale and be forgotten. Millions of Chrysostoms might exhaust their eloquence in trying to express its fullness; and their utmost efforts would be like the breathing of a single breath to show the fullness of the atmosphere. Millions of Origenes might exhaust their learning in trying to explain its text, and millions of Augustines exhaust their zeal in trying to enforce its spirit: and all their exertions would prove like the kindling of a taper to illustrate the sunshine, or the pressure of the hand against a mountain to increase the power of universal gravitation.

Still, what Oratory never accomplished, and Criticism never accomplished, and Zeal never accomplished—either alone, or all together—the Spiritual Gift of Teaching often readily secures. And, in this case, the Apostle takes advantage of this fact, and magnifies it into seeming extravagance, and supposes, by a grand hyperbole, that this Extraordinary Teacher, this Prophet of the Second Degree, may so exercise his gift as to come at last to the understanding of “all mysteries” and the accumulation of “all knowledge,” and so be prepared to be more eloquent than all orators, and more instructive than all expositors, and more persuasive than all exhorters: and see the Bible lying before him, emptied of its wisdom, and all nature, and all art, and all society, all around him, equally empty: and become intellectually as a very god, in the grandeur

of his omniscience: and yet, after all, for the comfort of the humblest, and the salvation of the vilest, and the caution and encouragement of the best, he concludes by the averment that the want of a virtue uttered by a mere monosyllable, would reduce his ultimate and utmost attainments to nonentity and oblivion: for—

“Though I *understand all mysteries*, and *all knowledge*, and have not LOVE, I am NOTHING!”

THE TEACHER IS NOTHING WITHOUT LOVE.

GOOD NEWS FROM A FAR COUNTRY.

“As cold waters to a thirsty soul, so is good news from a far country.”
PROV. xxv: 25.

THE Scriptures throughout were written for our learning. Not a verse can be found, in any of them, that will not, either of itself or in its connexion, afford profit to the serious reader.

We meet many passages, however, which, at first sight, *seem* to have only a local and transient interest: and yet, even these, duly considered and applied, may be made promotive of general and permanent good. So it is in regard to the text before us. It carries no other *apparent* meaning, than that it is refreshing to hear “good news from a far country:” a fact which is most appropriately illustrated by a comparison derived from circumstances somewhat peculiar to districts adjacent to the situation of the writer. “As cold waters to a thirsty soul, *so* is good news from a far country.” Still, I trust it will prove available to our edification and comfort. Like earth from the mine, it has an unpromising aspect; but, when broken up, it may disclose a diamond. Or, to select a similitude more expressive of utility, it is like a fountain sealed up in the fastnesses of the rocks, and which only needs to be unsealed, to gush forth into the light, and ripple down

into the valleys, and glide on through the meadows, giving new greenness to the withered grass, and sweetest nourishment to the roots of every drooping flower. True, I have neither time nor strength to open this fountain fully: nevertheless, I hope that the exertion of feeble powers, for a brief interval, will cause some little rills to trickle out; and that these may incite your own efforts to open the channel still wider. In plain words, I merely propose to present you a few outlines of an application of which I think the text susceptible: and if these shall be in any degree interesting, you can fill them up by your own meditations.

Let me first illustrate the allusions connected in this comparison. What, for instance, is the signification of "*good news from a far country?*"

Reflecting upon the history of Solomon, the author of the Proverbs, we may suppose this particular saying to have been suggested by the arrival of glad tidings relating to some of his commercial operations. The Israelites were never highly distinguished as a commercial people. They did, indeed, carry on the usual oriental caravan trade with Egypt and other countries; but their maritime affairs were unworthy of notice, until the reign of David. He, by subjugating the kingdom of Edom, annexed to his dominions two ports on the Red Sea. Solomon, after his ascension to the throne, determined to open a trade by sea with lands far remote. His own subjects, however, had neither knowledge nor skill in ship-building or navigation. To obviate this difficulty, he entered into an engagement with Hiram II. king of Tyre, who furnished him with Tyrian architects and navigators, by whom his vessels were constructed and commanded. They sailed, in company with the fleet of Hiram, to Ophir and

Tarshish—variously located, by modern authorities, either on the eastern coast of Africa, or in far more distant regions. The voyage, at any rate, occupied three years: and “the returns,” it is said, “were very valuable, consisting of gold, silver, precious stones,” and other important articles.

The uncertainty of the fate of these vessels must have occasioned no little anxiety in the heart of Solomon, as well as in the breasts of the many Israelites and Tyrians who had relatives on board. Such anxiety is excited even now by similar circumstances, although commerce has established a hundred friendly ports on every coast, and made the pathway of every wind white with a thousand sails. But how much greater must have been the solicitude then, when the vessels were comparatively small and frail, unfurnished with chart or compass, traversing solitary deeps, ever in sight of barbarous shores, and navigated by crews comprising many who had never before gone down into the path of the great waters, and knew but little of the thunder and lightning of the ocean storm-clouds, the roaring and heaving, the foaming and dashing, of the mighty billows, and the rushing sweep of the terrible whirlwind. During this long interval of doubt, the monarch, at times, was naturally apprehensive of some disastrous result: and, from all parts of the kingdom, grey-haired fathers and widowed mothers turned their faces toward the temple, and urged unceasing prayers that their enterprising sons might be preserved by the providence of him who walketh on the sea—at the waving of whose hand the wind forbears to blow, and at the touch of whose footstep the waters are calm.

As the time when the fleet was expected to return drew near, day rolled more slowly after day; suspense

listened to every sound that came upon the southern breeze; hope grew faint and languid; and the shadow of coming despair stretched forward even to the throne of the king. And what now? In that season of weary delay, of increasing and melancholy foreboding, oh! how transporting was the sudden voice of the messenger, as he shouted from the hill, as he sprang through the gate of the city, as he leaped along the portal of the palace, as he stood in the chamber of presence, and proclaimed the arrival of the ships, the safety of the crews, and the abundance of the treasure! In the moment of inspiring joy, we can imagine Solomon rising up and exclaiming—"As cold waters to a thirsty soul, so is good news from a far country!"

But let us now turn to the signification of the other allusion—"As cold waters to a thirsty soul."

It is probable that this is an allusion to the condition of a traveler in the desert—the great Arabian desert, so often referred to in the Old Testament. It is almost impossible for the human mind to conceive, or any language to portray, the horrors of a thirsty traveler, helpless in the desert. We are peculiarly disqualified for such a conception and description—for our abode is in the garden of the world. Here the summer sun only ripens the fruit and grain, and brings to perfection the countless and inestimable beauties and blessings around us. Scarcely a barren spot is to be found, or one that needs to remain so: but everywhere we are encompassed by the freshness of unwithering verdure. Our land, as Moses said of Canaan, "is a good land, a land of brooks of water, of fountains and depths, that spring out of valleys and hills." Who that has wandered only through the shady and breezy avenues of our hill-top forests, breathing an atmosphere all redo-

lent with the fragrance perpetually coming up from fields of flowers and meadows of new-mown hay: having his ear regaled with the mingling songs of birds on all the branches, and the lavish, lapsing music of clear, cool waters, gurgling out from the glistening crystals of the moss-covered rocks—who, I say, thus dwelling among the dews of Eden, and with the accompanying remembrance of our thousands of interminable rivers, and incomparable cataracts and lakes, still shining and sounding in his soul, in whatever quiet retreat he may enjoy—who, I say, thus deliciously enclosed, can fancy, in full, the sorrows of the poor, miserable wretch, who staggers across the hot sands of the desert—a desert unshadowed by grove or cloud, with no vestige of vegetation in sight, except the fragments of small, decayed trees, burning to ashes in the kindling sunbeams; and far, far, far away from any refreshing spring, without a drop of water to cool his parched tongue! In the language of Belzoni, the celebrated traveler, “to be thirsty, in a desert, without water: exposed to the burning sun, without shelter: and no hopes of finding either, is the most terrible situation that a man can be placed in, and one of the greatest sufferings that a human being can sustain. The eyes grow inflamed, the tongue and lips swell, a hollow sound is heard in the ears, which brings on deafness, and the brains appear to grow thick and inflamed. All these feelings arise from the want of a little water.” To aggravate his woe, the sad wayfarer sometimes descries a delusive resemblance of water, peculiar to such relations, stretching beautifully before him—a mere atmospheric illusion, occasioned by the intense heat. Think of a man, thus reeling along, hardly able to keep on his feet, and so coming in prospect of

the deceitful *mirage*—the false watery appearance—believing the vision true, not doubting that he sees a clear lake, and even the shadows of overhanging rocks, and, therefore, hurrying forward that he may drink, and live, but finding, at last, where the crisp ripples seemed to flow, naught but the white, shining, scorching sands! Oh, what unutterably agonizing mockery! Think of him, then, carelessly dragging himself along, with the closing eye and slow step of despair, ready, every moment, to fall and die—when, lifting his head for one last look at the dazzling and dreadful waste, lo!—a fact, not a fiction!—a green island *is* before him; and, coming near to it, he enters a substantial and blooming oasis, alive with fountains, dark with the fullness of unfading foliage, and bubbling and rustling all around him with the music of innumerable welcomes. Then, as you see him sink on the moistened sward, and drink and bathe, and bathe and drink, in excess of delight—as you see him, revived, renewed, exultant, as one just risen from the dead, just born from the grave—methinks you must feel somewhat, at least, of the force of the allusion, “As cold waters to a thirsty soul.” And, when you compare this scene with the one before described, you may realize, perhaps, the meaning of the proverbialist in whole when he said, “As cold waters to a thirsty soul, *so* is good news from a far country.”

Having thus attempted, by separate notices of the two allusions in the text, to illustrate the propriety and impressiveness of the comparison formed by their connexion, let me now proceed to some application of the subject to our own character and condition. Surely, it is capable of appropriate and useful spiritualization.

What then? I come to bring you “good news,”

and "good news from a far country." How happy should I be, if I might only be assured that it will prove as grateful "as cold waters to a thirsty soul."

True, I have no intelligence to report regarding Ophir or Tarshish, and no tidings of any newly-discovered continent or island, to tempt the cupidity of avarice, the cruelty of ambition, or the appetite of luxury. But, richer than all mines, more magnificent than all empires, and fairer than the fairest landscape of all the earth—heaven! heaven is my theme! Good news from heaven! "He that hath an ear to hear, let him hear!"

First—good news for the *ignorant*. And what is it? Simply this—there *is* a heaven! But who so ignorant as not to know that there is a heaven? Perhaps there are no people on earth who have not at least some vague notion of a rest beyond the tomb. Even the uncivilized wanderers of the woods and deserts look farther than the grave for freedom and bliss. Therefore, Pope, in his sceptical "Essay on Man," has so finely directed attention to the aborigines of our own country, saying—

"Lo, the poor Indian! whose untutor'd mind
Sees God in clouds and hears him in the wind,
His soul proud science never taught to stray,
Far as the solar walk or milky way;
Yet simple nature to his hope has given
Behind the cloud-topt hill *an humbler heaven*,
Some safer world by depth of woods embraced,
Some happier island in the watery waste,
Where slaves once more their native land behold,
No fiends torment, no Christians thirst for gold;
To be, contents his natural desire,
He asks no angel's wing, no seraph's fire,
But thinks, admitted to that equal sky,
His faithful dog shall bear him company."

This may be received as quite a flattering picture of a Pagan heaven. As for the Mohammedans, they are opulent in heavens, having no less than seven. In the highest of these is situated their Paradise, or Garden of Abode, with its hundred departments, ornamented with the most gorgeous inventions of oriental fancy. There, they fondly think, the immense tooba tree springs from its soil of musk, with its fruitful branches, and golden trunk, and sending out from its roots the rivers of milk, and wine, and honey.

But what is the worth of knowledge such as this? Indeed, it is inadmissible to dignify with the name of knowledge such fantastic picturings of delirious intellects and inflamed passions. Would God, the millions who are thus deluded, had knowledge—true knowledge! Nay, more, we may hope that, ere long, they will have it. The heralds of truth are abroad, and doubtless God will guide them to the ends of the earth. Let us ever remember them in our prayers: and especially let us pray that the “good news” they proclaim may prove to all that hear it as cheering and enlivening “as cold waters to a thirsty soul.” May the dim dreams of Paganism, and the opium enchantments of Islamism, go down together into the darkness of eternal oblivion, and the ancient and splendid creation of God, the place of his palace and throne, and princely habitation of his people, soon become the sole object of hope to an intelligent and emigrant world.

But where is the present “good news” for the ignorant? It is only this—there *is* a heaven! Is not this “good news?” Not so, you answer; it is no “news” at all. It might be news to a Pagan. It might be news to a Mohammedan. But it is no news to us. It is knowledge more than a thousand years old. So

it is: and much older. The patriarchs knew something of heaven. The prophets knew more. We know most. We have heard of it from our infancy. Scarcely had our eyes opened on the loveliness of our native sphere, or our ears been touched by its tender and thrilling music, when our pious parents led us away, in solemn and wondering thought, to the fairer scenes and sweeter voices of the better land. It has been the privilege of each one of us, to sit down on the threshold of home, after the toils of the day, in the calm of the evening twilight, and look up to the serene firmament, and see it gradually lose the last tints of the sun, and then begin to twinkle with its countless stars, and then brighten all over with the gentle beauty of the rising moon—while, gazing in spirit upon things still higher and holier than all that visible pageantry, we have sung, each soul for itself—

“There is a heaven *o'er yonder skies,*
A heaven where pleasure never dies;
A heaven I hope ere long to see,
Where Christ reserves a place for me!”

I repeat the assertion, that such has been our privilege: but whether this, or any thing similar, has been our employment, is a very different matter. Of this question, you must judge for yourselves. It is much to be feared of some of us, that, if not literally ignorant of heaven, we have strangely neglected or forgotten it. And, if either of these be the fact, it is needful that, although our attention is now for the moment fixed on the subject, we should have the great truth impressed upon our minds as carefully and with as much emphasis as though it were for the first time—that there *is* a heaven!

How strange that any of us should be justly chargeable, this day, with the neglect of heaven! Would the olden philosophers have acted thus, had they known what we have been taught? Ah! methinks those venerable sages, wearing their hoary hair as crowns of glory, and bearing their snow-white beards, depending low and smooth, as breast-plates of wisdom and peace, would have rejoiced to sit at the feet of any little rosy-lipped boy, to hear him prattle of heaven, in Christian phrase; and would gladly have followed his little foot-prints in blessed pilgrimage there. But we, taught from our earliest years to pant for admission into the glorious kingdom—in later life, alas for us! have cast the choicest symbols of its grandeur and bliss into the gulf of forgetfulness. Let me inquire if it be not so.

First, then, I put the question to the three great rulers of the world. Draw near, O Fame! Behold this company. Hear our common vaunting. We boast of heaven: that we have heard of heaven, and been invited to heaven, and have a home in heaven, and are on our way to heaven. And now, O Fame! declare thy testimony. Whether for us or against us, tell all thou knowest. And Fame answers—"You have forgotten heaven. You have remembered only, or chiefly, the world. Instead of self-denial, you have lived in self-indulgence. You have turned your backs on Christ, and laid down his cross by the wayside. Many of you have knelt at my feet, again and again, and pleaded like beggars for the help of my trumpet, and a place in my temple." And thou, O Pleasure! bear thou witness also. And Pleasure replies—"You have forgotten heaven. You have worse than wasted priceless years in daily dalliance at my garden-gates, longing, yet fearing, to enter: calling the charmers

from the shades of death, thoughtless of the groups that throng the groves of life." And thou, O Wealth! we would hear thee, also, painful though it be. And Wealth responds—"You have forgotten heaven. A thousand times over have you proffered me your services, even unto death itself, for a keg of sifted gold-dust. I have too much reason to infer, notwithstanding your occasional skyward glances, that there are few among you whose better birth-right I could not cheaply buy." Alas! my brethren! is there even a particle of truth in such accusations as these? If so, the shame, the guilt, the danger—who can tell!

But, let me appeal to our very possessions. Houses and lands! bear witness! And hark! there are voices from the chamber and from the field, attesting—"You have forgotten heaven, and set your hearts on us. You cherish the deceit that you are to remain with us forever, and multiply your improvements world without end." Our closets, our churches, our favorite walks, all reproach us. Hark! "Scarcely a prayer for it"—says the closet. "Seldom a thought of it"—sighs the sanctuary. And the trees, and hills, and glens affirm—"In all your soliloquies, our echoes have never yet caught the peerless name of heaven!" O grief! that our very possessions should criminate us thus!

But, I turn to our friends. Neighbors, relatives, wives, children! all of ye bear witness! And hark! reluctant voices sadly say—"You have, indeed, forgotten heaven. You never speak of it, at home or abroad. Your "conversation," instead of being "in heaven," is all in the world. We have smiled, when we could have wept—listening in love to the trifles of time, while all that was within us languished for the lofty

revelations of eternity.” And so—our tearful friends condemn us.

But, I turn to the Bible, also. And what does the Bible answer? Hark! “You have forgotten heaven. The humbler ones of your households consult my oracles for tidings of the sinless sphere—but you refuse me a moment’s regard.” And thus—the Holy Bible complains.

But, still nearer home let me press the inquiry. I appeal to Conscience. Conscience! tell us “the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.” And Conscience replies—“You have forgotten heaven. Once I prompted you, almost hourly, to ‘set your affections on things above.’ Then you listened with joy, and were ready to obey: but now you are deaf to the sound, and can scarcely recall its meaning.” Reason! speak! And Reason answers—“You have forgotten heaven: or long ere this you would all have entered as pilgrims thither.” Imagination! speak! And Imagination answers—“You have forgotten heaven. In other days, you sent me on many a mission to the world of bliss and glory, but now my plumes are moulting in lone and silent darkness.” Memory! speak! And Memory answers—“You have forgotten heaven. Years have gone by, since you gave up heaven for earth.” And so—the very council of the soul condemns us.

And yet, once more—I make one more appeal. I go still farther. I go as far as I dare or can go. I reverently ask of God himself—O Lord! how is it? Have we, indeed, forgotten heaven? And the awful utterance of the Divine Father comes forth from the midst of his unsearchable glory—“Here is heaven! My beloved Son laid down his life, to make this inheritance accessible to you. My holy Spirit has descended,

times without number, to remind you of the blessedness of the place, and the price of its purchase, and also to aid you in preparing for its enjoyment. I, too, have waited to bid you welcome. But, you have rejected my Son, repulsed my Spirit, and dishonored me. You have stricken the sceptre of Mercy from her hand, and challenged the thunder of Vengeance to its quickest and deadliest task. If repentance be not speedy and full, I will send you a strong delusion, that you may believe a lie and be damned: be banished from the heaven you are willing to forego, and be plunged into the hell you are afraid to foresee." And thus—our God condemns us. Ah! what are we to God? And why should we thus provoke the wrath of him who delights in pity and kindness?

And what now? Is it not too true that we have forgotten or neglected heaven? Fame, Pleasure, and Wealth; our Possessions and Friends; the Bible and the Soul; and even God himself—all unite in the conclusion that we have forgotten it. And how then is it, that "good news" from heaven is no news to us? But we have *not* forgotten it—some of you vainly persist in declaring. And dare you say so, in the presence of such opposing authorities? I cannot credit your tongues, contradicted, as they are, by such decisive evidence. Besides, in the very next breath, you contradict yourselves: proving, by all your language, that if a single trace of heaven still linger in your minds, it is a drowsy, dreamy notion, and that the heaven of your wakeful hours, your substantial heaven, the heaven you really covet and earnestly pursue—is the wild and wicked world!

Can it be, that any are so egregiously self-deceived, that they supposed me to allude to the world when I said—there is a heaven? If so, then the "good news"

I bring, will still be news to such: for surely the heaven of which I speak is infinitely different from this. In particular, it is not so near at hand. Oh, no! it is a "far country"—beyond the seas, beyond the clouds, beyond the skies, beyond the stars—far, far beyond all. Here, then, is news; and good news, too: for the heaven to which I refer is worth as many worlds like this as would arch the space from star to star, and bridge the universe. Then hear, still hear the news—there *is* a heaven!

It was said by Cowper, and has been, and will be, unceasingly repeated, that—

"God made the country, but man made the town."

True: Nineveh, Babylon, and Thebes; Jerusalem, Athens, and Rome; London, Paris, and New York; these and countless other cities of the earth, whether fallen or flourishing—man made them all. Not only so—but, man might make, if he would, with all ease, a single city, incomparably more magnificent, complete, and illustrious, than all the cities of the past and present combined would be. There is nothing in which the childishness and selfishness of our race are so obvious, as in the structure of our cities. Nature, though itself in ruins, presents a contrast that everlastingly shames the littleness and meanness of our unequal, unhandsome, unhealthy and unbrotherly architecture. Any man of mind, in a few minutes, may outline a city inexpressibly surpassing any the earth has ever known.

But there is one city "whose builder and maker is God." Man could not improve it, even in thought. Imagination pales in the presence of this vision, and confesses itself infinitely overpowered. It would not

dare to dream that even God himself could make the vast perfection more complete. Every outline is perfect. Every inline is perfect. Every group of structures is perfect. Every separate structure is perfect. The whole harmonious immensity of grandeur, beauty and splendor, is the highest architectural ideal in the intellect of Jehovah, revealed and embodied in a faultless material correspondent, and transfigured into the very glory of the immaterial.

That city "hath foundations"—foundations as imperishable as the attributes of its builder. It deserves such foundations. It never can be overthrown. It never can be shaken. It never can be impaired, in any particular, or in the slightest degree. If the blue sky, with all its stars, were cast on the rounded side of one of its domes, the flimsy but sparkling tissue would melt from the shining surface like a web of gossamer sprinkled with dew.

It is the New Jerusalem: oh! wonderful honor for the huts on the hill of Zion, to transfer their name to the City of God, in the midst of heaven! If the earthly city could be made to extend and multiply its streets, until they should gird and cover the globe, and its golden palaces should lift their turrets to the purer airs and perpetual lights above the clouds, still what a memory of nothingness were this, in the remotest contemplation of the city above! "Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever God had formed the earth and the world," that only city, which is worthy the name of a city, was populous with angels and arch-angels, cherubim and seraphim, high and mighty rulers of all humbler things of the Highest—at the base of whose seats of pomp and power, the congregated thrones of a thousand planets like this might be

strewn and forgotten, even as the fragments of myriads of icy avalanches lie unnoticed at the foot of the Monarch of the Alps, whose crystal pinnacle, seemingly detached by its solitary height, gleams like a meteor in the zenith of the firmament. For eighteen hundred years, our ascended Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ has been preparing that royal metropolis for the reception of his people, redeemed from the thralldom of Satan and from the doom of hell. Therefore he said, to his sorrowing disciples, before his departure from them: "In my Father's house are many mansions. If it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again and receive you unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also." Thank God! that the faithful can look forward to such a destiny! And ye, O poor forgetful ones! indulge again the thought of heaven. So long have ye neglected it, that now the very name of it should come like "good news" to your awakened minds, and refresh your weary hearts as the thirsty pilgrim is refreshed by the cold-flowing fountain. How has the world disappointed you! Or, even if its promises have all been fulfilled, how far their fulfillment falls short of your wish! Surely you need a better portion. Nay, more, the better portion awaits your acceptance. There is a heaven: and here is "good news" from heaven, for you. He who is "exalted" there as "a Prince," is also exalted as "a Saviour—to give repentance to Israel, and forgiveness of sins." In him, after all, every *penitent* may find pardon, and peace, and full salvation.

But not with these is my chief concern to-day. I come to bring "good news" to the *faithful*. However various the circumstances of true believers, I have "good news" for all.

For instance—are you poor? Has it seemed at times as though Providence had deserted you? Have all your efforts to secure an honorable competency proved in vain? At the same time, have you seen the industry and enterprise of your neighbors apparently blest of God; and daily increase of good flowing in like a tide upon them, filling every receptacle? Have you wondered at your own failures; tried to ascertain their causes, formed wiser plans, and pursued them with more caution and diligence—but still been disappointed? Have you even feared that you may yet want the commonest articles of food and raiment, and be driven forth from your last shelter? And still have you said of the Lord—“Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him?” Well, cheer up, child of poverty! cheer up! As you have sought, “first, the kingdom of God, and his righteousness,” all things needful to natural subsistence “shall be added unto you.” There is no apology for doubt. It must be so. But, more than this: lo! I bring you “good news from a far country.” You are not so poor as you seem. Nay, you are rich. You are heir to vast and splendid possessions. Not, indeed, in the Far West: not in any part of the Old World—the home, it may be, of your once renowned ancestry—but in heaven is your portion. No poverty is there! Millions of good men have left the earth poor: but never has one entered heaven poor. Lazarus, the moment before he died, was a beggar at the gate: but, in a moment after death, his estate was grown so vast, that the haughty worldling, still surviving in all his affluence, in comparison with him was only a penniless pauper. O, poor believer! rejoice in prospect of your grand inheritance! It is “incorruptible, undefiled, and fadeth not away.” It is really immense, inestimable, unspeakable.

Has it not been your endeavor to “lay up (for yourself) treasures in heaven?” Why not oftener think of results there? Fear not. There is “good news from” that “far country.” Unsuccessful as you may have seemed on earth, your heavenly schemes have all prospered. The treasury of God overflows with your wealth. And it is safe—perfectly safe. Neither “moth nor rust” corrupts it: nor can “thieves” break through to steal it. Moreover, it shall increase—forever increase. As long as you live on earth, you may add to the principal: and its interest will multiply, beyond all computation, to all eternity. Cræsus was rich, Solomon was rich, Lucullus was rich, and the Rothschilds are rich—but the humblest heir of God is richer far than all. It may be that the stores you have already accumulated in heaven, would buy this town, buy the district, buy our country, buy the world—and still be comparatively untouched. Nay, think not this extravagant! I would not barter the heritage of the most destitute of Christians for the whole globe and all its improvements. Lift up your heart, my poor, depressed brother! lift up your heart: let it expand, and fill and overflow with bliss. At the close of your short journey through time, you will see eternity opening before you, all radiant with the variety of your own boundless and endless possessions. Be not proud, indeed—alas, for the folly of all pride!—but, be grateful, thankful, hopeful, and happy.

Again—are you persecuted? Have you had painful experience of the fact, that there are some who dislike the good man, and endeavor to injure his reputation, and impede his advancement, simply because of his goodness? Have the very persons who smiled upon you, and talked kindly to you, and spoke well of you,

and proffered you their assistance, when you were a sinner, turned against you, and opposed you, since you took up the cross and gave yourself to God? Nay—have some of your very relatives acted thus? And have you, on the contrary, been conscious of more love to them than ever: and tried to manifest it by every mode of avoiding offence and affording pleasure: and marveled that the more affection you have felt and showed toward them, the more embittered and abusive they have become toward you? Marvel not! It is only the craft of the evil one, who, enraged at your escape from his service, would so discourage and distress you, in your new and better course, as to make you desirous of retracing your steps and resuming your olden chains. Beware of his arts! Stay your mind on God, and he will keep it in perfect peace. * Rejoice, again I say, rejoice!

“The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
I will not, I will not, desert to its foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,
I’ll never, no never, no never forsake!”

And more, abundantly more—I bring you, also, “good news from a far country.” The Angel of Truth, standing at the throne of God, and surveying all the holy and happy ranks that surround it, announces, for our relief, that there are no persecutors in heaven! Delightful message! No abuse, no slander, no censure, no complaint, no dislike, and no unkindness, there! Here, even the brow of friendship sometimes darkens with a frown: and lips of gentle love let fall some wounding words—but it is not so in heaven. There all is approval, and blessing, and joy. “Well done, good and faithful servants!”

is the familiar commendation from the Lord himself: and so, whenever heard, from saint to saint, and from angel to angel, through all the shining hosts, the cheerful music, like an echo, glides—"Well done! well done!" If one in heaven walk alone, the fairest flowers that flush his path with tints that never fade, are not so winning as the pleasant smile that greets them. Or, if he pass from group to group, through all the brilliant circles of the blest, he sees a kindred smile on every kindling countenance. And his smile, and their smiles, all gleam with the sympathetic sentiment—We live in love, and so in God: for God is love! And such an one would as soon expect to see the light unapproachable change into the blackness of darkness, as to witness the moral midnight of persecution overshadowing the cordialities of heaven. Well may we exclaim, "O heaven! sweet heaven!" and add the fond inquiries, "When shall we see? O when shall we get there?" For surely, in itself, it is "better," and even "far better," to "depart, and be with Christ." Then lift your head, denounced and desponding Christian! lift up your head, and triumph in your God. That same head, even though it bleed now with the prints of pressed thorns, shall yet be honored with a crown of glory.

Again—are you tempted? Has Satan folded his pinions in your path, in the guise of an Angel of Light, just sent from the mercy-seat? Has he then ventured upon your admiration, and shaken pearls from his plumes, like dew-drops from the wings of an eagle, and offered you all, and more, for one vow of allegiance and service? Has the world drawn near, as a maiden in her first bloom, showering roses at your feet, holding the sparkling chalice to your lips, and

claiming, in blindest tones, a share in your affections? And, more to be dreaded than either or both, have you heard the silence and solitude of your soul startled by the voice of your own passions, prompting you, with all earnestness, to take the pearls, and drink the wine, and live as your tempters bid? And have you been troubled by day, and tormented by night, until you were almost ready to yield—but still resisted, looking toward heaven? If so, I beseech you, turn not away from the sublime contemplation. Blessed be God! I have “good news” for you, from that “far country.” There is no tempter in heaven! On earth, every land, every city, every house, is open to the evil visitation. Nay, every heart is constantly exposed to some insidious solicitor. Even Eden—the garden of the Lord—and the heart of Eve—the purest that ever beat in the bosom of woman—were not safe from the foul incursion. Alas for us, that the tempter succeeded! Hence all our sin, and shame, and woe. But, in heaven, the eye never sees, the ear never hears, the mind never knows, and the heart never feels, the form or voice, the thought or sense, of any temptation. “Fear not!” says he who was once “tempted in all points like as we are, yet without sin:” “Fear not!” says the Saviour; and his joyful people march along, on the hill-tops of glory, singing, as they march—

“The message we hear,
And we will not fear,
For a Tempter in glory shall never appear.”

Be of good courage, therefore, O tempted one! Say to your soul, “the Lord is my light and my salvation; whom shall I fear? the Lord is the strength of my life; of whom shall I be afraid?” Only resist the

devil, and he will flee from you. Only neglect the world, and the world will soon resign you to the company of religion. Only deny yourself, and the Spirit of Christ will safely conduct you to the bowers of perfect peace.

But again: Are you bereaved? Has Death deprived you of the society of some whom most you loved? And have you often thought, since their departure, that they were even more worthy of your love than you ever imagined them to be, while yet they lived? Have you said to yourself, Oh, I should have loved them more, and prized their affection more highly, and returned their kindness more fondly? And then, have you wept to think how much you did love them, and how much they loved you, and what acts of tenderness passed between you, until their images have become so vivid that you have seemed to see their very persons standing before you, and smiling upon you, and searching your inmost soul with their life-like eyes: and then, has the reality suddenly startled you with the awful assurance—Alas! it is all a dream: they are in the grave, the dark and silent grave? Tell me, my brother! tell me, my sister! is this your mournful condition? and is it thus that your spirit holds its daily inquest? Then tell me, further—*Who* are in the grave? Methinks I catch your answers: Our infant child—say the young parents. Our grown-up son, or daughter—say other parents, venerable with age, and drooping with infirmity. My wife—responds the tremulous husband. My husband—falters the tearful widow. Our father, our mother—say the lonely children. My brother, my sister—say others, still further bereft. But tell me, again: How *long* have they laid in the grave? Some answer, many years: others, a few years: others,

one year: others, a few months: others, only a few weeks, or days. But tell me, once more: *Where* are their *spirits*? Surely they were not laid in the grave! Where then, O Christian mourners! where are the spirits of your loved ones? The very question suggests the forethought of my news: for I come to-day especially to you, with news, "good news," of all whom you have lost. Certainly, they are in the "far country" of which I have been speaking: all there, all in heaven. Have you *heard* from them, since their departure? Ah, not a word, a single word. But, do you *wish* to hear from them? O yes—your smitten hearts reply—nothing could delight us so much as such intelligence. And *what* would you wish to hear?

Ask the sad mother, who sits in her evening chair, smoothing in her hand a glossy curl from the head of her long absent sailor boy—thinking, weeping, praying. He embarked for a distant port—he has reached "a far country." Ask her what tidings she would like to hear from her son. And she will kiss the smoothed hair, and press it to her bosom, and answer—Oh, tell me that he is *alive*: tell me that he is *well*: tell me that he is *happy*: and tell me that *mine eyes shall behold him once more!*

And do *you* desire to hear similar tidings of your beloved ones? Surely, you may hear them. Do not think you may not. I bring you precisely such news—"good news from a far country," full of refreshing "as cold waters to a thirsty soul."

You say, they have been *dead* so long. But I reply, and the God of eternity sanctions the saying—not so, my friends! not so: they have been *alive* all the time. They are alive now. They always will be alive. They cannot die. Immortal life is theirs. You are no more

alive on earth, than they are in heaven: nay, not so much alive, for you bear about with you "the body of this death," and they are free from it. Your neighbor lives, though in another house; your friend lives, though in another street, or city, or State: and so—your child, or wife, or husband, or father, or mother, or brother, or sister—lives, though in another world.

And yet more—are you *well*? They are *better*—infinitely better. How they suffered, while here, and especially, it may be, in their last sickness! What fever, what pain, what oppression of brain, or heart, or lungs, they endured! But now, they mingle with the inhabitants of that genial sphere, in which the words are never uttered—"I am sick!"

"No chilling winds, or poisonous breath,
Can reach that healthful shore;
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and feared no more!"

Again—are you *happy*? They are *happier*—unspeakably happier. All that you hope for—they have secured. However "great" their "tribulation" in this world, it is all forgotten in the other. They "have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. Therefore are they before the throne of God, and serve him day and night in his temple: and he that sitteth on the throne shall dwell among them. They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat. For the Lamb, which is in the midst of the throne, shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters: and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."

But still, though assured that they are, indeed, alive, and well, and happy, you are chiefly intent on

the question—whether you shall *see* them again. See them! Certainly, you shall see them—every one of them—and that in good time! For aught we know, the sailor boy, who is just about leaving Europe for his American home and the grateful welcome of his widowed mother, will not reach mid-ocean, until some of you shall have seen and embraced your friends in heaven.

True: they cannot *return to you*. Perhaps, if the providence of God allowed their appearance, they would return. Nay, methinks their continued and increased love for you, would be sure to bring them back. Often, for short intervals, at least, they would bid farewell to the bowers of bliss, and, descending in all their new and immortal beauty, they would sit by your side, or attend your walks, within or around their old and humble dwellings, ever discoursing, grandly, but gently, of the glories and raptures of the upper and better world, exhorting you to prepare for your own translation, and encouraging you to expect it as a triumph of grace and peace. But, if this be *not* allowed—if they cannot return to you—at any rate, it *is* allowed, or rather ordained, that *you may go to them*. Ay, and you *are* going to them. Every day shortens the time; every step diminishes the distance. A few days, a few hours, a few steps more—and the meeting will occur. Then cheer up, mourners! cheer up, and cherish the “good news from a far country.” Keep it in mind, like tones of rarest music, dropping from a seraph’s harp-strings. Hoard it in your heart of hearts, like the sweetness of honey and the honeycomb. And oh, if the feeble and pining mother, who sees her long-gone sea boy, all sun-burnt and joyous, re-entering her desolate cottage, starts up with renewed vigor, and

rushes forward to fall on his neck in all the ecstasy of sudden restoration—how will you thrill with a thousand richer transports, when your vision shall open on the glorified groups of your sainted ones in heaven, all hastening, in beauty and blessing beyond your hope, and with love more glowing, pure, and sweet than ever, to meet you at the gate, and guide and welcome you to your home in the City of God forever.

But, ere I close, I catch the sound of many anxious voices. Some speak of their friends at home. Sickness or infirmity detains them. They cannot come to the sanctuary: and yet would love to hear the “good news from a far country.” Others, again, are blind; others, deaf and dumb; others, mutilated by various accidents; others, in different ways depressed by some of the innumerable ills of life. It is well to remember them. What a holy thing is sympathy—how Christ-like, how divine! What then? Are our absent friends believers, also? Are they, too, daily engaged in the love and service of God? If so, become ye the bearers of the “good news” to every one of them. Tell them, that in the “far country” of heaven, the evils of earth are unknown. Tell them, that there the eyes of those once blind, behold “the king in his beauty, and the land of far distances.” Tell them, that there the ears, once deaf, are open to the choicest melodies and mightiest harmonies in all the universe. Tell them, that there the tongue, once dumb, excels all earthly thought of eloquence, in prompt discourse and perfect praise. Tell them, that there the form, once maimed, assumes proportions worthy of a God. Tell them, that there the face, once pale with sickness, puts on an instant bloom that will not fade forever. Tell them, that there the gentle stoop and hoary brow

of age recover fairest youth—in shape, and strength, and grace, erect and all immortal. Tell them, no matter what their current griefs may be, that “all things work together for good to them that love God,” and that “the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory that shall be revealed in us.” In a word, return from the house of God, to every “house of mourning,” and speak aright of holiness and heaven; and so shall you prove, in your own hearts, and in the avowed experience of all to whom you minister, that, especially with this application of the proverb—“As cold waters to a thirsty soul, so is good news from a far country.”

THE DESTRUCTION OF DEATH.

‘The last enemy that shall be destroyed is death.’ 1 COR. 15: 26.

IN the Sacred Scriptures, our Lord Jesus Christ is appropriately styled “the Captain of our Salvation.” As such, he regards our enemies as his enemies: and is always engaged in the great work of achieving their universal and everlasting overthrow. Does Satan rise against us? He falls again, “like lightning,” smitten by the hand of the Son of God. Does Sin oppose us? Lo! Sin lies prostrate in the dust, and the foot of the Holy One rests on his neck. And so—does Death reign over us? Alas! Death does, indeed, reign: but, blessed be God! his triumph shall be short. His subjugation—nay, his utter ruin—is at hand. He shall not only be dethroned, but destroyed. Ay, he, the great spoiler of our race—who has laid waste not only one land but all lands, and not only one generation but all generations; carrying into the darkest and dreariest of all captivities the one, vast, continuous, solemn procession, which has been slowly and tearfully passing for nearly six thousand years, and the end of which is but just beginning to be seen—yes, thou! O Death! cold-hearted tyrant! old as thou art, and mighty as thou art; although thou shalt survive all others, and be our *last* enemy, as thou wast one of our first; yet know—aha! even now thou tremblest at the voice of truth!—yes, know, thine hour rolls swiftly on: *soon* shalt thou be destroyed!

Forgive me, brethren! this apparently premature boasting. I would not exult over a human enemy—but pity, pardon, and bless him. And yet, I cannot do otherwise than glory over the decreed discomfiture of death. Where are the illustrious of our race—illustrious for genius and science, for bravery and beauty, for deeds sublime of wisdom, heroism, and grace? Or, forgetting admiration in the greater intensity of love—where are the dear ones of our own hearts and homes? Our parents, our partners, our children—the sweet ones of our inmost and purest affections—where are they? Let death answer. And must not we, too, decline into the silent valley, and disappear in the shadowy darkness? What then? Thank God for the hope, the assurance, the certainty of final and complete victory! We ought to exult. We will exult. Notwithstanding the sad contemplation of the present, we will cherish the glad anticipation of the future, and exclaim with the Apostle—“Thanks be to God, which giveth *us* the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ.”

You see, then, the subject of discourse—the destruction of death: or, the resurrection and its incidents—one of the most important doctrines of the Christian system. Such a subject well demands, and will abundantly reward, our best attention.

Let us notice, first, the CERTAINTY of the resurrection. This is derived, solely, from the authoritative announcements of the Bible—as a revelation from God.

The mythological and philosophical schemes of Pagan antiquity, so far as I am aware of their character, are silent on this subject. They contain many imaginings of the immortality of the soul: but nothing in relation to the resurrection of the body. The poets,

priests, and sages were alike ignorant of the occasion of death. They regarded death as an essential part of the divine arrangements—an event originally designed and ordained for desirable but inscrutable purposes: or else, as a matter of fate, an issue naturally inevitable. Of course, they expected no change in this order of things—supposed no necessity or reason for the recovery of the body from its common doom. It might be burnt to ashes, or in any way apparently annihilated, without shocking any prejudices, or interfering with any hopes, concerning its future destiny.

So it is, I believe, with the Paganism of the modern world. I know not that in any of its departments it exhibits any provision for the resurrection of the body, or any promise of such a consummation.

We return, therefore, to the Bible. Here, I repeat, is the whole support of the doctrine. On the authority of this book, as a work far superior to human invention—a radiation from an orb infinitely higher than reason, and brighter than fancy—a direct and decisive disclosure from the God of Nature himself—rests this asserted certainty of the resurrection.

That the Bible is honored with the supreme sanction claimed for it, I need not attempt to prove. Here, at least, its inspiration is conceded. That it is the text book of our ministry, and the standard by which you judge of the propriety of our instructions, is sufficient evidence of our mutual and thorough conviction that it possesses the character it claims.

Taking it for granted, therefore, that the text itself, the chapter from which it is selected, the epistle of which it is a part—in a word, that the whole book before us, is from God: the certainty of the resurrection must remain undoubted. It is explicitly declared,

frequently repeated, and amply illustrated. It appears in every form of proposition, promise, and prophecy. And, more than all, clearer than all, and stronger than all, clear as the cloudless sky and strong as the noon-tide sun, absolutely irresistible in convicting and confirming energy, it is actually exemplified, and so visibly and tangibly foreshown and pledged, in the resurrection of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. He is the "first fruit" from the great harvest field; and the full ingathering will follow in due time.

What then? The resurrection is certain, because it is revealed. Nothing is revealed that is not reasonable. As believers, therefore, in the revelation of it, we affirm, also, the REASONABLENESS of the resurrection.

Now, there are many doctrines which, before their revelation, were inaccessible to reason, but, once declared, are found consonant with reason. In other words, although reason alone could never have discovered them, yet, being discovered by a higher agency, reason instantly discerns their truth and fitness. The doctrine of the resurrection is one of these. I shall endeavor to show, therefore, the grounds of this accordance.

The doctrine of the resurrection, then, is reasonable, because, in the first place, *it vindicates the glory of God.*

One of the elements of God's glory is his *power.* He is able to accomplish whatever he designs.

Apply this truth to the topic before us. What did God design, when he created man, in regard to the continuance of his existence? I answer—he designed him to live forever. This is evident from the whole history of the case. The human constitution was perfect: and, of course, was fit to live forever. There was no necessity for the dissolution of the body, in

order to the obtainment of a new and better one. Moreover, the condition in which this perfect constitution was placed, was correspondingly perfect. The airs, and streams, and fruits were all attempered to the prospect of immortality. The Tree of Life, in particular, was the appointed symbol and support of it. There was no necessity for the blighting of Eden, to secure the succession of some fairer and richer estate. Besides, the very threatening of death as the penalty of sin, and the restoration of immortality as the result of redemption, conclusively attest the design as stated.

How then has it come to pass that the divine intention is defeated? I answer—it is not defeated. This is not a correct representation of the fact. The plan is merely suspended.

But why suspended? On account of sin. “By one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin.”

But is not this suspension dishonoring to the Deity? Nay—rather it shall promote his glory. It does not involve even the possibility of an abandonment of the primitive purpose. Ultimately, “As in Adam all die, so in Christ shall all be made alive.” Moreover, during all the interval, the wonders of redeeming grace display the divine perfections in otherwise unimaginable tenderness and splendor.

But, suppose there should be no resurrection! What then? The design of God would be defeated. Man, instead of living forever, would dwindle into an existence of a moment, and then the silence of eternity would settle on his tomb. Sin would be triumphant. It would prove stronger than omnipotence. It would be the master principle of the universe. Of course, all things would tend to irreparable decay—to complete ruin. The ear of the Lord might not be heavy: he

might still hear. But his arm would be shortened: it could not save. To use a bold figure, but without the slightest irreverence—Jehovah might sit on the central throne of creation and weep over the withering magnificence and beauty he could neither rescue nor renew. The thought is shocking. It can be tolerated no longer. But, how may it be avoided? Only by introducing the doctrine of the resurrection. Let it be seen that God can repair the consequences of sin. Let the long and deep stillness of the sepulchre echo with the majesty of his voice. Let the bolts break and the gates open at the sound. Let light from heaven pour in upon the darkness. Let the dead come forth at his call, invested with the bloom and thrilling with the vigor of immortality. And is not the glory of God vindicated? And is not the doctrine reasonable, which furnishes this vindication? Who can doubt?

But the doctrine is reasonable, because, in the second place, *it provides for the restoration of man to the perfection he has lost.* The human constitution originally combined a perfect soul with a perfect body. It is impossible to regain our proper character without the reunion of these perfections. They are essential to the completeness of our nature, and the establishment of our rightful and elevated rank in the scale of existence.

Now, the gospel makes abundant provision for the perfection of the soul. The heart, even here, is thoroughly purified by faith and love, and has every promise of future expansion in the full beauty of the goodness of God. In like manner, the mind is greatly enlightened and strengthened in this world, and assured of all desirable development and accomplishment in the world to come. And, so far, all is satisfactory.

But suppose there should be no resurrection. What then? The separate and organless spirit would be left with an everlasting sense of want. Although the better half of the man, still, it would be only half. Human nature, though in heaven, would remain incomplete. The anomalous being would be neither angel nor animal; nor yet a compound of both. The place which we now occupy, between matter alone and spirit alone, uniting the two by being formed of both, would then be vacant. This link in the chain of creation would be broken, and the disconnected parts would fly widely asunder. It would appear as if God had changed his plan, and man was made an involuntary sufferer. Such results are not to be entertained. But how shall we escape them? Only by recurring to the doctrine of the resurrection. Let the body be renewed in primal dignity. Let it be reunited to the sanctified spirit. Then man is complete. Then he is reinstated in the grandeur of his original constitution. Then he stands forth confest as a child of God and an heir of all things: allied by his body to the material universe, akin by his soul to all spiritual existence, yet holding a rank distinct from each, between the two, and, like the earth, with the sun on one side and the moon on the other, deriving glory from both. Is not the anticipation of this entire recovery of our lost excellence, reasonable? Is not the doctrine that excites and sustains it, a reasonable doctrine? I cannot but esteem it so, and trust to your accordance with me.

Regarding the resurrection, therefore, as scripturally certain, and in itself reasonable, let us now proceed to the MANNER of it, as involving its *agent* and *subjects*.

As to the *agent*, he is none other than the Lord Jesus Christ. So he himself declares, that "the hour

is coming, in the which all that are in their graves shall hear his voice, and shall come forth." And so, the Apostle, in the chapter before us, proclaiming Jesus as the great Mediatorial Prince, announces that "he must reign till he hath put all enemies under his feet," and that "the last enemy that shall be destroyed is death."

Think of the present residence and high estate of Christ. It were useless, under current circumstances, to offer any conjectures regarding the relative situation of his residence. All we know of it, is its scriptural name and character. He resides in heaven—the world of glory. There he sitteth on "the right hand of God; angels, and authorities, and powers being made subject unto him." There, "the Father of glory" hath set him on an incomparable elevation, "far above all principality, and power, and might, and dominion, and every name that is named, not only in this world, but also in that which is to come." Now, as this is the station assigned him, not on earth, or in any inferior world, but in heaven itself—the centre and balance of the universe—the splendid and peerless capital of the empire of immensity—there can be no doubt of his ability, as the elect agent in this great work, to give it full and perfect accomplishment.

If, however, even while contemplating the heavenly majesty of Christ, a strange doubt should enter the mind in regard to the sufficiency of his power—which I deem almost impossible—a simple reference to his past abode and humble condition on earth, would immediately dispel the doubt. For, under those circumstances of apparent imbecility and depression, clothed with the form of a servant, and encompassed by many infirmities, he *did* raise the dead, *did* change

the living, and so practically exemplified and illustrated his control over all the conditions of life and death. Heaven and earth, therefore, both attest his energy. He is thoroughly qualified for the task.

But, notice the manner of his coming to perform it. The time of his coming, cannot, indeed, be foretold. The style of it, however, is substantially revealed. This will be glorious. When he shall quit the gates of heaven, on this triumphant occasion, he will not leave his grandeur behind him, as he did at the time of his former advent. On the contrary, all the living pomp and gorgeous array of the world of worlds will shine in his train. He will "come in his glory, and all the holy angels with him." So he will issue from the vacancy of heaven: so he will break upon the vision of the astonished earth: descending "from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God."

What a scene is opened by these few words! Think of heaven. Think of the announcement there of the intended transit and its stupendous objects! Think of the summons to all the radiant hosts to prepare to accompany their Lord. Think of their rapturous anxiety, their prompt and magnificent preparation, and the vast display of their peerless ranks, in instant readiness to move. Think of that tall and mighty archangel, humbly approaching the throne of the Redeemer, and receiving from his hand, for its designated and sublime office, the thunder-toned trumpet of God. Think of the adorable Mediator, himself, stepping down from his throne, and taking his place at the head of his worshipping legions, far more effulgent than when his three disciples saw him transfigured on the mount, and shining like the sun—ineffably

more radiant than when he appeared to Saul of Tarsus, in the neighborhood of Damascus, dazzling the noon-day sun into sudden and total darkness. Think of their burning beauty, as they stretch their endless lines along the borders of the better world. And then think of their swift but long-drawn flight: cherub, and seraph, angel and archangel, innumerable orders each with innumerable members, and the Son of the Highest in the lead—all afloat in the infinitude of space, and hastening toward the earth.

And now—think of the earth itself—still sweeping round its orbit—glittering with the day and gleaming with the night—rustling its continents, rolling its oceans, curling its clouds, and bending its skies—rushing on its course as though Omnipotence itself could not check its momentum. And yet—think of the unconscious calmness of all its inhabitants. Hunters in the wilderness, farmers in the fields, citizens in the streets, and sailors on the seas; high and low, rich and poor, bond and free, the aged and the young, the sick and the healthy, the living and the dying; of all colors, all tribes, all languages, all religions; all engaged in all interests and all employments; and without the slightest apprehension or expectation of the immense, intense, and illustrious assemblage so rapidly approaching!

Yes—an illustrious assemblage! Not one star only, like that which beamed over the stable of Bethlehem; but myriads more than were ever seen in all the sky before! Not one band of angels only, like that which startled the shepherds, and woke their witless but wondering flocks; but ten thousand times ten thousand, and thousands upon thousands of thousands; coming down, not at night, but at noonday; not upon

a few fields only, but to stretch their legions from pole to pole; and not to sing over the sleeping beauty of an infant Saviour, reposing in a manger; nor yet to lament over the bleeding cross of shameful, painful, voluntary, sin-atonning sacrifice; but, to witness the sudden and utter destruction of the last enemy of man, by the all victorious Son of God.

Oh, how strange—surpassing strange! See! Cities shining, fleets sailing, vapors rising, clouds gliding; all birds, from the largest to the smallest, abroad in all the air; even aeronauts ascending, and crowds gazing after them into the otherwise inaccessible and apparently unoccupied skies.

But—hark! a distant shout in those skies! a mystic shout! a mighty shout! a shout from a world of voices! a renewed, all-subduing, and omnipotent shout! And see! the gleaming, shining, spreading, flying, hastening hosts, circling and crowding the boundless heavens! Behold the prostrate nations! trembling with death-like awe, while still, above, around, through all the scope of the firmament, roll the reverberations of that infinite shouting! Oh, for a pulse! Oh, for a breath! All nature stands in statue-like surprise!—transfixed, hushed, motionless! Oh that the blood would flow from the full, still heart! Oh that a wind—some cool and blessed wind—would blow upon the face of the fainting earth!

Again!—but only one voice now. Hark!, It is the herald archangel! announcing the close of time, and the judgment of the world. Feel it, feel it—how the earth quakes at the sound of his oath sublime: “By him that liveth forever and ever, who created heaven and the things that therein are; and the earth, and the things that therein are; and the sea, and the

things which are therein; I swear—that there shall be time no longer!”

And again! Oh, how sharp that startling trumpet! that piercing, thrilling, pealing, rolling, deep-searching, far-winding, and long-lingering trumpet! And see! the universal effect! How the land moves! How the sea stirs! How mankind increase! How the world is thronged! Behold the rising race!—the nations and generations of all ages! Lo! men on earth are countless as angels in the sky! And what a vision of beauty! Fair as the angels are the forms fresh from the sepulchre. Ah! never more—no, never more—shall the sepulchre overshadow them, or the dust enclose them. Behold their lifted hands in rapture clasped, and eyes that flash with fadeless fires, to see their coming Lord! Oh, the ineffable ecstasy!

And yet, again! Once more, the trumpet rings, and quicker still, the sure result appears! O, wondrous change! And is it so? What, “in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump!” And is the prophecy out? Is the promise fulfilled? Are we changed?—all changed?—changed from corruption into incorruption? from mortality into immortality? No death, no sickness, no pain, no weariness, no infirmity, not even the slightest touch of evil to all eternity? Then surely “death *is* swallowed up in victory! O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? Thanks be to God which giveth *us* the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.”

Amen. Even so. Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly! Come, Prince supreme! Adored Redeemer! hail, all hail! Earth speak, from pole to pole! Speak out! on every rising breeze. Speak love! speak praise! speak joy! Sing, O world! sing loud! Let all thy

voices chant, hosanna! hosanna! hosanna! Shout, man! aloud. Shout, all ye nations! shout—shout hallelujah! hallelujah! hallelujah!

SECOND PART.

Turning, more particularly, to the *subjects* of the resurrection, it would seem that the two great classes into which mankind are now divided, will be remarkably distinguished in the last day. These classes are—the righteous and the wicked.

Notice the time when the righteous shall be raised. This is to be previous to the resurrection of the wicked. So the Apostle declares to the Thessalonians—“the dead in Christ shall rise first.”

Notice, also, the appearance they will present, and how it must differ from their present appearance.

First, the image of fallen Adam shall be removed from them. All traces of the evil of sin shall vanish, instantly and forever.

No deformity will be seen: none that is natural—as the rickety head, the hump-back, the unequal limbs, or distorted hands and feet; and none that is accidental—as the mutilation or marring of any of the members.

No defect will be manifest: there will be no cheerless blind man, to lift his orbs to the light in vain; no deaf man, to whom the sounding universe shall be silent as the sealed sepulchre; and no dumb man, longing, but unable, to talk to his friends and sing to his God.

No predisposition or susceptibility to disease will remain. Parental influence will no longer occasion hereditary complaints. Every individual will possess

an independent constitution—unimpaired by the vices of an ancestry as old as the world.

And so, there shall be no tendency to corruption and death. “Flesh and blood shall not inherit the kingdom of God; neither shall corruption inherit incorruption.”

These are the conditions of the natural body. They are all “of the earth, earthy”—the lineaments of a sinful progenitor. The righteous will be as free from all such marks of evil, in the resurrection, as they could have been if sin had never been known.

But, the positive view invites us. Having noticed what shall not appear, let us glance at what shall appear.

Leaving the image of the first Adam in the grave, the righteous shall rise in the image of the second Adam—the Lord from heaven. “And so it is written, the first man Adam was made a living soul; the last Adam was made a quickening spirit. Howbeit that was not first which is spiritual, but that which is natural; and afterward that which is spiritual. The first man is of the earth, earthy: the second man is the Lord from heaven. As is the earthy, such are they also that are earthy: and as is the heavenly, such are they also that are heavenly. And as we have borne the image of the earthy, we shall also bear the image of the heavenly.”

But, what is “the image of the heavenly?” This cannot be minutely described. It might be fancied—but fancy can never supply the place of truth. We wish the truth.

St. John has said, in this relation—“Beloved, now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be, but we know that when he shall

appear, we shall be like him; for we shall see him as he is." Certainly this passage refers to the body, as well as the soul: to the body, indeed, especially. So regarded, it settles the question. We cannot now ascertain the particulars of the resurrection-constitution.

Nevertheless, a few facts are revealed, in this connexion, of great interest. They are found in the chapter before us. Here St. Paul presents four distinct properties of the new body, in striking contrast to the circumstances of our current condition. "It is sown in corruption, it is raised in incorruption; it is sown in dishonor, it is raised in glory; it is sown in weakness, it is raised in power; it is sown a natural body, it is raised a spiritual body." Thus we are informed that the body of the righteous is to be incorruptible, glorious, powerful, and spiritual. Let us look, for a moment, at each of these points.

Incorruptible. Once in existence, all-perfect, so it shall remain forever. Or, if imperfect in degree, and so susceptible of change, it shall only be in the way of improvement. Pure in itself, and sphered in the midst of all purities, neither internal weakness nor external force shall ever induce the slightest semblance of decay. Death shall never see it, much less, touch it.

Glorious. Various kinds of glory pertain to the human form. For instance, there is the general symmetry—full stature and fine proportion of parts: giving dignity of attitude, with ease and grace of motion. There is, also, the more specific symmetry of facial features—the fair outline of each, and harmonious adjustment of all: with the blending tints of complexion, and the quick expressions of countenance, disclosing, in happy assemblage, the lovely attributes

of beauty. These allusions may suffice to intimate the glory of the righteous in the resurrection. The contrast is obvious. Universal symmetry and beauty will displace all deformity, and universal completeness be the substitute for all defect. Some of our present members may, indeed, be wanting, and other members may be added—we know not: but of this we may be assured, that the basis will be the same, and the object, the consummation of glory. Over all, or from the midst of all, may be a radiation corresponding with many scriptural suggestions. Then “they that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness, as the stars forever and ever.” Then “shall the righteous shine forth as the sun in the kingdom of their Father.” So shall they be, as St. John expresses it, like Jesus himself—who now shines all over heaven, as he frequently illustrated select spots on earth. And so shall the vision of Paul be realized: “If children, then heirs; heirs of God, and joint-heirs with Christ; if so be that we suffer with him, that we may be also glorified together. For I reckon that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us. For the earnest expectation of the creature waiteth for the manifestation of the sons of God.” Oh, what a manifestation that will be—the effulgence of the glory of the sons of God!

Powerful. All vital energies will be abundant—inexhaustible. All active energies will be vastly increased—enlarging the bounds of noble achievement, and preventing the fatigue and danger which now result from protracted and strenuous exertion. Besides as already hinted, there may be additional capabilities entirely novel and of great importance. For instance,

after their resurrection and change, the righteous are to be "caught up—in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air." Whatever accompanying instrumentality may be involved in this statement, it certainly implies, on any consistent interpretation of it, the exercise of a new faculty on the part of the saints. In this, as in other respects, they shall resemble Christ himself—who, when he ascended from Olivet, arose unwinged and unaided, easily and swiftly returning to his proper home. And so may it be, in regard to other faculties. In all probability, the difference between the feebleness of an infant and the utmost might of Sampson, is not fit to be employed even as a momentary symbol of the difference between the "weakness" of the body that now is, and the "power" of that which is to come. And as to any anticipation of comparative tenuity, as an objection to this view, it may be remarked, in accordance with the select retreats of all great forces—the less gross, the more powerful.

Spiritual. This distinction is understood, by most Biblical expositors, as referring to the very refined and purified condition of the resurrection body: and its independency of the means of subsistence necessary in our present estate. In common conversation, however, the opinion is not unfrequently met, that the bodies of the saints will be literally and strictly spiritual—not material, in any sense, but absolutely immaterial. I cannot do otherwise than regard this notion as at variance with both reason and revelation. Notwithstanding the want of time to dwell upon it, a few counter thoughts may be suggested.

If the new body should not be material, there would be no resurrection. The substance to be raised is, of course, that which is buried: and, as nothing but

matter is buried, nothing but matter shall be raised. If spirit take the place of matter, that is not a resurrection, but, a substitution—a new creation.

Again: the phrase “spiritual body,” literally understood, is self-contradictory. Body does not belong to spirit; but is a property of matter. If I am asked—Why did God create matter? I answer: for these two reasons—to make *bodies* for *spirits*, and *worlds* for *bodies*. Both bodies and worlds may be infinitely varied, but, through all changes, they remain the same material substance. The attributes of spirit are thought, feeling, and volition. If a body could be composed of thoughts, feelings, and volitions, there would be some propriety in speaking literally of a “spiritual body;” but as this is impossible, the phrase must, of course, be figuratively accepted. Thus accepted, it means, simply, a material body so refined and purified as to answer all the purposes of the spirit.

Again: if the new body should not be a material organization, human nature, instead of being restored to its original perfection, would be exchanged for another mode of being. Its very identity would be lost. The creature still called man, instead of being composed of matter and spirit, as Adam was, and all his children have been, and our Saviour himself is, would be formed of two spirits—one a body, and the other a soul: an appropriation of the same substance to heterogeneous offices, and a commingling of agency and instrumentality utterly unintelligible, and, to me, incredible.

I return, then, to what is held as the true meaning of the Apostle, in the phrase “spiritual body.” Look at the contrast. “It is sown a natural body”—impaired by sin, under sentence of death, hard to keep alive,

fretted with infirmities, gross in itself and sustained by gross food, ever renewing its ever-failing strength, until it fails forever: but, it shall be raised a "spiritual body"—free from sin, fearless of death, teeming with immortality, with no infirmity, no grossness or need of gross support, full of elements and combinations adapting it to all possible spiritual demands in all immensity and to all eternity.

But, it may be objected—how can bodies so different be formed of the same substance? Nothing is easier. The changes of which the Apostle speaks are not essential. They do not destroy the constitution, but modify the condition. For instance—here is a man who, according to the common course of events, must die. Suppose the Almighty to say to him—live forever! Would this decree turn his body into a spirit? Glorify his body—would that change it into a spirit? Multiply its power a hundred fold—would that make it a spirit? Refine it, purify it, even to the consistency and brilliancy of light—would that cause it to become a spirit? Surely not. The simple review of the items is enough. Improvement is all that is contemplated: and this is obviously practicable. However "vile" the body may be, in its present estate, it is an easy thing for Christ to fashion it "like unto his glorious body"—without changing its nature—"according to the working whereby he is able even to subdue all things unto himself."

But, proceeds the objector—does not the Apostle assert plainly that "there is a natural body, and there is a spiritual body?" True: but he does not mean, neither does he say, that there are two bodies, of different substances. Rather, his meaning is, there are two bodies, of the same substance, but in different

conditions. The objector confounds the theological terms natural and spiritual with the philosophical terms material and immaterial. This is a great error. If the Apostle had said—there is a material body, and there is an immaterial body—the objection would have been proper and forcible. But he merely says—“there is a natural body, and there is a spiritual body:” just as he elsewhere speaks of the “natural man” and the “spiritual” man; implying, in both cases, not bodies and men of different substances, but bodies and men, the same in substance, but in different conditions.

But, still persists the objector—once more: does not the Apostle distinctly declare, that “flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God?” True, again: but are there no other combinations of matter than these two—flesh and blood? May not the Creator modify matter as he will? Has he not already given it innumerable forms? Look out upon the universe, and answer. Behold the endless elementary and organic variety! Hear the Apostle himself, on this very topic: “But some man will say, how are the dead raised up? and with what body do they come? Thou fool, that which thou sowest is not quickened, except it die: and that which thou sowest, thou sowest not that body that shall be, but bare grain, it may chance of wheat, or of some other grain: but God giveth it a body as it hath pleased him, and to every seed his own body. All flesh is not the same flesh: but there is one kind of flesh of men, another flesh of beasts, another of fishes, and another of birds. There are also celestial bodies, and bodies terrestrial: but the glory of the celestial is one, and the glory of the terrestrial is another. There is one glory of the sun, and

another glory of the moon, and another glory of the stars; for one star differeth from another star in glory. So also is the resurrection of the dead." Most marvellously, this admirable passage has been often perverted to the support and illustration of unjust distinctions in the society of heaven—the eternal perpetuation there of the evils which so greatly distract and afflict us here. To my own mind, however, nothing can be more evident, than that the Apostle refers to all these different bodies, vegetable and animal, terrestrial and celestial, on purpose to show that, as matter may be, and actually is, so wonderfully diversified, there can be no difficulty in believing that the human body may be changed into all the beautiful conditions contemplated by the resurrection, and yet remain material still. Even if changed from "flesh and blood" into azure air and golden light, it would continue as exclusively material as ever.

But, if this answer to the objection were less complete than it is, there is another which might take its place. That is—the Apostle may have meant that "flesh and blood," in their present condition, "shall not inherit the kingdom of God"—shall not carry their current corruptions into the kingdom of God: for he immediately adds, as though in the way of explanation—"neither shall corruption inherit incorruption." And, if we should agree upon this as the right construction, then we could understand Job literally, when he says—"In my flesh shall I see God, whom I shall see for myself, and my eyes shall behold and not another."

This view of the first class of the subjects of the resurrection is, however, after all, but a partial one. It needs the comprehension of certain other persons,

not positively righteous—persons who, for reasons beyond their control, know little or nothing of the will of God in this world, and yet must be regarded as heirs of salvation in the world to come. I allude, of course, to maniacs, idiots, and infants.

As to maniacs, their title to this classification, depends upon the question of their responsibility. Responsible cases must be rejected. They are instances that “some men’s sins are open beforehand, going before to judgment.” Irresponsible cases, on the other hand, are to be admitted, as without reason for condemnation.

As to idiots, their condition is manifestly the consequence of imperfect physical organization. A good mechanic cannot perform good work with bad tools. A good musician cannot play well on discordant instruments. And yet, bad tools do not deprive the mechanic of his skill—but merely prevent his showing it. And so, discordant instruments do not impair the musician’s merit—but merely hinder the display of it. In like manner, the malformation of an idiot’s brain, or its imbecile or disordered action, cannot essentially affect his soul—but simply obstructs its proper agency. His soul, doubtless, is equal to other souls: and only waits for release from the body to demonstrate its equality. As naturally irresponsible, therefore, it seems to me a necessary inference from scriptural principles, that all idiots are to be ranked with the redeemed.

As to infants, the popular impression appears to be, that they will be raised as they are buried. Nothing is more common than for painters and sculptors to represent happy families ascending from the grave in all the relative proportions of actual life—aged fathers and mothers, youthful sons and daughters, and sweet little babes. Surely, there is no rational or scriptural

foundation for this fancy. As the bodies of the saints are all to be conformed to one model, they must all possess the standard points of perfect stature—whatever minor variations may confer individual characteristics.

One admitted fact is sufficient, it would seem, to correct this error. I mean—that the infant's soul, from the time of death until the morning of the resurrection, will continually expand its faculties and enlarge its accumulations of knowledge, wisdom, and all possible spiritual energies. At the time of the resurrection, the soul of an infant a thousand years in paradise or heaven, will be far in advance of the soul of an adult recently welcomed there. How incongruous the notion that the more ancient and illustrious spirit shall be invested with the pretty helplessness of a babe, and the newly disembodied one resume the fullness of majestic manhood! Or, without this or any more extreme contrast, how unworthy is the thought of reducing to the enclosure of infantile imbecility the mighty mental and moral energies which have been sweeping through immensity, and growing and strengthening in all their flight, for haply five, or even ten thousand years! Take the grandest eagle, from his grandest flight, above the clouds, and beyond vision of the earth: bring him down through the darkness, and still down to the dust, and shut him up in a close wicker cage, where his eye shall have no range, and his head must be drawn down upon his breast, and his wings must be curved tight about his sides—and this is no humiliation at all, in comparison with the supposed inconsistency of a sublime spirit, developed and accomplished as one of the princes of eternity, and then brought down to the tomb to be wrapt about with

the rosy softness and tremulous dimples of a babe. Innumerable millions of those who died in infancy, now hold rank in the world of bliss and glory with the most venerable patriarchs of our race: and in the resurrection will doubtless assume, with them, the noblest type of dignity and power. If any should imagine a difficulty here, it is only needful to remember that the infant form in the grave contains the germ of perfect manhood; and that the resurrection will be merely the substitution of instant development for the slow process of growth. All first things were thus created: and so all last, better, and imperishable things shall be re-created.

Let these remarks, then, suffice in relation to this part of our theme. The first class of the subjects of the resurrection may thus be regarded as including all the righteous and all the irresponsible.

THIRD PART.

As one who leads an oriental caravan through a new and pleasant country, and makes a longer journey than he contemplated when starting—so I, while directing the thoughts of my beloved congregation from point to point, in the interesting and to me hitherto untrodden subject of the resurrection, have prolonged our course far beyond my original expectation.* But, as the captain of the caravan, because of the attractions of the way, and the extension of his knowledge and commerce, does not regret the protraction of his march—so I, and I trust my respected hearers also, at least in part, do not grieve that I commenced the

* 1835.

consideration of the doctrine; but, rather, rejoice in the opening of some views, and the collection of some ideas which, however old and trite to persons who have more faithfully studied and more thoroughly understood the Book of God, are to me neither stale nor unimportant. Still, as the most cheering stage of the chieftain's venture is that in which, from some hill-top to which the caravan has slowly ascended, he overlooks the great commercial emporium, with all its tokens of prosperous trade—the towers and palaces, domes and minarets, in the city; the gardens and orchards, vineyards and pastures, in the rear; the river and bay, the barges and shipping, in front—the place where he is to dispose of his goods and rest from the fatigues of the way—so I am especially glad that, from the point we have now reached in this investigation, it is easy to discern the near and welcome conclusion, where we may calculate our gain, and indulge in fitting repose.

Having noticed, therefore, the first class of the subjects of the resurrection, our minds would naturally turn to the second. But it is necessary, before we proceed to this, to introduce an intermediate event—an incident connected with the resurrection—the change of the living masses identified with the risen saints.

You will observe, then, that death is not to be destroyed by the resurrection alone. At the time of the resurrection, the population of the earth, in all probability, will be greater than it is now. Naturally, that generation will have the same tendency toward death that we have: and yet, not a single individual belonging to it shall die. Like Enoch and Elijah, the whole multitude will escape the ancient and common doom. They shall be changed. Thus speaks our

Apostle: "Behold, I shew you a mystery: we shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump: for the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed."

"*We shall be changed*"—that is, Christians. The change of the wicked who may then live, will be deferred, it is to be supposed, until after the resurrection of the wicked. The first change will be confined to those who correspond with the first class of the subjects of the resurrection: and, in its effects, will be equivalent to the resurrection. The changed, like the risen, will be incorruptible, glorious, powerful, and spiritual. "For"—continues the Apostle—"this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality."

Glance, then, at the physical characteristics of those who shall undergo this transformation. Instead of the similarity of death, they will be found with all the diversities of life.

All varieties of complexion, doubtless, will then remain—from the deepest black, through all intervening shades, to the purest white and red. All these colors must pass through the change.

All varieties of stature, also, will still appear—some sectional, from the shortest Esquimaux to the tallest Patagonian; some occasional, as among ourselves, from the dwarf to the giant; but most, dependent on age, from the new-born babe to the mature man. All these must pass through the change.

All varieties of health, too, will continue—the majority of men moving about apparently in perfect soundness, full of strength and spirit; and the rest languishing, as now, under all kinds of disease; some

of them seeming just ready to breathe their last breath, and be no more. All these must pass through the change.

All varieties of defect, also, of deformity, mutilation, and derangement, must be contemplated as still extant—the lame, the blind, the deaf, the dumb, the distorted, the limbless, the idiot, the lunatic, and all similar classes. All these must pass through the change.

And now, having slightly opened this range, let us agree on these indisputable points: 1. However varied their condition, the living righteous and their associates shall all be changed: 2. The change shall be equivalent to a resurrection: 3. It is as easy, so to speak, for God to change one as another—a cripple, as a blind man; a sick, as a healthy man; an infant, as an old man; a black, as a white man: and, 4. All are to be fashioned after one model—the Lord Jesus Christ: receiving every attribute of perfection—maturity, beauty, and grace; or, in the terms so often repeated, incorruption, glory, power, and spirituality. Agreeing here, we may pleasantly and profitably proceed.

And, see! “In a moment”—not like the slow chiseling of a statue by an artist: “in the twinkling of an eye”—as easy to God as the unconscious motion of a man’s eyelids: “at the last trump”—by a single breath thrilling the world with immortality: “we shall be changed.”

The first trumpet having sounded, land and sea having given up their hosts of the righteous dead, every horizon being thronged with their brilliant array—it may well be imagined that the living children of God will stand about their trembling homes, half

in terror and half in hope, not yet recovered from the vast surprise—heaven and earth so suddenly illumined with such an overpowering presence!—and yet, enchanted by the vision of Christ and his angels above, and of all the saints around, longing to be made like them, and kindling into an ecstasy with the expectation that they soon shall be—when, as suddenly—

The poor black man, a moment before the slave of his fellow, shall stand by the side of his master, (himself haply unchanged) a paragon of perfection, a manifest son of God, transparent with a purity that shall never be defiled, and radiant with a glory that shall never be obscured. The infant, of one moment, shall be his splendid father's peer, the next. The pale and emaciate invalid, whose eyes the fingers of tearful love shall just be closing for the long sleep of death—will turn the touch away, and start from the glowing couch with the fullness and flush of everlasting life. The man who never saw before—shall see, at a glance, the utmost glory of heaven and earth, of time and eternity. The man who never heard before, who merely quivered at the trumpet of the resurrection—shall catch that second blast, and compass then the music of the universe. The man who never spoke before—shall charm the saints and make the angels pause to wonder at his eloquence. The man who never walked a step, or stood erect, before—shall glide up the mountain, or sweep across the sea, with the beauty of the sunshine and the lightness of a shade. While the sad idiot, the man who never thought before, instantly teeming with the activities of all released faculties—shall be enraptured into conscious recognition of his Father and God: and the wild lunatic, the man who never rested

before—shall find his first composure amidst the common excitement, and look upon the scene around him as the only lucid interval in the history of the world.

The miracles of Christ, in that one moment, will infinitely excel all he ever wrought during the years of his humiliation. They will excel in area—occupying, not Judea alone, but, the whole globe. They will excel in number—millions to one. They will excel in character—removing, not merely a single imperfection, but, all imperfections. And, they will excel in consequences—not ending in second death, but, enduring, with all their felicities, forever and ever. No happy Bartimeus shall reclose his eyes in the darkness of the tomb: no beloved Lazarus shall again put on the shroud he has once cast off: but, once like Christ, like Christ they shall remain to all eternity.

In connexion with this great change, it were next in order to notice the triumph of the redeemed over their last enemy. But, we must recur to this in the sequel. For the present, it must suffice to say, that when the living righteous shall thus be changed, and added to the ranks of the resurrection, then a great prophecy shall be fulfilled, and short, but magnificent, anthems may be sung, in accordance with the succeeding verses of our Apostle: “So, when this corruptible shall have put on incorruption, and this mortal shall have put on immortality, then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, Death is swallowed up in victory. O Death, where is thy sting? O Grave, where is thy victory? The sting of death is sin; and the strength of sin is the law. But thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.”

And now, in pursuance of our plan, we must turn to the opposite class of the subjects of the resurrection.

Shadows here come over us. The interest grows solemn, awful—almost repulsively so. Brief treatment may be best.

The resurrection of the wicked! The first remark is this: There is no promise of improvement in the condition of the wicked, by the resurrection, in all the Bible!

How shall we interpret this silence? It is designed that the righteous shall be glorified—and the design is announced. If a similar purpose were cherished, in behalf of the wicked, would it not be likewise proclaimed?

But again—the Bible threatens the wicked with future punishment. What kind of punishment? Spiritual? Why, then, should an accursed spirit be invested with a glorified body? Or, shall the punishment be physical? Why, then, should the body be renewed in beauty, as if for heaven, only to be plunged into hell?

Besides, is it not appropriate to suffer in the body, for the evil deeds done in the body? This is the law in this world—why should it not be in the next?

I confess that I see no reason why the body of the wicked should be improved; and, of course, no reason for a promise of improvement. I interpret the silence, therefore, as against improvement.

But we may go farther. The chapter before us contains one passage, supposed, by high authority, to break this silence. “As is the earthy, such are they also that are earthy; and as is the heavenly, such are they also that are heavenly.” The tense here, it is thought, should be changed from the present to the future; so as to read—“As is the earthy, such *shall be* they also that are earthy; and as is the heavenly, such *shall be* they also that are heavenly.” The original allows this

change, and the context agrees with it, if it does not require it, proceeding thus: "And, as we *have borne* the image of the earthy, we *shall* also bear the image of the heavenly."

If these views be correct, it is not difficult to conceive the condition of the wicked in that awful day.

Observe the world. Mark the current condition of the wicked. See the image of the first sinner in every one of them. Notice the effects of ancestral vices, and of their own vices, under which they so constantly groan. Suppose the Almighty to arrest them, just as they are, and say to them—"Live thus forever!" This is a clear, bold picture of what I mean.

This one truth—if, indeed, it be a truth—opens a world of horrors. If any say—We cannot believe that God will exercise his omnipotence in restoring to the wicked the same, or similar, degraded and miserable bodies in which they died: I have only to ask—Is it any more Scriptural or rational to believe that he will give them glorified bodies, only to cast them directly into everlasting burnings? I seek consistency.

What then? How shall we contrast the two resurrections? When the deceased saints shall arise, and their living associates shall be changed, and the whole multitude of the redeemed shall stand forth in equal perfection—what a magnificent and illustrious spectacle will be witnessed! But, when these shall all have been caught up into the air, and the still unemptied graves shall open at the command of the Son of God, and the transgressors of all lands and ages shall come up unimproved—self-condemned, self-abhorred, mortified, wretched, wrathful, cruel, blasphemous, and yet utterly imbecile—multiplying their trembling, weeping, wailing millions in the presence of their

Judge and all his hosts—how unspeakably mournful will be that dark reverse!

To these, however, as already intimated, must be added the living wicked. They too must be changed—not, indeed, as the righteous, but merely from mortality to immortality. Their change will be equivalent to the unimproving resurrection of their criminal predecessors. It will prevent them from dying—nothing more. As they shall be found, so they must remain forever.

And, when thus the reprobate dead and living shall be made immortal together, tell me—will *they* have a song of victory to sing? Will *they*, like the holy, from plain to plain, from height to height, and from coast to coast, exchange their shouts of triumph? Ah, no! rather shall they conform to the prophecy of Christ—“Then shall they begin to say, to the mountains, Fall on us; and to the hills, Cover us:” adding, in the language of the Apocalypse, “Fall on us, and hide us from the face of him that sitteth on the throne, and from the wrath of the Lamb, for the great day of his wrath is come, and who shall be able to stand?” And mark the force of the Saviour’s statement: “Then shall they *begin* to say”—Alas! when and how shall they *end*? The mountains will not answer, the hills shall not respond, and so the despairing multitudes must still cry in vain, seeking a refuge, but finding none. Ah me! if the rocks could answer, they would only exclaim—“When ye were called, your hearts were as hard as ours! Though God himself entreated, ye would not relent! Now, ye melt—but we cannot: ye call, but it is too late!” Yet still the plaint will be heard, “Fall on us! fall on us! cover us! cover us from the wrath of the Lamb!”

But, turning from the subjects of the resurrection, let us now consider its purposes. These are two: 1. The Judgment: 2. The consummation of eternal retributions. A few words must suffice here.

The *Judgment*. All men are to be judged, according to the deeds done in the body. They are to be assembled, it would seem, in a re-united state, body and soul, not on, but in the vicinity of, the earth. The whole scene of their history will be open at the determination of their destiny.

In some central and commanding position, we may imagine the throne and person of the Judge: on his right—the ranks of the redeemed: on his left—the crowd of the condemned: beyond and around all—the hosts of angels.

Some passages, referring to the process of the judgment, suggest great minuteness of individual examination. One of these reads thus—“Every idle word that men shall speak, they shall give account thereof in the day of judgment.” Others indicate a quick collective decision—“Then shall the King say unto them on his right hand, Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world.” And again—“Then shall he say also unto them on the left hand, Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels.” Yet, even in each of these cases, there is a brief statement of the reasons for the decision. It may be, that a most particular disclosure of every individual case will precede and justify the final and general awards.

As to the results of the judgment, these have been just stated. Another text, occurring in one of the connexions I have cited, sums up the results thus—

“And these shall go away into everlasting punishment; but the righteous into life eternal.”

The *Consummation* of Eternal Retributions. The doctrine of the resurrection necessarily implies that even the righteous must be imperfect in constitution and condition, until the re-union of their spirits with material bodies. Else—why raise the body, at all? If happier without bodies than with them, doubtless they would remain without. But—the restoration of bodies is promised as one of the greatest blessings. Of course, it is necessary to the completion of bliss.

This point wonderfully distinguishes Christianity from false religions—except Mohammedanism, which borrows the resurrection. Paganism considers the body a prison; and its dissolution, as the glad emancipation of the captive spirit. The Bible vindicates the divine wisdom in the original construction of man, by teaching the necessity of a body to the perfection of the happiness of the soul, providing for the re-union, and anticipating it as a most desirable event.

But, what is the ground of this necessity? It seems to me to be this—that heaven, like every other world in the universe, is material: that its pleasures are material as well as spiritual: and that, even if the spiritual could be enjoyed without a body, such an organism is indispensable to the enjoyment of the material. Indeed, I cannot conceive, and, therefore, cannot believe, that any world exists which is not material. A spiritual world, strictly speaking, appears to me an utter absurdity—just as the notion of a spiritual body seems absurd. Bodies are the material mediators between pure spirits and the variously modified, but substantially homogeneous, material universe. And, doubtless, the perfection of the resurrection-body will be found

in its organic and functional adaptation to the apprehension of all elements and combinations of matter, actual and possible, to all eternity—a natural instrumentality, needing no artificial aid, but sufficient of itself to all the demands of the spirit forever.

But again: In order to the completion of the punishment of the wicked, also, the resurrection is required. Many passages represent this punishment, not only as mental, but, also, as physical. Whether these representations are literal or figurative, is the only question. That they cannot be wholly figurative, is plain. If the bodies of the wicked be raised at all, they must suffer. If there were no such world as hell—still they could not escape suffering. Spiritual suffering would produce bodily suffering. But, besides its sympathy with the spirit, the relations of one body to other bodies, and to the sad sphere which must be allowed for their common habitation, would necessarily occasion suffering.

Alas! what visions of woe are opened here! I alluded to them before—but shrink from them again. Think of the present susceptibility to pain! Think of the wicked as raised with this susceptibility renewed, if not increased! Think of the spiritual fire within them, and the material fire around them! And not one only, but millions—crying for a drop of water—and crying in vain! Ah! we cannot dwell on these things. Would God that the people could be persuaded to flee from them. “O that they were wise, that they understood this, that they would consider their latter end!” “O that my head were waters, and mine eyes a fountain of tears, that I might weep day and night for the slain of the daughter of my people!”

And now, in conclusion, having thus noticed the certainty and reasonableness of the resurrection; its

agents, subjects, and purposes; what a sublime and solemn contemplation challenges us all to the great work of co-operating with God in our entire and eternal redemption.

Behold the scene of Judgment! The anthem of victory, sung by the saints, has died away. The cry of the wicked, to the mountains and hills, is at last suspended. The earth—the old and melancholy earth—see! there it hangs—motionless, empty, dreary, desolate. No cloud in all its sky: no breeze in all its air: no roll among its oceans: no surge along its shores: no tide or stream in its rivers: no gurgle among its fountains: no rustle in its forests! There it hangs—without one human being on all its surface, or under its surface: every grave open, and its tenant gone; every house deserted; every ship abandoned! There it hangs—with its exhausted isles, continents, and pole-binding mountains; sponge-like, honeycombed, riddled; all cavernous and crumbling; covering with dust a thousand sinking Ninevehs, never to be exhumed; even as the seas around, deepening into sudden whirlpools, suck down their myriad fleets, to float a plank or spar no more! There it hangs—chilling with the universal abstraction of all inferior life; beasts, birds, fishes, reptiles, insects, dropping their forms and mingling with the common elements. There it hangs—waiting for the first flash of its purifying fires. Ah! thou sad earth! What climes of crimes, and ages of outrages, have been thine! And how hast thou grieved and groaned because of them! It is well, thou shalt be consumed! And yet, what holy love, what heavenly joy, have often hallowed and illumined both sky and landscape! What martyrs hast thou bred! What angels hast thou welcomed! And how have thy sacred hills and dales been honored by the voice and blest by

the blood of the Son of God! It is well, thou shalt be renewed! Renew thy fairest form, thy richest bloom, and show the virtue of a Saviour's power.

But, now let us turn to the vast assembly, arranged for the Judgment. Behold the glorious Arbiter!—throned, crowned, robed, sceptred, with all the indisputable and incomparable majesty of the Man who is God. Behold his celestial attendants! angels and archangels; cherubim and seraphim; thrones, and dominions, and principalities, and powers; rank beyond rank, order above order, circling wide and high in the rear of the magnificent tribunal, and sweeping away, on either hand, to encompass the immense divisions of humanity before it. Behold these divisions themselves! How decided their distinctions, how complete their contrast.

Lo! on the right, the Children of God!—the Heirs of God!—the Joint-heirs with Christ!—the Kings and Priests unto God and his Father! How like their Judge! How like each other! What a bloom is on them!—and its beauty shall never fade, for it is the bloom of “incorruption.” What a brightness is about them!—and its clearness shall never be obscured, for it is the radiance of essential “glory.” What dignity of port and bearing they present!—and its serenity shall never be disturbed, for it is the unconscious expression of inexhaustible “power.” And so, what a transparent purity adorns them!—a purity never to be stained, for it is the nearest approach of the material to the “spiritual,” and only enfolds the spirit to define its presence and perfect its bliss. O vision of love and splendor! Not the slightest memorial of sin or death is there. No vestige of deformity, defect, or disease—not even a grey hair, nor a wrinkle, nor the transient

shadow of a frown—is there. Nothing but beauty, the highest and holiest beauty, perfect and imperishable beauty, the very divinest personal and social beauty—is there. And yet, no pride is there—but, all perfection without pride. There are the eyes to search all things—the voluntary microscopes and telescopes of the universe. There are the ears to turn at will, and with equal ease of perception, from the softest tinkle of stirring atoms to the mightiest chime of concordant worlds. There are the forms to bow, with the stillness of statues, in adoration at the throne; or glide, like the light, among the outposts of space—flashing from star to star, and from system to system, as the thought-bearers of God, the ministers of truth, and love, and joy, to spheres the most remote and life in all its modes. All hail! ye saints of the Most High! All hail! ye disciples of the meek and lowly Jesus! All hail! ye earnest aspirants, ye successful ascendants, to man's true destiny! Henceforth, the course of your immortality is open and free. God and all the works of God invite you to unrestrained communion. Rejoice! rejoice! your Saviour waits to speak your welcome home.

But lo! on the left, what dire reverse of all! Behold the hordes of crime! How unlike Christ! How unlike the saints! How unlike each other! How common and yet how different their woe! Kings are there. Heroes are there. The rich, the renowned, and those who were once deemed beautiful, are there. There, too, are the poor and oppressed—the sufferers of all classes, who, notwithstanding their sufferings, still scorned the proffers of salvation. All lands, all ages, all generations, and all conditions, are represented there: all condemned, all dismayed, all agonized: full

of bitter remorse, and awful foreboding, and vain self-reproaches. Why bloom they not? Why shine they not? Why droop they all, abashed at every glance? Why look so coarse and gross: so weak, infirm, and helpless? Why stand they speechless—dumb, quite dumb, all dumb: as though their hearts were already touched by the second death, and their faces with the paleness of eternal despair? See! there—among the saints—every countenance is lifted and smiling: not, indeed, in triumph over the wicked, but purely because of their own abounding bliss. Alas! no smile is here—no ray of peace or hope. Knit brows, lurid or tearful eyes, lips compressed or quivering, arms sternly folded or stretched forth with wringing hands—such signs alone are seen. God forbid that a sinner saved should boast over sinners lost! And yet, they deserve their punishment—or they could not be punished. Ay, they were infidels, idolaters, or hypocrites; blasphemers or sabbath-breakers; dishonorers of parents; murderers, persecutors, oppressors; adulterers, fornicators, seducers; robbers, cheats, swindlers, extortioners; liars, slanderers, impostors, false-witnesses; covetous schemers, planners, intriguers—seeking their own gain in their neighbor's loss; drunkards, revelers, peace-breakers; neglecters, despisers, or opposers of religion, and of everything holy; abusing their whole probation, sneering at God's promises, scoffing at his threatenings, trampling on his laws, laughing at his love, rejecting his Son, repulsing his Spirit, returning malice for goodness, crimes for blessings, and unrelenting impenitency for unwearied mercy. Yes—they deserve their punishment: and they know it, they feel it, they need none to tell it, the consciousness of it turns, and twists, and gnaws within them, like the worm that

never dies. Weep over them! Oh, weep over them! Forget your own delights, ye happy saints! and weep over the misery of your fellow-men! Behold, in them, the types, the images, the perfect and perpetual memorials of your own sins! Your sinful thoughts—there they gleam! Your sinful passions—there they glare! Your sinful habits—see the wrecks they have occasioned! What haggard forms! What dismal visages! What ugliness abhorred! What loathsomeness of foulness and of pain! Woe! woe unto them! You repented—but they did not. You are redeemed—but they are not. Weep over them! What though they derided and cursed you, on earth? Weep over them! Some of them were once your friends—weep over them! Some, your relatives—weep over them! And ye, O holy angels!—weep over them! Ye ministering spirits, that ever rejoiced over penitents!—weep, now, over all the finally impenitent! And thou! O Judge of all! thou loving Jesus! thou great and gracious Saviour! thou who didst die to save them!—is it too late to save? Thou who didst weep over Jerusalem—hast thou now no tears for this mightier and more wretched multitude? Is mercy clean gone forever? Alas! too late! too late!—and mercy is no more!

See! the Judge rises! Hark! he addresses the righteous—“Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world!” And again, turning to the wicked, the sentence that cannot be withheld smites them from their standing—“Depart, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels!”

Lo! they have gone—all gone: not one is left, no, not one! They have sunk, down, down, down: and are still sinking—lower, and yet lower: but their cries

are no longer heard, their groaning is too deep to disturb the scene around. Let darkness cover them! let distance withhold them! let silence forget them! Never, to all eternity, let us witness again such sin and woe! One lesson like this is enough for the universe, and enough forever!

But, Christian brethren! a brighter prospect now enchants our vision! Lo! the glorious Arbiter, and all his hosts, prepare for the ascension to heaven! The returning retinue will be far more magnificent than that which descended—illustrated by the new and immortal attractions of the saints. And why, now that they are all in readiness for the transit, is it longer delayed? See! They turn to look for the last time on the old and hoary earth. There it still hangs—motionless, empty, dreary, desolate. But, at the lifted hand of Christ, its central fires flash forth, and all the horizon fills with instant flame. Lo! the near moon reddens like blood, and the distant sun darkens as if in dread eclipse. And now, the flame subsides, the sun brightens, the moon pales, the new heaven expands its azure sphere, and, fair within, the new earth globes its living green in golden light, showing a fadeless Eden and a sinless race. Hark! how the morning stars, reminded of the scenes of old, again sing together, while all the sons of God shout aloud for joy! And hark! how the saints, remembering all the reign of sin, respond with the chant—“O Death, where now thy sting? O Grave, where now thy victory?”

Turning again, they now commence their flight. Who would not attend it? Now, the Lord Jesus feels the fullness of “the joy that was set before him.” Now, he is leading “many sons to glory.” Now, indeed, he is carrying “captivity captive.” Behold

them, rising—higher, and yet higher: prolonging their grand career—farther, and yet farther: until, at last, the City of God extends its lines and lifts its towers before them! Swift messengers have preceded them, and all things wait for the triumphant entrance. Wide stand the gates! Bright shine the streets! The Trees of Life beckon them to come, and the Rivers of Life run to meet them. All the home-population is arrayed for the reception—some, without the walls; some, on the walls; and some along every converging avenue, from the gates to the throne. As the procession draws near, harmonious shouts of greeting answer each other, and harps and trumpets pour their strains of joy. So they unite their ranks, and move together to the Place of God. There Christ approaches the throne. There stand the saints with him—and all around, the angels wait the closing spectacle. Hark! “Father! here am I, and those whom thou hast given me. Death, their last enemy, is destroyed!” The Son speaks. The Father hears and smiles. The saints exult. The angels sing. And all is heaven forever!

Such, substantially, was the young man’s theory of the resurrection and its incidents. It still seems consistent: but a new discussion would involve the consideration of certain other themes, which now somewhat embarrass the subject.





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