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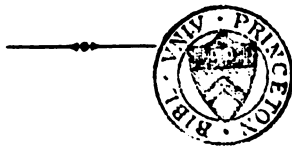
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PLAIN WORDS
TO
YOUNG MEN.

BY
J. B. RIPLEY,
PASTOR OF THE MARINER'S CHURCH, PHILADELPHIA.



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CONTENTS.



CHAPTER I.

	PAGE.
YOUNG MEN ADRIFT.....	5

CHAPTER II.

THE YOUNG MAN ANCHORED.....	42
-----------------------------	----

CHAPTER III.

THE YOUNG MAN AT HOME.....	74
----------------------------	----

CHAPTER IV.

THE YOUNG MAN IN THE WORLD.....	104
---------------------------------	-----

CHAPTER V.

THE YOUNG MAN AT THE END.....	136
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PLAIN WORDS TO YOUNG MEN.



CHAPTER I.

YOUNG MEN ADRIFT.

A FEW years ago, seventeen young men, between the ages of nineteen and twenty-three, banded together to have a good time. They determined on having a share in every pleasure, as pleasure is known to men generally, each participating in the enjoyments of all the rest. They would keep each other's secrets, and stand by in all difficulties. If one suffered, all should suffer with him.

With this compact they set out, promising themselves a long and jolly life. Soon they had taken the first round of all they could find, commonly called fun. Of course the card-table, the theatre, fast horses, the cup,

the night revelry, and the strange woman, all received a portion of attention, although moderate, as compared with after indulgence.

They met together to compare notes, and to see if anything new could be found. There were many misgivings and qualms of conscience. But they congratulated themselves that thus far, by feigning, tricking, and lying, they had deceived the dear ones at home; at least, they thought so. It is true, also, that some of them agreed they felt a little worse for their dissipations; some having pain in the head, some nausea, and some bad colds. But, "Pshaw! these were nothing; we are in for it now. Soon we will get accustomed to night exposure, the cup, late suppers. Soon we can run to fires, arrive exhausted, take into already heated lungs the hot air, keep up the temperature by ardent spirits, go home leisurely in wet clothes, all without taking cold or other injury. After awhile we can sit in the warm, piping restaurant until the damp, chill, short hours of the morning, then rush out and be

none the worse." Therefore, hurrah for the second round, which, as is always the case, was a little longer and deeper than the preceding, containing some marks at the end which were not in the first.

One, in attempting to show himself off to a company of passing ladies, applied the whip to his already excited horse, was thrown, picked up insensible and with a broken jaw. Another, in striving to imitate upon the sidewalk how Madame E contorted herself at the Walnut Street Theatre, slipped and broke his arm.

True, they acknowledged that these were more than bargained for; "but they were only what might happen to any one," especially if a little excited from strong drink. So away for their third round, of course, still a little more degraded, expensive, and longer, although entirely unrealized by the participants.

Out of this spree some of them came a little pale; others feel a little badly; one coughs some and is hoarse; dear mother has to doctor and nurse him a few days. But,

then, "O it is nothing—soon over it. Up, lads, for another good one."

This time they somehow drank in a second or third-rate saloon, instead of the fashionable, heretofore visited. In this round three of them got into very serious difficulty, which looked prisonward. But the rest lie and swear them from the arms of justice; over which they chuckle well, congratulating themselves on being so sharp and such nice young men.

Also, at the end of this frolic two of them lost their clerkships; and business began to look doubtful with two more; and, alas! one is burned with that disease which is crime. "No difference," they still proclaim, "we are not to be cheated out of our fun."

I cannot give the details of the history of these young men. Gradually, as in all such cases, they sank lower and lower; some of them becoming so fond of the cup, that in broad daylight they would go by themselves and take a glass; which, of course, was indication of real fondness; for then it is no longer a social glass. But still, when remonstrated

with, and charged to beware, they were highly indignant.

“Me ever become a drunkard! Me ever hurt myself! You must think I am a fool. I know myself; when it hurts me, I will quit it.”

Pass on seven years from the time that band was formed. How now? *All are dead but one, and he is a perfect wreck.* One shot himself; one took opium; two died of delirium tremens; two died of fevers; one was stabbed in a brawl; and nine died of consumption, hollow, hectic, wasting, restless, coughing consumption; America's plague—not only attending thin shoes on damp pavements, low neck dresses, night exposures, especially after the excitement of the dance; not only the end of colds neglected in the race of business, or for any other cause; but a common companion of the rum-bottle. In every glass of liquor can be seen the coil of the never-dying worm; and, often beside it, the pale, ghastly, death-fanged serpent, consumption. Strong drink injures digestion; deranged digestion tends to corrupt the

lungs, and corrupted lungs end in consumption. This is one way, beside the many who, because of their exposure after imbibing, bring it on more speedily.

Understand me, I do not assert that all who pour down intoxicating drinks die of consumption. Facts would not bear me out in such an assertion. But I do assert, and all who have observed closely will say, Amen, that consumption is one of the common attendants of strong drink. Doubter, go to the hospital, as I have, for five years, making in that time some two hundred visits, and you shall learn something on this subject.

As parallel to the above history, I might tell the story of twelve young men, who started from a northeast town as sailors, determined to ransack the world for pleasure, not one of whom was left in five years to tell the tale. O cursed and cursing rum! Thus I have been presenting to you young men, of whom it may literally be said, they were *adrift*; and alas! how soon they were wrecked.

My heart goeth out toward all young men.

A great portion of my energies, since naming the name of Christ, have been devoted to the interests of young men. But especially am I moved for those who are thus going astray. When I hear one say, as a sailor not long since, and particularly when he utters it with a spirit of "don't care," I tremble for him, "My only home is on the sea, no one belongs to me!" I fear, because there is danger of his taking another step, and saying, "No one cares for me, and I will care for no one." Then, indeed, he is in danger for himself, and of doing great injury to others.

On this subject I can fully adopt the language of another.

"I love to look upon a young man. There is a hidden potency concealed within his breast which charms and pains me. I silently ask: What will that youth accomplish in after life? Will he take rank with the benefactors or scourges of his race? Will he exhibit the patriotic virtues of Hampden and Washington, or the selfish craftiness of Benedict Arnold? If he have genius, will he consecrate it, like Milton and Montgomery,

to humanity and religion; or like Moore and Byron, to the polluted altars of passion? If he have mercantile skill, will he employ it, like Astor, to gratify his lust of wealth, or to elevate and bless humanity, like some of our merchant princes? If the gift of eloquence be hidden in his undeveloped soul, will he use it, like Summerfield, in favour of religion, or like Patrick Henry, in battling for human rights; or will he, for mammon's sake, prostitute that gift to the use of tyranny and infidelity? Will that immortal soul, which beams with intelligence and power in his countenance, ally itself with its Creator, and thus rise to the sublime height of destiny; or will it wage war with truth and duty, and thus sink to degradation and death? As I raise these great queries, I at once do reverence to the high potentiality of his nature, and tremble for his fate."—*Daniel Wise.*

Yes, young man, there is power with thee. The locomotive may be gently breathing at the station now, but I am not deceived; I know that it is a giant. It needs but a single touch of the engineer, and away it goes

screaming with its might—now whirling a curve—now plunging through yonder mountain, making the very foundations of the earth to tremble as it causes to fly along the inhabitants and wealth of half a town. So, thou art a giant, for good or for evil, far more potent, for thou hast in thy bosom the enginery of immortality, unto which Omnipotence hath said, “Be strong.” That good or evil thou wilt certainly do, for there is no neutral ground. I know well the fearful strugglings of these two powers—the good now saying, “I will rule, I will make thee respected;” and now the evil assuming the command, saying, “This is but a little sin, anyhow, take your fill.”

In yonder meadow flows two streams; one dark, sluggish, offensive; the other sparkling and bright. At one time the sluggish waters overflow their banks; then a pall hangs over the meadow, and sickness and sorrow visit the farm-house. Again the sparkling waters dance out upon the thirsty sward, the grass grows green, the lowing herds laugh and are satisfied, the farmer’s

daughter gets back her rosy cheeks, and his puny boy leaps for joy.

Thus, but far more powerful, are the two great powers within thee for joy and gladness, or sorrow and ruin.

Think, reader, perhaps you can now call up a fearful array of these risings and falls: at one time your good vows, in all their strength and beauty, kept your head up, and you felt that indeed you were a man; but alas! again they are broken, and lie like shattered heart-nerve at your feet, to startle you in your very night visions. I speak that which I do know, when I assert, that one of the crying sins of youth, is *lying to God*. Now promising him in the storm—again, in sickness or affliction; and now when wishing a favour, that if He will save, avert, or grant the thing desired, He shall be loved and served all the rest of life:—solemn vows, broken almost as soon as made. Ah! if one of our fellow-creatures would thus break promises made to us, our indignation would know no bounds.

2. Again, I know well the traps and mur

derers which invest the way, to destroy the good, and therefore give full sway to the evil.

(a) There is, for example, the trap of *not wishing to be thought mean*; and, therefore, the danger of going to prodigality and over-reaching one's resources; and hence the temptation to game, betting, and putting the hand into the employer's money-drawer, (of course, expecting to repay when flush,) in order to keep up our end of the treats, and be generous.

(b) *Over desire to please employers* is another stumbling-block with some. They will do anything, whether right or wrong; becoming mere boot-licks. The character of the master is the character of the employee. Is he a bad man, and wishes his clerk to take, for example, his customers to the theatre, the drinking saloon, with its harlot chamber, they are at his bidding, thinking that thus they please him. How mistaken! A decided "No, I will do nothing wrong," would be the high-road to promotion, even

with ninety-nine out of one hundred of such men.

(c) *Credulity* is another of these way-enemies; a believing every one who pats us upon the back, and tells us a smooth story—"that everything is really gold that glitters"—that while others have been befooled, we were born under more lucky stars.

(d) And, therefore, as connected with, and inseparable from, credulity, *self-conceit* may be held up as one of the pits into which almost all youths, particularly young men fall. It is true that it is not peculiar to youth of either sex; for it is the plague of many to hoary age: although, generally, the rough experience of full manhood settles one down amazingly, in the estimation of himself. The young man loves to be flattered; it is as sweet music to be told that he has a fine bearing, is of excellent, if not superior mind, &c.—especially if that tongue be a woman's, it is laid upon the heart as an unction; until alas! often, when too late, it is discovered to be perfect poison.

Then, again, to yield to the opinion of

others would be unmanly; and to give ear to those older, would make fogyish. “*We must think and act for ourselves.*” This is the affliction, and the common canker, especially from about sixteen to twenty-five. And, of course, connected with it is pride, desire for show, chagrin at a sty, boil, gray hair, or any bodily infirmity; and the *shrinking from ridicule*. Almost any length will be gone, and almost any sacrifice made, rather than be exposed to ridicule. There is not a sin or crime in the long catalogue, which has not been committed to avoid ridicule—lying, profanity, theft, suicide, murder, treason, piracy, and even incest. To avoid ridicule is the pugilist’s stimulus, the duellist’s intoxication, and the blackguard’s meat. And yet these very persons, who are so very sensitive to the touch of this weapon, are the very ones who are most afflicted with self-conceit, which continually stirs them to say they must think and act for themselves; but all the time are moved as mere puppets at the bidding of the flatterer, ridiculer, and like ephemeral moths—the self-conceited, of all

persons, having the fewest fixed opinions of their own; except one—this, “we are considerably better than any other members of the human family.”

(e) Another trap almost all powerful and well laid, is the *intoxicating cup*. But as I purpose to speak more at length on this subject in another chapter, here I will only refer to the might and skill of the machinery; and that, too, in the language of a young man who knows well and sorrowfully all about it. “I have often tried to quit the use of strong drink, and probably should have succeeded in any one of my efforts, had I been let alone. But I have known, as afterward discovered, curious plots, exhibiting skill and determination enough to win a Waterloo battle, to be laid, in order to entrap me, so as to get me to take one glass, just one, knowing that I was then sure for more. The most certain part of which plot always was to get a fascinating lady to present the cup. I was then certain to yield.”

Reader, if you wish a picture of the machinery of the wicked, put in motion by rum,

to secure the downfall of others, read the Book of Proverbs. Flowers, music, flattery, wit, charity, so called, woman's fascinations, and even professed piety, all are put forward, and that too with unceasing fidelity.

(f) Another of the fearful gulphs into which so many young men fall, is *lust*. With many it is the omnipresent thought; awake, asleep, at work, leisure, home and abroad, the all-absorbing idea—a perfect mania; even the most chaste picture of the most chaste woman, in them but exciting the fires of lust. Their conversation is but made up of their former conquests, plans for future indulgence, criminal remarks on the passer-by, and wishings for still further facilities, all for the never-satisfied fire.

“But,” says one, “the Creator gave us this passion, and we have a right to indulge it.” Did he? If so, he certainly has the right to say, as to the rolling sea, “hitherto shalt thou come, and no farther.” But you say, No bound. Virtue, health, mind, are of no account if lust can be indulged. Alone thou canst abuse thyself until thy shattered

nerves, aching head, and glassy eye, cry out against thee, and tell thy sin to the public. Yea, some indulge until manly affection fails, intellect weakens, memory falters, and the criminal becomes a drivell, and often an idiot. And then from thy secrecy thou canst come to involve others in thy crime, setting on fire the course of nature more and more; and then dare to open thy mouth in such blasphemy, as to claim that God gave thee this passion. Beware how thou dost charge him. He made thee a creature of mind; thou art trying to make thyself less than a mere animal. He put into thy hands facilities for the development of that mind, so that it should rule all the inferior powers; thou hast let the lowest passion of thy fallen nature rule thee, prostituting even the mind to administer thereunto. Beware, face to face thou shalt answer for thy charge against thy Creator. Think how much by stimulating eating and drinking; exciting reading, imaginations, and pictures; lustful conversation, association, and indulgence, thou hast done to feed thy passion, before thou dost charge God wickedly.

Ah, you know that if you are carried away with your lust, it is your own fault; one-half of the pains taken to cultivate mind and heart, that has been taken to stimulate and satisfy thy passion, would have given thy higher nature the control, and made thee almost infinitely a happier man.

3. Also knowing that so many young men are homeless sufferers, unsympathized with, therefore I speak.

Let us take a walk through the hospital. Here is one from the mountains, on whose green and fresh heights we are apt to think disease never dares to alight.

Another is from the valley, over which now sweeps, and now gently breathes the south wind, giving health and beauty to the corn and fruit. Nevertheless they are there, and they are sick.

Another is from the mechanic's shop; another from the accountant's desk; another from the army; one from the city; another from the country, and many from the sea; there being no nook so hidden, no firmament so blue, no air so healthful, no mountain,

hill, valley, sea, or water-brooks, partaking so much of the Tree of Life, that disease or accident cannot find a stopping place.

Some are where the surgeon applies his skill on bruises, cuts, and fractures. Others groan with fevers, coughs, and pains. And alas! others are where disease is crime, uncleanness making them to cry out; but almost all are young men, *homeless young men*.

Knowing all these things, I would not be worthy of the name of man, did I not run and speak to young men, to sympathize with them, to warn them, and to try to rescue them from the jaws into which so many fall annually, and are crushed.

Look at these bands of seventeen and companies of scores, until your eyes are wearied and your mind confused in trying to number them; they are running rapidly to destruction. Should I not cry out, "Turn ye, turn ye from your evil ways, for why will ye die?"

Certainly I should. I could not be a friend and be silent, especially as I see yonder the green hills and sparkling waters of a

blissful for ever; and yonder the dark mountains and the smoking valley of a for ever of perfect misery; I feel I have a right to ask my fellow-travellers, *Whither bound?* And I have a right to expect to such an all-important question, more than the sleepy, "I don't know." We should all think that captain or owner *perfectly mad*, who should drag his vessel out of the wharf and hasten her to sea; and when asked, *Whither bound?* should answer, "I don't know." Do not know? Vessel and cargo worth, perhaps, half a million, twenty or thirty men on board under full sail, a fair wind, and no fixed port? Madness, indeed! But very likely the very first persons to cry *fool*, would be the very persons who have no right to say a word; they themselves being guilty of far greater madness; for, when asked after their health, they can tell you all about it; so concerning their worldly affairs, they are prompt with an answer; but when asked, *whither they are going after death*, they too answer, "I don't know."

And yet it is the very first question every

one ought to be able to answer. Jesus has gone before, and says, "Whither I go, ye know, and the way ye know." It being the privilege of every one to stand upon this narrow way, and say with Paul, "We know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." 2 Cor. v. 1.

Again, knowing that God thinketh upon young men, therefore I write.

Any one who never looked over the Bible for this purpose, will be surprised on investigation, to see how much our Heavenly Father careth for young men. Everywhere they stand prominent. They are the rank and file of the Lord's host. Yes, the leaders, as when Christ chose his twelve.

If the young men are right in God's sight, the nation can truly rejoice. If they sin, the nation must mourn; and if they fall, the country is helpless. Jeremiah was like a weeping widow, when he sighed, "The Lord hath trodden under foot all my mighty in the midst of me; he hath called an assembly

against me to crush my young men . . . my virgins and my young men are gone into captivity;" joy and gladness were all gone when "the young men ceased from their music." See Isa. xl. 30; Jer. vi. 11, ix. 21, xi. 22, and li. 3; Amos iv. 10, viii. 13. Tit. ii. 6, "Young men likewise exhort to be sober minded." 1 John ii. 14, "I have written unto you young men, because ye are strong."

Indeed, our forbearing merciful Father thinketh wonderfully, constantly, and lovingly for young men. *Wonderfully*, so wonderfully that his own Son, as a young man, the Wonderful, offered himself as a sacrifice for them. *Constantly*, for he can always be heard calling, "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth." Always he pleads, "Wilt thou not from this time cry unto me, My Father, thou art the guide of my youth?" Jer. iii. 4. And *Lovingly*, O how lovingly! Did he not love them so dearly, he would not say so much about them; recording when they are victorious, or when overcome, lamenting so much over their calamities, and

calling upon them to "rejoice in their youth;" "to flee youthful lusts;" "to be sober-minded." These things denote real interest, which can only be where there is love.

Knowing, also, that there is a strength attainable by which *all* temptations can be overcome and all traps escaped, I speak. I would not mock young men.

Being firmly fixed in the truth as it is in Jesus, is a strength which is surety against our being driven about "with every wind of doctrine;" so there is a strength which is perfect defence against passion and every temptation.

"When Pompeii was destroyed, there were very many buried in the ruins of it who were afterwards found in very different situations. There were some found who were in the streets as if they had been attempting to make their escape. There were some found in deep vaults, as if they had gone thither for security. There were some found in lofty chambers. But where did they find the Roman sentinel? They found him standing

at the city gate, with his hand still grasping his war weapon, where he had been placed by his captain; and there while the heavens threatened him, there while the earth shook beneath him, there while the lava stream rolled, he had stood at his post, and there after a thousand years had passed away was he found."

So young men may stand. These Roman sentinels were obedient to orders. They had been put upon their posts with orders to stand. Let young men obey the orders of the Captain of our Salvation, and they shall stand in every evil day. "If God be for us, who can be against us?" NONE.

"A foreign princess visiting England, and desirous of learning whence the prosperity and power of the Queen were derived, her Majesty, in reply to the inquiry, presented her with a Bible, intimating that 'a greater than Solomon was there.' The Bible is said to be the Queen's favourite gift-book. When about to come to the throne, she sent a copy to a dying girl in Kensington, who had been visited by her, inscribing on the fly leaf, 'The

gift of Victoria.' The sacred volume is the text-book of the royal nursery, and a class-book in the schools of the Queen. It is read morning and evening in family devotion in the royal household."

Here is the secret. SELF-RELIANCE is worse than folly—it is madness. The humble, fervent, daily petition unto the Lord God, in the name of Christ—*Deliver me when tempted*—will bring success. I know that this is the very opposite of the notions of youth. Their self-conceit leads them to unbounded confidence in self, and hence their falls. The young man, for example, who will not take the counsel of experience in business, is sure to stumble. Just so, morally, he who will not look up and rely upon the source of all morality is sure to fall.

Several years since, Mr. Marshall, (better known as Tom Marshall, of Kentucky,) suddenly gave up his habit of drinking, by which he had already brought disgrace upon himself and was fast being ruined, took the temperance pledge and became a public advocate of the reform, pleading its cause with the same

thrilling eloquence that had distinguished him in political campaigns and in Congress. In his public addresses he spoke with deep sorrow of his previous course, and declared his unalterable determination to keep for ever the pledge he had taken. But some years after he again yielded to temptation and fell into his former habits. He has, however, again reformed, and having learned by experience the insufficiency of his own strength, there is reason to hope that his recovery may be permanent. Recently, at Cincinnati, in a lecture on temperance, he gave a narrative of his first reform, and of the address made at that time, in which he pledged himself to adhere to his reform until death, after which he solemnly remarked:

“Every word of that was written in the deepest sincerity. It was felt most heartily. I was confident in myself. When I look back upon that speech, I see in it a boasting, vaunting tone, that makes me feel ashamed. In that speech I defied a demon—defied the devil—and the devil attacked me and I fell, like Lucifer, through pride. I needed the

lesson to teach me not to rely wholly on myself. But I have 'come to myself,' in the beautiful words of that beautiful book which we call the Bible. I go out now in an humbler mood, and modestly seek a support outside of myself. I lean upon a stronger arm than mine. It was to strengthen me in this last effort that I delivered this address tonight, for I feel that if I fall now, I shall fall never to rise."

Here, again, I proclaim it, hear me, is the secret—reliance upon the strength of the Omnipotent arm. A kite will not fly without a string; a ship will not sail without ballast; the navigator constantly depends upon the Governor of the universe to keep sun, moon, and stars in their places. That is, he must be connected with heaven. So we must have the attachment of the golden chain of faith; we must be well ballasted with truth; and we must constantly look up, taking our reckoning, or there is no safety for us. In a word, we must "be strong." We must put on the Christian's helmet; this defends the head, and gives something to think about.

Idle thoughts, worldly thoughts, "minding earthly things," pride, impurities, murmurs against God, &c., are all put away. We must have on the breast-plate of righteousness. Then the heart will be protected against improper loves, and the fiery darts of the wicked one. And we must have our feet shod with the "preparation of the gospel of peace;" for our enemies are sure to slime our path and set gall-traps for our feet. In a sentence, we must "Be strong in the Lord—strong in the Lord and the power of his might." *It is a sin not to be thus strong—strong for sunshine and strong for clouds and darkness.* Any one can talk of resistance when he is not tempted.

But what are the use of embankments which can only stand in dry weather; or of forts which are only to look at, and serve for the drill-ground of the defenders. but tumble at the first fire of the enemy? So moral strength, which only shows its muscle in sunshine, is not the strength we must have in order to stand. "Put on the whole armour of God," and, like the Roman senti-

nel, stand. Be wholly consecrated to God and you are safe.

Look at that man who is determined to be first in business, or first in his profession; he lets nothing divert him. So set thy heart on God, determined to know all his law, obey all his precepts, and be first in the companionship of his Son, and nothing will trip your feet; even though now thou art shivering on the very brink of destruction, thou shalt renew thy strength, as is the promise, Ps. ciii. 2, 5, "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits . . . who satisfieth thy mouth with good things; so that thy youth is renewed like the eagle's." How often we have seen this. The trembling, almost sinking man, spring up like a youth. Why should he not? for in this consecration to God he has a new life; he lives, "not he, but Christ liveth in him;" his very body being made the temple of the Holy Ghost; instead of being filled with all uncleanness as before.

This is the religion of the Lord Jesus. The true life to live, the preparation for

death, and life everlasting. And this is the higher strength; and when possessed, the young man is no longer adrift, but anchored.

See Eph. ii. 11, 12, for a picture of one adrift—13 to 22 for one anchored—anchored, because of the possession of the life set forth in verses 1—10.

Knowing these things, I say again, I would not be a true friend of young men, did I not plainly tell them, and warn them, running to speak to them.

And now, before going to the next chapter, let me add two cautions. Show thy strength by being not affected by two evil cries.

1. That of *Hypocrisy*. "I will have nothing to do with religion, because there are so many hypocrites in the Church."

Come here, thou who dost despise or reject the Church and religion, because there are hypocrites therein, let us talk the matter over. Did you ever think that in so doing you may be frowning at thyself, and despising good things, because of the mark, sign, and seal of thy own family? For what is

hypocrisy in the Church, but the spirit of the world and worldling therein? *Pretension* is not an invention of the Church, or an offspring of religion. Look in Gen. iii., and you shall discover its origin.

And did you never think that the very fact that there are so many hypocrites, is a very strong tribute to the excellency of Christianity? Men never try to pass themselves off for that which they are not, unless they, at least, suppose they are going to accomplish something desirable thereby. That is, they are at least after a fancied good. Even that fool-hardy creature who has been playing his antics at Niagara Falls this summer, in, for example, his *pretending* to be a baboon, thus crossing that raging river on a wire, was seeking, surely, an imaginary good.

In a word, as has often been said, "men never counterfeit and forge on a concern they know to be broken." Bad men very often pretend to be good men, but truly good men never feign to be bad men.

It is, then, as asserted at first, because of

the world in the Church that there is hypocrisy. Then in order to consistency, whoever rejects the Church and her religion because of hypocrisy, must everything else wherein it exists. But, as *much more* is found outside of the Church than inside of it, where would such an one go to live? Shall he take up his abode in fashionable life? But, take care, there are a great many who dress, walk, talk, and do like gentlemen and ladies, with whom it is all put on—Hypocrites. There are very many who will say to you, “I am very, very glad to see you!” who are only *pretended friends*.

Shall he dwell among the rich? Look out, for there are a host who smoke in that crowd, who are so poor that they cannot pay their house-rent—apeing the rich, but are poor, indeed.

Shall he abide among the poor? Just as bad off there, for it is an every-day toil with a multitude of them to hide their poverty, and therefore assume a thousand things they are not.

Shall he turn to the business world for

rest? Ah! a sad step that, for here you are met at the threshold with any number who are all things to all men—now 'ready for Church, and now just as ready for the curtained up-stairs—anything for trade. Why, they even talk philanthropy and pity for the poor, in order to fill their pockets. Hypocrites!

Well, then, he may certainly turn to politicians for an asylum. But, O mercy, forgive us! Perhaps the very first one he becomes acquainted with, which was just before the election, shakes him warmly by the hand, tells him he is very glad of his acquaintance, invites him to his office and house, &c., but after the election will scarcely look toward him. He must then cry, Hypocrite, and haste out of that crowd.

Where then shall we go? It is vain to turn in any direction to get rid of hypocrites. They are everywhere and in everything. There are pretending professional characters, pretending mechanics, farmers, soldiers, sailors, learned and unlearned, nationalities, &c.,

on sea and land, even in the beggars at your door.

Pretension! Why we associate with it, eat, drink, and put it on almost daily. Cloths, all sorts of fabrics, chemicals, perfumes, drinks and eatables, are all imitated.

And yet, in all, be it noticed, there is a tribute to the genuine. Even in the infamous stuff which is so much poured down men's throats, by the name of wine and other liquors, be it ever so horrible a decoction, is always made to look, smell, and taste like the genuine.

Turn not away, then from the Church, and her religion because of hypocrisy.

2. The exclamation, "*What a pity!*"

And who is thus to be sorrowed with? Of course, some eyeless, armless, or otherwise unfortunate individual, No. But certainly something sad occurred. Well, yes, according to the opinion of some; if an expression of sentiment without knowledge can be called an opinion. I suppose that an Indian's expression of sorrow, that a man should sit all day at his books, when he might be in the

chase or bloody fight, would hardly be regarded as an opinion; for, an opinion presupposes knowledge, and thought upon that knowledge, so that the mind is carefully made up. Or, to illustrate my meaning more familiarly, the opinion (if so we shall call it) of a mechanic, is considered of no worth about farming; of a farmer about sailing; of a sailor about military tactics, &c.

Now the above expression is always from the mouths of those who are just as unfit to give an opinion as the persons just named; they being totally ignorant of that of which they are talking; therefore to express themselves at all is only presumption.

I will now finish the sentence. "What a pity! that should join the Church, thus cutting himself off from the enjoyments of life—he is so young." And especially does this expression become sepulchral when the person is as yet but a child.

Let us look well at this condolence. It is claimed that by taking this step all enjoyments are forfeited. They have a round of what they call pleasure; any one outside of

it is miserable. To say the least of it, this is having a good opinion of their own judgment.

But what is most lamentable of all, is that this expression sometimes is heard from those who are supposed to know; that is, from professors of religion; and these same professors have often exercised their authority and prevented this step being taken by the young.

But what difference does this make, as to the absurdity of the opinion; for there are multitudes in the Church who are perfect strangers to her joys. The Church is as a chain around their necks, they being restrained by her without any experience of her life.

One reason which these dolours give, is that joining the Church assumes responsibility and care, and therefore young persons cannot enjoy themselves. According to this, then, to be without responsibility and care is to be happy. Just the opposite of the truth. Or to state the case in the affirmative, I appeal to the experimental to bear me out in the assertion—that there is no

substantial happiness without care and responsibility.

Pass along to the first hotel or boarding-house you please, where abide some of those of both sex who are without business, without family ties, without connection with any society, in a word, are without cares and responsibilities of any kind; having plenty of money and nothing to do but enjoy themselves. Are they happy? About as much so as some lone night-hawk cawing over your house-top, pinched with hunger. There is no class so restless and so irritable; let but a shower interfere with one of their plans and they are almost desperate; knock from them one prop and all is gone; left alone they are wretched; prostrate upon a bed of sickness, and often suicide tells the story.

But take one of these cases whom so many envy because of their leisure and plenty, and give to his *heart* care, not merely his intellect, care for God and man—the solemn responsibility of the vow of consecration to God, and his countenance will light up at

once. It cannot be otherwise, for religion is “joy unspeakable and full of glory.”

Take as another illustration, the sailor. What a restless creature! how void of any enduring happiness until he gets care and responsibility!—as, for example, of a family; loved and loving ones send out thrills upon the ocean. Still more exquisite his happiness if he feels and discharges his responsibility to God.

Believe it, O now believe it, that *religion, only religion, can give true happiness.*

CHAPTER II.

THE YOUNG MAN ANCHORED.

“IN the old Roman wars with Pyrrhus, there was an oracle which said that victory would attend that army whose leader would give himself up to death. Decius, the Roman Consul, knowing this, rushed into the thickest of the battle that his army might overcome by his dying. The prodigies of valour which he performed are proofs of the power of consecration. The Romans at that time seemed to be every man a hero, because every man was a consecrated man. They went to battle with this thought, ‘I will conquer or die; the name of Rome is written on my heart; for my country I am prepared to live, or for her to shed my blood.’ And no enemies could ever stand against them. If a Roman fell, there were no wounds in his back, but all in his breast.”

Behold what devotion can do! In the first chapter we considered the young man as left to himself to do every evil his corrupt nature should desire. And we saw him mighty for evil; mighty to harm himself, his family, his companions, his country; so mighty that he could even stand up and break all of God's laws. Now we are to look at him as devoted to good. And the following facts will show, that when one is truly consecrated to God he becomes more mighty for good than any one possibly can to do evil; although I am free to admit that the deeds of the wicked often make the whole world shudder. To illustrate, I need but mention the names of Charles IX., Robespierre, and Nana Sahib. But the King of kings is mightier than the Prince of darkness; and, therefore, the devotee at his altar shall overcome all the assaults of the enemies of good, thereby showing his superior strength.

For example, there was once a young man went up from the sheepfolds to abide in the town. He went up in a way, it is true,

not looking as if there was much power of good abiding with him; but no difference, the humiliation of his passage did not alter the case.

After living in town for some time, and getting on nicely, having arisen by his conduct to quite an estate, he was beset one day by an evil woman—one of great prominence in that town.

Now, suppose he had done the evil desired; disaster, of course, would have followed, his integrity would have been destroyed, a plague spot would have been cankered in his character, to curse him all his life, often making him cry out *unclean*. In a word, he would have been ruined, and with him the family thus invaded—a princely family. There would have been consequences mighty in evil. But he could not have destroyed a great nation, yea, an everlasting kingdom. As it was, however, behold the power of good. Joseph did right, suffered for it a little season, but saved Israel and the Church.

See the power of a young man, and he a

stranger in a strange land, who would do good.

Take the history of another. Alas! at one time he was potent to do wrong, seeming to have presented himself a living sacrifice on the bloody altar of the Prince of darkness. He was drunken—went reeling about as a perfect pest. He was profane; so profane that even old and hardened proficients in the crime of swearing were often struck dumb by his more horrid blasphemy. And, of course, from these two great features in his character you may fill up with a multitude of low and vile habits and practices, until you make a perfectly offensive subject. By so doing you will have before you this man. The harm he did never can be told; figures cannot compute and groans cannot sigh out the sad story; the damning waves are still beating toward the everlasting pit of sorrow. But notwithstanding all so deplorable, that man became far more mighty for good. He received a new consecration; that drifting, dashing ship, shivering itself and all the vessels of the harbour with which it

came in contact, was brought to the wharf; that man took hold of the arm of Omnipotence, and became as much more powerful for good, as Emmanuel is more powerful than Belial.

Now suppose the history of this man had have ended as one of Satan's warriors, most probably we would never have heard of him, and not even a ripple of the pestiferous waves he set in motion would ever have reached us; but now the world, both of saints and sinners, knows and is influenced by John Bunyan.

But some one may say that the influence of Hume, Herbert, Voltaire, and Paine, is as potent and reaches as far for evil as that of these for good. Not so: but for a moment admit it, still our position is the same, and the conclusion therefrom untouched, for we never have had experience of these men but in one direction, therefore no one dare say, that with all their ability, they might not have been much more able advocates of the truth. Powder splits the oak, but the lightning shivers it. We believe that if their

minds had have been sprung by the Almighty; that if with Watson, Butler, and Sir Isaac Newton, they had have bowed at the feet of the great Teacher, they would have been giants. Contact with the *Mind* of the universe cannot but enlarge and stimulate. But in none of the cases given have we any knowledge of such contact, although Lord Herbert attempted to bring it about on one occasion, and says he accomplished it. Suppose he did, still our position is not vitiated, for his bowing the knee to God was powerful to for ever overturn all his infidel reasonings. He wrote a book to prove that it was absurd to suppose that God would manifest himself as claimed by Christians he did in Christ; and then bowed down and asked God to give him a sign as to whether he should print it. He says God did manifest himself to him by an unmistakable sound in the southern heavens. See then, Lord Herbert claimed that it was absurd for Deity to be in Christ, as Christians claim, but could manifest himself to Lord Herbert. This one acknowledgment has more power for good than all

his book for evil; for wherever his book has gone, the story of his prayer has been told, and his theory falls harmless to the ground.

But the only fair way to test this question is by examples of those who have been both evil and good; as, for example, *Paul, Augustine, Luther, John Newton, Nelson, &c., all at one time earnestly devoted to the wrong, but became mightier far when consecrated to Christ and his cause. Their names can never perish.

2. And now is the question asked, (and it certainly ought to be,) How can one become thus devoted? I will try to answer.

(a) Take the Bible, and by daily study so familiarize its precepts, that they can readily be called up as guides in all action. The only way a captain can sail his vessel safely is by a constant consultation of his chart and going thereby. The only way a lawyer can properly manage his case is by a knowledge of the law and testimony. So the only way of safety for life's journey is by adhering strictly to the law of our God.

Therefore, the first thing to be done by the drifting one is to come back to these statutes. As one of much experience both in wrong and right says, "I thought on my ways, and turned my feet unto thy testimonies. I made haste, and delayed not, to keep thy commandments."

One of the many merchants of New York who was ruined by the crash of 1857, remarked, "If I had my life to live over again, I should make the book of Proverbs my daily study and guide, in all my business transactions." "Yes," replied a business man of this city, "and if I had taken the word of God from the first, as I have for a few years, I should be better off to-day."

O that all would thus subscribe! if not, they must sooner or later cry out, "the way of a transgressor is hard"—*very hard*.

Listen to a sentence from this book. "With what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again." He that, for example, takes the advantage in trade, may be assured of being served likewise. Whoever

gets gain by unholy means will certainly be cursed thereby.

Does some one reply, "I cannot get along in trade unless I practice the trickery of those around me." To such an one I need only say, *I know better*, if therein he means he must do wrong. In fact a course of wrong is just the way not to get along. Why is it that about ninety out of every hundred of our business men fail? Just because they descend to this trickery. God says, "A false balance is abomination to the Lord; but a just weight is his delight." "Trust in the Lord and do good; so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed."

I know that often, in appearance, for it is only in appearance, calamity befalls those who will do right, just because they are just. As, for example, a young man is turned out of his situation because he will not transact business on the Sabbath. But wait awhile, that youth may buy the very man that would have him do wrong. This has often occurred. Ah! our God means what he says. If a man thus takes the law for his

guide, and thus strives, it shall thus be fulfilled. "Seest thou a man diligent in his business; he shall stand before kings; he shall not stand before mean men."

See in 2 Samuel i. 15, what was meted out to a young man for trying to curry favour by doing wrong.

But note carefully, to take the Bible as a business guide-book—for etiquette, for sound learning, for reproof to the erring, or for any other object short of the one great—*the discerning therein, and to be led thereby to Christ*—the true end is not attained. "Ceasing to do evil and learning to do well" will not save any one.

(b) This then is the second and main direction; the wanderer must be brought directly to Christ.

Reader, do not turn away, saying, this is an old story. It is an old story that in a ship's outfit she must be provided with a life-boat, but it is none the less essential because old. The story of Christ is that of a young man, and therefore young men should be particularly affected thereby. I would, there-

fore, introduce you and make you intimate friends from this time forward. I know that such an intimacy can be. Many a young man has all at once withdrawn from companionship with the wicked. "How now?" inquire his old associates; "he seems to be very happy, looks neat, and seems to be getting along nicely." Why, this is it: he has been introduced to this Jesus, the King of kings, and now has him for a companion. But I tell you plainly, I cannot thus introduce you. I can tell you of his name, some things concerning him; and I can beg and pray you to seek his acquaintance; but only can the Holy Ghost bring you together; and the Holy Ghost will not establish this intimacy, unless with the whole heart you ask him.

And let me right here tell you why, that unless you are thus brought to Christ the great end is not attained.

1. "For Christ is the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth."

Reformations do not fit us for heaven. Alas! how many make shipwreck here.

They have ceased lying, evil-speaking, profanity, drunkenness, filthiness, &c. They have even felt badly and wept much; and because that, after this regimen, a spirit of gladness seems to be breathed upon them, they call it piety, or that they have "got religion;" and often thus deceived they live and die. No, no, friend, do not stop here; thou must receive Christ. He must be to thee "the one altogether lovely."

If after thy reformations and sorrows Christ is not, at least at times, as prominent before thine eyes as the bright morning sun after the dark, howling, battling night; if he is not *first*; if thou dost not love companionship with him alone; yea, if thou wouldst not die for him, there is something wrong. There must be undying love between you and Christ.

Why, look here! A young man sets his heart upon a maid. He loves her with a pure love, although she is not what she ought to be. She reforms, weeps over her conduct, speaks words of love for him, but at the same time is not devoted to him; would he be

satisfied. Of course not. Just so here—the Christian is Christ's bride. He loves her with pure love; and she must love him first of all. If she does thus love, she will think of him much, do much for him, often steal away to talk with him and be with him. Yea, she will do as the lover of the Song—"I found him whom my soul loveth: I held him, and would not let him go, until I had brought him into my mother's house, into the chamber of her that conceived me."

But there are many other classes who stop short of taking Christ as the end of the law, besides that which trusteth in reformation and sentimentalism. For example, the following put in their claims to salvation, without Christ, for righteousness.

Mr. Talkative tells his story. "I can repeat the Apostles' creed. I know the Catechism thoroughly. I can give you from memory almost all of the New Testament, and large portions of the Old. I can converse on all religious subjects. I can defend the faith, for I am decidedly orthodox. And I repeat the Lord's Prayer, and make other

prayers three times a day." And thus Mr. Talkative walks on through life, expecting at the end to see the unfolding of a brilliant panorama, with his orthodoxy all written out in full, as a welcome to a high seat in the upper kingdom.

No, no, Mr. Talkative, "*for Christ is the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth.*" No panorama, only Christ, is seen.

Now, Mr. Strict-Moralist states his case. "I have never done any one any harm. Though often tempted to trick in trade, I have never yielded, although I have by my integrity lost a pile of money." When Strict-Moralist arrives at the threshold of eternity, he expects to see high and lifted up the golden beams of God's justice, the law in one hand, and himself in the other, exactly balancing each other, and thus, marked as good, and passed to tell for ever the *worshipping* host, that by his own merits he entered heaven.

No, Mr. Moralist, no, "*for Christ is the*

end of the law for righteousness." Lo! he sees nothing but Christ at the end.

Again, Mr. Good-Works discourses about his doings in this world. "I have never turned away the hungry from my door. Never did the widow and the orphan cry unto me in vain. I have almost daily visited the sick and suffering. The hospital wards and the prison cells know me well. I have helped to build a *score of churches*; of course I shall enter in, for it says, 'work out your own salvation.' "

But how sadly Mr. Good-Works is disappointed, for, instead of a great mountain built up by his charity at the end, saying, "Enter into the joy of thy Lord," he sees nothing but Christ; "for, Christ is the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth." Finish the passage just quoted in part—"Work out your own salvation with fear and trembling, *for it is God* which worketh in you, both to will and to do of his good pleasure," and then only the whole story is told.

Still one more lays in his claims, viz., Mr.

Religionist. "I was brought up in the Sabbath-school, always punctual. As soon as old enough, I took a class—was never absent unless absolutely necessary, then always provided for my class. Never absent from my church on the Sabbath or during the week. Never darkened the door of another church; believing that truth dwelleth with us, I have always been consistent." And, therefore, Mr. Religionist expects a hearty welcome at the end by the children and fellow Straits and Stricts who have gone before. But see, lo! Christ, and Christ only! "for Christ is the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth."

"I am a poor sinner,
And nothing at all;
But Christ Jesus
Is my all in all."

It may be justly said that the sum and substance of human struggles is for peace. For this end men stretch every nerve for money, to carry out ambitious schemes; crying, Peace, give me peace! The apprentice boy thinks, if he was only free. The

freed sigh, and say, "If we were only established in business." Those in business wish they could retire. The unmarried think, if they were only married, then they would be happy; that is, be at peace. And thus we find it everywhere; just as much among those of leisure as those of toil; sighings and wishings for some change—never satisfied, and never can be, but in one way—CHRIST IS OUR PEACE. "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on Thee." "Being justified by faith, we have peace with God, through our Lord Jesus Christ."

2. But permit me to speak farther on this subject, taking up the sayings of some of these classes.

(a) The scion of exquisiteness exclaims, "I have found it! I looked long for the way of peace, but never did I enter therein until now: it is in doing the agreeable, and getting the name of being a perfect gentleman. Hence I shall spend my time early and late in studying how to please."

Well, let us pass on a few years, and then

request the lesson of experience. How is it, Mr. Exquisite, have you found that after which you so earnestly sought? or, have you discovered sharp edges, and very much that is hollow and hypocritical, in fashionable life? Come now, honest, after the whirl of a long evening of compliments, chit-chat, dancing, eating, sipping, have you not often, yea always, on being left alone, been forced, in revolving your disappointments, perhaps chagrins, jealousies, &c., to groan, "This is not what I thought it." I can answer the question myself. I know you never found peace thus; and I know you never can find it in any other way than in Christ.

I would most emphatically say, cultivate good manners; but, at the same time, I would add a wholesome caution: watch the man of soft, exquisite manners. There never was a great rascal who was not an adept at bowing, and all the touches and turns of what is called refinement and fashionable life. Yes, I would say, keep far from you that man, though he plays the agreeable to perfection, who is not, at least, a warm pro-

tector of holy things: for, to say a man is a true gentleman, when his heart is not noble, is as absurd as to say that carefully brushed and shining locks always grow upon an intellectual head. Cultivate the heart, let the fountain sparkle with love to Christ, get that peace which He is, and gentility will certainly begin to flow out in the manners.

(b) Again, the young student says, "This must be the way of peace. I will fill my mind with great thoughts. I will give myself to reading and meditation. Then, as from night to night I commit myself to slumbers, in the short hours, the satisfaction I shall feel for having enlarged the intellect which has been entrusted to me, will be peace."

Ah, Mr. Student, I know well of just such toil. Often I have arisen from my bed, although far toward morning, and pursued my studies farther, because that weariness, which I called peace, was not yet attained.

Assuredly, I would say to all, study daily; develope the power which your dear Father in heaven has given you; it is a shame to let

the breath of God chill in your brain; but, at the same time, remember that it is not *the* way of peace. It shall be *one* of the avenues if done for Christ's sake; for he, and he only, "is our peace."

Make a man all intellect, and what would he be? a monstrosity! Affection is as much a part of the soul as intellect. In order to satisfaction, the whole soul must be developed, and find its centre to tend to, and be energized from; then its very exercise is as the play of sweetest harp. By your hand you may set in motion different parts of a steam-engine, and bring out various results; but it is only when the fire burns, and the power of steam is applied, that the whole moves and shows its might. So is it only when the fire of love to Christ burns in the heart, and the power of the Holy Ghost moves the whole soul, that happiness or peace is attained.

Take an example. Chesterfield was both a scholar and the very beau ideal of good manners; so much so, that to say of a man he is Chesterfieldian, is to assert of him that

he is a finished gentleman. But did Chesterfield attain peace thereby? Far from it. Whitefield and Lady Huntington told him of the way, and begged him, in all the eloquence of that silver-tongued herald, and the soft, persuasive, wise words of that unctuous woman, to enter therein; but *he would not*, and died in disgust with all earthly pleasures, saying, "I have tried them all; I know their worth. I wish to sleep in the carriage the rest of the journey."

(c) Ambition now comes forward with an air of perfect confidence, saying, "Long did I seek happiness, but it was always as the rainbow, farther on; but now, I believe I know the source. When men pay me honours—when the people point to me, and say, he shall rule over us, then there shall be peace."

Are you sure, sir? What is the ground of your assurance? Certainly not experience—you could not thus talk from a knowing *heart*. Certainly not from history; for, from Alexander the Great down to the constable of the most humble district, you never

heard of one who found his ideal when he arrived at the desired goal. And most assuredly you did not so learn from the Scriptures, for they proclaim everywhere, "Let him that glorieth, glory in the Lord." Jesus, and Jesus only is our peace. Stand up and say, "Whether Paul, or Apollos, or Cephas, 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," 1 Cor. iii. 22, 23, then there is peace.

(d) I will only tell the story of one more. Dives is perfectly sure he shall attain that for which men sigh. "Why," he says, "money buys fashion, the means of intelligence, and even surpasses mind and heart, often being more cared for than both. Also money paves the way for, and carries out ambitious purposes. Hence to be rich is the way of bliss. I have my mind fixed on a certain amount; when that is possessed, I shall be perfectly satisfied. Morning, noon, and night, I will say, 'Soul, take thine ease, eat, drink, and be merry.' "

But, Mr. Dives, who is the rich man? I fall in with the notion at once, that riches make happy. Now, true happiness endures, goes with us through life, forsakes us not at death, and but increases for ever and ever. This cannot be said of money, for it often, as if on wings, leaves the coffers. And then the gold and silver attained, themselves induce fever for more, like begetting like, so that there is no peace, even when one secures his fancied pile; for then he still wants more—if not, the care of the possessed eateth like a canker. But the riches of which I speak never fail. Here they are: “My God shall supply all your need, according to his riches in glory, by Christ Jesus.” Note the expression. This supply comes by Christ Jesus. Yes, for he, and he only, “is our peace.”

Away, away at once and for ever with the notion that money can make you happy. Let me bear upon this idea a little longer, for, like the intoxicating cup, it is very fascinating; therefore, before one is aware, he is enslaved, and might exclaim with a recent

criminal after his arrest, "Anything for money!" He was not in the least abashed or repentant, although he had highly wronged God and man. "*Anything for money!*" Mind, heart, body, family, friends, country, eternity, all must be sacrificed for money. Alas! alas! in the case of this criminal, it seemed as if the only lamentation at his wife's funeral was, because it cost so much.

Is this the way of happiness? You might as well say that only he is happy who is burning with a fever. But you say this is an extreme case. Take care; there are many such, only they are not as honest as he to make confession. If he got to the extreme, it only shows whither tends the road in which he travels who starts out with the idea that money can make him happy. Be assured that such an one must necessarily be unhappy; and if he continue to pursue, will as certainly end wrong, as the navigator who should, at each morning watch, put his ship out of course. The soul must be healthfully and wholly developed, so that the man is company for himself. The body must be

cared for, so that the soul shall not cry out against its home, or there is no peace, no difference how much wealth is possessed. Money cannot buy a good conscience, a healthy body, or the smiles of our heavenly Father.

Bear with me still a little, while I try to illustrate and impress this subject, by telling you of the young man who cannot say, No.

He is a great wisher. "I wish I were rich. I wish I could afford a span of fast horses. I wish I could travel for five years. I wish I had \$100,000, I would then lead a very different life," &c. And yet that young man cannot say No, now, if sinners entice him. By what course of reasoning is it made out that a fortune would give moral stamina, and therefore ability to say No, to evil; seeing, of course, that there would with it be a wonderful accession of friends, that is, base-hearted, selfish creatures, such as are always drawn around one by money.

Young man, be not deceived. Moral power, true manliness, is not from without, but from within. The gold case does not make

the hands of the watch go correctly; the power is from within. So it must be with thee. The whisperings that if you were in such or such a condition, had this or that, then you would be happy, are all, like ocean under-currents, decoys to thy ruin. Fix deeply and abidingly in thy life that happiness is not a creature of circumstances, or to be bought and sold in the market, but from within, when that one whispering, which is of the Holy Ghost, saying, This is the way, is obeyed. The nightingale sings, not as the creature of circumstances, for it is all the same whether she be in the hawthorn or on the house-top, the night be clear or gloomy; she sings because her song is from *within*. So thou, if thy heart is right in the sight of God—if the Holy Ghost, “who giveth songs,” even “in the night, to his beloved,” abide in thee, thou canst sing, though like Paul and Silas, poor, forsaken, in the inner prison, and your feet fast in the stocks.

To the sailor, the subject could be presented thus: In going on board of a ship he commits himself without reserve to the cap-

tain. He does not for a moment doubt that the captain is perfectly competent to navigate the ship, and therefore he gives himself no concern about it, but puts his all in his hands. This is confidence, or faith in the captain. But now suppose more than this. The sailor and his captain are out in mid-ocean; the ship, everything is gone, and still the sailor is undisturbed, fully believing that the captain is able and willing to take him, through calm and storm, to the desired port. This would be more than confidence in the captain; it would be receiving him as the confidence itself—the all and all. Just so we must receive Christ. This, and this only, is knowing Him, so that we can say with Paul, “I know him whom I have believed;” not in whom, as we generally hear it, but “Him whom I believe.” Christ is not the end of faith, but the object, for “He is our peace.” See Rom. viii. 14—17: Eph. ii. 11—22: and Titus iii. 3—7, and learn the story of a Christian.

And do not say, “this is too good to be-

lieve." Thus once panted a young woman to me on her death-bed. A little time before, she was bright with all the hopes of youth; and, as is generally said, "very good-hearted." But now she was shivering on the boundary of two worlds. I preached to her Jesus, the suffering Jesus, who knoweth all our frame, and pitieth us in all our infirmities. I told her of His blood—of His perfect righteousness—that "He was made sin for us, that we might be made the righteousness of God in him." I tried to tell her a little of the sweet story of his graces; of that "peace which passeth all understanding"—how "it keeps the heart and mind through Christ Jesus"—and that it was only attainable through Christ—"being justified by faith, we have peace with God, through our Lord Jesus Christ"—that "He is our peace." I read to her from Heb. vi. 17—20, the story of "strong consolation" which we may have by the way, and of hope, which is an anchor to the soul; showing how anxious our heavenly Father is for us to be happy and re-

joyce while we journey to the unseen; having provided all things needful, even supplying "all our need according to the riches of his glory by Christ Jesus." And finally I told her of the inheritance, that although "eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor hath entered into the heart of man, yet the Holy Ghost hath revealed them unto us," so that we have foretastes. Also that disciples were heirs of God, and joint-heirs with Christ, that "all things were theirs"—yes, that the Christian is one with Christ, as He prayed. John xvii. 21.

Poor girl! all she replied was, "Too good to believe: it would be presumption in me to look for so much." This was the tack Satan took upon her—"Too good, too good for me!"

But is it, after all, wonderful that one should thus feel, or be thus tempted? In fact, I cannot conceive how any one who has been truly humbled before God, and therefore has felt, to some extent, the heinousness of sin, can otherwise feel, when he looks at

holiness. And the more he looks into his Father's face, the more he will feel his unworthiness.

It is said that something of the glories of the natural heavens may be seen at any time from a deep well; and that he thus seeing them is more impressed with their magnitude than in the ordinary way. So here, the lower we are in self-abasement, the more do "the things which God hath prepared for them that love him" impress us, and the more do we feel that they are all of grace. It would, indeed be presumption in any one to look for such things, did not our dear Father freely present them; and Christ bring them with himself as free gifts. But seeing he has, the presumption only exists in refusing. The more we conceive their magnitude, the more we honour the donor in thankfully accepting them.

Say not then you cannot. O, if the Holy Ghost descend upon you, there will be living fountains of power within you. But even now you may know very little of that which

is in your heart. A mother may think the fountain of tears is dried up, for her little pet she buried years since. But just let her, in stirring up the rubbish of the garret some day, descry an old shoe, once worn by him, and, to her surprise, her eyes are full—the fountain not having dried up, only stayed. So, of love of country. The tottering old man, who left his native land when but a boy, may be sure that all tender emotions for that land have long since ceased; when, perchance, the sight of an old oak, or curling smoke from some hill-top, or the tinkle of a shepherd's bell, will stir his soul to its very depths.

Open thy mouth wide for the indwelling of the Holy Ghost, and thou shalt never say, "I cannot;" and Christ shall always be precious.

3. Do you ask, "When?" or, "is there need of haste in making this consecration to Christ?" I answer emphatically, Yes. If the question of personal religion is not settled; if the new birth is not attained

before the age of thirty, it very rarely ever is. Even more startling still: the vast majority of Christians make that profession before the age of twenty-two. Do not understand me, that our dear Father will not hear the earnest cry of the soul at any age. O, no! but the difficulty is with the creature. After the period of youth is passed, the spirit generally settles down into indifference.

I do most earnestly entreat thee, therefore, O youth, now, now, to secure Christ as thy All.

CHAPTER III.

THE YOUNG MAN AT HOME.

“HARD to leave home after all!” This was the remark of a young tradesman, whom I met recently on a steamer, on his way to an inland village, to set up for himself. He had weighed his anchor from the good old home bay—he set his sail, and was filling away rapidly for a new port. And now he was thinking seriously about it, perhaps for the first time in his life. The excitement of leaving home, shaking hands, last embraces, &c., were all over, and he really felt that he was away; the romance beginning to subside.

The above was the conclusion of the whole matter. “Well, it is hard, after all, to leave home.”

Yes, young man, it is hard. And while you feel sorrowful, if you could see what

may be before you, while out in the wide world, such as thousands have experienced, you would more than feel sorrowful: you would stand appalled. Indeed you have taken an important and critical step.

What shall be known of that young man in ten years? See that noble ship! She has broken from her anchorage—now just moving with the tide and light wind—now passes the break-water. But wait a few moments, there is a fearful storm howling on the horizon—where will she fetch up?

And think of the harm done by the breaking away. That ship lost her anchors, and much valuable chain. So, the young man, even in going away under the most favourable circumstances, breaks away from the peaceful habits of a score of years, which have tended to ground him in virtue, and necessarily runs upon new temptations. And then he causes much sorrow in that old home. Hot tears mingle with the placid and cool waters of that home bay where he so long was anchored. Many sighs are

heaved for songs—many anxious looks to windward. “O, where is Johnny to-night!”

And if he leave without consent—tears himself away—alas! alas! as he drifts then, with his conscience upbraiding him, unless he is much hardened in sin, far more are the sorrows at home. Then goes up in the ear of God, especially on the night winds, “My son! my son! O my son!” Then go forth the melting letters to the prodigal—“Do come home! you are killing your father and mother! do, do come home.” As, for example, the symbolical letter to a sailor, once related in my church. The loving ones at home, by picking up here and there little cuts, and pasting them on a sheet of paper, occasionally inserting a few lines, had set forth his history, in brief, from childhood. At the beginning was the picture of a poor, pale, suffering, babe, in its cradle, at midnight, with the anxious and tired mother bending over it; thus setting forth to his eye what he had often been told—the great care he cost in infancy. A little farther on was a boy, about five years old, just brought

into the almost frantic household, dripping and cold, from the river, supposed to be dead. And finally, a picture representing a boy fleeing from his home toward the shore, off of which a little way, a ship lay at anchor; while father, mother, and grandfather, with his grey head leaning on his staff, are looking after him, and sorely weeping: which letter illustrates the history and sorrows of, alas! many.

But I am not now going to consider the young man away from home, but at home. First, at his father's, and second, at his own home; with only one reflection on the above. If there is so much sorrow, and it is so hard to break up the domestic circle, what must be the consequences of drifting away from God, and the hallowed circle of the eternal home? Read, in Luke xv., the story of the Prodigal, and learn how our Father in heaven feels in reference to those who turn their backs upon him.

“I knew him and I did not know him.” A very proper remark; for, as an ordinary acquaintance, one may know an individual

in business, in society, in a word, in the world, perhaps having on the tinsel of fashion, the smirk of business, or the wily smile of the politician; at home being a very different being. Therefore, to know a person fully, we must live with him. Young man, allow me, as a friend, to go home with you, and we will, at leisure, talk over our interests in thy father's house.

1. A dislike of home is one step toward ruin. I have conversed with hundreds of young men, and never has one expressed to me a dislike of home, who was not himself far from being what he ought to be. True, thy home may not be desirable; but to give vent to a dislike of the place where thy mother lives, shows something wrong. Contentment is a feast indeed—a great home-virtue; but sad! very sad! young people are very apt, if in no other way, to work themselves up into a fever of restlessness, imagining themselves over-restrained, and kept back from society.

2. Do not settle yourself down upon your father's toil, saying, "The world owes me a

living, and I will have it, without work." But stop, let us see; the world is not bankrupt; she can pay all her debts: honour to whom honour is due; gold to whom gold is due; and bread to whom bread is due. Franklin, a poor boy, stood before kings. This the world honoured him with, but he worked for it. Mother earth has yielded millions and millions of gold and silver, but only to toilers. Miss Nightingale and Garibaldi are now receiving the joyful tribute of the intelligent world; but they worked, and are still at work, so that the world is only paying her debts; but these debts, sooner or later, she is sure to pay. Tell us, then, what benefits you have conferred upon the world. What piece of unproductive soil have you made to bring forth bread? What forest have you felled, and put thereon the golden harvest? What latent power of nature have you brought forth? What tear have you wiped away? What widow or orphan have you blessed? What profanity have you hushed? What drunkard have you influenced to sobriety? What schoolhouse or church

have you built? and whom have you been the means of rescuing from Satan for Christ? Bring in your account, and we will strike the balance sheet, and tell you whether the world owes you a living or not. See yonder fruitless, flowerless, leafless tree; does the world owe it a living? No; it is only a cumberer; cut it down, burn it up, and put something in its place which is of worth. See, again, the crawling, coiling, hissing, stinging viper—now in the grass to bite your heel, now on a swinging limb to drop upon you; does the world owe it a living? No; neither does the world owe any man or woman a living, unless they are not only not injurious, but of some positive benefit; and therefore the world never gives it to them. They live unnoticed, except with the eye of pity, scorn, or contempt, and they die unmourned. It is true they get air, food, and raiment, while on the earth; but they are dealt out as alms.

3. Be a *man* at home, and I will go thy security for any other place. A *man!* magic in that word—noblest of creation.

God made him upright; his head high, to survey the fields, wherein the Lord God walketh in the cool of the day; his face to lift up to the sunbeams, the starbeams, and, best of all, to the beams of his smiling Father's face. Say not that yonder reeling, swearing, filthy creature is a *man*! No! I know not what to call him. Pity, and do him good if thou canst, but turn thine eyes upon a *man*.

Jesus was a Man—a *true Man*. Look upon him, and lay fast hold of the hands of thy Father, and thou wilt be a man. Be not afraid to connect thyself with heaven. I see at sunsetting water-drops ascending to the skies, to appear in a few days in the rainbow. So if thou wouldst be beautiful, be a *man*—thou must connect thyself with heaven. I have seen an infant look up into its mother's face and become like that mother. So, wouldst thou be a *man*, look up continually into the face of the model, Jesus, and commune with him.

Say not a young man is demeaned by prayer. Tell me, does that young wife,

whose cheeks are all aglow from a brisk walk over the flowery fields, and along the laughing brooks, now leaning upon her husband's arm to tell him all her heart, belittle herself thereby? Nay, you say you never saw her look so lovely, so womanly. So the young man at true prayer, after having been out upon the Sharon lawns, the Lebanon heights, and lily valleys of God's beautiful fields, the Holy Scriptures, never looks so manly. His heart is warm, his cheeks are rosy, not a shade upon his brow, for his whole face is upturned to the light, as he is telling his Father and Saviour—"Thou knowest all things, Thou knowest that I love Thee."

What makes a true man? You answer, a strong, well-formed body, a clear, active intellect, and a good heart. Be it so. Now does prayer, contact with Jehovah, weaken or malform the body? You admit that, for a child to take hold of its father's hand and ramble over the fields, tends much to the healthful development of the body. Certainly not less so for one to "walk with God,"

as Enoch. Experience has taught millions that daily "walking in all the ways of the Lord blameless," is the best surety for bodily health. And then, surely, for a mind to come in contact with a greater, is the way of good. We thus prescribe for one another, saying, Sit among the learned, and thou shalt become learned; commune with the wise, and thou shalt increase in wisdom. Then certainly for the finite to be brought in contact with the Infinite, will be the highest stimulus to mental culture.

And now, as to the heart. I indeed feel that, with the others, there must be a good heart, or the man, with his able and handsome external, and mind of might, would be but a splendid failure, or, at best, a something for the eye to rest upon at a distance, contact being cold. A strong mind without a good heart, would be as the high, clear, blue arch above us without a sun—chilling, freezing, death-bearing. But how is the heart to be made good? It is not thus naturally. There are helps—proper instruction, example, association with the good—

just as there are helps to warm us—steam, open and hidden fires, electrical clouds, &c. ; but the world would soon freeze were it not for the central sun. So with all these helps in order to a truly good heart, there must be an opening to the rays of the Sun of Righteousness—prayer.

“Shine upon this heart of mine.”

“Create in me a clean heart, O God.”

I. Now, before considering thee in thine own home, I wish to give thee a thought for home. A fearful injustice has grown up in the community, and, like almost all wrongs, it lays its ruthless hand directly upon the happiness of home. I desire you to be one of a band of reformers to do away this wrong. It is in reference to the transgressors of the seventh commandment. Somehow, the criminality, and, of course, the disgrace, is almost entirely thrown upon the female; she being spurned, whilst the male is received as before, even some going so far as to call him very clever who has murdered the most virtue, while his victims are only fit for the pillory. How is this? By what law? Cer-

tainly not by His law who doeth justice without partiality. Take the fact to thy home, look at it calmly and make up thy opinion. Suppose thy sister, or some one whom thou dost dearly love, was the victim. Ah, I am sure that then the seducer would be held as equally culpable. Then, I am sure, thy indignation would know no bounds, for the horrid fact has come home. But ah! these others have homes, or had, until this inexorable law drove them therefrom.

Reader, if thou art guilty, try not to laugh and congratulate yourself because still you walk among the respectable. In all right minds, in the estimation of all those whose opinion you will care for in your *honest* hour, you are equally guilty with the companion of thy crime.

II. Now, young man, let me talk with thee a little about thine own home. This, of course, implies that you are not willing to be a drone, and hang on in the old family hive as long as there is enough to set your foot upon.

1. Do not desecrate thy home with the

bridal wine. Bacchus has no business at thy altars. Admit him to thy marriage altar, and he will soon take possession of every love-fire that burns beneath thy roof. If he lays his ruddy hand upon the brow of thy bride, he will very likely break her heart before he quits his embraces. Keep him out; allow him not even a finger through the key-hole. He may come in all the fascination of the purple grape-clusters, perfumed with the choicest of the vine; cheeks ruddy, eyes sparkling, his very feet brilliant with the jewelry of the press, as he cometh from treading out the wine; yet admit him not, for he is a monster. Think of his demand at the very beginning. He asks to be admitted to thy very marriage-bed. He is a tyrant; with every cup he makes a link in a biting chain to bind thee; treachery is his very breath. Admit him not, though the priest himself who makes ye twain one, offer the glass, with wishes for your health and happiness.

“But,” you say, “a glass of wine is a very little thing.” True, as a poor woman, who

has been a great sufferer these twenty years because of a drunken husband, said, "The beginning of rum is nothing, but, O! the the ending!" The wine-sipping, the champagne-bibing, and even to get a little out of the way on Christmas and Independence Day, can be borne with; although to a sensitive nature these are fearful. For a man *once*, in all his life, to have lost his senses, or any part of them, in the intoxicating cup, is a disgrace, which, in the eyes of the pure law, can never be washed out, any more than if he once stole, but by all-atoning blood. Drunkards, thieves, adulterers, and murderers, are all in the same reckoning in the law of God. True, the beginning is little, but, alas! when a man can pour down the most horrid stuff that was ever concocted, and that daily, so that he is all the time perfectly soaked, offensive to the sight, smell, and touch; intellect burnt up; his moral sense gone, so that he will steal anything—his mother's Bible, coffin-plate, his wife's bridal ring, anything and everything for rum, then, indeed, there is a cancer in the house,

Bacchus (the monster now) having got the chains well fastened.

Just so on board our government vessels. That little which the official bar-tender deals out to them is comparatively nothing; although it doth, somehow, come to pass that hundreds and thousands turn out drunkards who got their first taste there—drunkards made to order by the American Congress! It looks quite inconsistent to see the grog tub and the chaplain aboard the same ship, both to officiate, and that, too, one against the other; Satan easily being able, through that *little whisky*, to lash enough hot blood up into the brain to keep out gospel truths; but, nevertheless, it is so.

But it is said that the grog is necessary as a protection in sickly climes, &c. If so, why not give it out then, and then only, so that it may have its full benefit? But, no, it is poured down all the time, from the moment a man ships. Yes, it is the bridal wine which Bacchus offers a youth on his marriage to government—a little thing to

baptize his home with, saying, "it will not hurt."

This is the beginning; a fine, hale, hearty youth pours it down, at first, with grimaces and contortions—after a while, with smacking of the lips for more. Go on a few years. In a low boarding-house, a man-of-war's man is seen in a stupor, called sleep, from the effects of strychnine and so-called whisky—the pay of his three years' cruise all gone in as many days. Who is it? That same hearty, hale youth. O the ending of rum! Ah! would that this were the end! But, no; "the wicked is driven away in his wickedness"—drunk for ever!

In this connection, let me tell you of a young man whom I knew well. He was a *hard worker*. He was ten years performing his task, although he was faithful, if ever there was a faithful one. Every morning, as soon as he got his breakfast, (often quite late, to be sure,) he was seen going to his place of labour, sometimes with quick step—perchance, for fear some one would get his favourite corner—more frequently, though,

with heavy step, and frowning brow, no doubt, because of uneasiness and headache, from the toils of the day previous. On his arrival, the first item was the swallowing of a hot potion, over which, with all his long experience, he sometimes made a wry face. Then, in pleasant weather, he sat himself down upon a short bench in the front porch, with his feet as high as his head, to take observations on the passers, and to listen to the low, vulgar and blackguard talk of kindred spirits. In winter, and unpleasant weather, he deposited himself in a chair with his feet on the stove. After two or three hot mixtures were imbibed, he might be seen making his way home for dinner. Soon as he had dined, sure to return, spending the afternoon as the forenoon, except sometimes was carried home at night—no doubt, overcome because of the severe toil of the day. Thus, just think of it, did A—— loaf ten years at a rum-house—Sundays—every day.

Now I should call that hard work. Suppose, before that young man commenced this round of ten years, he had been told

that he must thus pass ten years. He would have been highly offended, and pronounced such a demand as the basest tyranny, exclaiming, "I would infinitely prefer to toil, and come under the scourge of an Austrian galley!"

Perhaps a glimpse of what might be the poor fellow's truthful journal will show his sad lot more clearly.

"*January 2d.* Got up at 11 o'clock, with a horrid headache, a burning stomach, and a clammy, dreadful taste in my mouth. Was somewhat relieved by three potions at the corner, but felt wretched all day.

"*February 1st.* Had a very pleasant day at the corner—had some Italian serenades, and six half-drunk, witty fellows from P—. Good time. Also, was favoured with a cushion in my chair, very comfortable.

"*March 2d.* Rather unpleasant to-day. A drunken fool from the country fell over me, hurting me some: fool! no business to drink so much. I was carried home at night, (they say—this was written three days afterward.) Was very sick—horridly

plagued with spiders, snakes, bulls, and demons. The doctor did not tell me what my disease was: one thing I know, I never drink too much; no, indeed, everybody knows that."

The reader stops, and says, "This is satire." It may be; nevertheless, it is the story of tens of thousands. Young man, I beg you do not touch the *first* glass, or, if already commenced, dash it away at once. This is not satire, but earnest, honest entreaty from a friend; and if you will listen, you will hear the best Friend entreating in like manner. Reader, there is no safety but in *absolute, total abstinence* from all that intoxicates.

"The way of a transgressor is hard." Do believe it. Take another example of a hard worker, and say, is it not so? The Pugilist. How long and diligent in his training. Finally he comes to the ring, there to pound and be pounded, until bones are broken, and the face, which should flash an intelligent soul, has no appearance of humanity—a mere animal, only equalled by one other in the whole kingdom, the bulldog—the only differ-

ence being in the superiority of the dog, for he does not know any better.

And what is the end of such hard work, brutality, and disgrace? Almost always—as in the case of the pleasure-woman, for her three or four years of sin—abandonment, death in poverty; as now the champion wrestler of England, who for years carried the belt of the world. O, horror, horror! If the drunkard, the pugilist, the licentious, &c., were made to do these things by parents or masters: if, for example, a young man was obliged, say, for the support of himself and aged parents, to go on a frolick, lay in the street drunk all night, roll and tumble about, and bruise himself; not only would he cry out against such cruelty, but the whole community would be astir, and that father or master would not be suffered to abide among them.

“The way of a transgressor *is* hard.”
 “The thorns which I have reaped, are of the tree I planted. They have torn me, and I bleed. I might have known the fruit would spring from such a seed.”

2. Do not sacrifice one moment's peace for fashion's sake. The cry has very much got to be, "Anything for fashion."

Comfort, common honesty, happiness, everything, must stoop to this monster. A house for a rent which can be met will not do at all, for it is not among the upper tens. Where Mr. A. B. the millionaire, and Mr. C. D. the lottery speculator, (no difference, he is rich) and Mr. E. F., who almost trades in human virtue (but that is nothing, he is one of the first families)—where they live, we must live. Hence, the tailor's, the butcher's, the doctor's, and all the other little bills may stand, for the sake of style.

A feverish night, because a bank note is due the next day, is of no consequence, says fashion to the dashing young couple. A wish that the old aunt would die, in order that the promised pile may be pocketed, is no sin, says fashion, for you are now among the tip-tops.

The fact that many things false are said and done to keep up appearances, are all right, still urges fashion; for it would be degrading

to live among the hard handed, honest toilers of earth.

And the fact that the circles of damnation, which widen until they pour themselves into the very pools of our courts and alleys, generally begin in these four-story palaces, just as drunkards are manufactured in the broad-cloth saloons, is not to be regarded, says fashion, you *must* be in style. If chokers, pinching boots, trailing dresses, swabbing, sweeping skirts are in vogue, they must be worn, no difference how uncomfortable. If need be, you must eat in the kitchen, sleep up in the garret, go up the alley, in order to keep the rest of the house in full trim, and finish up by sitting down to cry, because your neighbour has it a little better than yourself. Fashion!—often the poor man's curse, and the rich man's ruin—away thou tyrant, thou hast no chair in a happy home!

In this connection, I charge you to let not the fever for respectability prevent you from building in your house an altar consecrated to good doing, just as deep, and broad, and high as Jesus would have you; and thus

securing a sure source of happiness to you, and more or less certain sunlight to all under your roof. For example, this, according to the religion of Christ, should be the foundation of your altar—“*Wherever there is a soul, I am ready to go after it, to try to win it to Christ.*”

But, say a multitude, we must look out for our respectability. “I would not be seen going within a bad-house, no difference how many are there.” Just let me finish the sentence—and therefore they may go to perdition for all of me. “But hold, we have another reason for it.” Ah! what is that? “We do not believe such miserable creatures can be saved.” From what foundation do you thus judge? You never went after them, you never tearfully, prayerfully entreated one of them to turn unto Jesus, and yet you say they cannot be saved. Take care, Christ knows more about it than you do; (Matt. xxi. 31, 32,) “the publicans and the harlots go into the kingdom of God before you.” You see, therefore, that according to Christ’s opinion these poor creatures are more easily

reached by the gospel, than the fashionable, and the commonly called genteel. But no, gasping for, and choking on *respectability* dooms them to destruction.

I will here give a fact, in illustration, which occurred in this city not long since. A man, who was in the habit of visiting the sick, was written to and solicited to visit a coloured woman, who had recently removed to the city, and was then sick unto death. The man inquired, and found that the locality was not considered respectable, and therefore did not go. Thus the woman died—stood before God, whether to tell the Judge about that man or not, I do not know. But this I know, and for this I pray—O my soul! come not in the way of such *respectability*, for it is not the religion of Christ.

It is sad to know that so many young people thus start out in life, even after having named the name of Christ in solemn covenant, thus dwarfing themselves; yes, literally smothering themselves in the garments of fashion and vain show, right at the threshold of what should be hale, growing, noble

life. As, for example, a young person said to me not long since, soon after making a profession of religion, when urged to be a worker in the vineyard, "It does not suit me."

Ah! is this your religion? It does not suit you to *work*—to deny yourself—to forsake your ease and pleasure? Let me tell you, then, that your religion is not the religion of the Lord Jesus. He did not consult his ease when he left heaven, to toil, suffer, and die for you. Beware! the Holy Ghost never descended into the heart of any one just that he might have a good time. No, indeed! but to make a worker out of him.

"It does not suit me." And, therefore, you will not do it; is this your conclusion? Well, if you will not go out after the poor, wretched vagabonds, and press them to forsake sin and go to Christ, who will? for it does not *suit* any one. So, therefore, it will not be done at all; the poor highway and hedge inhabitants, the stranger, the sailor, &c., all shall be passed by.

Pretty church—cushioned seats—exqui-

site music—smooth preaching—come, if you choose; if not, no one cares. O! Christless Church! heavenless end! for Christ was a toiler, and heaven is a rest; but how can any one rest if not wearied?

“It does not suit me.” Stop! Have you forgotten that true religion begins with a cross loaded upon the back, to be carried all the way through, only to be laid down at the gate of heaven? “If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross *daily*, and follow me.”

But do not understand me to mean that religion makes us gloomy and unhappy. No, indeed! It is “joy unspeakable and full of glory;” it is “Christ in you the hope of glory;” it is oneness with Christ Jesus for ever and ever. Mere profession is drudgery indeed. Then prayers are penances—the quicker said the better; and *all* the exercises of religion are looked upon as things that *must be*, instead of privileges, luxuries.

3. My young friend, have daily companionship with the Bible. May it be thy spiritual meat and drink. In the brain to make

you wise, and in the heart to make you noble in all your passions.

If you have any conscientious doubts as to the Divine authenticity of the Scriptures, I beg you to give it a most thorough investigation for *yourself*. Do not do as most do, give heed to a mere array of names, perhaps great names. But if you do give such heed, let it be only to those who are students of the Bible. The mere fact that a man is learned, does not make him a judge in this matter. We do not quote Sir Isaac Newton as authority in poetry; neither do we hold forth the opinion of John Milton in astronomy, but each in his own study. So in reference to the Scriptures, let its students speak, not those who may be merely learned on other subjects. The Bible cannot be understood at a glance or two, any more than mathematics or astronomy; it requires *down-right study* before we can make up our minds independently. And certainly it is worthy of the most intense study. If true, behold what depends therefrom. If not what it

professes to be, *study* it, and expose the mask.

But so confident am I that the Bible carries with it convincing power of its truth, that *I am sure*, if any man will calmly sit down to a slow and thoughtful investigation, from beginning to ending, carefully putting in practice, as he goes along, all that his own natural and moral sense, as it is in exercise in men generally, says is right, he would arise therefrom, overwhelmingly convicted that the Bible is of God.

But one objects, and says, "This is making use of a thing to prove itself."

Well, my friend, I am sure such a course is fair, seeing that nothing unreasonable is required. Would it not be perfectly proper for a physician to put into the hands of a sick man, a book containing a description of his disease, with here and there a prescription, and finally, *the remedy* made known? Certainly. And yet that book could be used just as some treat the Bible; reading it cursorily, not doing a thing it requires, and at the end pronouncing it a humbug.

Honour the Bible and the Author will honour you, admitting you into the great secret which he hath in keeping for his beloved. Psalm xxv. 14.

I well recollect that, some years ago, in joining a secret society, after some ceremony, the presiding officer drew me near to him, and carefully whispered in my ear the pass-word, thus giving me the great secret of the order—setting to the seal of our mutual covenant. But why did he so carefully draw me near and whisper in my ear? for this pass was no secret to the other members. It was, no doubt, to impress upon me its solemnity—that it was so sacred, that it must not even be repeated to the members, but that each one should cherish it as a profound secret, as if only told to him.

Now, it seems to me, that this in part illustrates the above text—"The secret of the Lord is with them that fear him; and he will show them his covenant." Thus, that while all God's children have this friendship and the benefits of this covenant, yet this secret is so peculiar to each one, that he

knows it as entirely for himself. The Father draws him near and whispers in his ear alone. Ah, indeed, *this* is a secret worth knowing; *this* is a friendship worth having. My young friend, have you tried it? If not, I beg you also to know it; it is "sweeter than honey and the honeycomb." We are told here exactly how to get it. By fearing, that is, obeying God. He has entrusted this covenant with Jesus; receive Jesus and you are in the covenant.

Now, reader, in closing this chapter let me remind you of a fact. You had a visit last night. It was a very quiet visit. There was no parade or blowing of trumpets. It was a loving visit. He always glows with a great, warm, loving heart. It was a discerning visit. He cannot be deceived with mere words. Whoever says to him, "I am glad to see you," and does not mean it, woe be to him. Now, I say, he came to your house last night. Did you welcome him? Did you give him your best room? And did you pray him to abide with you? Yes, Jesus visited you. Are his locks wet with dew this morning?

CHAPTER IV.

THE YOUNG MAN IN THE WORLD.

Now for the race. The cloud of witnesses surround thee. Up, up, brave! I charge thee, therefore, not to go *round and round, and be nothing at last.*

Clink, clink goes the log-chain through the brook, and still it is nothing but an iron chain. So many go round and round their three-score-and-ten years, and, after all, are nothing but the same eating, sleeping animal, going upon two feet. The water-brooks of education run purer and purer, but still they clink away. Reading-rooms and every facility offered, and that too without price, for improvement and making manhood; but, no, they prefer to stand about the corners, breathe the tobacco and rum-fumes, and listen to the blackguard in some grog-shop. Alas! how they are put to it sometimes to

get through an hour, before the all desirable eating is ready, or some other engagement. Could not spend it in reading, of course not; that would get them out of the rut in which they had always waded. Others clink away at their business, never improving, wilfully shutting their eyes to advancement; thus going round and round, and are nothing at last.

For example, there are many sailors who, year in and year out, go from port to port in the fore-castle, just as destitute of clothing, and no money. Exhort them to stand up and be men in the world, making a mark, they will reply, "There is no way of getting up at sea, unless one has money or rich friends." And when advised, if they cannot go to sea only to be mere nothings all their lives, to quit it, and try something else; then they reply, "We could not make even a ragged living at anything else." That is, when you come to get at it, they mean that money will not flow to them on shore without effort; for, it is true on land or sea, "where there is a will there is a way." Such sailors

lack ambition, true manhood—and so of millions in all ranks of life.

Would that I could infuse into the nervous systems of all my fellow-creatures, especially of the youth, this motto, *Be not of those from whom nothing is expected.*

Every spirit finds its level. Make yours of an high order, and it will find its level in a high order; such a spirit no more being able to content itself amidst the corner, bar-room, race-course crowd, than canary birds could dwell at ease among ravens.

And let me tell you how much can be read in a single year, only by reading ten pages per day; that is, 3650 pages during the year, or ten volumes of 365 pages each, or fifteen volumes of over 240 pages each. Now it is very easy so to select fifteen volumes, which shall, having thus been perused, remove the reader from the ranks of the ignorant. See, therefore, and note well, by spending only some twenty or twenty-five minutes daily for one year, an ignoramus can become intelligent. Where then is the possible excuse for any one being dumb? There never were any

so busy that *twenty minutes* could not be found for reading. It can be taken from sleep. Even Alexander, with all his cares, could study daily. There probably is not one in a thousand who does not daily spend more time than this in conversation which had better be omitted. Who then would be a fool?

See what can be done in *five minutes*, as the Hon. Mr. Hubbard once said in the Massachusetts State Prison: "In five minutes Judas betrayed his Lord. In five minutes the thief on the cross repented, believed, and was received by the Saviour as a fellow-heir of eternal joy. And, no doubt, in five minutes many here committed that crime for which they are now paying the penalty." "So in five minutes a thought may be impressed upon the mind, to be a growing jewel for ever; or a thorn, never to be eradicated, may be driven through the soul. In less than five minutes Newton's mind turned upon that point which handed his name down to fame; the thought of the attractive laws of the universe flashed upon his mind; he seized

it and worked it out. Be chary then of time. Five minutes per day in a life of fifty years amounts to over two months. Two months! what would the dying sinner give for two months? Queen Elizabeth offered a magnificent fortune for six weeks."

It is a principle in nature that there is nothing lost. There are no more nor less particles of matter now, than at creation. The frost, now more exquisitely wrought upon your window than the etchings on the king's crown, comes next summer as dew; or yonder in the bow of the retreating cloud, throws back the prismatic light of the setting sun. So these *five minutes* are not lost; they come again as dew-drops or scalding tears. Fill them with noble thought, and they shall bless thee in their return; neglect them, and they shall be as coals of fire upon thy head.

Horror upon the very idea of one carrying about with him a mind capable of unlimited development, and, may be, not regarding it as much as he does his dog. Hear him: he knows what he has picked up in loafing-places—drink, eat, fashion, gun, dog, horse,

pugilist, theatre—these are the nouns of his lingo. And when the last or the anticipated sport is talked over, the passing lady remarked upon, his beating bravado on some 2.40 nag is exhausted, and some more of the same sort, with, no doubt, a mixture of smut, lying, and profanity, he is all done:—not one enduring and profitable thought expressed—not a word which will do for reflection in the sober moments of life, and in the hour of death. Horror! I say *horror!!* Young man, I beg thee, pass far around all such. Talk about not being guilty of sin. This is sin enough to damn all the angels of heaven. God may justly say, “*Where is mine honour?*” I gave you talents, and you cared more for your dog than for my gifts.

And now, my young friend, as you are out in the world and the whirl of life, at least so-called, let me ask you seriously—*Do you know anything about life—real life?* Look at that hearty, hale youth; no drag, no pain, life itself, in its mechanical operations, a pleasure. He has a keen relish for every real enjoyment—his ear quick to hear,

heart to feel, brain to act, nerves to vibrate. The rose never fades from his cheek, the flash of his eye is never shaded. "That is life," you say, "and thus I know it." But is this all? Natural life, I admit, is priceless—mighty even in the infant, beautiful in development, and wonderful in its going out. Where it abideth, whether in the head, heart, or lungs, we know not; and whither it goeth, when it is said the man dies, is equally unknown. Guard it well, it is a lent treasure.

But this is not life, true life. I would speak to thee of that which is far more mysterious—of a life laid down and taken up again—a life of earth and heaven, and therefore of a perfect round. A life received through the nobler part—the mind of intellect and heart, so taking possession of and transforming, that many have been in perfect rapture, saying, "whether in the body, or out of the body," they cannot tell.

I am aware that many of my readers will not appreciate this expression; but that does not destroy its reality. One born frail,

always sickly, the lagging round of whose pale blood is pain, is not able to realize the exuberance of the young man spoken of at the beginning, every round of whose blood is a luxury, but nevertheless it is so, healthful life is a continual feast.

So we see all-absorbing attachments. A canary of choice melody and beautiful plumage, ceases to sing, loses its plumage, and dies because its mate was taken away. We, too, have known a strong man to droop, pale, bend over, and finally fall into the grave, whither a loved one had gone before. So we have seen a woman running unto one and another in great distress, saying, "They have taken away the Lord out of the sepulchre, and we know not where they have laid him." These are all manifestations of great attachment by bonds of affection. But there is a stronger still, even so strong, that it only can be expressed as life itself—"for me to live is Christ." This is more than love, it is life. If we tear away the branch from the vine, it must wither and die. So Christ and the disciple thus exist, He the vine, the dis-

ciple the branch; separate them, and the latter must die. This, then, is the sense in which Christ is the life of the world, that is, the world of his Church. And this, too, enables us to understand many expressions of Scripture; as, "I am the way, the truth, and the *life*." "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life, and he that believeth not the Son shall not see life, but the wrath of God abideth on him." "Whoso eateth my flesh, and drinketh my blood, hath eternal life; and I will raise him up at the last day."

From these last two passages, it will be noticed, not only that this life is unending, but that it is to be enjoyed *here*, for we can here have it—"he that believeth *hath* everlasting life." Such an one is, as it were, on the rainbow of God's grace. Now, may be, at the bottom, but still on the same as those who are at the top of the arch; or as the same person may be at different times; but, wherever, still having everlasting life. For example, Paul at one time was in prison, his feet in the stocks; nevertheless, he sung his

everlasting song:—again, was in the third heavens, but on the same highway of grace. Religion is not a something for the hereafter, but for life; and it is certain if we do not have, at least, a little heaven within us here, we have no right to hope for the great heaven hereafter. Religion is to be received body and soul. If we are redeemed, it pertains to the body as much as the soul; we have no right, therefore, to say to the body, Eat, drink, and be merry; and, soul, Wait for thy joy until the next stage of existence.

Now this is life. Lay hold of it, and do not be offended with me for speaking of it, and urging it upon you so much; for it is everything. Lose this, and all is lost; gain this, and then you may talk about the rose never fading from the cheek, the eye never being dim. Lay hold of it, I pray you; then, for your journey in the world, you have an equal force, for you shall “walk and not faint, run and not weary.”

And I just as earnestly beg you to make use of all means to cherish this life. It is sad to see natural life droop, and dim, and

flicker; but far more sad to see *this life—the life of God* in us—allowed to sicken and wane. Cherish it; keep it bright and glowing. It is wonderful how many means there are for this desirable end, beside the great and the only direct. For example, as Hosea says, we are taught by “similitudes.” Daily we are thus taught, if we will, and this life kept glowing. I go along the wharf and see them hoisting in cargoes, and I am taught so it is with us: we rise just as high as the purchase and pulley of God’s grace elevate us. So, when I see the beams and scales of the merchant, I am taught that there is a just God, who rules and reigns, and to whom a false balance is an abomination. Then I think of the many Belshazzars who have been weighed, and found wanting; and I wonder how men dare to stoop to the tricks of trade, as a false balance, &c. O, I want to shout in all ears, “Godliness is profitable in this life.”

Then, again, I think of the mercy of God in Christ Jesus; of the time when the poor sinner was put in one scale, and the holy

law in the other; how, alas! sinful man sank and sank, and would have gone down to rise no more. But, see! down that beam runs the blood of Jesus, washing away the sins of the transgressor; then lo! the balance is exact. Think of these things in thy daily avocation, whatever it be, and the life of faith shall wax strong.

Again, there are daily providences. Your neighbour had a fall, and you exclaim "a wonderful providence!—he was not killed!" Think, it was just as wonderful that you, under the same circumstances, did not fall. "He that will study providences shall have providences to study;" and they shall do him good, being as meat to his soul.

Again, nature always says, Come and learn; without deceit and after misgiving—her lessons the same. Gushing, fresh, laughing Spring! The fields green, the trees brilliant; the herds begin to sport; the wild birds peep out and sing a ditty—the chorus of all being, Life! Life! So teach thy life to be gushing, fresh—green in acts of life-giving benevolence; brilliant and fragrant

in virtue; ever joining in the chorus, Life!
Life! where

“Everlasting spring abides,
And never withering flowers.”

Then comes sober, glowing, fruitful Summer. The meadows fragrant, the fields golden, and the trees teeming. The herds frisk in the brooks, the birds sing at sunrising and setting, tuning their pipes only on the cooling breeze; but still as real and cheering as when heard at mid-day. Learn the lesson; for all this speaketh to thy soul, admonishing thee ever to carry the basket of plenty filled with the fruit of the Spirit, and to tune thy song on the ever fresh and cooling breezes of the land where the very streets are golden.

Then comes sombre, hazy Autumn. The fields rest from their labour, the trees are one grand mosaic, and the hills are looking northward for their winter covering. Now comes on the music after the feast—in the lowing of the herds, the tinkle of the shepherd's bell, the falling of the acorn, the

rustling of the sear leaves—yea, your own voice, as it comes back to you from the echoing atmosphere with which you are now surrounded, seems to join the universal harmony. Learn the lesson, O my soul, that in the fading of thy natural life, the higher may be as autumn, beautiful and joyful.

But hardly hast thou arisen from thy Feast of Tabernacles at the old homestead, and ceased from your thanksgiving nut-cracking, and blind-man's-buff, before whistling, freezing, bracing Winter comes; the fields mantled in sparkling whiteness, the trees full of poetry, pendant with icicles, and fringed with frozen snow; the brooks run in caskets of jewelry, and no Bohemian glass or Parian marble were ever etched as are your windows, under the pencil of Him "who scattereth the hoar frost." Behold the beauties of piety in hoary old age.

And finally, look up to nature above thee. Here we are floating in a blue sea of diamonds, to some unknown part in the great round of the universe; and these "heavens

which declare the glory of God," give their lesson, saying, cultivate the life of the Spirit in the soul, and thou shalt look into these mysteries as thou shalt go the round of the universe with thy Saviour, Friend.

But remember, that in all these lessons, the life of faith will die out without going directly to the truth as it is in Jesus. "Meditate upon these things; give thyself wholly to them, that thy profiting may appear unto all." "Feed upon the word;" drink at the fountain, and thy eternal life shall grow.

Be often in communion with Jesus, and sober thought upon the home which he is making ready. Therein indeed are flowers which never fade, fruits which ever abide, fountains which continually bubble and sparkle, and the tree of life, bending its boughs over the "pure river of water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and the Lamb." True, the natural eye and ear discover not the things which "God hath prepared for those who love him;" but the "Holy Ghost hath revealed them unto

us." Meditate on these things, and be strong in the Lord. This is life, and this only.

And now, as thou art on the way, thy heart beating time to measure thy days, days, each bringing their need, it is perfectly proper to ask about the supply.

I know well the terrible sense of leanness. Often I have gone through the day exclaiming, Nothing! nothing! But one day, the gentle hand of the dear Shepherd led me out into one of his green pastures, and showed me this spot: "My God shall supply all your need, according to his riches in glory, by Christ Jesus." I bowed at his feet, and learned of him directly. I opened my hand, and he filled it with good things.

1. I thought, first of all—well, I will believe it, I know God can do it. I will, of course, make use of the means; but I will never doubt Him, for he is my God. I am personally related to him in covenant. He "callesh me by name, and leadeth me out."

2. Then I thought of the measure. Bounty upon bounty! "According to his riches in

glory." My God is rich in nature—he therein provides bountifully. There are coal and iron enough in Pennsylvania alone, to supply the world for ages. How rich, too, in mercy and love; but these form not the measure—these are communicable; but according to the incommunicable glory.

3. Then I thought of the hand which brings the supply—"by Christ Jesus." How complete! Such gifts, and such a hand to bring them! Riches of glory, perfumed by the Rose of Sharon!

Do your duty, and fear no evil, the supply is sure, for "the Lord is our Shepherd, we shall not want."

And then, "the gold of that land is good," (Gen. ii. 12,) and, therefore, we shall not need, if we belong to the Lord of that land.

1. *It is good, in and of itself.* Earthly gold is only good for what it will obtain; it neither feeding, clothing, warming, or healing us. But this gold is itself good, for mind, heart, body—the whole man. "O taste, and see that the Lord is good."

2. *Good, because it is pure.* The best

from California, Australia, or Pike's Peak, has to be subjected to fires kindled up until the degrees of heat count by thousands—"the fining pot is for silver, the furnace for gold"—and to many other processes, before it is fit for use. But this gold is perfect at once; not having to be dug for amidst soils, soft and hard; water brooks, cold or filthy; rocks, massive and flinty: it is found pure. "The wisdom that is from above is first pure, then peaceable, gentle, and easy to be entreated, full of mercy and good fruits, without partiality, and without hypocrisy." It is from Him who is "holy, harmless, undefiled." And whoever possesses it will as certainly be turned into purity, as the refiner's fire, and fuller's soap cleanse the silver, and the weaver's web. When this gold shall be universally possessed, holiness shall be written on the very bells of the horses—"Holy, holy, holy," shall be the universal song; and none shall say, "I want."

3. *Good*, because always par, and of the same valuation. The value of our gold varies according to the supply in the market,

just as other products. At the time of the mines of Ophir, gold was so plentiful in Jerusalem, that silver was as stones, scarcely of any worth, and gold itself was almost a drug. So now, since the discovery of the mines of these days, gold has been very much cheapened. But Christ and his religion are the same: always precious, and always fill the soul's void, supplying every need.

4. *Good*, because it is at hand. No long journeys, or daring adventures are needful in order to reach it—it is nigh thee, at thy very door. “Behold, I stand at the door and knock”—the word is in thy hand. The Lord Jesus went in and abode with the Emmaus disciples. So does he in every believing heart. Our Paschal Lamb is for the household, yea, for the individual heart. “Blessed are they who do hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be *filled*.” Whosoever will, may, for it is accessible, and is obtained without money and without price.

5. Hence, it is *good*, because it is free for all, high or low, bond or free, rich or poor. “Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the

waters, and he that hath no money; come ye, buy and eat; yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price." Jesus, though "rich, for our sakes became poor, that we, through his poverty, might be made rich"—all free.

6. *Good*, because of that which it obtains for us. It is for use, and that a necessary use. It never is, as is often earthly gold, for mere ornament, or to heap up and look at. Religion that merely adorns, is not of Christ. One grand characteristic of the mind of Christ was benevolence—his heart went out on good deeds for the suffering: and so do Christians.

Earthly gold, too, will buy hurtful things. Not so this gold, it will only buy good things, and that too, good things which never perish. The miser may lose his gold, or the treasures which his gold purchases. Not so of this gold, it never dims, rusts, nor can any pluck it away. Its purchases are laid up in heaven. Gold, gold plenty for all thy journey; reach forth thy hand, and supply all thy need.

Now let me speak briefly of other joys of this joyful way; for it is "joy unspeakable, and full of glory."

(a) There is the joy of doing good—the perfect luxury. I know that some take it upon themselves to say that there is "nothing to live for in this world;" but I would like to know who is licensed to thus declare. Many seem to think they are, both of saints and sinners; but No, emphatically, No. Such language results from chagrin, disappointment—in a word, some action of a morbid or perverted brain or heart. Especially when a Christian presumes to say such a thing, it is wrong, all wrong. "Nothing to live for!" Have all your talents been taken from you? I know a woman who has been upon her back for twenty years, yet rejoices that she has something to live for, as she makes a little garment for the poor, and prays for God's blessing on the receiver. Why, the Christian has something to live for even in tribulation, for he can *glory* in them here, and in their sanctification to him he gets a far more "rich and

abundant entrance" into eternal life, "all things working together for his good." Certainly, to attain this higher end in glory is worth living for, in the most doleful circumstances, just as long as God wills. But to say nothing more, this is certain: that as long as there is a tear to wipe away, a sinner to be saved, a child to be brought to your knee and taught the way of life, there is much, very much, to live for.

“Scatter the germs of the beautiful
 By the wayside let them fall,
 That the rose may spring by the cottage gate,
 And the vine on the garden wall;
 Cover the rough and the rude of earth
 With a veil of leaves and flowers,
 And mark with the opening bud and cup
 The march of summer hours.

Scatter the germs of the beautiful
 In the holy shrine of home;
 Let the pure, and the fair, and the graceful there,
 In the loveliest lustre come;
 Leave not a trace of deformity
 In the temple of the heart,
 But gather about its hearth the gems
 Of nature and of art.

Scatter the germs of the beautiful
 In the temples of our God—
 The God who starred the uplifted sky,
 And flowered the trampled sod;
 When he built a temple for himself,
 And a home for his priestly race,
 He reared each arch in symmetry,
 And covered each line in grace.

Scatter the germs of the beautiful
 In the depths of the human soul;
 They shall bud, and blossom, and bear the fruit,
 While the endless ages roll;
 Plant with the flowers of charity
 The portals of the tomb,
 And the fair and the pure about thy path
 In paradise shall bloom."

(b) Then there is the music of the way.
 "Because thy loving-kindness is better than
 life, my lips shall praise thee." Praise
 makes a manly countenance—a countenance
 that looketh beyond, for His loving-kindness
 is better than life. But the eye looketh not
 upward unless the heart is full of praise;
 and when so full of praise, it is real joy.
 Ten thousand thanks for the melody of the
 saints—snatches of the everlasting song,
 "Worthy the Lamb." It lightens toil, re-

moves burdens, drives away tears, and shortens the journey.

(c) Again, that "God is love," is a real soul-cheer. Happy thought, that He with whom we must do, is love. He hath a banqueting-house by the wayside for his pilgrims, and his banner over it is love. To the despairing besieged, a flag of truce is a joyful sight—no colour then so pretty as white. Our Father carrieth a flag of truce, made white in the blood of the Lamb, and it is love. It is, too, an energizing thought. The soldier who fights for his home is worth many hirelings, for love beareth his arm. He thinketh of that loved spot; and the very smoke that curleth away from the chimney is as a banner of love, and his heart knows no weariness in its defence. "God is love." Thanks that the beloved John leaned on the Saviour's bosom and then left this on record, to cheer the pathway of life.

(d) Another cheer of the way is, that we are in the world where Jesus once lived like one of us. Many are privileged to go into the same garden, under the same olive trees,

sit upon the same mountain-top, and sing a song over the same Kedron. All these are great privileges. Also do I deem it a great privilege to be in the same world, where he was—the whole received a consecration therefrom. That he eat, drank, slept, walked and talked as do we all, identifies him with us. *He is our Brother.*

(e) Then there is the gladness of the *witness of the Spirit*, the secret of the Lord; who giveth songs in the night, joy in the morning, and, best of all, whispereth, There is far more beyond. The Christian is thus never alone, and, therefore, need not be lonely. “And I will pray the Father, and he shall give you another Comforter, that he may abide with you for ever; even the Spirit of truth, whom the world cannot receive, because it seeth him not, neither knoweth him: but ye know him, for he dwelleth with you, and shall be in you.”

(f) Finally, there is the *Light of the way*, so bright, yet mild. “If any man walk in the day, he stumbleth not, because he seeth the light of the world.” “Then Jesus said

unto them, yet a little while is the light with you:—while ye have the light, believe in the light, that ye may be the children of light.” How did you awake this morning? Light, gentle light, peeped into your chamber, and your eyes opened. So the soul awaketh from the death-sleep of sin: Christ, the Sun of Righteousness, shineth thereupon, and the eyes open. In vain Antichrists try to shine, and priests ply their tonics; the sinner sees no physician, feels no balm. He cannot, for he has no light.

“Each brilliant star that twinkles in a cloudless sky,
 May sparkle with unwonted lustre, and the silvery
 light
 Of a clear moon emit her fairest rays, until the eye
 Is dazzled with the glistened loveliness; yet still
 'tis night,
 Until the Sun, mantling the shadowy East with rosy
 gleams
 Of dawning brightness, quietly leads forth the new-
 made day;
 Then the illumined earth, arrayed in morning's golden
 beams,
 Awakes in gladness, while pale night shines faint
 and melts away.

Thus nature's light may rest with clearest radiance
 on the heart,
 Science unfold her treasures of knowledge to the
 mind;
 Morality her pure and elevating beams impart,
 Man's thoughts be full of wisdom, and his charac-
 ter refined.
 But all within is veiled in mist; night reigneth till
 the bright
 Sun of Righteousness arise and gently clear away
 All darkness with his own most glorious light,
 And on the soul breaks the clear dawn of an eter-
 nal day."

And now, before closing this chapter, let me add a caution, and give a rule:—*Be careful of hardening.*

It is a fearful fact that, often, that which should exercise the most tender influence over us, the most hardens us. And, what is most remarkable, that, too, right along side of others receiving the same influence with the opposite effect.

I never met with but two sailors who seemed to be utterly selfish, corrupt, and abandoned of God. And these very two had, in some respects, above all I ever knew, been most singularly, and, I should think,

overwhelmingly visited with mercy and afflictions.

One of them, beside many other visitations of the weeping angel, had been twice left to die with yellow fever; five times had been shipwrecked; in two of which his deliverance could not have been any more directly by the hand of God, if it had have been seen. And yet, perhaps, there never lived a more positive commentary of that fearful passage, "the carnal mind is enmity against God;" for he was indeed far more than inimical, angry, hateful; he was the substance, *enmity*—seeming to be perfectly transformed into all that is opposite to godliness.

The other, who also had been terribly smitten with yellow fever and other plagues, was at one time the only one saved of a whole ship's company, he having seen all the rest die from hunger and thirst, himself being insensible at the time of his rescue. Also at another time, was he most singularly saved in the Delaware river, when some thirty were lost. And yet, though he could not help feeling, at times, particularly in

reference to his salvation from the ship, that God, and God only did it, yet he would glory in his shame, and brag that he could curse and swear when no others would. Yes, although, no doubt, both were great cowards in the time of danger, as always such filthy, cursing brags are, yet, on shore, two more utterly despicable characters I have never seen among those who go down to the sea.

Alas! here was awful hardening under visitations which should have made them in hot haste to bow and kiss the hand stretched out to save.

Again, I think I may safely assert that I never knew but one woman who gave every indication of being *utterly* proud, selfish, and worldly; and she the very one who had been visited with abundant cheer; and also with disappointments, rebukes, and afflictions, so that almost darkness itself cried out, "all earthly things are vanity." But, no, neither the tender voice of Jesus, saying this is the way, nor a burning, incurable disease, could break her hold on dress and show. All who

would not administer to her vanity, were her enemies.

Do we wrong, then, in crying out, Be careful of hardening?

“ Nearer, my God, to thee—
 Nearer to thee!
 E'en though it be a cross
 That raiseth me;
 Still all my song shall be
 Nearer, my God, to thee,
 Nearer to thee.”

Now for the rule—“A quick step and a still tongue.”

Sailors tell me that this is the secret of getting along pleasantly aboard-ship. That is Solomon's rule, “Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might”—do it, be done with it, quit, and no mutterings.

It is true that there are some officers on the sea, and employers on the land, who are never pleased, no difference how quickly or how well you do for them; but these are rare. The above simple rule carried out on land and on sea, would amazingly smooth the journey of life. The effective in this

world generally move quietly. The vulgar idea of an engine is, that if it make a great noise it is very powerful. Not so. Neither is it of the fore-rank men of the world. They have generally passed quietly along, avoiding noisy demonstrations.

A word to parents and friends. Before the young man departs, *give him a good book.*

How easy to do this. The most timid Christian can certainly do this much. I would not have any one stop with this, in the way of doing good. But look, while I tell you of the good that simple act may do.

A captain left this port a short time ago, who is, and has been for some years, a very excellent Christian—a *real worker*—so much so, that on one voyage he was the means of the conversion of four of his crew. In a word, he “goes about doing good.” Note the turning point with him:—Some years ago, while a mate, on leaving this port, a good book was given him at the Sailors’ Home.

“That book,” he says, “was the instrument of my conversion.”

Bless the hand that gave him that book! Reader, dost thou covet a like blessing? Go and do likewise.

As the merchant boxes his goods, especially for the border lands, how desirable, and how easy to put in a good book or two; and many may rise up to bless him.

As mother or sister packs brother's trunk, for journeyings on land or sea, slip in a good book—always *the* book, and also another or two; accompany them with thy prayer, and look for the blessing.

Yes, give him a good book; you cannot do less for him, and do it now. Redeem the time—haste to the rescue. “To him that knoweth to do good, and doeth it not, to him it is sin.” “Let him know, that he which converteth the sinner from the error of his way shall save a soul from death, and shall hide a multitude of sins.”

CHAPTER V.

THE YOUNG MAN AT THE END.

“It is difficult for us who have never experienced it, to realize what it is for a youth with bright hopes to be summoned to surrender them all. First, as disease takes possession of the system, to give up the innocent pleasures of companionship and taste—those joyous rambles in field, and grove, and forest, where the buoyant spirit so fully sympathizes with nature, gathering strength from exercise, and drinking in gladness from the breezes laden with the perfume of flowers, and made vocal by the songsters of the air; to exchange all these for the carefully closed sick-room, and an inactive state, in which even exercise is a task and a peril—this is hard. Then, as the strength is wasting, to feel that one is burdening kind friends in-

stead of aiding them; to feel that the powers conferred by nature, or secured by education, are to be of no use on earth; and the busy world, ever estimating each one by the bustle he makes, is leaving the inactive one out of account, to become conscious of inability to participate with dear companions in gatherings for friendly converse and joyous song; this is indeed trying."

And yet all these trials can be endured and not a murmur; yea, the last monster met, and not even a sigh: as, for example, the following case proves.

"*How sweet!*" This was the half-whispered exclamation at the bedside of Addy, as she went to sleep, to await the coming of her Husband, whose voice should awake her, never more to sleep. There, indeed, was a practical commentary upon that blessed truth—"He giveth his beloved sleep." And also, "that being justified by faith, we have peace with God, through our Lord Jesus Christ."

Although Addy was but eighteen years old, she had known for some time what it

was to live for Christ. It was indeed "Christ for her to live." "Will this please Christ?" "Will this glorify Christ?" "Christ is my lover." "I must dress for Christ." "I believe in a present Christ." Thus had she lived for four years. Is it any wonder she died so peacefully? If such an one had not so died, it would have almost staggered the faith of some of her friends in the promise, Psalm xxiii. 4, "I will fear no evil, *for thou art with me.*" But as it was, it confirmed them in the promise; the scoffing, cold infidel to the contrary crying, "it was all a delusion." A delusion? So call it—was it not a blessed one?

It is sad to see any one die, but especially a hale, hearty young man. We, of course, expect the aged to die; and we are not surprised that frail infancy yields in the battle of life; but when a youth falls, we are not quite prepared for the shock. It seems as if death had no business with such activities; that he ought to wait until there is some wear and tear of the machinery.

Then, too, generally, so many hopes centre

in a young man. Aged ones, perhaps, lean upon him, looking to him for strength to their tottering limbs, for eyes in their blindness, and finally, for his hands to carefully lay them in their last resting-place. He may have been a husband and father; and, as they carry him forth to the burial, want enters the house of sorrow, and little ones soon cry for bread. His country, also, has claims upon him. Under her flag he and his are protected. He is concerned in her weal and woe. If he loves her, he will stand up in her defence when attacked, and rejoice in her prosperity. The fathers, as they retire, hand over this sacred trust to the next generation. Therefore, when a young man falls, a standard-bearer dies; one of the front rank of the nation is no more.

I fear, by the way, that *love of country* is scarcely reckoned in the education of youth these days. In fact, we know that in some parts of the country the education is just the opposite—from the pulpit, the press, and in the common schools. Under her flag they have been secure; from her generous fields

they have been nourished, and in her prosperity they have grown fat; but, as the warmed viper, they sting her. If my voice could reach the youth of the land, I would say, *Love your country—the whole country!* Hug not her sins; deplore them, and do all you can to rid her of them. Do all you can to advance her, and stand up for her honour. I trust the reader will excuse this little digression.

Another of the trials of a youth coming to the end, is the hard besiegement of the tempter.

1. He is tempted to repine because he is thus smitten. The aged expect that their departure is not far away; but the young man is tempted to say that it is not fair to cut him off before he has had a fair trial in life. He has, perhaps, just assumed responsibilities, pecuniary, official, domestic, &c.; he, therefore, thinks it very hard to be called upon to lay down and die. And, alas! how often they so depart, the cloud never breaking, the heart never feeling that "He doeth all things well," the King of kings having

as good a right to enlist the vigorous for his army on high as have earthly sovereigns. Truly, if "in Him we live, move, and have our being," he has a right to us at any time, and anywhere.

He is also beset with all sorts of false doctrines, that he may be lulled into carnal security. Smiling and specious Universalism and Unitarianism—both pretty much the same thing—sing their song so soft, so winning, saying, "Fear not; God is love; no difference if Christ is not made much of; the Father is greater than he, all will be well. Only bear with patience thy lot, and do good while any strength remains." Yes, be sure to do good, for this is *the religion* of these sects, not Christ. They glory not, as Paul, in the cross, but in what they have done, their moral lives and charities; and hence they expect to enter into the eternal city, not through the gate, Christ, but every one for himself. The absurdity of this doctrine is shown, in a sentence, by the following anecdote. "A Universalist asked Rev. Mr. W——, 'If God was willing all men

should be saved?' Mr. W—— replied, 'Do you believe God is willing all men should live moral and virtuous lives in this world?' The man answered, 'Yes.' 'Then,' said Mr. W——, 'Do all men live thus?' After a little hesitancy he answered, 'No.' Mr. W—— then proceeded: 'According to *your own* reasoning, the will of God is not accomplished. But to answer your question more fully—God is as willing all men should be saved as that all should live virtuously; but if you mean by *will*, a design or determination, then I would say, God has not determined that all men should maintain good moral lives, for if he had, they would; nor has he determined to save all; if he had, all would be saved.'"

But if thus its falsity is not shown, certainly this one passage of Scripture ought to silence these smooth sayings—"The Son of Man indeed goeth, as it is written of him; but wo to that man by whom the Son of Man is betrayed! good were it for that man if he had never been born." Mark xiv. 21. Now if Universalism be true, in any sense, the above

passage cannot be; for, no difference what Judas is called upon to suffer, if, ultimately, he enters upon the exquisite bliss of heaven, then, certainly, he will rejoice for ever that he was born to be the recipient of such happiness.

Again, there is the temptation under the guise of a sincere quotation from Scripture, "Let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind;" and therefore the tempted one thinks he is persuaded thus, and hence will trouble himself no more on the question. But note, it does not say, persuaded *by*, but *in*. You are not to be led by your mind, for then you are most certain to go wrong; but, being persuaded by the truth *in* the mind, go on. You see, therefore, there is a vast difference between the *by* and the *in*. And then, note what Paul is talking about; not the great question of salvation, but the observance of a day;—all wrong, therefore, to quote it in connection with a man's faith.

Again, the tried one is tempted to feel that if we are only sincere, it does not matter

what we believe. Sincerity save? The raving, persecuting Saül was very sincere; verily he thought he did God service. The very devils are sincere in their faith, or they would not tremble. If sincerity saves, why does it not say so? No, it is only he that believeth that is saved. If sincerity saves, then plan is of no use, for the exact opposites must be admitted into heaven. Sincerity has no moral quality; it is in one man, and he strives for holiness; in another, and he is just as eager for all uncleanness.

The young man approaching the end of his journey! How everything is changed! Things once of the first value are now of no price. What a sober time he now has, as from day to day he shivers and lingers! He looks forward and backward. In the past, moves the panorama of his life—a panorama indeed! no false painting, no fascination of gas-light to give it effect; naught but an array of stern facts, setting him forth as he was. As a friend of mine said to me, who once was nearly drowned, "Everything

which I had ever done was there; even things which I had long forgotten were just as plain as those of that day." And this is the panorama upon which we all must look; there is no discharge, "for we must all appear before the judgment-seat of Christ, to give account according to the deeds done in the body." "That which is done in secret shall be revealed upon the housetop."

How changed! See the *brag*, or, as he is commonly called, *blower*, as he approaches. A few days ago, the veriest cur could not bluster worse than he; but now, how meek and humble! he finds he cannot swagger old Death. Pitiably he lies and cries for mercy, the sincere commiseration of all true friends of humanity, and followers of Him who pitieth us in all our infirmities.

By the way, reader, always keep shy of the *brag*, but never fear to court and wed the truly modest. Of the first you may be sure of two things: first, that he has nothing to boast of; if he had, he would not be talking so much of his exploits; and therefore, in making up to him, you find very little sub-

stance. Also, it is true that he who is good at bragging is not a stranger to lying. But of the second, you need never fear. In making friends with the truly modest man, you will always become enriched more than you expect; and, most certainly, you shall find generally that which is beyond all rubies, a truthful tongue. We have in American history, strong illustrations of these two characters. Arnold was a great brag and liar. Washington was always modest, and one of the brightest jewels in his crown is—he was *always truthful*.

Again, see the coward—that young man who was afraid to do right—how changed as he cometh near his end! He was afraid that his companions would laugh at him, but was not afraid to do wrong; but now, O how he deplures that wrong! and those wicked companions are now no hindrance to desires for the right.

Afraid! afraid!—Look here young man; there are two sides to this question. It is true that you may not see the results in the one case so soon as in the other. The laugh

of your fellows you may experience at once, but there are other consequences also. You do wrong, and the end is not yet; you must suffer for it. There is a terrible law of compensation in this life, to say nothing of the future. The scorner of God is sure, before he has gone far, to be scorned. The profane man is certain to have some one repeat upon him the same blasphemy with which he cursed. But, without making general statements further, I will illustrate by cases, similar to which, no doubt, all my readers have seen.

I know a man who, when quite a youth, knocked down his father. "Wait a while," said his God-fearing neighbours, "such sin will not be passed by in this world." Not long since, his own son served him in the same manner.

I know a father who though now, by the grace of God, is a good man, yet, at one time was a profane, lying, thieving drunkard: he now is made to sigh and weep daily because of a son doing exactly as he did.

I know a man, at one time very wealthy,

who, through an ugly temper, made his wife spend part of a chilly night in the street, and he has been punished by being obliged to spend more than a score without food or shelter.

I know a merchant who is particularly given to lying and cheating, and above all, I know he is the greatest sufferer in this way.

I know a sea captain who, by deception and misrepresentations, succeeded in getting a captain discharged from a vessel, and himself put in his place; but who, very soon, was served likewise.

I need not specify any farther; we are surrounded with illustrations; yea, may be, we have but to look at ourselves in order to see the fulfilment of this terrible law. We must not do wrong; if we do, our sin will find us out. "His own iniquities shall take the wicked himself, and he shall be holden with the cords of his sins." Prov. v. 22.

The above reflections were caused by this fact, similar to which are occurring every day. A half-dozen young men were standing on

the corner, and, just as a gentleman was passing, one of them uttered an oath, for which the gentleman kindly reprov'd him. The youth felt that he was justly rebuked; his conscience deeply accused; he knew that he had forfeited all claims to being a gentleman, and offended God; but, for the sake of his companions, he must not let on; but rather, to show that he was brave, he followed that oath with several more. Afraid of those equally guilty, but not afraid to do wrong! Mistaken heroism! false bravery! Take care, the end is not yet!

Let me tell you of another case in illustration. John Bunyan, when a wicked youth, was notoriously profane. When in a state of grace, his great plague was, those oaths would haunt him. Take care! the panorama of thy sin may settle down upon thee like a pall. It is a fearful thing to do wrong. Say not profanity is a habit; it is no excuse, any more than passion or lying. Suppose a man should knock you down, you would not excuse him because he is in the habit of getting in a passion.

Indulge me farther while I speak of the profane who, while well, curses God and calls on him to curse his fellows, but when he cometh near his end, is filled with sorrow and dismay.

A stranger from the South once presented himself at the entrance of an institution of this city, in which there is a rule that no minister or missionary of the gospel be allowed to enter. The stranger, being somewhat garbed as a clergyman, was refused admittance, but was not told why. The stranger, after parleying a while, finally, with an oath, turned upon his heel to go away, but was immediately recalled and told he might enter. A handsome tribute to the gospel, for that act showed that profanity was considered as perfectly consistent with infidelity, but inconsistent with the gospel, and all those who profess to be of the gospel.

So, you will recollect, in the case of Peter; twice he denied that he knew Jesus, or was one of his disciples, but still his enemies

would not let him alone; finally he denied with an oath, then they let him go. Again a handsome tribute—I feel almost like blessing their memories; enemies as they were of my Saviour, yet they considered profanity as satisfactory evidence of non-acquaintance with Jesus and his teaching. So is it everywhere; profanity is adverse and separate from that which is good; and he by whom it is uttered shows a corrupt heart, no difference how excellent he may be otherwise. A corrupt stream cannot issue from a pure fountain.

“Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain, for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain.”

“It chills my blood to hear the blest Supreme
 Rudely appealed to on each trifling theme.
 Maintain your rank, vulgarity despise;
 To swear is neither brave, polite, nor wise.
 You would not swear upon the bed of death!
 Reflect! your Maker now may stop your breath.”

Profanity has not even the shadow of an excuse. Intoxication gives a kind of satisfaction for the time; so does licentiousness and other sins; but the profane "bite the *naked* hook of the devil."

But not only the profane and the brag are brought low when they approach the end, but also the false of every form. Sailors in American vessels often sail under false protections. John Smith, tall, and of sandy complexion, has a governmental protection bearing the name of John Brown, short, and of dark complexion. Such so-called protection may never give trouble in time of peace; but in time of war they would not secure what they call for—the protection of the American flag. So, false names, false religions, hypocrites' hopes, &c., may not give serious trouble in health, (although, as for me, I want religion to live by,) but when the possessors come near the end they are found of no avail; then utter confusion and dismay follow. The Spiritualist (or rather the Fistic) then raps in vain. The Univer-

salist then in vain looks up for his banner of love. The Unitarian then sees his Christless creed, and is utterly confounded. All finding not only that all falsity is unmasked and overthrown, but that goodness itself must be goodness in Christ Jesus in order to avail—that even “righteousness must exceed the righteousness of the Scribes and Pharisees.” I was once reading this passage, in connection with the rest of the chapter, to a large company of children; and on coming to this verse I stopped, and asked if any one could put his finger upon one of the beatitudes just read, which would tell us what was the matter with these Scribes and Pharisees; at the same time remarking that they were very moral, strict synagogue worshippers, prayed much, &c.; what then was the matter? There was a very prompt answer—“The eighth verse tells what was the difficulty: they were not pure in heart.”

This is it, purity of heart—the righteousness of Christ, and this only can stand the test. “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.

It is not sorrow for sin that saves. I know that many think that if they could only feel badly, weep profusely, then somehow they would be forgiven. How long must a runaway child feel badly, and weep, in order to get home? I should say he ought rather to put his legs in motion, and not his eyes, in order to get home. "The sorrow of the world worketh death." It is Christ, and only Christ, who saves. Sorrow and weeping may only be because we do not wish to suffer the consequences of sin.

Another flies to the Bible. He reads, embraces, puts it under his pillow, &c. So say I. Study the word, pray the word, let it be as "honey and the honey-comb;" but not for merit use the word, for there is none other name but Jesus. And remember, it is not *at*, *about*, or *of* Jesus; it is Jesus. It is not "Christ *in* whom I believe," as if there were some other Christ, or some other whom,

on which to believe: no, it is "Christ whom I believe"—a present, known Christ. Alas! how often do we hear men who are supposed to know, talk of religion, and about religion, using the lingo of religion, but not religion, for there is no Christ therein—the perfumery of the Rose of Sharon does not make fragrant. So I have known persons to use the name of Christ, but it was *of* him; they did not talk him—no *present* Christ, but Christ, if at all, in the dim distance. O, "sir, we would see Jesus!" To know Jesus is the only antidote for the terrors of the end!

John B. Gough says that when he was lecturing in Edinburgh "a poor woman came to me, and insisted that I should accept from her a white pocket-handkerchief, saying, 'as you wipe the sweat with this handkerchief from your face, as you speak in this cause, remember that you have wiped the tears from our eyes.'" I turn to Rev. xxi. 4, and behold the handkerchief and the hand to wipe away *all* tears. "And God shall wipe all tears from their eyes."

Come then, young man, honest, sober, hast thou the antidote for death? Hast thou laid hold of the hand “put in by the hole in the door?” Sol. Song v. 4. Look at that hand. “And one shall say unto Him, What are these wounds in thy hands? Then He shall answer, Those with which I was wounded in the house of my friends.” Canst thou say, “He was pierced for me”—I have an interest in Him? Those wicked wizards, called fortune-tellers, pretend to tell fortune by looking at the hand. Look at Jesus’ hand, and say, is thy fortune written therein?

Look again at that hand: it is engraven upon. “Behold I have engraven thee upon the palms of my hands.” Is your name there? Why does He say *engraven* instead of written? Engraving is more beautiful, enduring, and deeper. The best writing is irregular, will fade, and is only on the surface. But see, Christ puts down the name of his disciples in his own flesh, as with the point of a diamond.

Again, as I have asked you to look at that hand, I now ask you, Have you laid hold thereof? If so, you have felt a thrill through your whole man. Even among men a grasp of the hand has often sent new life through the soul. Not long ago a sailor joined the Mariner's Church, Water street, Philadelphia, whose testimony was this: "I was a poor drunkard—for ten years I had not been inside of a church. A member of this church took me by the hand and invited me here. I bless him, and I bless the minister for taking me by the hand when I came."

See, therefore, if thus the hand of man can thrill the soul, how much more the hand of God! If the sailor, with his little bundle of needles and few drops of India ink, can so tattoo himself that it cannot be erased, how much more sure is the record of thy name on the roll of salvation when placed there by the hand of God!

Understand me, I mean that the power used in our salvation is direct, personal,

and from God—not a mere influence or charm. Think you that it was a mere charm, or notion, that made the captain of a French frigate alter his course two points, and thus sail for two days, by which he was able to save a fellow from a wreck? No, it was the hand of God. Elijah outran the chariot of Ahab. How? By a mere charm? No; “The hand of the Lord was on Elijah; and he girded his loins and ran before Ahab to the entrance of Jezreel.”

So in salvation; it is the direct hand of Christ. Away for ever with the sentimentalism of men being charmed or sung into holiness. Herein is the whole story: “Work out your own salvation with fear and trembling, for it is God that worketh in you both to will and to do of his good pleasure.”

And, too, it must be noticed that Christ gives the whole hand in his blessing. He gives all that is needed; his whole heart and might are required to save men, and

therefore he gives them. He can bind Satan, as he shall on the millennial morning, by an angel; but to save men, he must grasp with his own hand—his whole hand.

READER, I AM IN EARNEST, HAVE YOU LAID HOLD OF THAT HAND?

THE END.

Small Words
Plain Words



Handwritten signature: Sam Wora

Plain Words
Plain Words.

More words
Whose you

Plain Words





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Plain Words
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More words

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