

**“FEAST
of
FAT
THINGS”**

Various Authors

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Tom Adams

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Number 1

MINUTES OF THE PROCEEDINGS AND RESOLUTIONS, DRAFTED BY THE PARTICULAR BAPTISTS, CONVENED AT BLACK ROCK, MARYLAND

SEPTEMBER 28, 1832

ALSO KNOWN AS

THE BLACK ROCK ADDRESS OF 1832

(Copied from the first number of the Signs of the Times.)

A meeting of Particular Baptists of the Old School convened agreeable to a previous appointment at the Black Rock meeting-house, Baltimore, Md., on Friday, 28th September, 1832.

The introductory sermon was preached by Elder Samuel Trott, of Delaware, from Daniel 2:34,35: *“Thou sawest till that a stone was cut out without hands,”* etc.

The meeting was then called to order by Elder John Healy, of Baltimore.

Prayer by Elder Thomas Barton, of Pennsylvania.

Elder William Gilmore, of Virginia, was elected Moderator, and Elder Gabriel Conklin, Clerk.

A brief statement of the object for which the meeting had been called was made by the Moderator, and there upon it was

Resolved That a committee of seven brethren, viz: Trott, Healey, Poteat, Barton and Beebe, together with the Moderator and Clerk, be appointed to prepare an Address expressive of the views of this meeting, touching the object for which it was convened.

Brethren Scott, Cole, Ensor and Shaw, were appointed to make the necessary arrangements for preaching during this meeting.

Prayer by brother Trott.

Adjourned to 9 o'clock tomorrow morning.

Saturday Morning, 9 o'clock.

Met pursuant to adjournment.

Prayer by brother Choat.

The committee appointed to prepare an address, submitted the following, which was unanimously adopted:

ADDRESS

To the Particular Baptist Churches of the “Old School” in the United States.

Brethren: – It constitutes a new era in the history of the Baptists, when those who would *follow the Lord fully*, and who therefore manifest a solicitude to be, all things pertaining to religion, conformed to the *pattern showed in the mount* are by Baptists charged with *antinomianism, inertness, stupidity*, etc., refusing to go beyond the word of God; but such is the case with us.

Brethren, we would not shun reproach, nor seek an exemption from persecution; but we would affectionately entreat those Baptists who revile us themselves, or who side with such as do, to pause and consider how far they have departed from the ancient principle of the Baptists, and how that in reproaching us they stigmatize the memory of those whom they have been used to honor as eminent and useful servants of Christ, and of those who have borne the brunt of the persecutions leveled against the Baptists in former ages. For it is a well-known fact that it was in ages past a uniform and distinguishing trait in the character of the Baptists, that they required a “***Thus saith the Lord,***” that is, direct authority from the word of God for the order and practices, as well as the doctrine, they received in religion.

It is true that many things to which we object as departures from the order established by the great Head of the church, through the ministry of his apostles, are by others considered to be connected with the very essence of religion, and absolutely necessary to the prosperity of Christ’s kingdom. They attach great value to them, because human wisdom suggests their importance. We allow the Head of the church alone to judge for us; we therefore esteem those things to be of no use to the cause of Christ, which he has not himself instituted.

We will notice severally the claims of the principal of these modern inventions, and state some of our objections to them for your candid consideration.

We commence with the Tract Societies. These claim to be extensively useful. Tracts claim their thousands converted. They claim the prerogative of carrying the news of salvation into holes and corners, where the gospel would otherwise never come; of going as on the wings of the wind, carrying salvation in their train; and they claim each to contain gospel enough, should it go where the Bible has never come, to lead a soul to the knowledge of Christ. The nature and extent of these and the like claims, made in favor of tracts by their advocates, constitute a good reason why we should reject them. These claims represent tracts as possessing in these respects a superiority over the Bible, and over the institution of the gospel ministry, which is charging the great I Am with a deficiency of wisdom. Yea, they charge God with folly; for why has he given us the extensive revelation contained in the Bible, and given the Holy Spirit *to take of the things of Christ and show them to us*, if a little tract of four pages can lead a soul to the knowledge of Christ? But let us consider the more rational claims presented by others in favor of tracts, as that they constitute a convenient way of disseminating religious instruction among the more indigent and thoughtless classes of society. Admitting the propriety of this claim, could it be kept separated from other pretensions, still can we submit to the *distribution of tracts* becoming an order of our churches or our associations, without countenancing the prevalent idea that

tracts have become an instituted means approved of God for the conversion of sinners, and hence that the distribution of them is a religious act, and on a footing with supporting gospel ministry?

If we were to admit that tracts may have occasionally been made instrumental by the Holy Ghost for imparting instructions or comfort to inquiring minds, it would by no means imply that tracts are an instituted *means of salvation*, to speak after the manner of the popular religionists, nor that they should be placed on a footing with the Bible and the preached gospel, in respect to imparting the knowledge of salvation.

Again, we readily admit the propriety of an individual's publishing and distributing, or of several individuals uniting to publish and distribute what they wish circulated, whether in the form of tracts, or otherwise; but still we cannot admit the propriety of uniting with or upon the plans of the existing Tract Societies, even laying aside the idea of their being attempted to be palmed upon us as religious institutions. Because that upon the plan of these societies, those who unite with them pay their money for publishing and distributing they know not what, under the name of religious truth; and what is worse, they submit to have sent into their families weekly or monthly, and to circulate among their neighbors, anything and everything for religious reading, which the agent or publishing committee may see fit to publish. They thus become accustomed to receive everything as good which comes under the name of religion, whether it be according to the word of God or not; and are trained to the habit of letting others judge for them in matter of religion, and are therefore fast preparing to become the dupes of priestcraft. Can any conscientious follower of the Lamb submit to such plans? If others can, we cannot.

Sunday schools come next under consideration. These assume the same high stand as do Tract Societies. They claim the honor of converting their tens of thousands; of leading the tender minds of children to the knowledge of Jesus; of being as properly the instituted means of bringing children to the knowledge of salvation, as is the preaching of the gospel that of bringing adults to the same knowledge, etc. Such arrogant pretensions we feel bound to oppose. First, because these as well as the pretensions of the Tract Societies are grounded upon the notion that conversion or regeneration is produced by impressions made upon the natural mind by means of religious sentiments instilled into it; and if the Holy Ghost is allowed to be at all concerned in the thing, it is in a way which implies his being somehow blended with the instruction, or necessarily attendant upon it; all of which we know to be wrong.

Secondly, because such schools were never established by the apostles, nor commanded by Christ. There were children in the days of the apostles. The apostles possessed as great a desire for the salvation of souls, as much love for the cause of Christ, and knew as well what God would own for bringing persons to the knowledge of salvation, as any do at this day. We therefore must believe that if these schools were of God, we should find some account of them in the New Testament.

Thirdly. We have exemplified in the case of the Pharisees, the evil consequences of instructing children in the letter of the Scripture, under the notion that this instruction constitutes a saving acquaintance with the word of God. We see in that instance it only made hypocrites of the Jews; and as the Scriptures declare that Christ's words are *spirit and life, and that the natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God*, we cannot believe it will have any better effect on the children in our day.

The Scriptures enjoin upon parents to bring up their children in time *nurture and admonition of the Lord*; but this, instead of countenancing, forbids the idea of parents intrusting the religious education of

their children to giddy, unregenerated, young person, who know no better than to build them up in the belief that they are learning the religion of Christ, and to confirm them in their natural notions of their goodness.

But whilst we thus stand opposed to the plan and use of the Sunday schools, and to the S.S. Union, in every point, we wish it to be distinctly understood that we consider Sunday schools for the purpose of teaching poor children to read, whereby they may be enabled to read the Scriptures for themselves, in neighborhoods where there is occasion for them, and when properly conducted, without that ostentation so commonly connected with them, to be useful and benevolent institutions, worthy of the patronage of all the friends of civil liberty.

We pass to the consideration of the Bible Society. We are aware, brethren, that this institution presents itself to the mind of the Christian as supported by the most plausible pretext. The idea of giving the Bible, without note or comment, to those who are unable to procure it for themselves, is in itself considered, calculated to meet the approbation of all who know the importance of the sacred Scriptures. But under this auspicious guise, we see reared in the case of the American Bible Society, an institution as foreign from anything which the gospel of Christ calls for, as are the kingdoms of this world from the kingdom of Christ. We see a combination formed, in which are united the man of the world, the vaunting professor, and the humble follower of Jesus; the leading characters in politics, the dignitaries in church, and from them some of every grade, down to the poor servant girl, who can snatch from her hard-earned wages fifty cents a year for the privilege of being a member. We see united in this combination all parties in politics, and all sects in religion; and the distinctive differences of the one, and the sectarian barriers of the other, in part thrown aside to form the union. At the head of this vast body we see placed a few leading characters, who have in their hands the management of its enormous printing establishment, and its immense funds, and the control of its powerful influence, extended by means of agents and auxiliaries to every part of the United States. We behold its anniversary meetings converted into a great religious parade, and forming a theatre for the orator who is ambitious of preferment, either in the pulpit, in the legislative hall, or at the bar, to display his eloquence, and elicit the cheers of the grave assemblage. Now, brethren, to justify our opposition to the Bible Society, it is not necessary for us to say that any of its members manifested a disposition to employ its power for the subversion of our liberties. It is enough for us to say:

1st. That such a monstrous combination, concentrating so much power in the hands of a few individuals, could never be necessary for supplying the destitute with Bibles. Individual printing establishments would readily be extended so as to supply Bibles in any amount, and in any language that might be called for, and at as cheap a rate as they have ever been sold by the Bible Society.

2d. That the humble followers of Jesus could accomplish their benevolent wishes for supplying the needy with Bibles, with more effect, and more to their satisfaction, by managing the purchase and distribution of them for themselves; and such will never seek popular applause by having their liberality trumpeted abroad through the medium of the Bible Society.

3d. That the Bible Society, whether we consider it in its monied foundation for membership and directorship, in its hoarding up of funds, in its blending together all distinctions between the church and the world, or in its concentration of power is an institution never contemplated by the Lord Jesus as connected with his kingdom; therefore not a command concerning it is given in the *decree published*, nor a sketch of it drawn in the *pattern showed*.

4th. That its vast combination of worldly power and influence lodged in the hands of *a few* renders it a dangerous engine against the liberties, both civil and religious, of our country, should it come under the control of those disposed so to employ it. The above remarks apply with equal force to the other great *national institutions*, as the American Tract Society, and Sunday School Union, etc.

We will now call your attention to the subject of Missions. Previous to stating our objections to the mission plans, we will meet some of the false charges brought against us relative to this subject, by a simple and unequivocal declaration, that we do regard as of the first importance the command given of Christ, primarily to his apostles, and through them to his ministers in every age, to “Go into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature,” and do feel an earnest desire to be found acting in obedience here unto, as the providence of God directs our way, and opens a door of utterance for us. We also believe it to be the duty of individuals and churches to contribute according to their abilities, for the support, not only of their pastors, but also of those who go preaching the gospel of Christ among the destitute. But we at the same time contend that we have no right to depart from the order which the Master himself has seen fit to lay down relative to the ministration of the word. We therefore cannot fellowship the plans for spreading the gospel, generally adopted at this day, under the name of Missions; because we consider those plans throughout a subversion of the order marked out in the New Testament.

1st. In reference to the medium by which the gospel minister is to be sent forth to labor in the field. Agreeable to the prophecy going before, that out of *Zion shall go forth the law, and the word of the Lord from Jerusalem*, the Lord has manifestly established the order, that his ministers should be sent forth by the churches. But the mission plan is to send them out by a Mission Society. The gospel society or church is to be composed of baptized believers, the poor are placed on an equal footing with the rich, and money is of no consideration, with regard to membership, or church privileges. Not so with Mission Societies, they are so organized that the unregenerate, the enemies of the Cross of Christ, have equal privileges as to membership, etc., with the people of God, and money is the principal consideration; a certain sum entitles to membership, a larger sum to life membership, a still larger to directorship, etc., so that their constitutions, contrary to the direction of James, are partial, saying to the *rich man, sit thou here, and to the poor, stand thou there*. In Christ’s kingdom, all his subjects are *sons*, and have equal rights, and an equal voice, as well in calling persons into the ministry, as in other things. But the mission administration is all lodged in the hands of a few, who are distinguished from the rest, by *great swelling titles* as Presidents, Vice Presidents, etc. Again, each gospel church acts as the independent kingdom of Christ in calling and sending forth its members into the ministry. Very different from this is the *mission order*. The mission community being so arranged that from the little Mite Society, on to the State conventions, and from them on the Triennial convention, and General Board, there is formed a general amalgamation, and a concentration of power in the hands of a dozen dignitaries, who with some exceptions have the control of all the funds designed for supporting ministers among the destitute, at home and abroad, and the sovereign authority to designate who from among the professed ministers of Christ, shall be supported from these funds, and also to assign them the field of their labors. Yea, the authority to appoint females, and school-masters, and printers, and farmers, as such, to be solemnly set apart by prayer, and the imposition of hands, as missionaries of the cross, and to be supported from these funds. Whereas in ancient times preachers of the gospel were by the Holy Ghost. Acts 13:1,4.

2d. In reference to ministerial support. ? The gospel order is to extend support to them who preach the gospel; but the mission plan is to hire persons to preach. The gospel order is not *to prefer one before*

another, and to do nothing by partiality. See I Tim. 5:17, 21. But the Mission Boards exclude all from a participation in the benefits of their funds who do not come under their direction and own their authority, however regularly they may have been set apart according to gospel order to the work of the ministry, and however zealously they may be laboring to preach the gospel among the destitute. And what is more, these boards, by their auxiliaries and agents, so scour every hole and corner to scrape up money for their funds that the people think they have nothing left to give to a preacher who may come among them alone up the authority of Christ, and by the fellowship of the church. Formerly not only did preachers generally feel themselves bound to devote a part of their time to traveling and preaching among the destitute, but the people also among whom they came dispensing the word of life, felt themselves bound to contribute something to meet their expenses. These were the days when Christians affections flowed freely. Then the hearts of the preachers flowed out toward the people, and the affections of the people were manifested toward the preachers who visited them. There was then more preaching of the gospel among the people at large, according to the number of Baptists, than has ever been since the rage of missions commenced. – How different are things now from what they were in those by-gone days. Now, generally speaking, persons who are novices in the gospel, however learned they may profess to be in the sciences, have taken the field in the place of those who, having been taught in the school of Christ, were capacitated to administer consolation to God’s afflicted people. – The missionary, instead of going into such neighborhoods as Christ’s ministers used to visit, where they would be most likely to have an opportunity of administering food to *the poor of the flock*, seeks the more populous villages and towns, where he can attract the most attention, and do the most to promote the cause of missions and other popular institutions. His leading motive, judging from his movements, is not love to souls, but love of fame; hence his anxiety to have something to publish of what he has done and hence his anxiety to constitute churches, even taking disaffected, disorderly, and as has been the case, excluded persons, to form a church, in the absence of better materials. And the people, instead of glowing with the affection for the preacher as such, feel burdened with the whole system of modern *mendicancy*, but have not resolution to shake off their oppression, because it is represented so deistical to withhold and so popular to give.

Brethren, we cheerfully acknowledge that there have been some honorable exceptions to the character we have here drawn of the modern missionary, and some societies have existed under the name of Mission Societies which were in some important points exceptions from the above drawn sketch; but on a general scale we believe we have given a correct view of the mission plans and operations, and of the effects which have resulted from them, and our hearts really sicken at this state of things. How can we therefore forbear to express our disapprobation of the system that has produced it?

Colleges and Theological schools next claim our attention. In speaking of colleges, we wish to be distinctly understood that it is not to colleges, or collegial education, as such, that we have any objection. We would cheerfully afford our own children such an education, did circumstances warrant the measure. But we object in the first place to sectarian colleges as such. The idea of a Baptist College and a Presbyterian College, etc., necessarily implies that our distinct views of church government, of gospel doctrine and gospel ordinances are connected with human sciences, a principle which we cannot admit: for we believe the kingdom of Christ to be altogether a kingdom not of this world. In the second place, we object to the notion of attaching professorships of divinity to colleges; because this evidently implies that the revelation which God has made of Himself is a human science, on a footing with mathematics, philosophy, law, etc., which is contrary to the general tenor of revelation, and indeed to the very idea itself of revelation. We perhaps need not add that we have for the same reason strong objections to colleges conferring the degree of Doctor of Divinity, and to preachers receiving it.

Thirdly. We decidedly object to persons, after professing to have been called of the Lord to preach his gospel, going to a college or academy to fit themselves for that service. 1st. Because we believe that Christ possesses perfect knowledge of his own purposes, and of the proper instruments by which to accomplish them. If he has occasion for a man of science he having *power over all flesh*, will so order it that the individual shall obtain the requisite learning before he calls him to his service, as was the case with Saul of Tarsus, and others since; and thus avoid subjecting himself to the imputation of weakness. For should Christ call a person to labor in the gospel field, who was unqualified for the work assigned him, it would manifest him to be deficient in knowledge relative to the proper instruments to employ, or defective in power to provide them. 2nd. Because we believe that the Lord calls no man to preach his gospel till he has made him experimentally acquainted with that gospel, and endowed him with the proper measure of gifts suiting the field he designs him to occupy; and the person giving himself up in obedience to the voice of Christ will find himself learning in Christ's own school. But when a person professedly called of Christ to the gospel ministry concludes that, in order to be useful, he must first go and obtain an academical education, he must judge that human science is of more importance in the ministry than that knowledge and those gifts which Christ imparts to his servants. To act consistently with his own principles, he will place his chief dependence for usefulness on his scientific knowledge, and aim mostly to display this in his preaching. This person, therefore, will pursue a very different course in his preaching from that marked out by the great apostle to the Gentiles who determined to know nothing among the people save Jesus Christ and him crucified.

As to Theological schools, we shall at present content ourselves with saying that they are a reflection upon the faithfulness of the Holy Ghost, who is engaged according to the promise of the great Head of the church to lead the disciples into all truth. See John 16:13. Also, that in every age, from the school at Alexandria down to this day, they have been a real pest to the church of Christ. Of this we could produce abundant proof, did the limits of our address admit their insertion.

We now pass to the last item which we think it necessary particularly to notice, viz, four days or protracted meetings. Before stating our objections to these, however, we would observe that we consider the example worthy to be imitated which the apostles set of embracing every opportunity consistently with prudence for preaching the gospel wherever they met with an assembly, whether in a Jew's synagogue on the seventh day, or in a Christian assembly on the first day of the week; and the exhortation to be *instant in season and out of season*, we would gladly accept. Therefore, whenever circumstances call a congregation together from day to day, as at an association or the like, we would embrace the opportunity of preaching the gospel to them from time to time, so often as they shall come together; but to the principle and plans of protracted meetings distinguishingly so called, we decidedly object. The principles of these meetings we cannot fellowship.

Regeneration, we believe, is exclusively the work of the Holy Ghost, performed by his divine power at his own sovereign pleasure, according to the provisions of the everlasting covenant; but these meetings are got up either for the purpose of inducing the Holy Spirit to regenerate multitudes who would otherwise not be converted, or to convert them themselves by the machinery of these meetings, or rather to bring them into their churches by means of exciting their animal feelings, without any regard to their being born again. Whichever of these may be considered the true ground upon which these meetings are founded, we are at a loss to know how any person who has known what it is to be born again can countenance them.

The plans of these meetings are equally as objectionable; for in the first place, all doctrinal preaching, or in other words, all illustrations of God's plan of salvation, are excluded professedly from these

meetings. Hence they would make believers of their converts without presenting any fixed truths to their minds to believe. Whereas God has *chosen his people to salvation through sanctification of the Spirit and belief of the TRUTH.* – II Thessalonians 2:13.

Secondly. The leaders of these meetings fix standards by which to decide of the persons' repentance and desire of salvation, which the word of God nowhere warrants, such as rising off their seats, coming to anxious seats, or going to a certain place, etc. – we have no right to depart, viz: that of *bringing forth fruits meet for repentance.*

Thirdly. They leave the people to depend on mediators other than the Lord Jesus Christ to obtain peace for them, by offering themselves as intercessors for them with God; – whereas the Scriptures acknowledge but the *one God and one Mediator.*

Some may be ready to inquire whether protracted meetings, as such, may not with propriety be held, providing they be held without excluding doctrinal preaching, or introducing any of these new plans. However others may judge and act, we cannot approve of such meetings for the following reasons:

1st. Because by appointing and holding a protracted meeting, as such although we may not carry it to the same excesses to which others do, yet as most people will make no distinction between it and those meetings where all the *borrowed machinery* from Methodist camp-meetings is introduced, we shall generally be considered as countenancing those meetings.

2nd. Because the motives we could have for conforming to the custom of holding these newly invented meetings are such as we think cannot bear the test. For we must be induced thus to conform to the reigning custom either in order to shun the reproach generally attached to those who will not conform to what is popular; or to try the experiment whether our holding a four days' meeting will not induce the Holy Ghost to produce a revival among us commensurate with the strange fire enkindled by others. Or else we must be led to this plan from having imbibed the notion that the Holy Ghost is somehow so the creature of human feelings that he is led to regenerate persons by our getting their animal feelings excited; and therefore that in the same proportion as we can by an measure get the feelings of the people aroused, there will be a revival of religion. This latter motive can scarcely be supposed to have place with any who would not go to the whole length of every popular measure. But 1st. We do not believe it becoming a follower of Jesus to seek an exemption from reproach by conforming to the schemes of men. 2nd. We believe the Holy Ghost to be too sacred a being to be trifled with by trying experiments upon him. And 3rd. We believe the Holy Ghost to be God. We would as soon expect that the Father would be induced to predestinate persons to *the adoption of children* by their feeling being excited, as the Son be induced to re-redeem them, as that the Holy Ghost would be thus induced to *quicken them.* These *three* are *one.* The purpose of the Father, the redemption of the Son, and the regenerating power of the Holy Ghost, must run in perfect accordance, and commensurate one with the other.

Brethren, we have thus laid before you some of our objections to the popular schemes in religion and the reasons why we cannot fellowship them. Ponder these things well. Weigh them in the balance of the sanctuary; and then say if they are not such as to justify us in standing aloof from those plans of men, and those would-be *religious societies*, which are bound together not by the fellowship of the gospel, but by certain money payments. If you cannot for yourselves meet the reproach by separating yourselves from those things which the word of God does not warrant, still allow us the privilege to *obey God rather than man.*

There is, brethren, one radical difference between us and those who advocate these various institutions which we have noticed to which we wish to call your attention. It is this: they declare the gospel to be a system of means, these means, it appears, they believe to be of human contrivance; and they act accordingly. But we believe the gospel dispensation to embrace a system *of faith and obedience* and we would act according to our belief. We believe, for instance, that the seasons of declension, of darkness, of persecutions, etc., to which the church of Christ is at times subject, are designed by the wise Disposer of all events; not for calling forth the inventive geniuses of men to remove the difficulties, but for trying the faith of God's people in his wisdom, power and faithfulness to sustain his church. On him, therefore, would we repose our trust, and wait for his hour of deliverance, rather than rely upon an arm of flesh. Are we called to the ministry, (although we may feel our own insufficiency for the work as sensibly as do others, yet we would go forward in the path of duty marked out) believing that God is able to accomplish his purposes by such instruments as he chooses; that he *hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise and the weak things of the world, to confound the things that are mighty; and base things, etc., hath God chosen, that no flesh should glory in his presence?* Though we may not enjoy the satisfaction of seeing multitudes flocking to Jesus under our ministry, yet instead of going in to Hagar to accomplish the promises of God, or of resorting to any of the contrivances of men to make up the deficiency, we would still be content to preach the word and would be instant in season and out of season; knowing it has pleased God, not by the wisdom of men, but by the *foolishness of preaching to save them that believe. And that his word will not return unto him void, but it shall accomplish that which he please and prosper in the thing whereunto he sent it.* Faith in God, instead of leading us to contrive ways to help him accomplish his purposes, leads us to inquire what he *hath required at our hands*, and to be satisfied with doing that as we find it pointed out in his word; for we know that his *purpose shall stand, and he will do all his pleasure. Jesus says, ye believe in God, believe also in me.* Ye believe in the power of God to accomplish his purposes, however contrary things may appear to work to your expectations. So believe in my power to accomplish the great work of saving my people. In a word, as the dispensation of God by the hand of Moses, in bringing Israel out of Egypt, and leading them through the wilderness, was from first to last calculated to try Israel's faith in God – so is the dispensation of God by his Son, in bringing his spiritual Israel to be a people to himself.

There being then this radical difference between us and the patrons of these modern institutions, the question which has long since been put forth presents itself afresh for our consideration in all its force: "Can two walk together except they be agreed?" We believe that many who love our Lord Jesus Christ are engaged in promoting those institutions which they acknowledge to be of modern origin; and they are promoting them too as religious institutions; whereas, if they would reflect a little on the origin and nature of the Christian religion, they must be, like us, convinced that this religion must remain unchangably the same at this day as we find it delivered in the New Testament. Hence that anything, however highly esteemed it may be among men, which is not found in the New Testament, has no just claim to be acknowledged as belonging to the religion or the religious institutions of Christ.

With all who love our Lord Jesus Christ, in truth, and walk according to apostolic traditions, or gospel order, we would gladly meet in church relation and engage with them in the worship and service of God, as he himself has ordered them. But if they will persist in bringing those institutions for which they can show us no example in the New Testament, into the churches and associations, and in making them the order thereof, we shall for conscience sake, be compelled to withdraw from the disorderly walk of such churches, associations, or individuals, that we may not suffer our names to pass as sanctioning those things for which we have no fellowship. And if persons who would pass for preachers, will come to us, bringing the messages of men, etc., a gospel which they have learned in the

schools, instead of that gospel which Christ himself commits unto his servants, and which is not learned of men, they must not be surprised that we cannot acknowledge them as ministers of Christ.

Now, brethren, addressing ourselves to you who profess to be, in principle, Particular Baptists, of the “Old School”, but who are practicing such things as you have learned only from a New School, it is for you to say, not us, whether we can no longer walk in union with you. We regret, and so do you, to see brethren professing the same faith, serving apart. But if you will compel us either to sanction the traditions and inventions of men, as of religious obligations or to separate from you, the sin lieth at your door. If you meet us in churches to attend only to the order of Christ’s house as laid down by himself; and in associations, upon the ancient principles of Baptist associations, i.e. as an associating of the churches for keeping up a brotherly correspondence one with another, that they may strengthen each other in the good ways of the Lord; instead of turning the associations into a kind of legislative body, formed for the purpose of contriving plans to help along the work of Christ, and for imposing those contrivances as burdens upon the church by resolutions, etc., as in the manner of some, we can still go on with you in peace and fellowship.

Thus, brethren, our appeal is before you. Treat it with contempt if you can despise the cause for which we contend, i.e. conformity to the word of God. But indulge us, we beseech you, so far at least, as at our request to sit down and carefully count the cost on both sides; and see whether this shunning reproach by conforming to men’s notions will not in the end be a much more expensive course than to meet reproach at once, by honoring Jesus as your only King, *choosing rather to suffer affliction with the people of God, than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season. And rebellion, you know, is as the sin of witchcraft.*

May the Lord lead you to judge and act upon this subject as you will wish you had done when you come to see the mass of human inventions in connection with the Man of sin, driven away like the chaff of the summer threshing floor, and that stone which was cut out *without hands* alone filling the earth. We subscribe ourselves your servants for Jesus’ sake – **COMMITTEE.**

We acknowledge with pleasure the reception of an affectionate letter from the Muskingum Association expressive of their warm attachment to the ancient order of the Baptist church, and also an interesting epistle from our venerable brother, John Leland, disclaiming any connection with the popular schemes of the day.

The following resolutions were unanimously adopted, viz:

Resolved: That our next meeting be held with the church of Pleasant Valley, Washington Co., Md., on the Monday after the third Lord’s day in May, 1833, at the close of the business of the Baltimore Association.

Resolved: That we cordially invite our ministering and other brethren from all parts of the United States, who accord with our views as expressed in our address, to attend our next meeting. Also, that we recommend our address to the consideration of such Baptist Churches as profess to adhere to the ancient faith and order of the Particular Baptists’ requesting those of them who are disposed to unite with us in the stand which we have taken to give us an expression thereof by messenger or otherwise.

Resolved: That brother Henry Moon be our messenger to the Muskingum Association, and that brother Gilmore write them an affectionate letter on our behalf.

Resolved: That we consider the receiving persons into Baptist Churches upon any ground whatever short of an evidence of their having been born from above, to be a subversion of the ancient principles of the Baptists, of the apostolic example, and of the declaration of the Master that his kingdom is not of this world. Therefore we will not administer baptism to any without receiving ourselves an evidence of their having experienced the specified change; and we beseech the churches of our faith and order to guard against persons getting in among them through the excitement of their animal feelings, with as much caution as they would watch against receiving persons upon the ground of their receiving baptism as regeneration.

Resolved: That Brother Healey superintend the printing of our minutes, and that he be authorized to print 500 copies.

Resolved: That brethren Samuel Trott, Newark, New Castle Co., Del., Win. Gilmore, Leesburgh, Loudoun Co., Va., Thomas Poteet, Golder, Baltimore Co., Md., Edward Choat, Golden, Baltimore Co., Md., Eli Scott, Golden, Baltimore Co., Md., John Healy, Baltimore City, Md., Thomas Barton, Strakers Ville, Pa., Gilbert Beebe, New Vernon, Orange Co., N.Y., Stephen W. Woolford, Washington City, D.C., Gabriel Conidin, Slate Hill, Orange Co., N.Y., be a committee of Correspondence.

We beg leave to recommend to the patronage of our brethren a paper published by our brother, Gilbert Beebe, entitled "The Signs of the Times."

As some have misunderstood certain expressions in the latter part of his Prospectus relative to the popular institutions of the day, we would say that the views of the editor are such as are expressed in the address published by us.

We desire at the close of our meeting to acknowledge the kind hand of God, which has been manifested in bringing us together, and permitting us to sit and consult together in harmony and fellowship, and for the affectionate manner in which we have been received by our brethren and friends in this vicinity.

After an affectionate address and prayer by the Moderator, the meeting was adjourned at the time and place above mentioned.

William Gilmore, Moderator.

Gabriel Conkiin, Clerk

We, the undersigned, do hereunto set our names, as cordially united in all the proceedings of this meeting.

Elder John Healy.

Elder Win. Gilmore.

Elder Edward Choat.

Elder Samuel Trott.

Elder Thomas Poteet.

Elder Thomas Barton.

Elder Edward J. Rees.

Elder Gilbert Beebe.

Elder Gabriel Conidin.

Elder Henry Moon.

Elder William Wilson. *

Elder James B. Bowen.*

Abraham Cole, Sen.

Lewis R. Cole.

Samuel Shawl.

Luke Ensor.

Shadrack Bond.

John Ensor.

Richard English.

Edward Norwood.

Joseph Peregoy.

Joseph Mattem.

* Elders Wilson and Bowen were not present at the meeting, but having examined the Minutes and Address, have authorized the insertion of their names.

Number 2

AN EVERLASTING TASK FOR ARMINIANS

Or a Letter to Rev. Edward Smyth Formerly of Trinity College, Dublin

BY William Gadsby

PREFACE.

Containing a few hints to them that are sanctified by God the Father, preserved in Christ Jesus, and called.

BELOVED: – In reading the word of God, it becomes us ever to remember that the sacred pages are a transcript of the perfections of the infinite God, who is the “high and lofty one that inhabiteth eternity, whose name is holy” (Isaiah lvii. 15); a Being whose omniscient eye beholds the end from the beginning, who worketh all things after the counsel of his own will, and will do his pleasure. – Isaiah xlvi. 10; Ephesians i. 11. Who “bringeth the counsel of the heathen to naught, and maketh the devices of the people of none effect.” “The counsel of the Lord standeth forever, the thoughts of his heart to all generations.” – Psalm xxxiii. 10, 11; Proverbs xiv. 21. Whatever change takes place in our minds, the eternal God knows no change. “He is in one mind, and who can turn him? And what his soul desireth, even that he doeth.” – Job xxiii. 13.

Were our minds at all times properly effected with the majestic nature of the divine Author of the Scriptures, methinks we should tremble at the thought of explaining any part of them in a way that represents the Deity as a mutable, disappointed being; and if a passage comes under our notice that our finite minds cannot comprehend, let our mouths be shut up in everlasting silence, rather than employ them so improperly as to attempt to tarnish the refulgent glory of the immutable God, and with the greatest resignation let us acknowledge that we are not able to comprehend the meaning of such a passage. And though the self-sufficient Pharisee may laugh us to scorn, it is a small matter for us to be accounted poor, little, insignificant fools, not worthy the notice of the great and honorable, whose minds are too ambitious to submit to the sovereign sway of the mighty God. Let them consider us as below their notice of the great and honorable, whose minds are too ambitious to submit to the sovereign sway of the mighty God. Let them consider us as below their notice, and pour the utmost contempt imaginable upon us; what will it all avail? At most it is but a puff of empty air. We have to do with a Being whose judgments are unsearchable, and his ways past finding out. And shall we be employed in holding him up to view as a being not able to accomplish the good pleasure of his will, but constantly living under the painful necessity of seeing his eternal will frustrated, and his purposes overturned? God forbid! May our name and reputation sink in everlasting obscurity, rather than be immortalized upon principles so glaringly blasphemous!

I have often trembled at the awful dexterity of some men, whose minds are set upon exalting self. When they bring forward a passage of Scripture that purely relates to the Jews as a nation, and has to do with the conditional blessings and cursings relating to them as a nation, as in the eighteenth chapter of Ezekiel, they can see as clear as noonday that such Scriptures contain things of an eternal nature, and are an address to all the human race. But if, on the other hand, they bring forth a passage that speaks of the absolute sovereignty of Jehovah, as in the ninth chapter to the Romans, these eagle-eyed gentlemen

can see, without the least obscurity, that the election and rejection spoken of there are only national. Tell them that God has “chosen his people in Christ Jesus before the foundation of the world, that they should be holy and without blame before him in love, having predestinated them unto the adoption of children by Jesus Christ unto himself, according to the good pleasure of his will” (Ephesians i. 4, 5), and they will roundly assert that this only means the apostles, and that even they were not predestinated unto eternal life, but only to the apostleship. Strange as this may seem to a mind illuminated by the Holy Ghost, it is a real truth; and an Arminian preacher, who called on me not more than a month ago, insisted upon it that the above was the real sense of the Holy Ghost. Lord, what is man? “Surely their turning of things upside down shall be esteemed as the potter’s clay; for shall the work say of him that made it, He made me not? Or shall the thing framed say of him that framed it. He had no understanding?” – Isaiah xxix. 16.

That mind must be awfully bewildered, and that conscience dreadfully hardened, that can presumptuously dare to dictate to the Almighty, and blasphemously arraign him at its puny bar, and condemn him as a monster, not to be equaled by Satan, the father of lies, if he dare to deal out his immortal blessings in a sovereign way. Yet such men there are, and whoever reads Mr. Smyth’s performance, entitled, “Paul against Calvin,” may soon be satisfied of the truth of the assertion. Well may it be said, ‘Vain man fain would be wise, but he is born like a wild ass’s colt.’ A man whose eyes are too tender to bear the light of a candle, can never be considered a proper person to look steadfastly at the full blaze of the sun. No; an attempt to do it would almost put out his sight. “The heavens declare God’s glory, and the firmament showeth his handiwork. Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night showeth knowledge.” – Psalm xix. 1. All God’s works praise him, and his perfections shine in all his works of creation and providence; nevertheless these things give but a dim light, compared with the blaze of glory which shines forth in the salvation of his church.

“Here the whole Deity is known,
Nor dares a creature guess
Which of the glories brightest shine,
The justice or the grace.”

“But the natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God, for they are foolishness unto him; neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned.” – 1 Corinthians ii. 14. Such is fallen man, that the wisest philosopher in the world is not in possession of rational light sufficient to comprehend and look steadfastly at the glory of God, as shining in the works of nature; his sight is too tender to bear the light. Then, what madness it must be to suppose that the natural man is able to gaze upon the full blaze of God’s immortal glory, as shining forth in the redemption of his church. The very moment carnal reason attempts to look upon this immortality brilliant light, its sight is so dazzled and confounded that it is obliged to shut itself up in the dark chamber of imagery. – Ezekiel viii. 12. “Having the understanding darkened, being alienated from the life of God, through the ignorance that is in them, because of the blindness of their heart.” – Ephesians iv. 18. And having seated itself in this dark chamber, it takes a view of the supposed glory it contains, and forms its views of Deity according thereunto; the result of which is, it supposeth itself almost, if not altogether, capable of comprehending the eternal God, and with unblushing confidence declareth that if he has not given the whole human race a chance of obtaining eternal felicity, he is an unjust tyrant; nay, it has fortified the minds of some of its pupils with sufficient courage to declare that if the doctrine of unconditional election be true, they had rather dwell with devils in hell, than with such a God in heaven.

But, beloved, ye have not so learned Christ; for “God, who commanded the light to shine out of darkness, hath shined in our hearts, to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ.” – 2 Corinthians iv. 6. I am persuaded that just in proportion as God unveils his matchless glory to poor souls, so they will sink to nothing at his feet, and to glorify him will be the height of their ambition. With Paul they will exclaim, “God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom I am crucified unto the world, and the world unto me.”

Real Christian charity is swallowed up in the will of God, nor is it in its nature to extend itself one step beyond nor desire one thing contrary to the glory of Jehovah. All the charity that we possess beyond this may be properly called fleshly charity. May God the Spirit lead you and me more and more into the deep things of God, that we “may be able to comprehend with all saints what is the breadth, and the length, and depth, and height, and to know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge, that we may be filled with all the fullness of God.” Here we shall find an immeasurable field of immortal felicity and delight – a field that abounds with joys the most substantial, with superlative beauties, and brightness the most transcendent, glories too refulgent for carnal reason to gaze upon.

Mortals below can only trace and enjoy these beauties by that faith which is the substance of things hoped for, and the evidence of things not seen; but as this faith is drawn forth into exercise, we gaze, we wonder, we adore, we admire, and are ready to say, “Here let us stay and gaze till we die.” In this soul-transforming, sin-subduing, world-overcoming, Satan-vanquishing, fear-dispelling, heart-ravishing, mind-satisfying, God-glorifying field, rebellion against God’s sovereign decrees can never stand. Should it dare to breathe or lisp one word, all the powers of the better part will be up in arms against it, and fired with immortal love to the God of gods, would treat it as an implacable enemy to their God and King. O! the sweetness, the power and the glory of that precious truth, “But we all, with open face, beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image, from glory to glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord.” – 2 Corinthians iii. 18. Just in proportion as the soul enjoys these truths, so it sits loose to the world, with all its delusive charms and terrific frowns; but as faith loses sight of these sublime subjects, so unbelief, guilt, fear, wrath and rebellion prevail, and we soon find the needs be of standing fast in the liberty wherewith Christ has made us free; and we are all well convinced that we can only stand while God is graciously pleased to hold us up, and are therefore brought to cry, “Hold thou me up, and I shall be safe.” – Psalm cxix. 117.

I shall make no apology for publishing the following epistle, more than what it contains in itself. I am not so vain as to expect to be applauded for my pains, but into the hands of a covenant God I commit it. That God may bless it to his children, that grace, mercy and peace may be with you all, and that God may make and keep you steadfast in the truth as it is in Jesus, is the pray of

Yours to serve in the gospel of God,
WILLIAM GADSBY.

Note: The cause of the appearance of this work was a controversy which took place between Mr. Smyth, of St. Luke's Church, and Mr. Roby, then minister of the Independent Chapel, Grosvenor Street, Manchester. Mr. Smyth wrote a work entitled, "Paul against Calvin," to which Mr. Roby replied, and this work was issued as a further task for Mr. Smyth. The only answer that Mr. S. wrote was, that "as MR. G. had compared himself to a country rustic, he [Mr. S.] would pass him by as a good dog would in a farm-yard."

**Everlasting Task for Arminians, or a Letter to the Rev. Edward Smyth,
by William Gadsby.**

MR. SMYTH –

Sir: Learning you are again preparing, or rather gathering together, another volume of scraps, which you intend to publish to the world in vindication of free-will, and to hold up to contempt the doctrine of electing grace, after having a thousand thoughts revolving in my mind upon the propriety or impropriety of interfering in the business, seeing you have, in many respects, been so ably handled already, I at last resolved to drop you a few lines, to which I request your very candid attention; for I assure you, as far as I know my own heart, I have nothing in view but the glory of the eternal God and the welfare of Zion.

And, first, you are hereby desired, as early as possible, to inform those characters whom your extraordinary piety induces you to hold up to public view as murderers, upon what ground the salvation of a poor sinner depends; whether it depends wholly and entirely upon the free grace of Jehovah, or whether it rests wholly and entirely upon man's free-will, or whether it be a joint concern, depending partly upon God's free grace, and partly upon man's free-will? Should you be disposed to give the preference to the first of these, you will have the goodness to reconcile that to your Arminian creed, and for the better clearing of the way, you will be very particular in stating upon what branch of the free grace of God salvation does absolutely depend; and lest you should mistake what I mean, I will just state a few things, unto which I hope you will conscientiously attend. And in the first place, does the salvation of a sinner depend upon the everlasting love or mercy of Jehovah, or is it not possible for a sinner to be interested in that mercy, which is from everlasting to everlasting (Psa. 103:17) and after all perish everlastingly? And if so, does it not evidently appear that salvation does not depend upon the mercy of God?

But secondly, does salvation depend upon redeeming grace, and may the characters redeemed unto God by the precious blood of Christ (Rev. 5:9), depend upon the efficacy of the redemption of Christ for salvation, seeing they are thereby redeemed from all iniquity (Tit. 2:14), from the curse of the law (Gal. 3:13), and out of the pit where there is no water (Zech. 9:11), or may not a sinner be interested in the redemption of Christ, and be damned at last? And if so, does it not appear that salvation does not depend upon the redemption of Christ?

Thirdly, does salvation depend upon quickening, regenerating, or renewing grace? As it is written, "You hath he quickened, who were dead in trespasses and sins." (Eph. 2:1) "Not by works of righteousness which we have done, but according to His mercy He saved us, by the washing of regeneration and renewing of the Holy Ghost." (Tit. 3:5) Or may not a sinner be quickened, regenerated and renewed by the Holy Ghost, and after all be banished from the presence of the Lord into the burning lake of never-ending perdition? And if so, does it not appear that this grace is not sufficient to save a sinner?

Fourthly, does salvation depend upon justifying grace? “Being justified freely by His grace, through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus.” (Rom. 3:24) “And by Him all that believe are justified from all things, from which ye could not be justified by the law of Moses.” (Acts 13:39) Or may not a sinner be justified by grace from all things, and after all be brought into condemnation, and have his everlasting portion with unbelievers in the torments of hell? If so, does it not appear that justifying grace will not save a sinner?

Fifthly, does salvation depend upon sanctifying grace? as it is written, “And such were some of you; but ye are washed, but ye are sanctified, but ye are justified in the name of the Lord Jesus, and by the Spirit of our God.” (1 Cor. 6:11) Or may not a sinner be sanctified in the name of the Lord Jesus and by the Spirit of God, and be lost at last? If so, does it not appear that sanctifying grace will not save a sinner?

Sixthly, does salvation depend upon the grace of adoption? “According as He hath chosen us in Him before the foundation of the world, that we should be holy and without blame before Him in love: having predestinated us unto the adoption of children by Jesus Christ unto Himself, according to the good pleasure of His will.” (Eph. 1:4, 5) Or may not a sinner receive the adoption of sons, be an heir of God through Christ, (Gal. 4:5-7), and fall short of Heaven at last? If so, does it not appear that salvation does not depend upon the grace of adoption?

Now if salvation does not depend upon any of these, separately considered, will you have the goodness to inform us whether it depends upon the whole of them, jointly considered, as one infinite treasure of immortal grace; or may not a sinner be interested in the whole of them, and after all perish in his iniquity? That is, may not a sinner be interested in the unchanging mercy of God, and in the redemption by Christ, and in the quickening, regenerating and renewing influences of the Holy Ghost; and may he not be justified from all things, and be washed and sanctified by the Spirit of God; and may he not be a son and an heir of God; I say, may not a sinner be interested in the whole of this grace today, and tomorrow die in his sins? And if so, how can salvation be of grace? But in order to give you room for your strength, and allow you every fair opportunity of proving salvation to be all of God’s free grace, and yet the creed for which you contend be of God, I will ask in the seventh place, does salvation depend on the unspeakable gift of grace, viz., Christ Jesus? For “Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that he loved us, and sent His Son to be the propitiation for our sins.” (1 John 4:10) And if salvation depends on the unspeakable gift of grace, you will be particular in informing us what part of this gift it is that it depends.

Does it depend upon the work of Christ, or upon the characters He bears, or the offices He fills, or the fullness that in Him dwells, or the union and relationship that subsists between Him and His church; does salvation depend upon these things jointly or separately, or may not a sinner be interested in the whole of this grace, and be lost at last?

But to make the matter as straight as possible, I would ask, may not a sinner be interested in the work of Christ, that is, in his active and passive obedience on earth, and his intercession in Heaven; and may he not build upon Christ as a foundation; shelter in Him as a hiding-place from the wind; rest upon Him as a resting-place; bathe in Him as the fountain opened for the house of David and the inhabitants of Jerusalem for sin and uncleanness; enter into the sheepfold by Him, as the door and strait gate; trust in Him as the Lord, his rock and fortress, and deliverer, and strength, and buckler, and as the horn of his salvation, and his high tower (Psa. 18:2); may he not receive Him as his Prophet, Priest and King; as the Captain of his salvation, his Day’s-man, his Surety, Advocate and Mediator; may not a sinner live

upon Him as the bread of Heaven, the water of life, and the wine of the kingdom; may he not be interested in Him as the everlasting Father, and the elder Brother, yea, a Friend that sticketh closer than a brother; may he not be united to Him as a loving Husband and a living Head; may not his life be hid with Christ in God, and he be life of His life, body of His body, bone of His bones, and flesh of His flesh; in a word, may not a sinner receive Christ as the Lord his righteousness and strength, his portion, and his all in all; be blessed with repentance unto life, and have Christ in him the Hope of glory; “be born again, not of corruptible seed, but of incorruptible, by the word of God, which liveth and abideth forever” (1 Peter 1:23); be blessed with the fruits of the Spirit, as “love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, and temperance” (Gal. 5:22, 23); and after all be brought into condemnation? And if a poor sinner can be interested in the whole of this grace, and be lost at last, do, sir, for the Lord and truth’s sake, and for the sake of poor, perishing sinners, inform us upon what salvation does absolutely depend.

I presume it is impossible to propose to you, or to any other person, a subject of great importance, and therefore I hope you will use all diligence to make the matter clear and straight; and if, upon due inspection and cool deliberation, you conclude that no sinner can be interested in the whole of this grace, and be damned at last, you will then, without the least reserve, inform us what part of it a sinner may be interested in, and yet be lost, and what part he cannot be interested in, and miss Heaven, that we may be able to form some just views of our real state, and be no longer left at an uncertainty about the grounds upon which salvation absolutely depends.

II. Should you be disposed to give the preference to man’s free will, and inform us that salvation depends upon the will of man, you will inform us how such a sentiment agrees with the word of God. But if, after all, you cannot feel any regard for me, yet for the truth’s sake, and for the sake of poor, perishing sinners, you will inform us how such a sentiment agrees with the following passages of holy writ:

The first passage that I will recommend to your attention upon this part of the subject is John 1:13: “Which were born, not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God.” The second is in Romans 9: “So then it is not of him that willeth, nor of him that runneth, but of God that showeth mercy.” The third is Eph. 2:8,9: “For by grace are ye saved through faith: and that not of yourselves: it is the gift of God; not of works, lest any man should boast.” The fourth is 2 Tim. 1:9: “Who hath saved us, and called us with an holy calling, not according to our works, but according to His own purpose and grace, which was given us in Christ Jesus before the world began.” The fifth is James 1:18: “Of His own will begat He us with the word of truth, that we should be a kind of firstfruits of His creatures.” The sixth is Philippians 1:6: “Being confident of this very thing, that He Who hath begun a good work in you will perform it until the day of Jesus Christ.” The seventh is Acts 13:48: “And as many as were ordained to eternal life believed.” See also the first six verses of the second chapter to the Ephesians. I could produce many more, but am inclined to think the above will be as many as you will be able to manage, and keep free-will upon its throne.

We also earnestly wish you to inform us whether the will of man became completely perverse by the introduction of sin, or whether it was only slightly injured, or whether it was injured at all; and if the former, what you and your brethren mean by free-agency and free-will; and if the latter, and salvation depends upon free-will, what do you mean by praying that God will have mercy upon all men, and save them with an everlasting salvation, and then tell the congregation that God has done all He can to save them, and the matter now rests with them, whether they will be saved or not? Surely, such vain jangling can never be acceptable to God, however it may feed the carnal mind of man; for if God has done all

He can, why pray to Him to do more? and if He has not done all He can, why tell the people He has? Strange as such contradictions may seem to a sensible mind, they are frequently produced in the course of one hour by an Arminian preacher. Now, sir, depend upon it, the credit of your favourite system depends much on these things being made to appear clear; nor can an experienced child of God be satisfied with a shuffling put off.

III. If you feel disposed to say that the salvation of a sinner, is a joint concern, depending partly upon God's free grace, and partly upon man's free-will, you will doubtless be careful to inform us, where such a salvation is recorded, and how it agrees with the following passages of Holy Write: "I, even I, am the Lord; and beside me there is no Savior." (Isa. 43:11) "Neither is there salvation in any other; for there is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved." (Acts 4:12) "And if by grace, then it is no more of works, otherwise grace is no more grace. But if it be of works, then it is no more of grace; otherwise work is no more work." (Rom. 11:6) "Who hath directed the Spirit of the Lord, or being His counsellor hath taught Him? With whom took He counsel, and who instructed Him, and taught Him in the path of judgment, and taught Him knowledge, and showed to Him the way of understanding? Behold, the nations are as a drop of the bucket, and are counted as the small dust of the balance! behold, he taketh up the isles as a very little thing. And Lebanon is not sufficient to burn, nor the beasts thereof sufficient for a burnt offering. All nations before Him are as nothing; and they are counted to Him less than nothing, and vanity." "It is He that sits upon the circle of the earth, and the inhabitants thereof are as grasshoppers; that stretcheth out the heavens as a curtain, and spreadeth them out as a tent to dwell in; that bringeth the princes to nothing; he maketh the judges of the earth as vanity." (Isa. 40:13-17, 22, 23) And again: "For ye see your calling, brethren, how that not many wise men after the flesh, not many mighty, not many noble, are called; but God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise" (pray, sir, do not forget that) ; "and God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things that are mighty; and base things of the world, and things which are despised, hath God chosen, yea, and things which are not, to bring to naught things that are that no flesh should glory in His presence." (I. Cor. 1:26-29)

Now from this account given of man by the eternal God, it evidently appears that all the nations of the earth are but as a drop of the bucket, or the small dust of the balance, as grasshoppers, having no might; nay, they are as nothing, and less than nothing, and vanity. What flesh can bear it? Well, be it as mortifying as it may to proud man, God informs us by the mouth of the psalmist that "every man at his best state is altogether vanity." (Psa. 39:5) And it evidently appears that if any of these particles of nothing, and less than nothing, and vanity, appear to shine brighter than the rest, there are but few of these saved. But God has chosen the foolish, the weak, the base, and the despised; and the end answered thereby is, that no flesh should glory in His presence; that, according as it is written, "He that glorieth, let him glory in the Lord."

Now, sir, in case you should still feel yourself inclined to maintain that salvation is a joint concern, partly depending upon the free grace of God, and partly upon man's free will, your work in this business is judiciously to inform us what deficiency there is in the free grace of the eternal Jehovah, and in what sense He needs the aid and assistance of this drop of the bucket, this small dust of the balance, these wonderful grasshoppers, these particles of nothing, and less than nothing, and vanity, yea, these foolish, weak, base, and despised particles of less than nothing, who, at their best estate, are altogether vanity; I say, sir, your work is to inform us, and that with the greatest accuracy and clearness, wherein these worms can aid and assist the great Jehovah in their eternal salvation, and upon what part of their aid salvation depends. And having done this, you will then inform us whether it be just and

righteous in God to demand all the glory, and not to admit any flesh to glory in His presence, but in the Lord, seeing that all the goings forth of the free grace of God will never save one sinner, if the sinner neglect to do his part. It is to be hoped that you will not pass these things over as trivial matters, for they are matters of the greatest importance; and surely it behooves every sinner that expects to go to Heaven to be well persuaded in his own mind upon what ground his salvation depends, lest he should be building upon a false foundation, and, after all his diligence and watchfulness, be found wrong at last.

Now, sir, as your conscience is so tender that you could not satisfy it till you had protested against the doctrine of unconditional election, you surely cannot die in peace without answering these important questions; important, I say, for I repeat it again, that nothing can be of greater importance than to know upon what ground salvation does absolutely depend; and if it will not be thought insulting your *superior* abilities and understanding, I will remark, that should you find yourself inadequate to the task, you are at full liberty to call in the assistance of any of your brethren, and truly they are many; for if the matter be but fully and clearly stated, it matters not to us whether the statement be the work of an individual, or the joint concern of a host; it is the truth itself we want to appear.

You will perhaps wonder that I so frequently mention the pronoun *us*, as if this epistle was a joint concern; but if you will only read a small pamphlet called “A Dialogue between a Barber’s Block and a Methodist Minister,” your wonder will perhaps be at an end, for there you will see the same question proposed, namely, “What is it that saves a lost sinner?” in which pamphlet some of the above questions are asked.

Thus you see that I am not the only person who wishes to know upon what ground salvation absolutely depends; and as I have never heard of any of your brethren that have ventured to solve the important question, I thought if the question be put to Mr. Smyth, and the nature of it be clearly stated to him, who can tell but he will exercise his *superior* talents in giving a plain, unequivocal, decisive answer; and I think I may venture to say, that in this town I can find some hundreds of people who feel themselves interested in the subject, and who will be sure to conclude that if Mr. Smyth does not answer the above, the just reason will be because he cannot. And therefore, if neither regard for the truth of God, nor a concern for the welfare of souls, will induce you to answer this epistle, let your credit as a man of learning and talent have some weight with you, and never let it be said that country rustic, William Gadsby, has proposed questions to the *Reverend* Edward Smyth, *formerly of Trinity College, Dublin*, which he is not able to answer without exposing the fallacy of his own creed, and that, therefore, rather than do that, he will pass them by in cowardly silence.

I would not have solicited an answer, did not the subject appear to me to be a matter of the greatest moment. I am acquainted with characters who are in possession of an immortal soul, and consider themselves bound for an eternal world, and have had, or imagine they have had, some Soul-ravishing foretastes of immortal felicity, and are living in daily expectation that, “When the earthly house of this tabernacle is dissolved, they have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens,” where they shall be forever free from sin (a monster that their better part abhors), yea, where they shall be free from all the insults of hell, the sorrows of the world, and every lurking care, fear and distress, and be forever with the Lord: where they shall see as they are seen, and know as they are known, and in one immortal song chant forth the high praises of the triune Jehovah forever and ever. Oh how the soul longs to be with Christ, which is far, infinitely far better than to dwell below! Indeed, sir, they are expecting the period to arrive very soon, when their immortal sight will be favoured with a

clear view of the majestic blaze of Jehovah's unsullied glory, when all their powers will be sweetly employed in realizing those immortal blessings which are in reserve for those who wait upon God.

But if, after all, they are only building such expectations upon a false foundation, how awful, how dreadfully awful will be the disappointment! The very thought of being disappointed convulses the whole frame; and when such a thought prevails any length of time, it produces a tremor in the mind not to be expressed by tongue or pen. Therefore, to such souls no subject can be of greater importance than that now proposed for your consideration. We might expect to be princes and emperors, and be disappointed, but a disappointment of this nature is not worth a thought compared with the above; for all the riches, pleasures, honour and dignity which this world can afford are but poor, fleeting, perishing trash. A few years at most puts an end to the whole, and the beggar upon the dung-hill, and the king upon the throne, will become equally level with the dust. But to be disappointed in soul concerns, concerns of an eternal nature, is awful beyond description; therefore, if Mr. S., or any of his brethren, feel any regard for poor, perishing sinners, who are thirsting for God, even the living God, let them inform us, with the greatest accuracy, upon what salvation's does absolutely depend, that we may know upon what to ground our expectations.

Bear with me a moment, sir, for I have one thing more to propose, and then I have done for the present. If, after you have dispassionately discussed the above subject, you should still think yourself doing the work of an evangelist in holding up to contempt the doctrine of unconditional election, and still maintain that upon the ground of such a doctrine God is more barbarous than the worst of tyrants, nay, even as sanguinary and implacable as Appollyon himself, you will have the modesty to inform us what there is in sinners, and what they have done, that lays the eternal God under the obligation of providing for them a Savior.

Now, sir, either God is just in electing some according to the good pleasure of His will, leaving the rest without what you call a chance of being saved, or else man must have some just and righteous claim upon Him, whereby he has a right to demand salvation at His hands. Suppose upon this subject we propose a passage of Scripture for your consideration; and if we turn our thoughts to the third chapter to the Romans, we shall see that there were characters who slanderously reported the apostles, and affirmed that they said, "Let us do evil, that good may come," whose damnation, we are informed, is just. Having given this statement of the matter, does the apostle then begin to admire his own goodness, and the goodness of the rest of the apostles and believers in Christ Jesus, and intimate that they were characters more worthy of Jehovah's complacency and delight than those whose damnation is just? No, not a single hint of the nature, but quite the reverse. Hence he asks, "What then? Are we better than they?" To which he replies, "No, in no wise." That is, if I understand him aright, we are in no sense whatever more deserving of the favour of God than they: for we are by nature no better than they, but were by nature children of wrath, even as others. But what is the reason the apostle gives for such an assertion? A very plain and a very obvious one indeed, namely, that both Jews and Gentiles are under sin; and then, to illustrate the point, he quotes a variety of passages from the Old Testament, which give a short description of the real state of man by nature; at it is written, "There is none righteous, no, not one: there is none that understandeth, there is none that seeketh after God; they are all gone out of the way, they are together become unprofitable; there is none that doeth good, no, not one; their throat is an open sepulchre; with their tongues they have used deceit; the poison of asps is under their lips; whose mouth is full of cursing and bitterness; their feet are swift to shed blood; destruction and misery are in all their ways, and the way of peace have they not known; there is no fear of God before their eyes."

This, sir, is a short description of fallen man, given by holy men of old who spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost; and from the same unerring authority we learn that “God made man upright, but men have sought out many inventions.” Fertile inventions indeed, if the above be a true description of them, and who dare deny it? And pray, sir, for which of all these inventions is the eternal God obliged to provide salvation? Or what virtue can there be in these things, jointly or separately considered, sufficient to merit the immortal favour of Jehovah, or to render Him an unjust tyrant in case He gives them their portion with fallen angels? Does their virtue lie in their want of righteousness, and so because they are altogether unlike God He is necessitated to love and redeem them, or be unjust? Or does the virtue lie in their dreadful ignorance or want of understanding, or because they seek not after God, “having their understanding darkened, being alienated from the life of God, through the ignorance that is in them, because of the blindness of their heart?” (Eph. 4:18) Or does it lie in their having gone out of the way, and being altogether unprofitable, or because they do no good, seeing that they that are in the flesh cannot please God? Or does the virtue lie in that dreadful stench of sin which they emit through their throat, which is an open sepulchre, or in the deceit which they use with their tongues? Or is it in the poison of asps under their lips, which is a composition of every species of sin and rebellion? Or is it in that mouth full of cursing and bitterness they possess? Or does it lie in the swiftness of their feet to shed blood, or in the destruction and misery that are in their ways, or because they are strangers to the way of peace? Or does the virtue lie in their having no fear of God before their eyes? Now, sir, if there be no virtue in the whole of this, jointly or separately, that lays the eternal God under an obligation of extending His mercy toward, and bestowing His special favours upon them, He must be just in saving some, as the effect of His own purpose of grace, and leaving the rest to perish in their sins; I say, Jehovah must be just in so doing, unless His justice can be impeached upon some other foundation than what has already been stated.

But as I said in the beginning of this letter, that I have nothing in view but the glory of God and the welfare of Zion, so I say again, and can assure you that I do not wish to take any unjust advantage of you or your creed. We will, therefore, for the sake of getting more fully to the real truth, suppose that some men by nature are not so vile as others, and we will suppose that those who believe in the doctrine of unconditional election are by far the worst, and that those who believe in the doctrine you profess are by far the best, and we put the question to each, Do you believe that the eternal God would have been just had He left you to perish in your sins? What says the electionist to this question? Me thinks I see every one who in heart believes the doctrine, from a feeling sense of its intrinsic glory, ready to say, without the least reserve, Just indeed! I have been astonished, almost to an infinite degree, that He could be just in saving me. I am quite sure I have deserved His righteous indignation in thousands of instances, and had He seen fit to banish me from His presence, into that place where hope never cometh, I must have said, even then, it is what I justly deserve. Thanks be to God for His unspeakable gift! Adored be His eternal name, that He has brought my poor, guilty, ruined, hell-deserving soul to know that He has made Him to be sin though He knew no sin, and in the riches of His grace has made such a God-dishonouring wretch as I the righteousness of God in Him! “Wonder, O heavens! and be astonished, O earth! for the Lord hath done it.” When by a precious faith I am enabled to behold unworthy me among the sons of God, the purchase of the precious blood of Christ, I am lost in wonder, I sink to nothing before Him, and am compelled, sweetly compelled to cry from my very soul, “Lord, how is it that thou wilt manifest thyself unto me, and not unto the world?” (John 14:22) I am persuaded that it is not for works of righteousness which I have done, but according to His mercy He saved me, by the washing of regeneration and the renewing of the Holy Ghost. O my soul! let all thy powers unite in praising the eternal God for so great a salvation. Great God! fill me with Thy

blessed self; and may it ever be my highest ambition to be nothing, and to magnify Thine infinitely adorable name.

But hark! What do I hear? Is it not the voice of Mr. S. calling such language “*cant?*” O, fie, fie, blush for shame! But whether you are capable of blushing or not, this is the language of a sinner saved by grace; and if you and your brethren were to call it by the detestable name of cant, ten-thousand times ten-thousand twice told, it would be their language still. I admit it is language that hardly becomes a man who believes that God would be an unjust tyrant if He did not provide salvation for him; for what thanks can be to Jehovah for redeeming characters whom He in justice is bound to redeem? He either must do it or impeach His justice; and then wherein can grace and mercy shine? Indeed, sir, I am greatly mistaken if upon an inspection you are not induced to call the terms, grace, mercy and compassion of God, *cant*, too, or else give up that for which you plead. If salvation be a just debt that God owes to His fallen creatures (and it must be, if He would be unjust in case He did not provide it), how can it be of grace and mercy? If your mind be not overwhelmed with enmity, against the sovereignty of God, let these thoughts occupy it for a moment at least.

But we will now turn our thoughts to those characters whom we supposed might be considered the best sort of sinners, namely, the Arminians. [Those who credit their eternal salvation upon anything they can think, say, or do.] Will Mr. S. inform us what claim these have upon the Almighty for an everlasting salvation? Now, sir, we earnestly wish you to be very particular in telling us what they have in them, or what is done by them, that is so virtuous in its own nature as to oblige the eternal God to provide salvation for them, or else be a cruel, unjust tyrant. But in order to get at the truth, we will suppose that Mr. S. is not able to answer for all this body, seeing they are so amazingly numerous, and we will therefore bring the matter into a narrow compass, and he shall be desired to answer for himself only. Then the matter now rests here: If you feel yourself inadequate to answer for the whole, you are desired to come forward and truly declare, without any reserve, what you have done that lays the mighty God under an obligation of providing salvation for you, and wherein Jehovah will be an unjust tyrant if He does not give you a chance of being saved. We hope you will state upon what grounds you can appeal to the infinite God, and tell Him you have a right in justice to expect salvation at His hands, and that if He withholds it, and leaves you to perish in your sins, He, is no less than a capricious tyrant.

Should you feel yourself disposed to say that Jehovah ought to have prevented the fall of man, or provided a salvation that extends to all the fallen race, you will then, no doubt, inform us from what quarter such an obligation arises or how Jehovah came to be thus obliged, and whether He was not as much under the same obligation toward angels as men; and if He be just in leaving fallen angels to perish, without a possibility of being saved, upon what ground can His justice be impeached in leaving fallen man to the same condemnation?

If Satan were as much disposed to cavil with the sovereignty of God as Mr. S., and had the same opportunity of publishing his views to the world through the medium of the press, could he not represent the Almighty in as odious a light, for passing by fallen angels and redeeming fallen men (seeing they are all the creatures of God), as Mr. S. has done, upon the ground of unconditional election? Indeed, sir, to be consistent with yourself, it is high time your bowels began to yearn a little over fallen angels, and instead of calling Satan the destroyer, and arch-fiend, etc., represent him in the same favourable light as you do fallen man, and be a complete champion for universal charity at once. O, sir, think and tremble. I have often thought that man excels Satan himself in rebellion against God; for though we read of him tempting Christ, and of him crying out, “What have we to do with Thee, Jesus, Thou Son of God? Art Thou come to torment us before the time?” yet we hear nothing about his

calling Him a capricious tyrant, because He has not given them a chance of being saved. No, this species of rebellion appears to be the sole prerogative of ruined man.

I have no more to say at present, only again to solicit your candid attention to the things proposed, and to request that you will give us a plain, unequivocal, decisive answer.

That the truth of God may run and be glorified, is the prayer of

Yours to serve in the gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ,

WILLIAM GADSBY

Number 3

A DREAM-TOUR THROUGH THE ARMINIAN HEAVEN.

By H. M. CURRY

After several hours conversation with an Arminian upon the subject of salvation and heaven, I fell into a deep musing, my fancy took possession of me and flew away, and ere I was aware I was set down within the golden gates of the "Land of the Blessed." No sooner did my imagination realize my whereabouts, than I set about to explore the long sought country.

One of the first things that attracted my attention was a great throng of little children playing with the angels along the brink of a beautiful river. I immediately turned toward the happy company, and as I approached them they gathered about me in joyful groups. I asked them from whence they came, and who brought them there. One of them, assuming the role of spokesman for the others, answered: "O, sir, we were all born in a world far below this, where all who are born must one day die. We were fortunate enough to die while we were yet in a state of innocent purity; before we grew up and became contaminated with sin. As soon as we were dead we were carried away by the holy angels to this bright, beautiful world. Here we shall never die, but shall live on and on forever. Do you not think, sir, that we were blessed indeed, to die in infancy, and so escape all the evils of a wicked world, and all the uncertain issues of a sinful life?" When the child had finished his story, I asked: "Is there not one here who is called Jesus, whom all those that enter this place adore, and love, and praise?" "I have heard," responded the child, "that there is such a person somewhere here, but we have never seen him yet. You know we do not have to praise him, for he did not bring us here. I have heard that those who were sinners love and praise him, but we were not sinners, you know." These words began to fill me with strange forebodings; a feeling of dissatisfaction entered my heart. I turned and went away. I had not gone far when I saw a great procession in motion; the company was composed of half-grown children and young people. They were all in a great glee, displaying banners, and singing to the clang of several different kinds of instruments, "The Sunday School Army is Marching." The procession was coming toward me, so I stepped aside to let them pass. I stood and gazed and wondered. At last I beckoned one who seemed to be of more than ordinary rank among them, and began to inquire concerning the passing crowd. "That," said he, in reply, "is the Sunday school army celebrating the triumphs of the Sunday school on earth. All those in the procession were saved through the Sunday school. They say that if there had never been a Sunday school on earth, they would never have been in heaven. Their teachers there taught them to be good, so when they died God had to let them come here, because they had been good, you see." When the lad ceased speaking, his eyes still sparkling with enthusiasm over the triumphs of the Sunday school, I asked, "Is there not a person called Jesus, whom men praise for all the blessings of this place?" "O, yes sir," he answered, "there is such a person here somewhere, but he is not entitled to much praise from us; they say he did die once on earth, but that would never have saved us if we had not been good, and we would not have been good if we had not gone to Sunday school. So look at it as you may, sir, it was the Sunday school that saved us. So we do not praise him, we praise the bridge that carried us over." The procession had by this time passed far into the distance, the fluttering banners had almost disappeared from view, and the last echo of the words, "The Sunday School Army is Marching," was dying in the breeze.

The feelings of dissatisfaction which came over me after my interview with the infants had increased continually, until now they were grown into an intolerable burden. I now turned to my right and ascended a little hill. Upon reaching the summit, I discovered hidden away in a secluded place a curious little temple, such as the traveler is likely to come upon in the country districts of India. Within the temple a number of people were kneeling before two shrines, all kindled with the most ardent and self-sacrificing devotion. Upon inquiry I found that one of the shrines contained simply a small American coin, and the other a few leaflets of paper; these constituted the supreme object of the worshipers' praise. I stood for awhile in sore amazement; my heart wasted away under a deadening thrill of hopes blighted. Idolatry and idolaters in heaven! In my madness of despair I touched one of the company and asked him who they were, where they came from, and the meaning of their strange devotion. All this time the worshipers were kneeling around both shrines, some kissing the coin, others pressing the little leaves of paper to their bosoms, and all muttering vows and chanting their wild, weird hymns of praise. In reply to my inquiry the man said, "We are Hindoos, and have lately arrived from India. Some of us worship at the 'shrine of the coin,' because we are sure that if it had not been for American money we would never had been here. We have preserved here in this shrine the first coin ever contributed toward saving men from torment; the very identical penny, sir. Those whom you saw caressing the little bits of paper at the other altar were cherishing the instruments which brought them here. These bits of paper, held so sacred by them, are called by the English speaking people, tracts. They were furnished by the American Tract Society. Those who taught us in India told us that we would praise God through Christ when we should live here, but then they said that without the money and the bits of paper we never would have heard of this place, and consequently we never could have come here. Our motto in the world from whence we came, sir, was: 'Honor to whom honor is due,' and we have had no cause to change it since coming here, so we built a temple upon this hill, as it was our custom in India, and yield ourselves to the undivided honor and praise of the power that saved us."

I slowly descended the hill on the opposite side from where I had ascended. I at length found myself in the midst of a most charming, luxuriant valley. The place was filled with the music of flowing waters, the smell of ripening fruits, and the fragrance of blooming flowers. My feelings were soothed and quieted by the sweetness of the place. I unconsciously dropped into a reverie, which was soon broken by coming suddenly upon a small, select group of men and women. They carried an air of culture and refinement, and seemed to be keeping aloof from the general throng of inhabitants. Their swell appearance and aristocratic behavior awakened within me a curiosity to hear their story. I approached them very respectfully, and after a polite apology for my intrusion I made bold to ask them who they were, and how they gained admission there. One of their company volunteered to unfold the following short but suggestive account of their good fortune: "Before we came here," said he, "we lived in the world. There we belonged to the 'elite' to the 'upper four hundred.' We are about the first of our station in life that ever came here. For a long time all the preachers on earth were base, ignorant, illiterate men. Their clothes were coarse, their manners uncultured and rude, and their language awkward and unpolished, and indeed, sir, they were altogether such as were repulsive to well bred ladies and gentlemen. They could obtain no entrance into refined society; they could have no influence with the rich and noble and the wise. In consequence of this fatal deficiency in the ministry, very few people, if any at all, were saved from among the upper class. But by and by, some good men set about to remedy this lamentable defect, to remove this deplorable impediment, to roll away this disastrous stumbling-stone. They raised money and endowed colleges and theological seminaries, wherein men might obtain a polite ministerial education, and thus be qualified to stand before cultured society. Through this means ministers soon gained abundant entrance into the most refined circles, and began at once to

wield an influence over the highest walks of life. In this way the door of good works was opened to us, so you plainly see that it was through the enterprise of these good, farseeing men, that we were started on the way to this place.” When he finished speaking I said, “But what about the man Christ Jesus? Pray tell me something about him. He is the object of my search here, but he appears to be but little known, or altogether a stranger.” “O yes, sir,” he answered, “we heard of him before we came here, but we have not seen him since our arrival; indeed we have had no particular desire to see him, for he is of very little concern to us. We would much rather see some of the good men through whose instrumentality we were brought here, that we might express our sincere thanks and lasting obligations to them; for we are certain that to them belongs the honor of our salvation. The man Christ Jesus of whom you speak made nothing certain. He finished nothing. He went away and left the whole matter in the hands of a few ignorant, base, despised people. His whole scheme would have proven a failure if others had not taken it up and made something of it.” Here he closed his speech, and I, feeling no affinity for such company, wandered onward.

I next came upon a great company composed of people of all nations. They were full of zeal and enthusiasm. I at once recognized that it was the missionary harvest from the foreign fields. Foremost in the throngs were the Burmese, displaying banners with Judson’s name emblazoned in flaming colors. After these came Hawaiians, Hindoos, Fijians, Persians, Japanese, with now and then a straggling Chinaman; none of the last named however had died in America. High over all floated a prodigious flag bearing the inscription, written in all languages, “Long live the American Board of Foreign Missions.” Upon inquiry I found that this company embraced all who had ever reached heaven from heathen lands, except the small number worshipping in the little temple on top of the hill, before referred to. I also found out from an old resident that their arrival there is of quite recent date, not a single arrival dating further back than the beginning of mission work. Before this human machinery was put in operation, the countless number of men and women dying in heathen lands, all sank down into irretrievable destruction. There was no remedy for them. No preacher, consequently no salvation; no priest, consequently no Christ. I once more inquired concerning Jesus the Saviour of sinners. They only laughed, and said he was entitled to no praise from them, for he had done no more for them than he had for their ancestors and brethren who were now perishing in the perdition of the ungodly. They protested that they owed their salvation alone to the mission work, in carrying salvation within their reach, and their own good judgment in appropriating it to their own advantage; they said that Christ alone had benefited them nothing.

After hearing this I stood for some time sick at heart. I was here a lonely wanderer. O how I longed to return to earth again. There I had the fellowship and communion of saints; here I was a wretched outcast; no fellow, no companions, none to join with me in ascribing praise to God; even the Saviour himself could not be found there. Dante’s inferno, even to the seventh circle, would have been more desirable to me. I once more endeavored to press forward, whither I knew not, and cared not, for I was now an aimless wanderer, a tramp in heaven; but I was soon confronted by another procession. The participants this time wore blue ribbons in their button-holes and temperance badges upon the lapels of their coats. A tall man headed the procession carrying a large flag inscribed to the W.C.T.U. of America. I soon discovered that it was the ransomed of the temperance societies holding high carnival to their great benefactors. Temperance lecturers, total abstinence societies, and prohibitionist workers of every description were there with samples of their work, in the persons of reformed drunkards whom they had saved from destruction. I watched my opportunity, and seeking out one of their chief men, I asked, “Is Jesus of Nazareth in your procession?” The answer came prompt and decisive, “He is not here.” I ventured a little further and asked again, “What think ye of him, if peradventure you know him?” The

man responded, "He is not much respected by our societies. When he was in the world he was considered by our ancient brethren as a wine-bibber and a glutton. He even went so far as to attend a wedding among the lower class of people, and when the wine was exhausted and the guests all drunk he made them a new supply of the vile stuff, right in the face of all respectable people who were laboring to suppress the manufacture, sale and use of the dreadful poison; and one of his chief apostles recommended the use of wine. So you see there is not much agreement between us and him, either in heaven or on earth, consequently we are found very seldom, if ever, in each other's company. Many whom you see here were saved by temperance workers from drunkards' graves and drunkards' hell which would have been their certain doom, had not the temperance cause superseded the work and teaching of him you inquire for."

I had now seen enough of the place to desire no more of it, and was ready to sink in utter despair. In my endeavor to escape one thing another would confront me; finally I came into an open court of the most elaborate and gorgeous fashion. This was called the "Court of Honor," or "Place of Degrees." Here men were ranked according to the amount of good done by them, or the character which they had built. Some were on high seats, and some were on low ones, and some had no seat of honor at all. Some wore crowns gemmed with stars, some wore crowns without stars, and some had no crowns at all. Those on the highest seats had the most, the largest and the brightest stars in their crowns, and wore long, rich robes, of which they were exceedingly proud. Those on high seats looked with scorn upon all those below them, and those less preferred looked in envy upon those above them. I forgot my own discontent for a short time to muse upon the discontent manifested in the scene before me. I wondered if contentment, such as heaven should bring, was even an occasional guest in their hearts. Everything appeared to be exactly after the fashion of the earth, only upon a much more elaborate scale. The same love of glory and distinction, the same boasting over inferiors, the same envy against superiors, the same principle of self-aggrandizement; in fact, everything that goes to make up the distinctions, strife and dissensions among men on earth, every principle that begets and nourishes religious fraud, dissembling and knavery, was ripe and luxuriant there. All the imperfections and base deceptions of earth had ripened in the skies. The whole place was as completely given to idolatry as Athens of old, which stirred the spirit within the holy apostle. Then came the dreadful thought of spending eternity there. It was more than I could bear; my agony of heart and last struggles of despair aroused me, and I once more rejoice that it was only a dream, a dreadful illusion, but a true picture of the heaven that the religionists of this world are making.

H. M. Curry.

Lebanon, Ohio

Number 4

FATALISM.

From my earliest acquaintance with the Old School Baptists I have heard all the Arminian tribes calling them Fatalists, and the doctrine preached by them Fatalism. When an enemy of the truth desires to bring odium upon the doctrine of Predestination, and to calumniate maliciously those who believe in salvation by grace, the choicest word that his vocabulary can afford him is Fatalism. I find of late that some of our brethren have caught this favorite Ashdod word, and wield it with as much enthusiasm, skill and self-satisfaction as the most hot-headed Arminian in his rashest, bitterest and most malicious invectives against the truth. I have never been in favor of striving about words, but I cannot allow this use of the term Fatalism to go unnoticed any longer.

There are no two words in our language more directly opposite in their meaning than Predestination and Fatalism. The one is the strongest antithesis to the other. The most astonishing thing to me is that classical scholars, or even men of general intelligence, would weaken their claim to reputation as scholars and men of intelligence by confounding the meaning of these terms. I shall, for the benefit of the candid reader, endeavor to inquire into the origin, nature and import of the doctrine of Fatalism, and leave each one to draw his own conclusions as to the fairness or the correctness of the use of this term as a calumination of the doctrine of Providence or Predestination.

Fatalism as a doctrine, system of philosophy, or religious belief, originated among those nations of antiquity that knew not God; hence it is of purely heathen origin. The idea of fate must have been evolved in the following manner. Observing men of all nations, and especially the shrewd, intellectual, ever watchful Greeks and Romans, discovered in the vicissitudes of every day life, both of individuals and of nations, things of great import transpire over which kings and sages had no control. They saw plagues, pestilence and famine consume and waste men, as winter cold blights, withers and scatters the leaves of the summer forest; they saw storms and earthquakes do their work of wholesale destruction, sweeping away men as grasshoppers, and swallowing up cities as ant hills; they saw the weak perish before the strong, as the morning mists melt away before the advancing sun; they saw the overthrow of kingdoms, the downfall of nations, the laying waste of empires. Against all such things they found themselves utterly powerless, and in their helplessness were swept away in the bosom of destruction. In the midst of distress they resorted to their temples, they sacrificed to their gods, they invoked their patron deities, but all in vain; no help came, no deliverance from their dire distresses. Under such circumstances it was perfectly natural for men to conclude that there are either no gods, or that the gods themselves had no power to help and protect them. Some came to the conclusion that there are no gods, and that all events come upon men inevitably by a blind destiny. This is original Fatalism. Others who could not give up their traditional deities, and the charms of a delusive worship, were driven to the conclusion that there is a power above the gods, to which the gods themselves are subject. This is the secondary phase of original Fatalism. This view was held by many prominent men, among whom was Cicero, who defined fate as the power that the gods themselves are subject to. This last phase of the doctrine of fate developed until finally an imaginary trinity was invented, called by the Latins, Parcae, and by the Greeks, Moirae. This trinity was composed of three women, called by the English reader the Fates, whose names were Clotho, Lachesis and Atropos, and who controlled the destinies of gods and men after the most irregular, vindictive and capricious manner. Shrines were consecrated to them and

temples built in their honor in many parts of Greece and Italy. The worship and doctrine of this imaginary female trinity was called Fatalism. Fatalism in its various ramifications formed the prominent feature of all ancient literature except that of the Jews. So clear was this people of the idea of fate that there is no word in the Hebrew corresponding to the fortune or Parcae of the Latin and the Moirae of the Greek. The reason of this is that Moses and the prophets taught them that one supreme God ruled this universe.

In Sophocles and some others of this time the term fate became synonymous with the word chance. At first glance it seems that these two words are directly opposite in meaning; but a little reflection will make it plain that chance and blind destiny are about the same thing after all.

It will now be seen that Fatalism is first the belief that all things come inevitably upon the human race by blind destiny, with no God to send, direct or avert them. Second, the belief that there is a power above the gods to which they themselves are subject. And third, that all things come by pure chance. Now, who ever saw any one purporting to be an Old Baptist who believed any of the foregoing phases of doctrine? Who ever saw an Old Baptist who believed there is no God, and that all things come by a blind and necessary destiny; that all events are fortuitous or by chance? Who ever saw a Baptist who believed there is a power above the gods, and that Clotho spins the thread of life, Lachesis determines the length, and Atropos with her inevitable shears cuts the thread? Then how silly, foolish and impertinent is this cry of Fatalism in Baptist pulpits and periodicals.

Now, if any one will consider the difference between events coming to pass that God Himself cannot hinder, but on the contrary is bound to permit, suffer or endure, and events coming to pass as He Himself has ordained by His own determinate counsel, such a one can see the difference between Fatalism and Predestination; he can see how ignorant a man must be of the meaning of his own language when he calls a Predestinarian a Fatalist. Strange as it may seem, those very Arminians who are most vociferous in charging Old Baptists with Fatalism are really Fatalists themselves. It is true that they do not think so, but they think that the ground of this charge is far from them; but upon a very slight analysis of their doctrine it will appear most clearly that the sin justly lies at their door. One sentence from their daily teaching will establish the truth of this assertion. Do they not persistently proclaim that men go to hell against the will of God? that God desires all men to be saved and has done all He can to save them, and yet men go to hell? that Christ made a full and complete atonement for the sins of all the world, and yet men go to perdition? If all this be true what takes men to hell but fate? Is there not some power that God Himself is subject to? I once heard Bishop Wilson, of Baltimore, say that when the will of man makes its choice, that God Himself cannot change it. Bishop Wilson may very justly and correctly be called a Fatalist upon the authority of his own expression. Numerous quotations might be given from representative Arminians of all ages, as well as from the populace, to show the likeness of their doctrine to ancient Fatalism.

Again the Arminian rejects the decree of election on the ground of the certainty of the result decreed, and at the same time admits the foreknowledge of God. Is not the result as certain by foreknowledge as by the decree? There is nothing gained by denying the decree and substituting for it the divine foreknowledge. This denial involves the objector in a greater difficulty than that which he sought to escape, and which he imagined was chargeable upon predestination alone. By rejecting the decree, and admitting the foreknowledge of God, he has shut himself up to the dread alternative of blank Fatalism, which rules God out of the empire of human history, including even the divine redemption. The question which now arises for all Arminians and partial Predestinarians to answer is, as the whole future is known to God, and therefore certain, therefore determined, by whom or by what has it been

determined and rendered certain? The objector has ruled God out, let him bring forth his substitute. He has now dethroned the eternal Jehovah, will he leave the throne of the universe vacant, or whom will he place upon it? He here places himself in a dilemma from which he cannot escape. He has on the one hand a vacant throne, and on the other an absolutely certain future. He has to account for a determined future, while his principles will not allow him to admit an intelligent personal determiner. Here it can be easily seen that outside of God's decrees as the determining cause, all must be attributed to the soulless, passionless, unintelligent idol, Fate.

It is not so much the Arminian that I desire to deal with in this article, as those of our own brethren who, when they wish to dispute the doctrine of predestination, call it Fatalism. It has just been shown that Predestination and Fatalism are terms of directly opposite meaning, and it may now be positively asserted that Predestination is the only thing that can rule Fatalism out of the universe. Wherever Predestination stops fate steps in. There is no place between to be occupied by any other species of events. History is full of instances where the fortune of dynasties, the downfall of nations, the course of empire, depended upon what seemed to be the most trivial matters, mere trifles, which came without the agency of the leading spirits, or even in defiance of their wills. Oliver Cromwell was about to emigrate to this country, when the departure of the ship in which he was expected to sail was hindered. He remained and assumed the leading part in affairs at home. Had he not remained, Charles the First might have retained his head, and Blake certainly would not have laid the foundation of the maritime supremacy in England. The treaty of Utrecht, which materially affected the social and political life of great nations, was occasioned by a quarrel between the Duchess of Marlborough and Queen Anne over a pair of gloves. The difference between one color and another in the livery of horses begat two most inveterate factions in the Roman Empire, the Prosini and the Veneti, which never suspended their hostilities until they ruined that unhappy government.

The negotiations with the Pope for dissolving Henry the Eighth's marriage, which brought on the "Reformation" in England, are said to have been interrupted by the Earl of Wiltshire's little dog biting the Pope's toe as he held it out to be kissed by that ambassador. The Tory ministry, which gave a new shape to all Europe, was brought in by the Duchess of Marlborough spilling a pail of water upon Mrs. Masham's gown. Mohammed, when flying from his enemies, took refuge in a cave, which his pursuers would have entered had they not seen a spiders web over the entrance; but on seeing this they concluded that there was no one within, and passed on. Thus a spider's web changed the history of the world. The turning point at Waterloo, one of the great decisive battles of the world, resulted from the singular circumstances that prevented the arrival of General Grouchy. The well-planned attack of the Barbarians upon Rome was averted by the cackling of a goose. A series of most trivial events ended in the overthrow of Antony. Louis the Sixth cut his hair and shaved his beard to obey the order of his Bishop. Eleanor his wife found him very ridiculous in this condition, and avenged herself as she thought proper, and Louis obtained a divorce. She then married Count Anjou, who afterward became Henry the Second of England, and thus gave rise to those wars that afterward ravaged France for three hundred years, and cost the French three hundred thousand men. Was the prevention of Cromwell's departure from England a mere fortuitous event, or was it the intervention of an active, working, ruling providence? Did blind destiny spread the spider's web upon Mohammed's cave, or was it provided by God, who works all things after the counsel of His own will? Was the biting of the Pope's toe by the little dog a mere caprice of the Fates, or was it one of all the things that work together for good to them that love God? We must here strike the balance between Fatalism and Predestination. If nothing is predestinated, then all things are by fate. If all things are predestinated, then there is no such thing as fate. If some things are predestinated, and others not, then the government of this universe is divided

between God and the Fates. The man who does not believe in predestination at all is in reality a Fatalist. Let him deny it as he may, and reason as he will, there is no other subterfuge for him. The dilemma has but two horns, and one of them he must take. Then just in the proportion that a man divides the affairs of this world between Predestination and that which is not Predestination, just in that proportion that man is a Fatalist. This article is not intended for a defense of the doctrine of Predestination, but is merely meant to submit to the reader a fair presentation of Fatalism, and to show the difference between it and Predestination, and to point out the inconsistency and confusion of those who confound the one with the other. Those of us who insist upon a limited Predestination, and who call our brethren who place no limit upon Gods decrees, Fatalists, are really much nearer the borders of Fatalism than our brethren whom we thus inconsistently stigmatize.

Again, if the term fate by modern usage means unalterable destiny, all Predestinarians, whether contending for limited or unlimited decrees, are alike Fatalists; for they all believe in the fixed destiny of the human race. Then why should the pot call the kettle black?

A minister passed through the churches of my care, railing against Fatalism, as he called it; but many of the brethren could not tell what he was driving at. They had heard Methodists talk that way, but thought rather strange of a Baptist to speak so. At one place his argument was that a certain man who was a member of a church believing the Predestination of all things, was caught in very disorderly conduct, wicked, outbreaking conduct; and when brought before the church in discipline, he put them all to silence by gently reminding them that it was all predestinated, and he could not help it; and they could not exclude him for something that, according to their own doctrine, he could not help.

Now, this is very poor argument against Predestination; but I suppose that in the absence of better it is often used. In the first place, I do not believe such a circumstance ever occurred, but that this is a lie concocted by some Arminian three hundred years ago, to bring odium upon the doctrine of grace. In the second place, if such really did occur, the man did not love the doctrine he professed; it was not the doctrine of his heart, but was mere tradition; perhaps not so much as tradition with him. Instead of exposing the doctrine and the church, he exposed his own vile hypocrisy and insincerity in the truth he professed. This is about as pertinent argument against Predestination as the old saying, "If God has ordained me to salvation, I will take my fill of sin, and be saved anyhow," is pertinent as argument against unconditional election. The terms are off the same piece.

Where does Predestination cease to be a wholesome gospel doctrine, and become a baneful Fatalism? Where is there any well defined line setting forth the limits of one and the beginnings of the other? What proportion of the affairs of this world can a man believe is predestinated, and not be a Fatalist? If predestination of all things is Fatalism, is not predestination of some things some Fatalism? If the whole of anything is poisonous, is not any part of the same thing poisonous? Is it true that a quarter of lamb is wholesome food when only a quarter is taken, but becomes putrid carcass when all the body is taken? Those that call Old School Baptists Fatalists, in order to be consistent with their principles, should call Christ a Fatalist, for He said, "Which of you by taking thought can add one cubit unto his stature?" Matthew 6:27. Or when He also said, "Not a sparrow falls to the ground without your heavenly Father." Paul subjects himself to their odium by testifying that he will have mercy on whom he will, and whom he will he hardeneth. Romans 9. Peter is also guilty of a like offense against their zeal for God's honor when he said, Herod, and Pilate and the Gentiles, and the people of Israel, were gathered together against Christ to do whatsoever God's hand and God's counsel determined before to be done. Acts 4. Also when he declared that those who stumbled at the stumbling-stone being disobedient, were appointed to it. I Peter 2:8. James places himself in the same company when he said,

“For ye ought to say, If the Lord will, we shall live, and to this, or that.” Jude identifies himself with the same kind of Fatalists by saying, “There are certain men crept in unawares, who were before of old ordained to this condemnation.” Jeremiah must also be classed among them, for he said, “I know, O Lord, that the way of man is not in himself, it is not in man that walketh to direct his steps.” Solomon belongs to the same company, for he has declared that, “That which is to be hath already been, that which hath been is now, and God requireth the past.” Upon the same ground these objectors must stigmatize all the divine writers as Fatalists, and call the Bible itself a book of fate. The charge of Fatalism against Predestinarians is no new thing. The Pelagians were loud against Augustine in this charge, the Arminians against Calvin, and all manner of workmongers against men who held the truth in every age.

H. M. Curry.

Lebanon, Ohio

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THE CELESTIAL RAILROAD*

By NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

Not a great while ago, passing through the gate of dreams, I visited that region of the earth in which lies the famous city of Destruction. It interested me much to learn that by the public spirit of some of the inhabitants a railroad has recently been established between this populous and flourishing town and the Celestial City. Having a little time upon my hands, I resolved to gratify a liberal curiosity by making a trip thither. Accordingly one fine morning, after paying my bill at the hotel, and directing the porter to stow my luggage behind a coach, I took my seat in the vehicle and set out for the station house. It was my good fortune to enjoy the company of a gentleman – one Mr. Smooth-it-away – who, though he had never actually visited the Celestial City, yet seemed as well acquainted with its laws, customs, policy and statistics as with those of the city of Destruction, of which he was a native townsman. Being, moreover, a director of the railroad corporation, and one of its largest stockholders, he had it in his power to give me all desirable information respecting this praiseworthy enterprise.

Our coach rattled out of the city, and at a short distance from its outskirts passed over a bridge of elegant construction, but somewhat too slight, as I imagined, to sustain any considerable weight. On both sides lay an extensive quagmire, which could not have been more disagreeable, either to sight or smell, had all the kennels of the earth emptied their pollution there.

“This,” remarked Mr. Smooth-it-away, “is the famous Slough of Despond – a disgrace to all the neighborhood; and the greater that it might so easily be converted into firm ground.”

“I have understood,” said I, “that efforts have been made for that purpose from time immemorial.”

“Very probable – and what effect could be anticipated from such unsubstantial stuff?” cried Mr. Smooth-it-away. “You observe this convenient bridge. We obtained a sufficient foundation for it by throwing into the Slough some editions of books of morality, volumes of French philosophy and German rationalism, tracts, sermons, and essays of modern clergymen, extracts from Plato, Confucius, and various Hindoo sages, together with a few ingenious commentaries upon texts of Scripture; all of which, by some scientific process, have been converted into a mass like granite. The whole bog might be filled up with a similar matter.”

It really seemed to me, however, that the bridge vibrated and heaved up and down in a very formidable manner; and spite of Mr. Smooth-it-away’s testimony to the solidity of its foundation, I should be loth to cross it in a crowded omnibus, especially if each passenger were encumbered with as heavy luggage as that gentleman and myself. Nevertheless, we got over without accident, and soon found ourselves at the station little Wicket Gate, which formerly, as old pilgrims will recollect, stood directly across the highway, and by its inconvenient harrowness, was a great obstruction to the traveler of liberal mind and expansive stomach.

A large number of passengers were already at the station house, awaiting the departure of the cars. By the aspect and demeanor of the persons, it was easy to judge that the feelings of the community had undergone a very favorable change, in reference to the celestial pilgrimage. It would have done

Bunyan's heart good to see it. Instead of a lonely and ragged man with a huge burden on his back, plodding along sorrowfully on foot while the whole city hooted after him, here were parties of the first gentry and most respectable people in the neighborhood, setting merely a summer tour. Among the gentlemen were characters of deserved eminence, magistrates, politicians, and men of wealth, by whose brethren. In the ladies' apartment, too, I rejoiced to distinguish some of most elevated circles of the Celestial City. There was much pleasant conversation about the news of the day topics of business, politics, or the lighter matters of amusement; while religion though indubitably the main thing at heart, was thrown tastefully into the background. Even an infidel would have heard little or nothing to shock his sensibility.

One great convenience of the pew method of going on pilgrimage I must not forget to mention. Our enormous burdens, instead of being carried on our shoulders, as had been the custom of old, were all snugly deposited in the baggage car, and, as I was assured, would be delivered to their respective owners at the journey's end. Another thing, likewise, the benevolent reader will be delighted to understand. It may be remembered that there was an ancient feud between Prince Beelzebub and the keeper of the Wicket Gate, and that the adherents of the former distinguished personage were accustomed to shoot deadly arrows at honest pilgrims while knocking at the door. This dispute, much to the credit as well as the illustrious potentate above mentioned, as of the worthy and enlightened directors of the railroad, has been practically arranged upon the principle of mutual compromise. The Prince's subjects are now pretty numerously employed about the station house, some in taking care of the baggage, others in collecting fuel, feeding the engines, and such congenial occupations; and I can conscientiously affirm, that persons generally agreeable to the passengers, are not to be found on any railroad. Every good heart must surely exult at so satisfactory an arrangement of an immemorial difficulty.

"Where is Mr. Great-heart?" inquired I. "Beyond a doubt the directors have engaged that famous old champion to be chief conductor of the railroad?"

"Why no," said Mr. Smooth-it-away, with a dry cough; "he was offered the situation of brakeman; but to tell you the truth, our friend Great-heart has grown preposterously stiff and narrow in his old age. He has so often guided pilgrims over the road on foot, that he considers it a sin to travel in any other fashion. Besides, the old fellow had entered so heartily into the ancient feud with Prince Beelzebub, that he would have been perpetually at blows or ill language with some of the Prince's subjects, and thus have embroiled us anew. So, on the whole, we were not sorry when honest Great-heart went off to the Celestial City in a huff, and left us at liberty to choose a more suitable and accommodating man. Yonder comes the engineer of the train; you will probably recognize him at once."

The engine at this moment took its station in advance of the cars, looking, I must confess, much more like a sort of mechanical demon that would hurry us to the infernal regions, than a laudable contrivance for smoothing our way to the Celestial City. On its top sat a personage almost enveloped in smoke and flame, which (not to startle the reader) appeared to gush from his own mouth and stomach as well as from the engine's brazen abdomen.

"Do my eyes deceive me?" cried I. "What on earth is this? A living creature? If so, he is own brother to the engine he rides upon."

"Poh, poh, you are obtuse," said Mr. Smooth-it-away, with a hearty laugh. "Don't you know Apollyon, Christian's old enemy, with whom he fought so fierce a battle in the Valley of Humiliation? He was the

very fellow to manage the engine, and so we have reconciled him to the custom of going on pilgrimage, and engaged him as chief engineer.”

“Bravo, bravo!” exclaimed I, with irrepressible enthusiasm. “This shows the liberality of the age. This proves, if anything can, that all musty prejudices are in a fair way to be obliterated. And how will Christian rejoice to hear of this happy transformation of his old antagonist. I promise myself great pleasure in informing him of it when we reach the Celestial City.”

The passengers being all comfortably seated, we now rattled away merrily, accomplishing a greater distance in ten minutes than Christian probably trudged over in a day. It was laughable while we glanced along, as it were, at the tail of a thunderbolt, to observe two dusty foot-travelers in the old pilgrim guise, with cockle shell and staff, and their mystic rolls of parchment in their hands, and their intolerable burdens on their backs. The preposterous obstinacy of these honest people in persisting to groan and stumble along the difficult pathway, rather than take advantage of modern improvements, excited great mirth among our wiser brotherhood. We greeted the two pilgrims with many pleasant gibes and a roar of laughter; whereupon they gazed at us with such woeful and absurdly compassionate visages, that our merriment grew ten-fold more obstreperous. Apollyon, also, entered heartily into the fun, and contrived to flirt the smoke and flame of the engine, or of his own breath, into their faces, and envelop them in an atmosphere of scalding steam. These little practical jokes amused us mightily, and doubtless afforded the pilgrims the gratification of considering themselves martyrs.

At some distance from the railroad, Mr. Smooth-it-away pointed to a large, antique edifice, which he observed was a tavern of a long standing, and had formerly been a noted stopping-place for pilgrims. In Bunyan’s road-book it is mentioned as the Interpreter’s House.

“I have long had a curiosity to visit that old mansion,” remarked I.

“It is not one of our stations, as you perceive,” said my companion. The keeper was violently opposed to the railroad; and well he might be, as the track left his house of entertainment on one side, and thus was pretty certain to deprive him of all his reputable customers. But the foot-path still passes his door, and the old gentleman now and then receives a call from some simple traveler, and entertains him with fare as old-fashioned as himself.”

Before our talk on this subject came to a conclusion, we were rushing by the place where Christian’s burden fell from his shoulders at the sight of the cross. This served as a theme from Mr. Smooth-it-away, Mr. Live-for-the-world, Mr. Hide-sin-in-the-heart and Mr. Scaly-conscience, and a knot of gentlemen from the town of Shun-repentance, to descant upon the inestimable advantages resulting from the safety of our baggage. Myself, and all the passengers indeed, joined with great unanimity in this view of the matter; for our burdens were rich in many things esteemed precious throughout the world; and especially, we each of us possessed a great variety of favorite habits, which we trusted would not be out of fashion, even in the polite circles of the Celestial City. It would have been a sad spectacle to have seen such an assortment of valuable articles tumbling into the sepulchre. Thus pleasantly conversing on the favorable circumstances of our position as compared with those of past pilgrims, and of narrow-minded ones of the present day, we soon found ourselves at the foot of the Hill of difficulty. Through the very heart of this rocky mountain a tunnel has been constructed of most admirable architecture, with a lofty arch and a spacious double track; so that unless the earth and rocks should chance to crumble down, it will remain a lasting monument of the builder’s skill and enterprise. It is a great though incidental advantage that the materials from the heart of Hill Difficulty have been

employed in filling up the Valley of Humiliation; thus obviating the difficulty of descending into that disagreeable and unwholesome hollow.

“This is a wonderful improvement indeed,” said I. “Yet I should have been glad of an opportunity to visit the Palace Beautiful, and be introduced to the charming young ladies – Miss Prudence, Miss Piety, Miss Charity and the rest – who have had the kindness to entertain pilgrims there.”

“Young ladies,” cried Mr. Smooth-it-away, as soon as he could speak for laughing. “And charming young ladies! Why, my dear fellow, they are old maids, every soul of them – prim, starched, dry and angular – and not one of them, I will venture to say, has altered so much as the fashion of her gown since the days of Christian’s pilgrimage.”

“Ah, well,” said I, much comforted, “then I can well dispense with their acquaintance.”

The respectable Apollyon was not putting on the steam at a prodigious rate, anxious perhaps to get rid of the unpleasant reminiscences connected with the spot where he had so disastrously encountered Christian. Consulting Mr. Bunyan’s road-book, I perceived that we must now be within a few miles of the Valley of the Shadow of Death, into which doleful region, at our present speed, we should plunge much sooner than seemed at all desirable. In truth, I expected nothing better than to find myself in the ditch on one side, or the quag on the other. But, on the communicating my apprehensions to Mr. Smooth-it-away, he assured me that the difficulties of this passage, even in its worst condition, had been vastly exaggerated, and that, in its present state of improvement, I might consider myself as safe as on any railroad in Christendom.

Even while we were speaking, the train shot into the entrance of this dreaded valley. Though I plead guilty to some foolish palpitations of the heart during our headlong rush over the causeway here constructed, yet it were unjust to withhold the highest encomiums on the boldness of its original conception, and the ingenuity of those who executed it. It was gratifying, likewise, to observe how much care was taken to dispel the everlasting gloom, and supply the defect of the cheerful sunshine, not a ray of which has ever penetrated these awful shadows. For this purpose the inflammable gas, which exudes plentifully from the soil, is collected by means of pipes, and thence communicated to a quadruple row of lamps along the whole extent of the passage. Thus a radiance has been created, even out of the fiery and sulphurous curse that rests forever upon the valley; a radiance hurtful, however, to the eyes, and somewhat bewildering, as I discovered by the changes which it wrought in the visages of my companions. In this respect, as compared with natural daylight, there is the same difference as between truth and falsehood; but if the reader has ever traveled through the dark valley, he will have learned to be thankful for any light that he could get; if not from the sky above, then from the blasted earth beneath. Such was the red brilliancy of these lamps that they appeared to build walls of fire on both sides of the track, between which we held our course at lightning speed, while a reverberating thunder filled the valley with its echoes. Had the engine run off the track (a catastrophe it is whispered by no means unprecedented), the bottomless pit, if there be any such place, would undoubtedly have received us. Just as some dismal fooleries of this kind had made my heart quake, there came a tremendous shriek careering along which proved to be merely the whistle of the engine on arriving at a stopping place.

The spot where we had now paused was the same that our friend Bunyan – a truthful man, but infected with many fantastic notions – has designated, in terms plainer than I like to repeat, as the mouth of the infernal region. This, however, must be a mistake, inasmuch as Mr. Smooth-it-away, while we

remained in the smoky and lurid cavern, took occasion to prove that Tophet has not even a metaphorical existence. The place, he assured us, is no other than the crater of a half-extinct volcano, in which the directors had caused forges to be set up for the manufacture of railroad iron. Hence also is obtained a plentiful supply of fuel for the use of the engines.

Whoever had gazed into the dismal obscurity of the broad cavern mouth, whence, ever and anon, darted huge tongues of dusky flame, and had seen the strange, half-shaped monsters, and visions of faces horribly grotesque into which the smoke seemed to wreath itself, and had heard the awful murmurs, and shrieks, and deep shuddering whispers of the seized upon Mr. Smooth-it-away's comfortable explanation as greedily as we did. The inhabitants of the cavern, moreover, were unlovely personages, dark, smoke-begrimed, generally deformed, with misshapen feet, and a glow of dusky redness in their eyes, as if their hearts had caught fire, and were blazing out of the upper windows. It struck me as a peculiarity that the laborers at the forge and those who brought fuel to the engine, when they began to draw short breath, positively emitted smoke from their mouth and nostrils.

Among the idlers about the train, most of whom were puffing cigars which they had lighted at the flame of the crater, I was perplexed to notice several who, to my certain knowledge, had heretofore set forth by railroad to the Celestial City. They looked dark, wild and smoky, with a singular resemblance, indeed, to the native inhabitants, like whom, also, they had a disagreeable propensity to ill-natured gibes and sneers, the habit of which had wrought a settled contortion on their visages. Having been on speaking terms with one of them – an indolent, good-for-nothing fellow, who went by the name of Take-it-easy – I called to him, and asked what was his business there.

“Did you not start,” said I, “for the Celestial City?”

“That's a fact,” said Mr. Take-it-easy, carelessly puffing some smoke into my eyes. “But I heard such bad accounts that I never took pains to climb the hill on which the city stands. No business doing, no fun going on, nothing to drink and no smoking allowed, and a thrumming of church music from morning till night. I would not stay in such a place, if they offered me house-room and living free.”

“But, my good Mr. Take-it-easy,” cried I, “why take up your residence here, of all places in the world?”

“Oh,” said the loafer, with a grin, “it is very warm hereabouts, and I meet with plenty of old acquaintances, and altogether the place suits me. I hope to see you back again some day soon. A pleasant journey to you.”

While he was speaking the bell of the engine rang, and we dashed away after dropping a few passengers, but receiving no new ones. Rattling onward through the valley, we were dazzled with the fiercely gleaming gas lamps, as before; but sometimes, in the dark or intense brightness, grim faces, that bore the aspect of individual sins or evil passions, seemed to thrust themselves through the veil of light, glaring upon us and stretching forth a great dusky hand, as if to impede our progress. These were freaks of imagination, nothing more, mere delusions, which I ought to be heartily ashamed of; but all through the dark Valley I was tormented and pestered, and dolefully bewildered with the same kind of walking dreams. The mephitic gases of that region intoxicate the brain. As the light of the natural day however began to struggle with the glow of the lanterns, these vain imaginations lost their vividness, and finally vanished with the first ray of sunshine that greeted our escape from the Valley of the Shadow of Death. Ere we had gone a mile beyond it, I could well-nigh have taken my oath that this whole gloomy passage was a dream.

At the end of the Valley, as John Bunyan mentions, a cavern, where, in his days, dwelt two cruel giants, Pope and Pagan, who had stewn the ground about their residence with the bones of slaughtered pilgrims. These vile old troglodytes are no longer there; but into their deserted cave another terrible giant has thrust himself, and makes it his business to seize upon honest travelers, and fat them for his table with plentiful meals of smoke, mist, moonshine, raw potatoes and sawdust. He is a German by birth, and is called Giant Transcendentalism; but as to his form, his features, his substance, and his nature generally, it is the chief peculiarity of this huge miscreant, that neither he for himself, nor anybody for him, has ever been able to describe them. As we rushed by the cavern's mouth, we caught a hasty glimpse of him, looking somewhat like an ill-proportioned figure, but considerably more like a heap of fog and duskiness. He shouted after us, but in so strange a phraseology that we knew not what he meant, nor whether to be encouraged or affrighted.

It was late in the day when the train thundered into the ancient city of Vanity, where Vanity Fair is still at the height of prosperity, and exhibits an epitome of whatever is brilliant, gay and fascinating beneath the sun. As I proposed to make a considerable stay here, it gratified me to learn that there is no longer the want of harmony between the townspeople and pilgrims, which impelled the former to such lamentable mistaken measures as the persecution of Christian, and the fiery martyrdom of Faithful. On the contrary, as the new railroad brings with it great trade and a constant influx of strangers, the lord of Vanity Fair is its chief patron, and the capitalists of the city are among the largest stockholders. Many passengers stop to take their pleasure or make their profit in the Fair, instead of going onward to the Celestial City. Indeed, such are the charms of the place, that the people often affirm it to be the true and only Heaven; stoutly contending that there is no other, that those who seek further are mere dreamers, and that, if the fabled brightness of the Celestial City lay but a bare mile beyond the gates of Vanity, they would not be fools enough to go thither. Without subscribing to these, perhaps, exaggerated encomiums, I can truly say that my abode in the city was mainly agreeable, and my intercourse with the inhabitants productive of much amusement and instruction.

Being naturally of a serious turn, my attention was directed to the sold advantages derivable from a residence here, rather than to the effervescent pleasures, which are the grand object with too many visitants. The Christian reader, if he have had no accounts of the city later than Bunyan's time, will be surprised to hear that almost every street has its church, and that the reverend clergy are nowhere held in higher respect than at Vanity Fair. And well do they deserve such honorable estimation: for the maxims of wisdom and virtue which fall from their lips, come from as deep a spiritual source, and tend to as lofty a religious aim, as those of the sagest philosophers of old. In justification of this high praise, I need only mention the names of the Rev. Mr. Shallow-deep; the Rev. Mr. Stumble-at-truth; that fine old clerical character, the Rev. Mr. This-to-day, who expects shortly to resign his pulpit to the Rev. Mr. That-to-morrow; together with the Rev. Mr. Bewilderment; the Rev. Mr. Clog-the-spirit; and last and greatest, the Rev. Mr. Wind-of-doctrine. The labors of these eminent divines are aided by those of innumerable lecturers, who diffuse such a various profundity, in all subjects of human nature or celestial science, that any man may acquire an omnigenous erudition, without the trouble of even learning to read. Thus literature is etherealized by assuming for its medium the human voice; and knowledge depositing all its heavier particles – except, doubtless, its gold – becomes exhaled into a sound, which forthwith steals into the ever open car of the community. These ingenious methods constitute a sort of machinery, by which thought and study are done to every person's mind, without his putting himself to the slightest inconvenience in the matter. There is another species of machine for the wholesale manufacture of individual morality. This excellent result is effected by societies for all manner of virtuous purposes: with which a man has merely to connect himself, throwing, as it were, his

quota of virtue into the common stock; and the president and directors will take care that the aggregate amount be well applied. All these, and other wonderful improvements in ethics, religion and literature, being made plain to my comprehension by the ingenious Mr. Smooth-it-away, inspired me with a vast admiration of Vanity Fair.

It would fill a volume, in an age of pamphlets, were I to record all my observations in this great capital of human business and pleasure. There was an unlimited range of society – the powerful, the wise, the witty, and the famous in every walk of life – princes, presidents, poets, generals, artists, actors and philanthropists, all making their own market at the Fair, and deeming no price too exorbitant for such commodities as hit their fancy. It is well worth one's while, even if he had no idea of buying or selling, to loiter through the Bazaars, and observe the various sorts of traffic that were going forward.

Some of the purchasers, I thought, made very foolish bargains. For instance, a young man, having inherited a splendid fortune, laid out a considerable portion of it in the purchase of diseases, and finally spent all the rest for a heavy lot of repentance and a suit of rags. There was a sort of stock or scrip, called Conscience, which seemed to be in great demand, and would purchase almost anything. Indeed few rich commodities were to be obtained without paying a heavy sum in this particular stock, as a man's business was seldom very lucrative, unless he knew precisely when and how to throw his hoard of Conscience into the market. Yet, as this stock was the only thing of permanent value, whoever parted with it was sure to find himself a loser in the long run. Thousands sold their happiness for a whim.

Gilded chains were in great demand, and purchased with almost any sacrifice. In truth, those who desired, according to the old adage, to sell anything valuable for a son, might find customers all over the Fair; and there were innumerable messes of pottage, piping hot, for those who chose to buy them with their birthrights. A few articles, however, could not be found genuine at Vanity Fair. If a customer wished to renew his stock of youth, the dealers offered him a set of false teeth and an auburn wig; if he demanded peace of mind, they recommended opium or a brandy bottle.

Tracts of land and golden mansions, situate in the Celestial City, were often exchanged, at very disadvantageous rates, for a few years' lease of small, dismal, inconvenient tenements in Vanity Fair.

Day after day, as I walked the streets of Vanity, my manners and deportment became more and more like those of the inhabitants. The place began to seem like home; the idea of pursuing my course to the Celestial City was almost obliterated from my mind. I was reminded of it, however, by the sight of the same pair of simple pilgrims at whom we had laughed so heartily when Apollyon puffed smoke and steam into their faces, at the commencement of our journey. There they stood amid the densest bustle of Vanity – the dealers offering them their purple, and fine linen, and jewels; the men of wit and humor gibing at them; a pair of buxom ladies ogling them askance; while the benevolent Mr. Smooth-it-away whispered some of his wisdom at their elbows, and pointed to a newly erected temple; but there were these worthy simpletons, making the scene look wild and monstrous, merely by their sturdy repudiation of all part in its business or pleasures.

One of them – his name was Stick-to-the-right – perceived in my face, I suppose, a species of sympathy and almost admiration, which to my own great surprise, I could not help feeling for this pragmatic couple. It prompted him to address me.

“Sir,” inquired he, with a sad, yet mild and kindly voice, “do you call yourself a pilgrim?”

“Yes,” I replied, “my right to that appellation is indubitable. I am merely a sojourner here in Vanity Fair, being bound to the Celestial City by the new railroad.”

“Alas, friend,” rejoined Mr. Stick-to-the-right, “I do assure you, and beseech you to receive the truth of my words, that that whole concern is a bubble. You may travel on it all your lifetime, were you to live thousands of years, and yet never get beyond the limits of Vanity Fair! Yea, though you should deem yourself entering the gates of the Blessed City, it will be nothing but a miserable delusion.”

“The Lord of the Celestial City,” began the other pilgrim, whose name was Mr. Go-the-old-way, “has refused, and will ever refuse, to grant an act of incorporation for this railroad; and unless that be obtained no passenger can ever hope to enter His dominions. Wherefore, every man who buys a ticket must lay his account with losing the purchase money – which is the value of his soul.”

“Poh, nonsense!” said Mr. Smooth-it-away, taking my arm and leading me off; “these fellows ought to be indicted for libel. If the law stood as it once did in Vanity Fair, we should see them grinning through the iron bars of the prison window.”

This incident made a considerable impression on my mind, and contributed with other circumstances to indispose me to a permanent residence in Vanity; although, of course, I was not simple enough to give up my original plan of gliding along easily and commodiously by railroad. Still I grew anxious to be gone. There was one strange thing that puzzled me; amid the occupations and amusements of the Fair, nothing was more common than for a person – whether at a feast, theatre, or church, or trafficking for wealth and honors, or whatever he might be doing, and however unseasonable the interruption – suddenly to vanish like a soap bubble, and be never more seen of his fellows; and so accustomed were the latter to such little incidents, that they went on with their business as quietly as if nothing had happened. But it was otherwise with me.

Finally, after a pretty long residence at the Fair I resumed my journey towards the Celestial City, still with Mr. Smooth-it-away by my side. At a short distance beyond the suburbs of Vanity we passed the ancient silver mine, of which Demas was the first discoverer, and which is now wrought to great advantage, supplying nearly all the coined currency of the world. A little further onward was the spot where Lot’s wife had stood for ages, under the semblance of a pillar of salt. Curious travelers have carried it away piecemeal. Had all regrets been punished as rigorously as this poor dame’s were, my yearnings for the relinquished delights of Vanity Fair might have produced a similar change in my own corporeal substance, and left me a warning to future pilgrims.

The next remarkable object was a large edifice, constructed of moss-grown stone, but in a modern and airy style of architecture. The engine came to a pause in its vicinity with its usual tremendous shriek.

“This was formerly the castle of the redoubted giant Despair,” observed Mr. Smooth-it-away; “but, since his death, Mr. Flimsy-faith has repaired it, and now keeps an excellent house of entertainment here. It is one of our stopping places.”

“It seems but slightly put together,” remarked I, looking at the frail, yet ponderous walls. “I do not envy Mr. Flimsy-faith his habitation. Some day it will thunder down upon the heads of the occupants.”

“We shall escape, at all events,” said Mr. Smooth-it-away; “for Apollyon is putting on the steam again.”

The road now plunged into a gorge of the Delectable Mountains, and traversed the field where, in former ages, the blind men wandered and stumbled among the tombs. One of these ancient tombstones

had been thrust across the track by some malicious person, and gave the train of ears a terrible jolt. Far up the rugged side of a mountain I perceived a rusty iron door, half-overgrown with bushes and creeping plants, but with some smoke issuing from its crevices.

“Is that,” inquired I, “the very door in the hillside which the shepherds assured Christian was a by-way to hell?”

“That was a joke on the part of the shepherds,” said Mr. Smooth-it-away, with a smile. “It is neither more nor less than the door of a cavern, which they use for a smoke house for the preparation of mutton hams.”

My recollections of the journey are now, for a little space, dim and confused, inasmuch as a singular drowsiness here overcame me, owing to the fact that we were now passing over the enchanted ground, the air of which encourages a disposition to sleep. I awoke, however, as soon as we crossed over the borders of the pleasant land of Beulah. All the passengers were rubbing their eyes, comparing watches, and congratulating one another on the prospect of arriving so seasonably at their journey’s end. The sweet breezes of this happy clime came refreshingly to our nostrils; we beheld the glimmering gush of silver fountains, overhung by trees of beautiful foliage and delicious fruit, which were propagated by drafts from the celestial gardens. Once, as we dashed onward like a hurricane, there was a flutter of wings, and the bright appearance of an angel in the air, speeding forth on some heavenly mission. The engine now announced the close vicinity of the final station house, by one last and horrible scream, in which there seemed to be distinguishable every kind of wailing and woe, and bitter fierceness of wrath, all mixed up with the wild laughter of a devil or a madman. All through our journey, at every stopping place, Apollyon had exercised his ingenuity in screwing the most abominable sounds out of the whistle of the steam engine; but in this closing effort he outdid himself, and created an infernal uproar, which, besides disturbing the peaceful inhabitants of Beulah, must have sent its discord even through the celestial gates.

While the horrid clamor was still ringing in our ears, we heard an exulting strain, as if a thousand instruments of music, with height, and depth, and sweetness in their tones, at once tender and triumphant, were struck in unison, to greet the approach of some illustrious hero, who had fought the good fight and won a glorious victory, and was come to lay aside his battered arms forever. Looking to ascertain what might be the occasion of this glad harmony, I perceived, on alighting from the cars, that a multitude of shining ones had assembled on the other side of the river to welcome two poor pilgrims who were just emerging from its depths. They were the same whom Apollyon and ourselves had persecuted with taunts and gibes, and scalding steam, at the commencement of our journey, the same whose unworldly aspect and impressive words had stirred my conscience amid the wild revelers of Vanity Fair.

“Never fear, never fear!” answered my friend. “Come, make haste; the ferry-boat will be off directly, and in three minutes you will be on the other side of the river. No doubt you will find coaches to carry you up to the city gates.”

A steam ferry-boat, the last improvement on this important route, lay at the river side, puffing, snorting, and emitting all those other disagreeable utterances, which betoken the departure to be immediate. I hurried on board with the rest of the passengers, most of whom were in great perturbation; some bawling out for their baggage; some tearing their hair and declaring the boat would explode or sink; some already pale with the heaving of the stream; some gazing affrighted at the ugly aspect of the

steersman; and some still dizzy with the slumbering influences of the Enchanted Ground. Looking back to the shore I was amazed to discern Mr. Smooth-it-away waving his hand in token of farewell.

“Don’t you go over to the Celestial City?” exclaimed I.

“Oh, no!” answered he, with a queer smile, and that same disagreeable contortion of visage which I had remarked in the inhabitants of the Dark Valley. “Oh, no! I have come thus far only for the sake of your pleasant company. Good-by. We shall meet again.”

And then did my excellent friend, Mr. Smooth-it-away, laugh out-right, in the midst of which cachinnation a smoke wreath issued from his mouth and nostrils, while a twinkle of lurid flame darted out of either eye, proving indubitably that his heart was all of a red blaze. The impudent fiend! To deny the existence of Tophet, when he felt its fiery tortures ringing in his breast! I rushed to the side of the boat, intending to fling myself on shore; but the wheels, as they began their revolutions, threw a dash of spray over me so cold – so deadly cold, with the chill that will never leave those waters until Death be drowned in his own river, that, with a shiver and a heart-quake, I awoke. Thank Heaven, it was a Dream.

Number 6

A RIDDLE.

By GILBERT BEEBE

WE have for many years been partially acquainted with the inmates of a house, whose history, if we were able to do justice to the work, would be interesting, and perhaps profitable to some portion of our readers. The house itself is fearfully and wonderfully made, and has stood in its present form a little more than forty years. The materials of which the house is made were originally very good, but now appear to be in rather a dilapidated and decaying state. It has been thought by good judges that there is contagion in the building; and this conclusion has been confirmed, by the appearance of "spots of leprosy in the walls, like fretting sores. Now what we wish to relate, is in reference to the tenants of this house. And what think you of two families occupying one house? You know that unless they agree pretty well, they must live very uncomfortably together. Well, we know this to be the case; for although the house is inhabited by but two individuals, it frequently seems to contain, as it were, "the company of two armies." We have known them to be engaged in such deadly strife, that without foreign interference they would certainly have destroyed each other.

It will answer our present purpose, without calling names, to designate these fighting neighbors, the Old man and the New man; for the eldest tenant of the house has in reality had possession of the premises ever since the house was built; but the other took his residence in the same house, some years afterward; having the consent of the builder and owner of the house. On the occasion of the New man's moving into the house, we shall never forget what a dreadful uproar took place. The Old man is not only old, but he is a strong man; and being armed, had kept his palace, and his goods were in safety, until that memorable struggle took place. No tongue can tell, nor pens describe, with what awful desperation that battle was fought. It was the most sanguine and dreadful conflict, between the most powerful disputants, and attended with the most thrilling and affecting circumstances that we ever witnessed. Incredible as our description of this scene may appear, we do assure our readers that the very heavens grew dark on that occasion! loud thunders shook the world, and vivid lightning's played around! The voice of words were heard, until the reeling walls of the disputed house seemed ready to be dashed into a thousand pieces, like a potter's vessel.

The old man contended for the exclusive possession of the house, and set up the plea, that he had held a peaceable possession so long, it was his lawful property. Moreover, he found certain passages of the law, which he interpreted to mean, that no such tenant should be allowed to occupy any part of the premises; from ancient records he also showed that the house had been mortgaged to his king, whose name was Death; and by his will, he claimed the exclusive right to the house; but he was foiled by the Wonderful Counselor for the other, who proved beyond dispute, that the bond was canceled, and the property redeemed from all encumbrance, excepting that he, the old man, might, by the suffrage of the proprietor, remain in the basement story for a short time. He also contended that he was able to defend his right, and that he would never go out alive. But, as the result of that struggle has abundantly proved, the old man was mistaken; for one, stronger than he, came, and the old man was bound, and his goods were spoiled. The victorious warrior, (for he was a man of war) who had made bare his arm in vanquishing this potent enemy, claimed the right to dispose of the premises as he pleased; and he assigned to the new man all the upper part of the house, to have and to hold from that date forth, during

the pleasure of the landlord, or as long as the house should stand. When the new man entered his mansion, how different was the scene! The conflict was over, the old man was in chains; and it was whispered that he was dead; and the new man made great reckoning on having the house completely purged, purified, set in order, made pleasant, peaceable and beautiful; but scarcely had the work of reform and improvement commenced, when the new corner thought he could perceive signs of life in the carcass of the old vanquished foe; nor was he at all deceived in his apprehensions; for suddenly the old man revived, and in a most surly, insolent and quarrelsome manner, bid the new man leave the house. The new man trembled convulsively, at this unlooked for treatment- plead that he had been put in possession by the lawful owner of the Property; and that he had obtained liberty to hold possession of all the upper part of the house, as long as it should stand; and that when this earthly house should be dissolved, he had a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. But the old man disputed his plea, and insinuated that he was laboring under a delusion, in regard to having been put into possession of the house, or any part of it; and declared that the new man had not been put into the possession, and that he could not in justice be. Finally the artful language of the old man was such that the new man began to fear exceedingly, that he was truly under some dreadful delusion. Under these impressions, he wept and prayed, and fasted, and labored, and struggled, for many days; until his Lord again appeared for his deliverance, and gave him a renewed evidence of his goodness and mercy. After this conflict was over, things went smoothly on for some time; but after certain days, the old man brought home with him some old comrades, (among whom was a very celebrated, and ardently pious Mr. Charity, D. D., and a few of his neighbors, Good Works, Carnal Mind, Law Righteousness, and one very shrewd old fellow, called Human Reason, A. M.) and insisted on entertaining them in the upper part of the house, as they were all used to high living. At first the new man objected; but seeing that the company were all very pious, and being fond of religious company, and fearing that he would be thought uncharitable, if he should reject them, he consented; and they all came in, and seemed to enjoy a merry time; indeed, the old man himself began to be very religious; and he and his guests soon found occasion to chide the new man for backwardness, inertness, a want of zeal and activity, &c.; and he, poor fellow, began to feel something of his leanness and barrenness; he confessed the justness of their censure, and begged them to aid him in an attempt at reformation; to this, they being of the benevolent order, readily consented, and forthwith began a course of lectures, in which they told him that he was entirely too tight laced in his religious principles; that he was trusting too much to grace; and that he did not lay a sufficient stress upon good works; they read off to him a long chapter, upon duty religion, duty faith, duty prayer, &c.; and urged that he must be up and doing-that he must use the means of grace. They told him, moreover, that thousands, by tight lacing, had become sickly; had brought on consumption, and even death. It was the unanimous opinion of the gang, that New man *must make brick without straw*; and when he complained, they told him he was idle; and they applied the lash until his groans and sighs became indescribably dreadful; and it is our sincere opinion, that these thievishimps would have worked poor, distressed New man to death, if it had not been for an interposition of his Lord; for they had already got him to consent to change apartments with his fellow tenant, and he had moved down stairs, quite into the cellar. The new man had been persuaded to believe that for, and in consideration of his kindness in changing rooms with his neighbor, he would be exceedingly happy, and enjoy great peace of mind, &c. But to his mortification he found the room very dark, the light and warmth of the sun being shut out; and had only light enough to perceive that the room was dreadful filthy, and that it contained innumerable reptiles, serpents and scorpions. This exercise threw him into a cold sweat, and he was dreadfully tried in his mind, to account for his troubles; he made some vain attempts to man, these serpents with carnal weapons; such as good resolutions, large quantities of formal prayer, and many other weapons of the same kind, that he found among the lumber of the old

man-all to no effect; for he found himself only beating the air. In this dreary condition he remained, until the next visit of his Lord and Master, who came to his relief, opened the prison door, took his feet out of the stocks, set him in a large place, thrust his old man down into the nether apartment, and raised him, (the new man) again to the enjoyment of former light, life and liberty.

We might continue our parable ad infinitum; for the old man and the new man cannot get along peaceably together; the new man having received an order from the court of the King's bench, to crucify the old man with his comrades; and in his attempting to execute this sentence, they have had some awful combats; and the old fox has often *played the possum*, and made his antagonist think he was dead; but as soon as a favorable opportunity presented, he would revive; and in many instances would bring the other into subjection to the law of sin, that was written on the walls of the, house. The new man, in some of his struggles, has been heard to cry out, O wretched man that I am! Who shall deliver me from the body of this death? But we are credibly informed, that he has received an assurance from his Lord, that a few more struggles will end the strife-when the old crazy walls of the disputed territory shall be thrown down, and he shall then inhabit an incorruptible building, far from the noise and rage of the old man.

Reader, do you understand the riddle?

GILBERT BEEBE