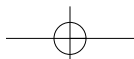
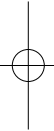
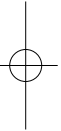
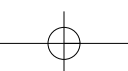
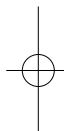
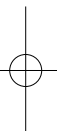


# THE TALENTS OF MAN.





# **THE TALENTS OF MAN.**

by

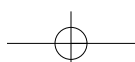
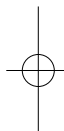
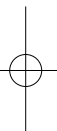
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# THE TALENTS:

OR

MAN'S

NATURE, POWER, AND RESPONSIBILITY.

BY ROBERT WILLIAM DALE.

“HERE lies a man that never did God an hour's work in all his life.”—

GURNALL.

Shall this be your epitaph?

LONDON:

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1846.

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JOHN HASLER, PRINTER, CRANE-COURT, FLEET-STREET

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TO

MR. WILLIAM STROUD,

AND

THE BIBLE CLASS CONDUCTED BY HIM,

IN THE TABERNACLE VESTRY.

THIS VOLUME

IS AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED

AS AN IMPERFECT EXPRESSION OF THE AUTHOR'S

GRATITUDE  
FOR THEIR KIND SYMPATHY  
AND  
FERVENT PRAYERS.

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**PREFACE.**

THIS little work needs not a lengthened preface. I have delivered my message as a servant of God, to spirits, by nature, lost; but, whose powers fit them for the glorious destiny offered by their Great Redeemer.

Possibly, some of my pages may excite opposition. Of Christian critics I ask candour and charitable correction. Of the worldly, my proud spirit knows not how to ask aught save a careful perusal; and then bids them attack, with all the energy with which Satan may inspire them. Their assaults I fear not; their scorn I heed not; their praise I love not. If they would listen to my Master, they should have my prayers, my sympathy, all the best feelings of my soul; but if determined to remain at enmity With Him, I can only say to them, "He that being often reprov'd and hardeneth his neck shall suddenly be cut off, and that without remedy."

R. W. D.

*20, Earl Street, Finsbury.*

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## INTRODUCTION.

“Will a man rob God?”

JEHOVAH gave an answer to his own question: “Ye have robbed me.” This was the charge brought upon Israel by a prophet of the Most High God; and it is the writer’s present object to show that man has been guilty of this daring crime. In the name of the King eternal, immortal, invisible, the only wise God, I now say, “YE have robbed me.” You start back with horror from the charge, and exclaim, “No; impossible!”

Let us look to the facts of the case. We are placed here to glorify God. He, far from being an Egyptian taskmaster, has committed to our charge a mass of *materiel* to be polished and built up a noble temple to the honour of His name. He has committed to us numerous talents to be improved and consecrated to His service. He has made our very nature a talent. These souls of ours never find a pleasure adapted to

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their nature till they find their God. It is true that the pursuits of Science and Philosophy afford delight to the intellectual portion of our nature, and that even animal gratifications satisfy other appetites; but there belongs to each of us a spiritual nature—a spiritual mechanism—which, without the love of God, wants the mainspring of its action. The development of this, the working of this, is THE duty of a spiritual being.

Have *you* faithfully discharged the duties of your stewardship? Have *you* assiduously cultivated the nobler part of your being, that the Most High may be honoured by the perfection of your nature? Has the glory of GOD been your constant, undivided aim in

the employment of all those gifts with which you are favoured? Have you not rather sought, *first*, those "other things," which are only of minor importance; neglecting "the kingdom of God," whose interests and motives should be the very soul of your action? We are all guilty. Instead of that devotedness to the cause of God which ought to characterise us, conscience tells of enmity and unfaithfulness. We must all confess ourselves unjust stewards, and can make no complaint against the charge, "Ye have robbed me."

How different are the feelings produced in the mind of the Christian, to those produced in the mind of the ungodly at the announcement of this fact. Bound to his heavenly Father by a thousand ties of love and duty, he first ponders it with deep, heartfelt sorrow, and then offers his prayer to the great Being whose displeasure he has incurred, that he may receive pardon for the past, and strength more faithfully to dis-

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charge his duties for the future. Looking to those who have fought the good fight and obtained the crown, who have heard the welcome and commendation of the great Captain of our salvation—"Well done; enter into the joy of thy Lord"—he feels inspired with fresh ardour, presses his whole soul into the contest, that he may be their worthy follower. The ungodly man is under the influence of far different emotions. Conscience brings forth her long catalogue of crimes, of which this robbery forms the very climax. He feels that he has been treasuring up unto himself wrath against the day of wrath, and revelation of the righteous judgment of God; that he, with all those that do not obey the truth, but obey unrighteousness, will receive indignation and wrath, tribulation and anguish. The dark veil that wraps the future in awful mystery is rent; he sees the ghastliness of death; standing on a Pisgah, he views another world; appears before his Judge; hears the solemn sentence, "Depart, ye cursed;" and is carried to the

confines of that place where are weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth; is enveloped in the smoke which ascendeth up for ever and ever; is tortured with the groans of the lost. He shrinks back with wild horror at once from the question, the charge, and the terrific spectacle they have created.

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## RESPONSIBILITY.

WE all assent to the truth which proclaims us responsible to God; but instead of exerting a constant, powerful influence as the very law of our hearts, the thought is but an occasional, and oftentimes unwelcome, visitant. The voice of conscience is drowned amidst the roarings and stormings of passion. The great majority of mankind seem to have entirely forgotten whose they are, and whom they ought to serve. Pride is so natural to the human heart, that man, esteeming himself the prince of creation, forgetting that He whose name alone is Jehovah, is the Most High over all the earth, plans and acts as though there were no superior eye scanning his actions—no power to whom he has to give account. Could we participate the feelings of just men made perfect—nay, could we comprehend our dependence upon God as fully as the Arch-fiend himself, our hearts would bleed for our ingratitude. It is not, however, my purpose to excite fruitless regret, but genuine repentance: to produce this, we must know our relation and duty to God; let us, therefore, notice a few of the most important talents which are committed to the care of *all*, and of which *all* will have to render account unto Him.

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At starting, it is necessary to lay down a principle which must ensure the cordial reception of all who have made the law of the Lord their delight, and which cannot fail, I think, to obtain the assent of those who are careless about the claims of the Author of that law. and all those interests which hang upon obedience to it. That principle is this:—

WHERE MEANS FOR THE ACCOMPLISHMENT OF ANY GOOD OBJECT ARE POSSESSED, FAILURE IN SECURING THAT OBJECT INVOLVES GUILT.

## SECTION I.

### MIND.

“IT is not from his form, in which we trace  
Strength joined with beauty, dignity, and grace,  
That man, the monarch of the globe, derives  
His right of empire over all that lives.  
That form, indeed, the associate of a MIND,  
Vast in its powers, ethereal in its kind;  
That form, the labour of Almighty skill,  
Framed for the service of a free-born will,  
Asserts precedence, and bespeaks control;  
But borrows all its grandeur from the soul.”

COWPER.



## CHAPTER I.

### IMMORTALITY.

“Man, know thyself.” All who have endeavoured to obey this precept know its difficulty. It is comparatively easy to follow the anatomist in his descriptions of the body, the nice adaptation of its various members to their several peculiar uses, and the simple, beautiful contrivances to effect the most difficult ends. And while considering the mechanism of our frames, we exclaim with astonishment, “I am fearfully and wonderfully made; that my soul knoweth right well.” But when we pass from matter to its tenant, Mind attempts to grasp itself, and is conscious of its weakness.

Philosophers may find time and inclination for solving the curious problems of metaphysics. While I respect their genius and research, and could envy the extent of their attainments, it appears to my own mind more' useful to attempt the discovery of those motives which will most certainly lead men to discharge the numerous important responsibilities attaching to a being with such powers as his own. I wait not, then, to answer here the highly interesting questions, What are the component parts of that which you call the mind? What its essence?

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God is no prodigal. He provides for his creatures with a liberal, but never with a squandering, hand. Like a skilful engineer, he never wastes his force. If He has made man superior to the brutes in this life, he has an end to answer by that superiority; if He has made man immortal, he has an end to answer by that immortality. The first inquiry of man should be, What are these ends?

Let us consider the nature and magnitude of the means: these will lead us to the nature and magnitude of the ends, which, I presume, we shall discover to be spiritual, exalted, eternal. I feel myself utterly unable to describe the nature of the human soul. Poetry ransacks Nature's storehouse in vain for objects to which she may liken mind. Ocean, mountains, the glance of the lightning, the roar of the thunder, the mysterious power of the winds, the dark, wild glen, and all other embodiments of grandeur or sublimity, are invested with these attributes by mind itself, and must be inadequate to describe the greatness of that Being from whom all their greatness is derived. Art is the production of mind; and while it may evince somewhat of the power and skill of man, its noblest specimens but leave us with this impression: If mind has achieved thus much, how much more might it not accomplish!

Passing, then, from all that is material, to Him whose image was stamped upon us—the High and Lofty One that inhabiteth eternity, whose name is Holy—let us consider in Him that spirit from which darted the living soul.

Conceive of Him inhabiting infinity ALONE.

Age after age rolled away unmeasured and untold.  
No creature made the roof of heaven echo with its

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Monarch's praise. Was God unhappy that he made the worlds? No. In His own being are boundless seas of happiness, from which alone creatures can drink true bliss. Independent of all external circumstances. DEITY is necessarily blessed. When the eye of Divinity met Divinity alone, no pleasurable scene was needed to increase his bliss. And when mind again receives that holiness it lost in Adam, it has within a source of happiness creatures can never affect. Thrust the man into a dungeon: through its walls is opened a passage to the skies; not less free than the towering lark, the mind soars far above all terrestrial scenes, and

wakes and sleeps in God. Plunge him into the most distressing circumstances: no merciless creditor can include in the sale his most valuable possession, the mansion in the skies. Mind is never restrained but by laws arising out of its own nature; that is, by its own will.

Contemplate God in his ETERNITY.

Age after age has been poured into the gulf of the past; He is still the great I AM. Cities, springing up like annuals, having given their seeds to the wind, have sunk into dust, and others have come up with a like fate. Empires have been born, and, obeying the universal law, have paid the debt of nature. Worlds have

“Absolved the fated rounds of time.”

Systems have been created, shaken, dashed, and born again. Amid all these changes, God is immutable. Such your soul. When death shall have stereotyped your character, no created agency will have the power, no Divine agency the will, to alter it. When the glorified shall have made heaven echo the overture of

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future creations, and sung sweet harmony at their dirge, they shall be glorified still. Sealed up in everlasting despair, the lost shall but grow perfect in their groans.

“There is not,” writes an elegant author, “in my opinion, a more pleasing and triumphant conclusion in religion than this, of the perpetual progress which the soul makes towards the perfection of its nature, without ever arriving at a period in it. To look upon the soul as going on from strength to strength, to consider that she will be still adding virtue to virtue, and knowledge to knowledge, carries in it something wonderfully agreeable to that ambition which is natural to the mind of man. ... With what astonishment and veneration may we look into our souls, where there are hidden such stores of virtue and knowledge, such un-

exhausted sources of perfection. We know not yet what we shall be, nor will it ever enter into the heart of man to conceive the glory that will be always in reserve for him. ... Can there be a thought so transporting as to consider ourselves in these perpetual approaches to Him who is not only the standard of perfection, but of happiness?"

The thought presses painfully upon the mind, that this will not be the lot of *all*. Happy would it be for them if annihilation were the punishment of the lost. This cannot be; as the offspring of God, they are co-immortal with Him. Happy would it be, if they were even sealed up in their past guilt. This is equally impossible. Their minds having begun a race, must travel on through the immense, the infinite future. Cast into a bottomless pit, through eternity they are sinking, *sinking*, SINKING, under the weight and accumulating force of their corruptions. Truth is the only

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aliment on which the soul can feed. Angels and saints find this the nourishment of their pure spirits, the very water of life flowing from out of the throne of God and of the Lamb. But the lost, shut out for ever from obtaining this heavenly manna, this living stream, starve away their miserable existence without being permitted to bid farewell to their being. This is a subject so forbidding, that we shrink in horror from its investigation. "Imagination's airy wing repress," and let it suffice us to conclude, that whether saved or lost, onward, onward, onward, will be the soul's everlasting law.

"Oh! what is man, great Maker of mankind,  
That thou to him so great respect dost bear,  
That thou adorn'st him with so bright a mind,  
Makest him a king, and e'en an angel's peer?"

"Oh I what a lovely life, what heavenly power,  
What spreading virtue, what a sparkling fire!  
How great, how plentiful, how rich a dower,  
Dost thou within this dying flesh inspire!"

“Thou leav’st thy print on other works of thine,  
 But thy whole image thou in man didst write;  
 There could not be a creature more divine,  
 Except like thee it should be infinite.

“Nor hath he given these blessings for a day,  
 Nor made them on the body’s life depend;  
 The soul, though made in time, survives for aye;  
 And, though it hath beginning, sees no end.”

You stand indebted to God for your absolute existence. Should not your life show forth his praise? “Thus saith the Lord, The beasts of the field shall honour me;” nay, more, lifeless matter finds a tongue: “The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth his handywork.” Matter and mere instinct pay homage to their Creator. Then, mind, His

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peculiar offspring—mind, the brightest display of His power—mind, the closest assimilation to Himself, should be foremost in train of worshippers. Some reply, God has implanted the principle of self-love in man; therefore, self-gratification is our lawful aim. Admitting the truth of this hypothesis, unproved as it is, our nature is formed for his glory, its powers are only at home when exercised on himself. The Most High has established an indissoluble union between his service and our happiness. If we are his servants now, he bids us look upon him as at once our God and our Father, the Author of our being, and Provider of our happiness—our Help when all other help faileth, our Rock when the storm is high, when

“The waves behind impel the waves before,  
 Wide rolling, foaming high, and tumbling on the shore;”

our Guide in darkness, our Support in death. If we are his servants now, he bids us look forward with confidence to an hour when, liberated from this clay prison of our souls, having conquered the prince of hell and his minions, Death and the Grave, we shall in his pre-

sence be blessed with happiness that only Deity can bestow, and only the offspring of Deity enjoy—to an hour, when shall begin an eternal existence, through which we shall be changed from glory to glory into His own image, being seated at the right hand of our Saviour and Brother, who is exalted far above all principality, and power, and might, and dominion, and every name this is named, not only in this world, but in that which is to come. “Wherefore, we receiving a kingdom that cannot be moved, let us have grace whereby we may serve God acceptably, with reverence and with godly fear.”

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His ways are not as our ways, neither are his thoughts as our thoughts; or, in some hour of maddening riot, when, forgetful of our nature, and consequent responsibility—regardless of His love and our duty—bidding defiance to His authority and the thunders of His law—sacrificing His favour and our interests to the gratification of some miserable lust—we enthroned the Prince of Darkness, and made a triumphal procession to the powers of hell, the Almighty arm would have been withdrawn, and we should have sunk into

Do you ask me to tell the state or the place? Go, ask lost spirits for some new word to describe their agony. The language of earth has exhausted its resources—failed. “Hell” falls idly on the ear. “Condemnation” is a mere creature of the fancy. “Unutterable woe” is the dream of enthusiasts. “Everlasting anguish,” the frothy denunciation of excited passion!

## CHAPTER II.

### INTELLECTUAL POWERS.

How unwilling are our souls to think of aught less than infinity as their province; eternity as their duration; perfection as their end! There is a principle in the human mind that produces dissatisfaction when anything less than these is presented for its consideration. But, having contemplated mind asserting its full dignity beyond the skies, we must now descend to earth, and look upon it sojourning, almost *incognito*, in flesh. Even here our nature is invested with no mean dignity. Our noble descent from the Father of Spirits gives us an immeasurable superiority over the fellow productions of dust around, and manifests itself in all our bearing.

Would you know the power of mind? Ask nature what has pierced its everlasting hills, and applied a lever to its vales? Ask earth what has robbed its bosom of its choicest treasures? Ask steam to whom it served apprenticeship—who made *it* a cunning workman? Ask Sol what master has given his offspring the skill of the artist, and made them surpass Hogarth in accuracy and celerity?

Would you, yourself, see the power of mind? Follow some orator to the waiting multitude; and as

they hang trembling on his mysterious forebodings, or quail under his fierce denunciations, as they shed the tear of too blissful joy, or wear the desperate look of grief, know, that mind has a power over mind, that the combined energy of ten thousand suns, that bend worlds at their will, could not possess.

Do you seek to know still more? Let the sages or antiquity pass in review. Let the comprehensive

knowledge of modern philosophers awe you by its vastness:—

“The high-born soul  
 Disdains to rest her heaven-aspiring wing  
 Beneath its native quarry. Tired of earth,  
 And this diurnal scene, she springs aloft:  
 Through fields of air pursues the flying storm;  
 Rides on the vollied lightning through the heavens;  
 Or, yoked with whirlwinds and the northern blast,  
 Sweeps the long tract of day. Then high she soars  
 The blue profound, and, hovering round the sun,  
 Beholds him pouring the redundant stream  
 Of light—beholds his unrelenting sway  
 Bend the reluctant planets to absolve  
 The fated rounds of Time,”

What glory invests the mind even on earth! Its powers can grasp the vast, and anatomise the minute. Now, examining a drop, it wonders at the power which produced its tiny nations. Leaving this world in miniature, it looks around and beholds a beautiful earth assuming the same form, governed by the same laws: created by the same God. Yes, Mind is permitted to study the code that rules every atom in every system.

But the greatest glory of mind is, its power of assimilation to its Father, Here is its distinction from the material universe. Here is that which renders mind infinitely superior to the creatures of instinct

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around. Man was created in the image of God; and, therefore, received power over all the fellow productions of God's hand. When that image is perfectly restored, mind has reached the highest state it can attain; henceforth, it extends and increases, brings out the lines of Divinity more boldly; but to a nobler state it cannot attain.

Although some stray beams of his love, sublime burstings of his power, are to be discerned in his



magnificent works, matter is far too coarse to receive even the shadow of Divinity's higher attributes.

Finite mind, though infinitely expansive, is finite still, and can give us no conception of the intellectual glories of the Infinite, the only wise God.

Man's polluted spirit has lost every trace of its Creator's moral attributes, so that we cannot look to him for any representation of his holiness.

Angels, disgusted by the depravity of our nature, have long ceased to display their glories to us; their sacred communings terminated with Adam's purity.

Whither shall we go? The knowledge of Him is eternal life; ignorance of Him, eternal misery. Has that God who made man capable of adoring his perfections, left him without any means of knowing his glory? Has that God who created man to be happy, and made his happiness depend upon knowledge of Himself, left man without, any clue to his perfections? Is man, the only creature on earth who can appreciate truth, left without any trace by which to discover Him who is Truth? Is man without a guide to God—the very end of his being? No. He has revealed in his Word, what philosophy never discovered—what imagination, in its loftiest flights, never attained. "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into

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the heart of man, the things which God has prepared for them that love him; but he hath revealed them unto us by his Spirit." Yes, the Spirit has revealed God in all the majesty of his justice and all the sweetness of his love. He himself dwells in us, to shed light on the page he inspired, to lead our souls into the ways of all truth. What angels delight to praise we know experimentally. Man may look into the will of God.

## CHAPTER III.

### SPIRITUAL CAPABILITIES.

WHAT higher nature would you have than that which can be assimilated to God? What intellect which is enabled to comprehend truths concerning God, is no mean possession; but when we remember, that there is a spiritual part of our nature, the very offspring of the Godhead, and in which the likeness of God may be seen, we are, indeed, astonished that the Most High should have committed such a treasure to our care. When we examine the moral state of our own hearts, and find so much that is sinful, so much that is depraved, sensual, grovelling, and contrast our present state with what it might be—yea, to which it shall one day rise—we should be deeply humbled. Well may angels look with intense interest on this world of ours. Pure spirits, look and wonder! Behold man! Contemplate the creature of God's love—the creature for whom he spared not his only begotten Son. Ye know the glory of that Being to whom just men made perfect, and the hosts of archangels, the, seraphim and cherubim, pay homage—the Being clothed in flesh, but inhabiting the same eternity as the Father—pure as the Godhead, being, indeed, God! See, here, the race saved by his love—the race he calls his brethren!

And yet we may be purified; and, not only so, but be made the habitation of God. What higher dignity do you wish, what greater honour can any creature possess, than that which Christ promised his disciples? "If any man love me, my Father will love him, and we will come unto him, and make our abode with him." "Thus saith the High and Lofty One that inhabiteth eternity,

whose name is Holy; I dwell in the high and holy place, with him also that is of a contrite and humble spirit.”

GOD HIMSELF DWELLS IN MIND.

Poetry cannot invest this truth with greater attractions—eloquence add fresh force. Imagination bows before it, and confesses her most daring flights are mean.

Truth is the manna on which your souls will feed above; holiness, the purest, brightest stream of heaven. Your mind may now contain Him who is the concentration of all truth, and the source of all holiness, and thus possess a spring which shall be welling up through all eternity, with all that can fill a soul with bliss, and satisfy the ceaseless longings of a spirit panting for perfection.

I am not about to discuss the question, Are the minds of men naturally equal? Could the point be decided, it would be of little practical importance, as responsibility is likewise varied by varied early advantages; but I lay it down as a firmly-established truth, that all minds may be so trained as to be capable of glorifying God, not only by a living exhibition of the beauty of Gospel principle, but by spreading a theoretical knowledge of God's Word, and enforcing the reception of the truth by arguments suited to the sin-

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ner's heart. To neglect this training is a crime against Him who gave you intelligence, and will involve you in his just and extreme displeasure. Study will enlarge your, mind—strengthen your faculties—give you nobler ideas of the power, wisdom, and goodness of God—prepare you for active usefulness in His church—fill you with loftier conceptions of your own nature—enable you more successfully to combat those false philosophers, who, having a show of wisdom, shake the faith of the humble followers of Christ. “Yea, if thou criest after knowledge, and liftest up thy voice

for understanding ; if thou seekest her as silver, and searchest for her as for hid treasures ; then shalt thou understand the fear of the Lord, and understand the knowledge of God.”

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## SECTION II.

### INFLUENCE.

“Can it be true that each one has a power  
His mind to mould,—to mould the mind of all  
Who breathe with him the selfsame atmosphere ?  
Does every deed and word and look convey  
A moral tint ?—a shade of character T  
'Tis true of me—of you—'tis true of all.  
And “ye are not your own;” but ye are His  
Who bought you with His blood. Then use this power  
And all your powers, without the least reserve,  
For God's own glory and His people's good.”

JOHN STROUD.

## CHAPTER I.

### APPROPRIATE INFLUENCE.

As the mass of mankind seem ever to have forgotten that mysterious scintillation of Divinity to which your attention was directed in the last section, so this mighty power you are invited to consider, has generally either been entirely disregarded, and consequently used at random, *i. e.* for evil, or considered as belonging to man alone, a power for which he will never have to render any account. But we are taught concerning Him with whom we have to do, that “the Cheat, the Mighty God is His name, great in counsel and mighty in work; for His eyes are open upon all the ways of the sons of men, to give every one according to his ways, and according to

#### THE FRUIT OF HIS DOINGS.”

The nearest subject of a man’s influence, that which is ever under his power, and over which he exerts the greatest energy, is *his own mind*. I speak first of Appropriate Influence. “This is, indeed, a noble prerogative of our nature. It transcends in importance all our power over outward nature. There is more of Divinity in it than in the force that impels the outward universe, and yet how little we comprehend it.”\* Man possesses

\* Channing.

the power of moulding his own mind according to his will, likening it to God, or to the prince of all wickedness. Some strenuously maintain that man is the creature of circumstances; but we may challenge any to prove that the same particular circumstances produce on all subjects the same effects. The adversity

which caused Job to breathe out his memorable words, "The Lord hath given" and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord," leads another to curse his Maker, another to rush heedlessly into eternity. The prosperity which produces in one man the purest gratitude to its Giver,—which leads him to consecrate the greater part of his wealth to His service, produces hellish pride in another, leading him into the most sinful excesses, exalting himself in his own eye to the God of all the earth.\* Man forms his habits, and thus forms himself.

#### MAN IS SELF-MADE.

The question, then, arises: If this power is held by every member of the human family, and if we shall have to give account to God for its proper application, where is the model upon which we are to form our character? We cannot suppose that God has given us power which may be employed to a good purpose, without giving us also directions to use that power aright. According to what model, are we to form our minds? What principles are to govern us in our attempts to fashion these immortal souls? "Be ye holy, for I am holy." HE is Infinite Perfection, and HE alone. All created beings derive their purity from HIM. Nothing is holy apart from HIM, for holiness is likeness to HIM. Excellence is a necessary attribute of HIM.

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\* Remember David and Nebuohadnezzar.

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Goodness is the indwelling of HIM. The character of God is thus exhibited in His word: "He is a God of truth, and without iniquity," "just and upright is He," and yet "His mercy endureth for ever." His eyes are so pure that "the heavens themselves are not clean in His sight," and yet "He maketh His sun to rise on the evil and the good; and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust." His justice is so inflexible that no

sin can pass unnoticed or unpunished, and yet He is long-suffering and patient, forgiving men their iniquities.

The law, which he has given for our guidance, is

“A transcript or HIS own eternal mind.”\*

Conscious of our infirmities, we exclaim, Such attributes may adorn Divinity; but can never belong to humanity. We complain that the standard is far too high—that man, who is of the dust, can never be invested with that which seems so entirely divine.

Foreseeing this difficulty, God has sent his Son into the world. He came not only to die for our sins, but to set us an example that we might walk in his steps. While we are told to “be followers of them who through faith and patience are now inheriting the promises,” we are to follow them only as they kept the path which their God had marked out. While they are acting according to the will of God, we may see in them the exhibition of those principles which are in accordance with the will of God. But sometimes even they wandered from the way of holiness.

The Eternal Logos was made flesh, and dwelt among us. He became man; and not merely man, but a poor man. He had not “where to lay his head.” “He who, being in the form of God, thought it not

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\* Cowper.

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robbery to be equal with God; made himself of no reputation, and took upon himself the form of a servant.” In the fashion of man, he displayed the same excellencies which were the brightest halo encircling his name when in heaven he reigned Supreme.

Omnipotence is contemptible compared with justice. Omnipresence is mean compared with that long-suffering which passes over the insults of creatures, with whose crimes that omnipresence acquaints its possessor. Omniscience is unworthy of a song compared with the glorious riches of His grace, wherein He hath abounded toward us in all wisdom and prudence.



Our High Priest, the great Example, did no sin, neither was guile found in his mouth. In him dwelt all the fulness of the Godhead. No quality, human or divine, that can truly adorn a being, is wanting in his long list of virtues. Boundless mercy was united to the sternest justice. Insulted Patience might in him have wielded the weapons of Omnipotence. His steadfastness was tested by the chill of penury and the scowl of his nation. When received with hosannas into Jerusalem, the Man of Sorrows turned not from his chosen path. Yet he was man as truly as he was God.

In the Scriptures we see him acting and hear him preaching, discern the principles which governed him, and may see their result in his habits. By reading we may become his intimate companion. "Can you walk with a man for months and not learn his gait? Can you be in close friendship, and not imbibe somewhat of his temper? Can you be his intimate companion, and remain uninfluenced by his excellencies?"\* Neither can you trace attentively the footsteps of our Saviour in the Gospels and not fall in some measure into his

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\* Todd's "Student's Manual."

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holy walk and conversation. Neither can you attentively listen to his words, and not imbibe somewhat of the same mild and holy spirit that ever breathed blessing for cursing. Neither can you make him your friend, the man of your counsel, and not in some measure be brought to live under the same high and hallowed principles that prompted every action, every word, every thought of Him who lived for God and died for man. Christ himself directs us to the word of truth that he proclaimed, as the means by which we may be made like unto him." Sanctify them by thy truth, thy *word* is truth." "Now are ye clean through the *word* that I have spoken unto you." Here, then, is a means by which you may assimilate your mind unto Him who is the standard of perfection. Your condemnation will be

great if that means return unto HIM without accomplishing its purpose. We are permitted not only to examine the will of God and thus be silent spectators of His perfections; He has invited us to come into His presence with all boldness, taught us to ask His protection in time of danger, and grace in the time of our need: He has declared Himself to be our Teacher, and has told us to ask Him for wisdom, with the assurance that He will upbraid us not. Are we in distress? He is the God of all consolation. Are we in despair? He is the God of hope. Do we fear our sins are too great to receive his pardon? He is the God of patience. Are we surrounded by enemies? He is our refuge. Are we perplexed in our souls? He is the God of peace. There is no situation in life in which we may not go to Him and get all our need supplied.

These are the direct advantages of prayer; we shall presently find another which of itself should often bring us to the mercy-seat of our God.

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We are at all times under the scrutinising eye of Jehovah; but when we withdraw from the busy, stormy world, shut ourselves up *alone* with the Father of Spirits, then we *feel* that He is at our right hand, that the Most High is fulfilling His promise of dwelling with them who are of a contrite heart, who tremble at His word; our souls look within, and find a Visitor full of love and full of power. In communion with his God, the Christian feels that his choicest affections are finding their centre in his God, that the darkness of his understanding is being illuminated by the radiance that circles the throne of God. The smile of his Father fills his soul with unspeakable delight. While transported with the present manifestations of love on the part of Him who only hath immortality, his mind is carried forward to the time when death shall loose his bonds, when, in "the city of our God, the heavenly Jerusalem," meeting "the general assembly and church of the first born whose names are written in heaven," and "God the

Judge of all,” and “the spirits of just men made perfect,” and “Jesus the mediator of the new covenant,” he shall enter on a state of everlasting and ever-increasing glory and happiness, enjoying the company of every creature that bears the image of God, and enjoying the favour of him to whom belong “blessing, and glory, and wisdom, and thanksgiving, and honour, and power, and might, for ever and for ever.” Heaven opens wide its pearly gates to admit the breathings of the exile, and sheds its glory on the suppliant.

In the exercise of prayer the truths derived from the Scripture are impressed indelibly upon our souls, or rather, they become, a part of our very being.

“The daily practice of prayer brings, the soul into the immediate presence of the infinitely perfect Being, under

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<sup>31</sup>  
circumstances most favourable for producing vivid and permanent impressions of his supreme moral excellence; for it is inconsistent with the nature of our mental faculties to be brought into frequent intercourse with God without an elevation of soul, in some degree corresponding with His character. Association with such a Being will necessarily influence the thoughts and feelings; and serious reflections on the majesty, omnipresence, and all-sufficiency of the Deity, cannot fail to produce such a remembrance of him as will habitually act on the temper of the mind.”\* Such sentiments as these are not the vain fancies of enthusiasts, but are exemplified in the experience of all who use the instrument aright. If you cannot look back upon your own history and attest the truth of these observations, you have let a vast power remain unworked; and for this neglect will have to render in your account.

\* “Manner of Prayer,” by W. Walford.

## CHAPTER II.

### APPROPRIATE INFLUENCE, CONTINUED.

“A MAN’S character is *known* by his companions:” not less true is it that a man’s character is *formed* by his companions. While thousands of immortal spirits shun the Great Source of all their blessedness, wander far away from Him who alone can form their characters’ aright; all, in obedience to a principle implanted in their minds by God, seek the society of kindred spirits. Mere acquaintances may be the result of circumstances, but we *choose* our friends, and consequently all the effects of such choice lie at our own door.

What a vast power does the mind exercise over itself by means of its friends! In acts of transgression the soul is emboldened to go on in impious daring by the cheers of its companions, or, chained by strong sympathy to its bosom friend, is thus hurried into the pit of destruction. I might illustrate this, by exhibiting the drunkard surrounded by his bosom companions, and heated with a debasing fire of sensuality by their Bacchanalian songs; or by unveiling scenes happily hidden from the gaze of the world; but the details are too revolting and too disgusting. The power of Influence is

here displayed in a manner so gross, that the very contemplation of it defiles the mind. “It is a shame to speak of those things which are done of them in secret.” Let me take an illustration, not at first sight so appalling and repelling, but really more painful to the Christian mind.

A young Christian, in all the warmth of his first love, impatient for communion with his brethren in adoption, just pouring out the streams of his newly-opened affec-

tions on the people of God, eagerly seizes an opportunity of entering into the friendship of a fellow-professor. In this friend the new convert reposes entire confidence, looks to him for direction in difficulties, and, feeling in his own mind intense desire after conformity to his Master's will, supposes that all who hold the Head must be equally concerned about growing up unto Him in all things. Just beginning the Christian life, he supposes that his more advanced brother must have attained more knowledge both of the will and love of God. Alas! his new friend is one to whom, without breach of charity, we might apply the words of Christ, "Thou art neither hot nor cold. Thou sayest I am rich, and increased in goods, and have need of nothing, and knowest not that that thou art wretched, miserable, poor, blind, naked." The young believer, full of life, vigour, and earnestness, is benumbed as with the touch of a torpedo. His impetuous zeal is broken in by hints at Pharisaical singularity. His ardour is cooled down with sage counsels of discretion. Such Laodicean profession are too common in our churches. Would to God we were the despised and hated beings we once were! O where are the marks of a true Christian we once possessed? We are no more honoured with the brand of the world. We are no more excluded from all *good* society, and looked down upon

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as the off scouring of all things for HIS name's sake. It would be a joyous time were Christians again calumniated, again called enthusiasts and fanatics. The persecution of other days is over; the marked distinction, the entire consecration, of primitive Christians has departed too. "Many," says Bolton, "give their names to profession, and so walk on plodding in the comfortless, unzealous forms of a frozen outside Christianity, even unto their dying day.

"These men mar and unsanctify themselves by making moderation in religion a saint; and adoring discretion as an idol. Moderation and discretion, truly so called, and rightly defined by the rules of God, are blessed and

beautifying ornaments to the best and most zealous Christians; but being tempered with coldness, and edged with their eagerness against forwardness and fervency of spirit which the apostle enjoins (Rom. xii. 11), become the very cut-throats to the power of godliness, and pestilent consumption of the spirit, heart, and life of true zeal.

“These fellows are most insolent and confident in their pharisaical brags, spiritual security, and hopes for heaven. They admire and applaud, with much self-estimation, their singular skill and rare felicity in pitching just upon the golden mean, as they conceive, between profaneness and preciseness,—infamous notoriousness and persecuted strictness.” Would to God this genus had become extinct. But we meet them as spots in our feasts of charity, we meet them in the world disgracing—

Nay, they are so like those who profess no religion, and own no God, that we are scarcely able to recognise their characters. Such are those to whom a young converti sometimes goes, asking the bread of life; they give

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a stone. Words fall me to express the feelings of my heart on this subject; but the history is soon told. The brilliance of the young Christian glimmers, his heat cools, his spirit faints. Laodicea! thou hast a colony in Britain.

Should he be so happy as to make a different selection, what blessed effects follow! His feeble efforts in the cause of Christ are directed and encouraged. When almost weary in well-doing his spirit is supported by the prayers and sympathy, incited by the noble triumphs, of his friend. His love becomes more steady, not less ardent. His mind is enriched by the treasures of his friend, obtained by a longer life of communication with God.

The elder brother, having been a long time member of the spiritual family, is enabled to testify to the newly-adopted son, the amazing love of their Heavenly Father,

in anticipating and supplying all His children's wants while journeying through this waste howling wilderness. Sweetly travelling on towards Jerusalem, they pass on from strength to strength till they both in Zion appear before God. There they will enter on a never-ending period of glorified communion, blessing in company their common Redeemer. How great is the influence exerted on one's own mind by the instrumentality of friends!

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## CHAPTER III.

### APPROPRIATE INFLUENCE.

THE one great principle I have been endeavouring to illustrate,—namely, that *association assimilates*.—admits of further application. Unaffected by aught that is material, spirits may hold converse though their clayey tabernacles are not contiguous. Even those that are dead yet speak. Souls, now rejoicing in the light and immediate presence of Infinite Wisdom, before they went to their home, shrined their earthly being in their works, that posterity might enjoy their society. The difference between the influence exerted by a book, and that exercised by a friend, is just this,—in the former case your mind only receives impressions, in the latter it produces others in return. Circumstances sometimes bind us to those whose temper, sentiments, and language, cannot but exercise an unfavourable influence over our mind. The choice of books is *entirely* at our own disposal. Therefore, for the selection we make, and the power we exert by them on our minds, we shall be the more heavily responsible. We are permitted to choose companions from a vast assembly of the mightiest minds that ever grappled error or reared a fane to truth. Milton waits to take your soul with his, through

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“heaven’s ever-during gates on golden hinges turning.” Newton stands prepared to expound the jurisprudence of systems, the laws that govern every orb and every ray. Locke, with his depth of intellect, Addison, with playful correction, Cowper with his unbending rigour, Young, with his sententious wisdom, and a host of others, who, like stars, shine dim because they roll afar, are willing to exert their utmost skill to form your mind.



If there are any who deserve to be enthroned in the hearts of mankind, they are those who have left an intellectual wealth to posterity; wealth the prodigal can never waste, the miser never hoard; wealth that enriches the soul in time, and which is not left with the body in the grave. Yes, and their memory will be enthroned on the gold which their own minds had dug from the deep mines of truth. If there are any who deserve to be the objects of universal affection, they are those who are now labouring, in spite of the combined opposition of the world and of a portion of the Christian—nay, blot the word—to liberate mind from ignorance and prejudice, to demolish all institutions that are Satan's strongholds, to spread the fear of the Lord, knowledge, and sweet liberty. Association with such, stirs on the mind to corresponding zeal, and impels to similar exertions. Why regret that circumstances exclude you from their society? Their minds are treasured in their works, and with them, through these, you may at all times hold communion. How heavy is the responsibility incurred by the possession of such a power!

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## CHAPTER IV.

### APPROPRIATE INFLUENCE.

IT is not uncommon to see a man struggling with difficulties which, like waves, sink only to give place to more overwhelming successors; and having almost sunk in the deep waters of misfortune, and smothered by the spray of calumny, at last planting his foot on the rock he had ever kept steadily in view, and upon which he had determined to stand. We see others, whom the Governor of all has surrounded with every advantage for gaining intellectual and moral excellence, living and dying as though knowledge had no worth, heavenly wisdom no excellence. They drowse away under that sun which might make their mental garden bear luxuriant fruit, or are palsied by dreaming in those dews which are the rich blessings of Heaven.

Not so with a mind really at work in the world. If in earnest about an object, man finds means, or else makes them. The strength, the decision, of the arm that wields the feeblest instruments gives them a double power. The man in earnest makes every, the minutest circumstance, a streamlet to swell the tide carrying him onward to the end of his course.

Europe owes the Reformation—and turn not away because it is so often told—to one who was surrounded

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by the most serious obstacles to the reception, much more to the diffusion, of truth. Depending for subsistence on the church of Rome, early filled with her dogmas, prejudiced in favour of her institutions, destitute of all human assistance, LUTHER burst upon the world as the sworn foe of Papacy. His voice sounded clear and unwavering, rising higher and yet higher above all the leers of friends and thunders of the Vati-

can, filling the earth with the note of alarm. His name struck terror in the souls of the enraged ecclesiastics, who saw the name of Luther written in all the crimes of the convents. The great trembled, and slunk from under his masculine eloquence. His call woke Liberty from her long sleep, and invited the nations to behold her beauties. Even now, the name of Luther binds us with a spell, and we stand in mute admiration of his mighty intellect, towering like the oak of a thousand storms; there may be a shade beneath, but we stand and behold its majesty from afar. Luther—that has been the watchword of the hosts of truth, and inspired many a soul with the love of liberty. It fires our zeal and provokes our labours.

Should this be all its effect? No. While contemplating the cloistered monk, with no system of divinity but the Bible, no teacher but the Spirit of God, no commentary but his own heart and the fearful corruptions around; standing alone, with no crutch, on the rock of eternal truth,—while we see him maintaining a contest with all those whom the world called great and wise,—we should remember that all this energy was the result of his own firmness of purpose, prompted and supported in no miraculous manner by the Spirit of God. He kept before him constantly, as the object of his life, THE DESTRUCTION OF PAPACY. He deter-

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 mined to rase the Vatican to the ground—to stun for ever, with one mighty blow, the Man of Sin. This object formed his mind. He strengthened the sinews of his soul, that his arm might be that of a giant. His eye scanned the whole stature of Romanism, that he might find the widest rent in its coat of mail. Sleeping and waking, Rome's destruction was uppermost in his soul. Never was Goth more inveterate, more uncompromising. He weighed the city's ransom in iron, not in gold, and had not many scruples. It is in your power to set before you an object for which to live, and in the pursuit of which to die. And if you would

live to any purpose, the object must be at once selected. Why is it that men live on idly, accomplishing nothing for God or for society, leaving their own minds chained to sensuality? Just because they have never thought of setting before them an object worthy of their powers, or because they wanted resolution to pursue it. Mark out, then, a line of conduct for yourself, and care not though it be a short path to Jordan which must be the end of all our ways. Let the sentiment of Paul be yours: "This ONE thing I do." Here is the secret of his success, Oh! let it not be written on your tombstone, "Here lies a man who never did an hour's work for God in all his life."\*

\* Gurnall.

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## CHAPTER V.

### APPROPRIATE INFLUENCE.

GOD is the centre of all truth. Acquaintance with the material universe should lead us to Him who created all its wonders, and who is now its mighty Preserver. Acquaintance with the history of mankind must produce admiration of the plans of Him who worketh all things after the counsel of His own will; who has developed on earth those designs that had been hidden in His bosom from all eternity. The science of mind naturally leads us to the study of the infinite, eternal, and holy Mind, whose perfections we adore, though we cannot comprehend. Truth, of whatever kind, if legitimately received, must conduct, and thus assimilate, the soul to God.

There are other instruments by which a man may form his mind, not expressly alluded to in the foregoing chapters; but I think all may be classed under some one of these divisions:—Communion with God; Intercourse with Man; Accumulation of Truth; all worked systematically and vigorously by steady—nay, enthusiastic—decision.

Some are placed in circumstances affording peculiar advantages for intellectual or moral improvement: such should measure their faithfulness by their privileges.

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Where God sows much seed, he will expect a more abundant harvest. Where *ten* talents are given, the faithful employment of five, or even of nine, will not suffice. God will justly expect, and strictly require, the good effects on your mind from every means of grace you may now enjoy—every valuable book you may now read—every faithful friend you may now secure—every

truth you may now possess. "It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God":—

“Though history, on her faded scrolls,  
Fragments of facts and wrecks of names enrolls,  
Time’s indefatigable fingers write  
Men’s meanest actions on their soul,  
In lines which not himself can blot.  
These the last day to light shall bring,  
Though through long centuries forgot,  
When hearts and sepulchres are brought to light.”

MONTGOMERY.

## CHAPTER VI.

### PERSONAL INFLUENCE.

“LOOK Nature through, 'tis revolution all;  
 All change, no death; day follows night, and night  
 The dying day; stars rise and set, and set and rise;  
 Earth takes the example. See the Summer gay,  
 With her green chaplet of ambrosial flowers,  
 Droops into pallid Autumn; Winter grey  
 Blows Autumn and his golden fruits away;  
 Then melts into the Spring—soft Spring, with breath  
 Favonian, from warm chambers or the south.  
 Recalls the first. All, to re-flourish, fades;  
 As, in a wheel, all sinks to re-ascend:  
 Emblems or man, who passes, not expires.”

YOUNG.

GOD is immortal. And as he creates in the image  
 of himself, all that he creates is immortal too. His  
 Word is

“A page  
 Which not the whole creation could produce;  
 Which not the conflagration shall destroy:  
 In nature's ruins not one letter lost.”

He has pronounced his works to be good; and since  
 He is the only standard of goodness, the productions  
 of His hand receive His image; nor can we suppose  
 that aught thus allied to Divinity can ever go out of

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 existence. All who tread the courts of heaven,  
 making its temple of purity echo with their songs,  
 beholding and adoring the unveiled glories of our  
 God, bathing in everlasting ecstasy, rejoicing in un-  
 failing love, feel that no limited duration can suffice

to fulfil the purpose of their creation—the glory of God; for,

“Oh, eternity’s too short  
To utter all His praise.”

Lost spirits, too, writhe as they remember they have sinned against an infinitely holy God, whose infinite justice can be satisfied only by an eternity of woe.

Matter, in all its forms, is eternal too. Though the heavens, being on fire, may be dissolved, and the elements melt with fervent heat, not a monad will be annihilated, no law repealed.

Man is immortal. His mind is no morning cloud, no early dew. His glorified spirit has Time for its starting post, Eternity for its race-course, Infinite Perfection for its goal. ETERNITY! Unmeaning word! “It is higher than heaven, what canst thou know?—deeper than hell, what canst thou do?” Ages, numerous as the drops of the ocean, increased by the sands over which they roll, form not the meanest decimal of man’s duration. Multiply these by every ray issuing from the sun, reflected by his planets, and darted from more distant spheres, nor stop till you have multiplied these by all the atoms of the spheres that strew the Milky Way, and let the sum be cycles. How much of eternity has flown? The minutest fraction is not yet attained.

Profitable as it may be to look at the link which thus unites to Divinity, let a fact less often considered now occupy your attention. EVERY IMPRESSION

PRODUCED ON MIND BY MIND IS IMMORTAL TOO.\*  
No act or property of mind can be circumscribed by Time. “I paint for eternity,” said an ancient artist; and though no stroke of his pencil can be discovered among the ruins and rubbish of his native city, his paintings still remain. And where? His favourite pursuit moulded his mind; and, dipped in the cold waters of Jordan, no power can change its



figure. It is fixed for ETERNITY. Perhaps, there was some young man amid the crowd of admirers that surrounded his favourite piece, whose mind was impelled, by the sight of the artist's skill, to devote himself to the same profession. Thus *his* mind was formed, and it, again, stamped its own image on unnumbered spirits that received it for EVER. Impressions were produced by the man who painted for eternity, which the river of bliss will but purify, the smoke of hell bring out more darkly. The painter has his wish—his productions are now invested with immortality.

Matter and mind are governed by unalterable laws. Man is not, therefore, irresponsible, since these laws are those to which he himself consents, to which he at no time makes any opposition. In fact, the law of his nature is to carry out all the inherent propensities of that nature; and since corrupt nature in its spirit is in all men the same, and, in its particular manifestations, not so very much diversified, we say, that mind is governed by fixed laws. And as well might we question the freedom of a brute, because hunger *compels* him to eat, as question the freedom of a mind because its own nature *compels* it to love one being and hate another.

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\* See Appendix.

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Satan *cannot* love, and is thus governed by the law of hatred to God and all, his creatures. Jehovah *cannot* lie, and thus the Omnipotent bows before the sceptre of truth. But is either robbed of what we usually called freedom? Commands, with annexed penalties, may restrain the manifestations of any particular feeling, but cannot in their nature control the mind itself. "The real law of any intelligent being is its own nature," whether that nature be corrupt or pure. Adam, before his fall, needed no moral table; for his own desires and delights, which to attain was and must be the prevailing

principle in every breast, guided him only in the paths of heavenly wisdom. He was not robbed of freedom. So depraved mind, though governed by laws as unalterable and certain as those that control the motions of the spheres, is FREE, and, therefore, not irresponsible for the impressions it receives or produces. I have been rather prolix on this point, but its importance will excuse me; the existence of these laws is indissolubly connected with man's responsibility for his influence on society. If responsibility exists, there is a code by which the mental universe is ruled: for, how could we be judged for producing ill effects if the random strokes of folly might be as useful as the best aimed efforts of wisdom?

We are oftentimes told, that sin has reduced the intellectual and moral universe to a state of anarchy; and that every century is but "confusion worse confounded." We have been led to the examination of the material universe, and its harmony has been dwelt upon with oratorical and poetic fervour. Having been told that every orb obeys the law of the great Creator, and having listened to the music of the spheres, the mind of man has been exhibited as

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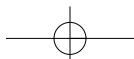
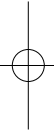
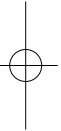
governed by no regulations, ruled by no fixed principles. Thus have we been taught that hell has really repealed what Pope has termed "Heaven's first law." A mighty victory, in truth, for the creature of hell, to gain over the King of Heaven?

I grant that the corrupt soul exults itself against. God, and thus isolates itself from His other creatures; but among the thousands of spirits thus afar from God, no disorder obtains. The rebellion of man was organised by the prince of darkness, and he leads on his hosts in person. By careful, habitual observation, and patient, untiring reflection, we shall be able to discover those principles on which individual and collective minds universally act. Thus may we ascertain the causes

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necessary to produce any mental result as accurately as the force required to overcome any physical resistance.



## CHAPTER VII.

### PERSONAL INFLUENCE.

THE amount of power possessed by any particular mind over others depends on their *relative condition*.

External circumstances give a force to many minds that they would never derive from any real excellence. Whatever we may assert concerning its propriety or impropriety, the fact that WEALTH gives power remains the same. He that can boast of his broad acres and noble mansions, or show his name on railway committees, and talk of his interest in the funds, has a power perfectly distinct from that which he may exert by the employment of his property. Any one at all conversant with human nature, must have observed that the actions and words of such a one are carefully noted, his opinions treated with respect,—in short, all in connexion with him seems, by the possession of the sordid dust, to be changed into solid gold, and worshipped accordingly. If to wealth is added RANK, a fresh amount of influence is gained. The baronet and the marquis, the earl and the duke, have satisfactorily answered the query, “What’s in a name?” Mankind have been so long accustomed to aristocratical sway—the ghost of feudal tyranny, with all its terror, but none of its graces—that nobility seems to possess the

energy of a spring-tide, carrying all before it. And if directly evil power is not exerted, the absence of an influence for good, in the great, is especially reprehensible. Neutral, neither they nor any can remain. Let them remember, that if the whole of their personal influence is not employed to smooth the path and speed on the car of truth, their titles and gold, their robes and coronets, their parks and mansions, are but so many ob-

structions in her path. CIVIL OFFICE gives additional weight to a man's doings, even when not acting in his official character. From the proudest sovereign to the meanest magistrate, I the mere possession of some kind of power over their fellows, produces, at the least, close, curious observation—oftentimes, fear and respect.

Various social relations give power to the superiors, even when their relative authority is not being exercised. With what closeness does the child imitate the minutest, action of its FATHER; regarding its dear parent with unlimited affection, placing in him entire confidence, considering him and his partner as its best friends, the source of all its good, and, consequently, the only beings it has to love and imitate. How perfect is the image oftentimes produced!

The TEACHER, too, is another whose office possesses an hereditary power, never sufficiently estimated. He is regarded as a walking lexicon, a living encyclopedia, an oracle in all matters pertaining to literature or morals; his actions are the standard of his pupils' virtue, and they think themselves perfectly justified in any conduct, if they can appeal to any precedent in their knowledge of *him*.

The PASTOR, *the student for ministry* and all who take any prominent part in spreading the gospel of truth, are intimately identified with the cause of Christ. Every

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action is most scrupulously examined by their weaker brethren and by those that are without. An innocent deed in a mere member is unworthy a Sabbath-school teacher; what is harmless in a teacher merits severe rebuke in a deacon, and what is pardonable in a deacon, is a death-blow to the pastor. I wait not to ask whether there is any propriety in this or not: such is the case, and had we the inclination (which I have not), we cannot alter it.

The power of this *personal* influence is seldom accurately considered, and, I may say, never fully estimated. Its immediate effects can scarcely be discovered by the

keenest eye, its more distant results can only be traced by the finger of Omniscience. To you who profess the name of Christ, I particularly address myself, and entreat you to examine the responsibility involved in your professions. You are indeed a spectacle to men and to angels. The light which has been communicated to you, displays to the world those feelings, which, in the dark, would never be discerned. Your life is regarded as an epitome of Christianity. The ungodly are told that they ought to forsake their evil ways, and to live upon the principles laid down in the word of God; and with reason, they look upon a Christian as a specimen of Gospel perfection, All his faults are scored to that system by which he professes to act. Those deeds, which, in the man of the world, would be passed over without notice, are keenly sought for in the character of the professor, and he is charged with hypocrisy and baseness if all his conduct does not prove him full of love to God and man. If his life is not one of unfeigned, constant benevolence, and spotless purity, his faith is de-  
apised, his master calumniated. And in this age of intellect, the absence of intelligence in a Christian is put down to his religion.

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If his mind is prejudiced against any particular science, especially if that science has any relation to his creed, Christians, at large, are branded as men of narrow minds, unsolicitous for the spread of the truth. Or, if those prejudices relate to political subjects, causing the man to advocate institutions and principles, considered by no few as destructive of the nation's liberty; and, if these prejudices lead them to oppose men whose aim it is to promote the interests of their countrymen, Christianity is denounced as the opposer of freedom. Not less danger is to be feared from conducting religious controversies in an improper spirit. The world has not the great proof of our being Christ's disciples if we love not one another. That system which induces so much bitterness among those who profess to

be its friends, has against it an *à priori* argument that it is not of God.

Still further, if professors do not thus hinder the progress of truth, but merely remain inactive, unconcerned about the mighty changes now passing in the political and intellectual world, floated on by the activity of others, like weeds by the tide, Christianity is said to render the mind weak and sluggish, to divest it of the love of truth, to extinguish the flame of patriotism.

These charges are, we know, entirely false; but, while we see the mass of Christians just answering the description we have given, motionless, and even opposing men whose property, talents, reputation, and health are being sacrificed at the altar of freedom, WHERE, WHERE, DOES THE FAULT LIE?

## CHAPTER VIII.

### PERSONAL INFLUENCE.

HAVING, then, glanced at the power communicated by external circumstances, let us now consider the influence gained by

#### INTRINSIC EXCELLENCE.

The rich, the great, the noble, alas! can find but little time for matters relating to eternity; let me, therefore, address you as possessing a treasure far more valuable than is contained in the whole domain of Mammon—as possessing a mind that may be filled with the eternal wealth of truth, that can attract the affection of kindred spirits, proprietors of an existence eternal as its own—and that can be trained NOW, by the sacred influences of the Spirit of God—to which can be communicated, NOW, attributes that form the brightest rays in the crown of Divinity. “Man is a higher name than president, or king.” If this sentiment of Channing’s were deeply graven in every mind, what a glorious day would it be for truth! The foolish reverence for wealth and nobility—the meaner case of the vile setting of a priceless gem, would soon disappear; and the mass of the people be prepared for the due appreciation of whatsoever things are true, are honest, are just, are pure, are lovely, are of good report.

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The most prevalent evil obtaining among *thinking* people is, the unmeasured admiration of those who have become wealthy in that which themselves are seeking—truth. The world of business, and the world of mind, present, in some points, an analogy that cannot but impress us with the idea that whatever be the pur-



suit of mind, the same laws govern it, though, of course, with various application. The man, whose meagre purse barely supplies the necessaries of life, is filled with an undefinable respect for him whose gold creates a fairy land around him; and the poor student, who has just secured a little possession in the unbounded territory of philosophy, who has only cleared a little spot, and is almost disheartened by the vast amount of toil yet necessary to secure the luxuries of high intellectual society, has a respect, a reverence (more reasonable, however, than the animal-like feeling of the world) for him whose advantages and application are seen in the well-cultivated estate of which the former cannot as yet discover the limits. This respect, which the thinking part of mankind entertain for those who rank high in intellectual attainments, is a leaven communicating itself to those who are, to all purpose, animal in their nature, so that even the unthinking feel an undefined reverence for such names as Locke, and Newton, and Milton. And though your name may be unrecorded on the rolls of fame, the very fact of your having reached the 53rd page of a book which presents only common truth—truth unadorned by the charms of a splendid diction or a fervent imagination, shows that your mind has a relish for something more serious, at any rate, than that which absorbs the attention of the volatile. While multitudes are finding a momentary delight in the harmonies of hellish syrens—a song, whose

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cadence shall be the abusive mockings of their destroyers, sung amidst the wrathful thunders of judgment, you are not disinclined to listen to the voice of one who feels somewhat of his own responsibility, and is endeavouring to lead his fellow-immortals to the consideration and immediate discharge of their duty.

Upon such grounds as these, I may conclude that you have begun, or are beginning, to accumulate intellectual wealth. You have, perhaps, found, by bitter experience, the vanity of earthly, carnal, sensual delights;

and are now in the pursuit of solid enjoyments. Forget not that intellectual wealth brings duty as well as pleasure. I have just referred to the weight of influence associated with the possession of gold, but this ill only on the lower attributes of thinking minds, who must, at heart, despise a rich fool. Knowledge, on the contrary, gives power over the judgment, ensuring rational respect, affecting all the higher faculties of intellect. This influence, being nobler in character, is more definite and important in its effects, and requires, therefore, the greater care.

The evil actions of those who are known to live only for pleasure, are ascribed to the impulse of the moment. Their opinions, on matters of importance, are not respected, since their companions are sure that their minds have never taken the trouble to weigh arguments, to settle principles, and calculate consequences. If, however, you think at all, depend upon it, the fact will soon be discovered, and your actions, words, plans, and creed, to its minutest article, will be attributed to fixed principles, good or bad, upon which your companions suppose your life is formed. There are numerous points which the mass of people believe or disbelieve, according to the society by which they may be surrounded.

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If they discover that one whom they know is accustomed to think more deeply than others, they will appeal, if possible, to him, in defence of every mistake or absurdity with which they may be charged.

## CHAPTER IX.

### PERSONAL INFLUENCE,

THE *nature of Influence must be cognate in its kind to that on which it acts.* To particularise: if we take the lowest order of influence with which we are acquainted—that exerted by matter—we find that on matter alone can it produce effects. If it touch mind at all, it is only because the mind it affects has become too much identified with its tenement of clay. When the soul is truly conscious of its dignity, rises to the full importance of its nature, feels the link that unites it to Divinity, how futile is the attempt to control its motions. It hails the dungeon as a grateful retirement, where, retired from the world, all its powers may be devoted to the contemplation of the Infinite and the Eternal. What rapid advances did John Bunyan make towards the Celestial City, when confined in Bedford gaol! How he spelled over, again and again, every word in his roll! So accurately did he examine the country betwixt earth and heaven, that he was able to make a map of its vales and hills, its wildernesses and sunny spots; to become acquainted with the enemies that infest the road, and the aids that are ready to help the pilgrim; the poisonous fruits that tempt his taste, and the antidotes by which their effects may be best

counteracted. What golden beams were those which lit up his countenance as he felt himself alone with the great, the holy God! What leapings of joy were there as he felt that bright and pure spirits disdained not to visit the dungeon's gloom, but came to make the prisoner rejoice, by assurances of Jehovah's favour and sacred sympathy with their own joys. Thus much can imprisonment do for a spirit that stays itself on God.

If malice is carried still further and the victim is crowned with open martyrdom, instead of being gnawed away by long, protracted, secret, tantalising cruelty, what holy serenity rests on the brow—what heavenly visions press before the eye, not of imagination, but of spiritual perception—what joy fills the heart at beholding the fiery cloud, kindly sent to give a quick transit to the place where the wicked cease from troubling, and the Weary are at rest. All the physical force of Omnipotence were not sufficient to change the purpose of that high-born soul, for it is sustained by a higher powers even the *spiritual might* of its Father. While the flames spend their rage on the clay, its unconscious owner is rejoicing, in the speedy consummation of its hopes, the change from s faith to sight, the fulness of joy, which is at the right hand of God for evermore.

And the principle holds true, and affects, even in the case of mind operating an mind., The generous soul finds its proper subject in one like itself, and turns with disgust from the sordid, over whom it would exert comparatively little power. The man whose passions rule his soul, may be governed, but not by the galling and argumentative system; it must be by the strong power of sympathy and love. The cool, hard reasoner, disdains the man who would seek to sway him by such means; he has no soul for such principles to act upon;

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the elaborate demonstration, the living exhibition of true principles, are the only means of getting at his will, and of thus influencing his life.

We have seen that the influence of wealth is on the lower faculties of mind, that affection works on affection, intellect on intellect; the highest kind of influence that we possess over our fellows, is that exerted by character on the *moral* qualities.

The glory of the human soul arises not from its being able to compass the heavens in its embrace; it lies not in the eternity of its existence, nor even in its power over beings as lofty in their nature, as eternal in their

duration. Man has only discovered the true source of his dignity, when he is conscious that he can receive the Spirit of the Godhead, exhibit in his own being the beauty of those principles, without which God would be only an omnipotent, omnipresent, eternal source of misery, and object of hate. To receive the Image of Divinity, the Spirit of the Most High! Dashed as is man's nature, its fragments tell its former grandeur. Like the broken columns and prostrated statues of some ancient temple, a mingled pile of rubbish and beauty, the attentive eye discerns an object of intense interest—the monument of decayed magnificence. Who can tell the honour that may encircle the name of Man? He may become not only the child of God by adoption, but indeed a son, by being made “partaker of the Divine nature.” It is humiliating in the last degree, to connect this thought with the moral aspect of the world, dead in trespasses and sins. Having bowed with shame, look up with assurance. All this mind must not be lost. A nature, of which so much can be said, derived its existence directly from Divinity, and it will not be utterly forsaken.

## CHAPTER X.

### PERSONAL INFLUENCE.

How is the regeneration to be accomplished? The object of the work is to re-build the fallen temple of man's greatness. The object of the restoration is to exalt the creature to that high standing whence it fell. It is to make the barren places fruitful, the desolate places to blossom as the rose. In short, it is to clear the blotted page on which Deity had written his attributes, and again to inscribe thereon **RIGHTEOUSNESS AND TRUE HOLINESS.**

How is this end to be attained? Inquire how the original purity was lost. It was the sensual obtaining the superiority over the spiritual. Purity was driven away by lust, which, when conceived, bringeth forth sin. The fleshly desires were arrayed against right and love, and they prevailed. To overcome the flesh, to purge the lust, to subdue the sensual, would be to enthrone right, to restore purity and love, to give to the spiritual its paternal throne. Exhibit before the eyes of the animalised man, the excellence of the spiritualised being; then, the dignity of all that is moral, the baseness of all that is material. Dissipate, by the rays of the Sun of Righteousness, the fumes of sense which hide the arch between man and divinity, time and eternity. Give him to understand

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his true nature, his real destiny. Let love once more assume her sceptre, and, possessing the virtue of the magnet, all will be orderly around.

Has this regeneration begun? It has. We may behold stars in the blackness, reminding us that there is a bright and joyous heaven beyond the funeral canopy, that shall one day burst upon us in a flood of splendour. The great principles, which cost the death of a God to

proclaim, have not wanted the might of a God to apply. Truth has embodied herself, has become flesh, that men who look no further than the flesh may see her beauties.

God does not impart His Spirit to a man, and immediately take him to glory, but permits the heavenly colonist to wander below that he may proclaim, by his words, and yet louder by his CHARACTER, the insignificance of wealth, rank, fame, and the grandeur of holiness, spirituality; the sincerity of his contempt for time, and the importance he attaches to eternity.

The *character*\* of his children is one of the most effective instruments Jehovah employs to bring mankind

\* It may not be amiss to make a passing remark on the etymology of this word character. It is derived from the Greek *χαρακτήρ*, a graver, a graving tool. Thus, then, your mind graves on all around, certain signs, not less eternal than the instrument that writes and the page on which they are written. It may be this character is in the hand of God, and then, if you are an obedient instrument, He traces with clearness His own image on the spirits of your minds. Perhaps it is in the hand of the devil; he will not fail to grave deep the symbols of his hellish lore on the minds of all with whom you are connected. Your character has been graving nearly twenty years, perhaps longer. Look over the pages on which you have been writing. Do not some of the sentences make you tremble? You have been writing your own history on the page of time, your whole soul in the book of spirits.

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to Himself. Men would be almost justified in disbelieving the preacher's descriptions of the efficacy of the principles he proclaimed, to change the heart, to reform the life, to re-model the whole man; were it not for a host in whom they may see the embodiment of what they hear. Selfishness, animal selfishness, seems to be the pervading spirit (for want of another term) of the human heart. It would not be able to conceive of beings, living with any other desire than the gratification of SELF, were it not proved by one of the stubborn demonstrations in the volume of fact. Observation cannot fail to persuade the worldly that there are men—fanatics they may be, but evincing the possession of the best balanced judgments;—enthusiasts they may be, but

acting upon the coolest deliberation;—madmen they may be, but, strange to say, able to detect the most subtle sophistry in the arguments of their adversaries;—men, by whatever epithet you may distinguish them, for they will invest any name with honour, who have dethroned the usurper Self, that had so long held the throne, and governed the kingdom God had prepared for Himself, and are now acting under the noblest principles of which humanity is capable.

Go on, ye princely heirs of immortality! On all those spirits within the boundaries of your influence, copy the truth Christ has inscribed on your heart! Let your *graver* write, till, on every mind, shall be inscribed that sweetest name of Deity—Love!

“Our God is Love;  
This, all His works and words combine to prove.  
That name is writ with worlds on fields of air;  
Look in a drop, you find it written there.”

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But in mind, this name shines clearest and brightest.

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All creation is but one instrument to write it on the soul.

Will this regeneration ever be universal? Let a prophet of the Most High reply: “I saw in the night visions, and behold one like the Son of Man came, with the clouds of heaven, and came to the Ancient of Days; and they brought him near before him, and there was given him dominion, and glory, and kingdom, that all people, and nations, and languages should serve him.” I do believe, and glory in my belief, that the time shall come, when every man on earth shall feel that he is a spirit with powers that admit and demand eternal expansion, shall feel his wealth in possessing a nature so cognate to Divinity, that on it may be written the image of God, shall love to hold communication with the Holy One, and thus seek assimilation to the good Spirit. I do rejoice in the prospect of a time, when this world, whose prospects appear blasted by sin,—when this



world, the head quarters of Satan,—this world, give me a phrase that shall denote the spoiled work of Deity,—shall be a clear epistle, in which angels, and the principalities and powers in high places, may read the wondrous of the wisdom, and the power, the justice, and the love of God. You profess to be the disciple of Christ, by whose truth and Spirit the present blackness is to be rolled away. Ponder your responsibility. Although thousands see no beauty in holiness, they can detect the veriest speck on the white garments of the saints. Vileness seems to have so much affinity for all that is vile, that it fixes on the minutest grain of alloy, though in a vessel with the purest gold. Do you wear the costume of a soldier of Christ? and think you not, that the armies of Satan will soon discover, if you ever and anon make a thrust at your own standard?

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Walk worthy the name you bear. Let your intrinsic moral excellence testify the truth of all those principles you have adopted. Let not your deed belie your creed, and the world shall not be able to gainsay you.

## CHAPTER XI.

### PERSONAL INFLUENCE.

As I have before referred to the vast amount of mischief effected by a cold church-member, but little will suffice on the subject which occupies this chapter—Personal influence as connected with the church. I may, however, draw your attention to the interrogation of Paul, “Know ye not that a little leaven leaveneth the whole lump?” If you are cold, unzealous, unlovely, un-Christ-like, the harm you are doing cannot be measured. Instead of being a sun, cheering and warming your brethren, you will be a mass of ice, not only making a frigid atmosphere round your own heart, but, should the fire of zeal be kindled near, melting only to extinguish it. If you value spirituality in the church, remember that its spirituality depends upon *you*. Shall leanness happen to the body of Christ because you refuse to perform your functions? Shall the enemy be admitted into the city because *you* are sleeping at your post? Shall the hosts of Israel be turned away backward, because *you* are not armed with the whole armour of God, and are slothful in the contest? Nay, nay, let it Dot be so!

If associated with a church of burning spirits, let your flame make theirs still brighter. If, unhappily, you are

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surrounded by sleepers let your life be—“A wake, thou that sleepest!” Stand up, the living among the dead, and prophesy upon the bones. Catch the fire of heaven, and kindle in every heart the flame of love and seraphic zeal. If you are now walking in all the commandments of God blameless, remember that your brethren are not slow in discovering sterling worth. Your decisions will be respected and your example upheld. I do not say

this to the careless all a motive for holiness—there must be a higher principle; but to awaken in the breasts of those whom the church delights to honour, yet more solicitude for consistency in their walk with God, Remember that your Judgment in spiritual matters will have peculiar weight, and if any evil principles are incipiently manifested in your walk and conversation, less scrupulous brethren will not blush to underrate their own guilt in carrying these principles to their full length by appealing to your example. “Wherefore, take unto you the whole armour of God.”

## CHAPTER XII.

### ACTIVE INFLUENCE.

HAVING considered the power a mind possesses to mould itself, and thus to mould its destiny—for its portion, its eternal condition, is inseparable from its nature—and having shown something of the energy put forth by that which we have called personal influence; we now come to the consideration of that which, I doubt not, you have before expected, and which, I fear, has been somewhat anticipated;—the power possessed by an individual to form the mould for that mind he has already melted by the warmth of his affections, to give a tone to the members of his family, to direct the energies of his companions, to infuse a spirit good or evil into the community of which he is a member, to raise or prostrate the mind of society, to extend or circumscribe the liberties of his country, to impede or urge on that gospel whose saving power shall one day be felt wherever man hath planted foot—whose principles, the very essentials of Divinity, shall be universally applied by the might of Divinity.

It is not my intention to address, separately, the various classes who possess peculiar means of promoting the glory of God, as the student, the father, the brother, the teacher, but to endeavour to exhibit the

work that has to be accomplished on the mind of society, leaving your own conscience to decide how much you can effect, and the warmth of your zeal to gather fresh force, and strive with redoubled vigour.

This is a solemn subject. In the name of the Most High, the Eternal, I address you as spirits bound with the strongest ties of affection and duty, to serve the Father of your Being. I address you as spirits,

travelling in a road that leads some to everlasting happiness, others to everlasting woe. I address you as one who will have to give an account to the Judge of all the earth, for the impressions I am now producing on your soul. I address you as spirits who will have to render an account to Him, whose I am and whom I serve, of the influence exerted on you by the perusal of this work, and whose eternal destiny will be affected by what I here advance. And may the God of wisdom assist me to display truth, to point out duty, to present motives, to awake the sleepers, quicken the slothful, rouse the careless, direct the active, cheer the labouring, to promote the good of the church, the glory of its Head!

The great change, the final consummation, whose general features should direct, and whose coming certainty should encourage all our labours in the cause of Christ, will involve an INTELLECTUAL, a POLITICAL, and a MORAL change. If, therefore, you are a soldier of the cross, your efforts should be directed against all systems which in any way protect, all opinions which in any way support, all principles which in any way diffuse, *Ignorance, Tyranny, Impiety.*

Let us then reconnoitre. Let us discover the strength of our foes, the extent of their resources. Safe in the panoply of truth, let us advance boldly to the fortifi-

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cations of error. Triumph is certain; wherefore," lift up the hands that hang down, strengthen the feeble knees." To drop the figure. What is ignorance? Foster answers, intellectual "death—and death without his dance." Think of a world in which the sun is ever totally eclipsed,—a world covered with everlasting snows,—from which the sweet songsters of the grove are banished,—a world which never laughed with the blooming spring, and never languished in the embrace of summer, was never satisfied with the gifts of autumn,—in which winter holds court, with nothing save the coruscations of passion, like the fiery meteors of the

north, to make his icy throne. and snowy diadems sparkle. This is a world unlit by the beams of Truth.

It is a fearful contrast to place together the minds of Locke, Newton, Herschel, Socrates, Cæsar, Napoleon, and the mass of mind, lying fallow around, or only producing weeds of the rankest growth. Look at that mind spanning the heavens, dividing the atom, riding on the storm, piercing the hills, and then, if after such a blaze thine eye can see at all, look at the millions on whom the light of science never shined, who know absolutely nothing of that which forms the paradise, the world of the student.

The mind which knows not the delights of knowledge is a being possessing faculties which, if awakened, would demand an object *it* could never supply. That spirit, if it for once caught sight of the beauties of philosophy, would never rest till all its pantings were satisfied. But, alas! it is outer darkness which fills the soul; it does not discern those glories it might participate, and, consequently, lives on, forgetful of its highest joys, and seeking pleasure in the gratification of appetites it shares in common with the brute! Look

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at the drunkard! What a spectacle! The man, the spirit, his true nature, is lost in the animal. He is a being below the meanest creatures of instinct, for they have never had a mind to spoil, and that power which is the highest part of their nature, they implicitly obey. And the world is filled with such monsters as these. Satan, himself, pays homage to the wisdom of the Most High, in the craft he employs to defeat His purposes; and to His holiness, in the assiduity with which he diffuses principles of sin; but the drunkard lives in a world in which Omnipresence has no being. There are thousands who live on, without bestowing one care to polish the precious jewel, THOUGHT, who do not so openly manifest their neglect. They do not dash it on the stones, but let it lie in the earth, unheeded and forgotten. They roll themselves up like the dormouse,

and sleep on in one eternal winter. This is, indeed, burying mind in the earth, leaving it to rust, till the time of account, and then what will be the answer of the idlers? Tell me not of the long catalogue of names who have vindicated their rights, as free-born spirits, to enter the temple of Wisdom. What need were there of picking out these worthies if one tithe of the human family had entertained a single truth with regard to their own nature and destiny? If some heavenly visitor were to light on this sphere, who had not looked on its beauties since he joined in the song of the morning stars, and hailed the birth of a new child of Deity, with powers superior even to the might of those beings that bow with delight before the throne, he would ask, not for the list of those who had felt their mind, but would take wing, as to behold some wondrous spectacle, when told that there lived a man who had forgotten his immortality, disregarded his spirituality, and worshipped

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his animal nature. Speaking of the last century, Foster says, "When we look at the shining wits, poets, and philosophers of that age, they appear like gaudy flowers growing in a putrid marsh." Nor did the writers of that age pay any regard to the mass of mind uncultivated, materialised. "In the calculation of their literary ambition, it was a thing of course, that the people went for nothing. It is apparent in allusions to the people, occurring in these very works, that, 'the lower sort,' 'the vulgar herd,' 'the canaille,' 'the many-headed beast,' 'the million,' (and even these designations meant something short of the lowest classes of all,) were no more thought of in any relation to a state of cultivated intelligence, than Turks or Tartars. The readers are habitually recognised as a kind of select community, conversed with on topics and in a language with which the vulgar have nothing at all to do,—a converse more gratifying on that account. And any casual allusions to the bulk of the people, are expressed in phrases unaffectedly implying, that they are a herd of beings

existing on quite other terms, and for essentially other ends, than we, fine writers, and you, our admiring readers.”

This exclusive spirit, which caused Foster so much grief, is now passing away, or its entertainers feel that the garb of monopoly is out of fashion, and never wear it abroad, keeping it for special occasions, in which, like monkeys at a masquerade, they can display the ancient costume without fear of animadversion. But, though the serpent of iniquity has cast the skin of exclusiveness, it is now clothed in one, if possible, more frightful. One plan of Satan having been unmasked, his inventive genius has not been slow in devising another, which his ever-submissive adherents have cordially received and are assiduously working.

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If the waters of instruction must flow among the people, he has taken care to open the well of bigotry near every healing fount, corrupting those streams, which, if pure, would confer blessings on all around.



## CHAPTER XIII.

### ACTIVE INFLUENCE.

TRUTH! stand aside, and let us see thine adversary. Here comes Bigotry with all his motley host. Priests, with sanctimonious drawl, lulling the mind to sleep, and casting their vestments betwixt it and the glorious sun; orators, with high-sounding phrases, gulling the minds of their audience, a company of slaves, with strange compliments on their freedom; teachers, casting contempt upon the holy, and exciting ridicule against those whose minds are filled with the love of God, and whose bodies and property are wasting in their labour on behalf of man. Then, what a Clew behind! Blind men railing loudly at those whose eyes receive the radiance of noonday, and whose hearts adore Him who calls himself "Light;" those who are enervated by disease, pouring invective upon those who have tasted the leaves which are for the healing of the nations, and are now rejoicing in the vigour of health; lame men, exulting in their superiority over those whose limbs are perfect, and who are treading with delight the ways of truth and liberty; slaves, hallowing their manacles, adoring their tyrants. Illustrating ignorance, by describing a people perishing with famine, Foster says, "It has seemed

a mournful thing to behold, in contemplation, the multitude of lifeless forms occupying in silence the same abodes in which they had lived, or scattered upon the gardens, fields, and roads, and then to see the countenances of the beings yet languishing in life, looking despair, and impressed with the signs of approaching death. We have even sometimes had the vivid and horrid picture offered to our imagination, of

a number of human creatures, shut up by their fellow-mortals in some stronghold, under an entire privation of sustenance; and presenting each day their imploring, or infuriated, or grimly sullen, or more calmly woeful countenances, at the iron and impregnable grates; each succeeding day more haggard, more perfect in the image of despair; and after awhile appearing each day one fewer, till at last all have sunk." Should less pity be awakened by spiritual famine? We need language more significant, imagery more touching, spectacles more soul-harrowing, if we would shadow forth the miserable condition of those who, asking for bread, receive a stone, and are unconscious of the deception. Oh! what blackness reigns on minds that should be expanding under the beams of Truth!

The remedy is natural. Darkness will flee at the approach of light. If your minds are the fountains of light, the dark zenith will become bright; you will soon be surrounded with planets receiving and reflecting your beams; the night shall be illumined—not with the glaring, flickering, vanishing dartings of fierce and excited passion—but the steady, mild beams of genial constellations. Let light be shed abroad: you will gain, not lose, by diffusion. Then shall the glorious day draw near when ignorance of God's works shall

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give place to intelligent adoration of His wisdom and power; the gross darkness of the spiritual shall be as the remembrance of night at noonday. No more shall mankind point out the names of philosophers and sages, as though they were curious importations from another sphere, in which they had enjoyed advantages superior to those which the family of earth possess. And this, not because men will be insensible to the claims of science, unaffected by the brilliance of genius; but Nature's aristocracy shall be multiplied, and the crowns and stars shall be for them, who shall have demolished those artificial distinctions by which the chains of error

PROOF-READING DRAFT

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have been strengthened; those whose might rolled  
back the stone from the mouth of the grave, and bid  
the captive nations live. Shall these honours be yours?

## CHAPTER XIV.

### ACTIVE INFLUENCE.

THE change which we anticipate will be POLITICAL. All men are brethren; all possessing minds similar in their powers, forming communities for mutual benefit, all contributing to the safety of the commonwealth, it would seem to be a principle pervading the whole mass of society, that all its members should enjoy equal privileges so long as they conform to the laws on which that society is constituted. By equal political rights I mean, such as the following:—equal share in the government of the commonwealth, secured by whatever regulations may be necessary; equal protection of personal property, reputation, and life; equal facility in appealing to the laws made by common consent when those laws are violated; toleration, nay, the right of all to vindicate and diffuse principles, either of political economy, science, or religion.

“If a man saw, in a field of corn, a flock of pigeons, all of whom, save one, were engaged, not in choosing for themselves the best food, but the worst, and reserving the best for that single pigeon, the weakest, and perhaps the worst of the flock; and if, while that single pigeon were devouring or wasting at pleasure, he should see, when another hungry and hardy pigeon touched a

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grain of the hoard, all the other pigeons fly on the intruder and peck it to death, he would see no more than what is every day practised among men.” This is philosophy, but it lost the philosopher a mitre.\* I do not instance this with the express purpose of opposing a monarchical government just now; though, perhaps, a little thought on this subject may not be unprofitable to my readers; but I do say, that any

artificial distinctions that cause a nation to present a spectacle which, in the lower creation, we should esteem the manifestation of consummate folly, must cease before mind can possess its full dignity,—truth and happiness be universal.

I cannot find one secondary cause which has so fast riveted on mankind the chains of ignorance, and so long preserved the clouds of superstition—has so long stunted the intellect of individuals, and dwarfed the mind of society, or warped its powers from their high intent—which has kindled so many evil passions, and produced so many dire calamities—physical, mental, and moral—as that monster evil,

**“CLASS LEGISLATION.”**

Whence have arisen those terrible wars, from the very recital of which, the mind of humanity turns with a shudder? Nations have been thought playthings for the powerful (those children of a larger growth) to contend for, and then destroy. Men have been regarded as pleasing automata, to perform strange evolutions at the pleasure of one who is a proficient in the arts of hell; or to crush their fellows, that on

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\* King George had this passage in mind, when, on being asked to make Paley a bishop, he replied, “What, what, pigeon Paley? No, no.”

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 their blood he may be flooded onwards to glory! The ambitious general, with the political power Class Legislation may give him, can ferment the angry passions of rulers (not servants), turn them mad about a nation’s honour, and then congratulate himself on his skill, as he receives the laurel of successful warfare, with the more solid proofs of a nation’s gratitude. The crafty statesman, feeling how obnoxious his home measures must become, if fully understood, has not unfrequently drenched the nation with strong potations of blood, making it forgetful of internal ruin, by anxiety to effect external destruction.

The minds of a *people* accustomed to exercise political power, become too sagacious to be anxious for war, which they know will result in the aggrandisement of a few; the blighted hopes of families; the almost incalculable expense of the nation; the neglect of home administration.

“ONE speaks—and lo!

Up springs internal War, and stalks abroad;  
Unrolls his blood-red banner in the wind,  
And, in the groan of widowed natinos, hails  
The music of his fame.”

But I fancy I hear some foe to freedom asking: “Have not the *people* themselves hailed with delight the news of a fresh war, watched it progress with intense, untiring application, and evinced unequivocal signs of excessive joy, when the decisive victory of some chieftain was proclaimed?” I reply, Yes, they have; and this is a ground for opposing Class Legislation. Had the people the exercise of their rights, the continual contests in the Legislature would be sufficient to attract and maintain their attention. Intelligent political feelings would assume the place of blindness

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and deadness to matters of the highest moment. As it is, any affair which comes to the level of their capacity, any subject which will afford strong animal excitement, absorbs their interest; and therefore is it they hail a new war, for it is the excitement they have long wanted; and therefore is it they crown the successful chieftain. They can sympathise with the low, unworthy love of physical prowess; but intellectual strength appears to them a strange thing. Be it known, that the nation is the “people’s university.”\* If the mind of England had to remain in its present state, or, perhaps, I should rather say, in the state in which it was ten years since, the partisans of Class Legislation need not fear the extension of political privileges to the whole nation. But full well they

know that the men who might now be bribed or deceived, would, in the possession of their rights, soon regard them as too valuable to be either sold or misapplied.

We well know that self is the god of all men in their unregenerate state; nor can we wonder that those who possess certain facilities licensed by law, or, at any rate, without any punishment in that law, for increasing their own wealth, and making large provisions for their families, should avail themselves of their advantages, leaving the commonwealth that is so simple as to permit the appropriation, to do its best.

What a spirit does this Class Legislation engender in the minds of the people! Unused to control their temporal concerns, they are apt to look up for their intellectual and spiritual guidance to their kind masters, who are ever ready to afford them aid. Or, what is

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\* Channing.

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still worse, they sink down into a dead stupor about all political affairs, and the deadness soon extends to all parts of the mind. The hereditary unconcern and instinct of thousands is the fruit of Class Legislation. Slavery of mind is induced by slavery in government.

## CHAPTER XV.

### ACTIVE INFLUENCE.

ONE of the most hideous of the prolific progeny of class legislation is PRIESTCRAFT.\* This system has existed in all countries where exclusive politics have prevailed; in proportion to the political weakness of the people, has always been the power of the priests. Indeed, the priests have been those who riveted the chains, while their masters have driven the gangs. The Pharaohs found their power no inconsiderable instrument to keep their kingdom in submission by a continual pressure on the people's soul of all the mummery and laws of the priests' mysticism. The kings of Babylon were not insensible to the strength of the Chaldees, astrologers, priests. Pagan Rome beheld her Pontifex and Emperor united. Who can wonder that he should sway earth at will, who not only had the physical force of armies and the intellectual power of philosophers at his disposal, but could bring down on his subjects the wrath of Jove.

We need not refer to the priestly power of the dark

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\* If my readers would see a full statement and clear exhibition of the mischievous effects of priestcraft, let them read Howitt's "History of Priestcraft."

ages, its abominations are too well known to need relation here. Let it suffice to say that although the army of archbishops, cardinals, and priests professed no allegiance to monarchs, but to the pope; crafty kings knew that the whole system was one that kept the soul down, withered liberty, destroyed the spring of the spirit, while foolish kings were themselves under the power of the priests, and, knowing their influence over their own souls, were not slow in turning it to their advantage by



affecting their subjects with the same principles. So-called Protestant states are not backward in employing a priesthood when it suits their purpose.

To trace the cause of the influence which the priest possesses is not at all difficult. In the Romish church, he stands up as the plenipotentiary of Divinity, cutting off the unfortunate heretic from all the privileges of the church on earth or heaven, or threatening to cast a heap of fuel on his purgatorial fire. And in nations where the priests profess the possession of so little power as only to assert themselves the sole ministers of God,—the only fountains from which can flow the true baptismal stream to float the soul to heaven,—the only men who have the right to cry, Peace, peace, to a soul on the edge of hell, by saying, “In the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, I absolve thee from thy sins,”—and to comfort the souls of those who are writing their own condemnation in the most fearful crimes, by committing their leader to the grave with the sure and certain hope of a blessed resurrection;—if *this* is *all* the power they profess to possess, there must be something more than a nominal influence where their statements are believed, and transmitted with worthy care from father to son, through all generations.

The admission of claims like these cannot fail of pro-

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ducing next to adoration for his reverence; cannot fail of hushing all inquiry, and crushing all independence—a result for which the despot devoutly prays.

Look through the history of Europe, and ask who have opened the deadliest sluices of the hearts which have poured forth the most hellish streams. Ask who have drawn the sword that has shed the choicest blood. Ask who made a high road from the remotest parts of Europe into the centre of Asia Minor, with bones bleaching in the sun, and cursing all the countries through which that road passed with more evils than the pestilential vapours of sepulchres, and at last plunged the dagger of cruelty into the breasts of unof-

fending and more generous thousands. Methinks the souls in Hades cry, THE PRIESTS.

Ask who have lit the faggots of unrelenting cruelty; shed the blood of men who feared not to vindicate their sincerity with their lives, and to offer their bodies a sacrifice to the freedom of their souls. Who have thus destroyed men whose firmness and nobleness gemmed our nature? Swine whose gross nature appreciated not their excellence, and those swine were THE PRIESTS.

Ask, again, who brought on the dark night of the middle ages, blocking up every window in the temple of humanity, and filling every crevice through which a ray of truth might pass to enlighten man on the subject most momentous to himself,—his own nature and destiny, thus sinking him to the animal, thus depriving him of the knowledge of principles which, abiding in his soul, make him soar upward and assert his freedom. The vespers of that night were sung by the PRIESTS and in it they celebrated their most revolting orgies.

Let a religion be what it may, as soon as it is associ-

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ated with a band of PRIESTS, it loses its purity and its dignity, and thenceforth becomes a fit instrument for tyrants to employ in strengthening their sway. While such a body exists, and is under the power of those who rule the destinies of nations, who does not see that the Prince of Peace, of Light, and Liberty, can never reign?

Priestcraft, and all craft which enslaves the minds and hearts of men, must be overthrown before the latter-day glory can appear, and mankind recognise each other as brethren, equal in privilege, if not in possessions.

And how is all this to be accomplished? What system is that which founds liberty on its true and only base, diffuses the love of freedom, and inspires hatred to all institutions which in any way circumscribe the rights of our common humanity, levelling all men by pointing

all to the vast difference which obtains between every child of Adam and the High and Lofty One who inhabiteth eternity, who has given us a beauteous earth, fruits and delights for all as much as for one? It is that system embraced by a band of men, despised and calumniated by the world, but rich in spiritual wealth, ennobled by Divine honours, and now standing among the aristocracy of heaven. "The difference between the greatest and meanest of mankind seemed to vanish, when compared with the boundless interval which separated the whole race from Him on whom their eyes were constantly fixed. They recognised no title to superiority but His favour; and, confident of that favour, they despised all the accomplishments and all the dignities of the world. If they were unacquainted with the works of philosophers and poets, they were deeply read in the Oracles of God. If their name

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were not found in the registers of heralds, they felt assured that they were recorded in the Book of Life. If their steps were not accompanied by a splendid train of menials, legions of ministering angels had charge over them. Their palaces were houses not made with hands; their diadems crowns of glory, which should never fade away! On the rich and the eloquent, on nobles and priests, they looked down with contempt; for they esteemed themselves rich in a more precious treasure, and eloquent in a more sublime language,—nobles by the right of an earlier creation, and priests by the imposition of a mightier hand."\*

Puritans! your name shall be hallowed while liberty is dear to MAN, and freedom of thought is prized by the CHRISTIAN. Till sensuality, avarice, ambition, become virtues, your age shall be looked on as one of the sunny spots in the history of the world—an age when the carnal saw the dignity of the spiritual, when men might look on the embodiment of those principles which shall one day triumph over all opposition. While moral courage shall be respected, decision for God be ac-

counted honourable; while devotedness to Him, and contempt of the world, shall be regarded as the marks of high Christian character; while God's children bear the image of their Father, and God himself continues the God of truth, of holiness, and love; your reputation shall be defended, your deeds shall be shrined in our grateful hearts, and we will not cease to thank God for having sent you as the day-star to a glorious rising. Oh, that your spirit had fallen with your mantle! Let Christians act worthy their fathers, and class legislation shall be no more, priests shall quake, and the throne of tyrants be overthrown.

\* Edinburgh Review.

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Here is an end to be accomplished: and while I say that the mighty agent, Christianity, is destined to effect the change, let it be understood that I mean,—Men acting from Christian principle must employ political means, if they would reach a political end.

## CHAPTER XVI.

### ACTIVE INFLUENCE.

I MUST here notice a doctrine which is ever being advocated by well-meaning brethren, who respect the honour of Christianity, and are devotedly attached to our common Saviour, but who, nevertheless, do considerable injury to their cause, by defending the absurd notion, that a Christian has nothing to do with politics. They sympathise warmly with the distress around them, and do all they can in its alleviation; they are indignant at the remembrance of the physical force used in past ages, to restrict the expression of religious opinion, and would not shrink from giving themselves to the stake, as a sacrifice to their principles; and yet, although the distress is in a great measure caused by evil *political* arrangements, and, though this persecution was the fruit of *political* principles, not now purged from our constitution, they often ask the question, "What has a Christian to do with politics?" I answer, that God has committed to men, as individuals, certain natural rights, and that no social organisation can deprive them of these rights, for it is their imperative duty to employ them in His service. And if the arrangements of the state in which the Christian may happen to live, inter-

fere with the exercise of these inalienable rights, and thus interfere with the promotion of that object which is the end of his being, he is bound by all the obligations that restrain him to live for God, to attempt the removal of such arrangements; and thus *has the Christian to do with politics.*

I answer, that if principles which prevent the development of man's noblest powers, are regarded as truth, or at any rate expediency, by those who have power

in the nation; and if, by these principles, they make laws stunting the growth of intellect, restraining the expansion of the affections, darkening the people by ignorance, and infixing pernicious prejudices; thus depreciating the talent KIND, lessening the power of INFLUENCE, rendering men sensual, vicious, material, instead of noble, virtuous, spiritual; then the man of God is false to his trust, if he do not expose those principles, strive to annul those laws: and thus HAS THE CHRISTIAN TO DO WITH POLITICS.

I answer, that if there be an institution in his country, founded on injustice, continued by violence; the unceasing cause of commotion and evil passions; enriching drones. at the expense of the industrious; with a vast number of servants and lavish expenditure, with no possible benefit; he is a participator in the injustice, he is a fellow-worker in the violence, if his voice is not raised with decision and constancy to expose its evils, and if ALL his power is not employed to effect its overthrow; thus HAS A CHRISTIAN TO DO WITH POLITICS.

I answer, that if there be in his country an institution united to the State; whose coffers are filled with the nation's gold, and whose servants are invested with the nation's honours, rendering the glorious gospel by which life and immortality are brought to light, an instrument

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to minister to covetousness and ambition; if there be a political institution calling itself the Church of Christ, having its base laid in blood, its column formed of rapine, to support the image of Antichrist,—provoking the careless to abhor the name of Christianity, and fomenting strife among the members of the true church;—and, while professing to declare the truth of God, uttering doctrines which cramp the immortal soul, destroy the spirit of humble inquiry, lead men to be satisfied with that religion which consists in idle forms and ridiculous ceremonies, instead of the piety which has its root in the heart, and bears the heavenly fruit of righteousness; blighting vital godliness, and nourishing

an impious formality; robbing Christ of his honour as sole Head of his church, and placing His crown on the head of a weak, perhaps wicked mortal; deceiving souls on earth, and damning them in hell;—if such be a political establishment, then HAS A CHRISTIAN TO DO WITH POLITICS.\*

Christianity is formed of no abstract principles, too subtle to affect time and temporal concerns. It consists not of principles too pure to be plunged into the depths of human corruption. It shrinks not with affectation from man's filthiest garb. Its advocates are not too tender to tread on aught save golden streets, or heavenly ways, strewn with the thornless roses of another world. No! Christianity seizes on time, and, through it, affects eternity. It plunges into, and purities, the whole ocean of human guilt. It has a balm for every human woe. It strengthens a man to combat spiritual wickedness, though in high places; bids him pursue and destroy error, though it should take refuge

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\* See Appendix.

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at the sanctuary of POLITICS. Christianity knows of no distinction between systems, save the broad line of demarcation between right and wrong. It fears to violate no refuge, save that which itself gives to the returning wanderer in its own bosom.

Thanks to the consummate impertinence of our foes, Christians are beginning to discover their mistake, in trusting the affairs of a mighty nation to men devoid of all principle but that of self-love; destitute of all consistency of character except that which is conferred by seeking wealth and power, "through evil and through good report."

I envy not the mind which is so filled with the importance of spiritual matters, as to see no attraction in the promotion of the good of millions, by extending their freedom. I envy not the mind that can so abstract the spiritual from the material, as to preach the gospel to

thousands suffering misery, famine, injustice, without giving a thought to the employment of means for alleviating their misery, terminating their bondage. Philanthropy is the dearest friend to the love of God. Absence of that leaves a blank in the Christian's character, on which the world will assuredly write, that which I dare not repeat.—Trace the great advances which have been made in modern times, on behalf of liberty, and will you not be able to find that the source of their freedom of thought has been in the word of God? Are not its principles THE principles of freedom? This is the means by which the nations shall be liberated; then shall earth no longer mourn the tyrants which burden its bosom, and heaven shall rejoice that on the brethren of just men made perfect, is conferred the birthright of humanity, FREEDOM.



## CHAPTER XVII.

### ACTIVE INFLUENCE.

THESE changes will only be subservient to one yet more affecting the interests of man, being especially connected—not so much with his state as a *rational* creature, though by it his intellectual condition will be heightened; nor with his social welfare, though by it the whole family of men will be rendered happy in all their relations—but with him as a spiritual nature on which may be written LOVE; as possessing faculties for associating with the innumerable company of angels, and holding converse with beings of the most exalted dignity and most comprehensive knowledge; a change which will transform the MORAL wilderness of the world into a fruitful garden, allay the fierce passions of mankind, and extend universally the influence of the Good Spirit; open up those wells of happiness without which the soul lives only to prove the misery of a parching, pining eternity.

Since the spiritual part of man's nature is the noblest, *that* should be most carefully cultivated, its powers most wisely educated. Could I describe the true dignity of mind in all its grandeur, I should be pardoned for reiterating, that mind is Godlike in its nature. Had I the inspiration which poured forth the superhuman elo-

quence of Scripture, my imagination should grow fervid in the description of Him whose moral attributes are as far above our comprehension as His natural attributes are above our emulation. I would elevate in majestic terms the subduing holiness of Jehovah. His justice should appear in all its dignity, ready to sacrifice itself rather than its law. His love should be clothed in robes of heavenly light, not dazzling, but, like the gentle queen

of night, robed in ermine, softening, yet cheering. But my soul draws back from such a mighty task. Let your own mind, then, form the character of God, a being whose perfections are above all our conceptions of perfection, and remember that he breathed into Adam, that Adam might be capable of His own nature.

O man! how hast thou fallen! By birth, the peer of of angels; by spiritual death, the slave of devils; by original nature, the companion of God; by present choice, the contempt of Satan. Thou hast destroyed thyself; thou hast filled thy soul with vileness, and prepared it for eternal damnation. Man! look around, and behold near eight hundred millions of immortal souls who might be the heirs of glory, branded FOR EVER, with the curse of Divinity; hating each other, hating themselves, hating God. All this is the result of moral evil—it *is* moral evil.

There is a time coming when nations shall no more entertain towards each other hate and enmity; the poor no more starve away in helpless penury; the rich no more shut up their love and sympathy; the arrogance of priests no more degrade the powers of the soul; the credulity of the people no more tempt the covetousness and ambition of the priests; Satan no more rejoice on the spoil of a happy world; angels no more mourn the sin they cannot mitigate; but the nations regard the

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weal of one, the weal of all; the poor thank God and respect the rich; the rich delight to alleviate the unavoidable ills of humanity; the spiritual instructors of the people be indeed spiritual; the universal intelligence of the people give no opportunity for imposition or delusion; Satan and all his hosts look with fell despair on this, the sphere of God's love, as the fully ransomed by God's grace; angels rejoice that God has accomplished the good pleasure of his will, and He shall see of the travail of his soul and be satisfied.

Glorious days! may your coming be hastened!

## CHAPTER XVIII.

### ACTIVE INFLUENCE.

I HAVE given, in general terms, the moral aspect of the world; bear with me as I endeavour to exhibit, more particularly, the terrific desolation of sin. And may the view inspire you with holy resolution to do something to redeem the souls of the perishing, to promote the honour of your Master!

Beginning at OUR OWN BELOVED LAND, what is the state of the country of privilege and prayer? Read it in the black cloud of semi-papal error, which from being a man's hand in the horizon, leaves only here and there a void so small, that through it the beams of truth can hardly struggle. Read it in the coldness of Christian love, the dullness of Christian character. Read it in the worldliness of the church. Read it in the energy of the world. Read it in prison reports, and ecclesiastical statistics. Read it in the revenue of excise contrasted with the treasury of the Lord. Sum up, and the whole will say that on the descendants of the Puritans has not fallen the cloak of zeal which clothed their fathers. Glory is inscribed on the temple of Mammon; Ichabod on the temple of the Lord. Such is the general view, but there are spots on which the Christian eye loves to dwell. There is an energy the

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Christian philosopher would love to gauge. The Spirit is working; fear not.

Pass northwards to the LAND OF KNOX AND CAMERON: behold the nation covenanted to the Lord; and, if I mistake not, the appearance of the people will prompt the inquiry, are they in league with the throne of iniquity that frameth mischief by a law? Once remarkable for the strict observance of the sabbath, they are

now almost as remarkable for its desecration. Atheism has demanded defenders of the first principles of our most holy religion. Satan has indeed been at work: may the Lord stay his hand. But there is much here for which we may be thankful. Christians are awake to Establishment evils. The whole religious public has received a powerful shock, which has roused it from torpor. When Christians bestir, much may be hoped.

Let IRELAND pass before our mental vision. Ireland! thy poets and orators have weaved a robe which thou mayest be proud to wear, and which we are not slow to admire. But thou art not washed with the water of life. Why dost thou kiss the chains of those who call themselves thy friends, but who would make thee drag a car of priests and portly cardinals? Upbraid us not with the injustice our countrymen commit in thy midst: we abhor it, we would stop it. Let not thy priests deceive thee; they thrust before thine eyes a hideous figure, which they call the religion we profess. Heed them not: it is a monster for whose destruction we pray, whose form we abominate. Show thyself worthy the genius of which thou art the parent, by raising thyself from the dust, and calmly vindicating thy freedom. We will join thee in demanding thy rights. Thou art now enslaved by deceivers. Be free; receive the truth.

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Crossing the Atlantic, let us land on the shore where

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landed those of whom the world was not worthy. They counted not their lives dear to them so that they might finish their course with joy, and gain a triumphant entrance into the gates of eternal bliss. Let your mind look back rather more than two hundred year, and standing on the desolate shore of North America, watch the landing of the pilgrim fathers. The noble band, weak after their uncomfortable voyage from the land of their birth to a continent whose inhabitants and nature were scarcely known, walk slowly up the shore. The old man uncovers his head, and as the winds of freedom fan his hoary locks, standing amid a company who felt that

God was, indeed, near to each one of them, and whose hearts were bursting with gratitude to Him for having supported them through their dreariness, he pours forth his soul in strains of saintly eloquence, rising higher and yet higher as the Spirit gives increasing help to his infirmities, recognising God as a tender Father, offering him, not the oratorical praise of formalists, but the fervid outpourings of a warm heart. The big tears of joy roll down his wrinkled cheeks; a sob is heard in that group where stands the father and the wife, surrounded by their youthful offspring; and presently the old man's prayer is interrupted by the sobbings of the whole community, whose hearts are too full to restrain floods of joyous tears. Now, in a song of praise, they lift their hearts again to their Protector, and thus is the land recognised as the temple of the Lord, built up by his own hands.

“What sought they thus afar?  
Bright jewels of the mine?  
The wealth of seas? the spoils of war?  
They soughta Faith's pure shrine.

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“Aye, call it holy ground,  
The soil where first they trod!  
They have left unstained what there they round,  
Freedom to worship GOD.”

These were a people showing forth His glory, who had called them out of darkness into His marvellous light. Nor did the spirit of life leave the land when these noble ones departed. The seed mouldered with their dust, and having been covered with the snows that desolated the land during its dreary but glory-producing war, that seed sprang up and bore an abundant harvest. Earth felt heaven nearer her bosom, and yielded cities as offerings to her God. But leanness has happened to the land.\* Zion is sleeping. Her vigour is gone. Her beauty is prostrated. Slavery, like a cankerworm, has been gnawing at the roots in the garden of the Lord.

The Spirit refuses to dwell in houses built by the hands of the thrall, in temples reared by sinews of debased humanity, and has fled to fairer scenes. As we travel southward, we find the people sunk in ignorance. The southern states are the high places of iniquity. And in the sister continent, MEXICO, COLUMBIA, BRAZIL, LA PLATA, Patagonia, are all the abodes of ignorance. Satan reigns with iron sway, as the king of storms rules its southern cape.

Pass we to the family of lovely islands scattered over the gentle PACIFIC. Here the cross had adorned many a breast, the fountain opened for uncleanness had cleansed many a soul. Tahiti is in tears; she has been ravished by a haughty foe, who would banish pure and undefiled religion from the earth, and whose might is the arm of our adversary.

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\* See Christian Witness," 1846.

AUSTRALASIA. labours under no mean disadvantages, —an infant colony made the home of felons, the covetous and discontented.

CHINA, with her teeming millions, destitute of the knowledge of the true God, claims the most energetic efforts of Christian philanthropy. Three hundred millions of immortal spirits, without the knowledge of God, and the bright destiny of the sanctified, bowing before Confucius instead of Christ, degraded by vice, sunk in ignorance, must surely demand prayers and exertion.

INDIA, the abode of refinement—in torture, in superstition, in folly, with millions on millions echoing the praise of Vishnu and Juggernaut, kindles the flame of sympathy in every Christian heart.

SIBERIA, with its barren steppes and scattered population, presents a mournful spectacle. The decree of a tyrant has banished from it the heralds of the cross—well nigh extinguished the light of gospel truth.

PERSIA, once the country of intellect, once with philosophising idolaters who framed themselves a system

as little debasing as Paganism can boast, has lost the sacred fire of spirituality that once burnt in her temples: her people no more pass from the material to the unseen—the unknown.

ABABIA, the nursery of a system whose evils are not less numerous and destructive than the sands of the soil in which they first sprang, is not yet alive the true nature of ALLAH, and the manifestation of the Eternal Word. The crescent of the prophet waves only over depravity. A religion permitting adultery, commending murder, and encouraging all the fiercest passions the human breast can experience, spreads its pestilential influence over one generation after another. They are “lost for lack of knowledge.”

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SYRIA, JUDEA, and JERUSALEM, the source of all light, are covered with thick darkness. The tyrannical Turk tramples on the dust of the prophets. The name of Christ is but the signal for displays of ignorance and elaborated superstition. Jerusalem! Where are thy palaces? Daughter of Zion! Where are thy bulwarks? City of David! Where is thy strength? The glory of Jacob has departed. The stranger is lord of Jehovah’s heritage. The voice of the prophets is heard. no more, the sweet singers no more make harmony in the temple. Truth has sought the dwellings of the Gentiles.

Mahometanism triumphs over the spreading empire of a wretchedly despotic Sultan.

Barbarous in intellect, the TURKS are cursed with a sensualising religion. The soul looks unwillingly upon this country, which God has made one of the most beautiful spots on a beautiful earth—sin one of the most repulsive.

With foreboding tremor, we inquire the state of a country but lately emancipated from the power of the Turks. We feel that we need scarcely put the question, Is GREECE worthy the name she bore when Socrates taught her youth, and Demosthenes harangued her assemblies? Where is now that high in-

tellectuality by which, alas! she was led astray? Her philosophers no more lead admiring disciples in the paths of sciences. The voice of eloquence seems for ever silenced. The noble spirits of Sparta have gone; the refinement of Athens has gone, the followers of the Stagyrite have sought other lands; Homer is admired, but more by the barbarian than the Greek. For all this intellectual glory, what has been left her? The name of Christianity is heard, but its form resembles the mouldering mummy. The spirit has left the disfigured tene-

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ment, which has so stiffened and withered that its features cannot be distinguished.

Northward lies RUSSIA, cursed with the same lifeless forms, the same grossness and mental slavery.

A short time since, we hailed with joy the dawn of a better day; but its despot, aye, the emperor Nicholas, received with courtly friendship. by England's rulers, I fear not here to call him despot, tyrant; here his terrors cannot reach—the emperor Nicholas has expelled from his dominions the preachers of truth. Blessed be God, we have a promise from a higher Sovereign than the Emperor of all the Russians, that one day to Christ every knee shall bow.

AUSTRIA, under the power of another tyrant, shows, in its moral condition, the fatal effects of political slavery. When shall the truth, as it is in Jesus, overcome the errors of antichrist,—the man of sin be destroyed by the brightness of his coming?

We might say to GERMANY, “Thy wisdom and thy knowledge it hath perverted thee.” Her mystics have confused the inquiring mind of her people with strange demonstrations concerning the nature of GOD. Her philosophers have too often sought to carry their metaphysical inquiries into the holiest of all, without acknowledging the supremacy of the Most High. It is right to command faith where reason fails. Strauss has made sad havoc among the followers of Christ, not only in his own land, but in distant countries. Let the voice



of Ronge give a certain sound in favour of truth, and we may hope that God is about to sanctify those studies which have tended to scepticism rather than to true wisdom.

The plains of ITALY, rejoicing in an unclouded sun, enlivening by his rays, and spreading luxury by his heat,

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as if in very mockery of the blackness of darkness within the tombs on which he shines, now stretch before us, with all their romance and classic relations. Pass we to the queen of cities, sitting on seven hills. Let us view the remnants of Roman refinement. The broken columns and dilapidated temples carry our minds back to the time when Augustus sat on the throne, surrounded and flattered by the genius of the heathen world; with poets—but they had not found the loftiest subject for a poet's theme, the love of Immanuel; with philosophers—but they knew not the wisdom which leads men to spiritual happiness, to God; with orators—but their eloquence; was the right arm of ambition, and held the dagger often plunged in the purest hearts. But Jupiter is no more adored as the father of the gods. Juno does not fret and inquire—

“Quisquam numen Junonia adoret  
Præterea, aut supplex ars imponat honorem?”

Instead of that gigantic system which was built up by some of the mightiest minds that ever dwelt in humanity, and polished, adorned by the concentrated elegance of the world, there obtains—not a system, for its materials are so incongruous as to form nothing but a chaos—there reigns a thing which holds a lie in its right hand; has “Abominable Mystery” written on its forehead; covetousness bound up in its heart. The land in which Brutus dared to vindicate the cause of liberty against the legions of him who had conquered the word, is ruled by a spiritual despot. His chains rivet the soul to superstition. The deluded one vainly supposes that he is joined to an angel of light, till Death's

rude hand tears off the mask, and reveals the Foe of all that is pure. Italy has the well of the poisonous

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streams by which the nations have been intoxicated. Rome can hardly be compared to aught but the mouth of the bottomless pit, "whence there ariseth a smoke, as the smoke of a great furnace; and the SUN and the air are darkened, by reason of the smoke of the pit. And there came out of the pit locusts, to whom is given power, as the scorpions of the air have power." Rev. ix. 2, 3. Here is the dwelling of the "Mother of Harlots." Beware of the fascinations of those who own themselves her children, and of a church that kisses the tokens of its elder sister's love.

We look more cheerfully on yonder valleys, almost shut out from the sun by the Alps, whose towering summits would seem to have been an everlasting memorial to point the VAUDOIS to the heaven to Which they were pilgrims; and whose spotless snow has been a fit emblem of the purity of their faith. Peace be upon them. The God of peace and of all consolation be with them. May the faith of their fathers, who fed with the oil of prayer and suffering, the only lamp that gleamed on the dark night of the middle ages, be preserved among them, sanctified by their prayers—defended with their lives.

SPAIN! PORTUGAL! What words can describe their misery? Antichrist rules here with a despotism, if Possible, more unrelenting than in Italy itself. Exalting themselves above God, by conferring pardon where even His love stops—at hardened unbelief—the priests have spread depravity through the land. The people have sat contentedly in their fetters. Their midnight assassinations are as easily forgiven as the piques that prompted them were received. Alas! count not the items in the long catalogue of their crimes. Dead in trespasses and sin.

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FRANCE! thy people are noble in soul, they would be fit temples of the Holy Ghost. But thou art filled with haughty thoughts against thy Maker. Thou hast forgotten the high destiny of the man who walks in the fear of the Lord, and art frittering away thy time with the shape of garments, or throwing it away in the giddy dance. Still worse, thy heart is fired, ever and anon, with passions worthy only of hell. Thy might scatters woe through many a peaceful land, putting away all probability of their being brought to a knowledge of the ways of Him who styles himself the Prince of Peace; bringing in thy train, corruption and spiritual famine. Is there no hope of France? We hope there is. She has not been left quite desolate. A band of holy men,\* filled with the Spirit of God, is in her midst. The power of the Most High is there, and happy days are coming.

Would to God that PRUSSIA presented a more lovely aspect. Much is forbidding still. Although the German movement has been felt here, no small opposition is made to the noble reformers. A body of clergy move at the will of an imperious monarch. The children are seized by its schools, and trained by the cursing military discipline which prevails in every institution of this state, to be the mere automata of its government.

What is the state of HOLLAND?† We are told that spiritual decay is in this abode of Protestantism. Roman Catholicism is at work with renewed energy, for the General of the Jesuits is a Dutchman. The Bible

\* Colporteurs. See "Evangelical Magazine," Dec., 1845.

† See "Weekly Evangelist."

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is fiercely assailed by its primates; its circulation, denounced as the work of Satan.\*

NORWAY and SWEDEN terminate our review, and we have reason to fear that there is little spirituality, although general intelligence and morality are visible.

Truly, this is a gloomy prospect!

\* See "Bishop Hoogdonke's Letters to his Diocese." Oct., 1845.

## CHAPTER XIX.

### ACTIVE INFLUENCE.

YOU are a Christian. Well, what is your duty? You are standing among the dead, in a valley, in a world of dry bones. "Can these bones live?" Let human reason answer the question, and your bosom replies, "No." The tombs around you echo, "No." The heavens shuddering say, "No." The pit rejoicing yells, "No."

You are standing midst a race created by the power, and preserved by the wisdom and love of God, whose hearts are unmoved by the affection of a Being that could crush them by His breath. Can they be happy? They are crowned with the blessings of their injured God, and rest in the luxury He has spread around them. They rejoice in the sunshine of His plains, and slumber in the shade of His vales. They scan, with philosophic eye, His starry hosts, and find another universe of His power in a leaf. Why do they not ascend from the visible, to Him whose energy is ever working, through these, the good pleasure of His own will? There is a disease at the heart. The appetite which would satisfy itself by such delights merely, is morbid. The eye which is satiated by such scenes, knows not the brilliance of spiritual visions. How dull are the

flickering gleams of the brightest genius compared with the glory of spiritual illumination! Their reason wants the ONE great element, without which the universe were a lawless conglomeration of atoms without cause—without end. Their soul wants that principle, which is the sole principle of its happiness—love to God. You are in a moral universe of dispersed atoms with no sun to illumine—no law, save the law of repulsion.

Oh! what a hideous picture might be drawn by some angel-artist, were there a canvas on which things immaterial might be represented to the mental eye. Look at the moral landscape of Christendom: it is a land of volcanoes, belching forth fierce flames and dense clouds of smoke. Presently an earthquake rumbles along, and the country heaves as the breast of a giant; and now there is a crash, and the whole scene is changed. Now calm, it only waits to gather fresh strength and make the desolation more complete.

What a hideous form would be that of the man who leads forth the armies of a nation, to shrink frail woman's heart with the blight of widowhood; to take bread from the mouth of many a lovely, child; to do the work of Satan by removing spirits to another world, while their fiercest passions are raging. Methinks that hell could not display a scene more horrid than the crowd behind him. Oh! the distorted forms of spirits created to love; the frantic rage of the offspring of Divinity; the hurricane and war of elements in souls which should be reflecting the image of God. But these would be a subject too fearful for the pencil of a pure being. It is a scene at which the heart sickens and the head begins to swim. Has there been no effort to compose all this disorder? Yes, the word of the Lord has gone forth, "Let there be light;" but the darkness com-

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prebendeth it not. The prophet has prophesied to the bones, but death reigns still. The flesh may be there, but the clammy hand and the icy heart are there. The fountains of life have not issued from the rocks. The cloud of sand is resting on the oases. The thunders are too loud to permit the still small voice to be heard. Absolutely, much has been done by this gospel which has brought life and immortality to light. Relatively, nought has been accomplished. It has only enabled us to discern more clearly the terrific condition of those who are without God—without hope in the world.

The mind saddens. and again replies, Impossible! It cannot be! The bones must be dry still. The angel need never declare, "He that is filthy, let him be filthy still." God grant that he who is righteous may be righteous still, or the tide of iniquity will sweep away the godly from the face of the earth. Then would this world become nothing but a hot-bed, whence rank weeds would be removed to the place where the worm shall ever feed on the root that shall never die; eternity shall cause the soul to put forth buds, but the gnawing locust shall ever consume.

My Father! why hast thou created a world so lovely to be filled with creatures so hideous?

"From the rising of the sun, even unto the going down of the same, my name shall be great among the Gentiles, and in every place incense shall be offered to my name, and a pure offering, for my name shall be great among the heathen, saith the Lord of Hosts." "My righteousness is near, my salvation has gone forth, and mine arms shall judge the people; the isles shall wait upon me, and on mine arm shall they trust." "I have sworn by myself, the word has gone out of my mouth in righteousness, and shall not return, that unto me every

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knee shall bow, and every tongue shall swear." "And the Lord shall be King over all the earth; in that day shall there be one Lord, and his name one."

What more would we have? The gospel shall be proclaimed among all nations, and the Spirit shall be poured upon all hearts.

## CHAPTER XX.

### ACTIVE INFLUENCE.

I AM now brought to notice the highest order of influence man possesses. I need wisdom in the choice of words, but since the Scripture has given us the precedent of speaking concerning God, "after the manner of men," I shrink not from the subject. Perhaps, none of my readers are unacquainted with the sentence, so often heard from our pulpits and at our prayer-meetings, a sentence which has excited the thoughts and stirred the highest affections of many a Christian—"Prayer moves the hand that moves the world."

We know that the Almighty is not to be influenced to change his plans by aught that he has created. His counsels are contemporary with past eternity, and will endure, changeless, unchangeable, through the eternity to come. But we know, too, that he listens to, and answers, the prayers of feeble man.\*

God is the source of all spiritual desires in the hearts of his people, and these form the subject of prayer, and in these lies the secret of prayer's power. By nature, the spirit of man is DEAD—*dead* to the benevolence which gave life and intelligence—*dead* to the lovingkind-

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\* See Appendix. Hints to Students.

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ness which has afforded support and protection—*dead* to the long-suffering which has held back the arm of justice, who was ready with the lightning to scathe the guilty soul—*dead* to the love manifested in the mission of Christ—*dead* to the thunders of the law—*dead* to the soft voice of Divine love to the concerns of eternity in relation to his own soul, and so, *dead* to the great work of instrumentally effecting the salvation of others; the natural man, untouched by the Spirit, has never



offered a single prayer, or breathed a note of praise. And, as it is the Spirit which first prompts the heart to seek for mercy, it is the Spirit which awakens the deep concern for the salvation of others. Be not discouraged. If you really pray with God's glory for your one aim, his love for your paramount motive, remember what I have just said—holy desires are the promptings of the Holy Spirit. And will not the Father grant a petition which the Spirit has taught you, and which is conveyed to him by the one Mediator, Christ Jesus? Our God is not a repulsive Being. The thunders of his law are but the hoarse voice of his love, saying, 'Man! do thyself no harm.' They are a fence thrown round the pit of perdition to prevent rash men from rushing into ruin."\*

Again, it is said, "Whatsoever ye ask, believing, ye shall receive." What, then, is believing prayer? It is the offering of petitions, with the glory of God for their object, with the scriptural assurance of their being answered. Now we hear of faith being the gift of God. We may be sure that such faith is not allied to petitions contrary to the will of God. The desires are the promptings of the Spirit; the faith is the work of the Spirit: believing prayer avails much.

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\* Dr. Waugh.

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Man, then, has power with God. The creature an *influence* over the Creator. We can ascend no higher. Man's power over his own mind is wondrous, wrapt in mystery; his power over the souls of his fellow is sublime, seems commensurate with his own capacious powers and lofty anticipations,—a power angels could almost covet to possess; but we are wholly inadequate to the reception and full appreciation of the truth, that the Father himself loveth us, and will not reject our supplication.

"Brethren, deride, dispute it, who may; we utter it not in the spirit of self-inflated vanity; for the fact should humble us, on account of its consequent respon-

sibility: the weakest of us is linked to an influence which vibrates through all time into eternity,—the influence of God's Spirit, that pillars itself, not on material and perishable results, but on spiritual, and therefore everlasting, creations."\*

We have there the threefold agency, by which the mighty work of transforming the moral aspect of the world is to be accomplished: appropriate influence; external influence; influence over the Most High.

If you would share the labour to participate in the honour of effecting this change, let your own mind be filled with stores of wisdom, and fitted for accurate, independent, original, profound thought, and not less for prompt, persevering action. Let your spirit be washed and be preserved pure from its pollution, so that your life may be the exhibition of those principles by which God will govern his world; when, with the fulness of the Gentiles, his ancient people shall be brought in, and there shall be *One* Lord, and his name *One*. Having this power, your energy must be put

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\* Dr. Archer's Missionary Sermon.

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forth to communicate it, according to the plan of God's word; without sinister design; without intermission; for the weal of a world vibrates with your faithfulness. To all this, let there be added the fervent, believing; unremitting application to the God of all power, to crown with success your own and all efforts in the glorious cause of liberty and truth. Success is certain, but labour is imperative. Now, who is to do God's work but his own servants? You have taken upon yourself the name of the Lord God of Hosts; you have pledged to serve in his cause, to further his glory. Let your motto be, "I have opened my mouth unto the Lord and cannot go back." Are you a loyal subject of your Redeemer? Is rebellion rife in the land of his inheritance? Do you anticipate the joy of being glorified together with him? Shake yourself from the chains of

sensuality; burst your prison and stand out, as being conscious of the dignity of a spirit ransomed by the sacrifice of a God, sanctified by the blood of the covenant, and destined to share the honours of heaven. Vindicate your claim to being a Son of God, by rending the cloak of worldliness which has had the insignia of your royalty, and let the grime of earthliness no more dull the rays which should beam from the countenance of an heir of light. It is high time to awake out of sleep. The foe is at the gate; he has passed the wall of profession; the citadel is in danger. Shall we be taken? Heaven forbid. In the citadel of vital godliness we are safe. But as soon as we pass into worldly insecurity we are lost. Oh maintain your ground.

The Spirit shall fill you with power from on high, if you choose to employ that power on your God. Ignorance shall flee, if you choose to shed forth the blessed beams of truth. Tyranny shall shake, shall lean, shall

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fall, if you attack in the name of the Lord. The end is approaching. Leave your labour and you leave your God. If you choose it, go, and despise the smile of Jehovah; go, and give up the honour of being the benefactor to your species; go, and care not for the glory of Christ; go, and dash your crown, break the strings of your golden harp, tear the deed of your inheritance above the skies: yes, go and become one of Satan's counsellors, and in hell your brow shall be adorned with the noble title of APOSTATE, and of devils ye shall receive their choicest honours. But I hope better things of you, and things pertaining unto salvation, though I thus speak. "You are the trustees of posterity;" let not the estate be wasted in your hands. But rather give distant ages cause to look back on the nineteenth century as a time when Christians felt their power and their duty, fought worthy their cause and their name. "YE ARE NOT YOUR OWN."

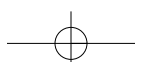
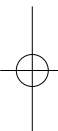
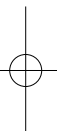


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THE TALENTS OF MAN

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## SECTION III.

### TIME.

“Youth is not rich in time; it may be poor.  
Part with it as with money, sparing; pay  
No moment, but in purchase of its worth;  
And what its worth! Ask death beds; they can tell.  
Part with it as with life, reluctant; big  
With holy hope of noble time to come:  
Time higher aimed, still nearer the great mark  
Of men and angels, virtue more divine.”

YOUNG.

## CHAPTER I.

### IDLENESS.

AND what more can be said about Time? I can fancy my reader is almost inclined to turn away, throw down his book, and exclaim, "I'm really tired with being dinned with the importance of Time as the germ of Eternity, the shortness and uncertainty of life, and the certainty of coming death." Well, 'tis a trite subject, and I presume not to claim originality for my thoughts on it; but, perhaps the few pages devoted to this important talent will open memory's fount, and cause your mind to be again filled with the brilliance of appeals till now forgotten: recall the breathless emotion with which you first contemplated this matter, as you listened to the eloquence of those who knew Time's worth, and sought to vindicate his right to be regarded as something more than the little nothing of poets and of commonplace.

Time is minute; but it is the little seed producing a great tree. It is a mere spark; but kindles a more than seraphic love, or more than fiendish hate. It is a bubble; but one that may catch the beauteous tints of heaven, and, reflecting the glories of the sun, sail upwards to the skies. It is a vapour; but charged with the thunder, or the bearer of genial showers. It is a hand-

breadth; but given by Him who spans the universe. It is a hair; but suspends the weight of an immense eternity. Time creates and demolishes empires. Time discovers truth and blights error. Time gives wings to pleasure, and to pain a leaden foot. Time gives light; and more light, to some, is an increase of eternal darkness. Time blackens man's guilt and develops God's grace. Time destroys hopes, and is not less the

foe of despair. Time accumulates wealth, and suffers not its possessor to enjoy it. Time begets false systems, but is sure to destroy its offspring. Time rivets the fetters of the slave, and yet quickens the downfall of the tyrant. Time is the boon of God; and, according to its extent, is the worth of all other gifts and the responsibility for their use.

God puts out His wealth at COMPOUND INTEREST; the longer you possess advantages, an increasing *ratio* of return will be expected. Would you make the best use of your time? Get it firmly settled in your mind that, "Ye are not your own." Think on this, till you have written it, as with a pen of iron, on tables of stone. Let every moment deepen the impression by the weight of its duties. Listen, for a moment, to a few other passages from the word of God, to show that Paul did not write the passage by mistake—that it was not an eastern hyperbole; and then, if you have participated in the blessings of the new covenant, have a single breath of the Christian in your nature, my point will be gained more effectually than if the eloquence of Tully, and the oratory of Demosthenes were concentrating all their power to affect your soul. "They who live should not henceforth live unto themselves, but unto him who died for them, and rose again." "Whether we live, therefore, or die, WE are the Lord's."

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"Whether we eat or drink," we are to "do all to the glory of God." "Ye are bought with a price." "Whether we wake or sleep, we should live together with him."

Such was the apostolic opinion of how Christians should spend their TIME, and I trow he was not altogether unqualified to decide. These are just the principles to keep you at work: they form but one principle, and that is—Christians are the servants of the Lord God, and of his Christ, and the whole of their energy should be the instrument of God's will effecting His own glory.

Your soul will be ennobled by acting continually under so high a law. If you would be spiritual, you must have such a principle *wrought into* your very being. While worldly men may eagerly pursue earthly good, obeying that arrant usurper, Self, this is the motive for the believers, and, indeed, it is perhaps the only one which is universally applicable. Ambition, avarice, fame, may here and there seize a man with iron grasp, compel him to face every difficulty, rush through every danger, conquer every foe; but such cases are comparatively few. If nations were brought to the knowledge of God, they would feel themselves bound to him by the strongest ties. His glory would necessarily be their own pleasure. They would all be persuaded, and if truly alive to righteousness would act upon the persuasion, that our maxim is true-

**TIME IS NOT OUR OWN.**



## CHAPTER II.

### TIME.

NUMEROUS are the temptations by which *young men*, (for to such I chiefly address myself,) are beguiled of that time which is not their own to misuse. And of these time-thieves, I would first notice

LIGHT READING. Under this term I class, first, all the washy productions which are constantly issuing from the press; the senseless tales, enforcing no moral principle, displaying no real, practical feature of human nature. What good has ever been derived from Scott, Cooper, Ainsworth, James, and a host of others, whose works are but the hasty growth of excited passions, gratifying to the morbid appetite of an enervated or infatuated instinct?—And what gain is there in reading another class, principally periodical, which display only a brilliant wit, or fervid imagination, with but little food for the judgment? There is a great deal of this, in truth, just now, in works which at first sight present a better aspect. The French style of writing and preaching has become too fashionable among ourselves,—the style which Hamilton so beautifully describes in the following terms:—“Though you are amused, for the moment, with the rocket-shower of brilliant, many-tinted ideas, which fall sparkling around you, when the

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exhibition has ended you are disappointed to find that the whole was momentary, and, that from all the ruby and emerald rain, scarcely a gem of solid thought remains.”\* The taste which finds all its gratification in a species of light pastry, cannot be too carefully avoided. “There is in the public mind a growing aversion to prolonged inquiry, a marked impatience of solid discussion, a voracious appetite for things airy,

tickling, and superficial; Locke, Smith, Reid, Hutchinson, Beattie, Brown, and their great compeers, are giving place to Boz, Punch, and Pickwick. This is not as it should be; it is time for the young men of England to return to the wholesome discipline of former days. A race of airy coxcombs, fashionable triflers, is easily reared; but such are not wanted in the ranks of Non-conformity. The men to serve the cause of God and truth, and lend efficient aid in working out the regeneration of their country, must be cast in another mould.\*† If you would be one of these "airy coxcombs," "fashionable triflers," devour light reading; you have high authority that your object will be attained. But if so, the next generation will be the light spray, tossing over the depths of past ages, in which lie hid the pearls and gems of thought. But, will you thus further the object of your being? Will you thus lengthen the cords of Zion? Will you thus strengthen her stakes? Will such reading energise, or enervate, your soul for the contest in which you must engage? Will you thus be prepared to gain fresh jewels for your Saviour's crown? What account will you be able to give, as the light of

\* Hamilton's life of Bunyan;—Puritan Divines, Vol. I.

† "Christian Witness," March, 1844. Review of "Elements of Mental and Moral Science, by George Payne, LL.D."

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Heaven beams on your soul, of the profit resulting from the concentrated excellence and quintessence of what I have called light reading. This is not the proper way for a being, that must live through eternity, to write its eternal doom.

IMPROPER METHOD OF STUDY. "Ye are not your own;" then you must not only work, but work in the best way. Good books, well read, are invaluable, but were you to read for your life-time after one method, you would not be the better prepared for usefulness, either in converting sinners, or establishing saints; your own soul would be no more divine. Food, whether spiritual intellectual, or material, requires digestion, and only as

it has this, can it prove nutritive to the receiver. Care, great care is necessary to choose books, which, to read well, would be no waste of time; and, not less care is necessary, having chosen them, to make their contents truly profitable. When you cease to profit by reading, or any other study (I select reading, because it is generally regarded as the chief means of self-culture), you waste that time which is the property of your Creator, and ought to be employed in His service. I might here offer a few hints about the way to study with profit, but, perhaps, these had better be reserved for a future time.

BEGINNING *studies we do not prosecute.* We must be content with superficial acquaintance with some departments of science, in consequence of the great labour requisite to gain intimate knowledge of them. Watts says, "that universal knowledge is neither desirable nor attainable." As to its not being desirable, I say nothing; that it is not attainable, we must all say, for the vindication of our own diligence. Man's mind is now too puny to encircle the universe, either of matter

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or mind. His time is too limited, in this ante-chamber, to obtain more than an introduction to a thousand beings worthy of his knowledge and admiration. While it is highly desirable that we should acquaint ourselves with the minutiae of some one science, we must be content with the first principles, general outlines of other fields of knowledge, though highly interesting and profitable.\* But he who is chargeable with the folly to which I now refer, obtains only a knowledge which can prove of no service to him; beginning, what he wants either the sense, perseverance, or opportunity to finish. Having dipped into twenty sciences, he congratulates himself on the extent of his knowledge; forgetting that he is acquainted with little more than the names of his numerous studies; or, at best, has only a few irregular, confused, inaccurate, ungovernable, chaotic ideas concerning them. Thus, all he has

gained for his trouble, expense, and TIME, and all the results of his bustle and weariness, are worth—less than nothing. These multifarious studies have fostered the passion for novelty, which ought to be carefully repressed. They have rendered him less diligent in the pursuit of knowledge, by leading him to suppose, from the many subjects that have engaged his attention, that he has already attained that degree which is, in reality, still far above his grasp. A sincere student, as Pope observes, in his “Essay on Criticism,” is sure to be reproved if pride occupies his heart. The Alps which rise on Alps, continually show him how little he has yet done, how much still lies before him; but one who thus fritters away his time in getting this smattering

\* Pye Smith’s Lectures on the Connexion between the Holy Scriptures and some parts of Geological Science.—p. 328.

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knowledge, will find its fruit in a haughty spirit. Such knowledge, in reality, does not render its possessor more serviceable in the cause of God, and, consequently, all time occupied in obtaining it, is TIME LOST.

INDOLENCE. An indolent man is a rusty machine, a blighted tree, a torpid dormouse, a paralysed animal, an almost corpse, just conscious of existence. “The spirit of slumber” is that which rests on thousands. They sleep, not live. The little trifles with which their minds are occupied, are as unlike the doings of one who lives in earnest, as the floating dreams of a diseased fancy, enacting laws, overthrowing empires, by some obliging combination of circumstances, are unlike the stem matters of the outer world. They are as dissimilar as are the boy-admiral’s toy boat in a basin, to a Nelson’s fleet in close action.

Does it not move your pity, my *active* reader, to look at the drowsy lives of some of your mends? Do you not scorn the cumberers of a too luxuriant soil? Beware of their society. Their breath is the cholera; their touch, the shock of the torpedo.\*

If *you* are cursed with this mental mesmerism, it is high time to awake. You are doing irreparable injury to yourself, and your friends, and the cause of Christ. The arm of that God whose name you are dishonouring, to whose cause you are now a traitor, is strong enough

\* One of Dr. Arnold's pupils, speaking of the power that excellent man possessed over those whom he taught, observes, that they were excited to work, not so much by admiration of his learning or his genius, but by their "sympathy with a spirit earnestly at work in the world." He was acting, ever acting, and they inhaled his spirit and worked with him. The power of sympathy has been before adverted to, and is true of the opposite state of mind. Beware!

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to deliver you from the tyrant's power. Wake up. Rub your eyes. Behold the glorious scene of action before you. Catch the enthusiasm of those life-in-earnest men—the apostles. Live to God.

Perhaps, of all our enemies, the *bed* is the most formidable. I know it is not very pleasant to leave its comfortable warmth for the air of a winter's morning; but while duty is speaking, pleasure must, with all politeness, be silent.

Just calculate the vast amount of time gained by rising at six instead of eight, in the course of fifty years. Be not astonished; the difference amounts to

**36,500 HOURS!**

and as eight hours per day is almost as much of hard study as any student can bear, the days lost are 4,562, or

**TWELVE YEARS, SIX MONTHS**

of student life.

Now, supposing that, during the last fifty years, there have been but a million who, had they risen at six, would have spent the following two hours profitably, then it follows that society has lost

**12,600,000 YEARS**

of individual improvement, by this witching friend of ignorance and all that is debasing and enervating. Oh! how much communion with God has been LOST; how much knowledge of Scripture truth has been lost; how

much holiness and high spirituality have been lost, by indulging in a habit from which the body derives no benefit, and by which the mind is so enfeebled. To sleep, is to let the soul lie fallow, and it will bring forth weeds of the rankest growth.

“Of man’s miraculous mistakes, this bears  
The palm, ‘that all men are about to live,’  
For ever on the brink of being born.  
All pay themselves the compliment to think

That one day shall not drivel.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

At thirty, man suspects himself a fool;  
Knows it at forty, and reforms his plan.  
At fifty chides his infamous delay,  
Pushes his prudent purpose to resolve;  
In all the magnanimity of thought  
Resolves, and re-resolves, then does the same.  
That one day shall not drivel.

Resolves, and re-resolves, then does the same.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

All men think all men mortal, but themselves.”

Our old friend Young had discovered the thief PROCRASTINATION, and wisely warns his friend against it. Duty seems forbidding; but we shall love her the more we know her. Leisure seems beautiful, but her attractions are the gaudy plants of a stony soil. Live not upon intention; ’tis poor fare. If you think something worthy to be done at all, Do it, Do it, Do it while time permits. Youth *may* be the time for pleasure, but I am sure it is pre-eminently the time for action. Appropriate, as in sight of God, so much of time for preparation for future life, as the possible greatness of that life demands; devote that fraction of your energy which the significance of His claim requires.

As time is the gift of God, it is a duty to preserve that time as long as possible. Health is part of the talent Time, and its preservation is as much a duty as the maintenance of mental vigour or spiritual fervour. Some may, perhaps, exclaim, We would work now, and wear out our minds and bodies soon; for we would not live here alway; we long to be with our Father and Redeemer; to drop our clay and take our heaven. I can sympathise with you. The writer has not unfrequently felt earth to be a waste howling wilderness; and, looking to the beauties of that place where

“The wicked cease from troubling  
And the weary are at rest,”

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has been pressed to say, “My God, my God, it is better for me to die than to live.” I would rather encourage than suppress those blissful anticipations of the land of spirits, by which the soul is enraptured and bathed in heavenly delight. But remember how many there are of your fellows, your friends, who choose not these glorious joys, who are serving the flesh, and will reap corruption; and say, Would you not tarry here to entreat these loved ones to go with you in the path of bliss? Remember the heathen, whose hearts have never tasted the sweets of redeeming love: and would you not wait some forty years to take with you a crowd of spirits, brought to Christ by your own instrumentality? Let your language be, I would not go to heaven alone; and your life will be prized as a valuable opportunity for promoting the glory of Immanuel.

“Throw years away I  
Throw empires, and be blameless.  
Heaven’s on their wing; a moment we may wish  
When worlds want wealth to buy.”

## CONCLUSION.

WELL, and what is to be the result? You have borne with me thus far; may I ask, What is the impression produced on your mind by the various truths I have endeavoured to exhibit?

Review with me the various sections of the foregoing pages. I first endeavoured to display somewhat of the power and dignity of mind. Had I the comprehensive knowledge of Newton, I would have sketched the vastness of that field which is laid open to scientific eye. Had I the profundity of Locke, I might have taken you into the dark caverns of human thought, to bring up treasures hidden from the common gaze. Then would I have asked, Does not mind possess something which inspires respect and veneration? I might have carried you, in thought, to that majestic mind whose creations have seemed too divine to provoke emulation, and you might have been filled with admiration of him who peopled earth with lofty archangels and mean grovelling demons. Had I the eloquence of Burke, I would denounce, with all his thunder, the baseness of the mind which lives unmoved, while all around bespeaks its duty; and with the volcanic fires of his latter genius, I would have displayed the blackness and baseness of a dark and drowsy soul. Had I the caustic satire of

Junius, I would have branded the idler with the name of TRAITOR, till you should blush to company with such a thing. But it needs more than human power to utter the degeneracy of a soul that knows not God. As difficult is it to express the lofty privilege with which humanity is invested when associated with Divinity. The mysterious communings of spirit with its infinite, eternal Father, surpass man's understanding; the golden scenes in the land 'twixt earth and heaven, need a brighter light to gild than the faint glimmerings of man's



brightest poetic genius. Heart can conceive somewhat of the glories surrounding its own being, but words can never utter. Measure the bliss which the concentrated power of Omnipotence, Omniscience, Perfect Love, Immutable Holiness can confer, and you may be able to gauge the worth of your own soul.

Suppose not that the latent energy is your own to use or misuse at pleasure; it is the absolute property of that Being by whom it was conferred. He has made *pleasure* depend upon all that may be holy in your nature. This is all that *Duty* demands. But, hide you one talent, neglect one power, disregard one command, and Reason herself declares that pain must be the consequence. Such powers were communicated, that you might know the everlasting God, appreciate the wonders of his hand, and dive into the depths of his love. The mere possession declares the duty. In your own heart you may read the command of God in relation to yourselves: "Ye are not your own," therefore "do all things to the glory of God."

I next directed you to the consideration of the power, possessed by every soul, to mould itself according to its own will. "Be ye followers of them who through faith and patience are now inheriting the promises." Study

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the character of Him, who is the "brightness (ray; manifestation) of his Father's glory and the express image of his person." Walk with him in the gospels. listen to his discourses. Converse with him by prayer. Breathe his spirit. Show, by your own example, of how much pure, high principle, spiritual nobility, humanity is capable.

From the section now referred to, have you determined to be free from sensuality, to receive NOW the salvation from all beneath the nature of regenerate man? To this your connexion with Christ entitles you. Shall gold, shall fame, shall pleasure, shall aught beneath tile temporal and eternal welfare of mankind; the extension of these principles which accompany the pure spirit, be

a motive in your life? Touch not the debasing things of this world. Though necessarily paying some attention to Mammon, let not your spirit be defiled by close contact with any of his vanities. Live nobly, as the heir of eternal life. Let all your business habits be formed by the laws which should regulate a spirit with an inheritance undefiled, incorruptible, and that fadeth not away. Let worldly business be subservient to the ONE business of an immortal spirit—a business neither depending upon any relations of life, or affected by any temporal considerations; but which demands the attention of every intelligence, and absorbs every faculty of the purest and the happiest; as a being with noble anticipations, and possessing faculties to which the sovereignty of the whole universe would not be adequate: see well to it, that the one subject that befits your nature, is not neglected. Be not modest in vindicating your dignity; but let the world be conscious that, when in your society, they are associating with a noble of a country whose meanest

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subjects are kings of more glorious realms than heart can conceive; being possessors of a spirit in which Omnipotence has displayed all the excellencies which Infinite Love can suggest; illumined by the smile of Divinity, and with its happiness secured by His own immutable truth. Let the world feel that you are removed from them by all the distance that separates a worm of the dust from a son of God.

Would you grow in grace?—increase in likeness to the God of all purity? Remember what has been said concerning the results of communion with the High and Lofty One. Let not the angels that guard your steps, have to mourn over the infrequency with which you obey their promptings, by bowing with them before the throne of God. The cares of this world bind the soul to earth. The spirit is fettered and materialised by the constant demand which business makes upon mental energy; and if you would counteract this

influence, live with God. Let your closet bear witness to the fervid communings of your soul with Him. Soar high above all terrestrial matters, and rejoice in the disenthralment. If heaven is made by the unveiling or God's beauties to the contemplation of pure spirits, of how much delight do you rob your soul by neglecting to enjoy the privilege of prayer with frequency and fervency.

Have you determined to make the Bible your more constant study, that its principles may be wrought into your soul? It is the best companion of prayer. By dwelling upon God in prayer, your soul will be warmed to receive a right impression from the Word of Truth. Not only is the Bible profitable for "correction in righteousness," but for "doctrine;" that the "man of God may be perfect in every good word and work." I will

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not refer, at any length, to the imperative necessity of taking Chillingworth's maxim for our own rule. You know somewhat of the gross and palpable lies that are sent forth as "milk for babes;" verily, they appear more like "strong meat," for it must be a large mental swallow that will take them. You know, already, the activity of the Romish clergy, and their obliging pioneers—the Anglo-catholic clergy. You know, too, something of the cause for grief, with regard to doctrine, that exists among ourselves, the want of earnestness in spiritual inquiry; the implicit reception of opinions from spiritual teachers; the clinging to all prejudices; the disheartening scorn thrown upon all who advance truth that may have been concealed in the dark ages of the church, but which is now appearing in all its majesty as the day dawns, at whose noon the nations are to rejoice in the full sunshine of gospel intelligence. Take, then, the Bible in your hands, with humble, believing reliance on the promised assistance of the Holy Spirit, with no other view than the discovery of truth. "The Bible alone is the religion of Protestants;" or say, rather, the Bible shall be

my faith, though the beauteous fabric of Protestantism should totter, crack, and crumble into dust.

Have you resolved to stand by the cause of LIBERTY, when in humble guise, though Christian (!) friends should frown, and worldly acquaintances should scorn? I ask you not, Have you joined the ranks of this or that *ism*? but, Whether you have enrolled among the hosts of Freedom, resolved to support her banner, till the throne of the last tyrant—till all the tithes of a dominant priesthood—till the last remnants of Class Legislation are trampled in the dust, and one cry burst from the joyful nations,

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**WE ARE FREE!**

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It is a holy cause. Turn back, if your hearts fear the fire of the conflict. None are wanted whose souls are not strung with nerves of iron. But if you are pledged to maintain the right against the might, through life, in death, I hail you as a fellow-soldier, a compatriot, a knight of Freedom's chivalry, destined to rear the banner of Liberty on the crumbled ruins of Injustice. Humble may be our names; but, as children of God, not weak our power. Wherefore stand fast and have faith.

Are you determined to join a yet nobler cause? Is the honour of Christ dearer to you than life? Have you begun to co-operate earnestly with his people in overturning the kingdom of Satan? Warm your heart by habitual consideration of the Saviour's love, and by intimate association with his people. The promise of ultimate success stands on record, and by its side the assurance of the constant presence and assistance of the great Captain of our salvation. "Fear not, be strong and of a good courage, be not dismayed, for the Lord thy God is with thee whithersoever thou goest." Be eager to be a Cœur de Lion in the spiritual crusade.

If these are your sentiments; if you do, indeed, pray and labour for the prosperity of Zion, let me entreat you not to *live at random*. Let your studies, actions, lives

possess that unity of principle, which is the *sine quâ non* to a truly noble and valuable character. Between those without hope and without God in the world, being strangers to the covenant of promise, aliens from the commonwealth of Israel, and those who are justified by faith and sanctified by the indwelling of God, born again of his own will, a chosen generation, a royal priesthood, a holy nation, a peculiar people, common sense declares, that in time there should be a line of distinction, broad

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as the gulf which will separate them in eternity. Disgrace not the cause. Those who now hold up the standard of the gospel, must ere long sink at the post they have so honourably maintained. Already they begin to feel death's clammy hand press heavily on their brow; earth wears an aspect of desolation as they approach the gates of eternal life, through which they are just about to enter. They are looking on us, the young men of our churches, just buckling on the panoply of God to wage on the war till all error shall be conquered. They commit their cause to us; they hold out their banners for our bands to receive and our hearts to love. We receive the sacred charge, twine our heart-strings round the standard. WE are the Lord's, and will not be found wanting.

The end is approaching; the time must soon come when you and I shall stand together before the judgment-seat of Christ. Shall I, then, my dear reader, have the joy of knowing that my labour in the Lord has has not been in vain?

I have been addressing you as though your heart had been softened by the love of Christ; but, perhaps, it is yet hard. Let me entreat you, with all the pathos of a fellow-immortal who was once without hope, and who declares, in the sight of God, that your happiness would be his own delight, to be reconciled to God. Why are you so long among those whose hearts are yet, astray from God? If the deepest affection of which any being can be capable, will draw your heart to itself, behold the

love which the Father has bestowed upon us, that his Bon should be freely given up for us all! If still a stranger to the Lord, I cannot recognise you as a brother in Christ. I cannot affect you to action in his behalf, by pointing to the seats of life, to the eternal joy at his

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right hand. You are his enemy. But to Him I now offer prayer that your mind may be opened by the Spirit, to receive the truth, and to be made free from sin.

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Well, I have prayed for you; go now and pray for yourself. Pray for light—for pardon—for peace. Pray for answers to my prayers.

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Has your heart melted at the remembrance of the Saviour's love? 'Tis a thought which purifies and elevates the soul, and shall be working on the perfected minds of just men throughout eternity.

And now, let me suppose that you are under the power of high and lofty principles, that you earnestly long to act worthy of your nature, and to brighten your destiny; to shrine your name in the hearts or mankind—Dot as the destroyer of nations, but as the spiritual father of a godly seed; not as the crafty statesman, gilded by the honours of sovereigns who fear his power, but as the Son of God, jewelled by the praise of the churches, and enriched by their prayers; held in honour by all mankind, as one by whom their liberty was promoted; a pilgrim to the eternal world, lingering below to spread the freedom of another land; in short, I will suppose that your soul is filled with a noble enthusiasm to display all the beauties of which sanctified nature is capable, to raise men as reasoning, social, and spiritual beings, to live in God and for God. and at last to ascend to the place where is the throne on which our Elder Brother sits, to be lost in the effulgence of glory to which your beatified soul shall then add many a beam. Then have I accomplished somewhat. To the Triune Jehovah

would I ascribe all the glory, praying that my poor soul may likewise be filled with the unsearchable riches of

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Christ, and find a rest in the home of purity, the home of God. Let us live as pilgrims here, and this shall be our eternal portion. Persecution, shall be our honour; weariness our vigour; martyrdom our joy. Nought can separate us from the love of Christ.

“How happy is the pilgrim’s lot,  
How free from any anxious thought,  
From worldly hope and fear!  
Confined to neither court nor cell,  
His soul disdains on earth to dwell,  
He only sojourns here.

“This happiness in part is mine,  
Already saved from low design,  
From every creature love;  
Blessed with the scorn of finite good,  
My soul is lightened of its load,  
And seeks the things above.

“The things eternal I pursue:  
A happiness beyond the view  
Of those who basely pant  
For things by nature felt and seen:  
Their honours, wealth, and pleasures mean,  
I neither have nor want.

“Nothing on earth I call my own,  
A stranger, to the world unknown,  
I all their goods despise,  
I trample on their whole delight,  
And seek a city out of sight,  
A city in the skies.”

WESLEY.

## APPENDIX.

### NOTE A.

I CANNOT illustrate this part of my subject better, than by quoting the following note, from Fye Smith's Triumphant "Lectures on the Relation of some parts of Geological Science to the Holy Scriptures." La Place had observed, that "the curve described by (the motion of) a single molecule of air, or any fluid, is subjected to laws as certain as those of the planetary orbs; there is no difference between them, but that which arises from our ignorance." Mr. Babbage pursues the idea, and shows that these aerial pulses, unseen by the keenest eye, unheard by the acutest ears, unperceived by human senses, are yet demonstrated to exist by human reason. "If man enjoyed a larger command over mathematical analysis, his knowledge of these motions would be more extensive: but a being, possessed of unbounded knowledge of that science, could trace every, the minutest consequences of that primary impulse. Such a being, however far exalted above our race, would still be immeasurably below even our conception of INFINITE Intelligence. Whilst the atmosphere we breathe is the ever-living witness of the sentiments we have uttered, the waters, and the more solid materials of the globe, bear equally enduring testimony of the acts we have committed. If the Almighty stamped on the brow of the first murderer the indelible and visible mark of his guilt; he has also established laws, by which every succeeding criminal is not less irrevocably chained to the testimony of his crime; for every atom of his mortal frame, through whatever changes its several particles may migrate, will still retain, adhering to it

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through every combination, some movement derived from that very muscular effort by which the crime itself was perpetrated. The soul of the negro, whose fettered body, surviving the living charnel-house of his infected prison, was thrown into, the sea, to lighten the ship that his *Christian* master might escape the limited justice at length assigned by civilised man, to crimes,



whose profits had long gilded their atrocity, will need, at the last great day of human account, no living witness of his earthly agony. When man and all his race shall have disappeared from the face of our planet, ask every particle of air still floating over the unpeopled earth, and it will record the cruel mandate of the tyrant. Interrogate every wave that breaks unimpeded on ten thousand desolate shores, and it will give evidence of the last gurgle of the waters which closed over the head of his dying victim, confront the murderer with every corporeal atom of his emmolated slave, and its still quivering movements, he will read the prophets' denunciation of the prophet king, "*Thou art the man.*"—Ninth Bridgewater Treatise, chap. ix.

But the arm, the tongue, the brain, were but the organism of the *mind*; and for mind, with all its machinations, God has made equally effective registers: and "the books will be OPENED."

Young man, we shall stand there together. On your mind will be recorded the truths of this book. For all its errors I shall have to give account. I have told you of your nature, your power, and your responsibility, and if you still sit unconcerned, this book will but add fresh fuel to the flame of eternal destruction.

These truths will be "spiritual fossils" in the world of your own soul; and the lapse of unnumbered cycles shall leave them there, the indestructible mementos of an age long since lost in the ocean of eternity; but which, while it fled, was busily engaged in creating the memorials of itself.

**NOTE B.**

“Every little urchin in the country knows what a scarecrow is, and albeit he may have never heard of genus, species, and so forth, knows full well, that of this said scarecrow there are different kinds. ... Well, as we have said, there are things of this kind to be met with everywhere; but, of course, variously constructed, according to the class they are intended to frighten. Different classes must be differently managed; but the raw head and bloody bones, that used to silence the child in the nursery, is only exchanged for something else as much like it as may be, when the child become of a larger growth. There is always some mysterious ‘fe-fa-fum,’ that announces the approach of a grim giant—and the scene of the nursery is repeated on the world. Thus, there are mercantile scarecrows, and scarecrows political, and even scientific; but one would not care so much if it were not that there are religious scarecrows too. But what is it that can frighten the Dissenters of England, the descendants of the stout-hearted Puritans? One would have thought, that, like young Nelson, they would not have known what fear was ... The fact is this: their wily adversaries, political and ecclesiastical, lay and clerical, seeing that the Dissenters, whom they choose to regard as ill-omened birds, could, by their numbers, peck up every tithe sheaf in the country, if they were so minded, stuck up to guard the preserves of Toryism and church—one of the queerest things ever seen; but it answered amazingly well in some quarters. It was a figure of one who had lost every trace of piety, and had brought disgrace upon religion, and odium on dissent; and, *teneatis risum*, they called it a political Dissenter, forsooth, and with much chatter and gabbling set it up to frighten all the Dissenters out of their propriety. And a capital plan it was, quite a new theory, and a manifest improvement on all former scarecrows; the inventor deserved a patent.” ...

“If religion require, or even render it desirable, that we should abjure our rights as citizens; that we should, as to

our civil relationship, live in a state of single blessedness—of political celibacy; if Christianity constrain us to political

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suicide, then is there an *à priori* argument, and no mean one, against the truth of that system which would produce effects so withering. For there are certain things existent, and facts ascertained, and relationships discovered, as intended by the Author of all things, prior to revelation; of this kind may be specified the connexion between children and parents, with the mutual duties thence resulting, also the nature of civil society and government which revelation does not first teach. ... Nevertheless, some, from mistaken views of religion, as if it could only flourish in the dark shades of a useless seclusion; some, from culpable indifference to the general welfare; some from the want of a worthy firmness, combined with the ignoble love of ease; and, alas! some,—oh, “tell it not in Gath; publish it not in the streets of Askelon”—fearful of suffering loss, and preferring place or pence to principle, not only neglect these duties themselves, but thankfully take up, at secondhand, the phrase which they find ready made for them by their established opponents, whose secret malice they traitorously gratify when they repudiate for themselves, and apply to their brethren as a term of reproach, the epithet, *political Dissenters*. ... Yes; if to be political is to be vile, we will be yet more vile than we have been.”—ROBERT HALL, in the *Eclectic*.

I have made these long quotations to show that great and good men have not thought Christianity dishonoured by bringing her principles into contact with the iniquitous institutions of Cæsar. If laughed at, and scorned as a political Dissenter, remember Robert Hall. But I rest not the appeal on such a foundation alone. On the ground of our common humanity I command you to establish the reign of justice; on the ground of our common salvation, I command you to maintain the things which are holy, just, and good; on the ground of the common damnation, the iniquitous union of Church and State is calculated to effect; the souls of millions wait to thunder a malediction against you if your energy is not roused to overturn this disgrace to a nation professing itself Christian.

## NOTE C.

## A HINT TO STUDENTS.

To make all sure,—here is your course: Wrestle with God by your FERVENT PRAYERS, and wrestle with him too by your FAITHFUL ENDEAVOURS; and he *will not* for his goodness' sake,—and for his promise' sake he *cannot*, dismiss you without a blessing. But omit either prayer or endeavour,—and the other is labour lost. Prayer without study is presumption; and study without prayer is atheism: the one is bootless, the other fruitless. You take your books into your hand in vain, if you turn them over, and never look higher; and you take God's name into your lips in vain, if you cry "*Da Domme*," and never stir farther. A ship is then likely to be steered with best certainty and success, when there is *oculus ad cælum, manus ad clavum*;—when the pilot is careful both to have his eye on the compass, and his hand at the helm.—*Bp. Sanderson*.

"Be diligent in business—fervent in spirit—serving the Lord."—*Romans xii. 11.*

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