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Book  
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# THE BOOK OF VISIONS.





THE  
BOOK OF VISIONS:  
BEING A  
TRANSCRIPT OF THE RECORD

OF THE  
SECRET THOUGHTS OF A VARIETY OF INDIVIDUALS  
WHILE ATTENDING CHURCH.

EMBRACING  
MEMBERS OF THE CABINET, MEMBERS OF CONGRESS, BANKERS,  
LAWYERS, EDITORS, MERCHANTS, LADIES, ETC. ETC.,  
IN WASHINGTON CITY, BALTIMORE, PHILA-  
DELPHIA, NEW YORK, LONDON  
AND PARIS.

ALSO,  
INSTANCES OF THE SEPARATION OF THE SOUL FROM THE  
BODY—ONE INDIVIDUAL BEING JUSTIFIED BY  
FAITH, AND THE OTHER CONDEMNED.

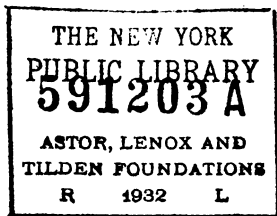
CONCLUDING WITH  
AN ACCOUNT OF THE INTERMEDIATE ABODE OF DEPARTED  
SPIRITS, AND THEIR HAPPY OR MISERABLE  
CONDITION, AS THEY HAVE  
DONE GOOD OR  
EVIL.

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PHILADELPHIA,  
PUBLISHED BY J. W. MOORE.

1847.

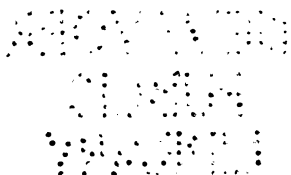
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## P R E F A C E .

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By day and by night, for years, the idea was ever present to me, that this world was inhabited by as many (and perhaps a great many more), immortal spirits, as by mortal men. The idea was conceived at the bedside of an esteemed friend as he fell asleep in death. As I witnessed the last sigh issue from his cold and pallid lips, and while I secretly supplicated our heavenly Father to receive his parting soul into the realms of blissful and eternal rest, the thought occurred to me, and has never since departed from my mind, that there is even here upon earth, and in the very air we breathe, a state of existence for ærial spirits, who, although imperceptible to our earthly vision, are unceasingly gliding in countless myriads, above us, around us, and among us, ever obedient to the will of their supreme Lord and Master. Methought that in this state of existence, there were spirits of evil as well as of good; but that even the former were constrained to acknowledge the might and majesty of the great God; and that the redeemed of the Lord, the souls of those who die

forgiven, were not far removed, but calmly reposing in the consciousness of an infinite and everlasting happiness awaiting them at the coming of the great Judge, when the tremendous signal blast shall announce to earth, and earth's inhabitants, that Time is at an end. In this immortal state, the beings, whether celestial, or spirits of men translated from their earthly tabernacles, were unconscious of the lapse of time, so that a thousand years in this intermediate paradise would be to them but as a moment. Methought, likewise, that the souls of the wicked lay apart in indescribable anguish, lamenting their sad condition, and repenting bitterly, but too late, the crimes they had committed.

The thought that the spirit of my Christian friend, released from its earthly tenement, which lay extended before me, already in incipient corruption, was enjoying a felicity unknown to those who were yet in the bonds of the flesh, afforded a consolation which nothing else could give.

I turned away from the mournful spectacle, and indulged in solitude the thoughts which had been inspired within me. My own reason satisfied me that with God nothing was impossible; and that if it were his will, all the ministering hosts of heaven, and of hell, must be truly mingling everywhere in the midst of us frail mortals, without the slightest consciousness on our part of their presence.

According to our principles of philosophy, it

is true all bodies may be analyzed, and their parts subjected to positive demonstration. But God's theories, his works, the mysterious and illimitable creations of his will, are they not too deep, too high, too broad, to be comprehended and tested by our philosophy? We would deem it impossible, by the application of any earthly agency, to roll back the waters of the great deep; to cause a flaming chariot to ascend to heaven; to withstand unscathed the heated furnace; to make the dumb to speak, and to raise the dead; and yet we doubt not that all these things, and others without number, of the same apparent impossibility, have been done by the great Creator of the universe.

The more I pondered and searched the Divine Revelations, the more deeply I became impressed with the idea that the ministering spirits of Good, and of Evil, were constantly attending us. It is written that even the hairs of our heads are numbered, and that we shall be judged according to the deeds done in the body. Does this not imply a fact, not to be mistaken, that every conception of the heart of man is noted down, and that the vast record is to be opened on the day of final judgment? And do not the Scriptures prove, in divers places, that angels have really appeared and disappeared before the eyes of mortals, being sent by their supreme Master? That the immortal spirits of those who die on earth, are immediately translated to an intermediate place of repose, or of suf-

fering, as they may have done good or evil, and there to await the final advent, is surely sufficiently indicated in the XVIth chapter of St. Luke.

For many years the writer's thoughts have dwelt upon this subject; and he has prayed that his mind might be so illuminated as to enable him to produce a little work which might to some extent arrest the attention of his fellow-men, and, perchance, by benefiting them, redound in the end, in some small degree, to the glory of that great Being to whom we all owe undivided reverence and adoration.

In illness God has spared the writer. From the perils of the great deep, when the ocean was tossed tempestuously, and others perished, God still preserved him; and in the darkest fury of the elements, his prayer still was, that he might live to contribute something for the benefit of his species, and also accomplish something, however little, for the glory of his Preserver.

THE  
BOOK OF VISIONS.

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VISION I.

I WAS sojourning briefly in the capital of this great Republic, which most appropriately bears the name of the illustrious founder of American freedom, who was guided and sustained by the wisdom and power of the great Omnipotent.

It was the Christian Sabbath-day, and I entered an edifice dedicated to the service of the Lord. Here, methought, I would behold not only a large portion of the assembled wisdom of the nation, but likewise witness a congregation of pious patriots, devoted, like the beneficent hero, who achieved, under divine guidance, which he supplicated without ceasing, the liberties of the people, solely to the service of their God and their country.

The building, which neither within nor without exhibited any of the vast adornments that illustrate the ancient structures of European cities, was soon filled with people; and as the sound of praise died away, the head of the minister was bowed in silent



prayer. Every whisper was hushed; and, as I calmly surveyed the motionless group, admiring the mute devotion, suddenly an impenetrable veil seemed to envelope my eyes, which continued only for an instant, and was immediately succeeded by a clearer and purer vision than I had ever possessed before.

A wonderful change had taken place in the scene. The entire space above the heads of the assemblage was filled with watchful spirits, evidently invisible to all but myself, for none seemed to be conscious of the presence of such an aerial host. The spirits were of two kinds; the one of silver brightness, and benignant countenance; the other of sable aspect, and malignant expression. The first class bore each a small tablet suspended from the neck, and in the hand a book; while the other had each but a tablet. I soon observed that every individual present was the object of the constant attention of two of these spirits—one of each kind.

Immediately in front of me sat one of the great men of the nation. He was arrayed in plain apparel, and sang reverently in unison with the choir; he, also, bowed low his head in time of prayer. The spirits drew closer to the respective objects of their attention, and I was irresistibly prompted to observe the operations of the two that were allotted to the seemingly devout individual before me. I saw the spirit of evil write upon his tablet the fol-

lowing words:—"All eyes are upon you"—and the spirit of good wrote upon his tablet:—"LIFE—DEATH—JUDGMENT." The inscriptions upon both tablets were presented to the mind of the individual; and then the spirit of good, in obedience to the will of his divine Master, recorded the secret thoughts conceived in the heart of the man. I looked, and read the following lines, as they were traced by the pencil of light:—"Yes, I think that every one present has gazed at me;" (he had supposed the inscriptions on the tablets to be merely his own spontaneous thoughts;) "the President has launched at me a glancing *coup-d'œil*, thinking, perhaps, I trench rather much on his prerogative. I am glad I yielded to the entreaties of my wife, and came to church to-day; for we are to have a sermon, I learn, from the editor of the 'Evangelical Recorder,' printed in one of our populous cities. By my grave attitude, and particular attention to the service, I may win an incidental compliment in his paper on the score of deportment. Such a notice, from such a source, would add 'troops of friends' in the church-going community." Here the last prayer ended, and I closed my eyes in shame and mortification, to find that this holy place was thus desecrated by one whose superior eloquence had often enchained the attention of admiring multitudes; and whose moral sentiments, frequently expressed both orally and by his pen, had so often

won the approbation of all classes of the community.

When the sermon began, I observed that this distinguished individual seemed to be wholly absorbed with the subject expounded by the very able and eloquent preacher; and my eyes followed once more the busy pencil of the recording spirit. Thus it ran: "When the plate comes round, I must throw in a half eagle; it will be remarked by the one who takes the collection, and, perhaps, by the ladies opposite, across the aisle; if they should see it, I know it will be whispered in the ears of a thousand. . . Well done, my good fellow! that was 'a palpable hit.' The oratory of these pulpit speakers is worthy of the observation of the best of us. They are now taught in respectable schools. Well done, again! That point was certainly well urged. It is true we live now, we who breathe here; it is also true that we must die; certainly, all who have lived before us, are dead; and there is no reason why we should expect any exemption on that fatal point: but as for judgment, after death, that does not appear to be quite so clear a point with many. If such be the case, however, life is truly the time to prepare ourselves for it. I wish I had the leisure to investigate this matter. Some day I certainly must begin a careful examination of the Scriptures. Hitherto I have only sought for apropos quotations. Those ladies near the altar have been gazing this way the last ten

minutes. I think they are the daughters of my friend ——, one of the members from New York. If New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Indiana, could be secured, there would be no danger—no doubt of success.” I again closed my eyes, utterly astonished at the revelation I had witnessed.

In the course of a very few moments, it occurred to me that perhaps this might be the only case of this kind of duplicity among the many attentive listeners present; and I turned softly to observe what the spirit was recording over the head of a care-worn member of Congress who sat on my left. The tablet of the evil spirit which was presented to his mind, had these words thereon: “*Money is power;*” that of the other: “‘THOU SHALT NOT COVET.’” These were the reflections of the politician: “If God has created gold and silver, and all other good things for our enjoyment, how can it be sinful to seek to obtain them? The parson prates nonsense. If God tempts us to do wrong, it cannot be just to punish us for yielding, for he is mightier than we are. . . I am certain, the more I think on it, that we were swindled last night. My partner and I had arranged a plan which could not possibly have failed, if a fair game had been played against us. We had tested the plan many times. Its failure of success on this occasion is indubitable proof that we were cheated. And \$4000 was a sum that I could not afford to lose. Early in

the morning I must borrow money to meet my check, or it will be dishonored. The insulting insinuations of the colonel, when I merely remarked that his success was not the result of superior playing, may enable me to retrieve myself. I have learned this morning, as I was accidentally walking up the avenue just behind a couple of the colonel's friends, that he will not fight—and that he has several times declined such invitations. I will pay him, and then challenge him immediately afterwards. If he should determine to fight this time, some of my friends must make peace between us, for I must not be fool enough to get shot, or to shoot a man in such a quarrel as this. Lord Byron's example did not take—but the habits of Fox did not hinder his advancement. Yet I am sure he will decline the combat; and as he belongs to the other party, it will be vastly advantageous to me in a political point of view. There is not a prominent opponent in my district who would fight. No one will dare to contend against me. Let me see. The Secretary of the Treasury has promised to make five appointments for me in the custom-house, and the Postmaster-general says he can get the President's sanction to appoint the men I have named as deputy post-masters, provided I am successful at the approaching election. The *éclat* of the challenge will render success certain, notwithstanding the sermons of the fanatics in my state. The gross amount of the salaries of all

these office-holders will be some \$30,000. I have their written obligations to pay me twenty per cent., if I succeed in getting them appointed. That will be \$6000 per annum. Then there is ——'s claim against the government. I have his obligation, if I get it passed, to pay me ten per cent. That will be \$10,000 more. Three of us, of the committee, which is a majority, have prepared a report in favor of ——'s Indian claim. If the bill passes, we are to get half the amount. My share will be \$20,000. It may be true that these claims are not altogether quite just; but if we should not get the money, the government would be likely to squander it among others not more deserving. Next winter, I shall be able to pay a letter-writer for each of the States, all of whom shall make glowing panegyrics on my speeches simultaneously throughout the whole country. I shall demand of the President the Treasury Department; for I can prove, I think, to his satisfaction, that the present Secretary is secretly playing into the hands of the enemy. I must have a place in the cabinet, or else one of the most lucrative foreign missions. This last would pay \$9000 outfit, \$9000 salary, and \$4500 infit. That would be \$22,500. As soon as the appropriation is made, say six months afterwards, I could resign and come back, under the pretext that the climate did not agree with me. I can get a friend elected in my district who will resign when I return, and I can soon be here

again. But if the President will not accommodate me, I shall succeed, perhaps, in having my name put in nomination for the Presidency. I can launch sufficient machinery into operation to defeat his nomination—that much is quite certain.”

I felt too much pain at heart to follow the iniquitous thoughts of this honorable member any farther.

I directed my eyes towards another member. This was an individual of profound learning and capacious intellect, who had long been in the councils of the nation; and yet, notwithstanding his distinguished and effectual services on many important occasions, he was, nevertheless, held in but secondary repute by the party with which he generally acted, in consequence of alleged derelictions on several measures of great magnitude, but of questionable propriety and policy. He was, besides, a man of reserved manners, and grave aspect.

It so happened that I did not see the device with which the evil spirit sought to tempt this individual; but it was particularly indefatigable in presenting the tablet in divers ways, both to his head and his heart. I presumed that no impression could be made on him, for he persisted in listening attentively to several eloquent illustrations of the speaker before him; and at times there was a slight involuntary movement of the lips, and a sparkling moisture of the eye, which satisfied me

that all the American legislators were not engrossed with worldly meditations on the Sabbath-day. A glance proved at once that I was not mistaken.

“Truly,” he pondered, “it were far better for me, during this brief sojourn on earth—for it is, and must be brief—to secure, if it be possible, the salvation of my soul, and an eternal repose in the bright and immutable world to come, than, by dissimulation and crime, or even otherwise, to obtain universal empire on earth; a power which, even if the possession of it could render us happy here—but which I deny—must inevitably be snatched away in a few short years, by death. Others may pursue whatever course they please; but I shall continue hereafter, as I have done hitherto, to act according to the lights of the Gospel, and the dictates of my conscience. I thank God that I have never yet knowingly erred, in the discharge of my public and private duties; and with his blessing and assistance I will so continue on to the end. They may reproach me as they will, and continue to upbraid me for the neglect of what they are pleased to term splendid opportunities to ascend to the pinnacle of power; but my ambition shall be bounded by the desire to contribute my feeble efforts towards the preservation and perpetuation of the government erected by the patriots of 1776, and, as I believe, sanctioned by our Father in Heaven. I pray thee, heavenly Father, to make us all true Christians and true Republicans—not des-



potic demagogues—and the honor of exalted station bestow thou upon whom thou wilt—I ask it not.”

I then turned to observe what was passing in the mind of another member of much celebrity, who sat in the next pew. This individual, possessed of acknowledged genius, was represented by the press of the country as being not only excessively impassioned and vehement in the pursuit of the objects of his ambition, but desperate and even dangerous when menaced or opposed by his enemies. And being also described by many of the journals as destitute of regard, either for the precepts of the Bible, or the opinions of good men, I felt the greater curiosity to inspect the secret meditations of his heart. The following was the idea instilled by the evil one: “*Be terrible, and none will dare oppose your course;*” and these were the words of the good spirit: “**REPENT AND BE SAVED.**” And thus the record ran: “I will not indulge in impious thoughts in this place; for there are many, too many other times and places to brood over such unprofitable subjects. I know that many men fear me, and some hate me, because, instead of permitting their affronts to pass with impunity, and yielding to their gigantic plots and combinations to crush me, I have met them boldly, without ever regarding with dread the dangers which have appalled and silenced other men. Those of my enemies who have witnessed the failure of their

brutal attempts at intimidation, no doubt fear me ; and while they dare not face me again in equal conflict, they resort to the pusillanimous means of attempting to destroy my character by systematized calumny, propagated anonymously by their presses. But this is not the place for such thoughts. My God ! thou knowest I fear *thee* ; thou knowest my heart—thou alone—and that what I may have committed against thy holy laws, was done under the impulse of a too impetuous heart, and under the conviction of necessity. Most heartily do I repent the sins I have committed ; and it shall be my sincere, however weak endeavor, to avoid the commission of offences in future. Do thou in mercy assist me, my heavenly Father ! and so direct my course that I may yet feel a consciousness of a change of heart, and that thou art my friend and saviour, whatever may be the opinions of men. Oh, lead me not into temptation ! for thou knowest the fury of my passions. Thou knowest also my deep-rooted devotion to my country. And having sanctioned the efforts of our Washington in the cause of freedom, thou wilt not condemn me for allying, in this land of liberty, patriotism with religion.”

I must confess, that this revelation produced within me an agreeable surprise ; and I added my petition that his supplication might be received with favor, for I observed that his attending evil spirit, half lugubrious and half savage in aspect,

seemed to make unusually diligent exertions to divert his thoughts into a less lofty channel, by incessantly presenting new incentives to his mind, such as: *Your foe A. frowns disdainfully—B. smiles, and would, if reconciled, shower commendations upon you*—while the good monitor only repeated his first suggestion.

An opportunity offering, I stepped lightly a few paces forward, and occupied a vacant seat. Immediately in front sat a prominent senator, whose name had occasionally been mentioned in connection with the Presidency, and whose thoughts I had an anxiety to read. He seemed to be listening very attentively to the sermon; at least his eyes were fastened on the pulpit. The evil prompter presented to his mind these words: "*Aim at nothing short of the Presidency*"—while the good spirit suggested as follows: "AIM FOR HEAVEN." These were the thoughts of this senator: "I have never yet revealed to the ear of mortal man that I have aspirations for the chair of the supreme Executive; nor will I, until I have so shaped circumstances that the secretly coveted prize must inevitably be mine. Its possession would be heaven to me; and if, indeed, there be future rewards and punishments—that we must die, it would be folly to doubt—I will then have it in my power to do enough good to counterbalance all my evil, if we are really to be judged according to our works. . . Let me ponder well what I shall do in relation to

the important measure which my trusty spy in the President's family assures me will be proposed to-morrow morning, in a special message. It is undoubtedly the identical measure which I had intended proposing myself, in the Senate chamber, or else in a letter for publication; but the time has never yet, as I have deemed, been propitious. Now, it would appear, it is too late for me to reap any special benefit from my advocacy of it. And yet it is certainly a momentous question. If the proposition had come from me; or if I were but the leader in carrying through the measure, it would be fraught with immense consequences to myself. It would make me President. But I am anticipated, forestalled, and the question now for me to solve, is what course I shall pursue in relation to it. If I oppose it, it cannot pass; if I pass it, another will reap the glory. It must be beneficial to the country, if passed; and it may injure me if lost by my opposition. Here is truly a dilemma. I think I must vote for it, in the end, but have it modified in such a manner—so shaped that the President will lose his temper and denounce it; or else have inserted in its body such provisions as will cause future difficulties, and ultimately render its utility and policy questionable, so that no one shall reap advantage from it. It shall be done. My influence can command such a compromise."

Near the Senator sat two cabinet ministers; one

was the Secretary of State, and the other the Secretary of the Treasury. To the first my attention was directed. Without reading the words of the tempter, or the monition of the spirit of truth, I hastened to the development of the great man's heart. Here is a faithful copy: "My secret interview with the —— Envoy lasted so long last night, and kept me so late from my accustomed rest, that I really feel too dull and weary to accompany the minister through his laborious involutions. I must either go to sleep sitting in the church, or else let loose my thoughts in the way they are accustomed to run; and if they refer but little to matters of religion, and pay no special regard to the day or place, no one can know it. [What a mistake!] I must take some repose this afternoon, provided the President should not send for me again to solve some orthographical problem in his message, to which he intends putting the finishing stroke after dinner; or else I shall not be in condition for our second secret meeting to-night. To-night we will arrange the particulars; the bases of our operations are already agreed upon. I had the President's ultimatum in writing—which I intend to keep; he his sovereign's definitive instructions; and we both expressed our sincere anxiety to achieve an adjustment of the matter. He confessed his fear that he was not capable of conducting the correspondence with me, with credit to himself, or advantage to his government. This

was agreeable to my *amor patriæ*, if not to my *amor propre*; and I proposed that we should, under the most solemn protestations of eternal secrecy, mutually exhibit our instructions. After a slight hesitation, he opened his vest, and very deliberately drawing forth his packet, laid it beside mine on the table. That his truly contained the genuine instructions, there can be no doubt; for surely it could never have occurred to him that such a proposition might be made. He perused my document, and I his: never, perhaps, did two competing diplomatists mutually enjoy an equal amount of sudden and unexpected happiness. The terms offered by our Executive were better than his government anticipated; and we found ourselves vested with power and authority to settle the difficulty, with greater advantage to both of the governments than was required or expected of us. For this consummation we must be suitably rewarded. He expects a high title, and I require to be translated to the Presidential palace. To-night we must arrange the details. But there must be a prolonged diplomatic correspondence, and excitements and agitations in both countries, consequent upon certain fearful rumors, which must emanate from *us*, at proper intervals. We must attract the attention of the world, from St. Petersburg to the Columns of Hercules; the funds must be affected in Wall Street, in Lombard Street, and at the *Bourse*—before we bring the momentous negotia-

tion to a joyful conclusion. In regard to his fear of inability to contend with me in the correspondence, there is, probably, some foundation for his apprehensions; and hence his proposition to conduct my side of the discussion, while I represent his government. I can see no objection to this unique arrangement, providing we do our own transcribing, and mutually supervise, correct, and alter *ad libitum*. We can continue to meet secretly, and write letters to each other across the table. At the onset we must contrive to raise apparently insuperable difficulties, so that our governments shall be the better pleased when everything is finally adjusted in the manner we have agreed upon. I know the President will be charmed to excess when I announce to him the fact, that better terms have been obtained than he really supposed to be possible. I will affect to give him the glory. Then he will give me a *carte blanche* to dismiss his enemies from office, and put in their places such friends as I may deem calculated to promote his reelection. But the country will give all the credit of the treaty to the negotiator; and the Secretary of the Treasury, who is devoted to my interests, and predicts that I will be the successful candidate, will furnish such men to fill the offices as will work for *me*, while they must not hesitate to profess that they are the President's very ardent friends, and very humble and grateful servants. The Secretary has promised me, and I see no rea-

son to doubt his word, as he is aware that he would neither have been appointed by the President, nor subsequently confirmed by the Senate, had I opposed the nomination. Really I am not aware of anything of any magnitude that now obstructs my course. It is true, there must of necessity occur some petty annoyances to one in my position. A sarcasm in Congress, or an occasional assault in the most violent of the opposition journals, will only have the effect to place me still more conspicuously before the people. There are, of course, friends in Congress, and editors in the country sufficiently devoted to my interests, to repel all such attacks. . . . I must get rid of one of my principal clerks. He is the President's spy. He has them in all the Departments. But this one is a subtle fellow. How can it be done? He has charge of the confidential documents. I must imitate his chirography, and attack the President in one of the penny papers. The New York ——— will publish any anonymous letter, provided it encloses a bank note. I must insert in it some revelation of State secrets. The author will be demanded, and the editor will reply by sending the manuscript. The resemblance of the chirography, the accuracy of the disclosure, and the position of the clerk, will suffice to cause his prompt dismissal, notwithstanding all his protestations of innocence. And then his place shall be filled by a creature of my own."



I ceased to follow the thoughts of the negotiator. I was content to pause here, mortified with the reflection that such unceasing efforts should be made by so many men to obtain the honors of this world, which they cannot but know must be speedily relinquished again; while but a moiety of the exertions thus dissipated, and worse than dissipated, might suffice to win a crown of glory which fadeth not away.

I transferred my regards to the record of the thoughts of the other secretary, and thus it ran: "There sits the President, 'the observed of all observers;' and yet he is not greater in stature or intellect than myself. Why cannot I be elected President? I have friends who believe such an event altogether possible; and I have been urged to 'play my cards' with a view to win such a stake. And now a good opportunity presents itself. One of my trusty employées, whom I directed to watch the movements of the Secretary of State, and the — Envoy, has reported that, being ensconced in the room where they held their secret meetings, he heard every word that passed at their conference last night." [Here the evil spirit presented this incentive: "*Be the great American Machiavel*"—and the spirit of good merely suggested the following: "BE TRUE."}] "The Premier," continued the Secretary, "has once or twice made indirect allusion to the fact that I owe him a debt of gratitude. Now, being *in*, I shall put him *out*. I can, and I will do

it. As soon as his treaty is concluded, I will write an anonymous letter to Lord —, giving him a detailed account of the meeting last night; and I should think he will regard this precious brace of diplomatists with something akin to indignation. The press shall also have the hint, and I doubt not inquiries and charges will be made in certain quarters, which can neither be evaded nor satisfactorily answered. The treaty will not, of course, be ratified. In the mean time I will furnish Mr. Premier Secretary with as long a list of names for appointment as he may desire, and with pleasure. But I will have the pledge of every one to use his influence for the elevation of *myself*. They must give me that pledge as a preliminary to the negotiation. They must promise, however, to be everything that the premier may desire, when they have their interview with him at the Department of State—and they must likewise make fair promises to the President. . . . To-morrow I am to give a final answer to the agents of the bankers and capitalists. One of them intimated yesterday that his views in relation to all the prominent questions of the day coincided with mine, and that he designed establishing a political paper in each of the four great eastern cities. He remarked that if he did so, I might name the editors to conduct them. What does this mean, but that they shall be mine, provided I accept his bid? This would not be bribery. Patronage of every kind is be-

stowed in these refined days, only on those who can reciprocate favors; and I often smile to hear applicants for office set up claims for past services, on the ground that they are in feeble health, or needy. These timid supplications are mere disgusting puerilities; the patronage of government is never cheerfully bestowed, but upon those who, it is supposed, can render *future* service. I will secure the four presses, and have them properly manned. Their first thunder shall startle the midnight diplomatist, who thinks himself unequaled in dissimulation and intrigue. But he must not know the master-spirit that smites him. With these presses; the friends I will have in office; and my own active skill in mounting the waves as they rise in the ever-varying sea of politics, I think I may manage to get the best trumps for the next presidential game."

Here I abandoned the perusal of this man's thoughts, and sighed in anguish to find that there should be such degeneracy among the public functionaries, in this fair land, from the bright example set by the worthies of the Revolution. I was, however, somewhat consoled to ascertain, on a subsequent examination, that some of the Cabinet ministers were pure patriots, but all somewhat ambitious—and, indeed, almost every public character I met with aspired to the Presidency.

I did not peruse the thoughts of the President. There was an undefinable aversion in my breast to

the undertaking; and I was willing to avoid a disclosure which might have been gratifying—and perhaps the reverse. God only knows.

Once more an opportunity occurred to shift my position without disturbing any one; and finding myself near a lawyer of some notoriety, I was induced to examine the nature of his inmost thoughts. Thus he mused, with his eyes fixed upon the minister of the Gospel: “I will conduct S——’s case for him; but I must have a large share of the award. The estate he bought a year ago, is not now worth as much as he gave for it by several thousand dollars; this fact is undeniable, and can be made to have much influence on the final decision. It may be true that at the time the purchase was made, it was worth all he gave for it, and that there was a prospect of realizing a very great profit; we will only adhere to the facts as they now exist. S—— is poor, and A., of whom he purchased, is called rich. S——’s endorsers have deposited the money, and that is the money we must arrest in its course, and divide among ourselves. A——’s attorney says he has received but a pitiful preliminary fee of \$20. . . Tomorrow, I learn, there will be an agreement to compromise, and the opposing counsel will be requested to fix upon a third arbiter, and their decision will be final. The third man will dictate the terms of settlement. That man must be F——, who relies upon me to obtain a practice. . . I

must contrive to have him meet A——'s attorney this evening, and casually express an opinion favorable to his side of the question. To-morrow I will name F—— as the third man. We must all live. We three will manage to divide with S——; for we will be as much entitled to the money as he is. We must decide against A——, for the funds will be ready to meet the award—whereas, if S—— lost, we could realize nothing, or comparatively nothing. . . It will be an easy case, for A—— is so certain of the justice of his cause, and so sure of success, that he will not exert himself to procure any other testimony than the simple contract itself. . . I must see S—— to-day, and give him instructions what to do. . . Other lawyers may sneer at this kind of practice, and call it robbery; but while their families are in indigence, ours shall be affluent. . . Most heartily do I rejoice with them, that there are so many of their own class, and so few of mine, in this city. All the world over, success in a profession is the best proof of a man's capacity. . . The priests denounce us, it is true: for it is written in their text-book, 'Wo unto you also, ye lawyers! for ye lade men with burdens grievous to be borne,' &c.; but I never read the Bible, and wouldn't believe it, if I did."

When I ceased reading I observed that the evil spirit attending this man exhibited many marks of delight, and presented to his mind many promises

of wealth and power ; while the good spirit, with a grave countenance, did nothing more than intimate that there was an eternal existence beyond this life, where none could be happy without being faithful Christians on earth. These suggestions to his conscience, the lawyer regarded merely as the evanescent impressions produced by the sermon, and they were summarily dismissed, to give place to the influence of the mammon of unrighteousness.

The next individual that arrested my attention was a rich man, who had the deep marks of many cares imprinted on his brow. The evil spirit tempted and tormented him, by filling his mind with apprehensions of losses ; the good monitor reminded him of the tenth commandment ; and thus he pondered : “ I believe I am often the most miserable man on earth ; for now, when my estates are ample, I find old age creeping on me ; and in place of the enjoyment I have so often promised myself, when I should be the possessor of a certain amount of wealth, I find I am feeble, and continually racked with pains. . . I must employ one of the best physicians to attend me constantly—no, no ; that would not do ; he would rob me ; that is, he would prolong my misery, instead of curing me, for the purpose of abstracting the greatest possible amount of money from my coffers. . . No one is to be trusted—none are honest. . . It is said twenty clerks are to be removed from office

to-morrow. I advanced a month's salary to fifteen of them last night. They gave me security, it is true ; but they endorsed for each other. I could not suppose that such a sweep would be made. I *shaved* them, as usual, some twenty-five per cent. ; and they had the heart to take my money, when no doubt all of them had been notified that their services would be dispensed with after to-morrow. This is the basest, the blackest ingratitude I ever met with. . . There are no honest men in the world. All are rogues. . . I cannot sue these robbers—and if I did, they have nothing but their clothes ; besides, any legal proceedings would expose to the whole world all my transactions of this nature, and which I have hitherto managed to conceal from every one but those whom I accommodated. . . If I see them, and appeal to their honor, they will justify themselves to their own satisfaction, by saying the amount they owe me is not so much as they have hitherto paid me over and above the legal interest. It is lost ; it is gone. . . And now, in my old age, perhaps every person upon whom I rely—and I *must* rely upon some—will deceive me. . . My gray hairs may yet go down in poverty to the grave.” [The good spirit here suggested, that as he brought nothing into the world, neither could he take anything out of it. The evil monitor intimated that he might recover his losses by raising his rents, and by demanding payment of some heavy loans,

well-secured, if more interest were not paid him for an extension of time.] “If H. and S. do not pay me to-morrow,” he continued, “I will distrain. I will sell everything, bag and baggage, and turn them all out of doors. The people may abuse me, if they see proper. It would seem that I am expected to furnish houses gratis for all the lazy vagabonds who come to the city. . . I have been offered a higher rent for these houses, with a good assurance of being punctually paid. . . But every time I distrain, some wicked and malicious person burns one of my houses, knowing that there is no insurance. Ah me! my troubles have prevented me from enjoying a good night’s rest for many a year. They try to rob me, and would not hesitate to commit murder. . . I must die at last; and it may be very shortly. . . My children are idle and extravagant. They would spend a million in five years. Miserable man that I am! To think that all my wealth may be dissipated so soon after I am gone. . . If I appoint trustees to pay my heirs nothing but the income of my estates, they will cheat me out of the principal as soon as my back is turned. . . I am more unhappy now, and have had less enjoyment during the last twenty years, than the humblest man in Washington. . . Every one would rob me. No one will be my friend, unless it be with designs upon my purse. Even the caresses of my children are always the mere prelude to an application for



money. What shall I do? Sometimes I attend church; but that does me no good. They say comfort may be found in the Bible; but to consume time in reading it, my affairs must be neglected."

I turned from this dreadful record—a record which is to be preserved in the great book that will be opened on the day of judgment—to the face of the miserable old man; and every feature told the sad tale of wo—the wo denounced against those who fix their hearts upon the uncertain treasures of this world.

Near the man of wealth sat another individual also well-stricken in years, whose habiliments betokened his poverty, but his placid countenance indicated a peace and contentment within, which are far more desirable than gold. . . The following thought was insinuated to the old man's mind by the evil one, as his eyes happened to rest upon his neighbor: "*Why should one have a superabundance of this world's goods, and another be left to struggle with poverty?*" The spirit of good suggested: "BE FAITHFUL TO THE END—AS LAZARUS WAS." And thus ran the record of his thoughts: "It is true, that inasmuch as God provides for the birds of the air, and the beasts of the field, who toil not, he will the more surely sustain the creatures in his own image who obey him, and put their trust in his providence. Let me ascribe all honor and glory to the only great and good God.

In youth I beheld my father's fortune snatched from him by merciless men, and I was tempted to curse them, and to utter reproaches against the Great Disposer of all events: but my pious and submissive parents hindered me, and counseled me to lay up such treasure as they still possessed within, which could be obtained without price, and which fadeth not away. They instructed me that no power could bereave me of such treasure; that it would neither vanish nor diminish by enjoyment; and that all other things needful on earth would be added. I now feel thankful to God for inspiring them with the disposition to advise me thus, and that the inclination was given me to listen to them; for that which they uttered, I have found to be true. . . Many years have passed away since I was cast in destitution upon a cold and inhospitable world; and I am still poor; but I can and do thank my God that I have never yet gone hungry to bed; nor lacked raiment to keep me warm; nor suffered with apprehensions for the future; nor had my slumbers disturbed by the phantoms of victims whom I had wrongfully distressed. No; I have had health, peace within and without, and have seen my children grow up in humble contentment around me. I envy not the rich and powerful; but few of them drink at the pure fountain which God has been pleased to vouchsafe to the humblest Christian." [Here, while the poor man's eyes were sparkling with the

happy emotions which swelled his grateful heart, there seemed to be a spirit of superior brilliance and magnitude descending upon the congregation. Rays of celestial light were imparted from a common centre, to a considerable portion of the congregation, whom I supposed to be the true Christians present; for although this visitation was evidently as invisible to them as was the air, yet there was clearly perceptible in their faces a changed expression, which indicated that they were for the moment inspired with better feelings, and firmer resolves, than ordinarily actuated them. The speaker grew more animated and solemnly impressive. [The evil spirits cowered in the holy presence—and the spirits of good manifested their joy in smiles of triumph.] The aged man thus continued to muse: “And when I am called away from earth—as we all must be some time or other, and before long—I thank my God that I can go with an undoubting faith in his promise of a blissful resurrection to all those who fear and obey him. Those most dear to me are in the path of wisdom. I will leave nothing to regret behind me. There is no wealth I would take with me, but a redeemed soul. . . Oh Heavenly Father—I thank thee that thou hast spared and preserved us hitherto, notwithstanding our many offences against thee; offences which might justly have consigned us to ruin; but thou wert merciful. And, oh, in mercy spare us yet, for we are still weak and sinful: but

do thou inspire us with a more full and perfect knowledge of thy will, and give us the resolution and strength to do it. Be thou our monitor and helper; our guide and guard, during the remainder of our earthly pilgrimage; and, finally, be pleased to accept us into thy heavenly kingdom, for the sake of thine only begotten and well-beloved son, Jesus Christ, our advocate and mediator; to whom, with thee and the Holy Ghost, be all honor and glory, now and forever: Amen."

The services being ended, and the congregation dismissed, I still found myself near the rich man, as we retired towards the door. I perceived that the recording spirit was still noting down his thoughts, and I had the curiosity to cast my eye at detached portions of what was written. . . "The old bear!" [He referred to the poor man.] "What business has he here in his yellow coat? . . . He must, forsooth, refuse to do my work for a dollar or so less than the ordinary price, and then seat himself in church in a common yarn coat. . . The old hypocrite! If I can ever find an opportunity, I'll make him howl. I would not be surprised, since he is so independent, to learn that he is the veritable robber of the bank. . . Yonder goes the Secretary of the Treasury. I must overtake him, and try to convince him of the bad policy of removing so many clerks at one sweep. . . I must magnify the characters and influence of the unmitigated rascals who seek to rob me; and I

must therefore dissemble my political opinions a little." I was glad to find an opportunity subsequently, to ascertain that all the men of wealth in that congregation were not similar to this individual; and that one in particular held the honest poor man in higher estimation, and was prompted in his heart to tender him pecuniary assistance in his small business the very next day. But being present at the time indicated, I had the pleasure to find that the "faithful servant" thankfully declined the favor, as his necessities did not require it.

The Sabbath following I attended one of the churches in Baltimore. About two-thirds of the congregation were females; and a large proportion of them worshiped in sincerity of spirit, as did also, perhaps, a majority of the males present. The first individual whose thoughts I read, was a middle-aged, sedate personage, whose serious visage did not indicate inward regrets, or secret grief, but a placid analytical habit of thought. Without perusing the inscriptions on the tablets of the spirits, I hastened to the record, which ran as follows: "Of all the millions of our species who have existed, or do now exist, I know not one who lived a century ago: and so with all the millions around us, and I among them, all must sleep in death after the lapse of a few brief years. It has been so hitherto. It must be so hereafter. God alone is imperishable. He made us, and we

are his. If we do his will, death will cease to appal us; for he has attached to each mortal here, an immortal soul for eternal destiny. His will is made fully known in the Holy Scriptures. We should search them, and conform to all the requisitions therein contained, as instructed to do by our Saviour, and the inspired believers whom he appointed to teach all nations. He who sincerely desires to know the truth, can find it in the Bible, now open for inspection in all countries—or in the words of pious men, who have devoted their lives to the service of Him who died to atone for the sins of the world. The evidence is ample. The spirit of the candid inquirer bears evidence of the authenticity of the word of God. Even the scoffer and reviler, if he be learned, may find enough testimony in profane records and indubitable traditions, of the existence, crucifixion, and resurrection of Christ. He who doubts, desires to doubt, because he is conscious of guilt which deserves condemnation. . . All rational men must believe there is a God, the great creator of the universe; and perhaps a majority of the irreligious portion of all communities in civilized countries, believe in a state of existence beyond the grave, and also in future rewards and punishments; but this cannot constitute the true believer, who shall be saved, such as was indicated by the Saviour. Such believers, indeed, most generally, and most arrogantly, assume to be their own judges, and pre-

sume to decide which of their deeds will be pardoned, and which punished by the Almighty. They even go so far as to assert, not unfrequently, that a certain amount of deliberate good will balance, or obliterate, a certain amount of premeditated evil. Such individuals, in my opinion, cannot be the believers whom Christ said should be saved. He only can be the true Christian believer, who, knowing the will of his master, strives to do it. Any man who believes fully, as is required of him, is as little capable of committing, habitually, premeditated offences against the laws of God, as an individual in a tranquil state of mind, is capable of committing suicide. Those who persist in doubting, merely cling to the vain hope that their *coveted* ignorance may lessen their accountability. . . How can any sane man, in a Christian land, knowing that he must die in a few years; believing in the resurrection of the dead; and in the judgment; deliberately commit an act meriting eternal perdition—particularly if he believes that all his deeds, words and thoughts, (as I do,) are instantly noted down, to be produced by the awful judge on the day of final account? It must be true that all our thoughts, words, and actions, are recorded in the book that is to be opened on the day of judgment. The Bible bears testimony of the fact, and creation proves it; for if God created all things, what additional stretch of power would be requisite to create as many in-

visible angels as there are breathing mortals, to keep a faithful account of our transgressions. . . Such is my belief, and such, in my opinion, should be every man's belief, and then this would soon be a better world."

The next individual who attracted my attention was a young man who neither knelt nor responded with the female at his side, whom I supposed to be his wife, and whose observance of all the forms of worship seemed to be punctiliously correct. I perceived that his neglect of those forms gave her pain, if not umbrage; and that her marked adherence to them was occasionally a source of annoyance to him. The evil spirit thus tempted him: "*It is written that the closet is the place of prayer—and that hypocrites make pretences in public places.*" The good monitor suggested: "JUDGE NOT, LEST YOU BE JUDGED." Thus he thought: "I hope she is sincere, and that there is no vain ostentation in her religious exercises. . . I pray that God will forgive us all, bless us, and finally save us, for the sake of his Son, who suffered death to atone for the sins of the world. . . No—she cannot be insincere. Daily, for years, has she spent hours in her unceasing devotions. She is not only exact in the performance of what she deems to be her duty here, before men; but in the privacy of her closet, when she supposes that no eye is upon her, but His to whom her supplications are addressed, she is diligent and undeviating in the discharge of all her



religious obligations. . . There may be a pride of piety, a desire to be distinguished as a strict disciplinarian—I will not judge—and if there be, who shall say it is sinful? I am satisfied she thinks she does right; then why should I be pained or offended at what I may fancy to be mere peculiarities, likely to render her too conspicuous? We differ in opinion in regard to the importance of the forms of worship—the non-essentials of religion—but not in the fundamental principles of Christianity. Then why should we be troubled about the unimportant details? It is known to God that I frequently and sincerely supplicate his mercy; that even when she is most grieved, perhaps, at the thought that, being out of the pale of her church, I am in the broad road to ruin, whatever may be my posture, my heart is bowed down in humility before the heavenly Throne, praying the Great Jehovah to pardon my many offences; that He will in mercy instruct my mind, and guide and guard me from evil and temptation—so that my life in future may be more pleasing in His sight. . . I know and feel that God has been merciful to me; for has he not spared me, and borne with me, when my walks were altogether among the wicked? In the hour of peril he snatched me from destruction, and showered unmerited blessings upon me. . . The minister, too, urges the necessity of an exact observance of the forms which I have always deemed to be unimportant. . . How eloquent,

how impressive he is, even when his utterance sinks almost to a whisper! How still, silent, and attentive is the congregation under the spell of that truly great man! Surely his zeal must be impelled by the influence of the Holy Spirit. . . May God teach us all aright, make plain to our understandings our duties, and incline our hearts to perform them. Give us the knowledge and the strength, oh God! to resist the devices of the evil one, so that we may not wander from thy fold.” [Here I observed a frown blacken the brow of the evil spirit.] “But,” continued the individual, “if it be sufficient to worship always and altogether secretly, how can we ascribe honor and glory to God before men? Yet I do not hesitate, nor have I hesitated, to avow my belief in Christ, both with my pen and my tongue. This may not be sufficient. Baptism I consider necessary, because it is so designated by our Saviour; and they say I have been baptized. May God instruct me! I have the will to observe whatever ordinance I may be convinced is essential to salvation. . . But I do not find in the four gospels where any partook of the bread and wine, or body and blood of Christ, excepting his immediate disciples; and the thought has sometimes occurred to me that inferior Christians may not be privileged to partake of the Lord’s Supper, or the holy communion. Some of the epistles, it is true, refer to this sacrament in such manner as to justify the belief that all the

members of the church were admitted to the communion table. But it is equally true that our Saviour seemed never to enjoin it directly in any of his admonitions, on any but the few followers immediately about his person. Certain it is that he never administered it to any of the multitude of common believers who were added to the church before his final ascension; and to his disciples only—or rather the twelve—he said: ‘as often as ye do this, do it in remembrance of me.’ . . . But I will continue to search the Scriptures diligently, with a determination to seek enlightenment, and to comply with whatever my convictions of duty may dictate. . . I wish the clergy would discourse more frequently on the subject of the communion, and demonstrate more fully the necessity and duty—if it truly be such—of laymen partaking of that mystic sacrament. That such was the custom at a very early period, in the time of Nero, we have the authority not only of the early fathers in the church, but of the heathen writers in confirmation. Would that I could be convinced on this point!”

The evil spirit which attended the wife was extremely vigilant and persevering in his efforts to excite her to anger, and thus insidiously to lead her astray. Knowing her contempt for the world, and worldly things, he did not approach her with the ordinary allurements which so generally excite the pride and ambition of others; but by subtle

hints and innuendoes, analogous to Christian precepts, and by mutilated and detached passages of the Scriptures even, he was constant in his endeavors to undermine the foundation of her faith, and overthrow all the good works of her life. Thus, when he observed her chagrin at her husband's neglect of certain formalities, he strove to inspire her with anger, and to induce her to believe that a few specimens of ill-temper would constrain him to yield obedience to her will. These were the words he selected on this occasion, hoping to wrest even St. Paul to his purpose: "*Be ye angry and sin not: let not the sun go down upon your wrath.*" He trusted to produce contentions and recriminations between the man and wife; and knowing the excitability of their tempers, he relied upon subsequent efforts on his part to keep the embers alive long after the setting of the sun. The spirit of good rebuked the evil spirit, by quoting the succeeding verse from St. Paul: "**NEITHER GIVE PLACE TO THE DEVIL.**" During the whole of the service the wife continued without ceasing, to repeat the prayers set forth in the ritual; and during the sermon she was entirely engrossed with the thoughts of the minister, and gave no rein to her own thoughts, save an occasional comparison of the deductions of the speaker with her own rules of conduct, the identification of which she received as full justification of her practices.

When the congregation was dismissed, I followed

closely upon the footsteps of this couple as they walked along the principal street towards home. Words of an angry nature passed between them, and the wife repeated the words suggested by the evil one, when reproached by the husband for a want of the meek and gentle spirit indispensable to the Christian. Then, during a silence which succeeded, while they happened to find themselves closely surrounded by many persons on the pavement, I perused the thoughts of the wife: "God knows how ardently I desire his salvation, and that I only desire that he may worship at the same altar with me, pray from the same book, drink of the same cup, lie in the same grave, and rise, at the final day, to the same glorious and eternal destiny; and that I consider it my duty to struggle without ceasing to attain this great end. . . How often he provokes me to anger—and, I fear to sin! But if I were not to become angry—if I were always the meek and yielding creature he would have me—would he not often impose upon me such requirements as would, if implicitly obeyed, prove incompatible with my bounden duty to God? It is surely better to please God than man. . . I fear God alone. . . I may be too harsh, too bold at times; but my purpose is always to serve my Maker. I know, I feel the danger of permitting myself to grow angry; but he who was so well acquainted with our infirmities, has surely justified its indulgence, with certain

limitations. Yet I am often, very often, betrayed into an oblivion of the proper restraints. . . I will strive for myself, and struggle for him, to the last. I would willingly die, if in my last moments, or if I could have an assurance after I was gone, that he would be subdued of his cruel obduracy, and meet me in heaven. . . Although I may not relax my stern expression of countenance to his eyes, I am resolved the sun shall not go down this day upon my anger. . . He shall see that I have been wounded at heart by his bitter words; and I will try and not utter another resentful expression this day. . . When I reach my closet, I will pour out my heart to God, and supplicate aid from above to guard me from the devices of the evil one, and to give me the power and wisdom to snatch my husband from the awful dominion of Satan.”

After parting with this couple, I reflected deeply on the cause of such unfortunate dissensions, and lamented that Satan still had the power, in this enlightened age, to bring in unhappy collision believing Christians, and thus, no doubt, often to extend his empire even into the inclosure of the church militant. But it occurred to me that if such believers as the man and wife, whose thoughts I had just perused, were left to their reflections and impulses, without the application of the constraints and restraints so often, and so disastrously employed by very zealous, but nevertheless mistaken

and imprudent members of the church, they would the more frequently, if not the more worthily, find their way to the fold of God. If the man and wife could have read each other's thoughts, there would have been no longer any contention between them. And thus it often occurs, in the affairs of this life, that when there is no essential difference existing in the minds and hearts of men, the subtle promptings of the spirit of evil, by imperceptible approaches, often rouse into action their worst passions, whence proceed the most terrible and lamentable consequences. It is undoubtedly the infernal tempter which causes to be committed all the faults and crimes which so frequently shock Christian communities. And to win the victory over him, we must wage a war of extermination against him. To be secure against surprise, we must watch unceasingly; and to be enabled to contend with him successfully, it is necessary to pray, with faithful hearts, that the great Creator will sustain us. But to be sustained, it is essential first to obey. More is meant in the words "lead us not into temptation," than is generally understood.

On the next Sunday, I attended church in the beautiful city of Philadelphia. The person who first attracted my attention was an individual of slender proportions, and betrayed many indications of impaired health. He was precise and circum-spect in the performance of his religious duties.

To a casual observer, his uniform grave expression of countenance might be mistaken for a too great degree of austerity; but a half-developed, half-obscured gleam of benignant light that animated his eye, told of a consciousness of rectitude and peace within. He was, nevertheless, quite unpopular with many of the citizens, who made no profession of religion. Being considered wealthy, he was charged by some of being not only illiberal and ungenerous, but too grasping and exacting in his business transactions, as well as parsimonious in his own enjoyments.

Most of this individual's attention was engrossed by the formulary, and afterwards by the thoughts of the preacher. But occasionally his thoughts were beguiled for a few moments into other channels. He, too, was tempted of the evil one by Scriptural quotations; among them was the following: "*Make to yourselves friends of the mammon of unrighteousness.*" And the good spirit quoted the following: "HOW HARDLY SHALL THEY THAT HAVE RICHES, ENTER INTO THE KINGDOM OF GOD!" Thus he thought: "If I possess, indeed, the mammon of unrighteousness, God knows how it is distributed; but man does not know it. . . It is truly hard for the rich man to maintain undeviatingly a Christian's course; but if he shall win the victory, it will be worth the contending for. The enemies that my wealth has made me, could never have been the friends to 'receive me into



everlasting habitations.' By scattering my money promiscuously, with a prodigal hand, I might escape the censures and slanders that are now so often uttered against me; but to do this would not be to 'clothe the naked, feed the hungry.' No; it would be robbing them; for He who knows all things, is aware that I do not withhold my purse from the really needy. But the world does not know it; for I prefer that they should remain in ignorance of these ministrations. If I bear the contumely of the worldly-minded, while serving God, rather than encounter the temptations of their plaudits, it will not be imputed unto me as a sin. . . I will continue to enjoin secrecy upon those to whom I render assistance, if they know me; and to aid others anonymously, merely reminding them of the good providence of God towards those who are worthy. . . Let me rather be thy faithful steward, heavenly Father! and have thy approbation, than minister to the cupidity of the wicked, and have the praises of man."

The next subject of my notice was a tall man, whose gray locks indicated that he had passed the meridian of his days; but his erect stature and fullness of frame led me to suppose that mental suffering had contributed a large share in producing his snowy hairs. This individual was reputed to be one of the wealthiest citizens, and one of the most munificent merchants, in that fair city. All spoke in his praise. The tempter pre-

sented this idea to him: "*You have the popularity now to make a full-handed failure, with impunity.*" The good prompter replied: "OBEY GOD, AND PUT YOUR TRUST IN HIM." Many portions of the sermon seemed to be applicable to the merchant's condition, and he was sometimes deeply affected by the eloquently uttered truths. Thus he pondered: "How often, how deeply do I regret that I did not follow the early suggestions of my conscience, and seek that peace within which 'passeth understanding,' rather than the vain applause of my indiscriminating fellow men. When I look back, and remember the thousands I have bestowed for avowedly useful and charitable objects, I cannot deny to myself the fact that my motive, in every instance, was purely selfish and sinful. I do not recollect having unostentatiously relieved the unfortunate and distressed. . . I have contributed thousands for divers purposes; but never one cent, that I can recollect, in charity. . . I have the favor of men, but not, I fear, the approbation of God. Without, all is fair; within, all is dark and mournful. Such is the wisdom and justice of God. And yet, the miserable thought, of a dishonorable and criminal action, has but now occurred to my mind! Surely this is the prompting of Satan, who has too long had dominion over me." [Here the countenance of the evil spirit grew terribly dark and furious.] "If," he continued, "I had retired from business two years

ago, as I was often inclined to do, I would now have been the possessor of a million. But my cupidity led me to make still greater exertions to accumulate more. . . . When I had a large surplus fund, I shared with the brokers their usurious gains; and presuming on the fame of my integrity, I falsified my invoices, and misrepresented the cost and quality of my goods, to obtain exorbitant profits. And what is the result? An unexpected convulsion of the financial affairs of the country, has caused two-thirds of those indebted to me to become insolvent. . . . The amount I shall be enabled to realize, will not, perhaps, suffice to satisfy three-fourths of the demands against me. . . . God is just, and often punishes us, even in this world, for our iniquities. . . . But what shall I do? I might give up all, and begin a new life;" [*and die in miserable destitution,*" suggested his evil spirit,] "or," he continued, "I might bestow a hundred thousand dollars on my daughter, from the funds I have in hand, and continue my business for several months longer, before the knowledge of my condition would transpire among my creditors. No one suspects me yet. My credit is unimpaired. But the evil day must come ere long, and my assets will be found insufficient to cover my liabilities. But, then, would such a course be honorable? If God has punished me for neglecting to do right, should I not expect an extraordinary accumulation of wrath for doing positively

wrong?" [The ever vigilant evil monitor here suggested: "*You can repent past errors, and resolve to do better in future—and business may take a fortunate turn, so that you may be honorably extricated from present difficulties.*" To this the good spirit made reply: "DO NO EVIL THAT GOOD MAY COME. YOY MAY DIE SOON."] I perused the record of his thoughts no farther; but I learned subsequently, that the evil spirit prevailed; that the fearful event which his conscience had whispered to him, had truly come to pass; and that in the settlement of his estate, it was ascertained that the sum he had placed in his daughter's hands, would have sufficed to pay his debts, and still have left him an ample competency.

The next person whom I noticed was a female about forty years old, who had some ten years previously been divorced from her husband, because, as it was alleged, of misconduct on his part. He had since died. The female, having no children, took lodgings in a respectable boarding-house, where her meekness and humility, and constant exhibition of pious proprieties, soon attracted the attention and regard of the religious portion of the community. At length she became accustomed to have frequent interviews and consultations with the most eminent ministers of the church, until, finally, all her thoughts and words seemed to be engrossed by the movements and interests of the clergy. She wrote voluminous letters to distin-

guished divines in relation to matters of doctrine discussed in the circle she frequented, and exhibited their replies merely, as she stated, for the purpose of deciding the controversy. These triumphs of the apparently meek and humble Christian lady, did not pass without exciting evil thoughts in the hearts of some of her female associates. Whether it was envy, or well-founded doubts of her sincerity, that caused them to spread reports detracting from her good name, those among whom she lived were unable to determine; but nevertheless she was regarded by many as a suspected person, and a doubt was entertained relative to the propriety of grave divines corresponding with her.

Her eyes were fixed upon the minister while I perused the record of her thoughts, of which the following is a faithful copy: "He is still handsome, and becomes the more eloquent as he advances in age. . . Why, why did I not accept his offer, when he was in the beginning of his career, foolish woman that I was! But no one then predicted that he would ever become so great. . . I have long been a widow, or the same thing, I suppose, as a widow; and his poor wife, who has been so long in a decline, still lingers provokingly at the verge of the grave. . . Yet he never alludes to the past. . . Still he sometimes stares abstractedly when alone with me, as if recurring to the days of his first love—and often feelings of painful regret

seem to mark his brow. . . Those impertinent daughters of old Mrs. — have surely been in the habit of listening at the key-hole of my chamber-door. I have heard them repeat in derision one or two of the phrases and angry epithets, which were most imprudently suffered to escape me last evening, when a note informed me that he had gone to Mrs. —'s tea-party, instead of paying his accustomed visit to me. I must conceal my occasional out-bursts of ill-temper, better; but a time may come when I shall be above the influence of their whispers and malignant innuendoes. . . I heard her physician say she could not survive another month. . . Skilful management must avail me now or never." I felt no desire to pursue the thoughts of this individual any farther. I may state, however, what I subsequently learned of her history. The reverend divine, some fifteen months after the demise of his wife, having married one of the young ladies of his congregation, the widow conceived a profound disgust at such a procedure, and withdrew from the church. She consigned her numerous letters from clergymen to the flames, and henceforward became one of their most bitter revilers.

The next female that attracted my attention (and here, too, a majority of the congregation consisted of females), was young, and possessed of much personal beauty. She was evidently familiar with the formulary of the church, and no doubt had

been nurtured by pious parents; but still I could not avoid remarking that her giddy eyes, even while the words of praise and prayer were on her lips, and mechanically pronounced by them, constantly wandered over the congregation in quest of interesting novelties. Her thoughts ran thus: "Well, there is the grass-widow, as fine as a bird of Paradise, and resembling it in plumage. . . What a profusion of yellow on her bonnet! I think I would as willingly let my yellow skin be seen, if it were yellow, as to exhibit the colors which are universally known to be employed to conceal it. . . Yonder is a handsome young man—and he seems to be religious. I wonder who he is! He is evidently a stranger. I wonder that Julia and Charlotte are not ashamed to be seen staring at him. I hope Dr. — may observe them. . . Poor Mrs. —! They say she is sinking fast, and must soon die. She is truly pious, and will surely meet her husband in heaven. . . I wonder whether he will ever marry again? It seems to me that I should like to be the wife of a distinguished clergyman. But I am too young for him ever to think of me. . . They say that the Rev. Mr. —, who is young enough, was smitten with me the last time he preached here. But he has never intimated anything to me. It has always been predicted that I would be married to a minister. They are doubtless better men, and make better husbands, than lawyers and physicians. They dare not quarrel

with their wives. . . There—was that meant for me? He certainly looked in this direction, when he censured the ‘frivolity of gay apparel.’ I do not care for dress; I do not require any of the accompaniments of art to show off my beauty. So, dear, good doctor, you shall see me in my pew this evening dressed plainly to your taste. . . I declare he always makes me weep—he is so eloquent, and his words are so true. God forgive us all our sins!”

This was the young lady who became the doctor’s wife.

But I must hasten to other objects, not deeming it necessary to pause longer here, for the purpose of transcribing the record of the secret thoughts of many others perused by me in the enlightened congregations of Philadelphia, where a vast majority of the females, particularly, were faithful and sincere in their devotions. The important fact, which should always be present in every mind, is, that whether we imagine good or evil, nothing can be hidden from the all-seeing eye of Him who created us.

The IDEA of man, which alone should be sufficient to convince any one of the immortality of the soul, is quicker in cleaving space than the lightning’s flash, which illumines the sky from east to west. Without any perceptible exertion, it is not only instantaneously transported to the remotest bounds of earth, but before the lapse of a second



dwells upon the events of remotest ages. Such a mysterious attribute of man cannot perish with the body. It should not then produce incredulity, if, in some instances, the record of the thoughts of one or more members of a congregation should even extend to a greater length than the sermon itself. The mind may conceive more in an hour than the tongue can utter in a day.

I sat in one of the Christian edifices of New York:—edifices which are, beyond doubt, the finest ornaments of the city, and which, from the solidity of material, and liberal plan of construction, are destined in future ages to exist as the noblest monuments of the munificence, intelligence, and Christian refinement of the inhabitants of that great metropolis.

The individual who sat immediately in front of me, was a distinguished lawyer, a gentleman of polished manners and superior education. But he was reputed to be an unbeliever. The following thoughts were assiduously presented to his mind by the evil spirit: "*The ignorant are always credulous. Pliny, Tacitus, Voltaire, Hume, Gibbon, and a host of other great men, were skeptics.*" The spirit of good suggested: "STILL A LARGER NUMBER OF THE WISE AND GREAT BELIEVED. EACH ONE SHOULD EXAMINE AND DECIDE FOR HIMSELF." He thought as follows: "I must confess that while there exist, and have existed, some men of profound learning, and benevolent hearts, who do

not, and did not, believe the revelations purporting to be inspired, there always lived at the same time, and do live now, a far greater number of men, equally as well informed, and as candid, who have believed, and do now believe, most implicitly, the truth and inspiration of the Scriptures. Such being the case, it is incumbent on each one of us to examine for ourselves, the evidences of the truth of Christianity, rather than to rely altogether on the opinions of others, however celebrated they may have been for their abilities of intellect, and correctness of moral deportment. . . The preacher's arguments are certainly unanswerable, if his authorities be admitted. But how can I admit them, without being first convinced of their validity? I have not read the Bible. I acknowledge that I have never yet fully examined either the Old or the New Testament. But I am somewhat familiar with the history of the world, both before and since the era of the alleged birth of Christ, mostly by skeptical writers, it is true, and of course the enemies of Christianity. . . Now, while the sermon is edifying so many sincere Christian worshippers, who have studied the Scriptures, I will, for the first time in my life, run over such of the evidences of the divine truth of Christianity as I can remember, derived from the testimony of Pagan witnesses. . . Literature and the arts attracted as much attention in the time of Augustus, when Christ lived on earth, as they do now, and perhaps

in many instances had attained greater perfection. Palestine was a Roman province, governed by the procurators or deputies of the Emperors, whose dispatches or reports on the condition of the country, were regularly transmitted to Rome, and deposited in the imperial archives; and from such authentic documents are derived the facts recorded by the historians of the empire. The originals of these histories have been transmitted to us, and faithfully translated into the modern languages. . . The assertion of some ignorant infidels, that the New Testament is a fiction, written by some romancers, centuries subsequent to the era it purports to illustrate, is grossly false. This much can be pronounced most positively, from the facts of heathen writers. But the declaration, that if Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John, had never written, and if the Christian revelation had never been collected and published, Christianity would nevertheless have taken root, and spread over the civilized world, has never been quite so clear to my comprehension. It is true, I have never investigated the subject. Let me do it now. . . Tacitus was one of the most learned men and elegant writers of the first century; but he was certainly a haughty contemner of the Christian sect. He held a high office under the Emperor. In the account he wrote of the cruelties practiced by the tyrant Nero, on the Christians in the city of Rome, (about three score years after the birth of Christ,) when

St. Peter and St. Paul suffered death, he remarks that the Emperor 'inflicted the most exquisite tortures on those men, who, under the vulgar appellation of Christians, were already branded with deserved infamy. They derived their name and origin from Christ, who in the reign of Tiberius had suffered death, by the sentence of the procurator Pontius Pilate. For awhile this dire superstition was checked; but it again burst forth; and not only spread itself over Judea, the first seat of this mischievous sect, but was even introduced into Rome, the common asylum which receives and protects, whatever is impure, whatever is atrocious?' Then follows an account of the revolting particulars of the tortures inflicted by Nero on the Christians in Rome. That this account was written by Tacitus, a few years after the occurrence took place, the most inveterate skeptics have never in any subsequent age presumed to doubt. In his own day and generation, he was as universally admired as an author, as he is now among the liberally educated classes in all countries. This fact is indisputable. . . His testimony indubitably fixes the date, and establishes the existence of Christianity, precisely in accordance with the writings of the apostles, and the assertions of all subsequent churchmen. So much for the charge of fiction or fabrication. Such an imputation is ridiculously absurd. . . Now for the assumption that this 'dire superstition,' as Tacitus, who was a worshiper of

the Pagan deities, denominates it, would have survived the persecutions of its enemies, and spread even to this day, if the four Gospels had not been written. This consideration involves matters of very great importance; and my reflections, for the first time in my life, begin to startle me. . . . But how can we ascertain *when* the Gospels were written? Neither of the four biographers of Christ was the victim of Nero; at least no one asserts that either of them suffered death on the occasion referred to. About a hundred years after the birth of Christ, it is maintained by theologians, that St. John, in extreme old age, wrote his book. When the others wrote we have no certain knowledge. But it is undeniable that the New Testament is not mentioned, or in any manner referred to by the enemies of Christianity, at the time of Nero's persecutions. Yet the *doctrines* of the first Christians were known, and were the same that were afterwards promulgated in the published Scriptures. It is proved by Roman writers, that under subsequent Emperors, a century or two later, the New Testament was condemned to the flames, with the Christians who read and believed it. It follows, then, in the time of Nero, that the things concerning Christ, and his precepts, were only secretly preserved in written memoranda, or merely repeated from the mouths of the primitive disciples. And yet Tacitus asserts, and with a considerable degree of indignation, that the flame burst forth again, after

being momentarily checked (as he supposed) by the execution of its author, 'and not only spread itself over Judea. . . but was even introduced into Rome.' . . The younger Pliny was born near the middle of the first century. He, too, was a most accomplished writer, and his productions are familiar in every school at this day. He was a pupil of Quintilian, afterwards a tribune of the people, prefect, consul and pro-consul. Among his numerous appointments was that of Governor of Pontus and Bithynia, in Asia Minor, many hundred miles from Jerusalem, and more than a thousand from Rome. This was at a time when we have no evidence that any of the books of the New Testament had been published. Pliny lived in the time of the Apostles, and had probably seen more than one of them. Yet he was a Pagan, and the principal object of his appointment seems to have been to investigate the cause of the great desertion of the pagan gods, and to convict and punish the evil-doers, the Christians. But it appears there was no law to prohibit any one from worshiping whatever deity he might prefer; and Pliny's report to the Emperor Trajan, while it denounces the Christians, and seems to solicit more particular instructions as to the course he should pursue, betrays the important fact of the rapid growth of the 'new sect,' as the Christians were called, at that early day, and in that distant province, and even before the Scriptures were accessible to the people. He thus

described them from their own confessions: 'They affirmed that the whole of their fault, or error, lay in this—that they were wont to meet together on a stated day, before it was light, and sing among themselves alternately a hymn to Christ, as to God, and bind themselves by an oath, *not* to the commission of any wickedness, but not to be guilty of theft, or robbery, or adultery, never to falsify their word, nor to deny a pledge committed to them when called upon to return it. When these things were performed, it was their custom to separate, and then to come together again to a meal, which they ate in common without any disorder; but this they had forborne since the publication of my edict, by which, according to your commands, I prohibited assemblies. After receiving this account, I judged it the more necessary to examine, and that by *torture*, two maid servants . . . but I have discovered nothing beside a bad and excessive superstition. Suspending, therefore, all judicial proceedings, I have recourse to you for advice, for it has appeared to me, matter highly deserving consideration, especially upon the account of the *great number of persons who are in danger of suffering, for many of all ages, and every rank, of both sexes likewise, are accused, and will be accused. Nor has the contagion of this superstition seized the cities only, but the lesser towns also, and the open country.*' . . Such is the testimony of a Roman Governor, and a bitter opponent of Christianity,

who lived in the days of the Apostles. And such was the rapid and wide-spread dissemination of the Christian faith, before the books of the New Testament were presented in a written form. . . It must be admitted, from such premises, that it is no unreasonable inference to suppose that the converts to the faith would have been multiplied, and extended to our own time, even if the testimony of the Apostles had not been written and published. . . And if this conviction be predicated upon the recorded evidence of heathens, men mighty in authority, and avowedly hostile to the propagation of such doctrines, how can any one, at this day, refuse credence to the records of the founders of the church, which correspond precisely with the assertions and charges of the revilers and enemies of the primitive Christians? . . . For my part, I am determined henceforth to read the Scriptures diligently. . . The mere inventions of man—works pertaining only to this world—are perishing everywhere, and must perish. The worship of heathen deities prevailed throughout the Roman world—and poets, philosophers, nobles and emperors, combined to perpetuate it; and yet all their gods were overthrown, and have vanished from the face of the earth. Could such a gigantic work have been accomplished by the uneducated son of a mechanic, and a few rude and ignorant fishermen of Galilee? They had neither gold nor armies with which to contend against the fierce Jews, and the innume-



rable warlike legions of the conquering Pagans ; yet they prevailed throughout the civilized world ; and at this day, after the lapse of more than eighteen centuries, the banner of the cross is still erected and borne triumphantly in every nation—and with particular zeal and determination in the mighty empire of Russia, now rolling back the tide towards the walls of China. Is this the mere invention of man, or the mighty work of the great God, who created the universe? . . . Why, the first Christians, Christ and the apostles themselves, were stigmatized by the polished and erudite Romans, as illiterate vagabonds, the dregs and off-scourings of the earth ; and yet we see how completely they confounded the wisdom of the world. The doctrines they taught, their precepts, were incompatible with their low stations in life, and often far beyond the conception of uninspired men. . . They have defied the criticism of the best intellects in every age, and withstood the denunciations of centuries ; and are now almost universally acknowledged to embrace every valuable and just principle of moral conduct, which alone can secure and preserve the liberty and happiness of mankind on earth, and which, nearly all will agree, must accord with the will and pleasure of a Supreme Being, the author of all things. . . No such fruits ever proceeded from the invention of man. There is no account of a similar instance, of an analogous case, on record. . . But there is still other profane testimony

which accords with, and therefore substantiates the truth of Scripture. Tacitus states that Jesus Christ suffered death in the reign of Tiberius, 'by the sentence of the procurator Pontius Pilate.' Such a sentence, under such circumstances, was in accordance with the duty of the governor. To be the descendant of a dethroned or subdued race of kings, in any of the provinces of Rome, was sufficient cause of death; and usually every pretender to the imperial throne, or to any of the conquered kingdoms degraded into provinces, whether he was a slave, or of the blood-royal, was summarily disposed of by the officers of the emperor. Jesus was known to be a lineal descendant of King David, for the Jews carefully preserved their genealogies; and his enemies could only prevail, under this pretext, on the governor to deliver him up to the executioners. An account of his execution, and of his being the heir, by descent, to the throne of Judea, was transmitted by Pilate to the emperor at Rome, as is proved by the evidence of Tertullian. And the clamor of the Jews, that Jesus aspired to be king; their assertion and proof that he was lineally descended from David; and their threats uttered against the reluctant governor, of remissness of duty to his imperial master, Tiberius Cæsar, alone sufficed to accomplish their vengeance on their submissive victim. If Pilate had not permitted the sacrifice of Jesus, there is abundant reason to believe he would have been dismissed

from office, and probably condemned to death by the emperor. This supposition is strengthened by a well-authenticated fact in Roman history. It is recorded by Gibbon himself, the boasted skeptic. Under a subsequent procurator of Judea, two individuals were arrested and brought before the tribunal of the Emperor Domitian. 'They were,' says Gibbon, (and he but translates the statement from the Latin historians,) 'the grandsons of St. Jude, the apostle, who himself was the brother of Jesus Christ. Their natural pretensions to the throne of David might, perhaps, attract the respect of the people, and excite the jealousy of the governor; but the meanness of their garb, and the simplicity of their answers, soon convinced him that they were neither desirous nor capable of disturbing the peace of the Roman empire. They frankly confessed their royal origin, *and their own relation to the Messiah*; but they disclaimed any temporal views, and professed that his kingdom, which they devoutly expected, was purely of a spiritual and angelic nature. When they were examined concerning their fortune and occupation, they showed their hands, hardened with daily labor, and declared that they derived their whole subsistence from the cultivation of a farm near the village of Cocaba, of the extent of about twenty-four English acres, and of the value of nine thousand drachms, or three hundred pounds sterling, (about \$1500.) The grandsons of St. Jude,' con-

tinues the unbelieving historian, 'were dismissed with compassion and *contempt*.' The tyrant, however, murdered his own nephews, and banished his daughter and his grand-children; and, therefore, it is not very probable he felt much *compassion*, however much he may have partaken of Mr. Gibbon's *contempt*, for the relatives of Jesus. . . While the doctrines of Christ have achieved the victory over all opposition—alike the edicts of Emperors, and the zealous hostility of the Jews—the authentic records of history show that *Barchochebas*, who, early in the second century, announced himself as the conquering Messiah, the long-expected deliverer, was, in the space of two years, completely overthrown, and his followers utterly dispersed and demolished by the legions of the Emperor Adrian. And yet he was acknowledged by hundreds of thousands of Jews, and was supported by a large army. . . All the heathen writers who lived in the first century, concur in stating that the true Christians, without the slightest hesitation, relinquished family, station, fortune, fame, and even life itself, rather than abate one particle of their holy faith. And when they refused to worship idols, according to the edicts of the Emperors, and were punished for disobedience, their most cruel enemies could never reproach them for any moral dereliction. And Pliny, who in some instances applied the torture, could only allege their 'obstinacy' in justification. He says: 'Whatever

may be the principle of their moral conduct, their *inflexible obstinacy* appeared deserving of punishment. . . ' Surely it would appear that there is an eternal and immutable principle of divinity in the Christian revelation, for the same zeal, inflexible faith, and unalterable devotion, which characterized the first converts, is still apparent everywhere, in this day, in all civilized communities. . . During the first few centuries after the death of Christ, and before there was any connection between Church and State, the organization of the church was precisely similar to what it is now. All the early writers who have made reference to the subject at all, seem to unite in attributing to the church the principle of Episcopacy. There were bishops, presbyters, and deacons; and the ceremony of ordination descended in regular and unbroken succession from the original Apostles. The inferior clergy selected by lot, or by suffrage, those whom they desired to be promoted to the office of bishop; and they were always ordained by the imposition of the hands of regularly installed bishops. The presbyters and deacons were likewise ordained by the laying on of the hands of bishops. During the third century there were nearly two thousand bishops in Europe and Asia, everyone of whom could trace his ordination back to the fountain head—to the time of Christ himself. At that time, and long subsequently, the same spiritual authority was universally attributed

to them all; or if there was any difference in this respect, it was owing entirely to superior ability and piety, and not to any real or fancied paramount ecclesiastical jurisdiction. Such is the testimony of profane history, which, at least, must be impartial and disinterested on that point. Indeed, at times, the bishops of Alexandria and Carthage, and perhaps of other cities, exercised more authority in the Christian Church than the Bishop of Rome; and for ages before the Christian era, and for centuries afterwards, the only supreme Pontiffs were the high-priests of the Pagan temples, who directed and superintended the worship of Jupiter, Minerva, &c. The term Pontiff was, therefore, first employed by the heathens; and hence the origin of its use is improperly attributed to the early Christian, or Catholic Church. . . I remember distinctly the skeptical historian's account of the persecution and martyrdom of the great and good Bishop Cyprian, at Carthage, upward of two hundred years after the birth of Christ, and during the still unbroken reign of the Pagan tyrants at Rome. Gibbon had before him an original copy of the life of Cyprian, written by one of his deacons, who was present at his execution—as well as a copy of the ancient official proconsular acts, from the Imperial archives, and 'these two relations,' says Gibbon, 'are consistent with each other.' Cyprian, it seems, was so much beloved by the numerous body of Christians in his diocese—and

this term is frequently used in Roman history, to designate the limits of a bishop's jurisdiction—and so much esteemed for his benevolence and great intellectual qualities, by every class of people, that as much mildness and delicacy as possible were exhibited both by the tyrant and his deputies, in proceeding against him; for it was feared that the community might rise *en masse* and revenge his death. The account of his death is as follows: 'At length, exactly one year after Cyprian was first apprehended, Galerius Maximus, pro-consul of Africa, received the imperial warrant for the execution of the Christian teachers. . . In his gardens Cyprian patiently expected the ministers of death. Two officers of rank, who were intrusted with that commission, placed Cyprian between them in a chariot: and as the pro-consul was not then at leisure, they conducted him, not to a prison, but to a private house in Carthage, which belonged to one of them. An elegant supper was provided for the entertainment of the bishop, and his Christian friends were permitted for the last time to enjoy his society, while the streets were filled with a multitude of the faithful, anxious and alarmed at the approaching fate of their spiritual father. The bishop exercised a last and very proper act of jurisdiction, by directing that the young females, who watched in the street, should be removed from the dangers and temptations of a nocturnal crowd.\*

\* Art. Pro-consularia.

In the morning he appeared before the tribunal of the proconsul, who, after informing himself of the name and situation of Cyprian, commanded him to offer sacrifice, and pressed him to reflect on the consequences of his disobedience. The refusal of Cyprian was firm and decisive; and the magistrate, when he had taken the opinion of his council, pronounced with some reluctance the sentence of death. It was conceived in the following terms: That Thrascius Cyprianus should be immediately beheaded, as the enemy of the gods of Rome, and as the chief and ringleader of a criminal association, which he had seduced into an impious resistance against the laws of the most holy Emperors, Valerian and Gallienus. . . As soon as the sentence was proclaimed, a general cry of 'We will die with him,' arose at once among the listening multitude of Christians who waited before the palace gates. The generous effusions of their zeal and affection were neither serviceable to Cyprian nor dangerous to themselves. He was led away under a guard of tribunes and centurions, without resistance and without insult, to the place of his execution, a spacious and level plain near the city, which was already filled with great numbers of spectators. His faithful presbyters and deacons were permitted to accompany their holy bishop, (undistinguished from the crowd, and not in their clerical character.) They assisted him in laying aside his upper garment, spread linen on the ground



to catch the precious relics of his blood, and received his orders to bestow five and twenty pieces of gold on the (innocent) executioner. The martyr then covered his face with his hands, and at one blow his head was severed from his body. His corpse remained during some hours exposed to the curiosity of the Gentiles; but in the night it was removed, and transported in a triumphal procession and with a splendid illumination to the burial-place of the Christians. The funeral of Cyprian was publicly celebrated, without receiving any interruption from the Roman magistrates.' . . Such is the authentic and undoubted record of the martyrdom of an eminent bishop at that early day; and it was a spectacle well calculated to attest the truth and merit of Christian revelation. . . But long prior to the death of Cyprian, the imperial archives show that so far from dreading, there was rather an *eagerness* among the Christians to obtain the honors of martyrdom, in preference to an abjuration of their faith. And during the administration of Antoninus, who was born in the first century, and subsequently became emperor, that humane Pagan, when he beheld the vast crowds of his people openly proclaiming their faith in Christ, which he regarded as a mere desire on their part to die, exclaimed: 'Unhappy men! if you are thus weary of your lives, is it so difficult for you to find ropes and precipices?' . . He condemned a '*few*' to death (says the historian) and

dismissed the '*multitude*' with indignation and contempt. . . 'On this melancholy occasion,' continues Gibbon, 'there were many among the Gentiles who pitied, who admired, and who were converted. The generous enthusiasm was communicated from the sufferers to the spectators; and the blood of martyrs, according to a well-known observation, became the seed of the church.' . . . At length the Christians became so numerous and so powerful, that the emperors were compelled to desist from the effort to extirpate them. And then occasionally there were bishops who were corrupted by the vast amount of power and of riches which were bestowed upon them. Paul of Samosata was of this class. He was Bishop of Antioch, A. D. 260. The historian says, 'His ecclesiastical jurisdiction was venal and rapacious; he extorted frequent contributions from the most opulent of the faithful, and converted to his own use a considerable part of the public (or church) revenue. By his pride and luxury, the Christian religion was rendered odious in the eyes of the Gentiles. His council-chamber and his *throne*, (while the head of the church in the city of Rome was yet simply a bishop,) the splendor with which he appeared in public, the suppliant crowd who solicited his attention, the multitude of letters and petitions to which he dictated his answers, and the perpetual hurry of business, in which he was involved, were circumstances much better suited to the state of a

'civil magistrate, than to the humility of a primitive bishop. He indulged himself (adds the historian) very freely in the pleasures of the table, and he had received into the episcopal palace two young and beautiful women as the constant companions of his leisure moments. To those indulgences he had added a change in his faith.' . . . But *he* was not infallible; nor as yet had any of the bishops pretended to any exclusive jurisdiction, as a right conferred by divine or apostolic authority. . . . 'From Egypt to the Euxine sea,' says profane history, 'the bishops were in arms and in motion. Councils (or conventions) were held, and Paul of Samosata was degraded from his episcopal character, by the sentence of seventy or eighty bishops, who assembled for that purpose at Antioch. And the Emperor Aurelian acquiesced in the decision.' . . . About the same time Marcellus, the centurion, at a public festival (in honor of the Pagan gods) threw away his belt, his arms, and the ensigns of his office, and exclaimed with a loud voice, that 'He would obey none but Jesus Christ, the eternal king, and that he renounced forever the use of carnal weapons, and the service of an idolatrous master—the emperor. The soldiers, as soon as they recovered from their astonishment, secured the person of Marcellus. He was examined in the city of Tingi; and as he was convicted by his own confession, he was condemned and beheaded *for the crime of desertion.*' . . . There are a thou-

sand passages in history, which crowd upon my mind, confirmatory of the truth of the books of revelation. Without having even read the whole of the Scriptures, I see plainly that I cannot, consistent with candor, any longer permit my name to be referred to as that of a skeptic. . . The impartial voice of history likewise affords unerring information in regard to many of the forms and ceremonies of the Christians, before the existence of the POPES at Rome; and some of those forms have been long, and are yet, attributed by the uninformed Protestants of every nation, and especially in our own country, to the establishment of papal supremacy, which took place some time after the fourth century, and preceded the introduction and spread of Mohammedanism. About the end of the third century the sign of the cross was used by all orthodox Christians; and the Banner of the Cross was borne in the armies of the Emperor Constantine, who was converted to the faith, but still granted to his Pagan subjects the liberty of worshipping according to the dictates of conscience. . . At this time the bishops and other clergy wore sacerdotal garments. . . The historian says: 'The sacrament of baptism was regularly administered by the bishop himself, with his assistant clergy, in the cathedral church of the diocese, during the fifty days between the solemn festivals of Easter and Pentacost; and this holy term admitted a numerous band of infants and adult persons into the

bosom of the church. . . The sacrament of baptism (even when it was administered to infants) was immediately followed by confirmation and the holy communion. . . In one year twelve thousand men were baptized in Rome, besides a proportionable number of women and children. . . The rays of the Gospel illuminated the court of India. . . Episcopal churches (continues the historian) were closely planted along the banks of the Nile, on the sea-coast of Africa, in the proconsular Asia, and through the southern provinces of Italy. . . A Christian diocese might be spread over a province, or reduced to a village; *but all the bishops possessed an equal and indelible character; they all derived the same power and privileges from the apostles, from the people, and from the laws.*' Such is the testimony of a skeptic. The same historian says, when a new bishop was to be made, 'the right of voting was vested in the inferior clergy, who were best qualified to judge of the merit of the candidates. . . The bishops could *refuse* to ordain an unworthy candidate.' Surely there is a great resemblance between the mode of selecting bishops in our day and in the time of the early Christians. . . Not until about the third century, was celibacy enjoined on the clergy; and about the same time there were monks. But the observance of the one, and the existence of the other, occurred some two hundred years before the installation of a pope, as the spiritual and temporal head of the church. . .

During the reign of Constantine (which was anterior to the reign of the popes), the historian says: 'The Christian temples of Antioch, Alexandria, Jerusalem, Constantinople, etc., were of a simple oblong form; though they might sometimes swell into the shape of a dome, and sometimes branch into the figure of a cross. The timbers were framed for the most part of cedars of Libanus; the roof was covered with tiles, perhaps of gilt brass, and the walls, the columns, the pavements, were incrustated with variegated marbles. The most precious ornaments of gold and silver, of silk and gems, were profusely dedicated to the service of the altar. . . An annual income of about six hundred pounds (about \$3000) was assigned to the bishops, who were placed at an equal distance between riches and poverty.' . . At this early period the privilege of sanctuary was in existence, and derived its origin from the Pagan temples. . . 'And the lives or fortunes of the most eminent subjects might be protected by the mediation of the bishop.' . . Penance was imposed, excommunication was pronounced, and confession was instituted during the first centuries of the promulgation of Christian principles, and previously to the asserted pre-eminence of papal authority at Rome. At that early period, likewise, the veneration of sacred relics was in vogue. But the worship of images, the granting of indulgences, and the idea of purgatory, were subsequently introduced. . . A rem-

nant of primitive Christians established on the coast of Malabar, in Asia, escaped the contaminations and tyranny of many succeeding ages, from their obscurity, and were only discovered in 1503 by the Roman Catholic navigator, Vasco de Gama. The authentic account of this discovery says: 'When the Portuguese arrived, they were agreeably surprised to find upwards of a hundred Christian churches on the coast of Malabar. But when they became acquainted with the purity and simplicity of their worship, they (being subject to Rome) were offended. These churches, said the Portuguese, belong to the pope. Who is the pope? asked the natives—we never heard of him. The European priests were yet more alarmed, when they found that these Hindoo Christians maintained the order and discipline of a regular church, under episcopal jurisdiction; and that for thirteen hundred years past, they had enjoyed a succession of bishops appointed by the patriarch of Antioch. We, said they, are of the true faith, whatever you from the west may be; for we come from the place where the followers of Christ were first called Christians. . . . At a compulsory synod, one hundred and fifty of the Syrian clergy appeared; and, by the Archbishop Menzes, the pope's representative, were accused of having married wives, of owning but two sacraments, baptism and the Lord's Supper: that they neither invoked saints, nor worshiped images, nor believed in purgatory; and that

they had no other orders or names of dignity in the church, than bishop, priest, and deacon.' . . . The crushing power of the inquisition soon reduced these simple and inoffensive Christians in subjection to Rome. But some of the churches in the interior, where the persecutors could not penetrate, escaped the papal sword, *and still exist*, it is said, in their original purity, in every respect similar to the church at this day in our land of liberty."

I embarked in a large American ship at New York, for England. For some days we had prosperous winds, with fair and pleasant weather. There were some twelve or fifteen passengers in the cabin; among whom, perhaps, were three or four religious persons. The rest were habitual sinners, and the continuance of unclouded skies had rendered them quite profane, for they had dismissed all apprehensions of danger.

On the twelfth day, however, I observed the mercury rising rapidly in the thermometer, and as suddenly sinking in the barometer, which indicated an immediate storm. Ere long the captain rose from the table in the cabin, around which we were seated, and went hastily on deck. These indications were not observed by the passengers, who were relating wicked adventures, and occasionally uttering horrid blasphemies. I sat with my eyes fixed upon the weather-cock, which could be discerned through the ship's skylight. It was almost calm, and what little wind there was came from the



east. But while I looked, it shifted its course, and came briskly from the S. W.—but not steadily, and soon the sky began to grow dark in every direction. Torrents of rain fell upon the surface of the ocean. Still I sat and watched the weather-cock, as well as the compass suspended over the captain's seat at the table. Soon the wind again changed, and came from S. S. W., and the passengers began to express the cheering belief that we were now to have fair winds. But I could perceive that the captain was issuing his orders with much animation, and that the sailors were busily engaged taking in and furling the highest sails. At length I saw the weather-cock whirl quickly round, and we were violently assailed by a hurricane from the N. E. The sails broke loose, and flew up horizontally; the masts curved and trembled frightfully, and then the ship, plunging downward on its side, seemed for an instant to become stationary in that attitude. This pause, this temporary calm within, while the deafening and dashing elements were spending their fury without, was the most appalling moment for those who had never before been witnesses of a storm at sea.

I then cast my eyes upon the record of the passing thoughts of the most profane individual present; and the following is a faithful transcript: "What will become of me if the ship goes down? If there be truly a hell, it will be my portion. I have ridiculed and abused the members of the

church, and denounced the church itself. . . I have never read the Bible. . . If I were to pray, could I hope for pardon? I wish I could pray. . . Why have I not led a different and a better life?" [Here the evil spirit suggested: "*There is no danger.*"—There was no response from the spirit of good.] "But," he continued, "I must conceal my terror from the rest, or they will laugh me to scorn, if we ride out the storm in safety. . . No; they are all frightened themselves, and are as pale as death. There is one only who is calm and serene, as if we were lying safely in harbor, and that is a woman. And she has often been the subject of our raillery, because she kept the Sabbath holy, and devotes so much of her time to the perusal of the Bible. We laughed at her alarm, and now she is smiling in triumph, while we are quaking with fear." [Here the good monitor presented these words to him: "REPENT—REFORM."] "I never before," he continued, "saw one so little moved in the hour of peril. It must be attributable to her religious faith. . . We may be now quivering on the verge of eternity, and in the act of plunging in. . . I repent the wicked deeds I have done. I have committed many wicked acts in my life; and if I could be assured of forgiveness, I would make a solemn pledge to lead a new life in future. . . Hark! miserable, thrice miserable man that I am!" [Here the captain's voice was heard, directing the helmsman to put the ship

before the wind.] “That’s the captain’s voice, and he speaks firmly. Then there is hope. So! I heard one of the sailors laugh. Now, I doubt, if there be much danger. I must be the first to manifest indifference, and to jeer the frightened passengers. . . I must swear stoutly, to indicate that I have not been alarmed myself.”

I ascended the companion-way, and looked out upon the scene. We were now scudding under close-reefed topsails, directly before the wind. The ship rushed along like a stag before a lion. No sooner had one terrific blast spent its fury, than we were assailed by another. One moment the black clouds would seem to break open, and admit a gleam of cheering light: but before one could congratulate himself upon the prospect of speedily having a clear sky, he was again plunged in darkness by another cloud, (and they came like vast billows rolling after each other,) while the wind whistled through the rigging, and the masts bowed and groaned as before. Thus a succession of clouds burst upon us, each discharging its distinct tornado, and its rattling rain. There was neither thunder nor lightning. As we flew before the furious wind, I could merely distinguish the orders of the captain thundered through a trumpet, above the gale; but as they were repeated by the mates, the active sailors flew hither and thither like sportive, but ever obedient, ‘spirits of the vasty deep!’ And the good ship rode it out bravely.

But no cheering tidings had been received below ; and when I returned to the cabin, the hardened individual referred to, with a very bad attempt at seeming unconcern, asked me what was the condition of affairs above. Declining to express an opinion, I told him to seek information above. Instantly I perceived that he supposed I had referred to his Maker ; and as he immediately afterwards sunk down on a sofa and buried his face in his hands, I resumed the perusal of his thoughts, as follows:—" Oh God ! I have continually sinned against thee all my life, and I know not how to ask forgiveness. . . If I am only spared this time ; if I ever set my foot upon dry land once more, I will remain upon it forever. . . Forever ? Must I not die some time or other ? Do not men die on land ? . . I have never before thought seriously of death—much less of a future life beyond the grave. . . If I am spared now, I must inevitably die some other time. That is certain. And if there be a hell where the sinner is tormented forever, do I not deserve to be plunged into it ? What benefit will it be for me to escape this time, merely to sink to perdition a few months or years hereafter ? . . But there is a Heaven, they say, promised in the Bible, to those who are religious. I see many Christians happy in this world ; perhaps, they have generally as much enjoyment as we have ; and then they are said—and they expire believing it themselves—to be translated to

a place of bliss after death. . . I have made up my mind to study the Scriptures as soon as we reach the land. . . No ; I will not postpone it till then ; this night, if we are spared to see it, I will borrow the Christian lady's book, and diligently pore over its contents in my state-room. . . I am glad these thoughts have sprung up within me. I will reform my life, and strive to compensate for the past by future good works."

The remainder of the voyage was destitute of events worthy of remark ; and in a fortnight I was in London, the great emporium of the world. I was whirled rapidly through many labyrinthian thoroughfares until we had passed North Audley Street, and then a few moments sufficed to reach a shelter from the humid atmosphere, and to enjoy the repose so much needed.

More than once I was startled from my slumber by the confused hum of voices, and the incessant rumbling of innumerable carriages ; sounds to which I had long been a stranger, and were apparently unobserved by others in that comparatively quiet end of the city. Once I parted the curtains of my window and gazed down on the scene below. There was a living stream of pedestrians hurrying along the pavement ; male and female, old and young were there, passing unsheltered through the rain, by the light of the gas-lamps ; and these were continually saluted by the piteous cries of mendicants for charity, while the

magnificent coaches of the aristocracy, all radiant with their own brilliant lights, rolled proudly by, beyond the reach of annoying importunity. . . I saw a happy smile upon the lip of the beggar, who possessed but a single penny, when contrasting his good fortune with the utter destitution of his unsuccessful fellow; the self-felicitation of the shopman, that he was not like one of these beggars; the gratification of the banker, that he was not compelled to trudge along on foot unsheltered, like the shopman; the pride of the nobleman in being removed above the rich commoner, whose escutcheon was devoid of the emblematical devices of rank and title; the self-complacency of the prince, that, unlike the merely noble, the blood-royal palpitated through his veins; and, finally, the glory of the monarch, that none other reigned. And the joy of the first was as sweet as that of the last. All could see a greater depth of misery below, and herein they could consider themselves happily favored. But such enjoyments are ever of transient duration; as true happiness was reserved alone for Heaven. For each gleam of delight which illuminates the eye, there are a thousand sorrows and painful anxieties, that furrow the brow and blanch the cheek, throughout the whole catalogue of human beings. If chance exalts a man to a high and enviable position, he is ever liable to be plunged by misfortune into the lowest depths of misery. The mendicant who

loses his penny, is less unhappy by the loss of his all, than the monarch who loses his crown. The rich and powerful are daily troubled with unceasing apprehensions of losses and mortifications, and their feverish sleep is filled with frightful phantoms; while the most destitute and powerless Christian, if he be filled with faith and truly humble, finds joy in the possession of a scanty morsel, and his dreams of gorgeous possessions and boundless luxuries, are unmingled with painful cares.—How can it be decided who enjoys the most happiness on earth? This condition of insoluble dubiety is the design and work of the great Creator, to accomplish his wise purposes. Any one who will obey God, and give him the glory—having the true faith—may enjoy as much happiness as is allowed to mortals here below; and his chief blessing will be in his anticipation of the bright and everlasting inheritance beyond the grave, contrasted with the eternal torments which must be the fate of those who strive against their Maker, even if they be kings and princes.

On Sunday morning, it was a pleasing sight to behold even a feeble ray of sunshine force its way through the dark and gloomy atmosphere—ever hanging like an impending curse over the city—and penetrate my casement. I sallied out alone, and on foot, and wandered through Hyde Park, (the finest ornament of this modern Babylon,) thence along Constitution Hill, by Buckingham

Palace, to York Street, and so on to Westminster Abbey.

I always behold this ancient, magnificent, yet gloomy temple, with a melancholy pleasure. I love to gaze upon its 'dim windows, fretted pillars, long colonnades, and dark ceilings,' and to feast my eyes with 'the statues, the inscriptions, and the monuments of the dead.' Those that were the work of the first three centuries after the erection of the structure, are more appropriate to the place than the subsequent ones. The modern statues would be better placed in an artist's exhibition room, than over the ashes of the dead in the solemn transepts of the church. They betray too much of an irreligious vanity in their *tout ensemble*. Whereas the recumbent statues of the early kings and princes are in the drapery of the tomb, and in the attitude of adoration, howsoever seldom their originals may have assumed that posture. Still they exhibit less earthly vanity than the monuments of the modern heroes, philosophers and poets.

Here reposed the crumbled, or crumbling remains of hundreds of the greatest and most distinguished children of Great Britain. From the days of Edward the Confessor, to the present time, those who have attracted the most admiration while living, have been honored, when dead, with the rites of sepulture in this ancient and gorgeous sanctuary. While their memory is venerated by the living, who can say that the spirits of all the dead who lie in the pre-



cincts of this, or any other church edifice, are capable of enjoying such veneration? Too many of them, alas! won their distinction in irreligious pursuits, and are now deploring in ceaseless torment many of their acts, which are the subjects of commendation among the living. They employed their lives in building a marble effigy to leave behind them, and neglected to provide anything to take with them for their eternal comfort. This reflection itself, is probably now a burning regret which racks them with agony.

The solemn chant of praise and prayer (still adhered to in the Abbey) now filled the gigantic edifice, and vibrated through all its aisles, and dark chapels, where the illustrious dead have reposed for ages. I was fortunate in obtaining a comfortable seat amid so vast a concourse of human beings crowding towards the altar. There sat in my immediate vicinity a dignified personage, whose form was slightly curved with the weight of years; but whose expansive forehead, and clear eye, indicated an undiminished power of intellect. He was a prominent member of the government; and one might have presumed, from his protracted fits of abstraction, that his thoughts, in that spacious and imposing sanctuary, more frequently dwelt upon the affairs of state, than upon the means of securing a happy estate for himself in the future existence.

The evil spirit thus advised him: "*Win a sta-*

*tue; riches suffice but for the present.*" The good spirit displayed these words upon its tablet: "WIN AN IMMORTAL CROWN;" and thus he thought: "We give the church enough; let it look to the welfare of our souls. . . We must take care of the empire; and Englishmen have never yet been unmindful of the merits of those who served them best, nor ungrateful to their benefactors. . . But the government and the existing order of classes must be preserved. There is no other way to be assured of the preservation of the past, present, and future monuments of our greatness. By the existing systems ours has become the greatest empire in the world; and by them, alone, can its magnitude and importance be maintained. We are told, and it may be partly true, that we sacrifice the comforts of the laboring millions to adorn the national diadem with lustrous jewels: but should the work of radical innovation once begin, who could set bounds to its progress? Once arouse the spirit of democratic reformation and retaliation in the breasts of the millions now humiliated by a long course of systematized oppression, and every bright star in our glorious monarchical firmament would soon be blotted out forever. . . Who could foresee all the consequences? The abolition of the laws of primogeniture would, it is true, effect a more general dissemination, and a more equal distribution of wealth among the poorer classes: but whether the nation, under democratical institutions, could main-

tain its unity, and preserve its present high position, must be considered extremely doubtful. But even admitting that such a change would be attended by such a result, it is appalling to contemplate the vast destruction of countless objects of national pride and family gratification which have been held in veneration from time immemorial. Every memento of royalty, and of the aristocracy, would soon be utterly demolished. Even in such a sacred place as this, the work of mutilation would penetrate, and rude hands would be laid upon the monuments of statesmen who flourished under the '*ancient régime*.' It must not be, if I can help it—unless, indeed, not being purely one of them myself, the aristocracy should design merely to make use of my talents for their own benefit, and then repel my pretensions to an imperishable memorial in the catalogue of renowned statesmen. This they shall not do; and I will not rely altogether upon their award of fame. . . . Their welfare, their very existence, is now seriously menaced by the formidable spirit of Democracy, roused at length from its inaction by the surprising progress of the age. . . . That the Americans are prosperous and happy under their republican form of government, every enlightened monarchist in the world, has been forced to acknowledge in his heart—and kings are now trembling under the conviction that the mendacity of their bribed historians cannot much longer avail them as effective instruments of

deception. Hitherto the knowledge of the distinctive contrasts between American Republicanism and French Democracy, has been confined to the few; but the navigation of the ocean by steam, affords immense opportunities of spreading the important information among all classes. . . The great principle asserted by Alison, that Providence, by the action of moral laws, punishes wrong, even upon earth, and sooner or later rebukes and counteracts every species of injustice, will be the most strikingly illustrated in his own fate, and in the universal condemnation of his vast labors. The unmitigated iniquities in a single chapter, will completely destroy the good effects of his candid efforts for twenty years. The palpable and monstrous misrepresentations in his descriptions of the American government and people, will be perceived and admitted by every one immediately, and henceforth none can implicitly believe any of his statements in regard to other countries and people. He says Napoleon was detected in putting down his loss at about one-fourth the true number, after a battle; and therefore the historian adopts the rule of estimating the number stated in the imperial bulletins at that proportion of the actual amount. The same rule will be applied to Mr. Alison's statements. . . The same race dwells among us, possessing the same qualifications of the founders of the great American Republic; and when they are enlightened by per-

ceiving the contrast in their condition, and feel conscious that they have the means of throwing off the shackles which so long have bound them, who can be able to dispute their will? I must have them to be my partisans; I must affect to lead them against their oppressors, and by amelioration and compromise, arrest their march short of the desolation they might perpetrate, if suffered to move themselves, devoid of a skilful director. . . By anticipating the movement which the condition of things must sooner or later produce, I will acquire their confidence, and be enabled to control them. . . The aristocracy will denounce me, but they will yield, and ultimately thank me for averting the more fatal blow that impended. I will be the champion of the masses, who will preserve my memory and my monument in future times, even should the swelling tide of Democracy hereafter cover every foot of this island.”

The next individual to whom my attention was attracted, was a lady of quality, decked with a profusion of jewels, costly laces, and other fine apparel. Thus she mused: “I think her majesty might have condescended to have afforded me the merest imaginable nod at the opera last night, inasmuch as she was graciously pleased to bestow most profusely her patronizing bows on the wives and daughters of so many *commoners*. And some of them whom she deigns to smile upon so publicly, will not be likely to do her majesty much

credit, if there be anything in the current rumors. If she means to extend her protection to all sorts of people, whether they have virtue and decency or not, she will find her court forsaken by all the best born and best bred ladies in the kingdom. . . Surely his grace of —— cannot have been so base as to betray me! I was merely railing pleasantly, as he must have understood, when I said her majesty's cheeks were none the worse for rouge, and afterwards admitted my error, by attributing her high color to the accident of encountering the flashing eyes of the Marquis of —— . . . Either his grace has betrayed me, or else she loves the Marquis! If it be the last, then I shall covet none of her perfidious smiles. I will dissect his very heart, but this mystery shall be solved. And if, after I have related to him the queen's shameful conduct at the opera, he shall presume to cast his eyes again in the direction of her box, I will cast him off forever. . . There sits the old purring Countess of ——, looking much like the rigid statue of her great-grandmother, in the east aisle. I think she will disappoint the sculptor, if there be any virtue in human petrification. She is already nearly as rigid as marble, and certainly as devoid of color, when she forgets to paint her face. Last evening she was as full of airs, and quite as coquettish as a damsel of twenty. . . Truly she is a ridiculous specimen of an object to monopolize the attention of two or three of the other sex

during the entire intermissions between the acts! She, at seventy! And now she affects a sanctimonious visage, and strives to mumble the service in unison with the choir. She ought to join her ancestors as quickly as possible, for she is only an object of disgust while living." This noble lady seemed to be in high favor with the evil spirit, for he did not deem it necessary to apply the least incentive to increase her natural propensities.

I then turned to the ancient countess referred to by the preceding lady. The evil one exhibited to her mind these words: "*Wicked man deceived you.*" The spirit of good replied: "HE ENTREATED PARDON AND DIED. MEET HIM IN HEAVEN." She pondered thus: "Here, in this holy place, we were wont to sit side by side in youth. . . Those happy moments can never be obliterated from my mind. . . It is true, he was false: but they could never induce me to curse him. . . I still retain his last letter, acknowledging his guilt and repentance, and beseeching my pardon. I forgave him, and he died—and they say, he died a Christian. Merciful Parent, unite us in heaven! Thou knowest that my poor desolated heart was given to thee; and in thee alone have I found a comforter. Thou knowest, that while forcing the appearance of gayety, when required by the custom of the realm to assemble in the glittering halls of royalty, and on other occasions of ceremony or pastime, to thee my heart has unceasingly repeated the prayer that

—— and I might meet in heaven. . . The wealth inherited by me, and which was bountifully bestowed by thee, I have given to the poor ; I have kept thy laws, according to the best dictates of my conscience ; and I have served thee, and will continue during the remainder of my life to serve thee, to the best of my judgment ; and still my humble petition is that we may meet at last, to part no more, in heaven. But I would implore thy blessing on our gracious sovereign, and all loyal subjects, and indeed upon the whole human race. . . Susan, my maid, says that the laundress whom I dismissed from my service, was innocent, and that the linen has since been found on the premises. Poor thing ! She is living in a small hut on the Paddington road, and avoided by all her acquaintance ; for she has told them of what she was accused, and her protestations of innocence avail nothing against the loss of her place. I will recompense her. I will drive thither early in the morning, and bring her back. She shall be compensated for her cruel sufferings. . . John, my coachman, is getting old and feeble. He has been a faithful servant, and shall be handsomely provided for, he and his family. . . I have a long list of deserving indigent persons, whom I shall find pleasure in succoring—ay, far more pleasure than I could find in dissipating my income at the card-table, like the beautiful but unfortunate lady



—, who seems to be even now sneering at my wrinkles. I can pity her, and pray for her.”

The next individual whose thoughts I was tempted to peruse, was a young gentleman in black. His face, however, was extremely fair, and well colored, and his hair inclined to red. He was seated at the elbow of the cabinet minister, and, as I thought, had once or twice familiarly whispered something in his ear. The dark spirit prompted him with these words: “*The Levites held office as a birth-right. The monarch and the peers hold office by the same tenure.*” To this the spirit of good replied: “WHOSOEVER WOULD BE CHIEF, LET HIM BE A SERVANT.” Thus ran his thoughts: “But I would not be the chief, and hence if the saying means anything, it cannot apply to me, and I shall contend for my rights. . . The sovereign, by virtue of birth, is chief of the hierarchy, or head of the church, whether male or female, pious or impious; and by the same rule, I, who am the grandson of a duke, am entitled to something more than a simple parsonage in an eastern county, where the revenue is only a paltry £700 a year, and where a curate cannot be hired to perform the duties for me at a less sum than £40 per annum. The pitiful £660 would not defray half my expenses, and I should be deprived of my annual continental tour. . . How shall I keep up my establishment in town during the season—my house in the Terrace, my coach, my servants in livery,

etc.? . . I am too deeply in debt already to reckon upon obtaining additional funds from the old sources. Why, it would require half my living to pay the interest on my debts already contracted. . . I must have more, at least until I succeed in getting the hand of Lady ——, or that of Miss ——, the banker's daughter. Either will bring an ample fortune; and then the government and the parishes may take care of themselves." [I ascertained subsequently that such instances of impiety among the clergy in England, were becoming comparatively rare, and that, as is the case in America, the truly good and gifted minister was almost invariably rewarded according to his merits. Yet, where so many of the best benefices were bestowed upon the needy scions of noble families, it could not be supposed that great energy and enthusiasm should prevail, as in America, where the congregations always exercise the privilege of selecting their own rectors, and where there are no hired substitutes.]

The next individual whose thoughts I perused, was a pale youth of lofty forehead and bright restless eye, and whose brow was traced with the marks of habitual study. The evil spirit thus incited him: "*Would it not be better to end this misery by one bold blow, than to die at last of starvation?*" To which the bright spirit responded: "SORROW NOT AS OTHERS WHICH HAVE NO HOPE." Thus he meditated: "Perish the evil thought

which would have me lay violent hands upon the life which God created in his own good pleasure, and in his infinite wisdom, to accomplish his mysterious purpose. I have faith in his word, and will serve him to the utmost of my ability, relying, ever relying, however sorely I may be afflicted in body or spirit, upon his blessed promises. . . The good Dean's views accord exactly with mine. Ah! how unjustly does man, 'dressed in a little brief authority,' and possessed of earth's riches, deal with his fellow-creatures of humble condition! . . . For months I toiled in my solitary and gloomy garret, to produce a picture which I hoped might both extricate me from pecuniary difficulty, and from what I have often conceived to be my unmerited obscurity; but, alas! no one would deign to visit my humble apartment, and my work was refused a place in the exhibition gallery on any other terms than those with which I could not comply. And he who gazed at my painting, followed me out into the street, and thence accompanied me to my obscure home, and whom I fondly hoped might be some generous patron, offered but the paltry sum of five guineas for the picture! And this only upon condition that I would give him a solemn pledge, in writing, never to intimate to living mortal, whatever I might hear of it, and wherever I might meet with it, that it was my production, or the production of any other person than the one to whom it might be attributed. It was

'my poverty, not my will consented.' A week afterwards I saw my picture exhibited in the National Gallery, labeled as the production of the Hon. Augustus ——, the son of a great earl! And crowds of admirers were there, extolling it to the echo! I modestly inquired the price of it, and was told it could not be purchased for less than £500. Then hope and joy possessed my ingenuous heart. I fancied that my production would be sold at an extravagant price, and that the proceeds would be generously placed at my disposal. Vain thought! Accidentally meeting the Hon. Augustus —— in the central portico as I withdrew, and where one of the columns obscured me from the observation of others, I sought his recognition, with feelings of exultation in my heart, and which were no doubt depicted in my face. But his indignant and scornful frown dispelled at once my hopes. I was the dupe of my own unreal imagery, and was bound by the ties of honor, more adamant than bands of steel, to keep his secret. . . Subsequently I learned that this cruel young man had long labored under the displeasure of his noble and pious father, for his dissipations and reckless prodigality; and that this speculation in the picture was a mere trick to regain his parent's favor and replenish his purse. For some months he had pretended to have a fondness for painting, and had actually procured the implements of the art. He then contrived to have his father apprized of his change of habits,

and of his application to study. Rumors were also circulated of the existence of surprising specimens of his genius, and the shameful deception was completed by the exhibition of my production as his own. . . I am told his father gave him £1000 and sent him to the continent, where he is now rioting in all his former disgraceful excesses. . . I will toil on, trusting in God's mercy and justice. So far I have been rescued from starvation; and it may be that I shall not suffer hereafter. But God's will be done. He knows best what we stand in need of, and he will bestow it in his good time, and in his own wise way. . . Let me see—I have yet some thirty shillings left of the five guineas received for my picture; ten shillings I must pay for my last month's rent, and the remaining twenty must suffice for my food until I can finish another picture, the counterpart of the one known as the production of the Hon. Augustus ——. . . I will live on bread and ale, rather than lose a moment on any minor undertaking, until my counterpart is completed. . . Surely there will be no difficulty in procuring admission for my second picture, since the first is called the 'gem of the collection.' . . But will they not claim it also as the production of the Hon. Augustus —? It would be a terrible blow to lose it without being compensated for my fasts and labors. But I will put my trust in Heaven, and persevere to the end. . . If it should be the will of a merciful Providence, how

joyful I would be to receive even one-half the price offered for the first picture! I would be in affluence myself, and would be enabled to assist my poor mother in York." [The poor artist's prayer was granted, and at a subsequent period the sale of his pictures—the work of only twelve months—brought £4000. The Hon. Augustus — was assassinated by an Italian in Civita Vecchia.]

Of the rest of this congregation whose secret thoughts were perused by me, there was not more than an equal proportion who meditated piously and reverently during the service. And I discovered that some who made the greatest external show of religion, were not always the most devout at heart. I also perceived that a number of individuals entertained the very singular and absurd notion, that their mere attendance within the walls of the church, was an ample expiation of their transgressions during the preceding week. This idea they had imbibed in early youth, and it adhered to them in manhood. They did not 'search the Scriptures' sufficiently, nor did the Dean seem to rebuke and admonish them enough, but rather addressed them all as Christians, who did their duty cheerfully whenever instructed by their pastor. He did not seem to be altogether aware that the people might congregate in that holy place with other purposes than to worship. He knew they had been baptized in infancy, and those who had not yet been confirmed had responsible sponsors.

And so he regarded them all as the sheep of Christ's pasture, and as many as chose partook of the body and blood of the Lord. But he knew it had been faithfully proclaimed to them, that they must be judged according to their deeds; and that the responsibility would be upon those who rashly and unworthily partook of the holy Sacrament. Surely no one would ever be found to approach that table with evil in his heart, if it were always remembered that the secret thoughts of all are known to God. But many strive to forget.

I embarked at Brighton for France, and three days afterwards was in Paris. On the occasion of a high festival at the Church of St. Roch, I went thither with the multitude. As I ascended the broad flight of steps, I noticed upon the columns and the walls the marks of cannon balls; and the bloody scenes of the 'Reign of Terror,' and of two revolutions, were called up in my memory. But within, all was grand and pleasing to the eye. The music rose above every other sound, and all seemed to be transported with the performance. There were two organs, and many of the chief singers of the opera had been engaged to join the choir. . . This day the Queen, and several members of the royal family were present, and they seemed to omit no portion of their religious duties.

The first individual whom I noticed specially, was an octogenarian, whose costume and manners indicated that he was one of the few surviving

nobles of the *ancient régime*. The evil spirit tempted him thus: "*By blood you were despoiled; by blood you may be restored;*" to which the good spirit replied: "JEHOVAH REIGNS: HIS WILL BE DONE ON EARTH AS IT IS IN HEAVEN." These were his thoughts: "Too much blood has been spilled already. But God knows best. . . It was perhaps necessary, in the wisdom of Providence, to shed the blood of the king, and scatter the aristocracy to the four quarters of the globe, as an example; for enormous corruptions and abominations, most truly, existed among us. . . The Lord afflicts us for our good. From the highest to the lowest, and even in the church, everywhere the dominion of Satan was increasing to a lamentable extent. But the wisdom of God applied a remedy. The evil and ignorant rabble who slew their rightful king, selected from among their own class other rulers, who led them to slaughter, and were slain themselves in turn. The soil of France, and of every country in Europe, has been moistened with the blood of erring Frenchmen. When our crimes are all expiated, it may be God's pleasure to restore to the nation its ancient repose, its ancient dynasty, and its ancient worship. . . I can have but little personal concern in the future events of my country. I am tottering towards the grave, and must employ my few remaining moments in seeking to secure the future repose of my immortal soul. In



Heaven the Eternal will reign forever. No prisons are there, nor reeking guillotines."

The next individual whose thoughts I read, was a member of the Cabinet. The following is a brief extract from the record: "It is impossible to maintain this state of things many years longer, unless the king shall, by some unforeseen stroke of policy, suppress the organizations and re-unions of secret societies, which unceasingly conspire against the perpetuation of his dynasty. I have an authentic statement of the numbers who have, under various pretexts, conspired against the government during the last ten years; and they form a vast majority of the people of the nation. The Republicans are the most numerous. . . Even here, in this assembly, and on this solemn occasion, if any bold man were to cry out *vive la Republique!* a thousand cheering voices would shout *aux armes!* . . . I must be vigilant." [Here he whispered to one of his secret *espions* to have in attendance an additional force of armed police.] . . "The music is grand, charming, enchanting! Mario is in better voice than he was at the *Italiens*, last night. . . We all dine to-day at the Tuileries."

Seated on my left was a young girl of much beauty, whose thoughts ran thus: "The Abbe scolded me very harshly this morning at the confessional, because I did not attend mass on Sunday morning, on my return from the *bal masque*. I was too weary, and should have only slept on my knees.

. . . But still it was my duty, for in omitting to do so, I did not keep holy the Sabbath. And without his benediction I attended the theatre in the evening. . . . After the services I must acknowledge my fault and pray to be forgiven.”

On my right sat a grave dark-featured personage, evidently of great age, but nevertheless of undimmed intellect, if one might judge from the animated expression of his large lustrous eyes. His body was in an attitude of perfect repose; but his mind was teeming with memories of past events and profound reflections. While the good monitor presented many passages of divine revelation, referring particularly to the immortality of the soul, and the resurrection at the last day, the spirit of evil was equally indefatigable in furnishing the opinions of celebrated heathen and heretic philosophers, in opposition to the truth of Christianity. Thus he meditated: “It is undeniably true, that if the soul of man be immortal, and other living creatures have no souls, the great Creator has evinced a kind partiality in our behalf—but this partiality is admitted, and positively asserted in the Scriptures. We are not to inquire why such distinction was made. We know that even if there were no immortal principle within us, still a great, an immeasurable difference would exist between us and other species of the animal creation. The partiality, or distinction, would still exist to an infinite extent. . . . Man reasons upon the present,

reflects upon the past, speculates upon the future. And the emanations of his mind are indestructible, immortal. The earth, and everything it contains, that may be seen, felt, tasted, heard, or smelt; every creation of our hands, whether of marble or steel; all decay, corrode, or crumble under the continual operation of the destroying elements; and whether it be in a few hundred, or a few thousand years, still all such objects have an end, and ultimately leave no visible trace behind them. The palaces of Palmyra and Babylon; the temple of Jerusalem; the walls of Troy—where are they? These monuments were once considered as imperishable as those of Egypt, (which for some wise purpose God suffers yet to remain,) but nevertheless they have vanished. Some of the vast structures at Jerusalem were composed of blocks of solid marble thirty-five feet long, seventeen feet wide, and eight feet thick; yet, truly in fulfilment of the declaration of Christ, ‘not one stone remains upon another.’ But amid this vast desolation, these stupendous ruins of the mere creations of man, the mysterious operations of the soul, the emanations of the immortal mind, have been transmitted to us through the long vista of ages, undiminished in power, undecayed by age, and still radiant with all the luminous beauties which characterized them at their birth. Mind speaks to mind, soul communes with soul, through all the distance between the present and the remotest past. Does not this ad-

mitted fact, this infinitude of intellectual power, clearly demonstrate that there is a spark of immortal fire gleaming in the breast of every human being? The corrosion of time will annihilate the hardest marble carved into beautiful form by man—and the hand that formed it crumbles into impalpable dust—but the THOUGHTS of man, which are formed of no perceptible substance, and created without the employment of any visible agency, are communicated from age to age without diminution, comprehended by all, and by all admired. Even the school-boy of this generation is heard repeating the words which embodied the ideas of orators and poets, whose mortal remains perished more than two thousand years ago. . . It is impossible for death to destroy that which is immortal. Even if the word of God had not proclaimed it, he had bestowed upon our faculties the ability to demonstrate the indestructible nature of the soul. . . Still the people of this enlightened age are blind to the truth, and millions perish like the fated Egyptians. Without pausing to reflect that they have souls at all, they act as if they did not even believe they must die. Truly unbelief seems to be as profound, incredulity as inveterate, in this day and generation, as in the time of the prophets and apostles. If the dead were to arise and speak to them, hardened sinners would still persist in their unbelief. War, famine, and pestilence—calamities proceeding from their own corrupt passions,

the instruments used by their offended Creator, must still continue to agonize a rebellious world, until the time may come when all nations, with one accord, shall bow down in unfeigned adoration of the only true God. . . The lessons of the past are unheeded, the operations of the present are not comprehended, and vain man still arrogates to be the arbiter of his own fate. . . The vices of the corrupt court of the Bourbons, of which I was a witness, exhausted the forbearance of the Majesty in heaven, and expiatory blood flowed in torrents. But the ruthless instruments of God's vengeance were still more wicked, and they too perished. Hebert, Chaumette, &c., declared their determination *to dethrone the King of Heaven, as well as the monarchs of the earth*. I heard them utter it, and thenceforth looked for their fate. I witnessed the appalling desecrations in the 'Temple of Reason.' I beheld Monrot, in this very church, when he rose and exclaimed: 'God! if you exist, avenge your injured name. *I bid you defiance*. You remain silent; you dare not launch your thunders; who after this will believe in your existence?' He, too, I watched, in his subsequent career. The might of God was vindicated. The demons, who had erected the bloody guillotine, and who had perpetrated innumerable frightful murders, *died by their own hands*, and by the instruments they had created for the destruction of others. Not one survived—nor was the vengeance

so impiously invoked, long delayed. . . Instead of a holy union on the part of surrounding nations to re-establish order in France, they were wickedly intent upon their own aggrandizement. Russia, Austria, and Prussia, partitioned Poland, and England did not interfere to prevent it. The decrees of Providence being worked out by general laws, we are now permitted to perceive the punishment of national iniquity. Napoleon, as the instrument of wrath, captured Vienna, dashed Prussia in pieces, and caused the devastating torch to be applied to Moscow. And England, for sins of omission or commission, did not escape. It was during that inauspicious era that she accumulated the enormous burden of debt, which still presses down to the earth her suffering population. But the greatest example of the utter impotence of man, when assistance from above ceases to sustain him, may be seen in the wretched end of the great conqueror of kingdoms. . . History records no national, perhaps no individual calamity, but what may be traced to the violation of some principle of justice or religion as the cause. The vengeance denounced against the Jews by the Almighty, for their manifold transgressions and unbelief, was fearfully and fully executed by the idolatrous and equally wicked Romans. From the destruction of Jerusalem is dated the commencement of the downfall of Rome. Coeval with vast corruptions subsequently engendered in the Christian Church,

was the rise of Mahomet—and the oceans of blood, flowing alike from Crusader and Saracen, proved that the condemnation of Heaven rested upon them both. The assumption of the banner of the cross, may have inspired the warrior with a belief that the holy cause in which he supposed himself to be engaged, expiated the crimes he had committed, and absolved him from penalty for those in meditation; and the reeking Mussulman may have been equally sincere in his convictions that his sanguinary deity was the only true God, and that Mahomet was his prophet—and both expiring in this belief, neither may have been eternally lost—we must not, we dare not pronounce their doom—but we know they lived and perished in error—we know they were swept down in countless multitudes, and that their bones whitened the plains of Palestine. . . . And yet there are those who presumptuously assert, that if we admit the controlling direction of Providence in scenes of slaughter and destruction, we must at the same time admit that he is a cruel and sanguinary, if not an unjust God. And thus man would measure wisdom with his Creator! Death may not be the most terrible pang which we are capable of suffering. Be that as it may, we must once suffer death—and that generally before we attain the age of threescore and ten years. But let the terror of an untimely end be magnified to the utmost, so long as we see multitudes perish by divine wrath for their crimes, and

yet continue in our transgressions, the wrath of God cannot be appeased. If we will not profit by the lamentable example of others, it is but just that we should be made a warning for those to come after us—and so on from generation to generation, and age to age, until the *creature-man* ultimately submits to his *Creator-God*. In vain shall we look for God to grow weary of punishing before we cease to transgress. The time is to be, and will be, when there will be an end to sin and suffering.”

But why should I continue the transcription? It would consume time to no good purpose, perhaps, to expose the secret thoughts of a thousand others; some devoted to the political discussions of the time, and much time in France is idly spent; some to the operations of the *Bourse*; some to the operas and theatres; some to intrigues *de l'amour*, and few, comparatively very few, in full health, to their God. And yet, they will all acknowledge, that the objects they pursue with so much avidity, are transitory and deceptive in their nature; that when successfully attained, (and they are in a majority of cases sought in vain,) they never realize the anticipated enjoyment; and that, be such attainments ever so much multiplied, and ever so gratifying, they must all be relinquished; and those who possessed them be consigned to the dark grave, the repository of corruption. All these things will be granted. They will further admit,



that there is a life beyond the grave, where the just and good on earth—those who obey God's word—will be forever happy, and those who do not obey will be utterly miserable. They make this admission, and still continue to transgress! Those who grant these stupendous truths, and yet continue in the path of error, must be classed with unbelievers, who merely acquiesce in the prevailing opinion. They see an acknowledged and established result, and mechanically admit its correctness, without making the calculation for themselves. How different would be the lot of millions, if every one would only solve the momentous problem for himself! They would fain believe that the eye of the Omnipresent is not continually on them; they will not believe that God is always nigh, because they cannot 'see him as he is,' which is permitted to no man: and it would be no greater absurdity for them to believe that God did not create the world, because they cannot create worlds. If they would 'search the Scriptures,' and credit them, they would know that their deeds, whether good or evil, whether done in secret or openly, and even their slightest thoughts, are all exposed to the view of Him who is to judge the world. And if they were to pause the brief time it would require to obtain this knowledge, they would surely cease to do evil.

It would be incredible did we not see it; and seeing it, it must be regarded as an awful mystery;

that so many millions perish—perish forever—without having the inclination or curiosity to test the simple remedy—accessible in every quarter of the earth, and devoid of expense—which is presented by their Creator and friend for their certain salvation. Whether it will occur during this generation or not, who can tell? but the time must come, when the eyes of all nations will be opened, for God has spoken it.

I was permitted to behold the development of some of the mysterious operations of Providence upon earth, which seem to be unknown and incomprehensible to the unbeliever. I heard even the pious man, when misfortunes fell upon him, murmur at the injustice of his fate; and yet, submitting in humility, he lived, he and his children, to be afterwards truly thankful for the blow, for it was fraught with blessings. I saw the wicked man when raised to power and riches, rejoice in his good fortune, and promise himself unmingled happiness; and afterwards he was plunged the deeper into the abode of misery, from the fatal elevation to which he had aspired.

When the good man is afflicted, let him bless the Disposer of all events, who has interfered and rescued him from some irremediable calamity. If he is bereaved by the stroke of death of one whom he loves, let him think that if the loved one had lived, he might have met a worse fate. If it be the loss of fortune, let him think his riches might

have entailed eternal perdition upon him or his. Whatever it be, it is the work of a merciful God, who loves his faithful children, whom he will supply with everything needful in this world ; and in the better world to come, he will bestow on them life eternal, and rich enjoyments which can never fade away.

Let not the sinful man exult, when prosperity seems to beam upon him. The last moments of the rich and the great in this life, often comprise an age of regret, remorse, and agonizing fears. In his last moments of consciousness, Napoleon had not the same peace within, that is felt by the most obscure Christian Corsican on his dying bed. And the last moments of all, whether Emperors or peasants, follow closely upon the footsteps of the first. A mere breath is between them. And all should learn that the higher one is elevated in this world, like the accelerated force of gravitation, the harder must be his fall into the inevitable grave.

## VISION II.

I stood in the midst of an immense multitude, in the *Place de la Concorde*, (once the bloody scene of the murder of "the son of St. Louis,") assembled to witness the passage of the king and royal family to the Chamber of Deputies. While perusing the record of the thoughts of those around me, again a mist came over my eyes. It soon passed away, like a running cloud, and a new vision was revealed. I beheld innumerable celestial spirits of a superior order, in bright vesture, who seemed to fill the entire space above, but whose brilliant empyreal bodies rather increased than diminished the light of the sun. They seemed to glide upon the wing with the rapidity of lightning; and only paused ever and anon to receive from the recording spirits the transcripts of the thoughts and deeds of mankind to be registered in heaven. For this purpose countless hosts of them were constantly ascending and descending. Those who bore the record of the evil imaginations of sinners to the throne above, had depicted on their countenances the sad conviction of the fearful doom of the transgressor. But those who bore to

heaven the tidings of the repentance of sinners, had joy and gladness beaming in every feature. It was not the joy and gladness of this life, or pertaining to this world; but such as is felt in the courts of the Almighty Creator of the universe, which surpasses the comprehension of corruptible beings. Yet a ray of this joy—a reflection of this heavenly fire—is occasionally imparted by the Holy One to earth, to cheer the feeble hearts of faithful Christians.

I have often seen the smile of love and internal peace upon the lips of those who were despised and persecuted for the worship of their Saviour; but they knew their Comforter was not of this world, and that the consolations of the Christian were such that the world could not take away. The converted man who is contented to know that the Scripture contains everything it is necessary for him to be acquainted with, may be assured that his resolution to obey God, and worship him during his brief pilgrimage below, has been fully recorded in heaven, and has been welcomed with rejoicings by the numberless angels around the Eternal Throne. It was no idle assurance that there shall be “joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth.” He who believes will not be mistaken.

I was also permitted to perceive that there were legions of the angels of Satan, constantly roving throughout the inhabitable earth. Like dark sha-

dows, they moved among mankind ; and furnished the tempters—an inferior grade of the infernal spirits—with evil thoughts to instill into the hearts of those whom they sought to make their dupes and victims. Every ingenuity, every conceivable device, is constantly put in requisition by these ministers of wo, to insnare, and impress into the service of their impious master, the inhabitants of the world. When the passions of a wicked man are roused by real or imaginary wrongs, they urge him to the commission of such acts of retaliation or revenge, as are not easily to be forgiven, and which remove their victims farther away from the Mercy Seat. They inspire others with the belief, that simple justice towards their fellow men, and an observance of the conventional rules of society, and the laws of the country, will constitute an ample obedience to the commandments of God, and a sufficient justification to entitle them to future reward. But by far the greatest evil they effect, is by begetting in the hearts of men a repugnance to religious instruction, a prejudice against the ministers and the members of the church, and a mockery of the holy precepts of the Bible. Their work is incessant, and they accomplish an immensity of evil. Although the instruction afforded by Divine Revelation is now within the reach of every one, yet but comparatively few seek to be enlightened ; and thousands, nay, tens of thousands, learn only enough to quote garbled passages of the Scrip-

tures in derision. Every blasphemer who scornfully repeats such passages, to discredit the truth of revealed religion, is ignorant—wickedly and fatally ignorant—of the contents of the book he condemns. This is the spirit and the power of Satan, so fearfully triumphant in various communities. So long as the Prince of Evil can blind the eyes of men to the reality of the sacred record, he has undoubted dominion over them, and they are the subjects of his will. But when men have the resolution to resist his instigations, and determine to seek the instruction afforded by Revelation, then he presumes to invade the precincts of his Divine Master, and even penetrates the holy sanctuary of his worshippers. There he strives unceasingly to rouse their passions, and to betray them into the commission of evil. He furnishes the minds of unwary believers with false interpretations of the Scripture, to justify them in deeds of error. He knows the weakness of human nature, and takes advantage of our exposed condition on all accessible occasions. He knows, too, every syllable of the Scripture, and moreover, believes; but he is an arrogant and rebellious believer, and an enemy of God. But let us rejoice that there are also frequent rebellions in Satan's dominions! The Spirit of Good sometimes penetrates the darkest recesses of the Temples of Evil; and sinners daily abjure the allegiance of the Spirit of Darkness, even in the midst of their most abominable prac-

tices. Those who have the consideration to pause in the career of vice, and the moral firmness to reflect with deliberation upon their origin and destiny, ultimately fly to their Saviour for deliverance. These, in the end, if they be faithful, escape unharmed from the thralldom of Satan.



## VISION III.

I stood at the bed-side of a dying Christian. He was still conscious of his condition, and only panted for the consummation of his approaching deliverance. By an affirmative nod, and a smile, he signified his unshaken faith in the promises of the Redeemer. When he could no longer respond by a motion to the inquiries of his friends who wept around his couch, and when the film of death began to obscure the lustre of his eyes, I drew nigh unto the spirit of good, to peruse the last words of the record of his thoughts. The spirit of evil no longer tempted him; he had abandoned him in despair, after in vain attempting to persuade him that there was no righteous God, inasmuch as the Christian was not spared the pain and sufferings common to all. These were his closing thoughts: "Farewell! This world is fast fading from my sight. . . I trust in God. . . I hear them weeping round me—father, mother, brothers, sisters, all lament for me—but I do not suffer now, for my prayer has been heard. . . Take me to thyself, Father in heaven! Transport me to the place thou hast provided. . . They mourn my departing spirit,

for they love me; and I love them; but earth is not a place of rest. . . I hope we will meet again in paradise. . . Welcome, death, since there is no other means of entering into the world of eternal bliss." . . A moment afterwards he ceased to breathe. As I gazed steadfastly upon his cold, pale features, once more my vision was obscured for an instant, and when sight was restored to me, I beheld the spirit of my deceased friend, standing by my side, and an angel holding him by the hand. We were in the world of departed spirits: the corpse still lay before us, and the mourners were there; but there was between us and them a transparent wall of separation; while the walls of stone that inclosed us opposed no greater obstacle to our egress, than the walls of Herod's prison did to Peter. We seemed to stand upon the air, a few feet above the heads of breathing mortals; but they could never see us, as they cannot see the air they breathe, which is so essential to their existence. And that air to the vision of departed spirits, is filled with a greater number of objects, than the tangible earth presents to the sight of men. Yet there are no collisions, no perceptible conjunctions, between the corruptible and incorruptible existences. They are separated by the will of the great Creator, as the stars are separated.

Joyous emotions filled my breast on beholding my departed friend alive again. But, how changed! The devastations which time and disease had

wrought upon the flesh, still marked the decomposing mass that lay upon the couch; but the etherealized form of my friend was radiant with celestial beauty. He had neither wrinkle nor blemish; yet the resemblance, the identity, was complete. Although the tender smoothness of the infant had replaced the harsh angles produced by age and mortal anguish, all the admirable expressions of the pure thoughts and holy emotions of the soul, which were constantly perceptible while living, were still there, and the recognition was instantaneous.

As quickly as a man may divert his thoughts from things present to objects in the most remote parts of the earth, so, by the mere act of volition, we were transported into the midst of the vast congregation of the departed spirits of 'just men made perfect.' It was Paradise; but not the heaven destined for them, after the coming of the Lord 'to judge the quick and the dead.' Yet all were inexpressibly happy, and incapable, by the divine decree, of suffering more. They did not even feel the slightest impatience for the second advent, when they would be crowned with glory; for yet they did not presume to desire greater bliss than the reflection, that they had escaped the contaminations of earth, resisted successfully the temptations and snares of the evil one, and, after the close of their labors and pains, had attained a place of rest and enduring safety. This is the first joy, and,

how great! and yet the least, of the enfranchised spirit of the Christian!

Indued with infinite intelligence, what must be the satisfaction of the freed spirit of the faithful Christian in paradise, to run over again in memory the various scenes and events of his mortal career, wherein his steadfast faith triumphed over the many difficulties that beset his path? I saw that those who had suffered most, and accomplished most, for the sake of their heavenly King, had the largest measure of enjoyment. The misfortunes and woes of their earthly existence, were now the most exulting themes of their reflections. Neither the errors they had committed (for even the true Christians err in unguarded moments), nor the apprehensions they had felt, were permitted to annoy them. It was impossible for them ever to suffer more.

The information I desired was given me. Each departed spirit marked the place or places where the surges of time deposited or scattered the dust of his mortal remains,—for they must be reunited in the resurrection. Neither the mighty earthquakes which swallow up perishable matter, nor the hidden depths of the great ocean, can oppose his will, or interpose an obstacle—for the power is given him by the great Creator of earth and heaven.

The departed spirit of the Christian may behold the good deeds of those to whom he was attached on earth, by ties of blood or friendship, and find

in their faith and obedience additional sources of happiness; but he cannot grieve for the sins committed by those once dear to him; for every description of anguish is inadmissible in paradise. The ties of affection which may connect good and evil on earth, are annihilated, and obliterated from memory, if the evil continues. 'A great gulf is fixed' between good and evil, after the dissolution of the soul and body. We are all the children of the first parents, who inhabited paradise; and those only are beloved sisters and brothers, after death, who meet in paradise. There, there are found no earthly affections, save those which were unmingled with evil.

The pen cannot describe the mutual ecstasy of kindred spirits reunited in paradise. The holy ties of affection, sealed by the bond of Christian unity on earth, were magnified beyond the reach of imagination in that bright receptacle. The angels themselves conducted them into each other's presence, and wept with joy at their prolonged embraces.

## VISION IV.

I stood by the couch of a dying sinner. Here, too, there was the appearance of grief in the family circle. But their lamentations were neither uniform nor profound. There were no spiritual advisers present, for the dying man was rich, and austere, and none dared to approach him but those whom he particularly solicited to do so. The physicians, the members of the family, and the servants, glided noiselessly through the magnificent mansion, and every desire was communicated in whispers. It was when the hand of death began to press heavily upon him, that the diseased reprobate first conceived that the appointed time of his dissolution was approaching awfully nigh.

I had been sent for to write his will. When in readiness to begin the instrument, he directed me to await the result of his perturbed reflections; for on the occurrence of a momentary cessation of pain, he seemed plunged into a train of unquiet meditations.

Thus he thought: "If I should become convalescent, I might regret having made a will. I will wait. I do not suffer so much now—it is only

a chilliness in my breast. . . No ; I will wait. I see their curiosity and impatience, and will disappoint them. Should I make a will, and then recover, the world will ridicule my fears, and gossip for a month on the topic of the unjust—of course everything I do with my own, is unjust—disposition of my property. . . Oh ! that I could take my wealth with me, if I must die ! My family, who have always feared me so much, will join my enemies in execrating my memory . . My wife would marry again—and with the man whom I have most hated, because of their early attachment. And my children would marry the children of my bitterest enemies. . . They are all impatient for my exit, so that they may squander my fortune, without once thinking of me, who acquired it. . . I will disappoint them all. I will interdict their marriages in my will by a provision which, in the event of their disobedience, shall withhold my fortune from them. But what will become of *me*, after death ?” [Here the spirit of evil interposed by a brisk movement, and presented his tablet with the following words inscribed thereon : “ *It is too late to discuss that subject, now. In spite of the predictions of the Christians, you have prospered in this life. If God is consistent, as they allege, how can he change hereafter ?*” The spirit of good made no reply.] “ They predicted,” he continued, “ that my usurious exactions would escape from my grasp in this life, and that endless

perdition would be my lot. . . It seems to be certain that the first portion of the prophecy was a lie; and why should not the other part be the same?"

Here the disease, which seemed to have suspended its ravages for a few minutes, again preyed, and with redoubled fury, on the vitals of its stubborn victim. He motioned to me with a gesture of impatience to write, and dictated with such rapidity and incoherency that it was impossible to understand the words he uttered. I let fall the pen in despair. This he did not observe, and his lips moved hurriedly as if in the act of dictation. At length they ceased to move, and a death-like hue which pervaded his features, at first made us suppose he was dead. But we were mistaken; by a violent effort he succeeded in turning himself half over, and uttered these words in a husky, sepulchral voice: "Give me the will! and the pen!" He was obeyed. But the pen dropped from his benumbed hand, as he gazed in dismay upon the blank sheet of paper. I now resumed the perusal of the record of his thoughts: "Blank! Not a word I wished is written! . . . I have not the strength to curse—or I would pour a consuming torrent of execrations upon them all! They have me in their power, now. . . None love me—none pity me. . . If I could only pray—or if half my fortune would purchase a respite of fifteen minutes—how fearfully would I be revenged! But



I am dying—I feel it—I know it—and the result of the labors of my whole life—all the wealth I have amassed—will go into the hands of my enemies—and be consumed by them—while they deride my memory! And is it thus that the first prophecy is truly fulfilled? True—true!—and now, the—last!”

Here his soul separated from his attenuated body, and partook of the dark hue of the angel of Satan, who appeared and conducted it hence to the regions of torment.

I was permitted to behold the spirits of the condemned in their abode of misery. They were sunk a great depth below the surface of the earth; but above all was perfectly transparent to them, as the air above is to mortal vision. They could perceive not only the transactions of men on earth, but also the blessed inhabitants of Paradise. The unquenchable fire of the wrath of the Almighty ever consumed them; and yet they perished not. The first torment that wrung them, was the appalling consciousness that they had neglected the means, which had been placed within their reach while on earth, of securing a participation in the joys of the righteous. And now it was forever too late. This was the first agony, and, how great! and yet the least, of the condemned spirit of the sinner.

They could perceive that there was “fixed a great gulf” between themselves and the redeemed

of the Lord ; and they also beheld the wicked actions of those dear to them whom they had left behind, which must consign them likewise to the place of everlasting torment. And these wicked habits were the effects of the examples set by those now writhing in agony. They retained every faculty necessary to produce and prolong infinite suffering ; but none that could afford a moment's relief. They remembered the honors and riches which, in life, had actuated their conduct, and engrossed their thoughts, with disgust and horror. And the grimaces and exultations of the ministering angels of Satan, constantly added a frightful accumulation of wo and anguish to their internal fires of remorse.

THE END.

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