

bottomless? No, thou canst not know how dreadful these things are. Surely, if thou couldst, man, thou wouldst be up on thy feet, and off for life, eternal life. Thou wouldst be like that man in Bunyan's "Progress," who put his fingers in his ears, and ran away; and when his neighbours ran after him, he cried, "Eternal life, eternal life!" O, stolid stupidity—O, sottish ignorance—O, worse than brutal ignorance, that makes men sit down in their sins, and rest content. The drunkard quaffeth still his bowl; he knoweth not that in its dregs there lieth wrath. The swearer still indulgeth in his blasphemy; he knoweth not that one day his oath should return upon his own head. You will go your way, and eat the fat, and drink the sweet, and live merrily and happily; but, ah! poor souls, if ye knew that the avenger of blood was after you, you would not act so foolishly! Would you suppose that the man, after he had killed his neighbour, and when he saw the avenger coming, would coolly take his seat, and wait, when there was a city of refuge provided? No; such folly was reserved for such as you are; God has left that folly to be the topstone of the folly of the human race, to be the most glittering jewel in the crown of free will, to be consummate folly—the dress wherein free will doth robe itself. Oh! you will not fly to Christ, you will stop where you are, you will rest contented, and one day the law will seize you, and then wrath, eternal wrath, will lay hold upon you! How foolish is the man who wastes his time, and carelessly loiters, when the city of refuge is before him, and when the avenger of blood is after him.

There is not a hearer of mine here that would delay an hour to fly to Christ, if he did know how fearful is his condition out of Christ. When God the Spirit once convinces us of our sin, there is no halting then; the Spirit says "To day, if you will hear his voice," and we say, "To day, Lord, to day, hear our voice!" There is no halting then; there is no pausing then; it is on, on, on, for our very life, and I beseech you, men, brethren you who have sinned against God, and know it; you that want to be delivered from the wrath to come, I beseech you, by him that liveth and was dead, flee to Christ: but take this exhortation, take heed it is Christ you flee to; for if the man who had slain his neighbour, had fled to another city, it would have been of no avail; had he fled to a city that was not an ordained city of refuge, he might have sped on with all the impetuosity of desire, and yet have been slain within the city gates. So, ye self-righteous ones, ye may fly on to your good works, ye may practice your baptism, and your confirmation, and your church-going, and your chapel-going; ye may be all that is good and excellent, but ye are flying to the wrong city, and the avenger of blood will find you, after all. Poor soul! remember Christ Jesus is the only refuge for a guilty sinner; his blood, his wounds, his agonies, his sufferings, his death, these, then, are the gates and walls of the city of salvation. But if we trust not in these, without a doubt, trust where we may, our hope shall be as a broken reed, and we shall perish after all.

I may have one here who is just awakened, just led to see his sin, as if it were a murdered corpse beneath his feet; it seems to me that God has sent me to that one man in particular. Man, God has shewn you your guilt; he sent me to-night to tell you that there is a refuge for you; though you are guilty, he is good; though you have revolted and rebelled, he will have mercy on those that repent; and trust in the merits of his Son. And now he has bidden me say to you, "Fly, fly, fly!" in God's name, I say to you, fly to Christ. He has bidden me warn you to-night against delays; he has bidden me remind you that death surprises men when least they expect it; he has bidden me to warn you that the avenger will not spare, neither will his eye pity. His sword was forged for vengeance, and vengeance it will have. And he has bidden me exhort you by the terrors of the law, by the day of judgement, by the wrath to come, by the uncertainty of life, and by the nearness of death, this night to fly to Christ.

"Haste, traveller, haste, the night comes on:
And thou far off from rest and home,
Haste, traveller, haste!"

But, oh! how much more earnest is our cry, when we say, "Haste, sinner, haste!" Not only doth the night come on; but lo! the blood avenger is behind. Already he has slain his thousands! Let the shrieks of souls, already damned, come up in your ears. Already the avenger has done wonders of wrath; let the howlings of Gehenna startle you; let the torments of hell amaze you. What! will you stop with such a sword be-

hind you? will you pause with such an avenger in swift pursuit? What! young man, will you stop this night? God has convinced you of your sin; will you go to your rest this night without a prayer? Will you live another day without fleeing to Christ? No; I think I see the Spirit of God in you to-night, and I think I hear what he makes you say. He makes you say, "No, God helping me, I give myself to Christ now; and if he will not now shed abroad his love in my heart, yet this is my one resolve; no slumber to my eyes will I afford till Christ shall look on me, and seal my pardon with his Spirit—the pardon bought with blood." But if thou sittest still, young man, and thou wilt do so, left to thy own free will, I can do no more for thee than this, I must weep for thee in secret. Alas! for thee, my hearer; alas! for thee; the ox led to the slaughter is more wise than thou; the sheep that goeth to its death is not so foolish as thou art. Alas! for thee my hearer, that thy pulse should beat a march to hell. Alas! that yonder clock, like the muffled drum, should be the music of the funeral march of thy soul. Alas! alas! that thou shouldst fold thine arms in pleasure, when the knife is at the heart. Alas! alas! for thee, that thou shouldst sing, and make merriment, when the rope is about thy neck, and the drop is tottering under thee! Alas! for thee, that thou shouldst go thy way, and live merrily and happily, and yet be lost! Thou remindest me of the silly moth that dances round about the flame, singeing itself for a while, and then at last plunging to its death. Such art thou! Young woman, with thy butterfly-clothing, thou art leaping round the flame that shall destroy thee! Young man, light and frothy in thy conversation, gay in thy life, thou art dancing to hell; thou art singing thy way to damnation, and promeneading the road to destruction. Alas! alas! that ye should be spinning your own winding sheets! that ye should every day by your sins be building your own gallows: that by your transgressions ye should be digging your own graves, and working hard to pile the faggots for your own eternal burning. Oh! that ye were wise, that ye understood this, that ye would consider your latter end. Oh! that ye would flee from the wrath to come! Oh! my hearers, the wrath to come, the wrath to come! Oh, God! how terrible! these lips dare not venture to describe, this heart filleth in agony; and my hearers, are there not some of you that will soon be in the wrath to come? Yes, yes! there are some of you, who, if you were now to drop dead in your pews, must be damned. Ah! ye know it; ye know it; ye dare not deny it; I see you know, as you hang down your heads, you seem to say it is true; I have no Christ to trust to, no robe of righteousness to wear, no heaven to hope for! My hearer, give me thine hand; never did father plead with son with more impassioned earnestness than I would plead with thee. Why wouldst thou sit still, when hell is burning in thy face! "Why will ye die, O, house of Israel?" Oh! God, must I preach to these people in their place in hell; and must I continue to preach to them, and be "a saviour of death unto death to them," and not "a saviour of life unto life?" And must I, must I, help to make their hell more intolerable? Must it be so? Must the people who now listen to us, like the people of Chorazin and Bethsaida, have a more terrible doom than the people of Sodom? Ah! yes, the Lord hath said it, and we believe it! Oh! ye that are left to your own free will, to choose the way to hell, as all men do when left alone—let these eyes run down with tears for ye, because you will not weep for yourself. Young men and maidens, old men with gray heads, merchants and tradesmen, servants, fathers, mothers, children, I have warned you this night, you are in danger of hell, and as God lieth, before whom I stand, you will be there soon, unless you flee from the wrath to come. Remember, none but Jesus can save you. But if God shall enable you to see your danger, and fly to Christ, he will have mercy upon you for ever, and the avenger of blood shall never find you out. No, not even when the red lightnings shall be flashing from the hand of God in the day of judgement. That city of refuge shall shelter you, and in the heart of Jesus, triumphant, blessed, secure, you shall sing the righteousness and the blood of Christ who shelters sinners from the wrath to come.

False fears bring true vexations; the imaginary grievances of our lives are more than the real.

He that hath slight thoughts of sin, never had great thoughts of God.

Special Notice.

THOSE of our Subscribers in the Western Counties who are in arrears for the CHRISTIAN MESSENGER are respectfully informed, that the Rev. Dr. Tupper has kindly consented to call on some, on his way to the Convention at Yarmouth, and has been furnished with their accounts for that purpose.

We shall be glad if all who have not yet sent in their subscription for the past year will hand the amounts due, to him, or forward the same to our office, without delay.

We need not refer to the peculiar circumstances in which we are at present placed as a reason for urging attention to this request; the demand made upon us every week, for the expenses of the paper, can be met only by the payments of our subscribers.

Christian Messenger.

HALIFAX, AUGUST 12, 1857.

RELIGION often fails to secure the attention of the young by its being presented to their minds shorn of the attractions and beauty which belong to it. A caricature is too often put in the place of genuine Christianity. It is presented to the warm and tender sensibilities of youth as a system forbidding and ghastly, without the loveliness which renders it desirable and calculated to confer happiness. Pleasure and sin are supposed by many who see only this caricature, as synonymous terms. The world around them is deprived of what is really beautiful, and an effort is made to place before their inexperienced imaginations, what they are yet unable to discover for themselves, that this world is an arid desert, a valley of tears, a waste howling wilderness.

The language of religious people is often strangely in contrast with what is said of the beauties of nature when those remarks are not intended to have a religious character. Christianity is supposed by them to be a system of which death is the centre, rather than one in which life is the sun and source of attraction. A preparation for death and an anticipation of its solemn realities are frequently considered the most conducive to a life of piety. Those who have such subjects most frequently in their minds and on their lips, are held up as model christians. The buoyancy of youth and longings for a participation in that which makes this life desirable, are set down as indications of a worldly spirit.

The outbursts of genuine affection for, and admiration of, the beautiful in nature and art, are checked, lest they should bind too closely to earth, and hide the prospect of meeting the great Destroyer.

On the contrary, the gospel is essentially a ministration of life. Its truths are given wholly as a preparation for the enjoyment of life, first here upon earth and afterwards in heaven. Even earthly pleasure is not happiness without religion. The unnatural divorce which many good people establish between religious sentiment and social pleasure,—the in disposition to the making a life of nearness to God a subject of common conversation,—the unwillingness too often shewn by Christian men, whether merchants, politicians, masters, or servants, to appear as followers of Christ, and the attempt they make to sink the Christian, for the time, in the man, all tend to convey the impression to the young and careless, that religion is not, after all, the all-important subject. Whilst we thus speak against presenting religion in the gloomy habiliments in which it is frequently made to appear, we would not lose sight of the fact that repentance is an essential ingredient in piety, and that conversion consists of an entire change in the motives of action and the objects of desire; but yet we wish the fact to appear, more prominently, that the mind is only well regulated for the highest enjoyment in the present life when we have become experimentally acquainted with Jesus as our Saviour and Teacher.

We believe in a glorious future for this world, and whether we live to see the triumph of Christian truth and the ascendancy of the Redeemer's Kingdom or not, we may, although in another state, continue to witness the social progress which is the result of present christian effort.

The wonderful strides of the gospel during the past half century, indicate that the present generation will see an extension of freedom and a dissemination of the principles of truth probably beyond the anticipations of the most sanguine.

It is not enough that we make objections to the vice and frivolity of the theatre, the race-course, and the ball-room, we must be prepared to supply home and social pleasures which will shut out the desire for those demoralizing amusements. Why

should not the social Prayer-meeting be made as attractive as a musical concert, or as a scientific lecture? Why should we not speak as freely on religious truth, as on the truths of science, or the facts of history?

The morality of betting.

THE practice of betting is become so common, that its immorality by many is not recognized. The recent exhibitions we have had of it, however, tend to shew that in principle it has all the evils of the worst species of gambling, although they may not be, in every case, fully developed. Honesty in trade, and in every other transaction, demands that we give every person an equivalent for that which we receive from them. It cannot be said of games of chance, or of skill, or even in trials of strength or speed, whether of men, horses, or boats, that any value is given by the winning party to the unfortunate loser. The worst passions are called into play on both sides, and fatal consequences are often the result. The law of the land steps in to stop the more flagrant attempts at this species of robbery, as they may have the name of lotteries or gambling-houses. Christian law forbids the whole practice.

A recent case was brought before the Superior Court in Boston by a depositor for the recovery of \$300 from a stakeholder in a boat race. The jury returned a verdict in favour of the defendant. Judge Nelson ruled that neither boat racing or horse racing were illegal in themselves, but that all wagers of any kind upon the same were so.

Lord Napier, British Minister at Washington, is winning golden opinions from our Republican neighbors. At a recent meeting of the Alumni of Harvard College, his Excellency delivered a masterly speech in reply to the following sentiment:

"Our beautiful mother land and the health of the noble Lord who represents her on this occasion—May his mission be crowned with abundant fruits of personal happiness and of permanent international peace."

After some introductory observations, he said:

"The honor which has been conferred upon me by an invitation to this celebration, and the reception which I have met with here are the continuation of that universal welcome which I have experienced in the United States. In this general kindness I not only recognize the hospitality of the nation which is always bestowed before it is deserved, but a manifestation of that affection for England which is kindled in the recesses of the American heart, and which is ever bursting forth in some act of courtesy and assistance. I see in this reception, too, in the language of the President, and your response, a sign of respect for Her Majesty the Queen, for the ancient crown which is so gently and so wisely worn. It is gratifying to me to observe that the thoughtful views and benevolent labors of the Prince Consort in the cause of industry, education and art, have elicited that admiration in America which they have commanded at home. These are the studies which beset the vicinity of a popular throne, and the father of an English sovereign. The President has offered his kind wishes that my residence in America may be agreeable, and that the exercise of my official duties may be prosperous and profitable to our respective countries. I am one of those who believe that the cordiality which is so apparent in our literary and social relations will soon be fully and permanently reflected in our international correspondence. After armed contention had finally ceased between America and England, an abundant aftergrowth of animosities and disputes sprang up, which have been gradually and successively cleared away. We are engaged at this moment in the extinction of a root of difference, which I believe to be the last. It cannot be removed by one-sided and precipitate action. It will yield to the well adjusted efforts of mutual good-will. The views of my government are conciliatory, their declarations are sincere."

"It would be a lamentable circumstance if the honest and salutary intentions of the two governments for the settlement of our last controversy should be embarrassed on either side, or in any quarter, by the asperities of unreflecting discussion, or the impulse of wayward patriotism. I have nothing to ask from the society in which we are met, or from the cultivated and opulent community of Boston, but the continuation of their favor. Societies and communities such as these are always the great reserves of political prudence and conservative feeling; but I invoke the generosity and moderation of those who are mixed in the tumult; and embarked on the enterprise of every day political life. I do not ask for silence—for silence would be darkness, and we have nothing to conceal. I ask for patience, for incredulity of evil, for confidence in good, for that magnanimity which will be well bestowed in smoothing the path to enduring Peace, when there shall be no reproaches for the past, and no jealousies of the future."

THE Synod of the Church of Scotland in Nova Scotia, at its recent sitting appointed a deputation to wait on his Excellency with a loyal Address from that body. The deputation attended to this duty on the 31st ult. and received a gracious reply from Sir Gaspar.