

est. It comes to lay an icy finger on the warm red lips, and make it cold and pallid as the drift-snow. It comes to breathe upon the flashing disc of the dancing eye, and film it over with a dull unmeaning flush. It comes to pluck the roses from the blooming cheek, and substitute the pallor of the lily in its place. It comes to freeze and stiffen the glowing and the supple limbs, and still the bosom with its crushing weight. Yes, death comes on this grim errand to us all. This is its mission, to the infant in the cradle, to the schoolboy at his sport, to the maiden in the full flush of youth and beauty, to the healthy man in the meridian of activity and life, and to the old sage who totters by the margin of the grave, with the snows of near a century of winters on his head. This is its mission to the thoughtless and depraved—to the man whose throat is an open sepulchre, where oaths and coarse licentious jests are festering, to meet a foul and loathsome resurrection at the call of the first spirit that is poured down to animate the filthy carcass—to him whose worst and vilest passions are ever uppermost, and stamping down beneath their rampant hoofs the purer impulses of his better nature—to all it comes upon the self-same mission; to draw the curtain round the things of time, and call the spirit back to him who gave it. But it is not only to close the eye, and freeze the blood, and chill the limbs—it is not only to make the coffin, to plume the hearse, and dig the grave, that this inexorable monster comes. If that were all, it would not be such a solemn thing to meet it as it is. But it has a sterner work to do than this. It bids us quit each cherished scheme and give up every earthly hope. It tells us to take farewell of those we love most tenderly. It rives asunder the dearest and the fondest loves our hearts have ever formed. It tears the baby from its mother's arms, it drags the wife from her husband's circling caress, and fills the world with widows and with orphanhood. Lovers must part at the relentless bidding of the adversary, and the last kiss shall be a frozen one, because it is imprinted on a cheek of ice, or on mute impassive lips. Nor is this all. Death's errand is not finished here. His stroke involves a heavier work than this. 'Tis true he comes with the credentials of mortality—but he likewise casts a flambeau flash upon the other side the grave he opens, which reveals a glimpse of immortality. 'Tis true he closes up the eyelids of the body, darkening the prospect of the earthly and the visible, but he also lifts the long-blind eyelids of the soul, and brings before its gaze the vista of the dim unseen. It brings the invisible to view; it whelms the fleeting temporal in the wide eternal; and speaks of something mightier than itself. It underdrapes the judgment-seat of Christ, and points to heaven or hell according as the monster finds his victim.

Now, my friends, it is for you to decide whether, when the passing-bell shall toll for you, it shall ring the death knell of your body only, or of your soul as well. You can ring changes in the belfry of your destiny now, but when the last note of all shall sound, when all the dirge-like notes of the monotonous passing-bell shall vibrate on the ears of surviving mourners, then your hand must relax from the rope, and the changes will be over. Another arm must interpose to chime the tidings of your last enterprise. Be careful how you ring the changes of your life, for as you live so you must die. Be assured of it that the drunkard, the blasphemer, the cruel husband, the enemy of virtue and sobriety, these can never face death with fortitude, or enter on eternity with peace. Begin to be sober, to be kind, to be gentle, to be loving to your kindred, to be honest in your dealings, pure in your life, chaste in your speech. But do not imagine that these things are sufficient. Sobriety, kindness, gentleness, love of relations, honesty in business, purity of life, chastity of speech—these never saved a soul. I am here to-day to begin again the old story, and to tell you that Christ alone can save you. I am here to assure you that mere virtue will not avail unless it is wedded to religion. Many a man has walked soberly to hell; so sobriety cannot save. Many a man and woman have strolled lovingly to perdition; so love of kindred cannot save. Many a man, who never played a fraudulent trick in business, and never overreached his neighbor, has found his way to the blackness of darkness for ever; so honesty cannot save. Many a man, who never uttered a lewd word, who never spoke a falsehood, or swore an oath, has ended his life in the same dark bourne; so purity and chastity cannot save. You cannot be saved without these things, but you cannot be saved by them. Are you an honest tradesman, a fair dealer, a conscientious man; still one thing is needful. Are you a tender father, a kind husband, and a good neighbor; still one thing is needful. Are you

a man who has never spoken falsely, who hates impurity, and whose very soul abhors profanity; still one thing is needful. Are you a paragon of moderation, of propriety, of virtue and truth, a model for your neighbors, and a pattern for your children; still one thing is needful;—you may carry all these virtues to hell with you at last. It would be a new story, as far as I am concerned, if I were to tell you that such things could save you. Cultivate these virtues by all means, but don't depend upon them for salvation. One thing alone can save you, and I am here once more to proclaim it to you. I am here to proclaim Christ and him crucified, as "the way, the truth, and the life." To hold up the cross on which he died, as the only hope set before you in the gospel. And any hope which is set before you out of the gospel, is a refuge of lies. Here and here only is salvation. You must come to this or your case is hopeless. But, just as every man is hopelessly lost who keeps away from Christ, so every man is certainly saved who comes to him in faith. The most virtuous man is in jeopardy out of Christ: the chief of sinners is safe beneath the shelter of his cross. Are you a drunkard? Is your life stained with deep and nameless sins? It does not matter. Come to Christ and you are safe. I tell you that "there is no other name given under heaven amongst men whereby you must be saved." But I tell you also that that name, if uttered by the lip of penitence and faith, shall be the passport of the poorest and the vilest sinner in this room to a mansion, a sceptre, a throne of power, and a crown of glory that fadeth not away. I stand here once more to proclaim, in opposition to those who limit the mercy and the sovereign grace of God, a full and free salvation to all who will accept it. Once more I would reiterate the overtures and the promises of Scripture in your ears—"Let the wicked man forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts, and let him return unto the Lord and he shall have mercy upon him, and to our God and he will abundantly pardon." "Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; and though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool." "As I live, saith the Lord God, I delight not in the death of a sinner, but rather that he would turn from his wickedness and live." "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Once more I stand as an ambassador for Christ, and "as though God did beseech you by me, I pray you in Christ's stead, be ye reconciled to God." Again we warn the careless to "Kiss the Son lest he be angry, and ye perish from the way; when his wrath is kindled but a little." Again we invite you to listen, as the Spirit and the Bride say, Come, to all who will take the water of life freely. And once more, we beseech and implore all to "Behold the Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world."

God grant that this course of addresses upon which we have now entered may prove, under his blessing, the means of lifting many a burden from a poor man's heart; of unclenching many a cruel hand, and saving wives and daughters blows and curses; of letting in fresh light to cottage homes; of making the laborer happy in his daily toil; of arresting the circulation of the maddening bowl, before it steals away men's brains; of reclaiming the prostitute, and slaming her seducer; of suppressing dens of infamy and crime; of filling our churches and chapels with earnest worshippers; and, above all, of bringing glory to the name of Christ, by turning sinners from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan to himself.

## Correspondence.

For the Christian Messenger.

### Plain Letters, on a Plain Subject, to Plain Folks.

[No. 1.]

"Remember the words of the Lord Jesus, how He said, it is more blessed to give than to receive.—Acts xx. 35.

By a lively comparison we are here taught the superior bliss of communicating. It is blessed to receive but more blessed to give. We are receptive beings. As creatures, we receive our existence, our faculties, and our enjoyments from God. As physical, intellectual, and moral beings we are fitted to enjoy material benefits, to contemplate divine truth, and to receive God as our portion forever. These sources of happiness, the bodily, the mental, and the spiritual, rise one above another, in an ascending scale, so that man in his distinctive character, is exalted far above all other creatures, in the scale of happiness. The proper enjoyment of these blessings from the lowest to the highest, is right

and necessary. We are not of the number who think that men should not be happy. On the contrary, the Bible points out to us the sources of the most pure and exalted happiness both here and hereafter. It enjoins upon us the duty of being happy. Rejoice in the Lord alway and again I say rejoice. It speaks of peace that flows like a river of joy unspeakable and full of glory. It points us to a home on high at the right hand of God, where there are pleasures for evermore. Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered the heart of man the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him; the greatness of the enjoyment that God hath placed within their reach. But though the pleasures which are set before us as recipients, are inexpressibly great, yet there is joy of a still more glorious character, and this is the happiness of imparting.

It is delightful to impart to a friend; but it is a luxury to give to an enemy. This is the land mark of christian charity—if thine enemy hunger, feed him, if he thirst give him drink. This act is the more desirable because it is the completest victory over self. And he who conquers himself can easily overcome the world. It is more blessed also because it is more God-like. The creature, as far as he may, rises to the high prerogative of the Creator, who sends rain on the just and on the unjust; who, when we were enemies, reconciled us to himself by the gift of His Son, and who, when we were sinners, justified us freely through the blood of the Lamb. It is therefore more blessed to give than to receive, because therein we approach the nearest to the divine perfections, and enjoy most of the happiness of the ever blessed God.

Both giving and receiving may possibly be regarded as a kind of receiving. In one point of view these two acts may describe respectively the characters of the believer and the unbeliever. Both characters agree in deriving pleasure; but they adopt entirely different methods in pursuing it. The one supposes that his happiness consists only in receiving; the other finds his highest pleasure in imparting. These two characters are clearly described by our Lord,—"Whoever shall seek to save his life shall lose it"; "But whosoever shall lose his life for my sake and the gospel's, the same shall save it."

The scriptures are plain on this point. They promise temporal blessings to the liberal soul. He that hateth covetousness, shall prolong his days.—Prov. xxviii. 16. The liberal soul shall be made fat, and he that watereth, shall be watered also himself. There is that scattereth, and yet increaseth; and there is that withholdeth more than is meet, but it tendeth to poverty. Honor the Lord with thy substance, and with the first fruits of all thine increase, so shall thy barns be filled with plenty, and thy presses shall burst out with new wine. Give and it shall be given unto you: good measure, pressed down, and shaken together, and running over, shall men give into your bosom. He which soweth sparingly, shall reap also sparingly, and he which soweth bountifully, shall reap also bountifully. The Bible goes further and promises spiritual blessings to those who give. Charge them that are rich in this world, that they be not high-minded, nor trust in uncertain riches, but in the living God who giveth us richly all things to enjoy. That they do good, that they be rich in good works, ready to distribute, willing to communicate, laying up in store for themselves a good foundation against the time to come, that they may lay hold on eternal life.—1 Tim. vi. 17-19. Make to yourselves friends of the mammon of unrighteousness, that when ye fail they may receive you into everlasting habitations.—Luke xvi. 9. The bestowal of wealth for the spiritual good of others will secure spiritual blessings to the donor. A penny for a tract which results in the conversion of a heathen, provided the character of the giver be in accordance with the act, will secure the friendly greetings of that ransomed soul when you enter the shores of a blessed immortality. The Saviour said to the rich young man, "Sell whatsoever thou hast and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven."—Mark x. 21. And when Peter said, Lo we have left all and followed thee, Jesus said, There is no man that hath left house, or brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother, or wife, or children, or lands, for my sake and the gospel's, but he shall receive an hundredfold now in this time, and in the world to come, eternal life.—Mark x. 29.

He who knows that he is indebted for all things to God, must feel "Freely ye have received, freely give."

Yes, if I might make some reserve, And duty did not call, I love my God with zeal so great, That I would give Him all. This is the language of the truly Christian

heart. Said one on his dying pillow, "I have lost all except what I have given away." In the light of such solemn testimony, who can say that it is not more blessed to give than to receive? If this evidence cannot be controverted, then go thou, my soul, and do likewise.

CHARITY.

Nova Scotia, Nov. 1, 1859.

For the Christian Messenger.

### Boston Correspondence.

MR. EDITOR,

In compliance with your request, I shall endeavour, from time to time, to furnish, for your valuable paper, some brief sketches of matters in general connected with Boston and vicinity. It would, indeed, be no difficult task to fill many columns with accounts of the innumerable objects which meet the eye of the observer in the different parts of this noisy, bustling city; but to select from amongst them such as will afford peculiar interest to your numerous readers, may not be quite so easy a matter.

Here is one of the grand centres of universal extremes, gathering within its massive circumference every grade of human character and variety of object, natural and artificial. Here is something to interest every one, and something which every one will be forced to admire. The numerous public buildings, displaying all the grandeur and perfectness of modern architecture—extensive mercantile establishments, indicative of successful enterprise—railroads and steamboats, in perpetual motion, giving life and energy to every department of industrial pursuit—and a magnificent system of education, diffusing a high tone of intellectual refinement through the entire community, are among the things which attract the notice and challenge the admiration of every visitor. The moral and religious aspect of the community, though far from what it should be, has nevertheless many favorable and pleasing features. Several of the churches, having shared to some extent in the benefits of the late revival, are still progressing favorably under the faithful and efficient ministrations of their respective pastors. Vast crowds assemble on the Sabbath in the various places of worship, to listen to soul-stirring appeals, delivered with an earnestness and pathos which cannot fail to produce effects the most salutary and beneficial. The dormant energies of slothful professors are aroused into fresh life and activity, and a spirit of earnest enquiry is being awakened in the minds of the ungodly. Prayer and other religious exercises, designed for the edification and encouragement of the church, are usually well attended, and contribute a large share of interest to the cause in general.

In reference to the various moral and religious institutions their nature and modes of operation, I will be able to furnish more definite information in future communications. I will now close with an account of a

#### DESTRUCTIVE FIRE.

At half past five o'clock on Sabbath afternoon Oct. 30th, fire broke out in the extensive Sugar Refinery in Gooch Street. The flames were first discovered in the third story, and quickly spread to the remaining parts of the building. Alarms were given calling out the entire fire department of the city, and all the apparatus was soon on the ground at work, but in less than half an hour, the whole structure, which was six stories in height, was in flames. At this time the conflagration presented a most beautiful, though alarming aspect. There was a large amount of stock on hand, and only about two hundred barrels of sugar were saved. The whole establishment is a mass of ruins. The loss is estimated at \$130,000.

Please forward the *Christian Messenger* to my address,—31 Leverett Street, Boston. Meanwhile, I remain, Sir,

Very truly yours,

J. C. HURD.

Boston, Nov. 1st, 1859.

For the Christian Messenger.

### Inconsistent Pedobaptists.

MESSRS EDITORS,—

I am located in the interior part of the country, and not having the advantages of some of my fellow-citizens; I am not posted up in sectarian principles, and would be glad to be informed how it happens that certain parties will immerse converts and at the same time cry out so bitterly against that mode of baptism. If it were my good fortune to be styled a preacher of the gospel, I would be very sorry to practice what I did not believe to be right.

A few Sabbaths ago I was listening to a sermon delivered by a rev. gentleman, on Baptism. Although what he said may be all law and gospel, yet I was a little surprised to find a minister