

THE HERALD OF TRUTH.

the ground about their residence with the bones of slaughtered pilgrims. These vile old troglodytes are no longer there, but into their deserted cave another terrible giant has thrust himself, and makes it his business to scare upon honest travellers, and fat them for his table with plentiful meals of smoke, meat, marmosine, raw potatoes, and saw-dust. He is a German by birth, and is called from Franciscan superstition, but in form, his features, his attributes, his nature, his culture generally, and his peculiarities of this huge monster for him, has ever been able to describe them. As we rushed by the cavern a month we caught a hasty glimpse of him, looking a more what like an ill proportioned figure, but considerably more like a heap of pig and dustiness. He shouted after us, but in so strange a phraseology, that we knew not what he meant, nor whether he be encouraged or afflicted.

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

placative of my friends, since, as the institution
was directed to the advantage of the community,
from a residence here, rather than the otherwise
different pleasures, which are the grand object
with too many votaries. The Christian reader,
if he have read accounts of the city later than
Dunbar's time, will be surprised to hear that al-
though every street has its church and that the
reverend clergy are nowhere held in higher
respect than at Vanity Fair. And well do they
deserve such honorable estimation, for the mix-
ture of wisdom and virtue which fall from their
lips, as from a deep spiritual source, and
tend to exhort to a religious aim, as those of the
world, which are uttered in a jovial and
unassuming way. In justification of the
high praise, I need only mention the names
of the Rev. Mr. Shallow-deep, the Rev. Mr.
Stumble-upon, and that fine old clerical charac-
ter, the Rev. Mr. This-to-day, who expects shortly
to resign his tithe to the Rev. Mr. That-to-
morrow, together with the Rev. Mr. Bewilder-
ment; the Rev. Mr. Clot-the-spirit; and, last
and greatest, the Rev. Dr. Wind-of-doctrine.
The labours of these eminent divines are ade-
quate to those of innumerable lecturers, who diffuse
such a various profundity, in all subjects of hu-
man nature or celestial science, that any man
may acquire an overbearing erudition, without
the trouble of even learning to read. This inter-
esting subject is characterized by assuming for its motto
the words, "I have an answer to all that he can
say." It is less oracles—except, doubtless, if the
oracles be uttered into a wind, which forthwith
becomes entailed into the ever-open ear of the community.
These ingenious inventions constitute a sort of
machinery, by which thought and study are done
to every person in hand, without his putting him-
self to the slightest inconvenience in the matter.
It is an artificial species of machine for the
wholesale manufacture of individual morality.
This excellent method is effected by societies for
all manner of virtuous purposes, with which a
man has need to connect himself, throwing, as
there is, a great deal of virtue into the common
stock, and the aggregate amount will be all that
is necessary to the aggregate amount be well im-
proved in all these, and other wonderful improvements of
this religion, religion, and literature, being made to my
comprehension by the ingenious Mr. Smooth-
tongue, inspired me with a vast admiration of Van-
ity Fair.

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

Some of the *four-assers*, I thought, make very Polish bargains. For instance, a young man, having inherited a splendid fortune, sold out a considerable portion of it in the purchase of disrepute, and finally spent all the rest in a heavy dose of repentance and a sort of rage—there was some stock or scrip, called *Conscience*, which seemed to be in great demand, and would purchase almost any thing. Indeed few rich commodities were to be obtained without paying a heavy sum in the particular stock, as a man's *Conscience* was seldom very lucrative, unless he was *very* profuse when and how to throw his share of *Conscience* into the market. Yet, as this was the only thing of permanent value, whoever parted with it was sure to find himself a

loser in the long run — Thousands sold their happiness for a whim

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

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

Day after day, as I walked the streets of Vanity, my winners and department became more and more like those of the inhabitants—The place began to seem like home; the idea of pursuing my travels to the Celestial City was shut out, obliterated from my mind. I was reminded of it, however, by the sight of the same pair of simple pigskin worn which had laughed so heartily, when Apollon puffed smoke and steam into the city, at the commencement of our journey. There they stood amid the densest bustle of Vanity—the dealers offering them their purple, their green, and purple, the men of wit and wit not giving them a pair of boxum ladies sporting their black, and the prudent Mr. Smooth-shaven whispered grave of the Colonel from their elbows, and pointed to the twelvemonths, twelvemonths, but they were these wistly simpletons, thinking the scene look wild and monstrous, merely by their sturdy reputation of all part in its business or pleasure.

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

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

"Alas, friend," rejoined Mr Stuck-to-the-right, "I do assure you, and beseech you to receive the truth of my words, that that whole concern is a snare. You may travel on it all your life time and never get beyond the limits of vanity fair! Yes, although you should deem yourself entering the gates of the blessed City, it will be nothing but a miserable delusion."

"The Lord of the Cities," began the other pilgrim, whose name was Mr. Good-old-way, "has refused, and will refuse, to grant an act of incorporation on such a plan, and, unless that be obtained, no pilgrim can ever hope to enter his dominions. Well, then, every man who buys a ticket, must take his account with himself, and not with the Lord of the Cities, losing the purchase money—which is the value of his own soul."

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

This we drink made a considerable impression on my mind, and continued with more circumstances to induce me to a permanent residence in the city of Vanity, although, of course, I was not simple enough to give up my original plan of residing along easily and commodiously by Rail-road. Still, I grew anxious to be gone. There is one strange thing that troubled me, and one occupation or amusement of the few, nothing was more common than for a person—whether at least, theatre, or church, not aiding for wealth and honor, or whatever he ought to be doing, and never unreasonable thematter—suddenly to vanish like a soap bubble, and be never more seen of his fellows, and so accustomed were the latter to such little accidents, that they went on with their business, as quietly as if nothing had happened. But it was otherwise with me.

Finally, after a pretty long residence at the Fair, I resumed my journey towards the Celestial City still with Mr. Smooth-it-away at my side. At a short distance beyond the suburbs of Vanity we passed the ancient altar-stone, of which Demands was the first discoverer, and which is now wrought to great advantage, supplying nearly all the coined currency of the world. A little further onward was the spot where Lot's wife had stood for ages, under the semblance of a pillar of salt. Curious travellers here carried it away piecemeal. Had all regrets been punished as rigorously as this poor dame's were, my yearning for the relinquished delights of Vanity Fair might have produced a similar change in my constitution, substance, and left me nothing but a withered skeleton.

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

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

"It seems but slightly put together," remark. b

and I, looking at the frail, yet ponderous walls "I do not envy Mr. Flimsy-faith his habitation. Someday it will thunder down upon the heads

"We shall escape, at all events," said Mr. ...

Smooth-it away, for Apollyon it putting on the steam again."

The road now plunged into a gorge of the Delicate Mountains, and traversed the field where, in former ages, the blind men wandered and stumbled among the tombs. One of these ancient tomb-stones had been thrust across the track, by some malicious person, and gave the train of cars a terrible jolt. Far up the rugged side of a mountain, I perceived a rusty iron door, half overgrown with bushes and creeping plants, but with smoke issuing from its crevices.

"Is that," inquired I, "the very door in the hill side, which the shepherds assured Christian was a by-way to Hell?"

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

My recollection of the journey are now, for a little space, dim and confused, inasmuch as a singular distress here overcome me, owing to the fact that we were passing over the enchanted ground, the air of which encourages a disposition to sleep. I awoke, however, as soon as we crossed the borders of the pleasant land of Heulah. All the passengers were rubbing their eyes, comparing watches, and contemplating one another on the prospect of arriving so seasonably at the journey's end. The sweet breezes of this happy clime came a freshening to our nostrils, we beheld the glimmering gush of silver fountains,

overlaid by trees of beautiful foliage and delicious fruit, which were propagated by grafts from the celestial gardens. Once, as we dashed onward like a hurricane, there was a flutter of wings, and a bright appearance of an angel in the air, speeding forth on some heavenly mission. The engine had announced the close vicinity of the final Station House, by one last and horrible scream, in which there seemed to be distinguishable every kind of wailing and woe, and bitter fierceness of wrath, all mixed up with the wild laughter of a devil or a madman. All through our journey, at every stopping-place, Apollyon had exercised his ingenuity in screaming the most abominable sounds out of the whistle of the steam engine, but, in this closing effort he outdid himself, and created an infernal uproar, which, besides disturbing the peaceful inhabitants of *Heath*, must have sent its discord even through the celestial rats.

While the hoarse clamor was still ringing in our ears, we heard an exulting strain, as if a thousand instruments of music, with height and depth, and sweetness, in their tones, at once tender and triumphant, were struck in unison, to greet the appearance of some illustrious hero, who had fought the good fight and won a glorious victory. "I was going to say," said his battered friend, "ever looking to ascertain what might be the cause of this splendid harmony perceived, on a bright moon's eve, that a multitude of shining ones had gathered on the river, to welcome the appearance of some one who were just emerging from its depths." They were the same whom I lately saw collected about persecuted with saints and angels, and would it rain, at the commandment of our Lord—yes—the same whose unworldly aspect and oppressive words had stirred my conscience, and the wild revellers of Vanity Fair.

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

A steamin' ferry-boat, the last improvement on this important route, lay at the river side, puffing, on strong, and emitting all those other disagreeable utterances, which betoken the departure to be immediate. I hurried on board with the rest of the passengers, most of whom were in great perturbation, some bawling out for their baggage, some tearing their hair and exclaiming that the boat would explode or sink; some already pale with the heaving of the stream; some gazing agitated at the ugly aspect of the steersman, and some all dazed with the slumbering influence of the Enchanted Grind. Looking back to the shore, I was smazzed to discern Mr. Smooth-it-away waving his hand in token of farewell!

"Don't you go over to the Celestial City!"
exclaimed I.

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

And then did my excellent friend, Mr. Smooth-away, laugh outright, in the midst of which exclamation, a smoke wreath issued from his mouth and nostrils, while a twinkling of livid flame darted out of either eye, proving undubitably, that his heart was all of a red blaze. The impudent fend' to deny the existence of Tobacco, when he felt its tortures raging within his breast! I rushed to the side of the boat, intending to fling myself on shore. But the wheels, as they began their revolutions, threw a splash of spray over me, so cold—so deadly cold, with the obill that will never leave these waters, until Death be drowned in his own river, that, with a shiver and a heart-quake, I awoke. Thank Heaven, it was a Dream!

THE OLD PAVES.—It is now a time when it choves every member of our Zion to inquire for her. Well might every watchman on her walls take up the solemn, thrilling words, of the prophet, and in a tone of high and awful authority say to Episcopalians.— *Stand ye in the ways, and see and ask for the old paves, where is the good*

way, and walk therein, and ye shall find rest to your souls." The old paths of religion are delineated as on a map in the Word of God. They are older than Popery—older than the corruptions of Christianity, older than Jewish Pharisaism, yet older than the deluge. Thence are the paths in which Abel, and Lamech, and Noah, and Abraham, and all the prophets, and, the true Israel of God, walked to heaven.

We heard a preacher, not long since, lay down the monstrous dogma, that before Christ came in order to be truly religious, it was enough to perform the rites of the Jewish law—but after his appearance, it became necessary to believe on him in order to be saved. Now in our view nothing is clearer than that there has been but one method of salvation from the beginning. The great law of salvation in every age of the world has been, *THE JUST SHALL LIVE BY FAITH.* They who are justified by faith shall live. *Looking unto Jesus,* who has ever been the waterword with all those who ever yet trod the upward way to heaven. An anticipated or commemorated atonement—through the blood of the Lamb, has ever been the stay of the believer's hope. There are the old paths—faith in Christ—humble submission to his Government, and obedience to his laws.

The old paths were clearly and luminously pointed out by Christ and his apostles, and the delineations enscribed in the pages of the New Testament. The early Christians walked therein. Soon, however, the gangrene of human corruption began to infect the church. Men turned their eyes away from the written word—the law and the testimony. The work of apostasy went on. Darkness covered the earth, and grass darkness the people. The old paths were forgotten. Few, very few, walked therein. New paths were invented. These were thronged with vast multitudes, who signed for an easier and less thorny path to heaven. Ages passed by, and still these paths were thronged with a crowd. And now the inventors of these paths are dead, and the crowd of them and their followers is dead. And now the old paths are again being trodden by a vast multitude. Though they led down to death, men are united in declaring that they were the only avenues that conducted to heaven. But legend the sealed book of God's word was a book opened—many began to look upon its wondrous pages, and thus to stand in 'the way' of information, and ask for the old paths.' The result was the great Protestant Reformation. This was attained at a vast expense of blood.—Churchman.

There is a way like the good old way. If we can find it in the way in which the prophets and apostles walked, we may walk therein. It is supported by some that the doctrine of the New Earth and the Lord's return are *new doctrines*, but nothing can be further from the truth. The new earth is the heavenly inheritance, it is that which Abraham looked, wherein he should receive the promise. It was the hope of Adam, when the serpent's head would be bruised, and what he lost by the fall, restored. For the time Noah looked, and Job, and Moses, and all the seed of the father of the faithful, and of thus the prophets sang. In later times the apostles and martyrs and primitive Christians, looked and prayed for their Lord's return, were exhorted to patience, and waited his coming in hopes of a better resurrection in the resurrection of all things, spoken of by the mouth of all the holy prophets since the world began.

These truths were partly forgotten until they were exhausted in the reformation, when this glorious vision again burst upon the astonished gaze, and was embraced by those who renounced the mummeries of Romanism. When we look for none other things but what Moses and the prophets have said shall come, surely we are walking in the good old paths, waiting the consolation of Israel.

INDIA.—Our readers are probably aware, that Bishop Wilson, the bishop of Calcutta, has been appointed the Metropolitan of India. He has recently made his primary visitation to the three dioceses in India, with which he stands connected in the new relation, and delivered a Metropolitan charge to the clergy of the same. This charge is a most important and interesting document. The main subject discussed 'is the great struggle now going on in every part of our Church, on the rule of faith, and the matter and ground of our justification before God.' The Bishop says that his impressions 'of the danger of the Tractarian syst., has not been diminished but increased since 1843, when he delivered his charge on the subject, and this impression has deepened during the last seven or eight months. He says, "in India, my firm persuasion is, that if this system should gain, we are lost as a Protestant Church, that is, we are lost altogether." The Bishop presents in a small compass, statistics to show that the great head of the church is not so strong and unified as formerly. It is explained by his right hand, but his benediction is over it, and watered it with the dew of his grace, and already through it, given to Christ many of the heathen for his inheritance.'—*Episcopal Recorder*.

THE GOSPEL does what was never effected by any other system. It dethrones sin from the throne—it restores the impress of Deity upon the soul—it reconciles man to his Maker—it bears up its possessor under a weight of afflictions—it converts a dungeon into a sanctuary—it makes martyrdom joyful—transforms death into a well-earned friend—silences the thunders of Mount Sinai—gives a title to heaven—"Life and immortality are brought to light by the gospel."

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