

THE HARBINGER.

UNDER THE SANCTION OF THE CONGREGATIONAL CHURCHES.

In malice be ye children, but in understanding be men.—*St. Paul.*

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WOULD YOU BE HAPPY?

"Who would not?"—Happiness is the desire and aim of all men. The desire is instinctive. Every man—every child is conscious of its existence and its influence. It moves every mind, sways the emotions of every heart, governs and controls the actions of every life. We are formed for happiness. The creatures around us are all happy, and whether they soar in the air, or browse in the meadow, or swim in the lake, the river and the ocean—all, in their several spheres and to the full measure of their several capacities, are happy. Man possesses capacities and powers far superior to theirs, and it was the design of the benevolent Creator that his enjoyment should in kind and degree correspond to these. But are men truly happy?—The universal history of our race shews that they are not. Observation confirms this testimony.—The past experience and present consciousness of my reader furnish to himself conclusive evidence of the melancholy fact. You are not happy. You are healthy, it may be—You have food to eat and raiment to put on.—You are not a stranger to the comfort of a home, the solace and the sympathy of friendship, the endearments of domestic life, the multiplied advantages of social intercourse, and the manifold benefits resulting from educational attainments. To you, history unfolds her ample page—Poetry pours forth her melodious numbers—Science reveals her rich resour-

ces—and art exhibits, in endless variety of forms, her fascinating mimicry of nature. But still you are not happy—No, and if these sources of enjoyment were multiplied a thousand fold, and each a thousand times more copious, they could not secure to you that inestimable boon. "Why?"—Because they could not fill the capacities, allay the anxieties, and meet the anticipated destiny of the human mind.—Must you then, my reader, ought you to desist from the pursuit, to forego the hope of happiness? No—this were to resist the first law of nature—to do violence to all the instincts of your constitution—and to counteract the purpose and the will of God. He has graciously provided the means, prescribed the method, and furnished all the requisite facilities for attaining all the enjoyment which your most enlarged capacities can demand—your most elevated and expanded wishes can desire.—More than twenty years have rolled away, since the writer—in the capital of Russia—became acquainted with a man who had devoted all the energies of a great mind, and all the sympathies of a benevolent heart to the mitigation of human misery. He had been a merchant in extensive business, but fearful that the prosecution of his business might interfere with the settled purpose of his soul, and give to a misjudging world reason to call in question, the purity of his intentions—he dissolved his secular connexions,—and gave himself to the work of ministering to the temporal and spi-