

gospel. "The Apostles were sent forth to bear the good tidings to all people—but who ever," says he, "heard of them telling men that these 'good tidings' which they preached would benefit them without them being accepted?" By this I suppose he means that none will ever enjoy the blessings revealed by the 'good tidings,' but those who believe or accept the 'good tidings,' &c.

Now, who does not see the lameness of this illustration? It is unnatural, unreasonable—is neither a *supposable* nor a *parallel* case.—Where can you find six men possessed of a grain of sense, who would act as he supposes those six to act, who refuse to go out of the prison? They are supposed to be *sensible* men—they are supposed to believe the news, that the governor has pardoned them, and that they are at perfect liberty to quit their confinement, and go out again into the world, free men. But no, they refuse to go—relying upon the condescending *goodness* of the governor to come and carry them out!—and thus they remain there, the doors of their prison all the while open, day after day, until they die! Who, I say, ever heard of the like? And where, except in the oranium of our author, can there be found a mind sufficiently imaginative to conceive such an idea? Men, I affirm, to act thus would have to be *idiots*; their conduct would be *prima facie* evidence of their *insanity*, consequently they would not be subjects of punishment! And instead of allowing them to remain there, the governor, or some other proper authority, would see to it, and have them conveyed to some hospital or Lunatic asylum;—they would not be left to die in their cells! We cannot, we dare not suppose such a case upon any other ground than that of *insanity*! The illustration, therefore, not being a supposable case, is inadmissible.

But our profound author greatly mistakes the whole matter. "It is not the 'good tidings' which shall be to 'all people,' but the *joy*. The 'tidings,' like the 'gospel' and the 'Promise,' are for man in this life; but the *joy*, like the *blessings revealed* by the gospel, and that *indicated* in the Promise, is for a man in the future life—and shall be to *all people*. Thus said the angel, "I bring you good tidings of GREAT JOY, which JOY, (and not which tidings,) shall be to ALL PEOPLE."

Now, instead of "all people" being benefited by these "glad tidings," it is very probable that a large portion of mankind will die without ever hearing of them—much less be blessed by them; for as they are but the *news* of the great blessing which awaits us in the future, those who die without receiving "tidings," will know nothing but THE JOY!

But are Universalists certain that *all people* means the whole human family?—p. 51.

Just as certain as we are that "the whole human family" means "all people!"

Our author in order to set aside the universality of the text, refers again to *historical* declarations—such as Deut. 28: 64, "And the Lord shall scatter thee among *all people*."—He should bear in mind that such phrases as these, when spoken in reference to a *historical* fact, are always limited in their signification; when used in reference to any doctrine of the gospel they are universal and unlimited. But no; as I have before remarked—to him, a word is a word, and a phrase is a phrase—no matter where found, nor what may be the connection in which it is used! Such a reckless course with the Scriptures betrays either great ignorance, or want of candor and honesty on the part of our author; and must operate seriously against him with all the honorable, high-minded and better class of readers!

I cannot dismiss this text without indulging in a few reflections. It is now generally admitted by the advocates for endless punishment, that that doctrine was not taught by the Old Testament writers; but that it was first revealed by Christ in the gospel. Consequent-

ly, it must have been a part of the "glad tidings of great joy," announced by the angel at the birth of the Savior! But how could the announcement of such a horrid doctrine be called "glad tidings of great joy?" It might be good news and great joy to devils and fiends in hell! but it could not be called good news to all people, nor even to any people!—Such a doctrine was not revealed in the Old Testament; and the fact that the advent of the Savior, and the ushering in of the gospel era, were announced as "glad tidings of great joy, which shall be unto all people," is evidence conclusive that no such a doctrine is revealed in the New Testament. There are no "glad tidings of great joy" in the intelligence that a part of mankind, perhaps our friends, or ourselves, will have to suffer cruel torture in an endless hell; and that we all are exposed to it! The cruel doctrine then must be false! The language of the angel forever stands as evidence against it. The birth of the Saviour was proclaimed as **GLAD TIDINGS OF GREAT JOY; and ALL PEOPLE shall eventually partake of that JOY.** "Glory to God in the highest; on earth, peace and good will towards men!"

A Scrap.

The windings of the river Delaware, separating Pennsylvania from New Jersey, look the former State into Sussex County in the latter, by what a carpenter would call a *dove's tail*. A crystal brook meanders among picturesque hills, through the northwest of this country, beside the Delaware, into whose bosom it pours its glassy tide, opposite the peninsula just named. While spending a few months among the delightful scenes of this section, I was made to realize—as I believe every tyro in the work of influencing others is—the varieties of minds; that there are some "coarse," some "fine," and some "superficial." One sunny Saturday morning, with a book of *so*, I followed a difficult road up an eminence, that I rightly imagined, afforded an entrancing landscape. Satisfying my love of Nature's beauties, I bent my course toward the home of Br. E., who then lived near the dove's tail, but now in spirit land. A little before reaching the descent, a voice from an adjacent field cried,

"Ho! there, what kind o' books you got to sell?"

"None, sir."

"You a school teacher?"

"No, sir."

"Do you live in Wallpack?"

"Northern part of it, sir."

"Do you know B.?"

"Yes, sir, I board with him."

"I thought you were a *print*!"

Having at the time, no appetite for ridicule, I walked slowly away, but was soon called back, with the assurance that a Methodist minister wanted to speak seriously with me. On returning, I beheld a huge, mammoth creature astride the fence, holding in his bloated hands a rake. By the field side of the fence stood a group of half a dozen men, leaning on their various agricultural implements, and thirsting for fun like parched desert travelers for water. The tooth of the animal on the fence parted, and out leaped the following "reptiles":—

"You a preacher?"

"I preach sometimes?"

"What do you preach?"

"The Gospel, sir, as well as I understand it."

Provoked by what seemed to him evasiveness, he exclaimed,—

"You're a Universalist, ar'n't ye?"

"A Universalist, yes, sir."

"Well I've got a *pig pen* over yonder, full of hogs. I'll set the trough up on end, and you can put your pamphlet on that, and pour fourth your moral poison day and night, if you have a mind to. Our Savior cast devils into swine, and thine's where you ought to empty

the devil's doctrine. You'd be better employed than you are now, scattering your soul-damning heresies among God's people!"

"This may be the language of a Methodist minister," replied I, "but not the language of a Christian. Notwithstanding your unkind manner, I am willing to be instructed by you. Convince me that what I advocate is the 'devil's' and 'soul-damning,' and I will not expose myself even to the fleas of your sty.—Until I am so convinced I shall still preach what I have among God's people, though in consequence I am occasionally bitten by a flea in human form. Now, seriously, sir, I wish you to show that the doctrine stated by Paul thus: God "will have all men to be saved and come to the knowledge of the truth," is the devil's and soul-damning."

Trembling with excitement, he now uttered words too bad to record, which drew from the listeners the ejaculations, "Don't, A.!" "It's too bad to talk so!" &c. Mental grossness, as it came in masses from the lips of that human being, was felt as it never before had been. I subsequently learned that he was a Methodist "exhorter,"—excessively pious during a season of revival,—whose ill conduct had cast and kept him out of the pale of his Church.

On a visit to another part of the same country, I met a very different kind of mind.—One, beginning to bend under the burden of years, told the cheer given his heart by our loved faith, with lips quivering with emotion. Once he sat beside his companion, his gleeful little ones around him, and everything bidding him be happy except his religion. That threw a dark shadow over the scene. It did not hang above, protecting from the chill and storm, and admitting heaven's resplendent light. It was itself a black tempest, beneath which dwelt the deepest night. Will not, thought he, these spirits that seem now to gaze joyfully from out their beautiful tabernacles, at some future time curse me as the instrument of their being? Yes, if I am ever conscious that they are the recipients of pain as intense and long during as the infinite God can make it, shall I not curse myself? Every fountain of social and domestic bliss was congealed by these and kindred agonizing thoughts! Now, he finds himself possessed of a faith which, though bringing him persecution because of his zeal, enabled him to view his wife and children, and thank God for the anticipated felicity of the time when there shall be

"No wanderer lost,
A family in heaven!"

His frosty hair and furrowed features, his affectionate, impassioned tones kindled, the feelings of the child for the parent in me; and, inspiring me with fresh courage, spurred me on in duty. I could not but contrast the purity and delicacy of the language with which kindness expressed itself in this instance, with the vulgarity and coarseness of that to which anger gave utterance in the other. G. H. D.

A Safe Doctrine.

It is a common saying that it is much safer to believe in an endless hell, than in universal salvation. It seems to us that the question ought to be with every ingenuous mind, what is *true*? not what is *safe*? If Paul had consulted safety, he would have remained a Pharisee. If Galileo had been influenced by this lower order of motives, he might have yielded to the Pagan priests, and said, yes the earth is an extended flat plane; it is neither round, nor does it turn round, it is better to believe a *safe* lie than an *unsafe* truth. But he had too much greatness and magnanimity of soul to ask what is safe? Every Christian should have courage enough to act and think in the same way. "What is truth?" is the grand question. Let us believe this, and follow where it guides, whatever the consequences.

Has the belief of the doctrine of endless misery a security above that of a belief in the salvation of the world? If so, where is it and what is it? Do you tell me that it is always safe to lead a holy life, and that the faith in a hell of interminable misery produce this effect? But what kind of goodness is that which is practiced from the low and selfish consideration of being secure from some terrible calamity? What would you think of your neighbor who should tell you he will not burn your house nor steal your goods, for it would be bad policy, it would be very unsafe? You are not a Christian—you will not own that you are a servant of Jesus Christ, because you desire to be safe from his torments. You rather say, you love God because he is good and altogether worthy of your supreme affection; and you do right because you love it, and repudiate the wrong

He is on the safe side, we grant, who love God and his neighbor, but that this love is the legitimate effect of a faith in the doctrine of endless wrath and suffering, we deny. This faith never did and never can produce love in the heart, therefore, it is useless to contend for its safety on the ground of its reformator and purifying nature. It is said that there can be no danger in believing the doctrine of endless misery, if Universalism should prove to be true? We answer, this very concession is implied doubt, and skepticism as to what is truth, must be dangerous to the peace and security of the soul. It is saying in effect, will believe anything or nothing, just as circumstances, caprice, or policy may dictate. For if at last I am wrong, and have been wrong, Universalism will save me. Is doubt safety? Is faith in what may possibly may take place a sure and comfortable faith? Let there be no boasting of the safe side, and twofold chances, by those who do not pretend to know what is true, or what is false in relation to human destiny, the subject of whose faith begins with an *if* and ends in the fog of possibility. Solomon says, "Whoso trusteth in the Lord shall be safe," and David say "Blessed is he that trusteth in the Lord." Here then is the safe doctrine; a belief in the unchanging goodness and the illimitable love of our heavenly Father. We feel safe trusting ourselves for time and eternity to his parental and gracious disposal. Blessed happy is he, that with filial confidence and holy trust can say, "The Lord is our King, the Lord is our Judge and our Saviour, and will save us." There is neither peace, quiet nor safety in doubts, surprises, and contingencies, in regard to our immortal welfare.—That is the "safe side" which recognizes God as the Universal Father, and Christ the first fruits of an immortal blessedness, designed for universal humanity.—N. Y. *Christian Messenger*.

The Great Exemplar.

BY REV. E. H. CHAPEN.

"Looking unto Jesus, the author and finisher of our faith."—Heb. xii. 2.

This is the Christian's aim and model.—This is the object that, beyond all the rest, set for his fixed regard and study. Life experiences are various, but this must be seen through them all. In the season of prosperity and peace, still to this must we look. In the darker hours, in the garden of anguish, still must we look to Jesus, the Author and Finisher of our faith; not alone for the sake of learning the great lesson of endurance, but, beholding the light that streams from the open sepulchre, we shall find that he has consolations too, that the world can neither give nor take away. In the battle of temptation, under the burden of sin, through the night of sorrow, in all the soul's wants and disciplines, look unto Jesus, the Author and Finisher of our faith!

The great object of life is the discipline and perfecting of the soul. Let not this come to us as a dull truism, having no interest, if an