

hell was moved, and stirred up her dead,—waiting to read your doom in what you *had done or not done for Christ's poor*;—each one standing in his lot, hoping or trembling; the Trumpet roaring; the heavens rushing away affrighted; the earth in flames; kings and peasants huddled and ~~crouching~~ together before “the Carpenter” of Nazareth,—each hearkening in amazement to the then terrible words of the text” “Inasmuch as ye *did* it unto one of the least of these;” “Inasmuch as ye *did* it not.”

“And they shall look on him whom they have pierced,”—pierced, through His poor. Thus have men pierced Him. Thus, through the weary ages have they prolonged His Passion. They have stripped Him of His royal robes, and scourged Him with hypocrisy; buffeted Him with feigned words; hung Him up upon the tree of their false knowledge, mangled and bleeding, crucified and slain!” They have smitten Him in persecuting His saints. Above all,—far above and beyond all,—have they pierced Him in despising, neglecting, persecuting His *poor*; and for this, pre-eminently, shall they be judged; by this, above all else, shall their final lot be determined.

Yes, my brethren; whilst we know that the other sins of men will not be lightly passed over in the Judgment, it is a most noticeable fact,—a fact to which the Pulpit has not given due prominence,—a fact which the great mass of Christians seem to have never reflected on,—a fact which you *must* consider, and act out in your life, or perish,—that the Judge Himself, on the one occasion when he paints the scenes of the Judgment, mentions *one* sin, and only one, as if this implied and involved every other,—as forming the basis of the final Judgment,—and that sin,—simple *neglect of his poor*! “Inasmuch as ye did it not unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye did it not to ME.”

If, then, this righteous Judgment be, as it shall be, the final infallible test of our Christianity; if it be the crucible in which shall be tried the real sterling value of the religious life,—then *where* is our Christianity, what the value of such religion as too many of us possess? Is it not as a drop in the bucket? For, what care we for the poor, in comparison with our love for self? We spend thousands of dollars annually on superfluous attire, dinners, balls, equipages, shows, follies, vanities of every description; but—*who cares for the poor?* A few. And yet we fondly think ourselves Christians on the sure road to heaven! We imagine that a little sighing and sobbing, and luke-warm prayers, and fashionable Church-going, and confidence in death, will satisfy Him who