

with both hands to be cast into hell, into the unquenchable fire, where their worm dieth not, and their fire is not quenched. And if thy foot offend thee cut it off! It is better for thee to enter lame into life than with two feet to be cast into hell, into the unquenchable fire, where their worm dieth not and their fire is not quenched. And if thy eye offend thee pluck it out! It is better for thee to enter with one eye into the kingdom of God than with both eyes to be cast into hell fire, where their worm dieth not and their fire is not quenched; *for the entire man shall be salted with fire, like as every sacrifice is salted with salt.*" I do not here adduce the expression, unquenchable fire; for I am fully convinced that it may mean a fire which no one can quench till it has completely destroyed every thing; but much stronger is the thrice repeated denial, "where their worm dieth not, and their fire is not quenched." Were it here said "their worm dieth not, and their fire is not quenched," is as much as to say their worm dieth not, and their fire is not quenched, so long as they exist, not till they are destroyed; yet there would be no advantage gained to the advocates of the termination of punishment, for there follows upon punishment, not pardon, not a more favorable state of things, but destruction, and the difficulty would only be changed, not removed. For how can it be said that the strongest objection against the eternity of future punishment is, that the punished one is more wretched than if God never created him, and could also demand that God should not have created him? But there is no difference, since after he has endured through centuries, and spent his entire existence in pain, yet no future happiness should follow, which should compensate for his previous long misery. This favorable alternative does not seem to be once admitted, for the entire man, &c., which is equivalent to saying,—even as an offering by which punishment of sin is indicated, must be previously salted by divine command, so must this in which the punishment in the next world will be fully manifested, be salted with fire, that is, rendered unchangeable; for salt is the image of preservation, to render an object unchangeable.—That this is really Christ's meaning, very many passages assert. Of the meaning of that very much debated passage, I know of no exposition hitherto given, which satisfies the words and the connexion.

In this place we adduce the example of One who, in this controversy, is not always thought of. The most perilous objection against the eternal punishment of the other world is, that it would be better for the damned that they had not been born. The Bible seems not merely to grant this consequence, but expressly at least to affirm it of a single damned person. Christ says (Matt. xxvi. 24) of Judas Iscariot: "Woe to that man by whom the Son of Man is betrayed. It had been better for that man that he had never been born." If the punishment of the next world closed after over so long a period, there then would be certainly eternally enduring blessedness for the reformed; but of this Christ makes no mention.

My aim is not peculiarly to demonstrate a doctrine of Scripture, but to compare what I hold to be a threatening of sacred scripture with the principles of reason.

"Thoughts on the Doctrines of the Holy Scripture on sin and satisfaction as a doctrine conformable to reason, by John David Michaelis."

II.

### Miscellaneous.

#### THE INFANT'S DREAM.

O cradle me on thy knee, Mamma,  
And sing me the holy strain,  
That soothed me last, as you fondly press'd  
My glowing cheek to your soft white breast;  
For I saw a scene, when I slumbered last,  
That I fain would see again, Mamma,  
That I fain would see again.

And smile as you then did smile, Mamma,  
And weep as you then did weep,  
Then fix on me thy glistening eye,  
And gaze and gaze till the tear be dry,  
Then rock me gently, and sing and sigh,  
Till you lull me fast asleep, Mamma,  
Till you lull me fast asleep.

For I dreamed a heavenly dream, Mamma,  
While slumbering on thy knee,

And I lived in a land where forms divine,  
In kingdoms of glory eternally shine,  
And the world I would give, if the world were mine,  
Again that land to see, Mamma,  
Again that land to see.

I fancied we roamed in a wood, Mamma,  
And we rested as under a bough;  
When near me a butterfly flouted in pride,  
And I chased it away through the forest wide,  
But the night came on—I had lost my guide,  
And I knew not what to do, Mamma,  
And I knew not what to do.

My heart grew sick with fear, Mamma,  
And loudly I wept for thee;  
But a white-robed maiden appeared in the air,  
And she flung back the curls of her golden hair,  
And she kissed me softly, ere I was aware,  
Saying, "Come pretty babe with me," Mamma,  
Saying, "Come pretty babe with me."

My tears and fears she quelled, Mamma,  
And she led me far away;  
We entered the door of a dark, dark tomb,  
And we passed through a long, long vault of gloom,  
Then opened our eyes on a land of bloom,  
And a sky of endless day, Mamma,  
And a sky of endless day.

And heavenly forms were there, Mamma,  
And lovely cherubs bright;  
They smiled when they saw me, but I was amazed,  
And wondering, around me gazed and gazed,  
While songs were heard, and sunny robes blazed,  
All glorious in the land of light, Mamma,  
All glorious in the land of light.

But soon came a shining throng, Mamma,  
Of white-winged babes to me;  
Their eyes looked love, and their sweet lips smiled,  
For they marvelled to meet with an earthly child,  
For they gloried that I from the earth was exiled,  
Saying, "Hail, ever blessed shalt thou be, pretty babe,"  
"Oh! here ever blessed shalt thou be."

Then I mixed with the heavenly throng, Mamma,  
With seraphim and cherubim fair;  
And I saw, as I roamed in the regions of peace,  
The spirits who had fled from the world of distress,  
And theirs were the joys no tongue can express;  
For they knew no sorrow there, Mamma,  
For they knew no sorrow there.

Do you mind when sister Jane, Mamma,  
Lay dead—short time ago;  
And you gazed on the sad but lovely wreck,  
With a flood of woe that you could not check,  
And your heart was so sore, that you wished it would break,  
But it lived, and you aye sobbed on, Mamma,  
But it lived, and you aye sobbed on.

But oh! had you been with me, Mamma,  
In the realms unknown to care,  
And seen what I saw, you ne'er had cried,  
Though they buried pretty Jane in the grave when she died;  
For shining with the blest, and adorned like a bride,  
My sister Jane was there, Mamma,  
Sweet sister Jane was there.

Do you mind of the silly old man, Mamma,  
Who came late, late to our door,  
When the night was dark and the tempest loud,  
Oh! his heart was meek, but his soul was proud,  
And his ragged old mantle served for his shroud,  
Ere the midnight watch was o'er, Mamma,  
Ere the midnight watch was o'er.

And think what a weight of woe, Mamma,  
Made heavy each long drawn sigh,  
As the good man sat on papa's old chair,  
While the rain dropped down from his thin, grey hair,  
As fast as the big tear of speechless care,  
Ran down from his glazing eye, Mamma,  
Ran down from his glazing eye.

And think what a heavenly look, Mamma,  
Flashed through each trembling tear,  
As he told how he went to the Baron's stronghold,  
Saying, "O let me in, for the night is cold,"  
But the rich man cried, "Go, sleep in the world,  
"For we shield no beggars here, old man,  
"For we shield no beggars here."