

own freedom, I would not *willingly* cross the frail and unsteady bridge, swaying in the wind with so many thousand chances against *me*—whatever the prize. No, not for the possibility of ten thousand heavens. Uncreated I suffered nothing, I lost nothing, I ran no risk. Why drag me forth from nothingness without my consent, and *force* upon me the perilous life bridge, and then leave me to fall headlong into the bottomless abyss of torment, torment without measure, and *without end*? And *if* God has done this, the plea which Young, in the last day, has put into the mouth of the lost would tell with terrible effect on the Divine *justice* as well as mercy:—

Father of mercy, why from silent earth,  
 Didst Thou awake *and curse me into birth*,  
*Tear me from quiet*, ravish me from night,  
 And make a thankless present of Thy light,  
*Push* into being a reverse of Thee,  
 And animate a clod with misery?  
*The beasts are happy*, they come forth and keep  
 Short watch on earth, and then lie down to sleep,  
 But our dire punishment *forever* strong,  
 Our constitution, too, *forever* young,  
 Cursed with return of vigor still the same,  
 Powerful to bear and satisfy the flame,  
 Still to be caught and still to be pursued,  
 To perish still and still to be renewed,  
 And this my help, my God at Thy decree  
 Nature is changed and hell should succor me,  
 And *canst Thou* then look down from perfect bliss  
 And see me plunging in this dark abyss  
 Calling Thee *Father* in a sea of fire  
 And pouring blasphemies at Thy desire,  
 With mortal anguish wilt Thou raise Thy name  
 And by my pangs omnipotence proclaim.

The Divine *justice*, therefore is not only an eloquent and unanswerable protest against the doctrine of endless punishment, but it is an equally conclusive argument that *all* the issues of the Divine government under which we have been placed, will be benificent, and that every