

judgments." Note the word *judgment*, in the above texts, critics tell us, is the *same* as elsewhere translated *damnation*. How would it read in this connexion? Well, let us offer a few remarks illustrating God's justice on our author's system. Let us suppose that a frail and narrow bridge swings across a gulf that stretches fearful and fathomless below, on this, as it rocks wildly in the winds, a father places his young *child*. Beyond, on the other side of the gulf, he has deposited a prize of gold and jewels above estimate, which he promises the child if he passes the bridge *safely*; and then *compels* him to go, commanding him to look neither to the right nor to the left, but be watchful and attentive and firm of step. The boy, heedless and disobedient, hesitates instead of going steadily forward—reels and staggers—the slight bridge quivers for a moment—swings from under him, and hurled as the lightning into the gulf, he is caught and impaled on a sharp and rugged splinter of a rock far down the abyss. There he hangs for days and weeks, for long and weary years, if possible, struggling and agonising, and writhing in torture, and crying to his father for help and deliverance. But his father turns a deaf ear to all his entreaties, goes about his business, wholly indifferent to the horrible sufferings of his child, and justifies himself by saying: "The boy *might* have passed the bridge safely and won the prize. He was *warned* of his danger. It is his own fault that he fell, and he suffers *justly*. Now, would not justice, honor, humanity, would not all men and angels pronounce this father a monster and a fiend, and reprobate his conduct as the essence of *injustice* and cruelty? Would not everyone say there was no necessity for such a proceeding? No excuse for the awful risk to which the child was thus wantonly exposed. And shall God place me on the frail and narrow bridge of *life*, stretched, as it is, over the awful and flaming gulf of perdition, with the bare *possibility* of a heaven beyond, and then leave me there to walk it, swinging fearfully to and fro in the winds and tempests of temptation, till, faint with terror, at last I make a false step, and am precipitated into the fathomless sea of fire below? Why give life at such an awful haszard? I would not choose it or take, if left to my