

It was truly worthy of a suffering God to work this wonderful change in behalf of those for whom he suffered. It was worthy of him, the supreme author of good, to bring the greatest good out of our sin, the greatest evil : thus changing our misery, its consequence, into our patient, hopeful and happy resignation here, and our perfect and never-ending bliss hereafter. It was becoming him so to accommodate his redeeming scheme, the perfection and consummation of all religion, to the fallen, and otherwise helpless condition of those, whom he had come to raise up and comfort ; and upon whom he intended his mercy so brightly to shine. This circumstance alone suffices to prove his revelation divine ; because it is evidently the best adapted possible to our present state of probation : the fittest to console us under every possible affliction ; the surest to check and calm our head long, boisterous and unruly passions ; and while it thus precludes every excitement to vice, it is at the same time the most calculated to improve, exalt and perfect our nature by the constant practice which it enjoins of every virtue.

What are all the faint glimmerings of wisdom, that twinkle in the writings of the most renowned philosophers, compared with the broad blaze of truth itself revealed ? Cheerless was the light they left us : Cold & comfortless they left us, nor during the long dark night of infidelity in which they shone, did they afford us a single ray sufficiently bright to shew us distinctly in any of its bearings the straight forward path of virtue ; or guide us aside from the bewildering mazes, the perplexing labyrinth of established error ; and the phantom-crowded regions of pagan idolatry.

The Jewish Religion, the only true one on earth, was all this while but the dawn of the Christian. — But when at last the bright sun of justice, which it promised, appeared ; then did the night of infidelity fly before his rising brightness ; and the obscuring mists of the morning were gradually melted away.

Then was clearly revealed what neither Jew nor Pagan had dreamed of before ; that the loss of all in this world, even of life itself, is our gain. That poverty is preferable to riches ; and suffering to bliss. That we must not only love our friends, but our enemies also ; rendering always good for evil, and pardoning all who have offended us, just as we would wish ourselves to be pardoned by our heavenly Father our own sinful transgressions : which confounding truths to the worldly blest and selfish ; but most consolatory to the oppressed, the poor and afflicted ; the propitiating Saviour so fully verified in his own conduct, by his freely choosing poverty and suffering for his own portion through life : by his ever returning good for evil, praying even amid the pangs of death for his cruel and relentless murderers : thus leaving no room for complaint to those, whom he bids but taste of sorrow's cup, the contents of which himself had chosen to drain, in order to spare us, else decreed all our own, the unbearingly bitter and baleful draught.

Then too was it revealed to us that the repenting guilty were far more acceptable in the eyes of God,

than the self-admiring and proudly righteous. — That the poor widow's mite, as her *all*, was more precious than the large but ostentatious donations of the wealthy ; it being the intention that constitutes and regulates the merit of the deed. — That the simple poor, the ignorant and mean, are preferred, as *humble*, by the Deity to the rich and great, the learned and worldly-wise ; and always chosen as the fittest instruments in his hands for the accomplishment of his noblest ends : thus, in his mysterious language, bringing down the lofty mountains, and rising up the lowly vale. That the prevailing and invincible might of his chosen champions consists, like his own, in their ever passive and unresisting meekness ; and their final victory in enduring even death ; the truth of all which has been demonstrated by the universal establishment through these very means of his holy religion. That, in one word, whoever would be perfect in his regenerating Institute, must willingly part with all they possess in this world in behalf of their neediest fellow creatures ; and take for their sole portion the good things, which he reserves for them in the next.

None have ever before held out such strong inducements, as he, to the practice of the most perfect and disinterested virtues, by the promises which he makes to the good ; none such over-awing deterrents from vice, by the dreadful threats which he denounces against the wicked.

As our most skillful physician, knowing perfectly the depth and extent of the wound inflicted on our nature, he applies his remedies at once to the very seat of the disease ; our pride and selfishness ; our sinful predilection to the perishable enjoyments of the present, which makes us so forget, or willfully neglect to provide for the future everlasting : in a word, our ruinous propensity to turn our eyes from God, & the transcendent bliss, for which he created us, to the visible creatures here, with the vain, and daily frustrated hope of finding in the possession of such that true contentment, which nothing less than what is infinite and endless, nothing but the bliss of Heaven and Eternity, for which we were made, can ever finally afford.

And sure it is that nothing ever was, or could be so perfectly calculated for this salutary, salutary and soul-saving purpose, as the doctrines promulgated, the maxims laid down, and the injunctions indispensably urged by the Redeemer ; confirmed and enforced as they are by his own example during the whole course of his mortal life, and at the very moment of his expiring on the cross for our guilt's atonement.

Who after this need complain, when he should rather rejoice, if here, but for a short while at most, the lot of suffering has fallen to his share ? Let such only consider that the more he suffers here, the more he but resembles his suffering Lord ; and the more therefore, he is assured of resembling him in glory and bliss hereafter. Not a pain can he feel, not a pang endure, no privation, however small, to which he is subjected, if only borne patiently and with the christian spirit of resignation to the all wisely disposing will of God, but is careful-

ly registered to his gainful account by him, whose omniscience nothing ever, good or evil, escapes who numbers even the hairs of our head, one of which cannot fall to the ground without his permission.

Here then is seen applied the most perfect cure to all human woe ; a cure, which no sooner is applied, than it changes all the gloom of our despair to the exalting radiance of bliss, anticipating hope : our impatient repinings to the thankful accents of the most heart-felt gratitude ; and our weeping, and wailing grief and sorrow, to the inwardly exalting transports of more than earthly, celestial imparted joy.

On the same subject, from the Consolation,

A M. S. POEM.

O thou, from whom all good perpetual flows !
The sovereign truth ! sole source of happiness
Ineffable, and constant to the mind !
To thee I turn me in my state forlorn.
And comfort hope from thee, else hop'd in vain.
Do thou with thy celestial light dispel
The murky clouds of lowering dark dismay ;
That from my wistful look all prospect veil
Of bliss ; and shew some extricating path
From such perplexing labyrinth of woe !

O yes : the ray implo'd has pierced the gloom :
I feel its cheering warmth. — My night is fled
And now what prospect fair of future bliss
Breaks on the ravish'd sight ! No thinks I hear
The Saviour's warning voice ; or does it chide
Thy humble suppliant for his errors past
And long misplac'd affections : save in thee
Who thought on earth true happiness to find ?
" Had'st thou," it says, " ambition's utmost aim
Attain'd successful, honors, wealth, renown,
Whate'er might gratify thy fondest wish ;
Nought, but an airy phantom had'st thou clasp'd :
An empty shade, that from thine eager grasp
Evasive flitting, mock'd thy fruitless toil.
The fancied good, by thee so anxious sought,
Was passing all : and what is all, when past,
But real loss, if good ; if evil, gain ?
The less some day shall be thy sad regret,
The less thou hast to lose ; and more thy joy,
The more of suffering once thou did'st endure.
Say, *Dives*, blest on earth, what was thy claim
To bliss hereafter ? Say what, *Lazarus*, thine ?
By me, as man, was sorrow's bitter cup
Drawn to the dregs, ere I my glory won
So, have I said, is heav'n by violence gain'd
And joys eternal sought through temporal pain.
Nor canst thou sinful hope what, nor my saint,
Nor I myself pretended Those in heav'n
Exalted most, were most on earth debas'd
Or would'st thou yield my pleasure's endless sweets
Enjoyments irretrievable, when lost ;
And, thus, my goodness scorning, rouse my wrath
For one short dream of sublimity bliss ?
Then be what may thy lot, no more complain ;
But in severest trials most rejoice,
As well thou may'st ; else had'st thou cause to mourn.

Nor think that I, who made the eye, am blind
To all thy wants ; or deaf, who form'd the ear,
To thy petition. Would I bid thee ask
Thy daily bread ; and not that bread bestow ?
Bid thee myself thy heavenly father call.
Yet, than an earthly parent more neglect
My fav'rite creature, whom I died to save ?

My view extends and providential care
To all that be : each meanest mite I feed,
And clothe and cherish in its narrow sphere
Of puny life : on ev'ry flower, that blows,
I pour my beauty forth and rich perfume
With lavish hand ; and art thou less than those ?
I bade thee mark the wanderers of the air :
Who feed and shelters them, when earth I've wrap.
In winter's snowy mantle, and let loose
The spirit of the storm, that howling drives
The show'r deluges o'er the plashy land ?
Yet they nor sow, nor reap, nor, provident
Gainst future want, hoard up the gather'd store.
Have I the mouth not fashion'd, and from me
The needful morsel shall it crave in vain ?
The body not ; and yet the raiment grudge ?
Remember'st how in Paradise I cloth'd
The guilty pair, ere turn'd adrift to feel
In this wide world the smarting fire extremes