

THE HERALD OF TRUTH.

the ground about their residence with the bones of slaughtered pilgrims. These vile old troglodytes are no longer there, but into their deserted cave another terrible giant has thrust himself, and makes it his business to seize upon honest travellers, and fatten them for his table with plentiful meals of smoke, mist, moonshine, raw potatoes, and saw-dust. He is a German by birth, and is called from Transcendentalism, to his native firm, his feature, his build, his nature, and his nature generally, all of a piece, and the peculiarity of this huge human, that neither he for himself, nor any body for him, has ever been able to describe them. As we rushed by the cavern's mouth we caught a hasty glimpse of him, looking a more what like an ill proportioned figure, but considerably more like a heap of fish and dustiness. He shouted after us, but in so strange a phraseology, that we knew not what he meant, nor whether he be encouraged or afflicted.

It was not long, however, when the train thus
 descended into the ancient ruins of Vanity, where Vanity
 Fair is still at the height of prosperity, and
 exhibits an epitome of whatever is brilliant, gay,
 and fascinating, beneath the sun. I proposed
 to make a considerable stay here, it granted me
 to learn that there is no longer the want of har-
 mony between the towns people and pilgrims,
 which impelled the former to such lamentable
 mistaken measures as the persecution of Chris-
 tian, and the fiery martyrdom of Faithful.
 On the contrary, as the new railroad brought with it
 great trade and a constant influx of strangers,
 the lord of Vanity Fair is its chief patron, and
 the capitalists of the city are among the largest
 stockholders. Many have ceased to take
 their pleasure or to make tin. Hence the Fair,
 instead of going onward to the Celestial City.
 Indeed, such are the charms of the place, that
 the people often affirm it to be the true and only
 heaven, stoutly contending that there is no
 other, that there can be no further improvement,
 and that, if the fabled brightness of the
 Celestial City lay but a bare mile beyond the
 gates of Vanity, there would not be folk enough
 to go thither. Without subscribing to these,
 perhaps, exaggerated opinions, I can truly
 say that my abode in the city was mainly agree-
 able, and my intercourse with the inhabitants
 most profitable.

productive of much science and instruction. Being actually of a nervous temperament, I was directed to the solid advantages derivable from a residence here, rather than to the effluvia of the sea-breeze, which are the grand element with low nervous systems. I have been blessed with low nervousness, and I can assure you that I am not the only one of this class, later than Bunyan's time, will be surprised to hear that although every street has its church and that the reverend clergy are nowhere held in higher respect than at Vanity Fair. And well do they deserve such honorable estimation, for the maxims of wisdom and virtue which fall from their lips, compared to a deep spiritual source, and which, as to truly religious aims, as those of the greatest philosophers of old. In justification of this high praise, I need only mention the names of the Rev. Mr. Stalwood, the Rev. Mr. Stambrook, Mr. Froth, that fine and clerical distiller of the Rev. Mr. Thistlewater, and the Rev. Mr. Thistlewater, who expects shortly to resign his pulpit to the Rev. Mr. Thistlewater, together with the Rev. Mr. Howdregest; the Rev. Mr. Clog-the-spirit; and, last and greatest, the Rev. Dr. Wind-of-doctrine. The labours of these eminent divines are aided by those of innumerable lecturers, who diffuse such a various profundity, in all subjects of human nature or celestial science, that any man may acquire an omniscient erudition, without the trouble of even learning to read. This literature is enlivened by assuming for its medium the human voice; and knowledge depositing all its treasures upon the ear. Doubtless, its gold is here, because it leads to a more direct and intimate contact with the ever-open ear of the community. These ingenious methods constitute a sort of machinery, by which thought and study are done for every person's hand, without his putting himself to the slightest inconvenience in the matter. It is not a species of machine for the wholesale manufacture of individual morality. This excellent method is effected by societies for all manner of virtuous purposes, with which a man has merely to connect himself, throwing, as it were, his quota of virtue into the common stock, and the president and directors will take care that the aggregate amount be well applied to all the various and important improvements of science, religion, and literature, be it ever so comprehensive, by the ingenious Mr. Smooth-tongue, inspired me with a vast admiration of Vanity Fair.

It would fill a volume, in an age of pamphlets, were I to record all my observations on this great capital of his nan business and pleasure. There was an unlimited range of society—the powerful, the wise, the witty, and the famous in every walk of life—princes, presidents, poets, generals, artists, actors, and philanthropists, all making their own market at the Fair, and opening no ticket too exorbitant for such command as but their fancy. It was well worth one's while, even if one had no idea of buying or selling, to loiter through the Bazaars, and observe the various sorts of traffic that were going forward.

Some of the purchases, I thought, make very
 Polish targets. For instance, a young man,
 a lawyer, inherited a splendid estate, and, out-
 standing a considerable portion of it in the purchase of
 diamonds, and finally spent all he had. There was
 not a lot of repentance and a set of rags - a heavy
 sort of stock or scrip, called Conscience, which
 was bound to be in great demand, and would pur-
 chase almost any thing. Indeed few rich com-
 modities were to be obtained without paying a
 heavy sum in the particular stock, as a man's
 conscience was seldom very lucrative, unless he
 went profusely when and how to throw his
 share of Conscience into the market. Yet, as
 conscience was the only thing of permanent value, who-
 ever parted with it was sure to find himself a

loser in the long run —Thousands sold their
happiness for a whim

Gilded chains were in great demand, and purchased with almost any sacrifice. In truth, those who desired, according to the old adage, to sell anything valuable for a song, might find customers all over the Fair; and there were innumerable messes of pottage, piping hot, for such as chose to buy them with their birthrights. A few articles, however, could not be found genuine at Vanity Fair. If a customer wished to renew his stock of youth, the dealers offered him a set of false teeth and an urnbaw wig, if he demanded peace of mind, they recommended opium, or a brandy-bottle.

Tracts of land and golden mansions, situate in the Celestial City, were often exchanged, at very disadvantageous rates, for a few years' lease of small, dismal, inconvenient tenements in Vanity Fair.

Day after day, as I walked the streets of Vanity, my miners and department became more and more like those of the inhabitants—*Two* place began to seem like home; the idea of putting my travels to the Celestial City was almost obliterated from my mind. I was reminded of it, however, by the sight of the same pair of simple pumps at which we had laughed so heartily. A tall, Apollon puffed smoke and steam into the air to us, at the commencement of our journey. There they stood amid the densest bustle of Vanity—the dealers offering them their purple, and fine *men, and jewels, the men of wit and learning*—among them a pair of box-goggles, suggesting the name, which the benevolent Mr. Smooth-shaven wisely pointed out to us as worn at their elbow, and pointed to a newly-erected temple,—but there were with *our* suspicious, making the scene look wild and monstrous, merely by their sturdy repudiation of all part in its business or pleasure.

One of them—his name was Suck-to-the-right—pore over in my face, I suppose, a species of sympathy and almost admiration, which to my own great surprise, I could not help feeling for his pragmatic couple. It prompted him to address me

"Yes," I replied, "my right to that appellation is indubitable. I am merely a sojourner here in Vanity Fair, being bound to the Celestial City by the new railroad."

"Alas, friend," rejoined Mr Stick-to-the-right, "I do assure you, and beseech you to receive the truth of my words, that that whole concern is a bubble. You may travel on it all your life time were you to live thousands of years, and yet never get beyond the limits of vanity Fair! Yes, though you should deem yourself entering the gates of the blessed City, it will be nothing but a miserable delusion."

"The Lord of the Celestial City," began the other pilgrim, whose name was Mr. Goodwill. "In this way," he refused, and would not refuse, to grant an act of incorporation to the school, and, unless that be obtained, no person can ever hope to enter his dominions. Wherefore, every man who buys a ticket, must do so in agreement with the purchase money, — which is the value of his own soul.

"Poh, nonsense!" said Mr. Smooth-it-away, taking my arm and leading me off, "these fellows ought to be indicted for a libel. If the law stood as it once did in Vanity Fair, we should see them grinning through the iron bars of the prison windows."

This me ment made a considerable impression on my mind, and convinced me with more certainty than I did before that my home was a permanent residence in the city of Vanity, at least, of course, I was not simple enough to give up my original plan of spending long easily and commodiously by rail-road. Still, I grew anxious to be gone. There was one strange thing that troubled me, amid the occupations and amusements of the city, nothing more common than for a person—whether at a ball, a concert, theatre, or church, or at a dancing for wealth and honor, or at a party where he might be doing, and whatever unreasonable interruption—suddenly to vanish like a soap bubble, and be never more seen of his fellows, and so accustomed were the latter to such little accidents, that they went on with their business, as quietly as if nothing had happened. But it was otherwise with me.

Finally, a pretty long residence at the Celestial Fair, I resumed my journey towards the Celestial City still with Mr. Smooth-it-away as my guide. At about distance beyond the suburbs of vanity we passed the ancient altar-stone, on which Demands was the first discovery, and which is now witness'd to great adversity, supported nearly all the coined currency of the world. A little further on was the spot where Lot's wife had stood for ages, under the remembrance of a pillar of salt. Careless travellers were carried away preemend. All had regrets were punished as rigorously as the poor dame's were, my yearning for the relinquish'd delights of Vanity Fair might have produced a similar change in my own corporeal substance, and left

The next remarkable object was a large edifice, constructed of moss-grown stone, but in a modern and airy style of architecture. The engine came to a pause in its vicinity with the usual tremendous shriek.

"This was formerly the castle of the redoubtable giant Despair," observed Mr. Smooth-away, "but, since his death, Mr. Flimsy-faith has repaired it, and now keeps an excellent house of entertainment here: it is one of our stopping places."

"It seems but slightly put together," remarked I, looking at the frail, yet ponderous walls "I do not envy Mr. Flimsy-faith his habitation. Some day it will thunder down upon the heads of the occupants."

"We shall escape, at all events," said Mr. A.

Smooth-it away, for Apollyon it putting on the steam again."

The road now plunged into a gorge of the Detachable Mountains, and traversed the fields here, in former ages, the blind men wandered and stumbled among the tombs. One of these ancient tomb-stones had been thrust across the track, by some malicious person, and gave the train of cars a terrible jolt. Far up the rugged side of a mountain, I perceived a rusty iron door, half overgrown with bushes and creeping plants, but with smoke issuing from its crevices.

"Is that," inquired I, "the very door in the hill side, which the shepherds assured Christian was a by-way to Hell?"

"That was a joke on the part of the shepherds," said Mr. Smooth it away, with a smile. "It is neither more nor less than the door of a cavern, which they use as a smoke-house for the preparation of mutton hams."

My recollection of the journey are now, for so little space, dim and confused, inasmuch as I am singularly unconscious here overcome me, owing to the fact that we were passing over the enchanted ground, the air of which encourages a disposition to sleep. I awake, however, as soon as we have crossed the borders of the pleasant land of Leukhalia. All the passengers were rubbing their eyes, comparing watches, and congratulating one another upon the prospect of arriving so seasonably at the happy journey's end. The sweet breezes of this happy country came fresh from our nostrils; we beheld the glimmering waters of the *fountain*; we held the glimmering waters of the fountain; we were overhung by trees beautiful foliage and verdant leucous built, which were propagated by grafts from the celestial gardens. Once, as we dashed onward like a hurricane, there was a flutter of wings, and the bright appearances of an angel in the air, speeding forth on some heavenly mission. The engine now announced the close vicinity of the final Station House, by one last and horrible

scram, in which there seemed to be distinguishable every kind of wailing and woe, and bitter fierceness of wrath, all mixed up with the wild laughter of a devil or a madman. All thought our journey, at every stopping-place, Apollyon had exercised his ingenuity in screening the most abominable sounds out of the whistle of the steam engine; but, in this closing effort he outdid himself, and created an infernal uproar, which, besides disturbing the peaceful inhabitants of Beulah, must have sent its discord even through the celestial gates.

While the horrid clamor was still ringing in our ears, we heard an exulting strain, as if a thousand instruments of music, with height and depth, and sweetness, in their tones, at once tender and triumphant, were struck in unison, to greet the appearance of some illustrious hero, who had fought the good fight and won a glorious victory. I was eager to say unto his battered armor, "I am coming to ascertain what might

be the only one that could harm you. I perceived, on a bright day, that the sun, the stars, the multitude of shining angels that dwelt on the river, to welcome the new beings who were just emerging from the depths. They were the same whom Apollo, in a flash of glory had persecuted with taunts and gibes, but could not slay, at the commencement of our history—the same whose underworld aspect was the depressive words had stirred

"If we are laughing, well those men have got on," cried the Mr. Smooth-it-away. "I wish we were secure of a good reception."

friend. "Come—make haste the ferry-boat will be off directly, and in three minutes you will be on the other side of the river. No doubt you will find coaches to carry you up to the city gates."

A steain ferry-boat, the last improvement on this important route, lay at the river side, discharging its cargo, and emitting all those other disagreeable utterances, which broken the departure to the immediate thorough on board with the rest of the passengers, most of whom were in a fit of perturbation, some bawling out for their baggage, some tearing their hair and exclaiming that the boat won't explode and sink; some already pale with the hearing of the storm; some gazing after it at the ugly aspect of the clouds, and some still dirty with the slumbering influences of the Eucharistic Ground. Looking back to the shore, I was amazed to discern Mr. Smooth-it-away waving his hand in token of farewell!

"Don't you go over to the Celestial City," exclaimed I.

"Oh, no," answered he, with a queer smile, and that same disagreeable contortion of visage which I had remarked in the inhabitants of the Dark Valley. "Oh, no! I have come thus far only for the sake of your pleasant company. Good bye! We shall meet again."

And then did my excellent friend, Mr Smooth-out-sage, laugh outright, in the midst of which exclamation, a smoke wreath issued from his nostrils, not a mole, while a twinkling of his flame darted out of either eye, proving undubiously, that his heart was not of a blase. Co-mendment friend? to deny the assistance of Tobacco, when he felt its tortures, springing with-
"from his breast" I rushed to the side of the boat, intending to fling myself on shore. But the wheels, as they began their revolutions, threw a cascade of spray over me, so cold—so deadly cold, with the chill that will never leave those waters, until Death be drowned in his own river, that, with a shiver and a heart-quake, I awoke. Thank Heaven, it was a Dream!

THE OLD PAVES.—It is now a time when it behoves every member of our Zion to inquire for others. Well might every watchman on her walls take up the solemn, thrilling words, of the prophet, and in a tone of high and awful authority say to Episcopopelians:—*Stand ye in the ways, and see and ask for the old paves, where is the good*

way, and walk therein, and ye shall find rest to
your souls." The old paths of religion are delineated
as on a map in the Word of God. They are
older than Popery—older than the corruptions of
Christianity, older than Jewish Pharisaism, yea,
older than the deluge. Three are the paths in
which Abel, and Lamech, and Noah, and Abraham,
and all the prophets, and the true Israel of God
walked to heaven.

We heard a preacher, not long since, lay down the monstrous dogma that before Christ came, in order to be truly religious, it was enough to perform the rites of the Jewish law—but after his appearance, it became necessary to believe on him in order to be saved. Now in our view nothing is clearer than that there has been but one method of salvation from the beginning. The great law of salvation in every age of the world has been, **THE JUST SHALL LIVE BY FAITH.** They who are justified by faith shall live. *Looking unto Jesus,* has ever been the watchword with all those who ever yet trod the upward way to heaven. An anticipated or commemorated atonement—through the blood of the Lamb, has ever been the stay of the believer's hope. These are the old paths—faith in Christ—humble submission to his Government, and obedience to his laws.

The old paths were clearly and luminously pointed out by Christ and the apostles, and the delineations enshrined in the pages of the New Testament. The early Christians walked therein. Soon, however, the gangrene of human corruption began to infect the church. Men turned their eyes away from the written word—the law and the testimony. The work of apostasy went on. Darkness covered the earth, and gross darkness the people. The old paths were forgotten. Few, very few, walked therein. New paths were invented. These were thronged with vast multitudes, who signed for an easier and less thorny path to heaven. Ages passed by, and still these new paths were crowded. And now the inventors of these paths are coming in them call their paths straight. They are slow to die, almost as old. Though they die slowly to death, almost united in declaring that they were the only avenues that conducted to heaven. But length the sealed book of God's word was again opened—many began to look upon its wondrous pages, and thus to stand in 'the way' of information, and 'ask for the old paths.' The result was the great Protestant Reformation. There was attained at a vast expense of blood.—Churchman.

There is no way like the *good old way*. If we can find the way in which the prophets and apostles walked, we may walk therein. It is supposed by some that the doctrine of the New Earth and the Lord's return are *new doctrines*, but nothing can be farther from the truth. The new earth, the heavenly inheritance, is that for which Abraham looked, wherein he should receive the promise. It was the hope of Adam, when the serpent's head would be bruised, and what he lost by the fall, restored. For this Noah looked, and Job, and Moses, and all the seed of the father of the faithful, and of this the prophets sang. In later times the apostles and martyrs and primitive Christians, looked and prayed for their Lord's return, were exhorted to patience, and waited his coming in hopes of a better resurrection in the resurrection of all things, spoken of by the mouth of all the holy prophets since the world began.

These truths were partly forgotten until they were estimated in the reformation, when this glorious vision again burst upon the astonished gaze, and was embraced by those who renounced the mummeries of Romanism. When we look for none other things but what Moses and the prophets have said shall come, surely we are walking in the good old paths, waiting the consolation of Israel.

INDIA.—Our readers are probably aware, that Bishop Wilson, the bishop of Calcutta, has been appointed the Metropolitan of India. He has recently made his primary visitation to the three dioceses in India, with which he stands connected in this new relation, and delivered a Metropolitan charge to the clergy of the same. This charge is a most important and interesting document. The main subject discussed 'is the great struggle now going on in every part of our Church, on the rule of faith, and the matter and ground of our justification before God.' The bishop says that his impression 'of the danger of the Tractarian system, has not been diminished but increasing since 1843, when he delivered his charge on the subject, and this impression has deepened during the last seven or eight months. He says, "in India, a firm persuasion is, that if this system should go on, we are lost as a Protestant Church, that is, we are lost altogether." The bishop presents, in a small compass, statistics which show that the great head of the church has not been in communion with a single bishop planted by his right hand, but he has watched over it, and watered it with the dew of his grace, and already through it, given to Christ many of the heathen for his inheritance.'—*Episcopal Recorder*.

THE GOSPEL does what was never effected by any other system. It dethrones sin from the throne—it restores the imprint of Deity upon the soul—it reconciles man to his Maker—it bears up its possessor under a weight of afflictions—it converts a dungeon into a sanctuary—it makes martyrdom joyful—transforms death into a welcome friend—silences the thunders of Mount Sinai—gives a title to heaven. Life and immortality are brought down to earth.

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