

woe rolls over the Omnipotent Sufferer. Dying! He exclaims, "IT IS FINISHED," and gives up the ghost. The atonement is made—now, God can be just, and the justifier of him that believeth on Jesus. "Save," saith the Almighty, "Save from going down to the pit, for I have found a ransom." Now, "the Spirit and the Bride say, Come; and let him that heareth say, Come; and let him that is athirst come; and whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely." And thus all who have understandings to be addressed, are definitely informed, that to them the fountains of life are open and freely accessible. In relation to the rest of our race, it hath pleased the Holy One to proclaim from heaven this cheering announcement, "The son shall not bear the iniquity of the father;" "The soul that sinneth IT shall die." The death named in this proclamation cannot be that of the body, for it is known to God and to men, that there is no discharge in this war—no son of man is exempt; in this respect God visits the iniquity of the father upon the children, not only to the third and fourth generation, but through all generations.—The infant suffers in body even unto death, but in soul, it is exempt from the pains of sorrow and remorse—these pangs, the precursors of the second death, exist only as the fruit of actual sin. "The soul that sinneth IT shall die," and no other: as then the soul of the son shall not die for the iniquity of the father, it shall live; for, "behold the Lamb of God, that taketh away the sin of the world!" And hence, as one third of all that are born into the world, die in infancy, we are enabled to claim as saved by this dispensation of sovereign grace, as the *first item*, one third of the whole human family.

Of the remaining two thirds, we find that when Jesus was on earth, there were but few that found the narrow path, while the great multitude, were travelling in the broad way that leads to death. And the same has been but too true, of many other generations. At other times, however, as in the early periods of the Christian church, immense multitudes walked with God, and even sealed their testimony with their blood; so that at times, the wicked could not kill the faithful as rapidly as they multiplied. Add then, all the martyred myriads to the infant throng; then, again to these, add all the faithful, that in all ages past have walked with God—to these still add again all that shall believe, up to the dawn of the millenium; and finally, add the millions of the thousand years, wherein all shall know the Lord from the least even to the greatest; and who can doubt that in the grand aggregate the saved of our race, will ultimately far outnumber the lost; to the praise and glory of God's free and sovereign grace.

Let us now suppose the general judgment come,—the heavens have been rolled together as a scroll to make room for the hall of judgment—the arrangements are all completed—all things that offend and that do iniquity, have been gathered together out of God's kingdom—the transgressors of our race are before the bar, they stand collected in one group, and opposite to them the infant host, perhaps more numerous far, yet much increased by all the millions of the martyred saints; augmented more by all the other hosts who truly worshipped God of every name. View now this glorious host of infants, martyrs and all other saints, each one with title clear to all the endless joys of heaven;—with these, now view the lost, each one of whom CHOOSE death instead of life—the death, which they by *proud rebellion* earned, is now upon them—the life they *spurned* is now beyond their reach; they lived for pleasure all their days, and took delight in planting

thorns along the pathway of the just; and all yon glorious throng of martyred ones, was by them slain, and trampled in the dust!

Now, then, let *reason* lift her head, and clothed in her official robes, stand forth in burning light—and as she hates a lie, and loves the truth, let her proclaim in presence of her God—let reason answer yes, or no; shall all this mighty host of infants, martyrs and all other saints be crushed to naught? shall all the joys of heaven be stolen from them? Shall the eternal anthem of their song be never heard in heaven? Shall all the fond anticipations of the Martyred Millions be forever disappointed? Shall all be made an empty dream?—Say, Reason! as thou dost love the truth and hate a lie—say, shall the eternal joys of all the blood-washed throng be stolen from them? be lost to them and to the universe, and they reduced to naught as though they ne'er had been? Say, shall the Judge himself who now the throne of universal empire fills, be stript of his resplendent form, in every lineament so full of matchless grace, impressed with majesty supreme, which still conceals not *strange—deep, touching* wounds, of scourge, and thorn, and nail, and spear; a form so fraught with moral power, as to have made unnumbered millions proof against temptations power. Say, Reason, say! shall all the eternal joys now named, with all the influence of the Saviour's life and death, be blotted out and lost forever to the universe, that this dark group of proud rebellious men, might now be saved from reaping what their wicked hands have sowed?

If there be one who doubts, that reason's answer is a deep emphatic no! let such an one now view the judgment in its wider scope. Behold the wicked ranged upon the left; outnumbering them, the righteous stand opposed—round these the universe of mind, in circling ranks assemble; wave on wave the ascending circles form; until from the remotest worlds—from farthest east and west, and north and south, the last inrolling surge of bright ethereal forms hath gently as a zephyr's touch embraced the inner circles of this amphitheatre vast, which now completed, far o'erleaps the bounds which mark the largest orbit of our solar scheme. Now give to thought full sweep, and let imagination grasp as best she may, the number found *in but one circle only* near the outer verge—compute upon the largest scale, the number of our fallen race, that from the first till now, have lived on earth; then see how small an arc of the one circle named would furnish room for all—look at them as they stand collected in one group, arraigned before the bar, inside the first encircling wave of living bliss—look at them, and the vast surrounding circles filled with holy life; above which float, on poised wings the messengers of God—the gathering angels now returned to form, while further mandates they await, a canopy of waving bright effulgent glory—a cloud of witnesses, so dense unbroken, vast, as to appear in numbers equal unto those who robed in grace and beauty, fill the swelling circles round the judgment seat. All these *around, above*, are full of bliss and glory, and still to be forever blessed. Should all this universe of life, with all its living streams of constant, deep, eternal holy love be cast aside? Let reason speak, can it be claimed by thee, that God's empire should have been left by Him a universal blank, and all the joy, the bliss and glory that has been, and yet will be, forestalled because it was foreseen a fraction of our race would madly spurn the grace of God, and die unsaved? None need await the answer; each conscience echoes no!

Having attended to all that is really necessary, in the way of cutting off the retreat of Universalism; we are now prepared for the GENERAL QUESTION.