

# The Freeman

Devoted to Religion, Literature, Science, Education, Temperance, Agriculture, and General Intelligence.

Volume IV. No. 21.

HALIFAX, N. S., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 2, 1852.

Whole No. 177.

## Missionary Hymn.

By Mrs. H. C. COX.

Wake, Zion, child of Heaven,  
Why slumber thou at noon?  
Wilt thou withhold till even,  
Earth's long expected boon?  
The voice of hapless crying,  
Comes from each fainting land;  
Thy sons around thee sighing,  
To lead the waiting band.

Haste! fill thy urn with waters  
From life's perennial brook;  
Then bear, and bid them drink,  
Give not in stunted measure;  
The source exhaustless flows;  
Pour forth the living treasure,  
Till earth like Eden glows.

Wake, Zion, heir of nations!  
For the thy kingdoms wait.  
Lo! kings with rich oblations,  
Are hastening to thy gates!  
Like clouds with tempests driven,  
Earth's eager hordes come;  
Wide be thy portals opened,  
And bid them welcome home!

## The Mammon of Unrighteousness

By Rev. R. COONEY, M. A.

The way that leads to riches and honor leads to trouble. The whole way is rugged and crazy—precipitous, and full of dangers; any frailty, with disappointment, anxiety and difficulty. At the end of this steep and perilous way, Wealth and Honour are situated. They stand upon the top of a dizzy and dangerous eminence; one is so over-loaded with precious metals that he almost faints under his burden; and the other is so thickly covered with decorations that he can scarcely walk. The ground for a considerable distance around these popular idols, is slippery and broken; full of dangerous crossings and abrupt turnings.

The road by which you immediately approach them, is strewn over with disgusting and ghastly objects, and with the most distressing sights. Here hundreds and thousands are worshipping them, and bowing down before them in the most abject manner; and the rites and ceremonies of their degrading worship are as impure as the orgies of Bacchus, or the noxious revels of the Greek Saturnalia. They consist generally of Rapine, Fraud, Violence, Flattery, Persecution, Deceit, Covetousness, &c. Wealth and Honour are the Moloch and Dagon of Christianity; but while the lovers of filthy lucre, the slaves of ambition are worshipping them, and kissing their feet, you, licking the dust thereof, at this very moment, Death comes, and tears them away, and delivers them over to justice, and in the midst of cries and shrieks, they are cast into hell, and as the lake of fire closes over them, a voice exclaims, "Look at this Mammon of Unrighteousness, instead of worshipping God."

Some suppose there was an idol in Syria, named Mammon, and that it was worshipped as the God of Riches, in the same way that the Pharaohs worshipped Mammon. But Mammonas the word is used now, commonly signifies money, or the inordinate love of it, or anything, in which a person will trust, or anything to which one is particularly attached, and that he makes an object of preference and affection. St. Jerome, one of the Fathers, says that Mammonas is the Syrian language, signifies Riches; and Plato, in his republic, expresses the same opinion, and adds, "in the same proportion as Riches are honoured and admired, so will Virtue be slighted and disregarded."

The title of Mammon applies with peculiar force to wealth obtained by unlawful means, such as smuggling or defrauding the public revenue, selling prohibited wares, or such commodities as are detrimental to public morals, or injurious to health and life. The wealth obtained by the iniquitous slave trade, by the sale of intoxicating beverages, by Sunday travelling; by overreaching and taking advantage of the simplicity, confidence, or necessities of others; by gambling, rash speculations, usury, or unlawful interest, fictitious bankruptcies, and fraudulent alienation of property. Every estate purchased by any of these unrighteous means, is one of Mammon's domains. Every house erected by any of these means, is one of Mammon's temples; and every inheritance or fortune derived from the same polluted source is one of Mammon's legacies.

The love of money says the Apostle, "is the root of all evil." Look at its effects in the opulent farmer turned into a voluptuary and a materialist. Look at the fatal dominion it exercises, in the young man that would rather be a great capitalist than an eminent apostle. Look at its results in the souls, whom it transformed into a hypocritical and avaricious traitor. Let it be remembered, too, that these are types of vast multitudes, that are in the same way sowing to the flesh, and of the flesh reaping corruption. Eternity only will disclose the innumerable and enormous sin that have been committed in the acquisition and disbursement of "the Mammon of unrighteousness." Then will it be seen how many, from the love of money, "erred from the faith, and pierced themselves through with many sorrows."

And how many, through the same degrading passion, fell into temptations and snares, and foolish and hurtful lusts, and ultimately into destruction and perdition.

Among the worshippers of Mammon, misers and spendthrifts occupy a prominent place. The prodigal spends on pleasures and his debaucheries very freely. The claims of the opera, the saloon and the table are promptly met, so long as the necessary funds are available; but, strange to say, the fine gentleman, the connoisseur, the rouse, the top—all these vast expenditures are according to their various tastes and inclinations, without either scruple or restraint; but ask them to contribute to the erection of a church, or to the funds of a missionary society, or an almshouse; and see how they'll shrug up their shoulders—all at once a terrible fit of economy will seize them, and they will speak of frugality as if it embodied all the cardinal virtues, may as if it comprised both the Law and the Prophets. The notorious Falstaff, according to his authenticated tavern bills, was such a slave to

Bacchus, that he was wont to spend five or six shillings for wine to every penny he spent for bread—and so it is with these whom I have enumerated, they will spend large sums upon the stable and the kennel; upon furniture and bijouterie, in pleasure and in sin; but when religion, or suffering humanity, solicits their aid, they will either turn a deaf ear to their appeal, or try to silence it by the smallest possible pittance. But O, how many are there in our congregations, and even in our churches, yes, in our churches; and if their love to God, and their zeal for the spread of the gospel, and the salvation of souls were to be determined by their annual expenditure, what they give in every way for the support of religious institutions, would shrink into nothing.

But the most interesting worshippers of "the Mammon of unrighteousness" are misers. One of the most is easily known; his person exhibits the symbols of his profession. His face is wrinkled with care, and penny counts attract his brow. He looks at you furtively like a fox, and walks like a cat; and is always turning and shifting, as if he were trying to make money out of his thoughts, and negotiating with his shadow. Money furnishes all his suggestions, his thoughts, and his dreams. All his affections are frozen; all his organs are subjugated by the organ of acquisitiveness. He is a man of one idea, and of one passion. The only love of which he is susceptible is the love of money. For such a one, Australia has more charms than Paradise, and California more attractions than Heaven. He cares very little about "the River of Life," or the trees that grow on its banks. For, by the ministry of the harpers, or the songs of the redeemed, he has no cares; and as for the picturesque, he has all moonshine. What he likes best is the gold pavement—the gates of pearl—and the walls of Jasper.

"Oh, cursed lust of gold! what thy sake,  
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This detestable principle has a great many apologists in "the Church," where it goes by the name of prudence, economy, taking care of one's self, &c. Away with them! they are false Deilahs, and have deceived many. Call it by its name, Avarice; and let us remember that it defeated Joshua, destroyed Achan, made a leper of Gehazi, ruined Judas, and is still slaying its thousands and tens of thousands.

It is his covetousness that is the question for doubt; the most sceptical and the most questioning; it changes from utter irreligion to a holy love could be neither denied nor mistaken. —Having become a child of God, he naturally wished to have a place among the other children, and the Church most cheerfully opened its arms to him; and a share in the common good of saints; and he became a little house of God; and at the family altar were the morning and evening services regularly presented. He strove to train up his family for the Lord, and with signal success; for he tried to see to all his children's good, conversion, and members of the Church to which he belonged, and active Sabbath school teachers.

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Passion unfolds itself in early youth. Scarcely do the earliest symptoms of intellectual power display themselves before its dawning is begun. There is an eloquence even in the countenance of the smiling infant, which pleads with resistless force. What words could portray the soul in such vivid colours as the out-beamings of that face? What imagery could so well delineate all the agonies of grief or all the kindlings of joy as that living mirror?

They are links in the chain of our being which connect and bind us together in stronger bonds than those of adamant. Nor have men been ignorant of the way which man exercises over his fellow-man in the empire of passion. They have had an intimate knowledge of it since the earliest times, and that knowledge has not lain dormant. The pantomime was the result of it, and in later days the theatrical display took its stage. These sympathies or passions, comprising, as they do, the most important elements of man's active nature, are never more conspicuously displayed than in active life. Nor are they displayed in active life to greater advantage, or with greater force, than when they are elicited upon moments of high excitement, and multitudes are called together to deliberate upon great questions, and master spirit guide their feelings and direct their councils. Then it is that passion is eloquent. Then it is that fire kindles, and beams, and glows in the eye. Then it is that it tints the cheek with its ardour, and breathes forth in words that burn and thoughts that live. Then it is that the lip curls with indignation scorn, or utters the high and ennobling sentiments of love and devotion. It is then that man feels the connection between providence and man; mind melts into mind, and thoughts, desires, hopes, and feelings, mingle and blend together in common union. Who has not beheld and heard this? Who has not listened to the orator when under the influence of passion and exalted emotion? What heart has not melted under his pathetic tones? What ear has not been charmed by the melody of his voice? What soul has not been enraptured with his spirit-stirring appeals and felt its highest and holiest impulses, quickened and elevated? O could we be but carried back to other days, when

the human tongue, unfettered by tyranny, uttered its own free-born sentiments—when the range of human eloquence and human passion was unbounded by restraint; we should see scenes in the streets of polished and refined Athens which would speak in thunder tones of the eloquence of passion. O could we see the orator of that other land of the graces and the muses, as he stands before the tribunal of him who occupied the highest position among the men of his own time, both in the field and the forum, as he the cause of one of his fellow-countrymen, we should realize the power of passion's enchantment. O could we be transported to the judgment-seats of Felix and Agrippa, and hear the almost more than earthly melodies of the fearless orator of that day, as he the cause of one of his fellow-countrymen, we should realize the power of passion's enchantment.

But the most interesting worshippers of "the Mammon of unrighteousness" are misers. One of the most is easily known; his person exhibits the symbols of his profession. His face is wrinkled with care, and penny counts attract his brow. He looks at you furtively like a fox, and walks like a cat; and is always turning and shifting, as if he were trying to make money out of his thoughts, and negotiating with his shadow. Money furnishes all his suggestions, his thoughts, and his dreams. All his affections are frozen; all his organs are subjugated by the organ of acquisitiveness. He is a man of one idea, and of one passion. The only love of which he is susceptible is the love of money. For such a one, Australia has more charms than Paradise, and California more attractions than Heaven. He cares very little about "the River of Life," or the trees that grow on its banks. For, by the ministry of the harpers, or the songs of the redeemed, he has no cares; and as for the picturesque, he has all moonshine. What he likes best is the gold pavement—the gates of pearl—and the walls of Jasper.

"Oh, cursed lust of gold! what thy sake,  
The fool throws up his interest in both ways;  
First straddles in this, then dashes in that to come."  
—BLAIR.

This detestable principle has a great many apologists in "the Church," where it goes by the name of prudence, economy, taking care of one's self, &c. Away with them! they are false Deilahs, and have deceived many. Call it by its name, Avarice; and let us remember that it defeated Joshua, destroyed Achan, made a leper of Gehazi, ruined Judas, and is still slaying its thousands and tens of thousands.

It is his covetousness that is the question for doubt; the most sceptical and the most questioning; it changes from utter irreligion to a holy love could be neither denied nor mistaken. —Having become a child of God, he naturally wished to have a place among the other children, and the Church most cheerfully opened its arms to him; and a share in the common good of saints; and he became a little house of God; and at the family altar were the morning and evening services regularly presented. He strove to train up his family for the Lord, and with signal success; for he tried to see to all his children's good, conversion, and members of the Church to which he belonged, and active Sabbath school teachers.

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