

### Life a Spiritual Conflict.

Reader! the combat rages darkly still  
Around thee; though an unrelenting cloud of flesh  
Shut from thy soul their movement and their march,  
And the dread soldiery by Hell array'd,  
Yet, in the midst of Satan's host array'd  
Contenting: were thy veiled flesh withdrawn,  
Full on thy spirit what a battle-field  
Where all the Chivalries of Heaven contend,  
And the dead sympathies in darkness fight!  
For souls immortal—wouldst thou once outlive!  
But not with garments roll'd in blood; or death;  
And not with weapons which our eyes perceive;  
But sightless, those unbodied hosts engage;  
And therefore, Satan is the sense's mock,  
The sneer of science and the scorn of fools.  
But the revealing, Faith is ever true,  
And most tremendous, when the most denied.  
A Devil doubted ends in God disown'd,—  
Till the first glance a disembodied Mind  
Takes of the truth behind the veil disclosed,  
Looks on the Fiend, who made himself a lie  
To rock the sinner into damning rest.

Reader! believe, the combat rages still;  
No pause, and no parenthesis of love  
Or pity for our world the Fiend allows,  
Darkness his throne, destruction his delight,  
Ruin and ravage his dominion make,  
And earthquakes seem the echo of his tramp.  
But chief to battle with the unrelenting host,  
Fighting beneath the banner of thy King  
Crimson'd with blood, and blazon'd by his cross  
Redemptive, does the Prince of Hell advance  
Thus Luther felt; and thus shall ever feel,  
And like him in the spirit's fight, contend  
E'en to the gasp and agony of faith.  
The heirs of Light and heroes of our God.

"The Serpent's head the woman's seed shall  
bruise";  
So spake the Lip almighty; and to man  
Revolving then the Incarnation preach'd  
In promise, which by prophetic spann'd  
Ages of conflict in the millennial time;  
Till time's worn clock his closing hour shall  
strike,  
And this fantastical scene where Satan fights,  
This whitened sepulchre of sin and woe,  
This prison-house where dungeoned nature pines,  
A thousand years of hallow'd rest shall  
be in one long sabbath of millennial peace;  
But not till hurled by thunder-blast divine  
Down to his pit, in chaining darkness bound,  
The mystic "Dragon" will from earth withdraw;  
But fiercely to the last, a fight maintain  
Impassable, against all truth array'd.  
So from the first imperial Rouse be fired  
With pagan fury; when that flame was quenched  
By blood of martyrs, lo! an Arian creed  
Flooded the church with deplorable tides;  
And when they ceased, Platonic visions came  
And round the Cross a dazzling falsehood  
wreathed;  
Till perfection in fall-blown horror rose,  
The last parody of satanic guile.

### Reflections on War.

From a Sermon by the Rev. Robt. Hall, on  
the 1st of June, 1802.  
Though we must all die, as the woman of  
Tekoa said, and are as water spilt upon the  
ground which cannot be gathered up; yet it  
is impossible for a humane mind to contem-  
plate the rapid extinction of innumerable  
lives without concern. To perish in a mo-  
ment, to be hurried instantaneously, without  
preparation and without warning, into the  
presence of the Supreme Judge, has some-  
thing in it inexpressibly awful and affecting.  
Since the commencement of the present war,  
which are now so happily closed, it may be  
reasonably conjectured that not less than  
half a million of our fellow-creatures have  
fallen a sacrifice. Half a million of beings,  
sharers of the same nature, warmed with  
the same hopes, and as fondly attached to  
life as ourselves, have been promiscuously  
swept into the grave, each of whose death  
has pierced the heart of a wife, a parent,  
a brother or a sister. How many of those  
scenes of complicated distress have occurred  
since the commencement of hostilities, that  
are known only to Omnipotence; that they  
are innumerable cannot admit of doubt. In  
some parts of Europe, perhaps, there is  
scarcely a family exempt!  
Though the whole race of man is doomed  
to dissolution, and we are all hastening to  
our long home, yet at each successive mo-  
ment life and death seem to divide between  
them the dominion of mankind, and life has  
the larger share. It is otherwise in war;  
death reigns there without a rival  
and without control. War is the work, the  
element, or rather the spirit and triumph of  
death, who glories not only in the extent of  
his conquest, but in the richness of his spoil.  
In the other methods of attack, the other  
forms which death assumes, the feeble and  
the aged, who at the best can live but a short  
time, are usually the victims; here it is the  
vigorous and the strong. It is remarked by  
the most ancient poets, that in peace chil-  
dren bury their parents, in war the parents  
bury their children; nor is the difference small.  
Children lament their parents, sincerely, in-  
deed, but with that moderate and tranquil  
sorrow, which it is natural for those to feel  
who are conscious of retaining many tender  
ties, many animating prospects. Parents  
mourn for their children with the bitterness  
of despair; the aged parent, the widowed  
mother, loses when she is deprived of her  
children, everything but the capacity of suf-  
fering; her heart withered and desolate, ad-  
mits no other object, cherishes no other  
hope. It is Rachel weeping for her children  
and refusing to be comforted, because they  
are not.  
But to confine our attention to the number  
of the slain, would give us a very inadequate  
idea of the ravages of the sword. The lot  
of those who perish instantaneously may be  
considered, apart from religious prospects,  
as comparatively happy, since they are ex-  
empt from those lingering diseases and slow  
torments to which others are liable. We  
cannot see an individual expire, though a  
stranger or an enemy, without being sensi-  
bly moved and prompted by compassion to  
lend him every assistance in our power.—  
Every trace of resentment vanishes in a  
moment; every other emotion gives way to  
pity and terror. In these last extremities  
we remember nothing but the respect and  
tenderness due to our common nature.—  
What a scene, then, must a field of battle  
present, where thousands are left without  
assistance, and without pity, with their  
wounds exposed to the piercing air, while  
the blood, freezing as it flows, binds them  
to the earth, amidst the trampling of horses,

and the insults of an enraged foe! If they  
are spared by the humanity of the enemy,  
and carried from the field, it is but a pro-  
longation of torments. Conveyed in uneasy  
vehicles, often to a remote distance, through  
roads almost impassable, they are lodged in  
ill-prepared receptacles for the wounded and  
the sick, where the variety of distress baffles  
all the efforts of humanity and skill, and  
renders it impossible to give to each the atten-  
tion he demands. Far from their native  
home, no tender assiduities of friendship,  
no well-known voice, no wife, or mother, or  
sister, is near to soothe their sorrows, relieve  
their thirst, or close their eyes in death.—  
Unhappy man! and must you be swept into  
the grave unnoticed and unnumbered, and  
no friendly tear be shed for your sufferings,  
or mingled with your dust?

We must remember, however, that as a  
very small proportion of a military life is  
spent in actual combat, so it is a very small  
part of its miseries which must be ascribed  
to this source. More are consumed by the  
rust of inactivity than by the edge of the  
sword; confined to a scanty or unwholesome  
diet, exposed in sickly climates, harassed  
with tiresome marches and perpetual alarms;  
their life is a continual scene of hardships  
and dangers. They grow familiar with  
hunger, cold and watchfulness. Crowded  
into hospitals and prisons, contagion spreads  
amongst their ranks, till the ravages of dis-  
ease exceed those of the enemy.

We have hitherto only adverted to the  
sufferings of those who are engaged in the  
profession of arms without taking into our  
account the situation of the countries which  
are the scene of hostilities. How dreadful  
to hold everything at the mercy of an enemy,  
and to receive life itself as a boon dependent  
on the sword. How boundless the fears  
which such a situation must inspire, where  
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in characters of blood, in the dictates of re-  
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but for a moment the consternation which  
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and every age, sex, and rank, mingled in  
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If we consider the maxims of war which  
prevailed in the ancient world, and which  
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Of all people the poor are on this account  
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In commercial states (of which Europe  
principally consists) whatever interrupts  
their intercourse is a fatal blow to national  
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The plague of a widely extended war,  
possesses, in fact, a sort of omnipotence, by  
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one part of the globe, it is busily employed  
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If statesmen, if Christian statesmen at  
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It is time to proceed to another view  
of the subject, which is greater than that  
which affects their property or their lives.  
He will perceive that by such a calamity,  
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will be too often lost in the admiration of his  
success.  
In contemplating the influence of war on  
public morals, it would be unparadise not  
to remark the effects it never fails to pro-  
duce in those parts of the world which are  
its immediate seat. The injury which the  
morals of a people sustain from an invading  
army is prodigious. The agitation and sus-  
pense universally prevalent, are incompatible  
with every thing that requires thought or  
serious reflection. In such a situation, it is  
any wonder the duties of piety fall into  
neglect, the sanctuary of God is forsaken,  
and the gates of Zion mourn and are deso-  
late? Familiarized to the sight of rapine  
and slaughter, the people must acquire a  
hard and unfeeling character. The precau-  
tions necessary by which every thing is held  
during the absence of laws, must impair  
confidence; the sudden revolutions of for-  
tunes must be infinitely favourable to fraud  
and injustice. He who reflects on these  
consequences, will not think it too much to  
affirm, that the injury the virtue of a people  
sustain, is greater than that which affects  
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The plague of a widely extended war,  
possesses, in fact, a sort of omnipotence, by  
which it makes itself every where felt; for,  
while it gives up myriads to slaughter in  
one part of the globe, it is busily employed  
in scattering over countries, exempt from  
its immediate desolations, the seeds of fami-  
ne, pestilence and death.

If statesmen, if Christian statesmen at  
least, had a proper feeling on this subject,  
and would open their hearts to the reflec-  
tions which such scenes must inspire, instead  
of rushing eagerly to arms from the thirst  
of conquest, or the thirst of gain, would they  
not hesitate long, would they not try every  
expedient, every lenient art consistent with  
national honor, before they ventured on this  
desperate remedy, or rather, before they  
plunged into this gulf of horror?

It is time to proceed to another view  
of the subject, which is greater than that  
which affects their property or their lives.  
He will perceive that by such a calamity,  
the seeds of order, virtue and piety, which  
is the first care of education to implant  
and mature, are swept away as by a hurri-  
cane.

The contests of nations are both the off-  
spring and the parent of injustice. The  
word of God declares the existence of war  
to be the disorderly passions of men. *Whence  
come wars and fightings among you?* saith  
the Apostle James, *cometh not from your  
lusts that war in your members?* It is cer-  
tainly to hold everything at the mercy of an enemy,  
and to receive life itself as a boon dependent  
on the sword. How boundless the fears  
which such a situation must inspire, where  
the issues of life and death are determined  
by no known laws, principles, or customs,  
and no conjecture can be formed of our des-  
tiny, except as far as it is dimly deciphered  
in characters of blood, in the dictates of re-  
venge, and the caprices of power. Conceive  
but for a moment the consternation which  
the approach of an invading army would  
impress on the peaceful villages in this  
neighbourhood. When you have placed  
yourself for an instant in that situation,  
you will learn to sympathize with those un-  
happy countries which have sustained the  
ravages of arms. But how is it possible to  
give you an idea of these horrors? Here  
you behold rich harvests, the bounty of  
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If we consider the maxims of war which  
prevailed in the ancient world, and which  
still prevail in many barbarous nations, we  
perceive that those who survive the fury of  
battle and the insolence of victory, were  
only reserved for more durable calamities;  
swept into hopeless captivity, exposed in  
markets, or plunged in mines, with the  
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enemy to man so terrible as man.

Still, however, it would be happy for  
mankind the effects of national hostility  
terminated here; but the fact is, that they  
who are farthest removed from its immediate  
desolations, share largely in its calamity.  
They are drained of the most precious part  
of their population, their youth, to repair  
the waste made by the sword. The other  
trained of their wealth, by the prodigious  
expense incurred in the equipment of fleets,  
and the subsistence of armies in remote  
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Of all people the poor are on this account  
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paint the pure satisfaction of this day, by the  
smallest infusion of political acrimony, it will  
not be expected I should apply these remarks  
to the peculiar circumstances of this country,  
though it would be unparadise in us to  
forget (for to forget our danger is to forget  
our mercies) how nearly we have been  
reduced to famine, principally it is true,  
through a failure in the crops, but greatly  
aggravated, no doubt, in its pressure, by our  
being engaged in a war of unexampled ex-  
penditure and extent.

In commercial states (of which Europe  
principally consists) whatever interrupts  
their intercourse is a fatal blow to national  
prosperity. Such states having a mutual  
dependence on each other, the effects of  
their hostility extend far beyond the parties  
engaged in the contest. If there be a coun-  
try highly commercial, which has a decided  
superiority in wealth and industry, together  
with a fleet which enables it to protect its  
trade, the commerce of such a country may  
survive the ravages of war, but it is at the  
expense of the commerce of all other nations;  
a painful reflection to a generous mind. Even  
there the usual channels of trade being  
closed, it is sometime before it can force a  
new passage for itself; previous to which,  
an almost total stagnation takes place, by  
which multitudes are impoverished, and  
thousands are thrown out of employment,  
plunged into distress, and the sense of his injus-

tedness and beggary. Who can calcu-  
late the number of industrious families in  
different parts of the world, to say nothing  
of our own country, who have been reduced  
to poverty, from this cause, since the peace  
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