

deceived by these lying shows; they dance, they sing; with boaming eyes they utter softest strains of flattery and graceful compliment. They partake the amorous wine, and the repast which loads the table. They eat, they drink, they are blithe and merry. Surely, they should be; for after this brief hour, they shall never know purity nor joy again! For this moment's revelry, they are selling heaven! The strange woman walks among her guests in all her charms; fans the flame of joy, scatters grateful odors, and urges on the fatal revelry. As her poisoned wine is quaffed, and the gay creatures begin to reel, the torches wane and cast but a twilight. One by one, the guests grow somnolent; and, at length, they all repose. Their cup is exhausted, their pleasure is forever over, life has exhaled to an essence, and that is consumed! While they sleep, servants, practised to the work, remove them all to another Ward.

Ward of Satiety.—Here reigns a bewildering twilight through which can hardly be discerned the wearied inmates, yet sluggish upon their couches. Overflushed with dance, sated with wine and fruit, a fitful drowsiness vexes them. They wake, to crave; they taste, to loathe; they sleep, to dream; they wake again from unquiet visions. They long for the sharp taste of pleasure, so grateful yesterday. Again they sink, repining to sleep; by starts, they rouse at an ominous dream; by starts they hear strange cries! The fruit burns and torments; the wine shoots sharp pains through their pulse. Strange wonder fills them. They remember the recent joy, as a reveller in the morning thinks of his midnight-madness. The glowing garden and the banquet now seem all stripped and gloomy. They meditate return; pensively they long for their native spot! At sleepless moments, mighty resolutions form,—substantial as a dream. Memory grows dark. Hope will not shine. The past is not pleasant; the present is wearisome; and the future gloomy.

The Ward of Discovery.—In the third ward no deception remains. The floors are bare; the naked walls drip filth; the air is poisonous with sickly fumes, and echoes with mirth concealing hideous misery. None supposes that he has been happy. The past seems like the dream of the miser, who gathers gold spilled like rain upon the road, and wakes, clutching his bed, and crying "where is it?" On your right hand, as you enter, close by the door, is a group of fierce felons in deep drink with drugged liquor. With red and swollen faces, or white and thin; or scarred with ghastly corruption; with scowling brows, baleful eyes, bloated lips and demoniac grins;—in person all uncleanly, in morals all debauched, in peace, bankrupt—the desperate wretches wrangle one with the other, swearing bitter oaths, and heaping reproaches each upon each! Around the room you see miserable creatures unapparelled, or dressed in rags, sobbing and moaning. That one who gazes out at the window, calling for her mother and weeping, was right tenderly and purely bred. She has been baptized twice, once to God, and once to the Devil. She sought this place in the very vestments of God's house. "Call not on the mother! she is a saint in Heaven, and cannot hear thee!" Yet, all night long she dreams of home, and childhood, and wakes to sigh and weep; and between her sobs, she cries "mother! Mother!"

Yonder is a youth, once a servant at God's altar. His hair hangs tangled and torn; his eyes are bloodshot; his face is livid; his fist is clenched. All the day, he wanders up and down, cursing sometimes himself, and sometimes the wretch that brought him hither; and when he sleeps he dreams of Hell; and then he wakes to feel all he dreamed. This is the Ward of reality. All know why the first rooms looked so gay—they were enchanted! It was enchanted wine they drank; and enchanted wine they ate: now they know the pain of fatal food in eve y limb!

Ward of Disease.—Ye that look wistfully at the pleasant front of this terrific house, come with me now, and look long into the terror of this Ward; for here are the seeds of sin in their full harvest form! We are in a lazar-room; its air oppresses every sense; its sighs confound our thoughts; its sounds pierce our ear; its stench repels us; it is full of diseases. Here a shuddering wretch is clawing at his breast, to tear away that worm which gnaws his heart. By him is another, whose limbs are dropping from his ghastly trunk. Next, swelters another in reeking filth; his eyes rolling in bony sockets, every breath

a pang, and every pang a groan. But yonder, on a pile of rags, lies one whose yells of frantic agony appal every ear. Clutching his rags with spasmodic grasp, his swollen tongue lolling from a blackened mouth, his bloodshot eyes glaring and rolling, he shrieks oaths; now blaspheming God, and now imploring him. He hoots and shouts, and shakes his grisly head from side to side, cursing or praying; now calling death, and then, as if driving away fiends, yelling, *avaunt! avaunt!*

Another has been ridden by pain, until he can no longer shriek; but lies foaming and grinding his teeth, and clenching his bony hands, until the nails pierce the palm—though there is no blood there to issue out—trembling all the time with the shudders and chills of utter agony. The happiest wretch in all this Ward, is an Idiot;—dropsical, distorted, and moping; all day he wags his head, and chatters, and laughs, and bites his nails; then he will sit for hours motionless, with open jaw, and glassy eye fixed on vacancy. In this ward are huddled all the diseases of pleasure. This is the torture-room of the strange woman's House, and it excels the Inquisition. The wheel, the rack; the bed of knives, the roasting fire, the brazen room slowly heated, the slivers driven under the nails, the hot pincers—what are these to the agonies of the last days of licentious vice? Hundreds of rotting wretches would change their couch of torment in the strange woman's House, for the gloomiest terror of the Inquisition, and profit by the change. Nature herself becomes the tormentor. Nature, long trespassed on and abused, at length casts down the wretch; searches every vein, makes a road of every nerve for the scorching feet of pain to travel on, pulls at every muscle, breaks in the breast, builds fire in the brain, eats out the skin, and casts living coals of torment on the heart. What are hot pincers to the envenomed claws of disease? What is it to be put into a pit of snakes and slimy toads, and feel their cold coil or piercing fang, to the creeping of a whole body of vipers?—where every nerve is a viper, and every vein a viper, and every muscle a serpent; and the whole body, in all its parts, coils and twists upon itself in unimaginable anguish? I tell you, there is no Inquisition so bad as that which the Doctor looks upon! Young man! I can show you in this Ward worse pangs than ever a savage produced at the stake!—than ever a tyrant wrung out by engines of torment!—than ever an inquisitor devised! Listen!

Ward of Death.—No longer does the incarnate wretch pretend to conceal her cruelty. She thrusts—ay! as if they were dirt—she shovels out the wretches. Some fall headlong through the rotten floor,—a long fall to a fiery bottom. The floor trembles to deep thunders which roll below. Here and there, jets of flame sprout up, and give a lurid light to the murky hall. Some would fain escape; and flying across the treacherous traps, with hideous outcries and astounding yells, to perdition! Fiends laugh! The infernal laugh, the cry of agony, the thunder of damnation, shake the very roof and echo from wall to wall.

Oh! that the young might see the end of vice before they see the beginning! Believe then the word of God: *Her house is the way to hell, going down to the chambers of death, . . . avoid it, pass not by it, turn from it, and pass away!*

APPLES OF GOLD.

"We are justified freely by his grace, through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus; whom God hath set forth to be a propitiation through faith in his blood, to declare his righteousness for the remission of sins that are past. Rom. iii. 24, 25.

How sweet are the words, "By grace (without merit) ye are saved!" Here is an overflowing fountain of comfort and divine strength! But how little are the generality of vain and worldly people, who still feed upon husks, acquainted with these words! How little are they relished by our self-righteous moral Christians! but, oh! how deliciously does a poor hungry sinner feed upon them! There is hardly anything less known and understood, as to the power and experience, than the mystery of Christ's suffering and dying for us, and justification by faith in him; though it is the only paradise and element of believers, and the greatest jewel restored by the Reformation. Such talking and representations of sin as only strike the imagination, are not sufficient; but we must also feel the mortal wounds of sin, by which the flesh is mortified, and be actually healed by the stripes of Christ!

With shame and sorrow, here I own
How great my guilt has been;
This is my way to approach the throne,
And God forgives my sin.