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THE HERALD OF TRUTH.

And I saw another angel flying in the midst of Heaven having the everlasting Gospel to preach. Saying with a loud voice—Fear God and give glory to him, for the hour of his Judgment is come.—Rev. xiv. 6, 7.

VOLUME I. SAINT JOHN, NEW BRUNSWICK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 9, 1843. NUMBER 6.

PROSPECTUS.
"THE HERALD OF TRUTH," published by the friend of Truth, under the especial direction of a committee of its patrons:

EDITED BY GEORGE P. MARTIN
The Herald of Truth will be published every Saturday morning, so long as such a paper is needed, or so long as funds can be obtained to support it.

It is to be supported entirely by contributions from such as love the Lord and wish well to the cause of Truth.

Its object is to proclaim the truth—"Thy word is truth"—"Sound an alarm"—and say, "Behold the Bridegroom cometh."

Persons who wish to receive this paper regularly can have it sent them by sending their names with such donations as they can afford to make to others the paper will be distributed gratuitously, excepting where they are disposed of by employed women and boys, in which cases they will be sold for one penny each.

Its columns will not be open for controversy but communications will be received and are solicited from all persons who, in a spirit of meekness, are desirous of promoting the truth of the Gospel.

Communications will be referred to the publishing committee before being inserted.

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The Herald of Truth.

SAINT JOHN, SATURDAY, SEPT. 9, 1843.

THE SECOND ADVENT CASE.

By recent accounts received from the United States, we learn that the glorious cause of the Second Advent is progressing beyond the most sanguine expectations of its advocates. The "Signs of the Times," a weekly paper published in Boston, (devoted to the advocacy of the doctrine of the speedy coming of the Lord) which we received by last mail, gives notice of no less than nine camp meetings, to be held between Sept. 5, and the 25th, in different parts of the Union. And the great Tent is to be pitched in Cincinnati, on the 10th inst. A mighty gathering of Advent brethren has been at Buffalo. J. V. Himes, one of the great apostles of the doctrine, writes from that city, under date of August 19— "We have just closed our meeting at Buffalo. It was a glorious and successful effort. The city is fully aroused, and the result will exceed our most sanguine expectations. On Monday, I go to Montreal, Canada East, to see and aid brother Hutchins." The Buffalo Advertiser of the 12th August, in noticing the tent meeting in that city, says—"We are happy to learn that thus far all the exercises have been marked by the observance of order and decorum."

L. C. Collins, in writing of the Plainfield camp meeting, which recently took place, observes—"The faith of the children of God in the coming of Christ this year, becomes stronger. And never did I witness such searchings of heart, such confessions of sin, and such displays of the spirit and power of God, as were manifested during the last days of our meeting."

J. D. Johnson, who has been lecturing in Western New York, for some months past, thus writes—"I have scattered about three hundred dollars worth of books and papers, for which I paid myself, and have not now three dollars in my pocket, in a word, I have endeavored to show my faith by my works, giving and not expecting to receive again, blessing God for the privilege. I have forgiven my master's word—I forsake home, friends, brethren and all, for the Gospel's sake, and I have found homes, fathers, mothers, brethren, &c., with persecution. Praise God that we are worthy to suffer shame for his name."

J. Weston writes—"Last Saturday and Sunday we had a meeting at Newbury, and a better time I never had. The Holy Ghost came on us, and filled all the place where we were sitting.—The believers were from several towns. Such a meeting time as we had at the Lord's table, was most precious. There were six denominations

together, celebrating the dying love of that Saviour which we expect soon to see. We could all exclaim, 'It is good for us to be here.' No party animosities, or sectarian interests, but behold how these love one another."

Thus it is, God is working a work in our day, which some will not believe though a man declare it unto them. Hundreds and hundreds of the heralds of the cross, are sacrificing the comforts of home, family, and friends, enduring all reproach, obloquy, and contumely which a scolding and ungodly world can heap upon them, and exhausting all their means, strength, and energies, in proclaiming the evidence of a coming Saviour, that their fellow beings may be warned and prepared for that momentous event, and to a skirts clean from the blood of souls.—Thousands are embracing the truth as it is in Jesus, and yet a large mass of the clergy, professing to be "Watchmen on the walls of Zion," but indolent and faithless, rolling in luxury and fashionably attired, backed by a God-hating, Bible-despising, and Sin-loving church, together with infidels, universalists, and unbelievers, are crying, "delusion—delusion."

Reader, say not we are harsh. We fear God. We must speak the truth, and we ask you to look no further than our own city, for the facts which we state. We have seen houses which were erected for the service of God, raised against a servant of God, and why? Because he said, "Behold the Bridegroom cometh," and earnestly prays—"Come Lord Jesus, come quickly."

May we not adopt the strong language of our Master, and say: Wee unto you, Scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! for ye shut up the kingdom of heaven against men; for ye neither go in yourselves, neither suffer them that are entering to go in. E. M.

MEDITATIONS ON THE COVENANT OF GRACE.

No 2.

The writer requests the indulgence of his readers, while he would make a slight digression from the consideration of the Ordinances of the Covenant of Grace, in connection with the Sanctuary, to offer a few remarks on the Institution and design of the Feast of the Passover, which ordinance, although it is of the Lord's appointment, is nevertheless not an ordinance of Divine Service in the Sanctuary, as may be seen from the fact that it was not given by Moses in connexion with, or as any part of the service of the Sanctuary, consequently, did not form a part of the pattern showed to him in the mount, see Heb. viii. 5. Who came unto the example and shadow of Heavenly things, as Moses was admonished of God when he was about to make the Tabernacle, for see, saith He, that thou make all things according to the pattern showed to thee in the mount.

That the Passover is an ordinance of the Lord's appointment, see Exod. xii. 1, 3, 6, and 11. And the Lord spake unto Moses and Aaron in the land of Egypt, saying, Speak ye unto all the congregation of Israel, saying, in the tenth day of this month they shall take to them every man a lamb, according to the house of their fathers, a lamb for a house. And ye shall keep it up until the fourteenth day of the same month. And the whole Assembly of the congregation of Israel shall kill it in the evening. And thus shall ye eat it, with your loins girded, your shoes on your feet, and your staff in your hand. And ye shall eat it in haste. It is the Lord's Passover. Thus, then, we see, from the institution of the ordinance, that it could not be an ordinance of Divine Service in the Sanctuary, inasmuch as the congregation of Israel were commanded to eat it, and that it was not lawful for any one of all the congregation of Israel to enter in, or do any part of the service of the Sanctuary, but the priests only.—See Heb. ix. 6. Now when these things were thus ordained, the priests went always into the first Tabernacle, accomplishing the service of God, see, also, Numbers in 5-11. And the Lord spake unto Moses, saying, bring the tribe of Levi near, and present them before Aaron the priest, that they may minister unto him, and they shall keep his charge, and the charge of the whole congregation, before the tabernacle of the congregation, to do the service of the tabernacle. And they shall keep all the instruments of the tabernacle of the congregation, and the charge

of the children of Israel, to do the service of the tabernacle. And thou shalt give the Levites unto Aaron, and to his sons, they are wholly given unto him out of the children of Israel, and thou shalt appoint Aaron and his sons, and they shall wait on their priest's office, and the stranger that cometh nigh shall be put to death. Again, the design of the ordinance proves the same fact. It is to be eaten in the attitude of a traveller in haste to be delivered from wearisome and cruel bondage, whereas the Sanctuary and its ordinances, so far from admitting the idea of wearisome bondage, and haste to be delivered therefrom, is described in the Scriptures (and I had almost said, in the heart of every Christian) as a place so very desirable that we are said to sit down there with great delight, as see the following, a few of the many beautiful passages of God's word, expressive of the comfort which the soul enjoys in holding sweet fellowship with the Lord, in the ordinances of his holy Sanctuary, whilst his banner over it is bore. Ps. xxv. 4. One thing have I desired of the Lord, that will I seek after, that I may dwell in the House of the Lord all the days of my life, to behold the beauty of the Lord, and to inquire in his temple.—Again, Ps. lxxix. new version, 1, 2, 3, 4, 10, 12: Oh, how lovely is thy dwelling place, O Lord of Hosts! my soul longeth with intense desire, yea, even fainteth for the courts of the Lord. My heart and my flesh cry out for the living God. Yea, the sparrow findeth a house, and the swallow a nest for herself, where they may lay their young, but when shall I approach thine altar, O Lord of Hosts, my King, my God? For a day in thy courts is better than a thousand elsewhere. I would rather choose to sit on the threshold of the house of my God, than to dwell in the tents of the ungodly. O Lord of Hosts, Oh the blessedness of the man who dwelleth in thy house. The king of Solomon said, where thou feedest, there thou makest thy flock to rest at noon. 2nd Chap. 4, 5, 6, 7. He brought me to the banquet house, and his banner over me was love. My eye with flags, no comfort nor with spices, for I am sick of love. His left hand is under my head, and his right hand doth embrace me. I charge you, O ye daughters of Jerusalem, by the trees, and by the lands of the field, that ye stir not up nor awake my love until He please.

Thus, we see, the ordinances of the Sanctuary are designed to fill us with delight. There's nothing in them at all that participates of cruel bondage, on the contrary, we in them enjoy a sweet foretaste of the glorious liberty of the children of God. It may be asked, what ordinance do we have in the gospel dispensation of which the Passover observed by the children of Israel was the shadow? My readers, it is not for me to say, but let us see if the Scriptures do not teach us that it is repentance toward God. But in order to understand the subject more plainly, I would first call your attention to Moses and Aaron, who in their joint character are sent forth by the Lord to deliver the children of Israel out of Egypt, and then to our Lord Jesus Christ, in whose person are united all the characters necessary to constitute him the great Deliverer of God's people, from worse than Egyptian bondage, first a far more cruel oppressor than Pharaoh, even the bondage of sin, and the oppression of Satan, as see Exodus in 27, 29. And the Lord said to Aaron, go into the wilderness to meet Moses. And he went and met him in the mount of God, and kissed him, 24th. And Moses and Aaron went, &c. In this transaction of Moses and Aaron meeting and kissing, and then going forth to deliver the children of Israel out of the land of Egypt, have we not a lively shadow of the Lord Jesus Christ, who is both the king and priest of his people (and in whose person mercy and truth are met together, righteousness and peace have kissed each other,) coming forth in all mightiness, to save and deliver us from the bondage of sin, and ultimately put us in possession of that Canaan which is incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away. Now let us proceed and compare their transaction and carefully observe, first, the shadow, when the substance, as, saith the Apostle, in this chapter to the Hebrews, For the Law is a shadow of good things to come, and not a very image of the things, can never with

those sacrifices, which they offered year by year continually, make the comers thereunto perfect. But what saith the substance? Verse 7, Then said I, lo, I come (in the volume of the book it is written of me) to do thy will, O God.

Was the Passover the first ordinance that our Lord, by the mouth of Moses and Aaron, called upon his people to observe? Exod. xii. 1, 3. And the Lord spake unto Moses and Aaron in the Land of Egypt, saying, Speak ye unto all the congregation of Israel, saying, In the tenth day of this month, they shall take to them every man a lamb, &c.

Was repentance the first thing that our Lord Jesus Christ (the true deliverer by the mouth of his apostles) called upon the people to observe? Mark vi. 7, 12. And he called unto him the twelve, and began to send them forth by twos and twos. And they went out and preached that men should repent. Again, Acts v. 29, 30, 31: Then Peter and the other apostles answered and said, we ought to obey God rather than man. The God of our fathers raised up Jesus whom ye slew and hanged upon a tree. Him hath God exalted with his right hand to be a Prince and a Saviour, to give repentance to Israel, and forgiveness of sins. Again, Luke xxiv. 46, 47. And said unto them, thus it is written, and thus it behoved Christ to suffer, and to rise from the dead, the third day. And that repentance and remission of sins should be preached in his name among all nations, beginning at Jerusalem.

Again, did the Lord, by the mouth of Moses and Aaron, call upon all the congregation of Israel to observe the Passover? Exod. xii. 3: They shall take to them every man a lamb, &c. Does the Lord, by the mouth of his apostles, call upon all to repent? Acts xii. 30. And the times of this ignorance God winked at, but now commandeth all men, every where, to repent. That the Passover was the first thing that the Lord, by the mouth of Moses and Aaron, called upon the whole congregation of Israel to do perhaps none will dispute. That repentance is the first thing that the Lord, in the gospel dispensation, calls upon all men to observe, hear an inspired apostle's testimony, Acts xx. 21: Testifying both to the Jews and also to the Gentiles, repentance toward God, and faith toward our Lord Jesus Christ. But should there be any inclined to call in question the apostle's own testimony, he declares in another place that the whole oracles of God bear testimony to the same fact; as, see Heb. v. 12. For when for the time ye ought to be teachers, ye have need that one teach you again, which be the first principles of the oracles of God. Well Paul teach us which be the first principles of the oracles of God? Heb. vi. last clause of the 1st verse: Repentance from dead works and faith toward God.

I would not dwell so much in establishing this fact, but that I am aware that there are a great number of professed Christians who believe that the ordinance of the Passover shadows forth the Lord's supper; the true shadow of which ordinance, I trust I shall be enabled to show my readers when that ordinance comes under consideration, in the order of that covenant, which is well ordered in all things, and sure, and in which it occupies a conspicuous part. But that the ordinance of the Passover, and that of the Lord's Supper, are not alike in the order of the covenant of Grace, the foregoing remarks are perhaps sufficient to show. That they are not alike either in their nature or design, the following considerations may go some length to prove—First, then, What was the design of the ordinance of the Passover, when given to the children of Israel? To apprise them of danger, and save from its effects; as, see Exod. xii. 12, 13. For I will pass through the land of Egypt this night, and will smite all the first born in the land of Egypt, I will execute judgment. I am the Lord. And the blood shall be to you for a token upon the houses where ye are; and when I see the blood, I will pass over you, and the plague shall not be upon you to destroy you, when I smite the land of Egypt. It is this design of repentance? Let him who came preaching it say, by his warning sinners to flee from the wrath to come, Matt. iii. 7. O generation of vipers, who hath warned you to flee from the wrath to come? Luke iii. 3. And he came unto all the country round about Jordan, preaching the baptism of repentance for the remission of sins. Acts iii. 19. Repent ye, therefore, and be

converted that your sins may be blot out. Rev. 16. Repent; or else I will come unto thee quickly, and will fight against them with the sword of my mouth.

The design of the Lord's Supper is to put us in remembrance of his Son, not as a punishment of sinners exposed to the wrath of God. We will now see if they resemble each other in their nature; That the nature of the ordinance of the passover was disagreeableness and unpleasantness, therefore it was to be eaten with unleavened bread and bitter herbs, as see Exod. xii. 8. And they shall eat flesh in that night, roast with fire, and unleavened bread, and with bitter herbs shall they eat it. It is here worthy of notice, that of all the ordinances upon which the Lord calls his people to feast, Repentance is the only one in which they experience unpleasantness and bitterness of soul. All the others being pleasantness and peace. But repentance alone which is well described by Solomon, Prov. xviii. 14. The spirit of a man will sustain his infirmity, but a wounded spirit who can bear. In proof of this see Ezekiel xxxvi. 31: Then shall ye remember your own evil ways, and your doings that are not good, and shall loathe yourselves in your own sight, for you iniquities, and for your abominations. Perhaps there is nothing more expressive of that bitterness of soul experienced in repentance than that which is here used—they are described as loathing themselves in their own sight on account of their own evil ways. This is the inseparable accompaniment of true repentance, but although it is bitter, it is well expressed by the term herbs, for it does yield health to the soul, as see 2 Cor. vii. 10. For godly sorrow worketh repentance to salvation not to be repented of—see also Luke xv. 18 to 23. I will arise and go to my Father, and will say unto him, Father, I have sinned against heaven and before thee, and am no more worthy to be called thy son: make me as one of thy hired servants. And he arose, and came to his Father. But when he was yet a great way off, his Father saw him and had compassion, and ran, and fell on his neck, and kissed him. And the son said unto him, Father, I have sinned against heaven and in thy sight, and am no more worthy to be called thy son. But the father said to his servants, bring forth the best robe and put it on him, and put a ring on his hand, and shoes on his feet. One more instance of the nature of repentance and I have done with that part of the subject, Luke xxi. 62, 63. And the Lord turned, and looked upon Peter and Peter remembered the word of the Lord, how he had said unto him, before the cock crow thou shalt deny me thrice. And Peter went out and wept bitterly. That the nature of the Lord's Supper is the opposite of this, I need not say—we shall now consider the ordinance of the Passover in the manner in which it was to be observed—that the Passover was to be eaten in haste was the command of God, see Exod. xii. 11. And ye shall eat it in haste, it is the Lord's Passover. That there is no time to delay repentance let us be convinced again by him who came preaching it, Matt. iii. 7: O generation of vipers who hath warned you to flee from the wrath to come. That there is no time to put off repentance, what doth the Lord say? To-day if ye will hear his voice, harden not your hearts, &c. For now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation. Was the soul who refused to keep the feast of the Passover in the manner in which it was ordained, to be cut off from Israel? See Exod. xii. 15. What saith the Lord Jesus Christ, Luke xiii. 3. Except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish. From this consideration I think it will appear obvious that the Passover in its design, in its nature, and in its observance, does itself in its substance—its dispensation, in its design, in its nature, and in the manner of its observance in none of which features it bears any resemblance to the ordinance of the Lord's Supper.

But it may be asked, How is the Passover the shadow of Repentance? Were the Children of Israel not called upon to slay a Lamb, and sprinkle the blood thereof on the two side posts and on the upper door-post of the houses wherein they should eat it; Exod. xii. 7. Ah, my readers we are not called upon by God now to slay a lamb. The Paschal Lamb is slain, whose blood cleanseth from all sin as saith the Apostle, 1 Cor. v. 7. For even Christ, our Passover is sacrificed for us. Therefore let us keep the feast, &c. But still it may be asked, How was the feast of the Passover, the shadow of repentance? I might reply, by asking in return, How was the Paschal Lamb the shadow of Christ? But we will let the Apostle himself answer the question, and see if he does not teach us that it is repentance. He says at the 8th verse, Therefore let us keep the feast—how? not in the way that they

had acted—for he tells us that they were puffed up and maliciously and wickedly suffered heaven or sin to remain amongst them. Well, how should they have kept the feast? He tells them in the 2d verse they should have rather mourned. Here, then, we see the substance of which bitter herbs in the 12th chapter of Exodus, is the shadow. But was there not something more than bitter herbs? Yes, unleavened bread. But does the Apostle tell us what that means? In the last clause of the 8th verse, he says that that sorrow is to be accompanied with the unleavened bread of sincerity and truth.—That godly sorrow, sincerity and truth, (the Lamb being slain) are the things which compose the feast of the Passover, i. e. Repentance. Let us hear the Apostle comment on this subject in the second Epistle to the same persons, 7th chap. 8, 9 and 10 verses. For though I made you sorry with a letter, I do not repent, though I did repent for I perceive that the same Epistle hath made you sorry, though it were but for a season. Now I rejoice, that ye were made sorry. But that ye sorrowed to repentance, for ye were made sorry after a godly manner, that ye might receive damage by us in nothing. For godly sorrow worketh repentance to salvation not to be repented of. For behold this selfsame thing that ye sorrowed after a godly sort, what carefulness it wrought in you, what cleanness of yourselves, what indignation, what fear, what reverence, what desire, what reverence; in all these things ye have approved yourselves to be clean in this matter.—Now, if the sorrow, the sincerity and truth observable in the people and which the Apostle distinctly calls the feast of the Passover, which he called upon them to keep, does not mean repentance I must be very much mistaken indeed. One thing, my readers, in which I am not mistaken, is my heart's desire you may come to the word of God, keep up your hearts to Him who gave you it. He will give you His Holy Spirit to lead your minds into the truth as it is in Jesus, if you may send Him in the order and ordinances of that new and everlasting covenant which is well ordered and sure, that you may ultimately enjoy that eternal inheritance which is prepared for all those who after the tenor of the covenant will receive it.

N. B.—The ordinances of the Covenant of the Covenant of Grace, in connexion with the Sanctuary, will now be considered in order, as they are shadowed forth in the Old Testament, and brought to light in the New. The writer would make one remark of his own—i. e. were I fond of text preaching, as I consider it the Apostolic mode, in all preaching I would take the Passover for my text and endeavour to make the Covenant of Grace my sermon, knowing that after I had got through and done justice to the different heads of my subject I could with some humble confidence say as Jonah did, after he had faithfully delivered the message that the Lord sent by him to the Ninevites—I have preached the preaching but did me.

AN EXTRACT

Blessed are the poor in spirit for theirs is the kingdom of Heaven. Blessed are they that mourn for they shall be comforted. Blessed are the meek for they shall inherit the earth. Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness for they shall be filled. Blessed are the merciful for they shall obtain mercy. Blessed are the pure in heart for they shall see God. Blessed are they that weep for they shall see God. Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness sake for this is the kingdom of Heaven. Blessed are they which shall be persecuted for my name's sake, and shall say all manner of reviling against you falsely, for my sake. REJOICE AND BE EXCEEDING GLAD FOR OF IS YOUR REWARD IN HEAVEN: FOR SO PERSECUTE THEM THE PROPHETS WHICH WERE BEFORE YOU.—Jesus Christ

Reader can you claim, these things? Are you poor in spirit? Saith the Lord, this man will I look, even to him that is of a contrite spirit, and trembleth by word, (Isaiah lxxvi. 3). Do you mourn? They that mourn in Zion shall have beauty for beauty, the oil of joy for mourning, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness. (Isaiah lii. 1). Are you meek? The meek shall inherit the earth, and shall delight themselves in the abundance of peace. (Psalm xxxvii. 11).—Do you hunger and thirst? Saith the Lord God, servants shall eat: my servants shall drink, and servants shall rejoice. (Isaiah lxi. 13).—Do you

ful? Blessed is he that considereth the poor the Lord will deliver him in time of trouble. (Psalms li. 1).—Are you pure in heart? Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord? and who shall stand in his holy place? He that hath clean hands, and a pure heart; who hath lifted up his soul unto vanity, nor sworn deceitfully. He shall receive the blessing from the Lord, and righteousness from the God of his salvation. (Psalms cxl. 3, 4, 5).—Are you a peacemaker? You shall be called the child of God. (Matt. v. 9).—Are you persecuted for righteousness sake? Happy are you: be not afraid of their terror, neither be troubled, but sanctify the Lord God in your heart, and be ready always to give an answer to every man that asketh you a reason of the hope that is in you with meekness and fear. (1 Peter iii. 14, 15).—Are you reviled, and persecuted, and have all manner of evil spoken against you falsely, for Christ's sake? Praise not for your light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for you a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory. (2 Cor. iv. 17).

Here reader we have the characteristics of the heir of heaven, and the blessings God has promised to him. But where shall we find this character? Where is the spirit of Jesus? Where is the world-hater—God-fearing and Bible-loving disciple of the meek and lowly Lamb? Has God authorized the amalgamation of the church and the world? Has the straight and narrow way, been made a highway for cultures, and where the lion's whelp can prowl? Has God's eternal truth become a fable, and Christianity an article of merchandise? No, No, NO—Heaven and earth shall pass away, but the truth of God endureth to all generations. PURE AND UNDEFILED RELIGION IS THE SAME TO-DAY THAT IT WAS IN THE DAYS OF JESUS CHRIST—the same that it was when the smoke of Christian Martyrs darkened the orb of day. But where? O where are professors of religion now? Go into our streets and markets, can they be distinguished from those who deny there is a God? No!! NO!! They are heaping treasures together for the last days, and they shall eat their flesh as it were fire. Have the interests of the Church and the love of the world become identified? Soit would seem, if we look around us! CHRISTIANS' MEN PROGRESSIVE to be the children of the Most High, entertaining ungodly hopes of Heaven! YES, SITTING IN JEROME'S THE DOCTRINES OF THE GOSPEL, and yet the world their god? Seeking it with all the energies of their souls! No blessed Saviour in all their conversation! Has God ceased to be just—has he forgotten to punish? No! But because his vengeance slumbers, INQUIRY WORKS IN THE VERY HEART OF THE CHURCH!! RICHES, POPULARITY, HONOR, AND AGREEMENT are sought by both PRIESTS AND PEOPLE!! Fearless of consequences we proclaim it—indeed it is already proclaimed—it is written in letters of mourning on the curtains of Heaven!! And we appeal to the Eternal Truth of God, the only standard of true holiness, for judgment!—But the cries of the poor, persecuted, and scolded children of the Kingdom are ascending to the ears of the God of Sabaot, and soon will Almighty vengeance be ungent to vindicate their wrong and revenge a crucified Saviour! And thus saith the Lord to the shepherds of Israel There is a voice of howling of shepherds for their glory is spoiled. Woe be to the shepherds of Israel that do feed themselves! Ye eat the fat, and ye clothe ye with the wool, ye kill them that are fed; ye feed not the flock! Therefore saith the Lord, Wo to the idle shepherd that leaveth the flock! The sword shall be upon his arm, and upon his right eye. his arm shall be clean dried up, and his right eye shall be utterly darkened! And I (saith the Lord) WILL FEED THE FLOCK OF THE SLAUGHTER, EVEN YOU, O POOR OF THE FLOCK. YOUR BROTHERS THAT HATED YOU, THAT CAST YOU OUT FOR MY NAME'S SAKE, SAID, Let the Lord be glorified, but He shall appear to your joy and they shall be ashamed. E. M.

spirit of inquiry has been awakened. All the human arts and sciences have advanced rapidly to a state of unequalled perfection within the last twenty or thirty years. It might have been expected that the grand truths of Christianity would have received a proportionate degree of attention. The reverse of this, however, is the mournful truth. I do not not glory to say that the triumphs of man's all-glorious Redeemer over the powers of darkness have not been great, even within the period to which I allude,—still it is evident that infidelity and negligence are the "destruction that wasteth at noon day," as well as the "restlessness that walketh in darkness"—and every seriously disposed observer must bear witness that this contempt and neglect of the Gospel is a generally prevailing sin, but, air, it must be acknowledged that the Lord reigneth—if so, he acts as a sovereign, and follows the unerring counsel of his own will, and it is beyond all reasonable and Scriptural controversy that the hour is near at hand when they who know him not, and obey not the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ, shall perish eternally from his presence.

Let any considerate man, therefore, inquire of himself what is the true business of this life, and I imagine that he must come to the conclusion that it is nothing else than to prepare for that which is to come,—to think of the solemn realities which are shortly, but rapidly hastening upon him, that he may not lose himself, his immortal self, in pursuing the deceitful gratifications of time, which is well high brought to an end. In the next place let him inquire whether he does not neglect this great business; whether he does not slumber day by day in a sinful easiness of temper, as respects a matter in which he should be constantly and earnestly engaged. When I consider the state of things in this immediate community respecting a subject which angels would delight to look into I cannot but lament the coldness and indifference of professing Christians! Where is there allegiance to King Emmanuel? Where their tender-heartedness? Where their firmness and fidelity in following Christ, and in "enduring to the end"? They make light of the momentous truths proclaimed by the heralds of an second advent,—they have something else in their hearts which they like better than the coming of Christ—something which they think of more importance! Suppose we step forward for a moment in our thoughts to the hour when the Lord Jesus shall be revealed from Heaven, with his mighty angels, taking vengeance upon them that know not God and obey not the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ—will their negligence be fully opened to them? We may rest assured that they who are Christless now, will be speechless then! And of a truth it may be said that the careless and disobedient shall "wonder and perish" at the sight. The age in which we are living is peculiarly characterized by a contest and struggle between the powers of darkness and the cause of Christ. In this contest we should remember, that we are all now engaged, on the one part or the other—for in this warfare there are no neutrals—he that is not with Christ is against him! Against Christ? Yes—against the KING OF KINGS AND LORD OF LORDS!! Awful but neglected consideration! His something very trying to man's pride of heart to be subject to reproaches for Christ's sake—to be called a "fool" while in pursuit of the "wisdom which is from above"—but these considerations alone would never deter a serious Christian from welcoming the appearance of his master—Impossible! The doctrine of the second advent is a doctrine of comfort to the people of God—a spring of consolation and joy to all those that possess living faith. But who's so much love of the world, so much fear of man is to be found, but little true religion can possibly exist either here or elsewhere. The form of godliness we meet at every step—but 'tis a mere lifeless form, a dull colour of outward performances! May the Lord save us all from the prevailing corruption, and depraved and indifferent carelessness of the age, and may he be glorified in our reformation and not in our destruction. SIGMA.

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LETTER FROM YARMOUTH, N. S. FARMOUTH, August 26, 1843. DEAR SIR,—Having seen the first number of the "Herald of Truth," and being anxious to have your paper circulated, I enclose you a pound note, and wish you to send me one copy. Also, one to the Rev. W. W. Ashley, Fort Mouton, and one to James Johnson, Shelburne.—The two last direct to Shelburne Post Office. These persons are believers in the Second Advent doc-

To the Editor of the "Herald of Truth," Mr DEAR SIR,— "What induces me to address you?" This is a question which I candidly put to myself, and I trust, as candidly reply, that the TRUTH—the beautiful, Eternal Truth, alone prompts me to the gratuitous task; accompanied by a desire to be guided by it in all things, and by its aid alone to investigate the momentous doctrine which has been advocated in your deeply interesting paper. We live in an enlightened age; and a

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time, and the papers sent to them, will be read by many, and I doubt not, will, through the blessing of God, do much good. This year past I have been a believer in "millenium," as it is called, but in fact a believer in the Bible, and I am the only person in this part of the country, who has the moral courage to own it. I am much opposed and ridiculed, but this does not move me. I have had nearly all the books that have been written upon this subject in the United States, and I have done all I could to circulate them. I have given them to every person that would read them, and had the pleasure, in several instances, to know that the Lord has blessed the reading of these little books to the conviction and conversion of souls. I have sent some of the books to the West Indies and Halifax. Also tracts in every direction: and in this way I am trying to give the "Midnight Cry." None of the ministers in this part of the Province are sounding the alarm, and the Methodists are publicly speaking against it, and say that many things in the prophecies are to be fulfilled before the judgment. The people look up to their minister, and whatever he says they take for granted is the truth without examining the Bible for themselves. If I was a preacher, I should have much more influence. It is considered here that preachers must know more of the Bible than any one else, consequently if the doctrine was preached here, I believe that many would be induced to give their hearts to God, who are now delaying the time "till a more convenient season."

Should a talented lecturer come to this place, I would do all that I could to assist him, (I am no preacher as above stated.)

My prayer is that the Lord may send one here to awaken up a sleeping church, and to convince to indifferent sinners of the nearness of the judgment. Should one come, he would be opposed; but if the Lord sent him, he would make his way clear, and much good, I doubt not, would be done. Should you wish to get any further information upon this subject, I should be happy to give it to you. Whatever is done, must be done quickly. I write this in haste. May the Lord bless you in the prayer of

Thursday—Brother Martin has not yet returned from his visit to Lincoln, Woodstock, &c.—We expect him daily.

The Celestial Railroad.

BY NATHANIEL HARTWELL

The following interesting article first appeared in the Democratic Review. We publish it on account of the rich stores of instruction it contains, and the moral it teaches. It admirably illustrates the progress made in popular religion since the days of John Bunyan, and shows the improvements made by the Transcendentalists and Neologists, to be found in our modern popular churches. We commend it to those among the sects who are the most bitter against the coming of Christ, as a looking glass in which themselves are strikingly reflected. It is just such an article as John Bunyan would write were he now alive.

Not a great while ago, passing through the gate of dreams, I visited that region of the earth in which lies the famous city of Destruction. It interested me much to learn that, by the public spirit of some of the inhabitants, a railroad has recently been established between this populous and flourishing town and the Celestial City. Having a little time upon my hands, I resolved to gratify a liberal curiosity by making a trip thither. Accordingly, one fine morning, after paying my bill at the hotel, and directing the porter to stow my luggage behind a coach, I took my seat in the vehicle and set out for the station house. It was my good fortune to enjoy the company of a gentleman—one Mr. Smooth-it-away—who, though he had never actually visited the Celestial City, yet seemed as well acquainted with its laws, customs, policy, and statistics, as with those of the City of Destruction, of which he was a native townsman. Being, moreover, a director of the railroad corporation, and one of its largest stockholders, he had it in his power to give me all desirable information respecting that praiseworthy enterprise.

Our coach rolled out of the city, and at a short distance from its outskirts passed over a bridge of elegant construction, but somewhat too slight as I imagined, to sustain any considerable weight. On both sides lay an extensive quagmire, which could not have been more disagreeable, either to sight or smell, had it been the kernels of the earth emptied of their pollution than this.

"This," remarked Mr. Smooth-it-away, "is the famous Slough of Despond—a disgrace to all the neighbourhood; and the greatest that it might so easily be converted into firm ground."

"I have understood," said I, "that efforts had been made for that purpose from time immemorial."

Gorman rationalism, tracts, sermons, and essays of modern clergymen, extracts from Plato, Confucius, and various Hindoo eggers, together with a few ingenious commentaries on texts of Scripture, all of which, by some scientific process, have been converted into a mass like granite. The whole bog might be filled up with similar matter."

It really seemed to me, however, that the bridge vibrated and heaved up and down in a very unsteady manner, and in spite of Mr. Smooth-it-away's testimony to the solidity of its foundation, I should be loth to cross it in a crowded omnibus, especially if each passenger were encumbered with as heavy luggage as that gentleman and myself. Nevertheless, we got over without any accident, and soon found ourselves at the Station house. This very neat and spacious edifice, erected on the site of the little Wicket gate, which formerly, as old pilgrims will recollect, stood directly across the highway, and by its inconvenient narrowness, was a great obstruction to the traveller of liberal mind and expansive stomach.

A large number of passengers were already at the Station house, awaiting the departure of the cars. By the aspect and demeanour of the persons, it was easy to judge that the feelings of the community had undergone a very favourable change, in reference to the celestial pilgrimage. It would have done Bunyan's heart good to see it. Instead of a lonely and fagged man with a huge burthen on his back, plodding along sorrowfully on foot while the whole city hooted after him, here were parties of the first gentry and most respectable people in the neighbourhood setting forth toward the Celestial City as cheerfully as if the pilgrimage were merely a summer tour. Among the gentlemen were characters of deserved eminence, magistrates, politicians, and men of wealth, by whose example religion could not but be greatly recommended to their unwearied brethren. In the ladies' apartment, too, I rejoiced to distinguish some of those firsts of fashionable society, who are so well fitted to adorn the most elevated circles of the Celestial City. There was much pleasant conversation about the news of the day, topics of business, politics, or the lighter matters of amusement, while religion, though indubitably the main thing at heart, was thrown tastefully in the background. Even an infidel would have heard little or nothing to shock his sensibility.

One great convenience of the new method of going on pilgrimage I must not forget to mention. Our enormous burthens, instead of being carried on our shoulders as had been the custom of old, were all safely deposited in the baggage car, and I was assured would be delivered to their respective owners again. It may be remembered also that there was an ancient feud between Prince Beezlebub and the keeper of the Wicket Gate, and that the adherents of the former distinguished personage were accustomed to stoutly deny the door at honest pilgrims while knocking at the doors. This dispute, much to the credit, as well of the illustrious potentate above mentioned, as of the worthy and enlightened directors of the railroad, has been specifically arranged on the principle of mutual compromise. The Prince's subjects are now pretty numerously employed about the Station house, some in taking care of the baggage, others in collecting fuel, feeding the engines, and such congenial occupations, and I can conscientiously affirm that persons more attentive to their business, more willing to accommodate, or more generally agreeable to the passengers, are not to be found on any railroad. Every good heart must surely exult at so satisfactory an arrangement of an immemorial difficulty.

"Where is Mr. Great-heart?" inquired I.—"Beyond a doubt the directors have engaged that famous old champion to be chief conductor on the railroad?"

"Why, no," said Mr. Smooth-it-away, with a dry cough. He was offered the situation of brakeman, but to tell you the truth, our friend Great-heart has grown preposterously stiff and narrow in his old age. He has so often guided pilgrims over the road on foot that he considers it a sin to travel in any other fashion. Besides, the old fellow had entered so heartily into the ancient feud with Prince Beezlebub, that he would have been perpetually at blows, or in language with some of the Prince's subjects, and thus have embroiled us anew. So, on the whole, we were not sorry when honest Great-heart went off to the Celestial City in a buff, and left us at liberty to choose a more suitable and accommodating man. Yonder comes the conductor of the train. You will probably recognize him at once."

The engine at this moment took its station in advance of the cars, looking, I must confess, much more like a sort of mechanical demon that would hury us to the infernal regions, than a laudable contrivance for smoothing our way to the Celestial City. On its top sat a personage almost enveloped in smoke and flame, which (not to startle the reader) appeared to gush from his own mouth and stomach as we lagged from the engine's brazen abdomen.

"Is my eye deceiving me?" cried I. "What an earth is this? A living creature? If so, he is own brother to the engine he rides upon."

"Poh, poh, you are obtuse," said Mr. Smooth-it-away, "with a hearty laugh. Don't you know Apollyon, Christian's old enemy, with whom he fought so fierce a battle in the Valley of Humiliation? He was the very fellow to manage the engine, and so we have reconciled him to the custom of going on pilgrimage, and engaged him as chief conductor."

"Bravo—bravo!" exclaimed I, with irrepressible enthusiasm. "This shows the liberality of the age. This proves, if anything can, that many prejudices are in a fair way to be obliterated. And how will Christian rejoice to hear of this happy transformation of his old an-

tagonist. I promise myself great pleasure in insuring him of it when we reach the Celestial City."

The travellers being all comfortably seated, so now rattled away merrily, accomplishing a greater distance in ten minutes than Christian probably trodged over in a day. It was laughable to have glanced along, as it were, at the side of a thousand to observe two dourly toll-travellers in the old pilgrim guise, with corks and staff, and their misgiving rolls of parchment in their hands, and their moleratious burthens on their backs. The preposterous obstinacy of these honest people in persisting to groan and stumble along the difficult pathway, rather than take advantage of modern improvements, excited great mirth among our wiser brotherhood. We greeted the two pilgrims with many pleasant gibes and a roar of laughter, whereupon they gazed at us with such woful and absurdly compassionate gazes, that our merriment grew ten-fold more obstreperous. Apollyon, also, entered heartily into the fun, and contrived to stir the smoke and flame of the engine, or of his own breath, into their faces, and enveloped them in a atmosphere of scalding steam. These little practical jokes amused us mightily, and doubtless afforded the pilgrims the gratification of considering themselves martyrs.

At some distance from the railroad, Mr. Smooth-it-away pointed to a large, antique edifice, which he observed was a tavern of long standing, and had formerly been a noted stopping-place for pilgrims, in Bunyan's road-book it is mentioned as the Interpreter's House.

"I have long had a curiosity to visit that old mansion," remarked I.

"It is not one of our stations, as you perceive," said my companion. "The keepers was violently opposed to the railroad, and well he might be, as the track left his house of entertainment on one side, and thus was pretty certain to deprive him of all his reputable customers. But the foot-path still passes his door, and the old gentleman now and then receives a call from some solitary traveller, and entertains him with fare as old-fashioned as himself."

Before our talk on the subject came to a conclusion, we were rushing by the place where Christian's burthen fell from his shoulders at the sight of the cross. This served for a theme for Mr. Smooth-it-away, Mr. Live-for-the-world, Mr. Hide-an-in-the-heart, and Mr. Scaly-conscience, and a knot of gentlemen from the town of Shun-repentance, to descend upon the incalculable advantages to be gained from the safety of our baggage. Myself and all the passengers indeed joined with great unanimity in this view of the matter, for our burthens were rich in many things esteemed precious throughout the world, and especially, we each of us possessed a variety of favourite habits, which we trusted would not be out of fashion, even in the polite circles of the Celestial City. It would have been a sad spectacle to see such an assortment of valuable articles tumbling into the sepulchre. Thus pleasantly conversing on the favourable circumstances of our position as compared with those of past pilgrims, and of narrow-minded ones at the present day, we soon found ourselves at the foot of Hill Difficulty. Through the very heart of this rocky mountain a tunnel had been constructed of the most admirable architecture, with a lofty arch and a spacious double track, so that notwithstanding the earth and rocks should chance to crumble down, it will remain an eternal monument of builder's skill and enterprise. It is a great thing, incidentally to advance that the materials from the heart of Hill Difficulty have been employed in filling up the Valley of Humiliation; thus obviating the necessity of descending into that disagreeable and unwholesome hollow.

"This is a wonderful improvement, indeed," said I. "Yet I should have been glad of an opportunity to visit the Palace Beautiful, and be introduced to the charming young ladies—Miss Prudence, Miss Piety, Miss Charity, and the rest—who have had the kindness to entertain pilgrims there."

"Young Ladies," cried Mr. Smooth-it-away, "as soon as he could speak for laughing. "And charming young ladies! For my dear fellow, they are old maids, every soul of them—grim, starchy, dry, and angular—and not one of them, I will venture to say, has altered so much as the fashion of her gown, since the days of Christian's pilgrimage."

"Ah, well," said I much comforted, "then I can very well dispense with their acquaintance."

The respectable Apollyon was now putting out the steam at a prodigious rate, anxious perhaps to get rid of the unpleasant reminiscences connected with the spot where he had so disastrously encountered Christian. Consulting Mr. Bunyan's road-book, I perceived that we must now be within a few miles of the Valley of the Shadow of Death, into which deleterious region, at our present speed, we should plunge much sooner than seemed at all desirable. In truth I expected nothing better than to find myself in the ditch on one side, or the quag on the other. But, on communicating my apprehensions to Mr. Smooth-it-away, he assured me that the difficulties of this passage, even in its worst condition had been vastly exaggerated, and that in its present state of improvement, I might consider myself as safe as on any railroad in Christendom.

Even while we were speaking, the train shot into the entrance of this dreaded valley.— Though I plead guilty to some foolish palpitations of the heart during our headlong rush over the cavernous bowels of the earth, yet we were unjust to withhold the highest encomiums on the wisdom of its original conception, and the ingenuity with which it was executed. It was gratifying likewise to observe how much care had been taken to dispel the everlasting gloom and supply the defect of cheerful sunshine, not a ray of which has ever penetrated these awful bowels.

For this purpose, the inflammable gas, which exudes plentifully from the soil, is collected by means of pipes, and thence conducted to a quadruple row of lamps along the whole extent of the passage. Thus a radiance has been created, even out of the fiery and sulphurous excreta that rises forever upon the valley; a radiance lurid, but ever, to the eyes, and somewhat bewildering, as I discovered by the changes which it wrought on the visages of my companions. In this respect, as compared with natural daylight, there was the same difference as between truth and falsehood, but if the reader has ever travelled through the dark valley, he will have learned to be thankful for any light that he can get; if not from the sky above, then from the blasted oak beneath. Such was the red brilliancy of these lamps that they appeared to build walls of fire on both sides of the track, between which we held our course at lightning speed, while a reverberating thunder filled the valley with its echoes. Had the engine run off the track, (a catastrophe it is whispered, by no means unprecedented,) the bottomless pit, if there be any such place, would undoubtedly have received us. Just as some dismal foibles of this kind had made my heart quake, there came a tremendous shriek careering along the valley, as if a thousand devils had burst their lungs to utter it, but which proved to be merely the whistle of the engine on arriving at a stopping place.

The spot where we had now paused is the same that our friend Bunyan—a truthful man, but infected with many fantastic notions—has designated, in terms plainer than I like to repeat, as the mouth of the infernal region. This, however, must be a mistake, inasmuch as Mr. Smooth-it-away, while we remained in the smoky and lurid cavern, took occasion to prove that Tophet has not even a metaphorical existence. The place, he assured us, is no other than the crater of a half extinct volcano, in which the diabolical cause forges to be set up for the manufacture of railroad iron. Hence also is obtained a plentiful supply of fuel for the use of the engines. We were here gazed into the dismal obscurity of the broad cavern mouth, whence, erect and anon, dashed huge tongues of dusky flame, and the most strange-shaped shaped monsters, as well as scenes of fearful grotesque into which the smoke seemed to writh itself, and had heard the avast murmurs, and shrieks, and deep soughing, whispers of the blast, sometimes blowing itself into words almost articulate—would have been red upon Mr. Smooth-it-away's countenance as greedily as we did. The inhabitants of the cavern, moreover, were unwearied personages, dark, smoke-begrimed, generally deformed, with misshapen feet, and a pair of dusky claws in their eyes, as if their hands had caught fire, and were blazing out of the upper windows. It struck me as a peculiarity that our labourers at the forge and those who brought fuel to the engine, when they began to draw in their breath, positively emitted smoke from their mouth and nostrils.

Among the idlers about the train, most of whom were puffing cigars which they had lighted at the flame of the crater, I was perplexed to notice several who, to my certain knowledge, had herefore set forth by railroad to the Celestial City. They looked dark, wild, and smoky, with a singular resemblance, indeed, to the native inhabitants, like whom, also, they had a disagreeable propensity to utter snarling gibes and sneers, the habit of which had wrought a scolding contortion on their visages. Having begun on speaking terms with one of them—a indolent, good-for-nothing fellow, who went by the name of Take-it-easy—I called to him, and inquired what was his business there.

"Did you not start," said I, "for the Celestial City?"

"That's a fact," said Mr. Take-it-easy, carefully puffing some smoke into my eye. "But I heard such bad accounts that I never took pains to climb the hill on which the city stands. No business doing, no fun going on, nothing to drink and no smoking allowed, and a thrumming of church music from morning till night. I would not stay in such a place, if they offered me house-room and living free." "But, my good Mr. Take-it-easy," cried I, "why take up your residence here, of all places in the world?" "Oh," said the loafer with a grin, "it is very warm hereabouts, and I meet with plenty of old acquaintances, and altogether the place suits me. I hope to see you back again, some day moon. A pleasant journey to you."

While he was speaking, the bell of the engine rang, and we dashed away after dropping a few passengers, but receiving no new ones. Rattling onward through the valley, we were dazzled with the fiercely gleaming gas lamps, as before; but sometimes, in the dark, of intense brightness, gem-faces, that bore the aspect and expression of individual spirits or evil passions, seemed to thrust themselves through the veil of light, glaring upon us, and stretching forth a great dusky hand, as if to impede our progress. I almost thought that they were my own sins that appalled me there. These were freaks of imagination—nothing more,—mere delusions, which I ought to be heartily ashamed of; but all through the dark Valley, I was tormented, and pestered, and doubtfully bewildered with the same kind of waking dreams. The mephitic gases of that region indigest the brain. As the light of the natural day however began to struggle with the glow of the lanterns, these wild imaginations lost their vividity, and finally vanished with the first ray of sunshine that greeted our escape from the Valley of the Shadow of Death. Now we had gone a mile beyond it, I could not help have taken my oath that this whole gloomy passage was a dream.

At the end of the valley, so John Bunyan mentions, is a cavern, where, in his day, such two great giants, Pope and Fagan, who had sworn

the ground about their residence with the bones of slaughtered pilgrims. These vile old troglodytes are no longer there...

It was late in the day, when the train then departed for the mountain of Vanity, where Vanity Fair is still the height of prosperity...

Directed actually of a serious turn, my attention was directed to the solid advantages derivable from a residence here, rather than to the effervescent pleasures, which are the grand object of his many visitors...

It would fill a volume, in an age of pamphlets, were I to record all my observations in this great capital of his business and pleasure...

loser in the long run—Thousands sold their happiness for a whim. Golden chains were in great demand, and purchased with almost any sacrifice...

Facts of land and golden mansions, situate in the Celestial City, were often exchanged, at very advantageous rates, for a few years lease of wretched, dismal, unbecoming tenements in Vanity Fair...

One of them—his name was Stuck-to-the-right—permeated in my face, I suppose, a species of sympathy and almost admiration...

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

"The Lord of the Celestial City," began the other pilgrim, whose name was Mr. Go-the-old-way, "has a fabled, and a well-deserved, reputation for a set of corrupt practices..."

"This incident made a considerable impression on my mind, and continued with more circumstantiality to impress me as a permanent residence in the city of Vanity, although, of course, I was in a simple enough to give up my original plan of gliding along easily and contentedly by rail-road..."

Finally, after a pretty long residence at the Fair, I resumed my journey towards the Celestial City still with Mr. Smooth-it-away at my side. At a short distance beyond the suburbs of vanity we passed the ancient silver-mine, of which Demands was the first discoverer...

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

Smooth-it-away, for Apollyon it putting on the steam-gain. The road now plunged into a gorgo of the Detestable Mountains, and traversed the field where, in former ages, the blind men wandered and stumbled among the tombs...

My recollection of the journey are now, for a little space, dim and confused, inasmuch as a singular darkness here overcame me, owing to the fact that we were passing over the enchanted ground, the use of which encourages a disposition to sleep...

While the horrid clamor was still ringing in our ears, we heard an exciting 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...

"Never fear—never fear!" answered my friend. "Come—make haste the ferry-boat will be at the other side of the river. No doubt you will find coaches to carry you up to the city gates."

"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 Black Valley...

"The Old Paths—It is now a time when it behooves every member of our Zion to inquire for them. 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 Episcopopians—'Stand ye in its ways, and see and ask for the old paths, where is the good way, and walk therein, and ye shall find rest to your souls.'"

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...

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...

The old paths were clearly and luminously pointed out by Christ and his apostles, and the delineations enscribed in the pages of the New Testament. The early Christians walked therein soon, however, the gangrene of human corruption began to infect the church...

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 opposed by some that the doctrine of the New Faith and the Lord's return are new doctrines, but nothing can be farther from the truth...

These truths were partly forgotten until they were exhibited in the reformation, when this glorious vision again burst upon the astonished gaze, and was embraced by those who renounced the manumeries of Romanism...

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...

THE GOSPEL does what was never effected by any other system. It dethrones sin from the throne—it restores the majesty of Deity upon the earth—it reconciles man to his Maker—it bears up its possessors to a height of affliction—it converts a dragon into a worm—it makes martyrdom joyful—transforms death into a welcome friend—silences the thunders of Mount Sinai—gives a title to heaven—it lifts the immortality brought to light by the gospel!

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