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## A DISCOURSE,

**Showing professors and non professors the necessity of using the plain word of God, the effect that it produces when used, and the fatal consequences when it is neglected.**

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By J. Root ✓

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## TO THE PUBLIC.

The author of this Address did not expect to publish, when he delivered it, but being requested by some of his brethren, he has thought proper to lay it before the public. Being an uneducated man, he lays no claim to purity of style in his composition, he claims only purity of motive. The sentiments advanced he believes to be correct, and for them he offers no apology; but only requests a candid perusal from all who love the truth.

J. ROOT.

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# ADDRESS.

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*"If thou hast run with the footmen, and they have wearied thee, then how canst thou contend with horses? And, if in the land of peace wherein thou trustedst, they wearied thee, then how wilt thou do in the swelling of Jordan?"—Jer. xii, 5.*

Jeremiah seems to have been a very young man when called to the prophetic office; and like Peter, unacquainted with the wickedness of his own heart, or the desperate wickedness of those around him. But the servant of God, who faithfully delivers his message, will not long remain ignorant of the true character of mankind in any age or nation: and the continual moanings of Jeremiah shows us that he soon began to learn the painful lesson; for he says *"Wo is me, my mother, that thou hast borne me, a man of strife and contention to the whole land, I have neither lent on usury, nor men have lent to me on usury; yet every one of them doth curse me."* To cry and complain was peculiar to this prophet, who, like the rest of our fallen race, was more willing to cry than to enter upon hard service; and he had scarcely begun to set the iniquity of the people before them, when he found that briars and thorns were with him; for even the men of his native city threatened to kill him, if he did not cease to proclaim the word of the Lord. The astonished prophet goes to the Lord with his complaint, asserts his integrity, and asks—*"Wherefore doth the way of the wicked prosper? wherefore are all they happy that deal very treacherously?"* Instead of answering his questions, the Lord took the opportunity to open the eyes of the prophet, and says to him *"If thou hast run with the footmen, and they have wearied thee, then how canst thou contend with horses? And, if in the land of peace wherein thou trustedst, they wearied thee, then how wilt thou do in the swelling of Jordan?"* As if the Lord had said—If thou findest thyself unable to encounter the men of Anaboth, thy own brethren, what wilt thou do when I shall send thee to the princes of Israel, and bid thee charge them with their guilt and threaten them with my vengeance? Thou art now in a land of peace, and art thou so disheartened? what wilt thou do when the storm of war arises, and the Chaldean trumpet sounds? And when I send thee to proclaim my truth and denounce judgment, when thou seest arrayed against thee the king and his princes, the false prophets, and the worthless priests, what wilt thou do in that swelling of Jordan?

Although the prophets were the honoured instruments of God, in communicating his truth to mankind, and were kept by the Spirit of God from all errors in these communications; yet, they have left on record abundant evidence that they were partakers of the same fallen nature with the rest of mankind: and had they been left to themselves they never would have been murdered for their faithfulness to the people. God showed his prophets all the abominations of which the people were guilty, and commanded them to set their sins in order

before them, from the highest to the lowest; and those crimes that were done in secret, God ordered his prophets to publish in the most public places of concourse. He demanded repentance for past transgressions, immediate submission, and obedience in future; and threatened with the most fearful destruction, all who refused to obey his just commands. And here a passing remark may not be unprofitable. If the course pursued by a great portion of preachers and professors, be a right one, then God Almighty was certainly in the wrong; for the course *he* took to present *his* truth to the rebellious Jews, and the manner in which *they* propose it, or rather the way in which they evade proposing it, are as opposite as light and darkness. But to proceed, this was the only way in which God would allow his prophets to address the people. He never allowed them to palliate, or keep in the back-ground the enormous wickedness of the people. And when Ezekiel would have plead for the city, God says "Son of man, wilt thou judge, wilt thou judge the bloody city! yea, thou shalt shew her all her abominations." And when God sent Jeremiah with the most tremendous denunciations, and threatened to bring such evil upon the place, that whosoever heard it, his ears should tingle; that he would cause them to fall by the sword, and their carcases should be meat for the fowls of heaven, and the beasts of the earth; that he would cause them to eat the flesh of their sons and their daughters, in the siege and straightness wherewith their enemies should straiten them; that their palaces should become like burying places; and that he would bring destruction upon all their cities and towns, because they hardened their necks, and would not hear his word. It was then that this young prophet began to find out what it was to contend with horses; for Pashur, the son of Immar, the High Priest, caused him to be publicly scourged, and set him in the stocks until the next day. It seems that Pashur was a false prophet, as well as governor of the temple; and when he released Jeremiah, God ordered his servant to address him personally, and says Jeremiah, "The Lord hath not called thy name Pashur, but Magor Missabib, or Terrou, round about. For thus saith the Lord: "Behold I will make thee a terror to thyself, and to all thy friends." And the judgments were again denounced. "And thou, Pashur, shalt go into captivity, and there thou shalt die, thou and all thy friends to whom thou hast prophesied lies." It is most probable that the prophet received some farther abuse from this wicked man, or from some of his associates; and he bitterly complains that he was in derision daily. He says, "Every one mocketh me, the word of the Lord is made a reproach unto me, and a derision daily. Then I said, I will not make mention of him, nor speak any more in his name. But his word was in mine heart, as a burning fire shut up in my bones; and I was weary with forbearing, and I could not stay." By this time the prophet must have forgotten the opposition of the men of Anaboth, or remembered it only as running with the footmen; for he had indeed to contend with the swelling of Jordan. The weak and wicked Zedekiah had broken his oath of allegiance to Nebuchadnezzar; and that bold man who could say, "Who is that God that shall deliver you out of my hand?" and who was a scourge in the hand of God to chastise the guilty, was marshaling his numerous host in order to precipitate them on the devoted city. What a situation for the messenger of Jehovah! When he cast a

glance over the land, he saw it crimsoned with the blood-red crimes of its guilty inhabitants. God was about to forsake his temple, destruction upon destruction was coming; the famine and pestilence to waste and destroy, and the sword as a gleaner to consume the remnant. Yet, if he went to the poor and told them those things, and urged them to repent, as the only way to escape the judgments of God, they hardened their faces harder than a rock, and refused to repent, determined to persist in their impenitence at the hazard of destruction; while those who stood high in rank, had altogether broken the yoke and burst the bonds. With them, entreaties passed unheeded, counsel they despised, God's threatened judgments they sneered at; and when the prophet laid open to view their horrid guilt, and made them feel the justice of those judgments with which God threatened them, the scourge, the stocks, derision, and the dungeon were his only recompense. Says God Almighty, "Charge these haughty rebels with their guilt, and tell them that for their crimes I will give them into the hands of the wicked, who are cruel and fierce to destroy; and they shall burn their city and temple with fire." The princes say to the king. "Let this man be put to death, for thus he weakened the hands of the men of war, in speaking such words unto them; for this man seeketh not the welfare of this people, but the hurt." While the prophet was trying by every means in his power to induce them to repent, and submit to God, and do these things which alone could save them, these obstinate rebels charged him with wishing their destruction, and with aiding the cause of their enemies. Nothing could be more unjust than such a charge; these men well knew it.

Their false prophets had assured them that the king of Babylon should not come against the land. But the king of Babylon was there, and his standards were floating around the city. They had the proof before them that their false prophets were liars; and yet, when Jeremiah told them the same truths from the mouth of the Almighty, which he had told them before; and says to them, "*Where are now your prophets that prophesied unto you, saying, the King of Babylon shall not come against you, nor against this land?*" Behold! the king of Babylon is here! What have I offended against you that ye have me put in prison? I have only delivered God's message as he commanded me; and now, I beseech you, hearken to his commands, that ye may live, and not die; and that your city and temple may not be burned with fire. Hear the response from the vilest of the vile,—"*This man seeketh not the welfare of this people, but the hurt; put him to death.*" And they would have destroyed the prophet, in order to rid themselves of those faithful reproofs. Determined to disobey the Almighty, they would have murdered his servant, had not the word of the Lord been pledged that they should not prevail against him. "They shall fight against thee," saith God, "but they shall not prevail." And they did not; for these nobles with their guilty king, were either slain or carried away captive, while the enemy gave Jeremiah his choice, to go with them or stay in his own land. And this prophet, who was falsely accused of being disaffected to his people, refused the princely offers of the Chaldean Monarch, and chose to stay with the poor remnant that was left in the land, in hopes yet to be of some service to the broken fragment. Strange enmity, this, to his people!

And when Ishmael murdered their leader, and the distracted few

were about to flee into Egypt, in opposition to God's commands, did the prophet fall away to the Chaldeans? No. He had been accused of this before the city was taken. What did he do? Why he manifested the *same* enmity that he had always manifested towards his ungrateful countrymen; for now, in their distress, they pretended to become humble, and requested him to inquire of the Lord for them; and they called God to witness that they would obey his commandments by his prophet, whether they were for good or evil. But no sooner did Jeremiah make known God's commands to them, than they accused him of falsehood, and being set on by Baruch to deliver them into the hands of the Chaldeans. Such are the miserable subterfuges of guilt! They had made up their minds to go down to Egypt before they came to the prophet, and God told him of it; and charged them with dissembling in their hearts, when they said, "Pray for us unto the Lord our God, and according to all that the Lord our God shall say, declare unto us; we will do it." "And now," says Jeremiah, "I have this day declared it to you; but ye have not obeyed the voice of the Lord your God; nor anything for the which he has sent me unto you. Now, therefore, know certainly, that ye shall die by the sword, by the famine, and by the pestilence, in the place whither ye desire to go and sojourn." But, notwithstanding they had seen the judgments of God poured out upon Jerusalem—which Jeremiah had predicted, and heard him declare, that if they persisted in their determination to seek an asylum in the land of Egypt, they should die by the sword, the famine, and the pestilence: yet to Egypt they went, and this aged servant of God along with them, still trying to induce them to turn from the error of their ways. What a practical comment is here on 1 Cor. xiii. "*Love beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things.*" He had borne with them in all their obstinacy, he had believed and hoped that he could be beneficial to them, notwithstanding the gloomy prospect; he had endured every thing but death in striving to benefit them, and that he was yet to endure from the hands of these miscreant wretches, because, obeying the commands of God, he persisted in charging them with their guilt, and continued to set their sins in order before them, while he pointed out their certain destruction if they persisted in their obstinate impenitence. This was love of heavenly origin;—the same love that animated the Lord Jesus Christ, who endured such contradiction of sinners against himself; the same divine principles that actuated the apostles and their followers, when they endured such great fights of afflictions, and fought the good fight, and were prepared to receive the crown of glory. This prophet's warfare was now nearly ended. When these few that were left out of the many arrived in Egypt, in opposition to God's commands, they became more audacious than they had been in their own land. God sent the prophet, and told them that they had seen his fury poured forth upon the cities of Judah, and in the streets of Jerusalem, and says "Wherefore commit ye this great evil against your souls, to cut off from you, man and woman, child and suckling, to leave you none to remain, in that ye provoked me unto wrath with the works of your hands, burning incense unto other gods in the land of Egypt, whither ye be gone to dwell!" and asked them if they had forgotten the wickedness of their fathers, their own wickedness, and the wickedness of their wives, that they had committed in the land of Judah, and in

the street of Jerusalem; and told them that they were still unhumbled, that they feared him not, notwithstanding all the judgments he had brought upon them for their sins; that, therefore, they should be consumed, from the least to the greatest, and become an execration, an astonishment, a curse, and a reproach. These most outrageous rebels had been spared through the tremendous destruction that came upon their own land; but, instead of profiting by the judgments of God, they had continued to harden their necks in rebellion, until they now wanted no subterfuge for disobedience. Hear their answer to the prophet. "As for the word thou hast spoken unto us in the name of the Lord, we will not hearken unto thee." Their language was now that of bold defiance. They had passed that turning point which every being that is lost must pass; for they had declared they would not have the Lord to reign over them, they would perform their vows to other gods. Jehovah then informed them that they had made a vow in opposition to their's, which was, that his name should no more be named in the mouth of any man of all that wicked company in the land of Egypt that is, he would give them up, that he would watch over them for evil, and not for good. They were determined that their words should stand; but God declared that he would punish them in that place, that they might know his word should surely stand against them for evil. It did stand. For a few years after the destruction of Jerusalem, Nebuchadnezzar, as Jeremiah had foretold, invaded Egypt, slaughtered an immense number of its inhabitants, and ravaged the land from one end of it to the other; and it is hazardous nothing to say, that these obstinate enemies of Jehovah perished as he had declared they should. But they first added to their long list of blood-red crimes, the murder of their aged prophet, who had been for more than forty years, a faithful minister of God to that guilty race. Faithful to the last, he boldly charged those with their guilt who had thrown themselves out of the pale of God's protection; and assured them that they could not escape the vengeance of the Almighty.

This man had run with the footmen, contended with horses, and passed through the swelling of Jordan, when the land hove out its guilty inhabitants. But to these men, God had given the last warning, made the last demand, and sent his last terrific threat of vengeance. Restraint was taken off, and the boiling venom of these children of hell, like a volcano bursting discharged its fury on the now devoted head of their faithful reprover. His work was done; and God Almighty, through the very malice of his enemies, took him, as he did Stephen, to heaven in a flood of glory. It is animating to think of the many millions since that time, who have trod the same glorious path, "of whom," says the apostle, "the world was not worthy. They were mocked and scourged, stoned and sawn asunder, slain with the sword, destitute and afflicted." Yet pursuing the same undeviating course, like Jeremiah, faithfully declaring God's truth to an unholy world, even in the very furnace of afflictions. What armies of them rose to heaven shortly after the apostolic ages! What a spectacle was presented to men, angels and devils! The seed of the serpent, with the secular power in their hands, crying havoc! the hounds of persecution unchained; the rack and the flame at work; and the seemingly powerless hand about to be annihilated by these engines of the powers of darkness; when, strange to tell, no sooner was the front ranks laughed, then noiseless warriors filled their places, widening

and deepening on either hand, the rear pressing to the front, and the front rank burst into glory, while angels shouted over their beautified spirits; and those who aided in the work of destruction to-day, like Saul of Tarsus, were in the front rank themselves to-morrow. This was a scene fit for a God to exhibit to a wondering universe. Devils, confounded, fled the fight; and the stone cut out without hands, became a mountain and filled the earth.

The character of these men is described in the fourth chapter of Acts. They prayed that they might speak the word with all boldness, and they were all filled with the Holy Ghost, and they all spake the word with boldness. Not a few of the leaders only spake the word with boldness, but the whole multitude of them that believed were of one heart and of one soul; all were filled with the Holy Ghost, and they spake the word of God with boldness. Then God's children loved one another, and great grace was upon them all. Do you not see, that speaking the word with boldness, loving one another, and the favour of God, all go together? One of the heathen writers, who wrote about that time, and calls the religion of the Lord Jesus Christ an execrable superstition, says it is incredible to see with what swiftness those superstitions fly to the relief of each other. Was a brother arraigned for the word of the testimony, they flew to his side, and as a volume of prayer arose, the Holy Ghost descended. These were their happiest hours. They loved not their lives unto the death, for when the circling flames let out one happy spirit filled with the Holy Ghost, they proclaimed the same truths, and stood ready to seal them with their own blood. This was the spirit before which the pagan altars crumbled. This was the spirit that wrested the iron sceptre, and shook to pieces the colossal power of the Romish church. Witness Luther's answer, when called to the Diet at Worms. Some of his friends advised him not to go; but, said Luther, "I am lawfully called to appear in that city, and thither I will go, in the name of the Lord, though as many devils as there are tiles on the houses, were there combined against me." It is the same spirit that animated the prophets, that blazed in the apostles and martyrs, that set the first reformers at work, that is now waking up a portion of the Christian community, and showing them their duty. It excites them to action. They proclaim God's truth as he laid it down in his word, without evasion or any kind of subterfuge. Their language is, We will serve God, We will proclaim his truth to those around, let the consequences be what they may.

But, as in former times, the seed of the serpent is not idle. Satan well knows where the strength lies. His power in the earth had been overthrown, by the use that God's children made of the truth, after the apostolic ages; for though Satan had thrown in all his power directly to oppose the word of God, that opposition was swept away like a feather before a whirlwind. The leader of the powers of darkness saw his error. He was convinced that the word of God was indeed almighty, and that when used in its purity, nothing could withstand it. The ruined archangel laid a plan to corrupt it. He waited until those who had felt and used its life-giving power had gone to heaven, and then he introduced what St. Paul denominates the mystery of iniquity; and for more than eight hundred years he hid that word in the smoke of the bottomless pit. This was a master-stroke worthy of the competitor of Jesus Christ. It shows him, as Milton

describes him, nothing less than an archangel ruined; for by it he once more obtained in the earth almost universal dominion. You who are acquainted with history, know the time to which I allude, the 6th and 7th centuries, when the nations of the earth were fast departing away from their former glory, into a state of more than savage barbarity. Every art and science was abandoned. The work of destruction assumed a systematic form, and nothing escaped its fury. Mankind, with hellish malice, were depopulating the earth, to populate the infernal regions. What a triumph for the foe, in that long night of horror and blackness, over which God has, as it were, thrown a veil, as he did over the actions of those before the flood; as much as to say, sinful mortals, you are vile enough in yourselves, without having before your eyes the actions of these monsters of iniquity. From that day to this, it has been the great effort of the adversary of souls to keep the word in the back-ground, to introduce some system, or to infuse into the minds of Christians some ideas that should appear plausible, and take the precedence of that course which Christians pursued, when God Almighty overthrew the powers of darkness before his plain truth.

Satan and his angels are much better acquainted with mankind than they are with themselves. They know that mankind are never ready to pursue that course which God requires, unless they live in such a manner that the Spirit of God is continually resting upon them.—They know that the prophets did their duty only when the Spirit of God was with them. They are well aware that Christians will never use the word as God has commanded, without the Spirit. The moment a Christian has lost the Spirit of God, he takes another course altogether. See him when the Spirit of God is with him; put him into company with impenitent men, and he introduces the subject of religion, will talk plainly about it to them, will be in earnest about it, and if they try to evade it, and talk on other subjects, he has no disposition to converse with them. He views them just as he would a man standing on the brink of a precipice which was crumbling away, and about to let him down into an abyss a thousand feet beneath, to dash him in pieces. He says, Friend, come away from that precipice! O, says the man, I stand very well where I am. Stand very well where you are! do you not see it is giving way every moment?—Every bone in your body will be broken if you do not come away. I tell you, says the man, I am not to be frightened away. You cannot scare me—I know what I am about. Let us talk on some other subject. He looks at him with perfect astonishment. Talk on some other subject! are you crazy, sir? you will be precipitated down that gulf in less than ten minutes, if you do not come away. Come away! as you value your life. Says the man, I do not want you should say anything more to me about my situation. I do not like your way: you are altogether too harsh. It must be by very mild measures that I leave this precipice, if I ever leave it. The Christian looks at him, casts his eye down the giddy steep, sees the little mound on which he stands giving way beneath him, and throws his whole soul into his looks and language:—Will you destroy yourself like a fool? spring away, or you are lost in a moment. The man looks at him, and says, I think you must be a little shattered; you have talked about this precipice so much, it has made you crazy. Horror-struck, the Christian turns away. In the agony of his soul he falls upon his

knees, and says, Lord God Almighty, have mercy on this fellow immortal, and take him out of the grasp of the devil. This is the way the Christian feels and acts, when the spirit that actuated Jeremiah is with him.

But take the Christian without that spirit, and place him in company with hoary-headed sinners. The laugh and the joke goes round, and the conversation flows on all subjects, *Christianity alone excepted*. He spends hours with them every day, but not a word about that Eternity on which they must so soon enter—not a word to urge them to come away from that precipice on which they are standing—not a syllable to warn them of that gulf over which they are hanging, suspended only by a breath of air. Or if the subject *should be* introduced, this man keeps all the guilt of disobedience and the penalties attached to unrepented crimes, out of sight; and religion is a good thing to live by, and to die by. ‘O yes, deacon,’ says Major, Squire, or Colonel, ‘we all allow religion to be a very good thing. We can get along very well with such professors as you are, who mind their own business; but we do not like those hell-fire crazy fellows, who send us all to damnation if we will not do just as they want to have us. Saucy, impudent, fanatics! they abuse every body. Why, deacon, they will abuse you because you do not act just as they do. They abuse the best men, we have in society.’ ‘Yes,’ says the deacon, ‘I know it. I do not like the course they pursue any better than you do. They get every body angry at them, and you know that is not my way. I believe the servant of the Lord must be gentle to all men. ‘Yes, yes, deacon, the Christian should be clothed with humility. We love such Christians; but we perfectly hate those who are continually sending us to hell, because we will not come into their measures.’ Says the deacon, ‘I do not want to send any body to hell. I hope the Lord will have mercy on you all.’ ‘That is right, deacon; that shows a Christian spirit, a spirit of love and good will to all mankind.’ Says the deacon, ‘I have some business that must be attended to. Major, when does our bank-note become due!’

“Such a day.” “Good morning, gentlemen.” “Good morning, deacon; call again when you can make it convenient---call often; we shall always be happy to see you. The Major casts a sneering glance after him, looks up at the Colonel, and says, “Colonel what do you think of our deacon’s Christianity?” “Think of it,” says the Colonel, “why I knew him before he became a professor, and he is a little more covetous and trickish *now* than he was then; I have to watch him a little closer when I make a bargain with him, and that is all the difference I see.” “Pshaw,” says the Squire, “he a Christian! no more of a Christian than I am. A man that believes Christianity will be consistent; he will act as though he believed it. Do you suppose that if I believed Christianity, that I should come here and sit day after day, and not try to persuade you to escape from that awful destruction with which the bible threatens the finally impenitent? If I *could* do it, I should deserve to be damned in good earnest. But see this man! he never introduces Christianity himself, and I frequently have observed, when the subject of religion was introduced, he always had some business to attend to, just as he had this morning. If the subject of religion had not been introduced, he would have stayed here two hours. You can get rid of that man when you please, if you will but begin to talk about Christianity.” Says the Major, “I

wish all Christians were just like him; not because I think any better of him than you do, gentlemen, for I believe him to be a hypocrite—his actions show it; but if all Christians were just like him, we should have no fuss about religion. I cannot bear such a noise about it. Every few months when one of these fanatics comes along, he sets them all on fire, and they raise such confusion, that, for my life, I cannot tell where I am, nor what I am about; and I get so near crazy myself, that I am almost persuaded to believe there is something in it. But when I see them all, or most of them, act like this old deacon in a few weeks after, I am persuaded it is all nothing but animal excitement."

This is the manner in which impenitent men, in opposition to the evidence of their senses, and to the consciousness of their own feelings, harden themselves for damnation. What is the reason that old deacon cannot stay when the subject of religion is introduced? Why, the very commendations which these men bestow, are like dagger-stabs; for he knows that he does not do his duty. He *feels* that such a course as they approve is not God's course; and he hears a voice, saying, Show the wicked his way, and the end thereof. But, says he, I cannot take up the cross; I must have some easier way. The man has neglected his duty, until he has lost the Spirit of God, and Satan makes use of him to hinder the progress of the gospel. Perhaps he has felt little of the Spirit, except its reproofs, since he was first converted.

When a professor can talk about loving impenitent men, and neglect to place God's truth before them, then he is ready for the service of Satan, for he has lost the Spirit of God; and as for aiding the cause of Christ, without the Spirit, that is out of the question, and the man will, in some way or other, hinder the cause instead of advancing it.

Satan has a peculiar way in which he kills young converts through the instrumentality of such professors. When the young convert first feels the Spirit of God resting upon him, he shows his love to his impenitent friends, by his actions. His countenance is lit up by the Holy Ghost, his eye flames, and he speaks boldly in the cause of the Lord Jesus. He proclaims the name of his Saviour to those with whom he associates, and he urges them, with all his ability, to flee from the wrath to come. Scoffs and frowns will not have any effect upon him. He says, I mean to serve the Lord Jesus Christ as long as I live, and you must serve him too, or you will go to hell. Come, go to meeting with me, and give your heart to God, that you may be saved. They hear his bold voice, see determination exhibited in every look, and the hardened sinner quails before it, and begins to ask himself what means this? Says Satan, I must stop this young convert. You old professor, give that young convert some advice: and the devil speaks right through this old professor, who has lost all the Spirit of God. The young convert has just done his duty, feels animated, and with countenance glowing, grasps the hand of the old professor. My young friend, says the old professor, I want to give you some advice. Religion is a still, small voice, a kind loving spirit, a gentle lamb-like disposition. The servant of the Lord must strive, but be gentle toward all men. You must win impenitent men by your love. It will not do to tell them that they must go to hell if they do not repent; you will make them angry. That is a wrong spirit. Take care, I am afraid the devil will get you spiritually proud. You will have a

great many dark days, yet: you must get a loving disposition. Why, says the young convert, it is because I love them that I tell them they must go to hell if they do not repent. God says so. I want they should see it, that they may repent and be saved. Says the old professor, I felt just as you do when I was first converted, but I soon found it was a wrong spirit. It made every body angry, and old professors soon told me better. Why, you cannot convert the sinner;—it must be God that does that. If you want the sinner converted, you must pray in faith. The prayer of faith converts the sinner. This does the business. Down sits the young convert, stops using the Word with impenitent sinners, and talks about the prayer of faith, and the excellency of love. There, says the devil, you may go on with your faith and love; I will soon have you as cold as the old professor, and then I will use you just as I have him. Satan knows that there is no such thing as the prayer of faith, when the professor, to get rid of the cross, put God's truth in the back-ground. If Satan can only get away the Spirit from the Christian, why then he can cover up the Word in doctrine, or make a great noise about faith and love, and persuade the Christian that he is rich, when he is poor, and blind, and miserable, and naked. Jesus Christ says to the Church of Philadelphia: "Because thou hast kept my word, I, also, will keep thee from the hour of temptation, that shall come upon all the world." Because they kept his word, God kept them when the destroying sword of the ruthless Ottomans, more desolating than the poisonous wind of the desert, swept, tornado-like, from one end of Asia to the other. Yes, an enemy to God's word has left it on record, that when all around was smoking ruin, Philadelphia stood erect, a column in a scene of ruins. No wonder the prince of hell wants to bury up that word. He knows its power, has felt it, and he knows that if he does not keep the great body of Christians from using it, he is bound at once. That word shows the sinner his guilt, brings the iniquity of his heart into the light, lays God's commands upon him, threatens him with damnation if he persists in his iniquity, calls upon him to give up his rebellion, and points him to a risen and ascended Saviour, as his only hope of escape from eternal burnings. Hear its language. God charges them with having turned their backs on all his instructions, hating the knowledge of him, rejecting his counsel, despising all his reproof, and choosing darkness rather than light, because their deeds are evil; and he says, "Turn yourselves from your transgressions, so iniquity shall not be your ruin; turn ye. turn ye from your evil ways, for why will ye die, O house of Israel;" John the Baptist says, "Repent ye, and bring forth fruits meet for repentance." He shows the Scribes and Pharisees what a generation of vipers they were, and says, "The axe is laid at the root of the tree; repent ye, or ye will be hewn down and cast into the fire." Jesus Christ began with, "Repent ye, and believe the gospel. Except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish. But he that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out. He that believeth on me shall have everlasting life, and I will raise him up at the last day. But ye will not come to me that ye might have life. I know you, that ye have not the love of God in you. Ye are of your father the devil, and his works ye will do; and ye shall die in your sins; whither I go ye cannot come. Why do ye not understand my speech, even because ye cannot hear my word." They dislike the word that told them what they were. In another place,

after he had laid open their guilt, he says, "How can ye escape the damnation of hell?" As if he had said, seeing you are determined to persist in your rejection of me, you must be damned. This is the word that St. Paul says "is sharper than a two-edged sword, piercing even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit, and is a discernor of the thoughts and intents of the heart." This is the word that Satan fears. This is the word, which, if used by the great body of professors, would fly with lightning speed to earth's remotest bounds. This the enemy well knows. He knows that when the Christian has got the Spirit of God resting upon him, he will show the wicked his way, and the end thereof. This is the word, that almighty word that makes the prince of hell tremble. This is the reason why Satan used that old professor to get the Spirit away from that young convert, so that he may stop him from using the Word. As soon as the Christian stops using the Word, he loses all the Spirit of God. Then he dislikes all those plain, practical requirements in the word of God; and he thinks the minister very harsh, when he proclaims that God, out of Jesus Christ, is a consuming fire; and he begins to try to find excuses for his neglect of duty. The Spirit reproves him, points out his duty, and charges him with guilt for neglecting it. Day after day he resists the Spirit, until he settles down in perfect antinomianism, and then he is ready to quarrel with these who would urge him to duty, in order to justify himself for the neglect of it. Now such a professor has no fellow feeling with one who uses the Word, and has the Spirit resting upon him. One is going forward using the Word, and doing his duty—and the other neglecting it, or trying to substitute something else in the place of it. One, like Paul, is reviled and hated, considered the filth, and treated as the off-scouring of all things, because he tells mankind what God commands him to tell them; the other has become an enemy to the cross, given up the favour of God in order to get the good will of impenitent sinners, and fares just as that old deacon did, as soon as his back is turned. He tell about loving our poor souls, says impenitent men, why he would cheat us out of our eye-teeth if he could, in making a bargain.

Such a man robs God of his glory, by neglecting to proclaim his truth to those around him; and consequently, he is not too good to rob his fellow-men. Such a professor stands just where Satan would have him stand. He makes him a perfect stumbling-block to the impenitent, and a corruptor of his brethren around him, as far as his influence extends. Does the minister urge Christians to their duty, reprove the church for its coldness, and warn sinners, in and out of the church, to beware of the coming wrath: this man tells his brethren he does not know as they are any worse than the rest of the churches, and thinks the minister is taking most unwarrantable liberties; and tells the impenitent he does not like that man—that is no way to preach. A minister ought to preach the love of God. Just so we think, deacen. We must be coaxed off the precipice, if ever we get off. You cannot drive us. No, says the deacon, nor can you drive me. I am not to be driven by such a man as he is. Thus, you see, both classes are just alike. God Almighty's commands will not move either of them a single hair.

Felix trembled when St. Paul spake of a judgment to come, but the infamous Drusillus sat unmoved. She was a daughter of Abraham; and it is sometimes the case, that the sinner trembles under the Word,

when the hardened professors, who have long resisted the reproofs of the Spirit, will only become enraged. They belong to the church. Professors of Christianity can become thus guilty, even after they have tasted the good word of God, and the powers of the world to come, if they neglect to use the Word, and continue to resist the reproofs of the Spirit: and, strange infatuation! such professors will talk about their faith and love, while they hate the duty that God requires of them, refuse to place his truth before impenitent men themselves, and weaken the hands of those who do, by their unchristian conduct. I had rather see a Hydra springing up before me, than to hear such men talk about faith and love, and the prayer of faith to convert sinners. What a mockery is such language, from such professors! Says God, "what hast thou to do, to declare my statutes, seeing thou hatest instruction, and castest my words behind thee." Let me see the professors have faith enough to take up his cross daily, and endure the contradiction of sinners, as Jesus Christ himself did because he places God's plain truth before them. Let me see him have love enough to persist in his endeavours to benefit them, notwithstanding all their ingratitude, and the mockery, derision, and abuse that they will heap upon him if he does his duty. If he has got faith enough to do the one, and love enough to bear the other, then let him talk about faith and love, and there is no discord—there it sounds well. But with the other, it is like the thin robe which Satan wears when he would appear as an angel of light, and shows through the flimsy covering, the hideous form of the angel of darkness. Why call ye me, Lord, Lord, and do not the things which I say? says Christ; why forever harping about faith, when thou hast not works? Christians show thy faith by thy works. But the master-stroke of the great adversary of souls, is to get unconverted men into the ministry, and to get the Spirit of God away from these who are in it. This is the way in which the arch fiend, since the reformation, has kept Christianity from filling the earth. If Satan had not contrived some way to keep the great body of Christians who broke away from the Romish church, from using the Word, long ere this, he would have been chained in the bottomless pit; for when these bold reformers brought the thundering power of God Almighty's word to bear upon the monstrous claim to infallibility, the baseless fabric of the Romish church began to rock like a tower with a mine sprung under it. Satan saw it. He looked back to the apostolic ages. Says he, I must stop that Word, or my kingdom in the earth soon comes to an end. How did he effect it? Why, as soon as the reformation became popular, he threw a host of unconverted men into the ministry, took the Spirit away from most of those who had it, stopped the word, and led the teachers to resolve all things into the divine sovereignty, and divine efficiency, and they bound the word of God hand and foot, with their theological speculations; and soon the devil's protestant could bathe his hands in his brother's blood with as little remorse as the devil's papist; and the word of God was almost buried under a flood of theological doctrines. There, says Satan, now if I can but keep the great majority contending about the doctrines, they may have their Bible and welcome. They will not make any use of the word as a body; and the few that do use it, I will have branded as heretics, as being unsound in the faith, rash dogmatical corruptors of the truth, actuated by a spirit of contention, &c. &c.

This was the charge that was brought against the *Puritans*, by a proud, aristocratical church, who had the form of godliness, but denied the power thereof, and this charge is reiterated by all the opposers of godliness, whenever the word of God is used.

This was the charge brought against the *Armenians*, in their infancy in this country; and the descendants of the *Puritans*, who had lost that spirit; that actuated their fathers, heaped upon them every indignity and abuse. Errors they undoubtedly had: but what bigot at this day will dare to assert that the Spirit of the living God was not among them? They used his word, and God in a measure, soon rid them of their enemies, and prospered them into a kingdom. But they are not now what they once were. They were once foot soldiers, with pikes in their hands, and ready to throw them at every foe to Jesus Christ. But now they have laid their pikes aside for gaudy trappings and a lighter armour, and Satan is serving them as he is every other denomination—getting the Spirit of God away from them and filling their churches with opulent, unconverted men, who dislike the pique of Jehovah's powerful word: and they are fast departing away from that plain, pungent use of God's truth, when increased their number from a persecuted few, in a short time, to more than half a million of people. And now, their leading men are engaged in doctrinal discussions, instead of calling on sinners to repent and believe the gospel. Just so with the *Calvinists*. Their leaders are head and ears in their detestable doctrinal discussions; and what is the consequence? Why, the pestilential plague, issuing from the disorderly head, spreads its deleterious poison throughout the whole body, and little and great, talents, or no talents, as St. Paul said the Corinthians, they have all got a doctrine, and no matter whether they understand it themselves, or are capable of making any body else understand it, they have got an idea of something, and they are determined to use it, to the exclusion of every thing practical, just as the devil wants it to be used: for they will take the doctrine and cover up God's word entirely, or clog it so as to do away with all its energy; and the beginning, middle, and end of their sermons are doctrinal, and what was twilight when they began, they make blacker than Egyptian darkness before they end; and then, to cap the climax of speculating insanity, these doctrinators will send every body to hell that will not give full assent to all the dogmas that they have strung together, or that somebody in former ages has strung together for them. Thus the devil plays with the doctrines. Like a master he stands behind the scene, and moves with his wire doctrines, just where he pleases, those from whom he has got away the Spirit of God. Why, these detestable controversies between Evangelical Christians, are nothing but the devil's own work. He first gets the Spirit away from them, and then he can make them enemies to each other. Let a Baptist, a Calvinist, and Armenian and Episcopalian meet together filled with the Spirit, in order to work for the conversion of sinners, as they grasp each other's hands you can see a kindred spirit, countenances bold, frank, and manly,—and one says, brother can you pray that God would bless our endeavours to convert these sinners? I can, says the brother, and they drop on their knees, of one heart and of one soul. There is but one language that rises from the little band, and that is, "Lord God Almighty, grant unto us more of the Holy Spirit, that we may place thy own truth before these deathless souls. Come, Holy

Spirit, and do thine office-work, and save the sinners, who are going down to the pit of woe, that in the ages to come, Lord God Almighty, thou mayest show the exceeding riches of thy grace, in thy kindness towards them, through Christ Jesus. Save them, Eternal God, for thy own glorious name's sake." Such is the language, and Satan trembles when he hears it. For the almighty word is brought into the front of the battle, and it is, "Sinner, God commandeth all men every where to repent, for he hath appointed a day in which he will judge the world by Jesus Christ. Repent ye, and believe the gospel. Except ye repent, ye will all be destroyed with an everlasting destruction, from the presence of the Lord. Come to Jesus Christ. Flee to the city of refuge while the door of mercy is open. Wake up, you cold slumbering professors, and warn these sinners to flee from the wrath to come." And what is the consequence! Why, the Spirit of God begins to come into all who have got any oil in their lamps, and the word of God seems to have once more burst the bands that chained its mighty power. Salvation rolls along, and its deep-toned clarion sound penetrates to the inmost recesses of vice, and startles the sinner from his iron slumber. Satan roars, "the devil has got into these Christians again, curse the fanatics, they have got another protracted meeting." All hell is up in arms; and from the shoe-black *up* to the infidel judge, or rather, from the shoe-black down to such a character, (I say *down* to such a character, not that I would be understood as wishing to treat with contempt, talents, rank, or station—but because the man who perverts his talents, and uses his influence for the destruction instead of the salvation of his fellow men, the greater his talents, the higher his rank, the more guilty he becomes, and consequently the more worthless,) through all the ranks of Squire, Major, or Colonel, and from every determined servant of the devil, there is a torrent of abuse poured upon the leaders, and every enemy of God is loudly complaining of the abuse he has received, because God's truth hath been told him; and, if he does not break down under the word and the spirit, and give up his rebellion, he becomes seven fold more the child of hell than he was before. This is the course that Christians pursue when they live so as to keep the Spirit of God. This is the way they act when they have got faith and love; and such are the never failing consequences when God Almighty's word is used. Sinners are either converted or they ripen fast for the judgment of God.

But see these same men when they have lost the Spirit of God. If they meet, it's a cold recognition at best, and perhaps there is not even that, but they pass in the street and do not see one another, Or if the subject of Christianity is introduced, they start, and look round to see if there is any body within hearing. They do not think it a proper place to talk about religion. If a brother faithfully uses the word and urges them to duty, and warns the impenitent, they are afraid he has got a wrong spirit. They think it is best to deal very carefully with the sinner. Get his good will in the first place, and then catch him before he knows it. At their assemblies for public worship, it is nothing but faith and love, and the prayer of faith, to convert sinners; and when they are not of the church, instead of warning sinners; the different sects are squabbling about their doctrines; or perhaps finding fault with each other through the day, meet at night at their different places, to worship God as they call it, and tell the

Lord the same old story, how much they have neglected their duty, and O, how much they want to have sinners converted,—and it is, “O Lord, come down and convert all the sinners around us. Thou hast said, that whatsoever ye ask in faith, ye shall receive. Lord, thy children have got faith, convert every sinner around us. Roll on to us the burden of souls. Gives us an agony of Spirit for souls.” The Lord pays no more attention to their cries than Baal did to his senseless worshippers. Sinners laugh at such stuff. Says the sinner, I guess your God is asleep, gone on a journey, or engaged in some more important business: you had better wait until he wakes up, comes back, or is disposed to attend to you. O how sinners sneer when Christians act in this manner, and then talk about their agony of soul. “O,” says the sinner, “do hear what an agony these Christians are in for our poor souls. Certainly these professors get into an agony and out of it in a most unaccountable manner. Why, it comes and goes like an ignis fatuus. To-morrow they will not act as if they ever had any agony, or ever thought we had any souls that needed any agonizing for; and their dreadful agony will give them no more trouble until their next meeting night, when it will come as soon as they get inside of their meeting-house, and leave them the moment they get out of it. Poor creatures! how much they suffer on our account, and what trials they endure, all on account of their love to us!” This is the language of the impenitent, as they sneeringly contrast the actions and the language of such professors.

What is the matter? Where is that almighty word, sharper than a two-edged sword, under which, but a short time since, the enemy writhed like a serpent pierced with a spear, and trembled like an aspen leaf? What has become of it? “O,” says Satan, do you not see what has become of it? I have covered it up under old faith and love and the prayer of faith, and over that I have thrown on doctrines, and implanted a careful, kind disposition, so full of love that it embraces almost every thing in creation, excepting the use of the word of God—and that I shall not be troubled with again so long as they keep my faith and love, which increases more and more, just in proportion to their neglect of the word, until they get so filled with faith, and love, and kindness, that I can make them quarrel like tiger-cats about a point of doctrine which will not make one hair black or white, believed or not believed, and make them dislike every one who urges them to a plain, practical use of the word of God; and I use them to keep the word of God from being glorified.” This is the way professors become the tools for the devil. They will not use the word. The use of the word produces contumely, derision, and hatred of the ungodly; and yet there are men who profess Christianity, aye, and ministers too, who tell about proclaiming God’s truth in such a manner as to gain the affections of the impenitent! Now if such men can find out a way to proclaim God’s truth, and not have the hatred of impenitent men, they have found out what Jeremiah could not find out, what Jesus Christ, though he had the spirit without measure, never found, and what the apostles, and their immediate followers, never thought of: for, says Paul, those that live godly in Christ Jesus shall suffer persecution. Now, if it had been amongst the number of possibles, would not some of these men have found out the way? The spirit of God never found out the way. What then are we to think of these modern discoverers, who are going to subdue Satan’s kingdom all by

love, without any opposition? Do such men know anything about the Christian warfare? Are they possessed of that Spirit that actuated the prophets, the Lord Jesus Christ and his apostles? The measures that God has taken to reclaim mankind have always been met by the decided opposition of earth and hell; for he has commanded mankind to repent, charges them with guilt, and threatens to damn them if they persist in their rebellion. This the proud heart of the sinner opposes. These charges brought the Martyrs to the stake and the Lord Jesus to the Cross. But when, I ask, was there ever any opposition made to one of these old easy faith and lovers, who loves every thing but his duty, and those who urge him to a performance of it? Propose to carry the sinner to heaven on your faith, and he has no objection. Your faith will not trouble him at all. Just so with your love. He will sneer at it, perhaps the moment that your back is turned, but no opposition. But the moment you propose God's truth, show the creature what he is, what he must do, and what will be the consequences if he will not do it, then you will see the opposition. It is to get rid of this opposition that professors attempt to justify themselves in a course unjustified by the word of God. They have lost the Spirit of God, they will not use his word, and Satan is using them in his last mighty struggle to chain the word of God, either directly or indirectly; and those few who are determined to use the word as God has commanded, are not only considered the filth and off-scouring of all things, by the world—but it would seem, sometimes, as if they must be swept away by the flood, that the dragon spews out of his mouth, through those who profess to be the children of God. Here is the battle-ground. To fight the devil out of the church, is merely running with the footmen; but to overthrow him when he has made a lodgment in the church, is to contend with horses; and that man, whether preacher or professor, who does his duty to God, will find that his sorest battles will be within the gates of Zion.

With the bold Roman soldiers, to meet the foe was victory. Says Cæsar, "I came, I saw, I conquered." But the poisoned arrows of the cowardly flying Parthians, discharged unseen, laid these brave ones low. Just so with the Christian who uses God Almighty's powerful word. Like the iron mace of the giant Maxmilian, it bears down every foe. But the poisoned arrows that Satan throws through the church, at such men, fills their hearts with the bitterest anguish, when they see those who ought to be using the word themselves, (but from whom Satan has taken away the Spirit of God) not only neglecting their duty, but throwing their Parthian arrows in every form, to stab the cause of Jesus Christ; and Satan masks these darts in such a manner, that he conceals the venom until the poison has done its work, they fly under cover of a pretended zeal and love for the cause of Jesus Christ. They fear the cause will be injured by the course that man pursues, and so they sit idle while the servant of God is at work. They spread their fears and surmises for the same reason, or directly oppose him under the same cover, or pour upon him a torrent of the most abusive scurrility; even then, Satan can make the Christian who has lost the Spirit of God, and consequently hates the truth, creep under the same shelter—a love to the cause of Christ. O, what a devil there is in man as soon as the Spirit of God is out of him! No matter where he stands in the highest or lowest rank of society; no matter whether he is a doctor of divinity, or one of the most ignorant

of the flock; if he has lost the Spirit of God, he will either directly or indirectly help Satan to cover the word. As I have shown you, that man who has the Spirit of God, uses the word, and it always raises what impenitent men call a *fuss* about religion. The man who has not the Spirit, always evades it in some way or other. He has got a doctrine, or he is soaring aloft amid the radiant orbs of heaven, and gathering a feast for the imagination.—or the whole energy of his discourse is spent on faith, without ever once showing how to obtain it; and the burden of his discourse is, Ye must have faith! ye must have faith! and ye have faith, ye will do your duty; *without faith it is impossible to please God*. Congregations heard the same old story perhaps for five years, and performed the same old round of duty without a soul being converted, or God's word used so as once propoke the devil during the whole month. Minister and people, full of faith all of them seated on the rock of Christ Jesus, and there they have sat waiting God's time, ever since they came into the church; good old doctrinal Calvinists, so very fearful that they shall rob God of the glory of their salvation, that they abhor the very name of works, and piously turn their backs on all practical religion, for fear that they shall substitute it in the place of that righteousness, which made Paul press forward with so much earnestness to attain. How easy for the deceitful heart to form a worthless excuse, when it dislikes to perform those duties which God requires? Perhaps the minister and his good people are going to heaven in an easy flood of love. This is the abomination of all abominations. The minister goes into the pulpit; and it is, "O Lord, we are thy children, and we know that thou lovest thy children. O Lord, comfort us this day with the richest of thy blessings. Lord wake up thy dear children. Lord, make bare thine arm for these precious souls that know thee not. Thou knowest they are blind, that they cannot see. Thou knowest they can do nothing without thee. Wake up for them; and *wake up* for thy children, that they may call on thee to wake up and save these dear souls." By this time a good share of the old professors have gone to sleep. They know the business is all put into God's hands as usual, mankind have nothing to do with it; they very properly go sleep. After a while, the minister gets through with his prayer: what part of creation he has been travelling through, nobody knows and nobody cares. He selects and reads psalms—and "O, how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity; it is like the precious ointment that ran down on Aaron's beard—all over love." When I have heard this from the pulpit, or found it in their writings, I have sometimes wished that Aaron had been destitute of a beard. But he begins his sermon, and it is all of one piece. He lays the solid foundation of God's eternal love before eternity commenced. An old professor just rouses up, 'O yes,' says he, I knew that blessed truth twenty years ago—that is all my hope."—drops his head and goes to sleep again. The minister goes on. He assures them that God will never leave or forsake his people—that he pities them as a father pities his children—that they are graven on the palms of his hands—that notwithstanding all their defects, he will carry them safe to heaven: comforts them with all the promises, and assures them that the Lord Jesus will never suffer any to pluck them out of his hand. "Blessed be God," says an old professor whom the Spirit had been reproving during the past week for his unholy life,

"blessed be God ! Dear minister, I will send you a piece of lamb for that. 'Blessed be God,' and he goes to sleep. On goes the minister, and represents the sinners case to be such, that nobody but God is to blame for it; tell him how much God loves him, that he does all things after the counsel of his own will, that man cannot make one hair black or white, that God giveth repentance, &c. And old sinner looks up and says, "a young upstart told me the other day, that I must repent or go to hell. God gives repentance in his own good time. And he goes to sleep. On goes the minister, and describes the glorious time they shall *all* have one day, when sighing and sorrow shall be done away; and to wind up, proclaims, "O how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity; and tells them, that his soul is delighted to see the church and congregation live together in such a blessed state of unity. What a unity ! a most precious unity ! united in serving the devil ! How dear must such *professors* be to Jesus Chrsst, who threatened to spew the Laodiceans out of his mouth into the flames of hell, for just such a unity. "I would thou wert cold or hot; so then because thou art lukewarm, and neither cold nor hot, I spew thee out of my mouth,"—This is the end of a worldly, loving, slothful, Laodicean unity. Lord God Almighty, bestow thy own spirit upon me, and throw me on a sea of storms, rather than curse me with such a unity ! Hear the unity that God commands, ye who profess Christianity. "Come out from among them, and be ye separate, and I will receive you, and ye shall be my sons and daughters, saith the Lord Almighty. Love not the world, nor the things of the world. If any man love the world, the love of the father is not in him. Ye adulterers and adulteresses, know ye not that the friendship of the world is enmity with God? Whosoever, therefore will be a friend of the world is the enemy of God.

Professor of Christianity, do you suppose that in direct opposition to the plain declarations of God Almighty, that you can have the friendship of the impenitent when you serve the Lord Christ ? God himself must be a liar if you can. No ! preacher or professor, it is only when you neglect to use the eternal word, that you can have even the apparent friendship of the ungodly. Use that word as God has commanded and the enmity that is in the unsanctified heart will roll from side to side, like the black mud volcanoes of Iceland, until the boiling venom burst forth in fury, and you are treated as Paul and his companions were, when they were considered the filth of the world, and the off-scouring of all things. But see again the deceitfulness of the heart. Although christians are commanded to come out from the world, and when they do obey, the neverfailing consequence is the hatred of the world ; yet how often do we hear a great many professors plead for a sociability with the impenitent ! No harm in being a little sociable, say they. But how do they obtain it ? The professor will tell you that Jesus Christ is his best friend. Will the impenitent welcome his friend ? Let him be introduced into their company—they begin to look sour and conversation stops. Strange sociability ! Now what has the professor to do, in order to be sociable ! Why, he has to say, " Lord Jesus Christ, thou who hast redeemed me from the pit of hell, thou to whom I am indebted for every blessing, King of glory, creation's Monarch, Lord God Almighty, go thou and stand out doors yonder, while I have a little sociability with those servants of the devil, thine enemy." Lamb

of God, forbid that thy poor servant should ever purchase sociability by such an insult to thine eternal Majesty. Know, ye professors, that ye have to drive away the monarch of the skies, before the impenitent will ever consent to become your sociable intimates.

The time has arrived when every servant of God must prepare himself to contend with horses, and put on the whole panoply of righteousness, that he may stand in the swelling of Jordan. Satan is making exertions; that shows that he feels the chain that God Almighty is gathering in; and all his blows are aimed at that almighty word, which makes the powers of darkness tremble. And there are men in the ministry who have publicly declared that the word of God is powerless; and all their preaching and writings are well calculated to render it so. For instead of exhibiting those practical duties laid down in the word of God as our Saviour did, who made them the sum of the system; they reduce them to a small twinkling star, scarcely discernable in the hazy horizon, whose beams are unfelt either by saint or sinner; and that sword whose keen edge could cleave the sinner's shield, and pierce the inner man through all its iron mail, is made a pointless willow wand, whose supple blows, like feathers falling on a rock, produced no impression; this is the reason why the word of God is powerless. But thanks be to God, there are a few who believe it to be what God Almighty himself has declared it; quick and powerful, sharper than a two-edged sword: and a discerners of the thoughts and intents of the heart; and they are determined to use it. It is the use of it that has shaken satan's kingdom more within a few years, than it has been shaken since the reformation. Well may devils fear that word, they know its power, Now, Christians, will you live in such a manner that you can have the Spirit and use the word? Remember you cannot have the Spirit, when you turn Jesus Christ out of doors, to get the good will of the ungodly. More Christians lose the Spirit in this way than in any other; and if you lose the Spirit, you will not use the word—and the prince of darkness will use you to help sustain his falling kingdom. You have either got to be for God and use his word, or to become the tools of satan. This your enemy well knows; therefore, the thousand excuses he gives you, when you neglect to show sinners their guilt—to call on them for repentance—to urge them to flee to Jesus Christ, and show them the certainty of damnation if they neglect it. O, how many excuses for neglecting the stern requirements laid down in the word of God! Christians, use that word as he has commanded, and God will keep you as he did the Philadelphians. Substitute any thing else in its place, and you become the tools of the powers of darkness, and you cannot avoid it. Choose ye which side ye will sustain in this most tremendous conflict; whether ye will move sword in hand under the banner of the cross of Jesus Christ, or weave you a banner without a cross, and serve the devil. My fellow soldiers of the cross, do not be afraid of buckling on too much of the Almighty armour! Be not afraid of too much zeal in the cause of the Lord of hosts. God has never made any complaint on account of his children being too zealous, or energetic and decided in his service. It never seems to have entered the eternal mind, that there was any necessity even for caution on this subject never has he said to a prophet, or an apostle, your brether is grown too zealous in my service, he takes a course that is too

decided, or too energetic for my cause—I want you should warn him of his danger, that he may turn from the evil of his way. No such language ever emanated from the Almighty. But he says, on the other hand, his watchmen are sleeping, lying down, loving to slumber; they are dumb dogs that cannot bark; they all look to their own way, and heal the hurt of the daughter of my people slightly, saying, peace, peace, when there is no peace; therefore, says God, they shall fall among them that fall, and be consumed in the midst of their bowing walls. That God who charged the prophets with building their bowing wall in order to evade the use of his truth—that God, who, by his Spirit, had to make his word like a burning fire, before his prophets would deliver it, well knew their was no danger of any of the race of Adam ever burning up, like the phoenix, and rising anew from the ashes with a zeal to proclaim that word. That word is the bitterest thing the children of God ever handle; and he knows that unless his spirit is resting upon them, they will build their bowing walls in order to get around it. Said Ezekiel, (when the Spirit took him away.) “I went in bitterness, and the heat of my spirit, but the hand of the Lord was strong upon me.” Bitter in hot anger! and for what? what made the prophet angry? Why because God said, “Thou shalt speak my words unto them, whether they will hear, or whether they will forbear, for they are most rebellious.” God Almighty well knows that his children do not want any hampering to keep them from using the word, and therefore he has left the word free. No! Christians of themselves, never burn up nor boil over, in a flame of zeal to use that word, which was so bitter to holy men of old. The zeal of a great majority of both preachers and professors, keeps aloof from that word which divides the house; which sets the father against the son, and the son against the father; the mother against the daughter, and the daughter against the mother: which made the very brethren of Jeremiah threaten to kill him, if he did not stop proclaiming God’s truth to them. I do not think myself, that the great majority of professors are in any danger of bringing these evils upon themselves by their intemperate zeal. Although Satan will ever divide the house when God’s truth is told, yet there are so many kind instructors, who seemed so determined to suppress all intemperance in religion, that the very mildness of the wise virgins who went to sleep with the foolish, seems to pervade all their instructions; except it is when they wake up to try to suppress that intemperate zeal, that hateful foe, that disturbs their peaceful and dreamy slumbers. Nothing else ever seems to disturb the placid tranquility of these most complacent professors. Sinners are going down to hell by hundreds around them; the church locked fast in the Laodicean embrace of the power of darkness: and they *perfectly contended*—at least apparently so. But let a little of that intemperate zeal which actuated Jeremiah, get into a few of their brethren, and these quiet professors are ready to weep in secret places, as they tell us, as well as quarrel in public ones, because the cause of Christ is going to ruin. What are we to attribute such manifest inconsistency of conduct to, but the loss of the Spirit, and the influence of the devil? And when I cast a glance as far as I am capable of looking over the ground. I see a few struggling with the many in this most momentous conflict, and labouring as they did in the apostolic ages, to persuade Christians to keep the spirit, and use

the word; and see them buffeted on every side, like the poor shipwrecked mariner on the mountain wave, grasping even in the agonies of death, the spar on which he floats. So these men are rolling from wave to wave in the swelling of Jordan, sometimes above, sometimes beneath—yet holding on to the word of God with more than a death-like grasp, so that neither height nor depth, death nor life, principalities nor powers, nor any other creature is able to separate them from the love of God in Christ Jesus their Lord. O, that working of that mighty Spirit when once it takes possession of the child of God! Earth recedes, heaven opens to his view—and armed with the sword of the Spirit, he presses toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus, that diadem of glory, which Paul says, is prepared for those who love his appearing.

Christians have you too much of that Spirit? does your flaming zeal want any restraining? are you doing too much for the cause of Jesus Christ? are you throwing aside the weights that beset you at every step, and running that race with such celerity that there is danger of your arriving at the goal too soon? is there any danger that you will use the word of God too much with the impenitent? Most astonishing era, if this is the case! unthought of and unprovided for by the Almighty, and unknown before in the annals of our world. But from what little I could gather from the word of God, and from the conduct of those who professed Christianity, as far as that conduct come under my observation, I had thought the danger lay the other way. I have seen the young convert who professed to have renounced the world, in a short time mingling with the world, and no Jesus Christ about him. I have seen cold churches wake up in a revival, and in a short time sink back into more than their former state of apathy—like sunken Poland, their feeble effort only served to rivet their chains. It seemed as if God Almighty had made his last call; the spirit was slowly retiring, and Satan was digging their Laodicean grave.

I have seen professors of Christianity who took delight in mingling with the society of the world, and took no delight in the society of those who have had enough of the Spirit of God to try to use his word. I have seen professors of Christianity quarrel with the plain word of God when applied to them, on account of their coldness and indifference in the cause of Christ. And from seeing such things, I have thought there was danger of Christians losing their zeal; not that they would fan it into such a flame that it would need repressing; no! my Christian friends, let others warn you to beware of intemperate zeal; be it my province to warn you against those Laodicean slumbers, more fatal to the soul than the poison of the Upas is to the body. Beware of that easy, soft profession of religion which gives no offence to the world; because it shuts out God's word, and, as the great Dr. Scott says, "will leave its possessor to perish with the world." Beware of that intimacy with the world which God has forbid. You cannot have it without losing the Spirit. Beware how you substitute any thing else in the place of taking up your cross daily, and using God's word with those with whom you associate. Neglect his duty, and you lose the Spirit of God, notwithstanding all your religious exercises. But if you will cleanse yourselves, give up all your iniquities, come out from the world, and look to him for the

Spirit that you may use his word, and become willing to give up earth and the friendship of earth, for the favor of God, and the glories of heaven—then God Almighty will dwell in the midst of you. But if you do not, your meetings are only a solemn mockery which his soul hateth, and you are only adding insult to your neglect of duty. Do not, then, my Christian friends, be afraid of becoming too zealous. When men write or talk a great deal about intemperate zeal, and never say any thing about Laodicean coldness, heed not their language. The warning is not from the Almighty; it is from the devil. Remember that where the Spirit of God is, there is decision and energy in his service, and the eternal word is used. Where it is not, something else is substituted in its place, and the word is hated, disliked, and kept in the back ground. Live then in the Spirit, and you will use the word; and, says the Apostle, "*if any man have not the Spirit of Christ, he is none of his.*" Choose, then, whether you will keep the Spirit and use the word, or help to sustain your enemy's falling banner.

Once more.—My Christian friends, let no one think, from what I have said, that I want you to throw away the great doctrines of the gospel. No! I wish to guard you against a horrid perversion of them which has been so destructive to the cause of Jesus Christ, in hindering the Word from being glorified. I know there can be no such a thing as Christianity where the doctrines of the Bible are thrown away; but I also know that there can be doctrines so stated, and dogmas hung on the faith once delivered to the saints, in such a manner as to paralyze all the energy of the Eternal Word, and fill the church with practical Antimonians; and certainly there is no Christianity there. Beware then of these *doctrinators*, who are all doctrine and no practice—all faith and love and no duty—who completely clog the word of God with their dogmas, and their detestable ideas of doctrine, and then charge with being unsound in the faith, all who propose God's *truth* to mankind, divested of the wild vagaries of speculative theology.

And now, my *impenitent* fellow-immortals, my duty to God and my love to you—not that love which neglects to show you your guilt and danger, but that sincere desire that you may repent, submit to God, and be hid in Jesus Christ when the indignation passes—induces me, notwithstanding I know how much you oppose it, to place a little of God's truth before you; and notwithstanding I am fully aware of the obloquy and abuse which you shower upon that man, who, faithful to God, does his duty to you—yet I love you sufficiently to bear it all, in hopes that you may be saved. This is the only love I claim. I love not your unholy characters—I love not the enemies of my God—I love not the company of those who hate Jesus Christ; I want it not, except it is to try to persuade them to flee from the coming wrath. Such, and such only, is the love that the Christian can ever feel for you. All else is the deceit of the heart, the mask of the hypocrite, or the delusion of the devil. I do not wonder that you treat a portion of professors with such perfect contempt, when they talk about their love to you. The professor says, "Come, let us go and take a ride to-day." Off you go—he is as gay as you are; he does not act as though he thought that Jesus Christ was within a thousand miles of him. You look at him and ask, "Is this the creature, who the other

day professed to renounce the world, who told me how much he loved my poor soul!" and a flash of scorn and contempt suffuses your countenance, as you think, that according to his professed belief, he is aiding to destroy that soul. Just so you look through every worthless professor. No wonder you scorn them, when their actions give the lie to their worthless profession—when they profess to believe that the covetous shall not enter the kingdom of heaven, and you see them more covetous than even yourselves; more grasping after the things of the world, while they profess to set their affections on things above. When you see them practising dishonesty for mere trifles, which you would scorn to be guilty of (for it is even so,) and then talk about their love to your poor souls, with what scorn do you recapitulate their actions! When you have seen them shake off, as it were, the machinations of hell, and wake up for a few days, to something of a realizing sense of the awful realities of eternity, and then sink back into their former state of apathy and cold indifference, as you have watched with an eagle eye their very action, you have said with a sneer, the *fuss* is over; these Christians are just what they were before it commenced—and so they are: for they have lost the Spirit of God, and your exulting then, when Christians become worthless, and neglect to use God's word, is as if a man standing under a tower, should begin to exult when he saw its timbers give way, and the crushing ruins ready to grind him to powder. O, my impenitent friends, when you see professors of Christianity fall away from their duty, flee away from them as you would from a Hydra's den—do not associate with them; for if you do, and live and die without repentance, you and they will go down to hell, and its hottest flames will be kindled by the horrid contention between you and them, as you fiercely charged each other with your eternal ruin. Beware then of a sociability here, which will only make the flames of hell more fierce hereafter. If I stood in your situation, unreconciled to God, and knew what I know now, and one of those sociable professors should come to me with his sociability, and LAUGH! when according to his professional belief, I might be in HELL in less than an hour! and the monster should make no effort to stop me—O, my soul, how I would run from such a professor; and my first prayer should be, Lord God Almighty, thou knowest I deserve the damnation of hell a thousand times over; but, O, great God, shut me not up in the realms of wo with this mocker of thine Eternal Majesty, who, professing to believe thy truth, is aiding Satan to destroy my soul. And such should be your language, when you see professors act in such a manner.

And now, heirs of an eternal destiny of bliss or wo, what can I say to induce you to accept of offered mercy? The road has been made so plain, that no illustration of mind can make it plainer. You must repent—you must submit—you must put on the Lord Jesus Christ. The door of mercy stands wide open, and nothing but your own suicidal hands can close it. You must wade through a Saviour's blood, before you reach the flames of hell. You must take the dagger from infernal fiends, and plunge it into your own bosom, before you can die the death eternal.

Sinner, how often have you attempted to close the door of mercy, by saying to God, *depart from us?* how often have you trampled on the blood of the Saviour, by scorning all his entreaties? how often have

you taken the dagger from murdering fiends and stabbed yourselves, by resisting the Spirit? God only knows, whether your attempts at self-destruction have as yet effected it. None but He, who said, *My Spirit shall not always strive with man*,—None but God Almighty can know, whether the decree is gone forth, Ephraim is joined to his Idols, let him alone, whether you have or have not sealed with your own hands YOUR ETERNAL DAMNATION! but you do know that you have turned your backs on God; you do know that you have rejected Jesus Christ; and you do know that you have resisted the Spirit of the Almighty.

These things, sinner, hast thou done, and the Lord Almighty has, as yet, kept silent. But he tells of a coming day when the whirlwind storm shall destroy his foes. God says, they shall be as the chaff of the mountains before the wind, and like a rolling thing before the whirlwind. What an expression to denote the perfect impotency of those who contend with the Almighty! See yonder sturdy oak on the mountain's brow; it has braved the fiercest storms for more than a century, but the whirlwind comes, and the writhing oak is snapped asunder like a brittle reed, and scattered in a thousand fragments before the storm, or torn from its deep foundation, with all its masses of earth and rocks, it is hurled along, a rolling thing, before the whirlwind, What madness is in you, ye rejectors of the Son of God, who place yourselves before the storm of God Almighty's indignation? Submit, O, I beseech you, submit to Jesus Christ; for his hand will shortly take hold on vengeance, and then the scornful despisers of the riches of his grace, who now harden their necks under all his offers of mercy will be swept away to the bottomless pit. You have had, like his ancient people, the Jews, line upon line, and precept upon precept, and like them you have scorned it all. They boasted that they had made lies their refuge, and hid themselves under falsehood; but God told them, that the hail should sweep away their refuge of lies, that they should be trodden down by the overflowing scourge of his wrath in such a manner, that it should be a vexation only to hear the report of it; and he threatened them with such destruction, that whoever heard it, his ears should tingle. And at this day, to read the history of the Jews, by their own writers, will make a man's ears tingle, his blood almost curdle, as the horrid ruin stands present before him. The storm of God Almighty's indignation swept away all their refuges of lies, when, after crucifying the LORD OF GLORY, and rejecting mercy bought with blood, they crucified him again in his followers. Then vengeance fell; the sword seemed as when it fell on Idumea's Land, "bathed in heaven" with the vengeance of a God—for ruin, fiery red was emptied on their devoted heads. In every form the fiery fury came. Their own swords drank each others blood, until they made their city a charnel house. The unburied carcasses of the slain infected the air, and brought the pestilence with all its horrors. Their own hands wasted their provisions, until famine raged to such a degree, that if they found a morsel of food, swords were drawn, and the survivors greedily swallowed it, standing over the dead bodies of their murdered companions. Fathers snatched the morsel from their starving, dying sons, and left them to perish. All ties were severed, and mothers boiled and eat their own children. And now, when it would seem as if horror was plumed, and the work of destruction was

done the walls gave way and the Roman swords burst in. Infuriated even to madness, by their obstinate resistance, a tide of gaur flooded the devoted city. Neither the commands nor the tears of the Roman general, who wept at the scene before him, could stop the destroying sword from taking vengeance on a people whom God had cursed. Eleven hundred thousand of them were buried in the ruins of *that* city, which said, *His blood be on us, and on our children.* They are received for trampling on a Saviours blood—for scorning mercy. That city with its triple walls, its lofty towers and splendid temple, as Jesus Christ foretold, became a bloody Golgotha, without a stone unturned.

This one scene may show to all errorists; that God almighty is not a fire of love to the obstinately rebellious, when they reject his Son. Beware, then, how you provoke that God who poured such vengeance on the rebel Jews, when he swept away their refuges of lies. Are your refuges any better than theirs were? You, like them, refuse to submit to God, like them reject the Son of God, and stand exposed to his righteous vengeance. Will yon dare the storm, and throw yourselves out of the pale of God's protection, as they did, by saying to the Almighty, *We will not* have this man to reign over us? If you do, your worthless excuses, and all your subterfuges, together with your hatred of the truth and obstinate rebellion, will avail you nothing. You cannot escape. The everlasting chain of God Almighty's eternal government, by which he binds creation's outmost bounds, is around you, and when he gathers it in, rebel man or devil, yon must come: and then you will beswept away, like the rebel Jews, before the storm of his righteous indignation.

Be wise then, submit to Jesus Christ, before the door of mercy closes. Will you press your way down to eternal ruin, notwithstanding all that God Almighty has done to save you? O! must it not be astonishing to those higher orders of intelligence, to see the fatal tragedy sin is acting in the world? A God beseeching a worm of earth not to destroy itself, offering it pardon if it will but confess and forsake its sins, and bow the knee to Jesus Christ; and the creature madly turning its back on all entreaties, persisting in its sins and pulling down unwilling vengeance on its hell-deserving head! Will not the justice of God's commands induce you to obey him? Will not his most terrific threats of vengeance to those who reject his Son, induce you to submit to him? Will not the entreaties of a God who in kindness beseeches you not to destroy yourselves, make you pause as you force your way through all the abstacles which he has thrown around you, down to your everlasting destruction? If neither the justice nor the vengeance, nor the beseeching goodness of a God, will induce you to submit to Jesus Christ, then you deserve to be damned; and you will be *damned*: for there is no other name given under heaven, among men by which you can be saved. You must be left to help fill up that cup of wrath, and take your share in that everlasting, ruin, when the last phial shall be emptied on the *rejectors of JESUS CHRIST.*



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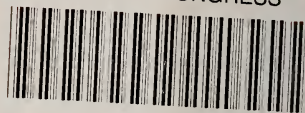
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