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SERMON I.*

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A BURNING AND A SHINING LIGHT.

If in these obsequies, we might regard exclusively the grief that darkens the circle of domestic love and the wider circle of personal and private friendship, we could not but turn to some of those familiar themes of Christian consolation which are always fresh and bright in the hour of sorrow. But the grief which brings us

* A sermon preached at the funeral of Nathaniel W. Taylor, D.D., in the Center Church, New-Haven, Ct., March 12, 1858.

In placing a portrait of the eminent man, minister, preacher, pastor, learned divine, and theologian at the head of our present volume to adorn it, even as his life and character adorned all the various departments of Christian labor and orbits of usefulness in which he revolved as a star of the first magnitude for so many years, it seemed to us entirely fitting and appropriate to place beside it a brief, graphic, and truthful portrait of his mind and character, which Dr. Bacon, his successor in the pastorate, has so ably and faithfully drawn in the discourse which he has kindly permitted us to place upon these pages as an eloquent "memorial" to accompany the well-remembered and expressive lineaments of the departed, sainted, and lamented original.—[EDITOR OF THE NATIONAL PREACHER.

SERMON III.

BY REV. ALBERT BARNES,

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THE BROAD WAY TO DESTRUCTION.

"ENTER ye in at the strait gate: for wide is the gate, and broad is the way, that leadeth to destruction, and many there be which go in thereat."—MATTHEW 7: 13.

THERE was always in the preaching of the Saviour an air of impressive seriousness and earnestness. This characteristic of his preaching is no where more strikingly exhibited than in the account which he gives of men in the text. He sees two paths, or ways, in which the whole race is traveling to another world. The one is like the thoroughfare of a great city, entered through a broad gate, and is the road in which the mass are traveling, though it leads to the destruction of body and soul; the other is like some remote and unfrequented path, to which a narrow gate, difficult of access, conducts, in which there is discerned here and there a lonely traveler. The one is entered as a matter of course, and without effort. It is the way in which men naturally go. They always travel in it, unless they make an effort to shun it and turn into the narrow and unfrequented path. The other path is narrow. It will be entered only as the result of intention and purpose—and when entered, the traveler will find himself pursuing his journey almost in solitude. He will have left the crowd, and will henceforward travel on in the little-beaten path nearly alone.

It is this fact, as it thus appeared to the eye of the Saviour, which will invite the attention of this audience at this time—or rather, it is to one aspect of the fact that your attention will be directed—the view which he had of the dense and crowded way that leads down to death. I shall not go into an argument to show that it is so. The assertion of the Redeemer, and the most cursory glance at the actual condition of the world, constitute all the evidence that is needful of the fact. If a renovated heart, and true repentance, and faith in Christ, and holy living, and prayer, and purity, and love, and religious zeal, and deadness to the world, be the evidence in regard to any one that he is in the path to life, then, compared with those who are in that path, almost no description would give too melancholy an account of the comparative numbers of those who are in the broad way. Instead of attempting to prove that this is so, I purpose merely to call your attention

to a few descriptive remarks designed to place the fact plainly before the mind.

I. The first is, that these multitudes are in the broad way to destruction by nature. They enter on this path when they are born, and pursue it through the longest life, unless there is a positive resolution to leave it. This seems to be implied in the text—where the Saviour represents it as entered through a “wide gate,” and as being the avenue which the multitude take. The other path is narrow, pent-up; and is entered only by intention and choice—as implied by the direction of the Saviour: “Enter ye in at the strait gate: for wide is the gate, and broad is the way, that leadeth to destruction.” Or as he elsewhere expresses it: “Strive to enter in at the strait gate.” It is implied that effort is necessary to find that gate; no such effort is referred to that men may find the way to death.

The idea, then, is, that to enter on the broad way to destruction requires no deliberate act of choice; no distinct effort or purpose; no self-denial; no separation from the mass. It requires no sacrifice of natural inclination; no withdrawing from powerful allurements; no subjugation of the passions to the judgment; no separation from the majority of one's friends; no painful difference from the body of our fellow-men by affected or by real singularity. We continue in the same course in which we began life, and we are in that path; we follow our natural inclinations, and we find ourselves there; we coincide with the great mass of our friends, and we are there; we travel on with nearly the whole world, and we are in the broad way to destruction.

We are so placed, in consequence of the apostasy, that we begin life under this disadvantage—for it is a disadvantage—and we need not shut our eyes to it. Our first father introduced this wretchedness into our condition, and by an act of most tremendous guilt, made it certain that the whole race would start on life under this wretched state, that they would be all by nature in the way to death—just as now the intemperate father, by his most wicked conduct, makes it the condition of his sons that they enter on life heirs of poverty, wretchedness, and disgrace. That it is so, as we all begin to live, is indeed a sad fact, and one that makes the greater diligence necessary to secure salvation—just as the sad hardship of the son of an intemperate father requires in him the greater diligence to raise himself from his low condition to respectability. This great multitude, therefore, of the impenitent, the unbelieving, and the openly wicked, which now throngs the broad way, began life together in this path. Yet, when we look over this great procession, we are struck with one thing. Though they entered on life in the broad way, and though their journey thus far has been in that way, yet the procession is not made up of pre-

cisely the same individuals who began the journey together. Take any group of these travelers, and you will find that important changes have occurred since they entered on the broad way.

1. They have dropped many on the journey—many who began life as they did, and who, as long as they lived, were in the same broad path. They fell at different distances from the point of starting; in different circumstances, and from different causes; and their fellow-travelers have gone on and left them. Many of them were as vigorous and healthful, as gay and cheerful, as fond of life, and as full of hope; as sanguine in their prospects of future happiness in the present world, and as unprepared to die, as those who now move on among the living.

An immense army moved out of France towards the capital of the empire of the North. It was made up of the heroes of many battles, and of the youthful flower of France. Brilliant plumes nodded, and splendid caparisons glittered, and bright arms reflected the sun-beam, and the war-horse neighed for the battle, and the immense host, with light hearts, and exulting feelings, marched on to seize the rich capital of the most extended empire of the earth. They reached that distant capital, to see its domes covered with smoke and flames, and to find themselves in a forsaken capital in the rigor of a Russian winter. They sought again their own land. But what a scene! Deep snows fell, and little white hillocks were formed where thousands of the youthful chivalry of France were left on the road. The nodding plume was laid low; the gay caparison was hidden from the view; the youthful, cheerful, sanguine aspirant for fame slept—a stiffened corse—inclosed in the beautiful winding-sheet which the God of the Northern Storms had woven for him as he lay down to die. And what a little, miserable remnant of all that brilliant host returned to their homes—like the little remnant of old men of each generation, who reach the end of life, leaving thousands in their graves on the way.

And you who are now in the broad road to death, how many have you left on your way that began the course as gay, and blithe, and sanguine as you? How many who sported with you in childhood in the green meadow, or where the silvery sound of the rivulet is heard; how many youthful school-mates, as cheerful and as thoughtless as you; how many class-mates, that looked for future eminence as well as you; how many who, in the brilliant halls in which the gay assemble, have been left by you on the way? They, flushed with hope, and with the promise of long life; they, flattered and caressed by their friends—real or feigned; they, forgetful of their God and Saviour, and regardless of death and eternity, saw with dismay the rose fade on their own cheeks, and gave you the parting hand as you crowded on in the path of vanity and sin. Along the broad way which you have trod, the

monuments set up by affection tell wheré they lie, thick-strewed almost as the whitened hillocks on the retreat from Moscow.

2. Another portion, also, has left you, fewer in number, but more interesting in character, and in the reason why they parted from you. They are the few who have voluntarily turned aside into the narrow path. They saw, or thought they saw, the folly of their course and yours. They became dissatisfied with the pleasures which the world can give. They began to feel that they were placed here for other purposes. They became impressed with the conviction that this way was beset with dangers. They heard the voice of their Saviour commanding them to leave the broad way, and to "enter in at the strait gate." They "heard a voice you did not hear;" they "saw a hand you did not see;" and they chose to follow that voice and that hand. They forsook your scenes of pleasure and vanity, not because they "loved you less, but because they loved their Saviour more;" and they are seen now in that narrow way which few find, that leads to life. They love you still, with all the strong attachments of kindred and early friendship, and with the yet stronger feeling which they have from the conviction that you have souls redeemed by precious blood, and that might be happy forever. Death, and the converting power of the spirit of God, have thus thinned out the number with which you started on life in the broad way; and your ranks are not what they once were.

3. Yet they seem not to be diminished in number. The broad way seems as densely crowded as it ever was—as much as it was when the Redeemer of the world looked on it with so much impressive seriousness. The ranks seem still unbroken; the number at any given point seems as great as ever. It is not altogether like the columns of an army, thinned out by wearisome marches, and by cold and hunger, leaving a sad remnant, pale, dispirited, and enfeebled; but it is as dense, as vigorous, and as much flushed with hope, and excited by joyousness, as though none had left them by death or by a change in their views. The places made vacant by death in the ball-room, from which beauty, and youthfulness, and accomplishment have been removed, are soon filled up again; the seat occupied in the theater by a thoughtless daughter of gayety, now in her grave, is occupied by another as thoughtless; and in the market-place, and on "exchange," and in the thoroughfares of a great city, no diminution seems to be made in the numbers of those who move in the broad way to death. Another generation comes on the stage of action, and no matter though multitudes reach the termination of their way in the land of death, others come and occupy their places, and the apparently unbroken procession moves forward still. They who are in the places of worldliness are as worldly; and they who climb the steeps of ambition, are as ambitious; and they who are in the

theater, or the ball-room, are as gay; and they who are in the room of the gambler, or the place of low revelry, are as boisterous as though the former occupants of those places were not now in their graves, or in hell.

II. My second general remark is, that they who are in the broad way to destruction pursue that course, contrary to the most solemn admonitions, and even the most settled convictions that it is wrong.

There may be some, indeed, who seldom pause to reflect at all on the course; there may be some whose consciences, never much enlightened, or now "seared as with a hot iron," seldom trouble them; but the great mass are doing what they know to be wrong, and what they purpose at some future day to abandon. They are pursuing a course of life which they know to be against the law and the admonitions of their Maker; which will never yield them the happiness which they desire, and which is contrary to the earnest entreaties, and the solemn convictions of their friends. I refer now to all who are living in the neglect of religion, whether living in open vice or decent infidelity; whether striving for pleasure, or fame, or gold. Now, in regard to the great multitudes who are thus living, you would find the following things to be indubitably true; and for the truth of what I am now about to state, I appeal to the consciences and the experience of that portion of my audience whose condition I am endeavoring to describe.

1. Your course of life is against the convictions of your own reason, and judgment, and conscience. You know you *ought* to love God and serve him. You know that the soul is of inestimable value. You know that your great interests are beyond the grave. You know that a life of gayety and worldliness has no tendency to prepare you for heaven. You know that one who is soon to die ought to be habitually serious and thoughtful; that one who is a sinner ought to pray; that one who has been redeemed by the blood of Christ ought to live to the honor of his great Benefactor. You know that however you may silence the rebukes of conscience, it never lifts an approving voice in view of the fact that you live in the neglect of your Maker; and that however you may love the world, your sober reason and judgment never approve that course. And though you are pursuing this kind of life, and have always pursued it, yet you would not set up a serious vindication of it in a conversation with a friend, or attempt to show that we are wrong when we urge you to leave that way and walk in the path to life. Of one thing I am always sure: it is, that when I urge on my fellow-men the claims and obligations of religion, whatever may be the feelings of my hearers, I have their consciences and their sober judgment with me, and though they refuse to give heed to what I say, and travel on still in the

broad road, I am certain that they are turning away from these admonitions, and are treading that path contrary to the decisions of their own reason and their better judgment.

2. Again: You are pursuing a course of life which, if you would express the honest results of your own experience thus far, you would say had been one of disappointment. You are still looking forward to something better; you have not yet found the prize which you have sought. You have never yet found exactly that satisfaction in wealth which you once supposed you would, and you dream now, not that it is in the nature of it not to satisfy the immortal soul, but that it is because you have not enough. You have never yet found in the pursuits of ambition what you supposed you would, and you suppose that it is now to be found in some distinction which you have not reached. You have never found the happiness in a life of gayety which you anticipated. There has been always something to embitter the bliss, or to dash the cup of pleasure to the ground just as it reached the lips, or to leave the heart sad and dispirited.

Solomon made the trial of what the world can furnish to its votaries under advantages such as no man before or since has possessed. He said to his heart: "I will prove thee with mirth, therefore enjoy pleasure. I made me great works; I builded me houses; I planted me vineyards; I made me gardens and orchards, and I planted trees in them of all kinds of fruits; I gathered me also silver and gold, and the peculiar treasures of kings and of the provinces; I gat me men-singers, and women-singers, and the delights of the sons of men, and musical instruments, and that of all sorts. Then I looked on all the works that my hands had made, and behold all was vanity and vexation of spirit." Lord Chesterfield made a similar experiment, and came to the same result. When sixty-six years of age he said: "I now read Solomon with a sort of sympathetic feeling; I have been as wicked and vain, though not as wise as he; but am now at last wise enough to attest the truth of his reflection that all is vanity and vexation of spirit." Madame Malibran, the most celebrated opera-singer of her age, made the same trial, and on returning from a grand aristocratic party given in honor of her, burst into a flood of tears. Goethe, perhaps the most celebrated and successful of German authors, who had attained as much in the career of literary ambition as it is possible for man to attain, said of himself in advanced age: "They have called me a child of fortune; nor have I any wish to complain of the course of my life. Yet it has been nothing but labor and sorrow, and I may truly say that in seventy-five years, I have not had four weeks of true comfort. It was the constant rolling of a stone that was always to be lifted anew." These are honest testimonies of what can be found in the pursuit of the pleasures and honors of this world. And probably I do

not now address one—or if I do, this is a very rare instance—who would say in the frankness of his soul that any plan which he has formed of ambition, or wealth, or pleasure, has been entirely free from disappointment; and if there is one who can now say this, I would say to him in my turn, that the time of disappointment to him may be very near at hand. “The beginning of the end,” is not seen, and disappointment with a melancholy train of woes may be at your very doors. The votaries of the world whom I now address, and it is so all over the earth, are a disappointed, discontented, jaded race, reaching forth still for that which they have never yet found, and, like a blind-folded man, stretching out their hands to seize on something which continually eludes their grasp.

3. Again: Your course is not only against conscience and reason, and the result of your own experience, it is against the admonitions of the best friends that God has given you, living or dead. It is against friendly counsels and warnings often uttered in your ears, and borne often to your hearts with all the circumstances that can entitle advice to respect and give solemnity to warning. The best friend you have ever had on earth was Jesus Christ, and his admonitions about this course were as unambiguous as truth and sincerity could make them, as tender as dying love could cause them to be, and as solemn as a voice from eternity. The next best friend may have been a Christian father or mother, and they have repeated the admonitions of the Saviour, and urged them with all the tenderness and authority justified by their relation to you. The bosom companion, the pastor, the Sabbath-school teacher, nay, the stranger, may have repeated and prolonged the voice of warning and entreaty. When you come into this place, the voice of the living minister admonishes you of the guilt and error of your way; in solitude when you look into the chambers of your own soul, the voice within prolongs the admonition; and when you go where the dead repose in the land of silence, a voice comes from the grave of the friend that sleeps there, admonishing you by all the remembered influence of his example and of his dying counsels to leave the broad way, and seek out the narrow path that leads to life.

4. Once more: You are pursuing this path when you yourself intend yet to forsake it, and find the narrower way. You do not design to tread on with this throng until you reach destruction. You do not mean that death shall come and find you in that path. You would be unwilling to have the minister of religion declare at your funeral that, according to all the evidence which you had furnished, you had through life been in the broad way that leadeth to destruction; you would be unwilling that such a record should be made on the stone, rude or splendid, that shall cover your grave. You mean to leave this path, and somewhere before you die you intend to give occasion to your friends to say that there

was evidence that you chose the way to life. For the truth of these representations, I appeal to yourselves. Would you be willing, when your pastor shall be called to attend you to the grave, in that solemn hour when the eyes of the living look upon you for the last time, and when they are about to turn away from you forever, that he should say that you lived for gayety, for gain, for pleasure, and that through all your life you neglected religion? Would you be willing that this fact should be recorded on the stone that shall mark your grave, although inscribed on the purest marble and encircled and wreathed with the finest decorations of the chisel? Would you wish that Christian friendship should never be able to find in all your life one thing to dry up the tears of grief, in the evidence that you left that path for the narrower one which leadeth unto life? Your own hearts will answer these questions, though the lips may be dumb. And if these things are so, if this course is pursued against your conscience and better judgment, against the admonitions of your friends, when it has only as yet yielded disappointment, and when you yourself purpose to leave it, then there must be some cause for a fact so remarkable and that is so contrary to the usual principles on which men act. And this leads me to a

III. Third general topic of remark. It relates to the inquiry, Why, in these circumstances, this path is pursued? How are they who are in it sustained so as to make life comfortable when thus habitually acting against the convictions of their own consciences and the admonitions of their sober judgment? How do they silence the voice of God and of their friends? How, when their ranks are broken in upon by death, do they turn aside the admonition, and continue to live on as thoughtless as they did before? What is it that keeps them in countenance, and preserves cheerfulness, and animation, and mirthfulness in the dense throng pressing on amidst the dying and the dead to hell? Why do they not follow their better judgment and choose the path to life? The grand answer to these inquiries is undoubtedly to be found in the disrelish of the heart for religion; but this is not the answer which I design to dwell upon. I will suggest two or three subordinate causes.

1. One is the very fact that there is such a multitude in that broad way. They sustain and countenance each other, for men often almost thoughtlessly do that which many others do, though no consideration would induce them to act thus if they were alone. Young men congregated for wicked purposes often go much farther into the depths of guilt than any one of them, even the bold leader, would have dared if alone, or than any one of them ever contemplated. The mere fact of numbers, therefore, in favor of irreligion, is a strong and even-acting reason on many minds for remaining in a course which neither their conscience nor their

sober judgment would justify, and which they themselves design at some period to forsake. When there are so many, they suppose there can not be essential wrong or real danger. Any one of these almost, if alone, you could convince of the folly and danger of the course; but how can you separate an individual from the multitude of the gay in the ball-room, in the theater, in the marts of business, or in the thoroughfares of a great city, so as to get these thoughts before his mind? If from that great procession in the way to destruction you could take out any one, and lead him aside, and sit down with him in some retired grove, or by a running stream, you might so lay these thoughts before him that he would see their force. You could convince him that crime is no less crime because practiced by numbers; that irreligion does not change its nature because the multitude is irreligious; that personal responsibility is not lessened by the aggregation of guilt; and that the danger of ruin is not the less because there are multitudes which no man can number in the way to death. You could convince him that there is no hope of making any impression on God by the strength of any criminal organization, and no prospect of wresting the bolt of justice from his hand by combination, for "though hand join in hand, the wicked shall not go unpunished." But how will you get these thoughts before the mind amidst the throngs of the guilty and the gay when surrounded by multitudes all pressing on in the way to death? They sustain and give countenance to each other; and no matter what may be the particular form of wicked living which one may pursue, he sustains every other one, whether practicing the same form of sin, or indulging in any other. Each infidel sustains every other infidel; each profane swearer every other one; each worldly man every other one; and every daughter of gayety is not only herself a traveler to destruction, but countenances every other one in the same way, and becomes her guide down to hell. And not only so. These patrons of guilt, though in different forms, lend a reciprocal influence and become brothers in iniquity and in danger. Cicero said there was a "common bond" of brotherhood among the virtues; and with equal truth it may be said there is among the vices. Every neglecter of God in any form, sustains and patronizes the neglecter of God in every other form; every man who does not walk in the way to life, gives countenance to every one that does walk in the way to death. The decent and moral neglecter of religion, therefore, becomes the associate with and the patron of the most profligate and abandoned in that broad way, serves to keep him in countenance, prevents his reflecting on the importance of religion, and helps him in the road to death. The mingled mass of the virtuous and the vicious; of the refined and the coarse; of the urbane and the vulgar; of the intelligent and the ignorant; of the principled and the unprincipled; of those who walk in silk and of

those who walk in rags, abet and sustain each other in their alienation from God, and crowd each other onward in the path to hell.

2. Again: The mass are sustained in their course by the respectability of many who are their companions. The general characteristic of those in the broad way is, that they are neglecters of God and of religion; they have not sought out and found the narrow path to life. It is not that they are all avowed infidels and atheists—for it is not so; it is not that they are all scoffers and profligates—for this is not so; it is not that they are all profane and grossly sensual—for that is not so; it is not that they are all murderers of fathers, or murderers of mothers, or man-slayers, or perjured persons—for that is not true. The single essential characteristic is, that they have no religion. In this they are alike; in every thing else they may be very unlike. There are among them the very bad, the profligate, the vile; but there are also the intelligent, the amiable, the moral. Now to a great extent, the one class is sustained by the respectability, the age, the amiableness, the standing in society, of the others. If all who are in the broad way were vile to human view, there are multitudes who would avoid such a path. But I will tell you what is the real difficulty in the case, and what it is that turns aside the force of our appeals when we come to men and urge them to walk in the path to life. True, as I have already said, there are in the ranks of these who are in the broad way the vile, the polluted, the abandoned, without number. True, all those who walk in that way must expect to be associated in the eye of God—whatever may be their own personal respectability—with the most profligate of the species—for this is the law, from necessity, of their association. The father that takes his daughters to a theater must expect that they will be associated in the amusements of the evening, in the same house, with the most abandoned of either sex—with those whom on no account he would admit over the threshold of his own dwelling. But this is the inevitable law of such amusements, and of all participation in sin, no matter how you disguise it. But the difficulty in the case to which I refer is this: it is, that the neglecters of religion of all grades and classes the world over, are countenanced and sustained by the intelligent, the honored, the amiable, the aged, the wise, the refined. We make an appeal to the young. But how can we hope to prevail with them to walk in the narrow path, when a father, to whom they have always looked to show them what is right, or a mother, is in the broad way? We denounce profaneness. How can we hope to prevail with young men to avoid it, when men in office, in the learned professions, in the halls of legislation, practice it? We speak of the dangers of theatrical amusements. How can we hope to guard the multitude of any class from those dangers, when the refined, and the virtuous, and the candidates for high offices are

there? We speak to men of the evils of intemperance. How can we hope to prevail, when the rich and the honored rise up early to mingle strong drink, or continue until night, until wine inflames them? We speak of the seductive influences of the ball-room; of the danger to the soul of a species of amusement in which all seriousness and prayer are excluded. But how shall we hope to prevail; how can we prevail in inducing the young to choose the narrow path, when parents, and alas! professedly Christian parents, become the patrons of such amusements, and lead forth their little ones like a flock, that their children may dance? And so in all amusements; all dangerous forms of unbelief; all doctrines and practices that peril the soul; all vices, too—even those which strike most deeply at the heart of virtue, and make the damnation of the soul most certain. All vices and forms of evil have their patrons among the rich, the great, the intelligent, the honored—and is it any wonder that the multitude in the broad way are sustained in their course, even when acting against the dictates of their own conscience and all the warnings of their Maker?

3. Once more, they are kept in the way to death by things that are designed to turn their mind away from the reality of their condition, and conceal their real danger. I allude to all that is employed to gild odious vices; to cover up sin and moral deformity; to call evil good, and good evil; to fix the eye on the unreal and the evanescent, and to turn it away from the real and the permanent. Look into the gay world. Turn the eyes on that passion for external adorning; contemplate the brilliant lights and dazzling splendor there; think how much there is in "society" technically so called, that is designed to turn the mind away from the realities of religion; from the Cross; from the place of prayer; from the thoughts of death and of eternal judgment. Here, though the way "leadeth unto destruction," every thing appears "brilliant and fair, it resounds with hilarity, music, and songs; it contains thousands of the opulent, the fashionable, and the gay; vice is clad in splendor, and a spirit reigns which knows no law but inclination, and recognizes no god but pleasure." For this class distant climes pour in their luxuries; magnificent halls open their doors; splendid mansions rise; art is exhausted; and the cup of vanity is drunk deep and long, and music lavishes its charms to give pleasure to the ear and joy to the heart. And all for what? What they would say, might be one thing; what would be said by that master spirit that reigns in this world of splendor, might be another thing; and what might be said by Christ, might be still another thing. It is to conceal the reality of their condition, to hide the truth about their own hearts, to turn aside the mind from the contemplation of death, to keep up their spirits, and fill them with thoughtless mirth, as they move on in the broad way that leadeth to destruction.

IV. I have but one more general remark to make—the fourth—in illustrating the text. It is, that whoever may be traveling in that way, however great their numbers or various their characters, it has but one termination—it “leadeth to destruction.” I shall not pause to demonstrate that what the Saviour so solemnly said is true. It “leadeth to destruction.” It conducts not to a Mohammedan paradise; not to Elysian fields, such as were dreamed of in classic poetry; not to abodes of literature and refinement, where the learned and the polished in manners hope to be congregated together; not to the blissful seats to which patriots and statesmen, and the rich and great, are consigned by eulogists and epitaphs and friends; it leads to destruction. So He spake who is to come in the clouds of heaven to decide the destiny of mankind; and thither this broad way certainly leads, with no paths that branch off to other abodes, and no turning in the vast distance that will unite it with the narrow path to life. To us its end is concealed. The tremendous precipice down which the sinner sinks to the fiery gulf is hidden from our view. The fire beneath, the smoke that ascends, the cry of wailing and of horror of those who descend into that fiery abyss, are all concealed from us, else the woes and horrors of the earth would not be unlike the sad world itself to which the multitude are hastening. Yet the reality is not the less sad and awful. Conceive of a tremendous precipice. At its base there rolls day and night an ocean of liquid fire. To the edge of that crater an iron way has been laid down, and on that road, yet far distant, are cars loaded with the gay, the cheerful, the fascinating, the accomplished. Thoughtless and mirthful, they are borne on with tremendous speed. No fire is seen; no smoke is discovered ascending; no danger is apprehended. Suddenly the dreadful gulf yawns before them. Heaven now have mercy, for who shall stay their flight! A moment more they dash over the brink, and amidst shrieks and cries they die. They saw their danger on that way too late! Thus on a road whose termination you do not see, rushes the thoughtless multitude down to destruction. Too late for you, my friends, the warning may come, for your eyes may be open to your condition only when on the fiery brink. Now you might leave that way for the narrower, less frequented, and to you less attractive path, that leads to the skies. Before another warning falls on the ear, you may have rushed down the fiery steep to be engulfed forever!