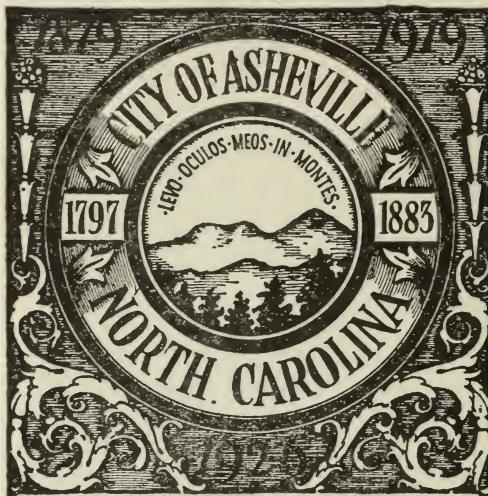


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A DISCOURSE

DELIVERED IN THE

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH,

AT

RALEIGH, N. C.

ON

Sunday, 20th of November, 1842.

BY REV. CHARLES M. F. ^{orce} DEEMS.

RALEIGH:

PRINTED BY THOMAS LORING, OFFICE OF THE STANDARD.

1842.

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CORRESPONDENCE.

To Rev. C. M. F. Deems.

The undersigned offer their respectful compliments to Brother Deems, and beg that he will accept their hearty thanks for the peculiarly interesting and very appropriate Sermon with which he favored the congregation at the Methodist Episcopal Church on yesterday morning. They request that he will consent to furnish a copy of this excellent discourse, for publication.

Most respectfully,

B. B. SMITH,
W. W. HOLDEN,
A. H. TUCKER,
T. LORING,
R. TUCKER,
T. H. SELBY,
W. C. TUCKER,
THOS. J. LEMAY.

Monday morning, 21st Nov. 1842.

To Rev. Messrs. Lemay and Tucker, and B. B. Smith, W. W. Holden, T. Loring, R. Tucker, T. H. Selby, W. C. Tucker, Esqr's.

My brethren, your note of this morning containing a request for a copy of the discourse, preached in your Church yesterday morning, almost assures me that the calm reading of the sermon when printed will not afford you the pleasure which you appear to have received from its delivery. It is said that a clergyman who was once preaching, in the city of Washington, I believe, was much assisted, in delivering a very awakening sermon, by a terrific thunder storm. The exciting circumstances caused the discourse to make a great impression upon his audience, who solicited a copy of it for publication. The preacher replied, "You shall have it,—if you will print the thunder and lightning of the occasion also." I must believe that unless you can print the very kind feelings with which you have ever received my efforts to do good among you, those who may obtain this address, (for really I think that the performance can modestly be considered nothing more,) will scarcely believe that you are good judges of preaching.

However, you are my elder brethren; and if you think that the publication will be useful I will endeavor to write it out, praying the Head of the Church to bless it.

Truly and kindly,

Your brother,

CH. M. F. DEEMS.

Monday evening.

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SERMON.

“Is not this the Carpenter’s son? Is not his mother called Mary? And his brethren, James, and Joses, and Simon and Judas?”

“And his sisters, are they not all with us? Whence then hath this man all these things?” *Matthew XIII. 55. 56.*

The utter depravity of man, my brethren, is seen in the fact that he now hates those things which God loves and loves those things which God hates. The Lord loves the light, but men “love darkness rather than light.” He loves the truth, but men delight in falsehood and deception. He loves purity, but men revel in filth. We are taught that God hates sin, and yet it is the glory and rejoicing of men to roll it beneath their tongues like a sweet morsel: He hates all deceit, and men are continually taxing their powers to discover new methods of deceiving themselves, their fellows, and their Maker. The perfection of this opposition may be plainly discovered by comparing the benedictions pronounced in our Lord’s Sermon on the Mount with the spirit of the world that “lies in iniquity.” The adorable Redeemer says, “Blessed [or happy] are the poor in spirit,” and the world says that they are mean and despicable and miserable. He says, “Blessed are they that mourn,” and the world laughs at the thought as a most ridiculous paradox, and seeks the places where the music of merriment drowns the sigh of sorrow. The Master of Mind says, “Blessed are the meek;” but the world looks upon meekness with a mingled emotion of pity and contempt; for it cannot see how the meek can “inherit the earth,” when the steps to the throne are the bodies of the murdered; when the jewel of royalty loves to kiss the *proud* brow, and the sceptre can only be held by hands that never administered the cordial of consolation.—The Possessor of the Universe declared, “Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness;” while the world esteems him happy whose search after fame and gold is successful, however unrighteously prosecuted. The Sovereign of Heaven said: “Blessed are the merciful;” the response of the world is, “Happy is the Tyrant!”—“Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God,” is a teaching from the lips of the Father of Wisdom, while the world crowds the pol-

luted temple of its spiritual existence with most unholy images for its worship; from whose altars of lust ascends a cloud that veils the throne of Him who sits in light unapproachable. "Blessed are the peacemakers," said the Lord of Love: "Nay," replies the spirit of the world, "but happy are those who, in court or camp, breaking up the friendly alliance of nations, establish the seat of their power on the fragments of the temple of peace, and retain the possession of thrones, purchased with the blood of the inoffensive, by arraying man against his brother." Oh! my brethren, the spirit of the world and the spirit of our Savior can never agree. Wherefore it will always be true that those who are most thoroughly filled with the mind which was in Christ Jesus our Lord will ever be the objects of the world's neglect, contempt, and hatred.

This entire opposition to the holy doctrines of our Religion leads the world to consider that *wise* which God looks upon as being very ignorant, and that *great* which in His eyes is insignificant. "The wisdom that is from above is first pure, then peaceable, gentle, easy to be entreated, full of mercy and good fruits, without partiality and without hypocrisy." The wisdom of the world is exercised too generally in satisfying the will of the filthy flesh; it is mostly engaged in policies that embroil; it is exceedingly restiff, very much puffed up, very unforbearing, warped by meanest prejudices, and prostituted to the accomplishment of basest ends by the most unrighteous subterfuges. You believe it to be true, my brethren, that many a man is crowned with the bays of human applause, who, in the eyes of true Wisdom is a most pitiable fool. The sacrifice of praise and the perfumed incense of flattery is offered at the shrines of many whom the world calls great, but whom God, in eternity, will not suffer to enjoy the honor of being servants to his youngest, feeblest child in the kingdom of his glory. The purged light of the last judgment will exhibit the shameful deficiencies of the world's *great*, and will show many, despised upon earth, as being true noblemen, princes, kings, ornaments of the Court of Heaven.

I have not proposed to myself this morning to trace the *entire* difference between the thoughts of God and the thoughts of man; for that would be a most fruitless undertaking. There is one point particularly in which the opinion of society generally is vastly at variance with the spirit of the Gospel and the mind of our Maker. It is *the estimation in which LABOR and LABORERS are held*.

I am aware, my brethren, that in this day, and I will even say in this city, there is a standard of respectability erected, which accords not well

with the test given us in the sacred scriptures. It is generally believed, if the creed has never been directly expressed in words, that labor leaves a stain upon the hand which unfits it for the clasp of the genteel and the refined; that the most delightful state in the world is to have nothing to do; and that *laborer* and *gentleman* are two words that never formed an acquaintance, and never will chime well in the same sentence. Now, is not this sentiment universally diffused through our community? Are any of us free from its influence? And is it not contrary to all that we have learned of Jesus? Certainly, my beloved brethren, we are taught a different lesson by our great Master; and that we may divest our mind of this sinful and injurious prejudice, let us listen to his voice in nature and in the Holy Book.

God has ordained in our constitution that mental and physical health and happiness shall ever be joined with exercise of mind and body.— This is a law the slightest infringement of which will ever be attended by a proportioned punishment. Nature has made us all animal locomotives, and the most painful position in which we can be placed is that which will cause us to *rust out*. The only manner in which we can possibly be happy is to be moving, acting. The moral atmosphere in which God has placed us is propelling; and if we stand still in society we will be jostled by our driving neighbors and flung from the track. The illustration of the evil effect of inactivity and the benefit of labor, in our physical nature is very perceptible. If you take any man of great bodily strength, (which, of course, was acquired by labor, for that is nature's law,) and so confine him that his limbs shall have no exercise, he will soon decline, and wither, and die. And if you take a babe and compel it to be in the cradle forever, it never can be strong and active; and although it may live to its fiftieth birth-day, it will be still a helpless, puny, miserable infant. Its very weakness will be a disease which will prey upon it like a voiceless worm. Life will be a burden, breathing will be pain, and all visible objects causes of irritation. If, in addition to this, you shall cut off from the child every source of mental wealth and leave it in its natural intellectual poverty, you will have placed him in a spiritual desert which knows no fountain of joy, no sparkling stream of refreshment. The business of many of you, my brethren, gives you active habits, and nothing is so disagreeable to you as to be placed amid such circumstances as prevent you from being actively engaged. I know you to be very pleasant gentlemen when you are on the business street, and in your stores, and

counting-houses; and I have also seen some of you kept in your own dwellings by indisposition, on which occasions, as I call your good ladies to testify, you are most distressing companions. Every thing in your parlors and chambers is just as it should not be, and every sound is irritating. It is because the activity of your nature has been checked, that you are so miserable.

Now, it appears to me that every man is in his happiest estate when he has every power of his body and his mind exercised in some lawful labor; and I find some difficulty in deciding whether we are more unhappy when our abilities are overwrought than when they are underwrought; but incline to believe that the latter is the more painful condition, for then our energies are diverted from their proper channel and stagnate upon our souls. The spiritual *fever and ague* which then ensues becomes the fruitful producer of the moral maladies which taint the heart and make life miserable. We find, then, that our Creator has so made us that we can only be happy when we are employed in labor. My brethren, labor is life; rest, perfect rest, is not sleep, but Death.

Again: In "the Church of God, which He has purchased with his own blood," we find that its holy Founder has given names implying *labor* to all those orders and offices which have ever been esteemed the most honorable. Who, that has read them, can ever forget the impressive words of our Savior?—who, as he walked up and down the land of Judea, preaching the Gospel and healing the sick, beheld with compassion the fainting multitude, and exclaimed to his disciples, "The harvest truly is plenteous, but the *laborers* are few; pray ye, therefore, the Lord of the harvest that he will send forth *laborers* into his harvest." Priests and Levites there were, in abundance, lording it over God's heritage, but valuable *laborers* were exceedingly few. The Church calls her chosen, who stand in the honorable places at her altars, "the *ministers* of the Sanctuary." This word *minister*, which implies one who performs labors in the Church corresponding with those performed by persons who in private life are called by the more general name of *servants*, appears to have been a favorite with the Apostle Paul, for he uses it in all his longer Epistles, and in some of them it occurs several times. Indeed, he received the title for himself from our Lord who said to him, when he was arrested on the highway by the light from Heaven, "I have appeared unto thee for this purpose, to make thee a *minister*;" and to his martyr's block he

bore this badge of his calling,—a name implying in the ears of modern refinement a most degraded position in society. Those who minister unto you in holy things, my brethren, cannot soon forget the solemn injunction of the Apostle in his declining days, to a young *Bishop* in the primitive Church—“*Study* to show thyself approved unto God, a *WORKMAN* that needeth not to be ashamed.” Observe, brethren, that we are not so specially commanded to be learned, eloquent, and accomplished—but to *study to be workmen*. The world will honor the learned, and follow the eloquent, and caress the accomplished—but we are to be *workmen*! Is not the Church too much inclined to forget this saying of our Savior?—“Whosoever will be great among you, let him be your minister; and whosoever will be chief among you, let him be your servant.” We have accustomed ourselves too long to suppose that true greatness cannot be compatible with the service of a laborer, for there is nothing in the nature of the two things to prevent them from being united in the same individual. My brethren, idleness and laziness are decidedly antagonist to every principle of our religion. Christianity quickens every faculty and vivifies the whole man. It comes upon an inactive man like the breath of life upon the moulded clay, and it must move. It is absolutely impossible for a man to continue to be a devoted christian, one “meet for the inheritance of the saints in light,” and at the same time to be an idler. A learned Doctor of Divinity, in the Presbyterian Church, once said that he never knew but one lazy man soundly converted to God, and that he immediately became a very industrious laborer and an active christian. Recollect, my brethren, that St. Paul classes the “effeminate” with those guilty of the most polluting crimes, and says that they shall not “inherit the kingdom of God.” And there is a much more intimate connection between this sin of effeminacy and the development of unholy lusts, than is thought of in the higher ranks of society.

Moreover, we see the high sanction of God’s approbation of *labor* in the fact that he has made it necessary to the happiness of the Angels in Heaven. We cannot, for an instant, suppose that He would place them in any employment which would not contribute to their bliss; and yet we are told that they are “*all* ministering spirits *sent forth* to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation.” Not only are they engaged in doing the will of the Lord in heaven, but, as if to teach the high angels a lesson of humility, they are *sent forth*, they pass the bounds of the holy world, they are made servants,—not to other and

higher angels, but—to mortals; not to the royal families of the earth, but—to the poor, the widow, the orphan, the persecuted, the captive, “the offscouring of the earth,” who may be “heirs of salvation.” My beloved brethren, I trust that you have not suffered yourselves to think of heaven as a place of perfect indolence. It will be a place of rest—from tears, from fatigue, from disappointment, from disease, from fear—but no luxurious repose will woo our spiritual bodies in that better state; we shall be engaged in an everlasting labor of love. An aristocracy of the inactive cannot exist in heaven; every account we have of that high place exhibits it as a scene of ceaseless activity.

Moreover, the example of the adorable Son of God has stamped an honor on labor which can never be destroyed. To him all distinctions in human society must ever have been as nothing, so far as a station in any of them could in the least affect his glory. And yet, that he might teach us an enduring and impressive lesson of humility, he “came not to be ministered unto, but to minister,” he clothed not himself in the robes of royalty, but “took upon him the form of a *servant*.” His hands were not softened by disuse, but were hardened by the tools of the carpenter’s shop; for we are led to suppose that he labored in the employment of his reputed father, from the parallel passage in St. Mark. He went down to the lowest birth-place on earth, his father was a mechanic, he was a mechanic, to his life’s end he was poor and suffering privations, his companions were the sons of the fishermen, and the orphan family of Lazarus and his sisters,—at one time he was homeless, then a wanderer in the wilderness; hunger and thirst were his familiars; the gentle stars alone gazed upon his solitary, agonized vigils; for three years, day and night, he labored in mind and body, and then when He,—the Son of the Eternal God,—had girded himself with a napkin and washed the feet of his humble disciples, in the most sublime apostrophe that ever clothed itself in human language to appear before God, he exclaimed, “I have glorified thee on earth, I have finished the *work* which thou gavest me to do!” Oh, brethren beloved, may we be able to utter the same note of triumph in death! Then let us *work* while the light of life burns.

Not only has the Great Maker given the world an example of labor in His embodied Son, but in his spiritual existence the Holy Bible presents him as the wide-working Creator. The canon of Sacred Writ opens with the account of the exercise of that power which produced the worlds and set them to their harmonious movements. He has

built up the magnificent temple of the Universe,—He fills it with his awful presence. Every atom of it shows his handy-work, and its proportions of symmetry impart ideas of grace to the angel eyes that behold it. His Son works, his spiritual attendants work, He works. He is the high and mighty Celestial Mechanic, the spiritual type of all true and hearty laborers, who has written out in a book, in which he has condensed the world's wisdom, this saying of truth—“*In all labor there is profit.*” My brethren, the idle gentility of this world has no noble companions, and even the devil in his agony finds no leisure to keep them company, but goeth about devouring the indolent.

In addition to the sanction of God's precept and example, the history of the Church and of the world shows that men from the lowest ranks of society, (*if* labors degrade any rank,) men who from the cradle have been *laborers*, are those whose image and name have been graven on society. Look at the Church! Who, first, after its Lord and Founder, did most to beat down the hosts that rose up against it? Who flung open the gates of our new and beautiful temple to the crowds of Gentiles that sat weeping and naked at its portals? Who yoked the steeds of the very elements to the chariot of Christianity and drove it through infuriated mobs in proud triumph to the throne of the Cæsars? It was *Paul*—Gamaliel's student, who in labor and in suffering trained his indomitable spirit,—it was the itinerant lay preacher, as the Jews considered him, who, while he made tents with his own hands, composed those Epistles which have torn the crown from all the philosophers and bought him a fame which shall live when all the Pagan teachers shall be forgotten. Who was it that, when darkness embraced the earth, in the dread stillness of which the very bride of Christ fell into a sleep filled with unholy dreams, when the chains of superstition bound her, and the poisonous vines of destructive heresies grew over her, rose up in the heart of Germany, and calling upon God and laboring until he gathered strength, placed the trump of truth to his mouth and “blew a blast which shook the Papal powers from Rome to the Orkneys?” It was Luther, the son of the Saxon miner, the street ballad singer, the little wood carrier,* the laborious scholar, the indefatigable preacher; whose opponents in argument were kings; and whose entry, as a persecuted man, into Worms, was far more triumphant than the advent of the illustrious Emperor; and whose rooms there were

* For an account of Luther's labor and suffering in childhood, see D'Aubigne's *Reformation* Vol. I.

crowded with Princes; and whose influence shook every throne in christendom. No earthly power can now bury the name of Luther. Who, then, to oppose the effect which this great moral laborer was producing upon the world, by bodily and mental labor erected a system of spiritual intrigue which has interwoven its schemes with the policies of almost every civilized nation? The name of Loyola, the First General of the Jesuits, would have died two centuries ago, if he had not been a laborer.* There was one laborious servant of the Cross, my brethren, whose name will ever touch a thrilling chord in your hearts; whose example of ceaseless acting can never be forgotten, whose working has planted and nourished a tree of righteousness, feeble in its first out-shoot but now bidding fair to spread its "green glories" to the light of every clime. The son of the Rector of Epworth would have died an obscure priest of an English parish had he not wedded himself to labor. His followers are worthy of his name only so long as they continue *to work*. And so long, brethren, as Methodist preachers and people shall be *the* laborers of the modern Church, (as all confess them to be, and as many despise them for being), they will be the chosen instruments of the Lord for spreading Scripture holiness through all lands. Let us not blush to be found "laboring together with Christ."

Brethren, look into secular history, and tell me how many unlaborious, indolent, soft men have gone up to the top of the temple of fame and now look down from their lofty place at the homage which posterity is doing to their memory. And gathering you in from the wide spread fields of the past and the chronicles of other lands, I ask you to behold how many of those of our own age and nation whose names can never pass from our history were the sons of the poor, inured to privation and labor in their earlier days, and whose habits of industry grew with their years. One American example of greatness stands out so prominently that this subject cannot be mentioned without calling his name to your minds. You know that he left the simmering vats of his father's chandlery, and the laborious exercise of the printing press, to lead the councils of the mighty, to sit in the palaces of the noble, and to stand in the presence of kings. In the palmiest days of his prosperity, Dr. Franklin said of himself that he was an illustration

* An essay on "Ignatius Loyola and his associates," which appeared in one of the numbers of the Edinburg Review for this year, well exhibits the results of the first efforts of the laborious Society of Jesuits.

of the truth of Solomon's saying—"Seest thou a man diligent in his business? he shall stand before kings; he shall not stand before mean men." The Pagan poet uttered a truth when he said that God gave nothing good to man without labor. From the habits of our youth at this time we may almost predict the general result of their lives. You now pass in your streets some unobtrusive, laboring young men, who will be your most noted Senators and most worthy Governors, when the delicately reared and nicely gloved young gentlemen, who attract most attention on the promenade, shall have been gathered to the butterfly's grave. What good eminence can he expect to obtain in future life, whose epitaph, should he *now* decease, would be, "He ate, he dressed, he died?" My brethren, the only hurtful enthusiasm in any man is to expect a result without laboring to produce it. In lawful labor to secure the best ends, man finds his health, his happiness, his dignity, his honor, his heaven.

And yet, my brethren, in face of all the teachings of our Maker, and the examples in actual life, and the law of our natures, by some singular principle of perversion the favored ranks of society *will* look down upon the laborer, until sometimes even he himself seems almost disposed to think that perhaps those who exist in the small enchanted circle of the *ton* are made of different clay from himself. However learned, however amiable, however correct in his deportment, however honorable in sentiments and upright in conduct, however useful to his fellow men, if it be his lot to call the humble laborer *father*, he is thereby unfit for the society of the genteel. But still further, the prevailing sentiment seems to be that from this class nobleness of mind and heart cannot proceed. "Can any good thing come out of Nazareth?" Tell, in our most exclusive circles, of any noble deed performed by a poor, obscure man, and there is an expression of surprise. The publication of great intellectual development and immense literary acquirements by a man daily employed in a laborious manual exercise, excites a remark of admiration,—as though they have not always been the men who have furnished examples of industry surmounting difficulties, and poverty united with greatness, and who claim the majority on the lists of the earth's truly noble! It is the activity of their bodies which assists the elasticity of their minds; and the pursuit of manual labor contributes much to the healthful play of the intellectual faculties. There is not a merchant or a mechanic here who, were he to "redeem the time," could not acquire as much learning in the high

sciences as makes many men renowned. But because of the unfortunate doctrine that manual labor and mental acquirements go not together they make no effort to obtain such very desirable acquisitions.

You perceive, my brethren, how contempt for laborers has paralyzed the spirits of men; and you will now concur in the remark which I made in the beginning, that it is a sinful and injurious prejudice. And yet, how long it has existed! It was so in the days of Christ,—it is so in our day. When Jesus went to his own country great surprise was expressed because he taught with such wonderful wisdom—being only the son of their carpenter! Whence could a mechanic's son have all this wisdom? There is another trait of our perverted nature seen in the disposition which prompted the words of this text. It is that want of reverence for those with whom we have been familiar, however worthy they may be. There is no prophet, or teacher of philosophy, or preacher of truth, without honor, save in his own country and among his own kindred. How often have we seen it the case that a man of intellectual endowments, who has been unable to attain any considerable elevation in his native place, has gone to a strange country or neighborhood, and without the patronage of friends, by his own talents has won the confidence of the people and gained powerful influence and desirable renown. Why is it that the stranger is so preferred to the brother? I answer not the question, but state the fact. This spirit has obtained too extensively in the Church. The preacher who has been reared in our midst,—a gracious, gifted man,—may unfold the Scriptures eloquently well, and yet we cannot persuade ourselves that he is truly great. Our very suspicion which withholds the encouragement of our favor from him, even if he be a child of promise, cramps his energies and makes him to be really what we suspected he was,—but which he would not have been,—a common-place man. A sense of this pervading prejudice is what embarrasses young ministers in their first efforts to preach *at home*. But let a minister from a distance, whose name has been spoken to our ears by the lips of favorable reports, open his ministrations among us, and the mere novelty of the man, (for it can be nothing else, if he be not more holy or eloquent than the former,) attracts and commands our attention. We become so much accustomed to *useful* men that they lose their value in our eyes. But, brethren, it appears to be so in every thing! We despise our common blessings, and admire that which we cannot obtain, and do not really need. We attach more value to *gold* than

we do to *iron*, and yet how much more valuable is the latter! Gold would not make our cooking utensils, gold would not make our powerful machinery, gold is only useful as it purchases materials that contribute to our comfort. A piece of diamond as large as the head of a pin is considered more valuable than tons of charcoal, although it cannot compare with the latter for utility. Our useful men are the charcoal, our brilliant men are only the carbon of the charcoal condensed into a stone which is called precious, because it is scarce, although comparatively useless. How liable we are to be mistaken in the appearance of men, and how difficult we find it to obey that saying of Scripture, "Judge not according to the appearance, but judge righteous judgment!" True magnanimity, my brethren, pays respect to the claims of no *caste*, and seeks to recommend itself by no outward appearance. Wherefore we generally find that the truly great man is simple in his manners and attire, and seeks not to impress us with a sense of his greatness by any obtrusive conduct. Indeed that greatness is not worth having which must continually be announced. Nobleness of spirit, like beauty of person, discovers itself upon sight. The word *affectation* implies an effort to make others believe that we are possessed of those qualities, of the lack of which we are secretly and painfully conscious. And yet so accustomed are we to judging by appearances that we too frequently take the outward badge of gentility as indicating an inward spirit of superiority. I should not have called your attention to this subject had I not thought it appropriate to you. This error, which existed in the day of stern primitive simplicity when St. James wrote, has not yet gone out of the Church. Allow me to repeat the language which he addressed to the Churches generally: "If there come into your assembly a man with a gold ring, in goodly apparel, and there come in also a poor man in vile raiment; and ye have respect to him that weareth the gay clothing, and say unto him, *Sit* thou here in a *good place*; and say to the poor, *Stand* thou there, or sit here *under my footstool*: are ye not then partial in yourselves?" What would the Apostle say, could he behold the perfection of this partiality in modern Church etiquette? Have not we all seen this evil in our midst? The rich sinner swells up our aisles with the flowing folds of his cloak and a haughty air, and is shown to our cushioned pews, while the modest poor man who ventures to enter the temple with his tattered garments, is looked at askance, and generously permitted to sit near the door, or to find an uncomfortable seat on the

backless benches that are sometimes placed in our aisles. Brethren, these things *are*; but they "ought not so to be," in the followers of the carpenter's son.

Finally, my brethren, to return from these thoughts suggested by the verses, let us seriously ask ourselves whether we have not indulged the same spirit which we are all so ready to condemn in those who proposed the questions in the text. A candid reply will undoubtedly convince us that poor humanity is unfortunately the same slave of prejudice in every age and among all nations. Were it so that the Messiah had never yet appeared, and Raleigh should be chosen as the place of his birth, would he be more heartily received here than he was in the village and metropolis of Judea? Suppose that to-night some wandering carpenter and his affianced should enter our City, and because of their poverty, and the crowds which the session of the honorable Legislature and the Court are drawing from different parts of the State, should be compelled to take up their lodgings in some stable of one of the hotels, and there the Son of God should incarnate himself, as he did in the stable at Bethlehem,—would the light of to-morrow find worshippers at his crib-bed? Would the excellent Governors, the learned Judges, the honorable Senators and Representatives, forsake the Palace, the Capitol, your delightful mansions, to crowd into the presence of the obscure little stranger? My brethren, would you, would I, be there?—Oh, the confession which this question extorts from my own heart makes me feel how truly a child of earth I am!—And if, as this boy grew, he should make exhibitions of uncommon wisdom, and should go to a distant part of the country and excite all ears and eyes by the power of his teaching and the wonder of his works, and then should return to his native city;—if here he should stand up in your midst and unfold his high spiritual doctrines in words of most simple heart-moving eloquence, would not his sentences fall upon ears hardened by prejudice? Would not our minds be continually saying "Is not this the carpenter's son?" Has not his father lived for years in the suburbs of our city? "Is not his mother Mary"—the obscure country girl of no education, no manners, no polish? "And his brethren, James, and Joses, and Simon, and Judas,"—common men, engaged in mechanical labors? And would not my accomplished young lady-friends ask, "And his sisters, are they not all with us," and have they not been our mantua-makers and milliners ever since we were little children?—We all know that it

would be so, and that Jesus would "not do many mighty works here, because of our unbelief" and prejudice.

Brethren, I have detained you ; but the subject is one of no trifling importance, and I beseech you to examine yourselves in your closets to-day, touching this very prejudice. In all life remember that whenever your hearts cherish or your lips express a want of respect for labor, for the laborer, or for the laborer's child, that you insult "the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ," and despise your adorable Redeemer. May the mantle of humility clothe our hearts !

