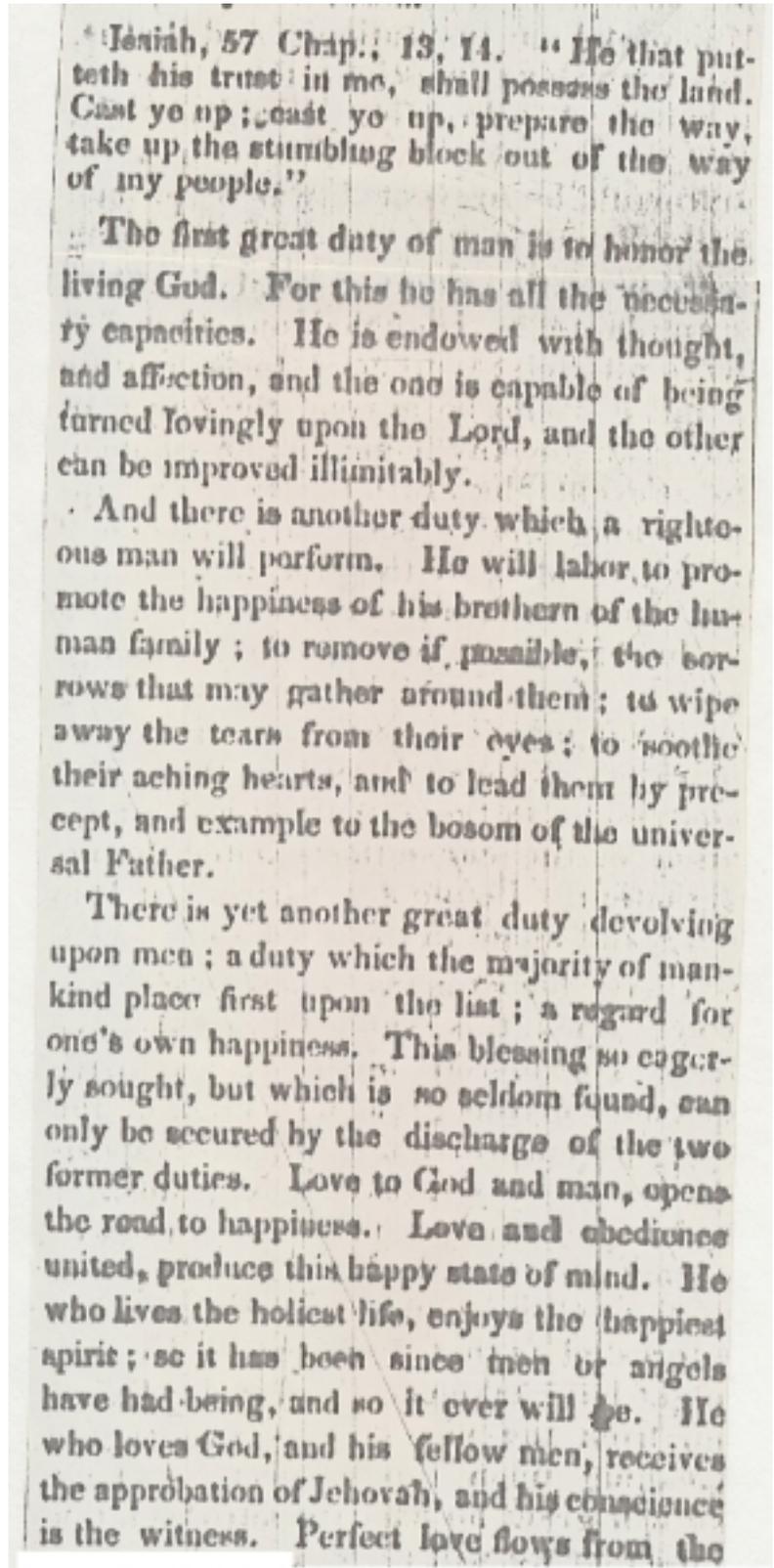


Isaiah, 57 Chap., 13, 14. "he that putteth his trust in me, shall possess the land. Cast ye up ; cast ye up, prepare the way, take up the stumbling block out of the way of my people."

The first great duty of man is to honor the living God. For this he has all the necessary capacities. He is endowed with thought, and affection, and the one is capable of being turned lovingly upon the Lord, and the other can be improved illimitably.

And there is another duty which a righteous man will perform. He will labor to promote the happiness of his brethern of the human family ; to remove if possible, the sorrows that may gather around them ; to wipe away the tears from their eyes ; to soothe their aching hearts, and to lead them by precept, and example to the bosom of the universal Father.

There is another great duty devolving upon men ; a duty which the majority of mankind place first upon the list ; a regard for one's own happiness. This blessing so eagerly sought, but which is so seldom found, can only be secured by the discharge of the two former duties. Love to God and man, opens the road to happiness. Love and obedience united, produce this happy state of mind. He who lives the holiest life, enjoys the happiest spirit ; so it has been since men or angels have had being, and so it ever will be. He who loves God, and his fellow men, receives the approbation of Jehovah, and his conscience is the witness. Perfect love flows from the

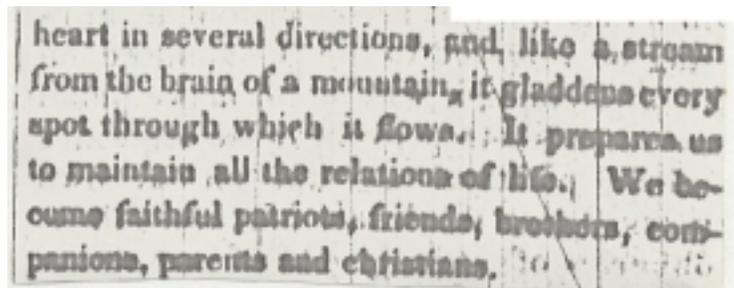


heart in several directions, and like a stream from the brain of a mountain, it gladdens every spot through which it flows. It prepares us to maintain all the relations of life. We become faithful patriots, friends, brothers, companions, parents and christians.

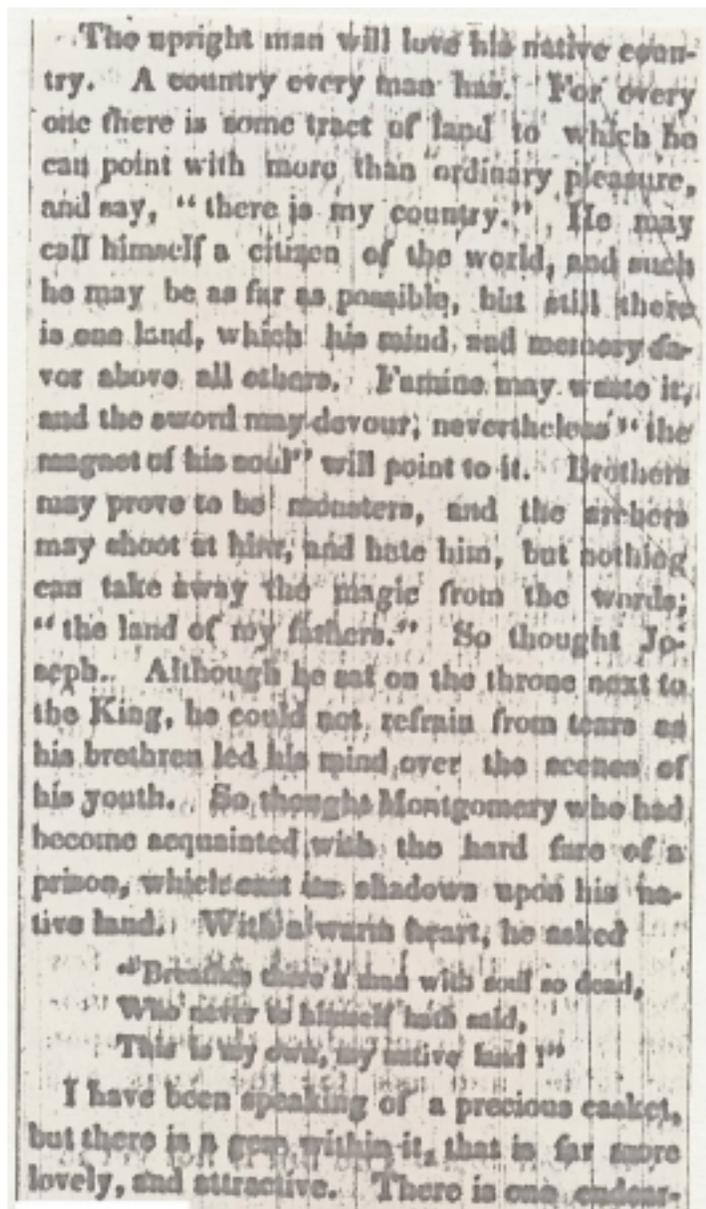
The upright man will love his native country. A country every man has. For every one there is some tract of land to which he can point with more than ordinary pleasure, and say, "there is my country." He may call himself a citizen of the world, and such he may be as far as possible, but still there is one land, which his mind and memory favor above all others. Famine may waste it, and the sword may devour, nevertheless "the magnet of his soul" will point to it. Brothers may prove to be monsters, and the archers may shoot at him, and hate him, but nothing can take away the magic from the words; "the land of my fathers." So thought Joseph. Although he sat on the throne next to the King, he could not refrain from tears as his brethren led his mind over the scenes of his youth. So thought Montgomery who had become acquainted with the hard fare of a prison, which cast its shadows upon his native land. With a warm heart, he asked

"Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land!"

I have been speaking of a precious casket, but there is a gem within it, that is far more lovely, and attractive. There is one endear-



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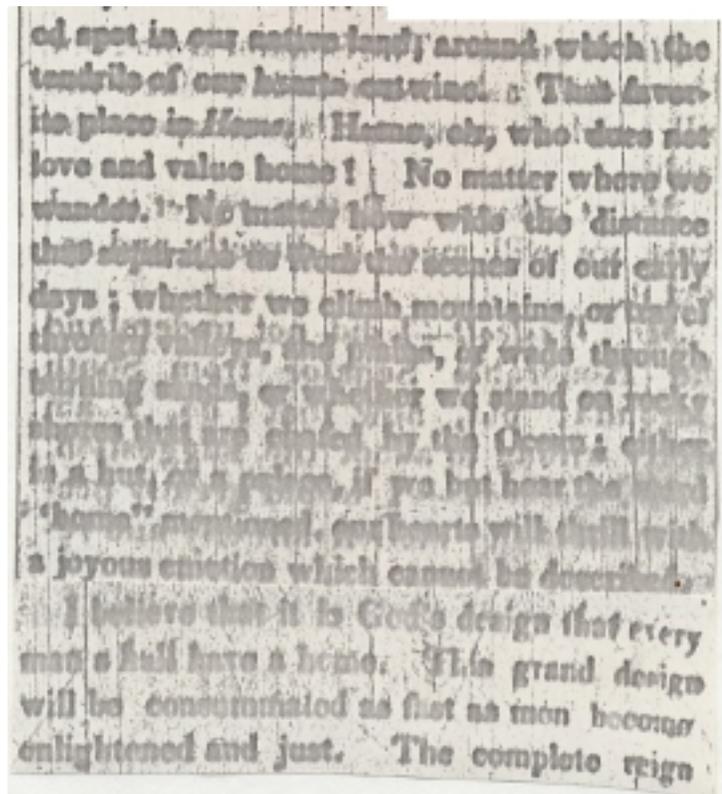
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ed spot in our native land, around which the tendrils of our hearts entwine. That favorite place is *Home*. Home, oh, who does not love and value home! No matter where we wander. No matter how wide the distance that separates us from the scenes of our early days; whether we climb mountains, or travel through valleys, and [plains] or wade through burning sands, or whether we stand on rocky shores that are chafed by the Ocean; either in a hut, or a prison, if we but hear the word "home" mentioned, our hearts will thrill with a joyous emotion which cannot be described.

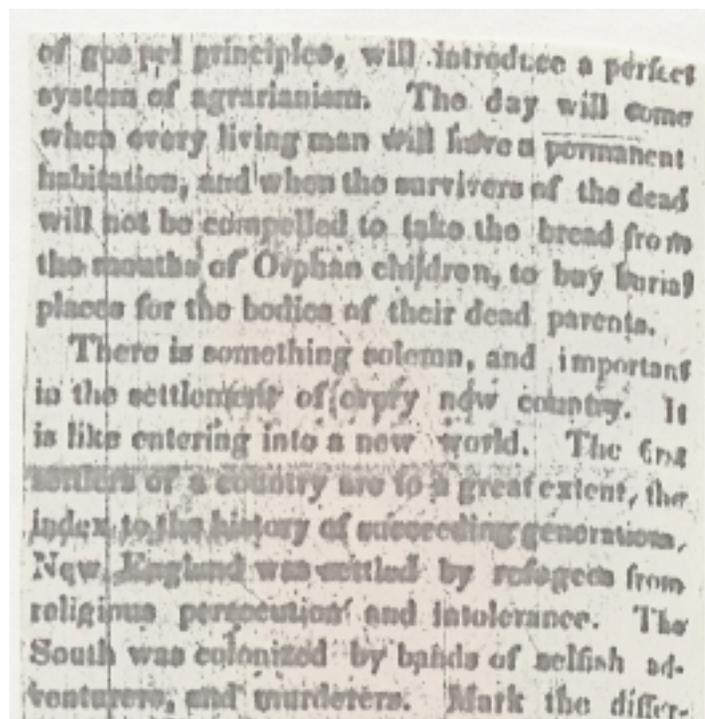
I believe that it is God's design that every man shall have a home. This grand design will be consummated as fast as men become enlightened and just. The complete reign of gospel principles, will introduce a perfect system of agrarianism. The day will come when every living man will have a permanent habitation, and when the survivors of the dead will not be compelled to take the bread from the mouths of Orphan children, to buy burial places for the bodies of their dead parents.

There is something solemn, and important in the settlement of every new country. It is like entering into a new world. The first settlers of a country are to a great extent, the index to the history of succeeding generations. New England was settled by refugees from religious persecution and intolerance. The South was colonized by bands of selfish adventurers, and murderers. Mark the differ-



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ence. Look at the index of the two sections of country, and then turn to the history.

Brethren you are soon to leave us, for your homes in the wilderness. While I commend you for your wise decision, I must severely feel the loss of your society and counsel. My mind reverts with pleasure to the profitable and sweet communion which we have had together.

It is for you to say whether that country shall be a Paradise or an abode of sin. It were better, that the forest should never be subdued, and that the sounds of the woodman's axe should never be heard in the wilderness, than that region should be peopled by those who fear not God.

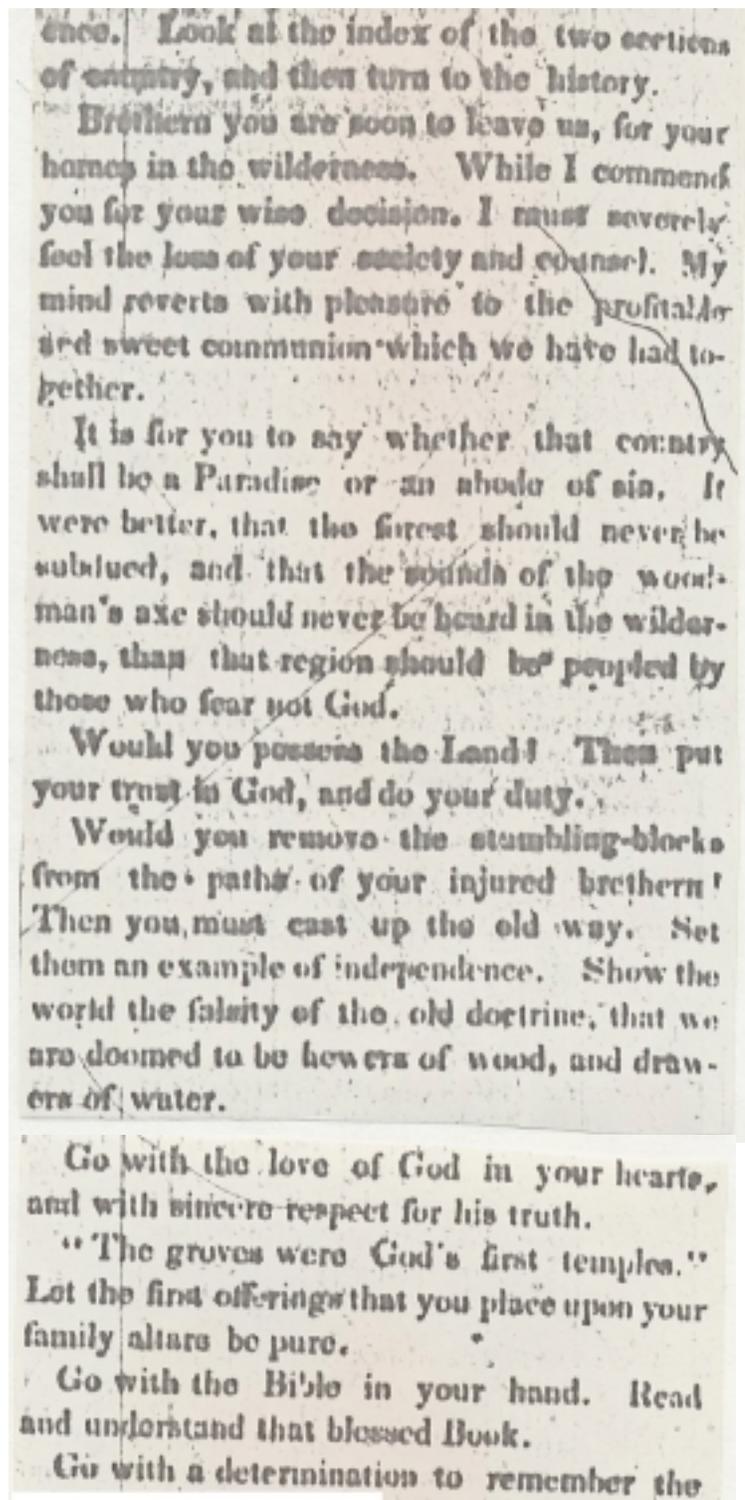
Would you possess the Land? Then put your trust in God, and do your duty.

Would you remove the stumbling-blocks from the paths of your injured brethren! Then you must cast up the old way. Set them an example of independence. Show the world the falsity of the old doctrine, that we are doomed to be hewers of wood, and drawers of water.

Go with the love of God in your hearts, and with sincere respect for his truth. "The groves were God's first temples." Let the first offerings that you place upon your family altars be pure.

Go with the Bible in your hand. Read and understand that blessed Book.

Go with a determination to remember the



Sabbath day, and to keep it holy.

Take with you the spirit of freedom. Plant the tree of Liberty upon the mountain plains, that it may spread its branches far and wide.

Be interested in the political affairs of the nation, and see to it that your first and last votes are given in the fear of God, and for men who do not oppress, and enslave their fellow men. Refuse to vote for those, who will give honor to oppressors. O, brethren be faithful to your duty at the ballot box. There give expression to your prayers.

Train up your children in the way they should go, and be the patrons of education.

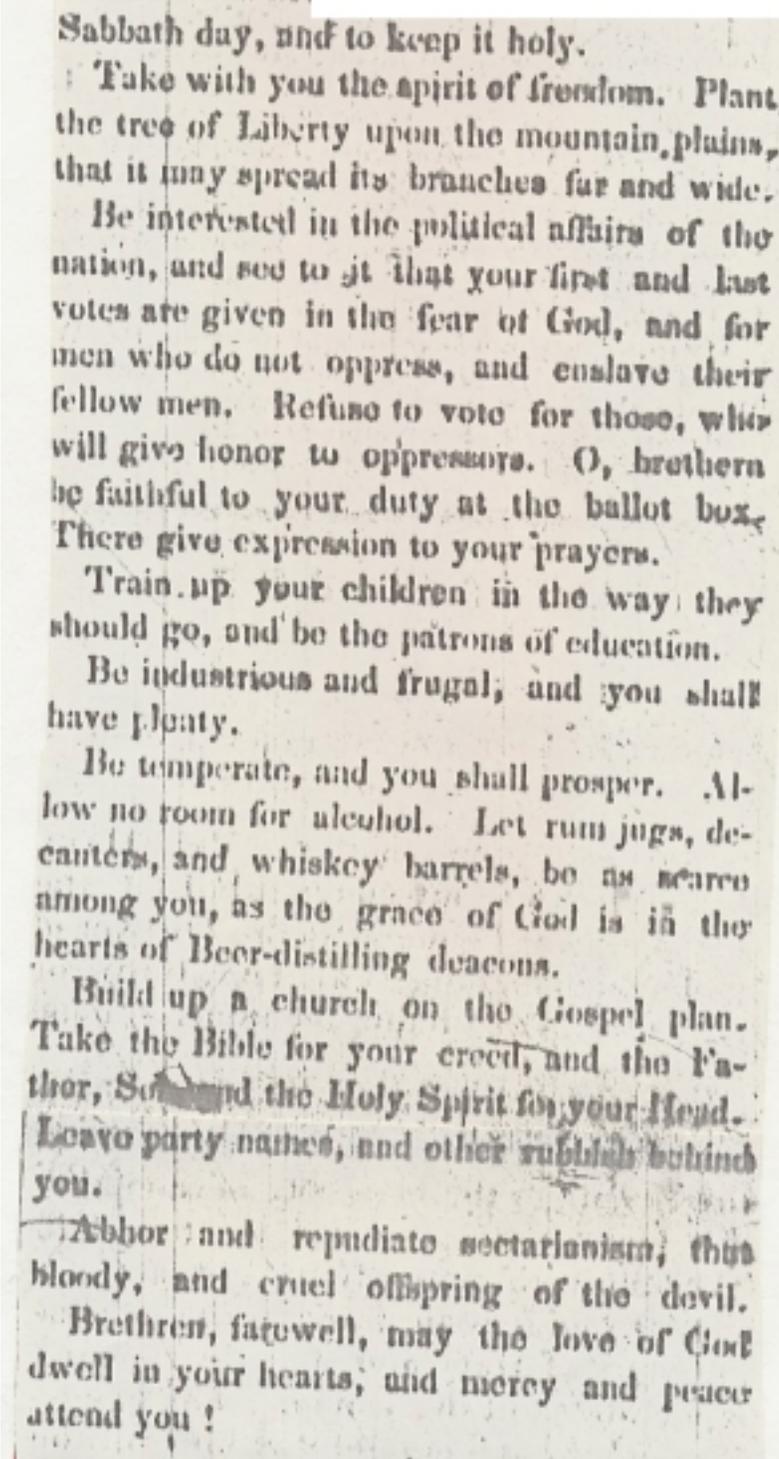
Be industrious and frugal, and you shall have plenty.

Be temperate, and you shall prosper. Allow no room for alcohol. Let rum jugs decanters, and whiskey barrels, be as scarce among you, as the grace of God is in the hearts of Beer-distilling deacons.

Build up a church on the Gospel plan. Take the Bible for your creed, and the Father, Son and the Holy Spirit for your Head. Leave party names, and other rubbish behind you.

Abhor and repudiate sectarianism, that bloody, and cruel offspring of the devil.

Brethren, farewell, may the love of God dwell in your hearts, and mercy and peace attend you!



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