

**MACARIODOS; OR, THE HAPPY
WAY, IN THE SHORT, BUT TOO
OFTEN SORROWFUL,
JOURNEY OF LIFE**

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Macariodos; or, the happy way, in the short, but too often sorrowful, journey of life by Edward Whiteley

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EDWARD WHITELEY

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MACARIODOS ;
OR,
THE HAPPY WAY,
IN THE SHORT, BUT TOO OFTEN SORROWFUL,
JOURNEY OF LIFE.

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M.DCCC.LIII.

MACARIODOS.

CHAPTER I.

THE CURSE.

IN the beginning, when God created the heaven and the earth, He saw everything which He had made, and, "behold, it was very good;" but from this world, "once apparcled in celestial light," there is passed away a glory. On everything a curse is stamped; the flowers flourish but to fade, the grass springeth forth but to wither, the trees of the forest appear in their magnificence, but, oh! how soon is their attire changed into the "sear and yellow leaf!" testifying that on everything, which was once so beautiful, a cursc has fallen decply and indelibly:

1. On man, and on the child of man, in his best estate;
2. On every inferior living creature which exists in the earth and sea;
3. On the inanimate works of creation.

1. On man himself the curse has fallen most heavily, since, from his birth, he is familiar with tears and sorrows, and all the multiplied evils of a chequered life; racked by bodily pain, exposed to the "arrow that flieth by day, and to the pestilence that walketh in darkness," exhausted by sickness, "possessing months of vanity, and having wearisome nights appointed unto him," so as often to woo death as a friend, and to pray to God to hide him in the grave:--

And if on his body the curse be so deeply stamped, how still more heavily is it felt when it falls upon his mind; for what is bodily pain in its severest agony, in comparison with the suffering of the mind? and from which not even the young, the buoyant, and the most hopeful, are exempt; "the hard-hearted for their own, the tender for others' woe," ever finding their eyes ready to gush out with tears, some by reason of sad misgivings, regarding the weal of those who are bone of their bone, and flesh of their flesh; and others from an undefined sense of loneliness in a peopled world, or from depression of spirits arising from no assignable cause, but from, it may be, a vague and fearful anticipation of some unknown, and as yet unfelt calamities which they fear are about to befall them,

since they cannot, any more than their fellows, expect to elude the never-ending vicissitudes of life.

In these sad thoughts the curse is felt indeed; felt keenly, felt poignantly, and felt almost to despair, and it sooner or later reaches us all; for it may truly be asked, who is there among us who is so insensible as not to feel the curse in all its bitterness, when the cries of the orphan, which he cannot hush, enter his ear, and through his ear penetrate into his soul? who so unmoved as to be free from sorrow when he beholds the silent tears of the widow and the fatherless, which he would, but cannot, dry?

Yes, in the decaying health of the young, and in the declining years of the aged, we feel the curse; and when committing to the dust the remains of those with whom in youth and in manhood we took sweet counsel, the curse penetrates our souls; and in the sorrows and feared privations of our soon to be bereaved children, it is doubly stamped on us; and in the blighted hopes of everything our hearts within us feel the heavy weight of the heaviest curse, viz. the moral ruin which has befallen the children of men.

With propriety we call this moral ruin the heaviest curse, since it perverts our tastes, corrupts

our minds, and enslaves our passions; a curse which hardens the heart, sears the conscience, and obliterates the fairest moral characters which thereupon were originally written; making man the wreck of himself, the wreck of what he was, when he came from the hands of his Maker in all his primæval innocence and sanctity, in all his devout and heavenly aspirations.

We call this the heaviest curse, since it is so baleful and so withering, as but too often to dry up the affections of the heart, and to render us dead to the calls of humanity, and to the gentle charities of our once better nature, so that man, who was created in the image of his God, can now make war his pastime, conquest his thirst, ambition his glory, and the lust of gain his disease, and himself a curse to those to whom he ought to have been a blessing.

2. On the inferior creation of animals the curse is also stamped, and they cannot by possibility escape it.

When our first parents gave names to every living creature, to the fowl of the air, and to the beasts of the field, how very different their natures, their state and condition, to what they now are! Where then their ferocity? where their savage and fearful propensities? and where the all but incredible

cruelties by which they are now tortured by man? who can feel, and keenly feel, the curse afflicting himself, but who cannot be restrained, from making it fall the more heavily on the beasts that perish.

Yes, in all its woe of want and torture, of terror and of death, the curse is made to fall on those inferior creatures, which, but for the mournful change which everything indicates, would once have permitted a little child to lead them, and the weaned child to put his hand upon their den.

3. Even on the inanimate works of creation the curse has fallen, for everywhere we perceive the withering hand which has touched them. "Cursed is the ground for thy sake,"—was the fiat of the living God when addressing him who has entailed so many miseries upon us,—"cursed is the ground for thy sake, in sorrow shalt thou eat of it all the days of thy life, thorns and thistles shall it bring forth to thee."

Everywhere the indications are not few, that a mighty and deteriorating change has fallen upon whatever is material and inert, as well as upon what has animal life. On the mountains, on the plains, and on the forests; on the rivers, on the vast deep, and on the globe itself; for "the earth has trembled,

and quaked, and reeled to and fro like a drunken man."

We now behold not anything but what may be deemed to be the ruins of what was the fairest scene of this once fair world.

Where now the plain which was "well watered everywhere," "even as the garden of the Lord"? and which the man of God so wistfully coveted, when he lifted up his eyes and saw all its loveliness and fertility? and what is now the land, which once, and for generations, was all but literally flowing with milk and honey? Does not it, as well as the parched deserts of Africa, tell us in accents which cannot be mistaken, that the curse has no limits, tracking every nation and every clime? and do not the devouring earthquake, and the terrific lightning, and the crush of the thunder, utter the same voice, and echo it to the tempests of the deep? and all of them, as in fearful concert, do they not re-echo this sad truth, that the curse has fallen with a heavy hand on all that is visible and tangible, on all that is material, whether it be animate or inanimate?

Such were the conclusions at which one arrived, who, when the dreams of youth were passed, when the season of gaiety was fled, and when all the sad realities of life had crowded thickly in upon him,